Mai Home Hawai'i:
Hawaiian Diaspora and the Return of Hawaiians From the Diaspora

A thesis submitted to the Graduate Division of the University of Hawai'i in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts in Pacific Islands Studies

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We certify that we witnessed Noelani's thesis chanted and danced and that we have read this thesis and that, in our opinion, they are both satisfactory in scope and quality as a thesis for the degree of Master of Arts in Pacific Islands Studies.

THESIS COMMITTEE

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MAHALO

Mahalo to my committee: my chair, Vilsoni Hereniko, Noenoe Silva, and Jonathan Osorio, all of whom I had the pleasure of being taught by, here at the University of Hawai`i, Manoa. By having the strength and courage to advise and support me in this endeavor, they are opening the door to many, many talented indigenous students. Thank you for giving me wings to test my roots.

DEDICATION

This thesis is dedicated to my family, friends and advisors, who have given me love and support during my journey. To my hero of a dad, and my cute Irish mother, who thought I was crazy to leave my jobs to return to school, but supported me anyway. My five brothers and sisters, who although spread across the East Coast, have Hawai`i always in their hearts. I love you always.

To my Auntie Deanie, who has helped guide me through this process. You have given so much: of your home, of your halau, of yourself. I know you have suffered (and been elated) along with me. When I was exhausted after 9 hours of dancing, you felt it, when I was so nervous I could not sleep, you were there too, and as I danced that Friday, I knew you were with me.

And finally, this thesis is dedicated to ku`u `ohana. I fill my heart with each gesture of kindness, and will always remember how you took me in and made me feel at home. To my tutu, who can watch a program on tv, listen to a radio show, read, and take notes simultaneously. I will never forget listening to your stories in that kitchen of Manoa. To Puna, Papa, and the Farms (and Mori) you have treated me like one of your own and I am so blessed. How I have missed Sunday Dinners! To Halloweens with Rose, sportstalk with Uncle John, bow hunting with Timmy, Haleakala with Cat, lei making with Maile, and ti leaf gathering with Hector. To Superbowls in Waiahole, "cousin lunches" on Fridays, Dragon Boat races, planting at Kamehameha Schools, jet skiing at Yokohama, dancing in the mall, meals at Jack in the Box, and cheeseey jalepenos at 7-11. To fishing in Laie, to hula at Ali`iolani, to tennis at Ala Moana and in St Louis Heights. To Scavenger Hunts in Waikiki, movie-h, tours around the island, Nashville's, and Monday Night Barbeques. Me ke aloha.
ABSTRACT

Focusing on one specific journey of a diasporic Hawaiian as a microcosm of the Hawaiian Diaspora, this thesis also comments on the need to recognize that the written word is not superior to other ways of knowing and learning. This paper offers a critique of academic practices and suggests the need to indigenize the academy to be more inclusive in its interpretation of what a thesis is. Dance and chant, in my opinion, are “texts.” My original thesis, which I danced and chanted to an audience of more than fifty people, explored the Hawaiian diaspora using the metaphor of the `A`o, a seabird endemic to Hawai`i. My thesis also included three additional dances symbolizing the morphing of Hawaiians and Hawaiian culture through time. Through research and the “doing” of my thesis, rather than writing about it, I gained experiential and intellectual knowledge that I would not have gained otherwise.
## TABLE OF CONTENTS

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS .................................................................................................................. iv
ABSTRACT ..................................................................................................................................... v
TABLE OF CONTENTS ................................................................................................................... vi

PROLOGUE ..................................................................................................................................... 1

CHAPTER 1 – A STORY OF HAWAIIAN DIASPORA ........................................................................ 4
  HO'OHAKU (INTRODUCTION) ..................................................................................................... 5
  HAWAIIAN FROM VIRGINIA ...................................................................................................... 8
  PHOTOGRAPH OF LEE FAMILY ............................................................................................... 9
  SHE WEARS A HEAVY SMILE .................................................................................................. 10
  PHOTOGRAPH OF GORDEAN BAILEY .................................................................................... 15
  DANCING ON MY LAND .......................................................................................................... 16
  UNDERGRADUATE STUDIES ................................................................................................... 17
  PHOTOGRAPH OF DANCERS .................................................................................................. 19

CHAPTER 2 – RETURN FROM THE DIASPORA ............................................................................ 22
  AT HOME IN A WHIRLWIND .................................................................................................. 23
  THE RETURN ............................................................................................................................ 24
  LESSONS FROM FIJI ................................................................................................................. 25
  PHOTOGRAPHS FROM FIJI ..................................................................................................... 26
  THE PLAN .................................................................................................................................. 33

CHAPTER 3 – MY THESIS ............................................................................................................ 37
  HE MANU KA ‘A’O ................................................................................................................... 41
  IA ‘OE E KA LA ...................................................................................................................... 48
  RHYTHM OF THE ISLANDS ................................................................................................. 51
  KE ALAULA ............................................................................................................................. 53

CHAPTER 4 – PROBLEMATICs OF THE RETURN ........................................................................ 55
  TEACHINGS .............................................................................................................................. 58
  APPLICATIONS ...................................................................................................................... 61
  FUTURE ................................................................................................................................... 62

EPILOGUE ..................................................................................................................................... 64

APPENDICES ................................................................................................................................ 65
  1) PROGRAM .......................................................................................................................... 66
  2) SAMPLE EMAIL UPDATES TO COMMITTEE .................................................................. 68
  3) SAMPLE JOURNAL ENTRIES ......................................................................................... 70
  4) SAMPLE PHOTOGRAPHS FROM HOMEPAGES ......................................................... 74
This is the first time a student from the Center for Pacific Islands Studies, in its more than fifty year history, has ever been passed by his/her committee for a chanted and danced thesis. But, although my initial intention, in consultation with my committee, was to treat chant and dance as worthy and equal “texts” to the written word, once again the written word prevails. This is because academia views the written word as superior to performance and has a tradition and history of a thesis as “written”. Performance, on the other hand, is viewed as incomplete in itself. Ironically, considering that chant and dance for many Pacific cultures remain central and integral, and had existed for thousands of years without the written word, this view that only the written word (in English) can validate one’s mastery and knowledge of a Pacific topic appears misguided. But so be it, for the time being anyway. My hope is that one day performance and the oral word will be given the same respect as the written word in a Pacific Studies program.

* * *

As I sit here, the morning after, I feel that my heart has dropped to the pit of my stomach. After chanting and dancing my thesis, after being passed by my committee for my thesis and defense, I am told that the Center for Pacific Islands Studies Graduate Chair had said that my thesis will not be accepted by the graduate division because it is
danced and chanted and not written. Later, the Graduate Chair tells me that a thesis is a statement and when I argue that my danced thesis is a statement, I am looked at with disdain and told that it means “written”. I am then told that my options are to accept a Plan B Degree (non-thesis) or to write a “publishable paper” about my experiences and my dance if I were to pursue the Plan A for my Master of Arts in Pacific Islands Studies degree. One of my classmates, on the other hand, has been repeatedly told by some other professors, “A thesis is not a report, it is an argument.” So, in hopes of complying with this ambiguous definition of “thesis”, with my graduate department, the paper that follows is guided by my belief that a graduate thesis is meant to make a contribution to the field, not maintain the status quo.

I know that this blatantly honest road is a hard one to take and there will probably be more repercussions than I can afford, but I think it is the right one. I actually agreed with my committee to write a piece about my experience creating this thesis prior to my presentation and the objection to my chosen narrative. But I did not want to include it as a part of my thesis. By acquiescing, I can be read as saying that I do not think indigenous ways of communicating are as important, or on parallel with Western ways. The same would be true if I accepted the Plan B route. I would be agreeing that without the written component, my thesis is not worthy, thereby contradicting all of the sweat and tears poured into this project and undermining my own purpose. I don't want my thesis to be colonized. But what can I do?

I would do anything to preserve the purpose of my chanted and danced thesis and the integrity of my work, and so I write this thesis so that I can receive the Plan A Master of Arts that I deserve. I write this thesis compromising my original goal of producing an
indigenous work passed by indigenous professors, in the hopes that it will help others in the future. Hopefully, by receiving my degree I will be in a better position to promote change.²
CHAPTER ONE

A STORY OF HAWAIIAN DIASPORA
Hoʻohaku

"to compose, put in order, arrange; to weave as a lei"
Watch the hands
as they work,
weaving history,
weaving tradition,
weaving stories,
weaving pictures,
weaving life.
And in the end?
It just doesn't have the same effect...

It is difficult to catch life on paper. Sometimes

A product of wonder...
While four of my five siblings look Hawaiian, and one Chinese, I look Irish. Stubbornness is what I inherited from my father. I am the one of six children with Irish freckles, the one of six children with zinc on my nose every summer. It is not that I devalue my Irish ancestry; it is just that ever since I can remember, I have felt this insatiable appetite for everything Hawaiian. So when, just before entering a secondary school the size of my undergraduate, I heard my two-foot braid snipped and saw it fall to the floor, my heart fell with it. There it was: my prized possession, the only sign of my ethnicity. Eventually, my hair grew back, but I never forgot that feeling – loss of identity.

“Off-island Hawaiian” is a term I just learned upon my return to Hawai‘i, but it summed up my experience best (Kauanui 1998). In the continental United States, and in Virginia, where I grew up, I am very Hawaiian. I look different and people often wonder about my identity. I might be Puerto Rican, but why can’t I merengue? With my hair I might be African American, or my olive skin might make me Greek. But I am definitely not “just” Caucasian. When I let them know I am half Irish, one-quarter Hawaiian, and one-quarter Chinese, they say, “Oh, you grew up in Hawai‘i?” The definite distinction between the term Hawaiian and the term Virginian is a difficult concept for most to grasp since they have gaps in their U.S. history. It is much easier for people of European descent to understand; perhaps they are more familiar with distinctions among ethnicities because of their proximity to neighboring countries.

Surprisingly enough, upon arrival in Hawai‘i, I was often categorized as “from Virginia,” or teasingly called haole. It was hard to be finally where I always felt I
belonged, and still not quite fit in. In his interview with Vilsoni Hereniko, Alan Duff spoke of being a half-caste, and said he used the advantages of both parentages (Duff 1999). On the continental U.S. that was how I felt. It was easy to get along with anyone, because I belonged to no One. Here in Hawai‘i, it is different. It is as if I always had this destination, a place I needed to get to, and once finally here, I was not quite sure how I belonged.

In this paper I discuss my search for identity as a voyage that began as a little girl and now continues as an adult. As much as I wanted to give order and structure to this paper, much like my hair and my personality, it refuses to be harnessed. In an oratory (much closer to Pacific culture) or conversational way, I will use poetry, photographs, and stories to describe my experiences, while in a Western way I will try to analyze and extrapolate meanings that I deem important.
She wears a heavy smile.

A Voyage All My Own

memories of a yard carried by the fragrance of mountain apples
a third floor visited frequently by ghost
tutu kane placing ginger flowers behind my ears
the cool shadows of Manoa mountain rain
cousins run like family
huge meals attended heavily
and the feeling that you could not fall.

creation of a love for everything Hawaiian.

kahea ka leo ia`u

a voice calls to me.

e hele mai, hele mai `oe.
come, come
"She wears a heavy smile. Although always surrounded by friends, she sometimes walks lonely. She skips from place to place, as if always searching for a home." My little brother, Kimoku, wrote this about me once. He is the quiet one of the six of us, so we never quite know what he is thinking – until he writes something. Perhaps I am closest to him, as we share our birthdays. Amazing how he can sometimes understand me better than I understand myself. My mother thinks my heavy smile comes from idealism. She thinks that I am such an idealist I am bound to be disappointed by others who are swayed by politics and self-interests, but that no matter how many times I am let down I will continue to believe. And so my smile gets heavier to carry.

It has been my dream since I was a little girl to live in Hawai‘i. I enjoyed everything about my life growing up on the East Coast except that it wasn’t Hawai‘i. However, born in Takoma Park, Maryland, and bred in Burke, Virginia, I was always surprisingly exposed to my Hawaiian heritage. The first gift I ever received was Hawaiian – from my Irish mother. She named me Noelani. Although not given to me in the traditional way, by my puna, I have always been very proud of my name, which has had many manifestations. This is how I will begin to explain my travels.


I found myself writing on the chalkboard again. At the beginning of each new school year, I had to instruct my new class on the pronunciation of my name. Inevitably, I ended up at the chalkboard writing Wehiwehiokealiiokealaniokamamalu (my sister’s name) along with the rest of my family’s names for the amusement and fascination of my peers and teachers. Although every year I reemphasized the correct pronunciation and phonetic spelling of Noelani, most of my classmates called me Noalahni. That did not bother me
so much; at least they were trying. Mrs. Stremick was my elementary school's nurse. As kind as she was, she called me Nioleni (using Hawaiian pronunciation). My heart cringed every time I heard her call my name.

I started dancing the hula when I was three. It was my parents' effort to keep me connected to my roots. Every June, the Washington D.C. Hawai‘i State Society came alive in a whirlwind of activity preparing for a luau of 600-700 misplaced, displaced, and homesick Hawaiians. We did everything by hand, from stringing leis to tearing ti leaf to decorating the stage, to preparing laulau, to digging the imu for na pua‘a. Then, on the final night, we prayed, ate, danced, and sang together. Every year I would learn three songs to dance especially for the luau. And every year I would be surprised afterward when people came up to me teary-eyed saying I danced just like my aunt. I would say thank you, but that I had only met her several times, and my dad would chuckle, knowing something I did not. At age seven, with *Karate Kid* on the big screen, I traded my hula lessons for karate lessons.

I thought it was the strangest thing, when I was little, that my father would pick out certain people we ran into and ask in a voice foreign to my ears, “Eh, where you from?” Inevitably, the person would smile a huge knowing smile and answer that they were from Hawai‘i or some other island of the Pacific. I was out of the loop; how could he know this? How had they communicated in such simple words that I knew the definitions of but not the meanings? At that age I was so wonderfully ignorant. And it puzzles me now that I could not recognize the physical similarities of the people he chose to pick out. I did not recognize different colors of skin, shapes of noses, styles of hair. Or if I did recognize differences, my mind could not apprehend fitting the similarities
into categories of people. And so I went blissfully throughout my childhood fitting into every group because I did not recognize that I was an outsider of any. Until, that is, I went to Hawai‘i.

It is ironic that I should learn about prejudice in a land that was a part of my own history and where I felt so comfortable. It is ironic that I should be taught the hardships of being a minority from a people that were not only my own, but had such a history of being a minority in their own land. But, it was the summer after my sixth grade year that I learned the helplessness of being unable to escape the category in which outsiders placed you. It was that summer that my dad enrolled me in Explorations, a summer camp that was available to Hawaiian children who did not attend Kamehameha Schools.

When I first arrived I felt immediately at home. Most of the children were of a beautiful brown hue – that of my sisters and brothers (and me during the summer time). They spoke in a voice that seemed like a song, with the strange inflections my father had used to ask strangers of their homeland. They told the same jokes that my cousins who lived there had told me. And there was this strange calming feeling that the land called out to me. You’re home, you’re home.

So it surprised me indeed, when the Hawaiian girls who I thought would be my new friends jeered at me, calling me haole. I had never been disliked in my classes or sports at home. I had been the friend of everyone. How could these girls who had never even spoken with me already know that they did not like me? It was the color of my skin. Or perhaps it was my freckled nose. But somehow, at first sight they had decided that they did not like me at all. Perhaps it was even before first sight, when they had
heard I was from Virginia. Eventually, most of the girls grew to like me. But there was one girl named Luana who refused to accept me, insisting that I was not Hawaiian.

I remember overhearing one of the girls trying to appease Luana by saying, “But she has Hawaiian hair.” That thought stuck in my head. I had always had the same hair, and people in the continental US had often mentioned that I looked Hawaiian because of my hair. And when I danced at luau, my mother took such time brushing out my long hair and strangers would say how beautifully Hawaiian it was. What is it about my hair, I thought? It must have been the length, for most of the girls my age in Virginia had shorter hair. None of them had hair much past their shoulders, and certainly none of them had hair to their knees like me.

So it was very traumatic when I heard my two-foot braid fall to the floor the summer before my seventh grade year. It was like I had been stripped of the only sign of my Hawaiianess. And now I was the only child of my father’s who did not look Hawaiian, at all. Not even my hair. It crushed me. Without my hair, which to me at that young age was my “link” to being a Hawaiian, I searched desperately for a replacement. So after that sixth grade year when I received my black belt from Roberts School of Karate, I traded it in for the return of my hula lessons, as I waited for my hair to grow back. I was so scarred I did not cut my hair again until the 23rd year of my life.
Her hair is pepper-black and woven in coarse waves, like the hinahina that she loves so much. Her eyes giggle when she gets excited, and are far too contagious. When she dances, she glides, feeling the music, and makes grown men cry. One of the most amazing things is to watch her work. She sits at an old bench with leftover flower scraps that look like garbage and her fingers do magic. I always want to go in and organize her workspace. To take the plethora of pins scattered here and there and put them in tiny containers labeled pins. I want to wind the sporadically placed rainbow of ribbons into tiny coils separated by color. But to do that would be to clip her wings, to disturb her mana. She pulls bits of this, tidbits of that, swoops it all up into a cluster, her hands interlacing ribbons and rubbish, and finishes with a flower arrangement that boasts natural beauty and charm. She has put herself into her work. Her name is Gordean Leilehua Lee Bailey; she was the first Miss Hawai'i.
Dancing on my land.

Finding myself

i find myself in love with places
but not the ones that everyone knows
the ones i discover myself.
they are like prizes to be treasured
shared only with those dear to your heart
and never to be spoiled.

when i first saw the land passed from my dad to me
i scrambled around rocks and marveled at blades of grass
in tune with the life rhythm around me.

i like to feel things with my eyes
to breathe them in through my soul
it is then i feel most content. my heart is light

dancing on my land.
Boundaries are fine lines drawn by my mind in situations of choice. My mind races and my heart beats faster in this search for the identity that is me. I have a strong sense of where I came from and what I stand for, but am I comfortable in my skin? It is itchy sometimes when I cannot decide which “face” to show, and at other times, the choice is natural and I am at ease. Teresia Teaiwa says in one of her poems, “They ask me how I negotiate my identity. As if it were a contract (Teaiwa 1995:6).” In some ways, I think “they” are correct: we do negotiate our identity. In fact, I think we negotiate it everyday with ourselves in the little things we do, as if to keep balance. For example, four years of freezing cold at Princeton University saw a beautiful beach scene as the screen saver on my computer. However, as I arrived in Hawai‘i one January, I found myself exchanging the beach screen saver for that of a winter wonderland, as if to remind myself that winter was a part of me.

Kirin Narayan, in How Native is a ‘Native’ Anthropologist?, questions how identity can be decided:

I invoke these threads of a culturally tangled identity to demonstrate that a person may have many strands of identification available, strands that may be tugged into the open or stuffed out of sight. A mixed background such as mine perhaps marks one as inauthentic for the label ‘native’ or ‘indigenous’ anthropologist; perhaps those who are not clearly ‘native’ or ‘non-native’ should be termed ‘halfies’ instead. I increasingly wonder whether any person of mixed ancestry can be so neatly split down the middle, excluding all the other vectors that have shaped them (Narayan 1993).

I also know that every time I move, a piece of me stays with the place. I believe that place plays an important role in identity and culture, and that culture partially resides in place. In that way, I think identification does rely partially on space, or the place. I can morph my identity according to where I am. If I am with a bunch of Texans, I used
to live in Austin. If I am with Bostonites, my mother is from Boston. If I am a part of a southern-belle crowd, I worked for a year in Atlanta, and have always vacationed in South Carolina. Identifying is at the heart of all of these examples. Do you want to identify with the group you are in or do you want to be set apart? Are you an individualist or do you want to be part of a community?

Princeton University offers a summer scholarship to one sophomore every year, called The Dale Fellowship. Students must apply with a “non-traditional, life-changing project.” I applied with a plan to study hula in Kula, Maui, with my aunt, Gordean Leilehua Lee Bailey, and received recommendations from Princeton's Dean of Admissions, Fred Hargadon, Princeton's current Anthropology Department Chair, Lawrence Rosen, and the former president of Washington D.C.'s Hawai'i State Society, Gordon Velasco. After an initial screening, several students from each college (Princeton divided their students into five different colleges within the University) were chosen for a round of interviews with Deans of the colleges. After interviews, three students were chosen as finalists. In the end, I did not win the award. However, the Dean of my college informed me that the choice was very difficult for them, my plan was excellent, and that I lost only to a 4.0 student who, I believe was to study with a famous concert pianist in France.

Although I did not win that scholarship, my hope of studying hula was never forgotten. I worked over ninety hour weeks the summer of 1996, so that I could take classes and do research for my thesis the next summer in Hawai'i. During that summer of 1997, after finishing classes at the University of Hawai'i, I spent a few weeks learning hula from my Auntie Deanie on Maui.
Gordean Leilehu Bailey teaches hula in her beautiful farm studio in Kula. Starting at age fourteen, she studied with the fabulous Ma‘iki Aiu Lake, a kumu who traced her unbroken hula genealogy through Keahi Luahine, Kapua, Kawena Pukui and Lokalia Montgomery. For Gordean, hula is to celebrate life, birth, death, everyday happenings, love affairs, how plants grown and where they grow. Hula is an expression of life in dance and captures life as it was and as it is now (Varawa 2003). Auntie Deanie choreographed (and introduced in Honolulu), Kahauanu Lake’s Misty Rains. That summer, she taught it to me.

*Misty Rains, and Lehua, forever in love. Holding hands, in the uplands, high above.*

*Morning showers,*

*and skies of blue,*

*mountains all*

*Tradewinds send*

*with a sigh.*

*a rainbow colored*

*watching over, from heaven above, say the two will forever remain in love. Say the two will forever remain in love.*
The song, she said, she choreographed for us. She, as Leilehua, was the Lehua in the song, and I, being named Noelani, or Mist from the Heavens (as my parents interpreted it), was Misty Rains, in the uplands of her Kula farm. Since being compared to her as a child, I had always wondered who she was. What was it that made people thinking about her cry? What made my big dad with the deep voice giggle like a schoolgirl when he was talking to Auntie Deanie on the phone? What made stories of her seem like those of a princess? I wanted to know. And when I met her, old enough to remember, I figured it out. “It” is an ethereal beauty that goes far beneath the surface. Although she is very well off, she wears old clothes on her flower farm in Kula. But still, beneath those grunge t-shirts and puka pants, you can tell she would glitter in a gown. The beauty comes from within, and when she dances it is as if her feet barely touch the ground. She is famous for quoting our puna, “Everything has beauty, it’s what you do with it.”

In the fall of 1997, I returned to Princeton and wrote my thesis, "A Study of Sovereignty in Hawai‘i" advised by Lawrence Rosen. After graduation from college, I worked for three years with the goal of repaying my undergraduate loans and returning to Hawai‘i for graduate school. Three years of working did not allow me to repay all of my loans to Princeton. However, I was worried that I would get accustomed to the lavish lifestyle I was leading and never return to school and fulfill my dreams.

Dreams. Scenes leave traces that disappear like rings of smoke. Escaping into the air before you can wipe the sleep from your eyes. Quick, catch the tails and hang onto them. Follow them to their lair, where secrets are held captive. If we are open to suggestion, these secrets might sneak past the guard of sleep and visit us with makana,
gifts, to be cherished. But otherwise, dreams, like fireflies in summer, flashing bright, will just as quickly, vanish into the blackness of night.

I was visited often by dreams in which I spoke fluent Hawaiian. When I awoke from these dreams I scrambled for paper to record the remnants of phrases remembered before the sleep stole them from my grasp. Following mornings I was often surprised to find that the translated messages had to do with major dilemmas in my life. This might not be odd if I spoke Hawaiian fluently. But although raised on bits and pieces, I was just beginning to learn its grammar. Dreams, touch healing, signs – they are all intangibles. They fit into a category of phenomena untouched by western sciences. Lumped in with superstitions and myth, they are often discounted or disregarded. What makes something acceptable? Is it mandatory that these things can be felt physically, not emotionally? Because I write these things down, and can touch this paper, they gain credence?
CHAPTER TWO

RETURN FROM THE DIASPORA
At home in a whirlwind.

My Calling

At home in a whirlwind.

time flies by me – it dizzies with its speed.
i want that speed
to give me powers
gateway to the deep abyss of my mind
the areas I can only reach while daydreaming
dark corners swallow ephemeral thoughts

you can’t catch me, I am not

yours
THE RETURN

The only way to capture our dreams in this Western-ruled world is to realize them in our life. And so, although my parents thought I was foolish to give up a six-figure salary to return to school, I went anyway. I left my job, took my GREs, and applied to the Center of Pacific Islands Studies at the University of Hawai‘i. When I was accepted, my parents again lectured me that most people return to school in hopes of making more money when they graduated, and that I was going back to school to be in more debt. But as most children, thinking they are wiser than their parents, I put what money I had left from trying to pay off my Princeton loans in the bank and packed for Hawai‘i. It is scary sometimes to realize that they were right. It was hard to go from living a very comfortable lifestyle of dinners with clients at Spagos to saving up for dollar chicken sandwiches from Jack-in-the-Box. But it made me happy. I felt good inside.

Upon arrival, I was riveted to my studies, taking five classes (the full graduate course load at the University of Hawai‘i is three) and accounting for every single point of every class on index cards taped above my desk. I can still remember how excited I was to be a student again. I went to Hawaiian Studies classes taught by Jonathan Osorio where history came alive in his lectures. We had lively debates in Vilsoni Hereniko’s Pacific Islands Identities class, and I had the opportunity to hear and engage in conversation with renowned Hawaiian movement speakers in Noenoe Silva’s Indigenous Politics class. When I attended Hawaiian language classes with Kawehi Lucas I was amazed by the power of the language itself. I was also encouraged and challenged to think in new and exciting ways by my peers in our core Pacific Islands Studies classes. Invigorated by these interactions and teachings (see Appendix 7 for comments from
various drafts of thesis proposal), I was led to imagine a future for Pacific Islands Studies that was not yet, but could be.

**LESSONS FROM FIJI**

I have many memorable lessons not only from my scholastic studies, but also from personal experiences. The latter made a huge impression, because I was able to engage with the materials and commit them to memory. In September of last year, I made a trip to the University of the South Pacific in Suva, Fiji. First, I met and was inspired by Epeli Hau'ofa and his Centre. I loved the way he allowed students to tell their stories through art and how that way of communicating had such a large audience. I also witnessed first-hand the nature of power and its associated aspects through participation in SPICOL (South Pacific Islands Council of Leaders).

*Obsessed, as usual, with composing a closing picture for my “Fiji” album, I was entranced with the ocean and how in so many ways it can be an analogy for life. As the tide was coming in, I was trying to scribble “Fiji 2002” with a piece of coral and take a picture just before a wave washed away my words. It took me an awful long time to complete the self-tasked assignment, and gave me ample and relevant time to ponder – permanence. For each time I managed to finish the last letter, a wave would come and wash it away before I could record its existence with a picture. I hope that is not the case with this trip to Fiji. That is one reason I feel an urgency to record my thoughts now. Next week, when I am back in Honolulu, this might all seem but a dream and I do not want to be left wondering if these thoughts and experiences are a figment of my imagination. I am afraid when I try and write about them, they will have dissolved.*
Which goes to show how Westernized I am without realizing it. I think that because I write these things down they have truth, which is what has been drummed into my head all of these years. Document everything; if it is written, it is truth, and must be believed. If it is remembered it is probably peppered with inaccuracies. Never mind the fact that I can record inaccuracies while I type...

Photographs: (Above) Four University of Hawai‘i Students visit with Epeli Hau‘ofa (Below) Paula Liga, Oceania Centre for Arts and Culture wood carver, USP, Fiji
Epeli is a wonderful man with a gloriously round belly and a twinkle in his eyes. In person, he seems quiet and unassuming, not what one would expect after reading his hilariously loud *Kisses In the Nederends* (Hau’ofa 1995) or *Tales of the Tikongs* (Hau’ofa 1993b). Epeli Hau’ofa is famous to Pacific Island scholars not only for his fiction, but also for works like “Our Sea of Islands” (Hau’ofa 1993a).

The Oceania Centre is Hau’ofa’s art studio at the University of the South Pacific. And when I say art, I mean art of all mediums. There are always people working on pieces there, drawing, painting, singing, playing music, welding sheet metal, dancing, or carving. For instance, when I hear shells moving underwater with the tides, I am now reminded of a day Hau’ofa took Louisa Anthony and me in to their one room recording studio. It was a simple room, about one fourth the size of a typical classroom at the University of Hawai’i, with black cloth stapled to the walls, and a “sometimes” air conditioner that occasionally blew chunks of ice.

Inside this room however, the most beautiful music was created. One such artist was a student named Calvin, from the Solomons, who shared with us his music of pan pipes. As he played the different tracks he was recording for his new cd, I could see Epeli glowing with pride. He requested Calvin to play different songs and kept saying, “one more, one more…” as if he was making us stay for another.

Hau’ofa was unabashedly proud of all of his students, which I think, was the ingredient they needed to grow. He welcomed not just students of USP, but also students of Art from the community, and earned himself amongst them the beloved nickname of “The Professor”. While he showed us around his Oceania Centre for Arts and Culture with no walls, he pointed to the lashings around beams on the ceiling, the beautiful
wooden stage surrounded by only the mirrors of onlookers’ eyes, and then out back to the
wood carver.

A man of about 65, with bushy black white hair, a smiling mustache, and strong
hands was carving a huge stump, which in most places would have been left to rot or
made into firewood. Meet Paula Liga. I do not know my compulsion to write of him in
this paper, except to remember him and relate how valuable my experiences in Fiji have
been to me.

Paula worked across the street from the dorm Louisa and I stayed in, and I smiled
every time I saw the fuchsia shirt that he wore the first three days that I knew him. I was
glad he did not change his shirt because I could recognize him easily from across the
street, and like Pavlov’s dogs, I would beam at the chance of seeing his latest creations.
Paula carved the most beautiful stories into his piece of wood. The stump was taller than
me, as wide as a minivan, and could tell a hundred stories. He carved creatures into all of
its limbs, some mythical, some real. With an M.C. Escher eye, he carved the tip of the
top limb so that if you looked at it from one side it was a man, a beautiful woman from
the other. Sometimes I would bring us lunch and just watch him work, other times we
would sit and talk about the difference of places (he is from Lau), sometimes I would
help him clear the wood chips, and other times we would just sit in silence, watching the
campus at work.

Silence is a funny thing. Sometimes it is pleasant, like in the case above and other
times it is detrimental. Linda Tuhiwai Smith says that “universality silences difference”
in her book Decolonizing Methodologies (Smith 1999). And yet, in contemporary
publishing among Pacific writers like Hau’ofa and Thaman, we hear about unity across
the Pacific, and see the ocean as uniting instead of separating us. Does this vision of unity silence our differences? At a SHAPS (School of Hawaiian, Asian, and Pacific Studies at the University of Hawaii, Manoa) conference, “Remaking Asia Pacific Studies”, a speaker charged Hau’ofa’s work with being too idealistic, or too optimistic. Everyone is entitled to his or her own opinion, and so I am to mine. I found Hau’ofa’s vision inspiring; instead of tiny islands isolated by the sea, we are a large region united by it (Hau’ofa 1993a). And I was able to witness how powerful this region could be by participating in a conference at the University of the South Pacific.

The conference I attended in Fiji is called SPICOL or South Pacific Islands Council of Leaders, and it is modeled after the Pacific Forum. 2002’s SPICOL welcomed seventeen member countries, while the Pacific Forum currently has members of 16 countries. Our simulation included discrepancies in member countries including the admittance of recognized observers, occupied states, and excluding member countries due to sabbaticals. Each member country present at the simulation also had representatives imitating Prime Ministers. Technical presentations were given for three nights and these included topics varying from a serious discussion of IDPs (Internally Displaced Peoples) to the Fiji School of Medicine’s talk on the spread of infectious disease, to Rexford Orotaloa, the self-proclaimed poet’s colorful biography on a Melanesian migrant ancestor. In all, I believe there were four presentations each night, or twelve in total.

The first night of technical presentations was rather hard for me to understand, not because of the material, but because I was unfamiliar with the various accents. It was difficult for me to decipher what they were saying. By the end of the conference I could
understand everyone perfectly, and grew accustomed to answering to “Lagi”. (In Hawai‘i Noelani is usually shortened to Noe, but due to the familiar and linguistically shared term “heaven”, most of the participants preferred to call me Lagi.)

Keao NeSmith (Hawai‘i’s Prime Minister) and I laughed because when the Prime Minister of Nauru spoke, through his accent we heard, appropriately, “devil countries” instead of “developed countries”.

The topic of SPICOL 2002 was Migration in the Pacific. Although, Hawaiian sovereignty as an issue of migration is debatable, we (at the conference) did spend an unduly large amount of time discussing this issue due to the interference of a certain Scotsman, Robin Taylor. The simulation went much deeper than just surface parities (i.e. opening and closing ceremonies, flags, delegates, chairmen, technical presentations, press); it was a real-life power struggle. Taylor, the organizer of SPICOL 2002, was not a recognized delegate or official participant in the conference, but he repeatedly removed and rephrased articles within our communique, without approval of or consultation with the participants. As organizer of the conference, perhaps he thought it his prerogative; however, it was not a consistent interference, and to me, this was a demonstration of assumed power. Participants were supposed to have the power to create their own communique, but instead, the “white man” controlling the conference had the real power and final say.

And so through all of this I have learned how power can influence the priorities on an agenda, how important it is to have allies, how hard it is to find consensus among many, and how it is harder still to assign international countries action items. I have learned that no matter what moves indigenous peoples make toward progress, even if it is
on a united front, there will always be opposition from “the white man” if it is against his agenda. Those in power often try to feign ignorance, or blame indigenous people for not understanding, but if we push hard enough the truth will eventually be exposed.

I have read copious books, articles, and papers on culture and practice in the Pacific. But what do I remember best? Do I remember facts from that thesis I was required to read about Samoans? What has been taken from a myriad of facts and converted to knowledge? What information has been committed to memory? I remember the stories from songs of the pan pipes played in the Solomons, I remember that Lauans in Fiji are known for their light-skinned carvers like my friend Paula, and I know of that liminal threshold Niuean boys pass through when they have their hair-cutting ceremony celebrating manhood. I remember how it felt to think in Hawaiian upon my return from a Hawaiian language immersion fieldtrip led by Keawe Lopes and Leilani Basham. These experiences helped encourage and inspire my thesis. Ma ka hana ka `ike (Pukui 1983). Through doing, we learn.

Undergraduate education is mainly about learning what is taught to you. Graduate work is about challenging yourself, seeking knowledge beyond what is given to you, creating your own knowledge, and forming your own narrative. By the third semester of graduate studies, I had, along with many classmates, lost my fire. Where had it gone? What had put it out? I realized that I would be graduating in one semester and had not yet taken full advantage of the place where I studied, and looked forward to changing this with my independent research.

Requirements for a Masters Degree in Pacific Islands Studies consist of basically three components: coursework, comprehensive exams, and thesis. (Again, see Appendix
7 for notes from meetings with advisor concerning support for thesis ideas.) My coursework was finished with a 3.9 average in Spring 2003. I took six more credits than needed to graduate and received 100% for most of those As. Those courses tested me on knowledge gained and often required extensive research and writing. During Spring 2003, I also passed the Department’s Comprehensive Exams, which consisted of five consecutive hours of written essays, identifying and addressing people, places, events, and issues important to the Pacific Region. My thesis, produced during Fall 2003, demonstrated personal growth in my chosen area of studies, and is a contribution to the field. A thesis is focused on one’s concentration, which in my case, is the Hawaiian diaspora.

The meaning of diaspora, according to Webster’s Encyclopedic Unabridged Dictionary of the English Language, originated with the “scattering of the Jews to countries outside of Palestine after the Babylonian captivity”, morphed to include the collective places left to, and can now be used to describe “any group that has been dispersed outside its traditional homeland (2001:548).” As such, Hawaiian diaspora is an emerging and frequently discussed topic, as an estimated 200,000 Hawaiians live in the Continental United States.6 A number of Hawaiians, including Kehaulani Kauanui and Rona Halualani have written extensively on this topic (see Kauanui 1999b; Halualani 2002). After reading their publications, I find that our stories are often the same. Hawaiians raised elsewhere are compelled by their ancestors, their dreams, their roots, to return to the land or to the practices to which they belong. This sentiment is common among “off-island Hawaiians.”
In a core Pacific Islands Studies class (691), we were told that when trying to find a thesis topic, we should ask ourselves, "Why am I here?" So I answered this question for myself, and my answers follow. I came here to answer that calling, to “return” to a place I called home. A common struggle for “off-island Hawaiians” is to prove themselves. Not only to others, but to themselves. This is my struggle; this is my weight that I carry with me, but that also compels me to move forward. I came to be immersed in literature, language, and culture, so that I might emerge not only a more intelligent Kanaka, but also a more learned Kanaka. That means not only do I want to be well versed in the literature surrounding the area, but that I want to be in it, a part of the language and culture written about in this literature. I am here to make an impact.

THE PLAN

To that end, I decided to “indigenize” my thesis by performing it, instead of writing it. Epeli Hau’ofa calls for "Oceanians [to] find ways of reconstructing our pasts that are our own." He adds, "Non- Oceanians may construct and interpret our pasts or our present, but they are their constructions and interpretations, not ours. Theirs may be excellent and very instructive, but we must rely much more on ours (Hau’ofa 2000)." In this piece, Hau’ofa is actually referring to the ways in which we look at history, but I think the Head of the Oceania Centre for Art and Culture in Fiji would also agree that we should work on expressing our stories in ways that are our own. I have been to so many conferences where we have been told to “re-imagine” or to “reconstruct” or “decolonize”. These conferences were wonderful, and I learned so much from them, but sometimes I
feel as if everyone is talking or writing, and I want to do. That is why I chose to dance and chant my thesis.

First, I decided to “indigenize” my committee. I purposely asked an all-indigenous committee, because I wanted “us” to set ourselves free. Choosing from classes I enjoyed and learned most from during coursework, I asked Vilsoni Hereniko to chair my committee, not only because he is an indigenous scholar in the Center for Pacific Islands Studies, but also because he is an expert on performance. In addition, I was always excited by his progressive ideas in class and his insightful comments on papers. I asked Noenoe Silva not only for her experience with the Hawaiian language, engagement with indigenous politics, and vast knowledge of Hawaiian sources, but also because she too, is in part, a diasporic Hawaiian. I asked Jonathan Osorio, not only because he is also Hawaiian, but because of his captivating way of retelling history, and for his love, knowledge of, and dedication to Hawaiian music. I also knew that my committee would work well together because I believe they respect each other’s work, and that was important to me.

The next action item was to create a personal immersion program. Before Western contact, Hawaiians did not write their stories; they chanted their stories, they danced their stories. And so I thought that chants and dances could tell my story. They would tell how I am connected to the land, to my ancestors, to this place – through my soul. I thought it appropriate that I should communicate in the ancient Hawaiian way, and not the very Western way offered to me. I thought I would present my thesis in a way relevant to Pacific Islands Studies, an indigenous way. By doing this, I thought I would be encouraging future students of Pacific Islands Studies to articulate what they
learned through alternative methods. Of course there would always be those who preferred, and indeed excelled in, communication through writing, but I think there should be other creative options that may be more appropriate for Pacific Islands Studies, as well.

Before progressing, I feel it necessary to make a disclaimer: by doing my thesis in this way, I was not trying to say that writing is unimportant. In fact, I love to write, and find it is the basis of my education to date. Of course writing is important, it is how we communicate when there are no visits, no telephones, and no televisions; it is a way of recording history. Hawaiians, like most of the rest of the world, have grown attached to the written word. We read newspapers every morning, write emails everyday, and enjoy escaping or researching with books. However, this is not the only way we gather information. For instance, we also research and learn through audio and visual media and through interacting with others. It seems only appropriate that theses begin to embody and mimic the world around us. We should constantly strive to reach new heights and break boundaries. For my graduate thesis, I was hoping for something more exigent and intensive.

On September 2, 2003, I moved to Kula, Maui, to begin my journey. There I lived in my aunt’s halau. I buried myself in studies; learning to chant, studying my genealogy, and investigating native places, plants, and birds. I relearned to dance (kahiko, hula ku’i, hapa haole, ‘auana), studied kaona in Hawaiian songs, and examined my own journey as a Hawaiian from Virginia returning to Hawai‘i, so that I could convey its meaning through presentation of my thesis. This story of Hawaiian diaspora was expressed through an indigenous means of communication: chanting and dancing hula.
I understood that in order to enact change, we must take risks, however uncomfortable it seems at the time. So although I was rather uneasy about permitting my body and voice to be scrutinized by onlookers, I felt the benefit was worthy of the cause. I kept a journal online with published homepages so that my committee could see progress along the way (see Appendices 2, 3, and 4 for sample email updates, journal entries, and/or pictures from homepages). It was the process of learning, the preparation for and the creation of a story through chant and dance that I wanted to focus on, not words that attempt to make them seem important. (Although I thought if something needed to be submitted to the library, I would submit a tape of the performance.) It was a challenge. Do we really think that indigenous ways of communicating are as valuable as Western ways?
CHAPTER 3

MYTHESIS
My chanted and danced thesis was created with so much wonderment and constructed with such love. It is hard to place a complex project with so many layers and dimensions on a two-dimensional piece of paper. Nothing I write will ever be able to capture all of the nuances and subtleties that the chanted and danced thesis encompassed.

Each movement was choreographed; each dress or accessory was created individually, but placed to flow within the context of the chant or song, having many meanings. Each chant and song led to different cultural and self-discoveries, and so, while my chants and dances told a story of Hawaiian diaspora, I used them as my way of returning from the diaspora.

The first thing I did was to decide the structure of my presentation. Initially, I thought I would write one song in Hawaiian telling of diaspora and choreograph the dance for that song. As I did more research on hula however, I felt that similar to the kui style of stringing leis, I could string songs together to tell a more complete story while working more accurately within the constructs of the mediums (oli and hula). I decided the flow of the performance would be: oli and kahiko, hula ku‘i, and then a hapa haole number or ‘auana number. Later, I found this ending to be a bit depressing. Because I wanted to include a period of Americanism, I would have to use the last or hapa haole number to express this. And I did not want that to be the conclusion to my thesis; I wanted an alternative ending to my story, one that told of a resurgence in Hawaiian pride, language, culture, and practice. I searched for a song that could be all of these things to conclude my thesis.

This progression of numbers was an attempt to be true to the tradition of hula, and at the same time tell the story of Hawaiian diaspora. Traditional style goes from ancient
to modern, honoring gods first, ali`i, then places, and commoners. According to tradition of my aunty’s halau, dress would be designed for all numbers according to the appropriateness for the type of dance. Now that the type of dances had been chosen, I had to choose the specific chants or songs I would do, again to deliver the message of diaspora.

In order to write the oli for the first number, I had to first organize my plan of action. I searched for different ways to express movement from one place to another. I considered vessels of voyage, waves, but kept returning to the idea of travel by birds. Once I decided to use this bird metaphor I had to choose the bird that closely represented the message I wanted to deliver. After careful council with my aunt, I decided on the ‘A`o, or Newell’s Shearwater.

The next phase of my plan was to write a chant. The first task was to study the ‘A`o, its appearance, its habits and habitat, its breeding patterns and travels, and its connection to other Hawaiian creatures, plants, and occurrences in nature. The second concern was to follow forms of oli, which I had learned about in my Hawaiian language classes at the University, and also from my aunt’s halau. For example, I would try using linked assonance (similar sounding words ending and continuing lines of chant), which is common to Hawaiian poetry and chant. The third and paramount task was to be true to the Hawaiian language. By this I mean not only to the Hawaiian in use today, but also to the `olelo Hawai`i used by our kupuna.

While concentrating on those tasks, I knew there must be kaona in my oli. Kaona is that hidden layer of meaning in Hawaiian chants, songs, and poetry. As one of my objectives in writing this oli was to educate, I hoped to use factual information entwined
with cultural information about the `A`o, but beneath the layer of information, the `A`o would represent diasporic Hawaiians, and on a more personal level, me.

This chant went through dozens of drafts and dozens of revisions. The first round of drafts was composed in conjunction with the consultation of several excellent Hawaiian language teachers, but final edits relied heavily on advice from manaleo (native speakers), and kumu hula and oli (teachers and masters of hula and chant). One of the most common pieces of advice I received was to keep it simple. This was rather difficult for me. My first several drafts were deemed as too much like songs than chants. So I cut, and revised, and cut, and revised. As I cut material and made grammar edits it was harder to keep aspects like linked assonance, and I tried hard to keep my story line. Below is my chant and its translation, followed by its meaning. I also discuss the making of my dress, the creation of rhythm and pa`i, and finally, the choreography of the kahiko.
He Manu Ka `A`o
Chant composed and chanted by Noelani Lee
Pa`i by Rose Pi`ilani Bailey
Dance choreographed by Gordean Leilehua Lee Bailey and Noelani Lee

He manu ka 'A'o
Ao, e ala
Ma mua o ka la

The 'A'o is a bird
(that) at dawn arises
Before the sun.

Lawai'a no kana keiki
Ki'i mea'ai a ka punana
Lu'u i ka moana

Fishing for her keiki
Food-gatherer of the nest
Diving into the ocean.

Momona ka 'Ua'u
Ke ue na 'uhane (`a`o)
He manu 'ele'ele
E like me ka po

Fat is the 'Ua'u
When the spirits cry
A black bird,
Like the night.

Ho'i mai i ka home
Ho'i mai i ka home
'A'ohe mahina
Malama e manu li'ili'i

Come back home
Come back home
There is no moon
Take care little bird.

Pau ka 'aina
I ka lilo 'ia
Pau ka hua
I ka 'ai 'ia

Gone is the land
Taken away
Gone the egg
Eaten.

Aia i hea kou home?
Aia i hea kou home?
Ho'oulu i ka mauna
Ho'oulu i ka kai

Where is your home?
Where is your home?
Grow the mountains
Grow the sea.

Kama'aina a na wahi 'elua
A me ke a la ma waena
Aia i ka na'au
Kahi o kou home.

Familiar with both places
And the path between
There in your heart
Is your home.
The 'A`o was chosen because it is a bird endemic to Hawai‘i, about which little is known. The 'A`o belongs to a group of seabirds that are often called Ahi or Tuna birds. They get their name because the Tuna, searching for food, drive schools of small fish to the surface, and as they do, these seabirds dive down, often shearing the water, to find food themselves. Knowing this, fishermen look for these birds to indicate where the fish are. Found mostly on Kaua‘i today, this bird was listed as threatened because of its rapid decline in numbers (U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service 1982). This is due to predators, the fact that 'A`o lay only one egg per year (Pukui 1983; Moniz 1997), and because these birds are dying in transit to and from their homes. These birds are rarely seen because they fly only at night (or when it is dark).

' A`o fly with rigid wings and rapid movement at the tips (see www.birdinghawaii.com). Like fishermen, 'A`o rise to leave their nests at dawn and fly out to sea to find food (squid and small silver fish), and return after sunset, sometimes as late as 11 pm (Day et al. 2003). In the past, when the 'A`o cried, making the sound “a`o”, the Hawaiians knew that the 'Ua`u (another endangered Hawaiian bird) was fat and ready for eating (Pukui 1983). The 'A`o's dorsal feathers are black (Stallcup 1990), like the night that surrounds it by the time it flies back to its nest, and their cry is very distinctive, often called eerie sounding, like ghosts (Sincock 1980).

The young birds, when taking their first flight to the sea, follow the moon and stars, like navigators. But sometimes there is no moon and they are attracted to street or city lights instead, and they are 'downed', landing in lawns, or parking lots (Telfer et al. 1987; Telfer 2001). The telephone lines they get caught in are analogous to the way Hawaiians sometimes leave Hawai‘i for other places in search of better opportunities.
And the distracting street lamps or "city lights" symbolize income, quality of life, or conveniences that distract and prevent them from finding their way home.

`A`o lay their egg in burrows under the uluhe fern and drag koa and `ohi`a branches in order to protect the egg or the chick (www.vt.edu). Many times the uluhe fern, beneath which the `A`o burrows, is destroyed for roads or subdivisions. And the birds find that they have no place to live, like many Hawaiians whose land was taken away, used for military practice, or commercial development.

The `A`o's egg is often eaten by foreign and feral animals and birds like the mongoose, rats and cats, and the common myna (Munro 1944). Because mongoose are not on Kaua`i, more birds are found there today. These lines in my oli refer to the way Hawaiian rights have been stripped by foreigners in the past, and are still being stripped now. This reference includes but is not restricted to Queen Lili`uokalani being forced to abdicate her throne in 1893. It also refers to hula, religion, and Hawaiian language being forbidden in the past and alludes to the attacks on trusts such as Kamehameha Schools, Department of Hawaiian Home Lands, Office of Hawaiian Affairs, and Lili`uokalani Children’s Trust.

Where is the `A`o's home now? We should grow the mountain (where it lives part of the year), and grow the sea (where it lives the other part of the year). Like Kalakaua's call to grow the nation,¹⁰ I am saying that it does not matter where Hawaiians live. Now is the time to join together and help each other, to rebuild our nation. The `A`o is native to two places, like those Hawaiians that live in Hawai`i, and those Hawaiians who live elsewhere. It does not mean that all Hawaiians need to move back to Hawai`i; it means that wherever they are, they can help proliferate our culture and in turn
give life to Hawaiians. by remembering, practicing, and supporting. The "path" is their journeys between homes, and in the end, maybe "home" is not one of the places, or the journey, but in their heart.

After completing the written portion of the chant, I put it away while I worked on dress for the kahiko. To mimic the black dorsal coloring of the `A`o, I wanted to use black fabric. However, I also wanted to print the pa`u, or skirt, so I chose black for the undergarments and grey (to show a black print) for the pa`u. Black undergarments represented the black dorsal color of the seabird, while the white feather kupe`e and lei po`o represented the white ventral coloring of the bird (Harrison 1990). At first, I thought I would use a feather of the bird to make the print two thirds of the way down the pa`u, but ended up printing my pa`u to represent the `A`o's habitat, the uluhe fern under which the `A`o's burrows are found. Not coincidentally, the scientific name for fern means wing or feather.

Auntie Deanie and I drove up to Waipoli to gather uluhe and to see the fern actually growing in its environment. It is a beautiful, short, small- fingered fern that grows in masses of tangled bunches that if separated make beautifully geometric patterns. The young ones are light green, entwined with the more mature lime green, which in turn grows out of the reddish brown, curled, dry old fern. All are nestled into the hill growing from the bank.

I gathered uluhe, first doing a clearing chant and asking permission to take. Then I spread the fern on my skirt interconnected with the young and middle-aged, all growing from the base - the older, dried uluhe, like `opio growing from kupuna. I pinned everything down and began to spray. Sometimes, for definition, I pinned the fern flat and
sprayed close to the material. Other times, I sprayed unpinned uluhe from farther away to create a more impressionistic, smoky effect. Halfway done, with Auntie Deanie looking on from the bench, I nervously removed the first piece of uluhe.

The print was beautiful! It looked as if the uluhe was growing from the bottom of the skirt. This spray paint dried rather quickly, so as soon as we could, Auntie Deanie and I brought the skirt upstairs, and I re-strung the pa`u. I tried on my newly printed pa`u with the black undergarments tailored from a pattern passed down to Auntie Deanie (with the exception of the sleeves, which were altered to mimic wings), and my white feather kupe`e. I loved the end results, and then knew I had to finish my chant.

Complications with the chant did not stop after edits were made and the dress was created; I still had to compose a rhythm, and dance, or kahiko. However, I am not an accomplished chanter. Although a passionate lover of music, and chanting, it was in hearing others, not singing or chanting myself. This is another reason using oral communication in my thesis was so beneficial to me. I had to reach places within myself that I had never accessed before.

After I was happy with the way the chant was written I showed Auntie Deanie thinking that she would teach me how to chant it. Instead, she said that it was my thesis; I had to chant it myself. That really threw me. I had no idea how to create the rhythms and intonations of a chant. I said, "I can't do that Auntie, I am lucky that I wrote a chant I can understand!" And she said, "You will do it, it will come to you."

So I sat in all of her chanting classes and listened to her women chanting. They chanted to enter the halau, Auntie chanted to invite them in, they chanted as a gift, they chanted their hula genealogy, they chanted to honor places, gods, and chiefs. Then I put
a cd of old and renowned chanters on repeat, listening while I did other work. I watched videos upon videos of chanted performances, and even found an old record player that Auntie said she had with Lokalia Montgomery chanting. I listened to these recordings over and over again. I worked on bits and pieces individually and then, just like she said it would happen, one day it all came to me.

It was on a Saturday, after ukulele class, that I embarrassed myself by admitting it. I was starting to practice my other dances and Auntie Deanie was telling one of her women that she was worried about when I would be able to do my chant because we still had to choreograph the kahiko, and stupidly, out popped, “Oh, I can chant it already Auntie, I've been practicing it for a week now.” Auntie responded, "Oh really? Let's hear it."

I had never chanted in front of more than two people at a time before, mostly her and my cousin Rosie, and now there were about ten people in the room and she wanted me to chant my chant, which I had never chanted to anyone before, out loud in front of everyone. I started and froze, trying to laugh, and said, “I am sorry, I can't do it looking at any of you yet while I do it.” So I did it with my eyes closed.

She stopped me at points along the way, because she wanted to make sure it was understandable. She asked a thirteen-year-old girl, who grew up speaking Hawaiian, with a father who teaches Hawaiian at Maui Community College, "Kale’a, what did she say?" Not only was I chanting it out loud to these people, in a rhythm not yet approved by my aunt, but she wanted them to understand what it meant. I felt my breath catch when the teen summed up exactly what I was trying to say. I almost cried when I could see in Auntie's eyes that she was both surprised and pleased that people could understand
my message.

With no serious training in kahiko, originally, I thought it would be the hardest number to choreograph, but actually, it came the quickest.\textsuperscript{14} Maybe it came quickly because I had been thinking about the movements when I was chanting it, maybe because I wrote it, so I understood exactly what I wanted it to say. We tried to choreograph each movement to represent the actual bird. For instance, when I did a movement representing flight, it had to look like the `A`o’s flight: with rigid wings and rapid tip movement. Another example of the close attention to details paid within the choreography was finding a graceful way of representing the regurgitation process the `A`o uses to produce food for its baby.

However, although I knew what I wanted the movements to look like, getting my body to do them was another story. One day I danced from noon until 9:30 pm. The next day, I had to practice again although my body was so sore I could barely walk. So not only did we have to teach my body the right motions, I had to train my body to withstand dancing for those long periods of time. After choreographing the dance with my aunt, my cousin Rosie and I worked out the pa`i (ipu beat) for the chant. Because she and my aunt are on Maui, and I did my thesis on Oahu, we recorded the chant together, so I performed to a recorded chant the day of my thesis.\textsuperscript{15} Because I recorded the chant, I had the opportunity to give the `A`o its own voice by using a recording of the actual bird’s call to begin the performance of my thesis.
Ia `Oe E Ka La
Composed by Ke Ali`i Wahine Nahinu for King Kalakaua
Performed by Walter & Luana Kawai`ae`a, Vernamae Gomez Perkins
Hula Ku`i Choreographed by Gordean Leilehua Lee Bailey

Ia `oe e ka la e `alohi nei
Ma na welelau
Ma na welelau a`o ka honua

Hoike a`e `oe ia i kou nani
Ka malamalama
Ka malamalama `oi kelakela

`Ike `oe i ka nani a`o Himela
Ka hene wai `olu
Ka hene wai `olu lawe malie

Mauna i lohia i ke onaona
Kaulana I ka nani
Kaulana I ka nani me ke ki`eki`e

Ki`eki`e `o ka lani kau mai i luna
Nana e a`e na
Nana e a`e na kapu o Kahiki

Hehihehi ku ana i ka huku `ale
I ke kai halা`i
I ke kai halা`i lana malie

Haina `ia mai ana ka puana
He ola o ka lani
He ola o ka lani a mau loa

Hea aku makou e o mai `oe
He ola o ka lani
He ola o ka lani a mau loa
A mau loa
A mau loa
"Ia ʻOe E Ka La." the second number in my thesis was the first number I learned to
dance upon my arrival on Maui. The learning of all dances began with memorization of
the song's words, then the attempt to translate the song myself, followed by translation
assisted by the dictionary, and lastly with the source's translation. After these various
translations, I clarified in my mind the meanings that I wanted to interpret from the
dances.

After hula kahiko, there was a period in which the hula was contracted, or as my
auntie says, "made more sedate". This was an attempt to pacify missionaries, who
thought the hula was practiced by heathens. This type of dance is called hula kuʻi, and
the type of dress worn, holomuʻu, also reflects an effort to cover up. As a hula kuʻi, "Ia
ʻOe E Ka La" is slower, and much more upright than I was accustomed to, which made it
difficult for me to learn. I had to focus on standing upright to dance, doing the ʻami (a
hula movement involving the rotation of hips) more upright, keeping my shoulders
square - getting the right kuʻi form and feel, the correct posture.

I chose this song to represent several messages. First, as stated, this type of hula
represents a time when missionary influence was high in the islands. Kahuna were
treated as outcast, the hula was looked at with disdain, the language was disappearing and
eventually, all three were banished and/or forbidden. Second, the song was composed for
Kalakaua before he took his world tour, so this song represents those Hawaiians
descended from migrant workers brought to Hawaiʻi partially as a result of this world
tour.

In order to better capture the feel of the music accompanying this dance, I asked
musicians, Walter and Luana Kawaiʻaeʻa, and Vernamae Gomez Perkins to perform it
live for me, on the day of my thesis. To mimic the time, and style of dress of this period in Hawaiian history I wore a blue holomu'u with white lace trim, a gold broach at the collar, two crown flower leis (to represent the royalty the song was composed for), and crown flowers wrapped around my hair, which was put up in a bun.
Rhythm of the Islands
Performed by Kumu Hula April Chock
Hapa Haole Hula Choreographed by Gordean Leilehua Lee Bailey

Swing, swing, swing
Rhythm of the islands
Is in the rolling sea
Rhythm of the islands
Is in the whispering breeze
You’ll hear a blue aloha
From Maui to Kaloha

The kane and wahine
Have found a new kapu
It’s a little wiki,
a little wacky too

So whether it’s Manhattan,
Waikiki, or Staton
Rhythm of the islands
Is in our swingaroo

And... repeat

Last refrain:
Yes, rhythm of the islands
Is in our swingaroo.
“Rhythm of the Islands”, my third dance, was also difficult because of its speed and showiness. I picked this song because of its "Hollywoodish" style and its mention of cities in the United States. As the United States is a major destination for diasporic Hawaiians’ travels, this song was to represent those traveling to and from U.S. cities, including me. I added it to show the transition not only of hula, but of Hawaiians.

Hula was appropriated only as entertainment during this period, or as Haunani-Kay Trask would say, hula was “prostituted” (Trask 1993), and in that context was thought of as having no meaningful cultural significance. This song also demonstrates the breakdown of the Hawaiian language, and the dominance of the English language. This hula represents the period in which my father was growing up; Hawaiian children were given English first names; and hula was first seen on the big screen.

This type of hula is often referred to as hapa haole or ‘auana. I had to work on making my movements bigger and more dramatic (including hands and body), not trying to be graceful all the time, and keeping up with the pace of the music. I asked kumu hula, April Chock, to sing Rhythm of the Islands for me. 17

My dress for this dance was done to match its “Hollywood” style. I chose a bright yellow print top, with two yellow plumeria leis, plumeria hairpieces, and kupeʻe (two wristlets and two anklets). (see Appendix 4, first picture of Auntie Deanie to see an example of dress during this period) I learned to make a ti leaf skirt and practiced with four skirts prior to the one I wore the day of my thesis. We had purchased the ti leaf for the first four skirts, but for my final skirt, I picked the ti leaves in 'lao Valley, a sacred wahi (place) for Hawaiians. I did a clearing chant, asked permission, and gave thanks.
**Ke Alaula**

Composed by: William K. Panui, Louis R. Kauakahi

Performed by: Makaha Sons (Moon, John, and Jerome) on cd Halau Na Mamoali'i O Ka'uki with its kumu hula Namahana Kalama-Panui of Hana, Maui was the inspiration for this song.

_E Kumuola, e ku`u tutu,_
_Poha mai i ka `onohi `ula,_
_Wehe`ia ke alaula,_
_Mai ka mole, ke kikowaena._
_Mai ka mole, ke kikowaena_

_Ha`alulu ke kumu honua,_
_Haku`iku`i i ka `aina nei,_
_Wehe `ia ke alaula,_
_Hoaka `o Kamawaipolani._
_Hoaka `o Kamawaipolani._

_Hane `ene`e hele i kai,_
_`Oni me ka muliwai ola,_
_Wehe `ia ke alaula,_
_Uhi pono i ke ea._
_Uhi pono i ke ea._

_Puana ka ha`ina,_
_Ho`okaulani i hei kapu,_
_Wehe `ia ke alaula,_
_No na hanauna nei._
_No na hanauna nei._

_Puana ka ha`ina,_
_Ho`okaulani i hei kapu,_
_Wehe `ia ke alaula,_
_No na hanauna nei._
_No na hanauna nei._

_No na hanauna nei._

Oh, Kumuola, my tutu,
Burst with rays of fire,
Opened a flaming pathway,
From the source, the center.

The foundation trembled,
Echoed throughout the land,
Opened a stream of life,
Appeared Kamawaipolani.

Moving toward the sea,
Onward like a living river,
Opened a seaward path,
Enveloped in life's breath.

The story is told,
Restore this sacred domain,
Opened the path of life,
For the generations of this land.

The story is told,
Restore this sacred domain,
Opened the path of life,
For the generations of this land.

No na hanauna nei.
In conclusion, I chose the song “Ke Alaula.” I wanted to find a song to choreograph that would combine all my favorite movements and trademarks of each type of hula, including a mixture of styles. A clearing chant, Noho Ana, done by me prior to this dance, symbolizes the clearing of a path for Native Hawaiians. We should not clear the path with eradication, but rather growth. Mimicking the ways of old I dyed the fabric, with red hibiscus for the purple silk, noni root for the yellow kihei, and noni plus lime for the salmon colored skirt.

These thoughts of creation and growth also represent what Hawaiians should do; we should take the best parts of each idea and move forward with the result, in that way honoring the old, while evolving the new. “Ke Alaula,” the dawning, represents today. It is again in ‘olelo Hawai‘i, showing the return of Hawaiians to their language. It speaks of clearing a path from the source so that we may restore this “sacred domain” for future generations, so I see it as telling us to reclaim our land, our people, and therefore our future. Appropriately, although I found it after the completion of the chant I composed, it reflects the same ideas. In that way, I am ending very much like I began my story, but evolved, just as I have evolved and grown intellectually because of this act of chanting and dancing my thesis.
CHAPTER FOUR

PROBLEMATICS OF THE RETURN
At Princeton, my thesis advisor was Lawrence Rosen. He is a lawyer as well as an anthropologist, and my inspiration. He has done much pro-bono work for Native Americans, and created a “Rights of Indigenous Peoples” class my Junior year of college. Growing up in the suburbs of Washington, D.C., I saw law as power. I aspired to be a lawyer and an advocate for Native Hawaiians. I wanted to right wrongs done to our people, and I felt that the best way to do this was working within the law. In a way, that is a very Westernized idea.

As I embarked in the Pacific Islands Studies graduate program, I found myself turning toward a more instinctive or Hawaiian idea – teaching. This reminded me of a visit I had paid to Professor Rosen to ask for advice before I left the East Coast for Hawai’i. He had given me an enigmatic answer that I am just beginning to understand. First he asked me why I wanted to pursue law. Then he advised me to go where my heart pulled me and told me a story of a former advisee. Professor Rosen said he had been mentor in a situation similar to mine many years before. Instead of me, it had been a Native American young man. As it was told to me, the young man had gone to law school and tried to be a lawyer, but in the end, found that he had no passion for the job. And so, the young Native American became a teacher. Eventually he became the president of a well-known university. Professor Rosen asked me if I thought the young man’s contribution would have made as great an impact if he were a lawyer.

At the time, I was thinking of all of the changes he might have made had he pursued law. But as I reflect, after doing my thesis, I am thinking about all of the people the young man has touched as a professor and the president of a university. Maybe he has been their aspiration, like Professor Rosen is mine. Not only was the young man a
great role model, but he also affected the students he taught, the curriculum, and the direction of the school.

So it thrilled me to my soul to hear Vilsoni Hereniko first speak of a doctorate program for Pacific Islands Studies. That was a watershed moment for me. I would put law school on the shelf and instead continue my studies. It was the picture Rosen was trying to get me to see: do what you love, and you will affect more people than if you do something you think you should be doing. Now, because my danced and chanted thesis has been compromised, I am again forced to reconsider my future, and what this advice means to me. Maybe I will never receive my PhD, maybe I will never teach. Maybe my only purpose is to be an instrument of change. And however painful a process it may be for me now, I can see the bigger picture and the chance my story has of impacting others and the discipline or “undiscipline” of Pacific Islands Studies. And for this, I am grateful.

During this process, I was forced to think about learning, education, and academia. Are they so different from each other? What sets an academic apart? I always thought it was not only the acquisition of knowledge, but also the application of knowledge. After all, I will not receive my Master’s degree by “just dancing” my thesis. I will receive it for jumping through the rigorous hoops of the University. I took and passed all required courses, and then some. I again proved myself when I passed the Comprehensive Exams. And I used knowledge I had gained and applied it to the real world when I produced my danced and chanted thesis. I will continue discussion, by using the rejection of my chanted and danced thesis as a case study and then pontificate
on the implications this has for the future of Pacific Islands Studies, or studies of the Pacific in general.

**TEACHINGS**

Today, I look at binders full of written pieces that so inspired me when I arrived here. Authors that I thought would free me, and wonder how I can be made to read them because they are deemed important and then told not to listen. *Decolonizing Methodologies*, “Indigenous Knowledge and Academic Imperialism”, “Songs of Our Natural Selves”, “Art and Performance in Oceania”, “Militarizing Hawai‘i: Occupation, Accommodation and Resistance”, these are just a few of the assigned readings for graduate classes at the University.

In December of 2002, I helped Terence Wesley-Smith with his conference entitled, "Remaking Asia Pacific Studies: Knowledge, Power and Pedagogy", featuring presentations such as "Reconnecting with Hawaiian Pedagogy at Halau Ku Mana", "Specifying Pacific Studies for an Asia Pacific Studies Agenda", and "On Remaking Asia Pacific Studies". As is apparent with the titles, much of the conversation centered on the future of Pacific Islands Studies. But what is the future of Pacific Islands Studies if ways of indigenous knowing and communicating can only be validated if they are written down?

November 13-15, 2003, CPIS hosted a conference, “Learning Oceania,” deliberating a PhD program in Pacific Islands Studies. How is Pacific Studies important enough to have a department at the University, be discussed at international conferences, and be written about in books, yet not important enough to be practiced? If I had
researched and read about chant and hula and then written a paper about my observations, my thesis would probably have gone unchallenged. It would have been bound, placed, and left to collect dust with a number of other unread theses in the library. Of course the best theses are widely read, but this is not the norm. Instead, more than fifty people witnessed the presentation of my thesis. They each heard the call of the 'A'ō, and saw the ʻuluhe it burrows beneath. They now know this seabird is threatened, much like this way of communication. They may not have understood every aspect, they may not have absorbed every detail, but they each heard my story of diaspora and will take that memory home with them. And I wonder how many of them would have checked out and read my thesis. How many of them will read this thesis?

By remembering and practicing, we give life. Over 70 people viewed my homepages. That means those people also heard my story of diaspora because they witnessed the creation of my thesis. Hawaiians and non-Hawaiians alike saw the dye made from the native red hibiscus. Sure, I read about dyeing. John Papa ʻIʻi’s *Fragments of Hawaiian History* refers to the red dye noni bark produces (ʻIʻi 1983). But after interviewing the Executive Director of Maui Botanical Gardens I learned that its root produces a yellow color. (see Appendix 4 for photographs) I also picked individual buds of red hibiscus every day for a week before I had enough to dye one kihei purple. Which is clearer in my mind: the reading? Or feeling the heat of the flowers I squeezed for their color?

David Hanlon, Director of the Center for Pacific Islands Studies, in his work "Beyond the 'English Method of Tattooing': Decentering the Practice of History in Oceania" says, "We will have to make our classrooms more open and hospitable to
expressions of history that are exhibited, performed, or crafted. We will have to encourage the doing of history in ways that are different, varied and that do not privilege the written word." He tells us, "History, it seems to me, can be sung, danced, chanted, spoken, carved, woven, painted, sculpted, and rapped as well as written. I have a very strong suspicion that listening to the stories of an elder, sailing aboard a double-hulled voyaging canoe such as the Hokule‘a, or witnessing a powerful performance of Holo Mai Pele by the accomplished hula troupe Halau o Kekuhi often brings one a closer connection to the past than any lecture, article, or book ever could (Hanlon 2003:30)."21

As Tarcisius Kabutaulaka said in “The Bigness of our Smallness,” “…there are institutions and individuals who are responsible for the propagation of the derogatory and belittling self-image of Pacific Island Peoples (Kabutaulaka 1993:92).” So we must refer to Richard Katz, when he speaks of respect within research. Katz says that, “Any story has many parts and many sides depending on the teller and the listener (Katz 1993).” And he is correct, respect becomes a key issue to any exchange. I believe that this respect should not only be reserved for research, but also for the researcher, and his or her chosen narrative. Edward Said says, “The power to narrate or to block other narratives from forming or emerging, is very important to culture and imperialism, and constitutes one of the main connections between them (Said 1993:xiii).” With my thesis as case study, we witness the proliferation of imperialism.

How do you deal with a decolonization process based on colonized ideas? Is that not such a contradiction in terms? How can the Pacific Islands Studies department host a conference entitled "Decolonizing Pacific Studies", promote the decolonization of studies in all of its courses, and not accept a chanted and danced thesis? It is not enough for us to
analyze and discuss on panels how we can decolonize studies, and then write about it. It is time to take that next step and actually implement these ideas and writings of decolonization.

**APPLICATIONS**

One of the exciting things about Pacific and Hawaiian Studies should be that they are living and evolving as we study them! Every action we take can impact the future. But we have to take that action. Otherwise we become that relic they put behind glass cases in museums. Examined, analyzed, tested, and written about, but never used, loosing luster as the years go by, damaged by the sunlight, and unable to breathe (see also Waddell 1993; White and Tengan 1993). Auntie Deanie has a story that exemplifies this point.

A scientist with the USGS (United States Geodetic Survey) once told her that a specific Kokio she had was extinct in the wild. (Given to her by Flemming’s Arboretum.) This scientist also told Auntie Deanie that it was difficult to germinate the Kokio from seed. However, she knew it was possible because Tutu (an orchid hybrider) had them growing from seed in the light of her kitchen window. So Deanie decided to try herself. The first time, she pollinated her seeds to make sure it would work, but after this first pollination, she left them to pollinate themselves. After the growth proved successful, instead of hoarding the plant, and studying it like a germ to be isolated, she gathered all of the seed from her plant. Instead of preserving these seeds in capsules and laminated packages, she gave all of the seeds she could gather to everyone in her halau. She asked that the women plant them. She then shared them with DLNR (Department of
Land and Natural Resources) on Maui, and various other nurseries. Today, there are an estimated 500 more Kokio growing outside of the Flemming Arboretum.

**FUTURE**

At the recent “Learning Oceania” conference, on November 13, 2003, the argument was made that dancing specifically, but Pacific art and performance generally, should be kept outside of the classroom and the University. I disagree. As Rapata Wiri said at the same conference, we need to think about how we can connect students with native epistemologies. He spoke of how scholars often dismiss the validity of old traditions, and how important it is for Pacific Islands Studies to give credence to Pacific Island ideologies. Just because something has not been done before is not a reason to not do it now. Like my aunt, in order to ensure a future we need to foster growth, break boundaries, and expand horizons.

Konai Thaman, in *Reclaiming a Place: Towards a Pacific Concept of Education for Cultural Development*, addresses the fear that education of Pacific Islands Peoples, influenced by colonialism and neocolonialism, obscures the value of culture, making several interesting arguments. One, education not taught in the native tongue is suffering the loss of language, as well as subconsciously placing more importance on the foreign language than the native language. Two, she says that “culture [should be] a foundation for education rather than an important variable within it.” Three, school curricula is “culturally undemocratic” or that schools do not take into account the diverse ways of learning when instituting education (Thaman 1997). The arguments that Thaman makes are so vital to the future of Pacific Islands Studies if there is to be one.
Coursework and comprehensive exams ensure that students learn needed materials and acquire critical reading and writing skills. A thesis, as I see it, is the end product that demonstrates a culmination of everything a student has learned. It is a contribution to the field. How that knowledge is applied and in which way it is communicated should be the student’s decision as long as he or she has a committee that will support his or her work. We need to allow students to put themselves in their work, allow them to be in their narratives, and in that way, we are humanizing studies that for so long have been dehumanized. Colonialism is built not only on ideas of biological and racial superiority, but academic superiority as well. In order to decolonize our studies we need to recognize this and create ways students can express themselves in line with native epistemologies, thereby fostering a truly Pacific Studies program grounded in Pacific ways of knowing and communicating.

We are at ke alaula, the dawning after the beginning...

"Whatever we produce must not be a version of our existing reality, which is largely a creation of imperialism; it must be different, and of our own making. We should not forget that human reality is human creation. If we fail to create our own, someone else will do it for us by default (Hau’ofa 1993a)."
EPILOGUE

So where has this long voyage taken me? Back to my roots. As my friend, Nalani Wilson, and I would often say wistfully over coffeetalk, I am riding the wind to strengthen my roots. I am on a journey to a place I call home. A journey that not only discovers identity and entails place, but also stresses purpose. I am exploring ways to reconnect with my Hawaiian soul.

One of my friends calls me a seeker. He thinks I will never find what I am looking for or where I am going. He translated a French saying for me once, “Wild birds often mistake nests for cages.” In a way, I think I have always known where my nest is. Just like the `A`o in my chant, I keep it close to my heart. Wherever I go, I carry it with me. Need a nest be a permanent place of residence that does not allow movement? Maybe my nest is my purpose. And perhaps, there is nothing I am searching for, just that I am content to be seeking.
APPENDICES

1) PROGRAM.................................................................
2) SAMPLE EMAIL UPDATES TO COMMITTEE..............
3) SAMPLE JOURNAL ENTRIES........................................
4) SAMPLE PHOTOGRAPHS FROM HOMEPAGES.............
5) DLNR PERMISSION LETTER FOR 'A'O....................
6) IA 'OE E KA LA (SAMPLE OF HULA NOTE-TAKING)...
7) FEEDBACK FROM THESIS PROPOSALS......................
8) DISCLAIMER FOR CPIS (SAMPLE BITTERNESS).........
Mahalo to my committee: my chair, Vilsoni Hereniko, Noenoe Silva, and Jonathan Osorio, all of whom I had the pleasure of being taught by, here at the University of Hawai‘i, Manoa. By having the strength and courage to advise and support me in this endeavor, they are opening the door to many, many talented indigenous students. Thank you for giving me wings to test my roots.

This thesis is dedicated to my family, friends and advisors, who have given me love and support during my journey. To my hero of a dad, and my cute Irish mother, who thought I was crazy to leave my jobs to return to school, but supported me anyway. My five brothers and sisters, who although spread across the East Coast, have Hawai‘i always in their hearts. I love you always.

To my Auntie Deanie, who has helped guide me through this process. You have given so much: of your home, of your halau, of yourself. I know you have suffered (and been elated) along with me. When I was exhausted after 9 hours of dancing, you felt it, when I was so nervous I couldn’t sleep, you were too, and as I dance on Friday, I know you are with me.

And finally, this thesis is dedicated to ku‘u ‘ohana. I fill my heart with each gesture of kindness, and will always remember how you took me in and made me feel at home. To my tutu, who can watch a program on tv, listen to a radio show, read, and take notes simultaneously. I will never forget listening to your stories in that kitchen of Manoa. To Puna, Papa, and the Farms (and Mori) you have treated me like one of your own and I am so blessed. How I have missed Sunday Dinners! To Halloween candies with Rose, sportstalk with Uncle John, bow hunting with Timmy, Haleakala with Cat, lei making with Maile, and ti leaf gathering with Hector. To Superbowls in Waiahole, "cousin lunches" on Fridays, Dragon Boat races, planting at Kamehameha Schools, jet skiing at Yokohama, dancing in the mall, meals at Jack in the Box, and cheesy jalepenos at 7-11.

To fishing in Laie, to hula at Ali‘iolani, to tennis at Ala Moana and in St Louis Heights. To Scavenger Hunts in Waikiki, movie-h, tours around the island, Nashville’s, and Monday Night Barbeques. Me ke aloha, noelani

I feel it is important for me to give several disclaimers, which originally placed in the beginning of my thesis, have now been demoted to the end, because I have found them decreasingly important as my studies have continued. Or rather, I have found the meaning of my work, and thanking family and friends more important. In the process, disclaimers have been naturally filtered to the bottom.

So, first, by doing my thesis in this way, I am not trying to say that writing is unimportant. In fact, I love to write, and find it is the basis of my education to date. Of course writing is important, it is how we communicate when there are no visits, no telephones, and no televisions; it is a way of recording history. Hawaiians, like much of the rest of the world, have grown attached to the written word. We read newspapers every morning, write emails everyday, and enjoy escaping or researching with books. However, this is not the only way we gather information. For instance, we also watch the news on television, see stories portrayed at the movies, and enjoy relaxing to our favorite music and food. It seems only appropriate that these begin to embody and mimic the world around us. We should constantly strive to reach new heights and break boundaries. Color outside the lines and the picture is bigger.

Secondly, I am not claiming to be a chanter or a dancer. Instead, I am using chanting and dancing as mediums for telling my story.

Committee: Vilsoni Hereniko (Chair), Noenoe Silva, and Jonathan Osorio

Presented on Friday, November 7, 2003, by Noelani Lee

I ke alaula, aia la
I ke kai po‘i, aia la
I ka lima o ka lapa‘au
‘O ka ‘ilima ia pua kupainaha

The flower is found in the sunset,
In the breaking waves,
In the flying bird, and
In the healer’s hand.

‘Ilima is that remarkable flower.

-Na Lei Makamae, Marie A. McDonald
He Manu Ka 'A'o

He manu ka 'a'o
Ao e ala
Ma mua o ka la
Lawai'i no kana keiki
Kii mea'a la ka punana
Lu'u i ka moana
Momona ka 'ua'u
Ke e na wahine
He manu 'ele'ele
E like me ka po
Ho'i mai i ka home
Ho'i mai i ka home
'Ai ohe mahina
Malama e manu li'ilii'i
Pau ka 'aina
I ka lilo 'ia
Pau ka hua
I ka 'ai 'ia
Aia i kea kon home'
Aia i kea kon home'
Ho'ulu i ka mauna
Ho'ulu i ka kai
Kama'a'ina a na wahine 'elua
A me ke ala ma wahina
Aia i ka na'au
Kahi o home

The 'A o is a bird, fishing for her keiki, Food-gatherer of the nest Diving into the ocean.
Fat is the 'ua'u. When the spirits cry A black bird. Like the night. Come back home Come back home There is no moon Take care little bird.
Gone is the land Taken away Gone the egg Eaten.
Where is your own home? Where is your own home? Grow the mountains Grow the sea.
Familiar with both places And the path between them There in your heart Is your home.

He Manu Ka 'A'o
Chant written and chanted by Noelani Lee
Pa'i by Rose Piilani Bailey
Dance choreographed by Gordean Leilehua Lee Bailey and Noelani Lee
A kahiko number dedicated to the 'A o, this chant tells the story of the endemic bird from which it gets its name as well as the story of Hawaiians and a call to reclaim our names, people, language, culture, and land, from which we derive our strength. On a more personal level, this chant is also the story of my life, as a displaced Hawaiian and my return to the islands. The pa'i, or skirt, I printed to represent the 'A o's habit, the uluhe fern under which the 'A o's burrows are found. The black undergarments represent the black dorsal color of the seabird, while the white feather kupe'e and lei po'o represent the white ventral coloring of the bird. In the beginning of the chant, the 'A o is given its own voice in a recording of the bird's call.

In 'Oe E Ka La
Written by Chiefess Nahinu for King Kalakaua prior to his tour around the world
Performed by Walter and Luana Kawai 'ea and Vernamae Gomez Perkins
Hula Ku'i Choreographed by Gordean Leilehua Lee Bailey
Dress for this hula ku'i was highly influenced by missionaries, as was the sedate manner in which the song is danced. Written for King Kalakaua, this song represents those Hawaiians descended from migrant workers brought to Hawai'i partially as a result of this world tour. It also demonstrates the way Hawaiian culture, shown by the dance, was influenced by missionaries.

Rhythm of the Islands
Performed by Kumu Hula April Chock
Hapa Haole Hula Choreographed by Gordean Leilehua Lee Bailey
I picked this song because of its "hollywoodish" style and its mention of cities in the United States. It was added to show the transition not only of hula, but of Hawaiians. Hula was often valued only as entertainment during this time period, and not often as having meaningful cultural significance. It also demonstrates the breakdown of the Hawaiian language, as it is in English only sprinkled with Hawaiian words. Mahalo to 'Iao Valley, where I picked the ti leaf for my skirt.

Ke Alaula
Written by William Panui for Namahana Kalama-Panui
Song is from Makaha Sons' CD, Ke Alaula
Choreographed by Gordean Leilehua Lee Bailey and Noelani Lee
A clear evening chant, Nohu Ana, done prior to this dance, symbolizes the clearing of a path for Native Hawaiians. We should not clear the path with eradication, but rather growth. Mimicking the ways of old, I dyed the fabric, with red hibiscus for the purple skirt, noni root for the yellow kīhei, and noni plus lime for the salmon skirt. In conclusion, Ke Alaula is a combination of all my favorite parts of each style of hula. This thought also represents what Hawaiians should do; we should take the best parts of each idea and move forward with the result, in that way honoring the old, while evolving the new. Ke Alaula, the dawning, represents today. It is again, showing the return of Hawaiians to their language. I see it as telling us to reclaim our land, our people, and therefore our future. Appropriately, it reflects the same ideas I wrote about in my chant. In that way, I am ending very much like I began my story, but evolved, like I have been personally from this experience.

Dedication, Pupus, followed by Defense.
APPENDIX 2 - Sample email updates with homepage sent to committee:

A)
 As far as my thesis, it has been such an enriching and rewarding journey. Everyday I wake up and wonder what new things I will learn! In my opinion, that is every student's dream.

The third homepage is about the 'A'o and its habitat. I wrote my chant about this endemic bird and it has gone through several drafts and many revisions. I will send out the final version, translation, and kaona (thought behind) tomorrow.

In the meantime, here is the homepage and additional captions for the pictures.

http://homepage.mac.com/noelanilee/thesis/PhotoAlbum4.html

1) Not 'A'o! picture of nene taken during my research at Haleakala National Park
2) the world expert on 'Ua`u giving me a tour
3) Meet the 'A`o
4) Also called Newell's Shearwater
5) Black and blackish-grey dorsally, white ventrally
6) on the small side, 'A`o are about 12 inches long, but have a wingspan of ~2.5 feet
7) their hooked beaks help them fish
8) and their sharp nails help them dig burrows
9) The toes are black, while the webbing is pink (although the webbing color has been painted incorrectly on this stuffed bird)
10) The legs are positioned farther back on the body in order to swim, but make it hard for the 'A`o take take off from land where it is not steep
11) This stuffed bird of the endemic 'A`o was shared by the Department of Land and Natural Resources and is listed as Threatened
12) 'A`o mate for life and often return to the same burrows made beneath the uluhe fern
13) These burrows are normally high in the mountains or on cliffs and the 'A`o drag branches of the surrounding koa and 'ohi'a in to protect their nest. They lay only one egg a year.
14) the older uluhe is a reddish brown and dried-out; the youngest is a pale green. All stay entwined.

B)
 aloha kakou!
 the next homepage is the design and making of my kahiko pa`upa`u, undergarments, and kupe`e (wristlets and anklets):
http://homepage.mac.com/noelanilee/thesis/PhotoAlbum5.html
1) kahiko dress, using black for the black back of the 'A`o
2) made from an old pattern passed down through auntie's hula days, with a variant on sleeves
3) grey to show print and still be similar to bird's coloring
4) wristlets and anklets sewn
5) what the outfit looks like before skirt is printed
6) one of many "practices"
7) a poor-woman's studio
8) the uluhe is being used as the pattern for the skirt because it is so vital to the 'A'o's habitat.
9) The beginning stages - I tried to make sure there was a continuous linking of uluhe, to show its density. Also tried "growing" the younger fern from the older fern, symbolizing the kupuna at the basis of all.
10) and hid several "bird" images beneath pattern
11) the skirt after I removed the uluhe. Phew, it looks beautiful!
12) Auntie and I holding printed skirt. (She thinks it's beautiful too!)

Tomorrow I have an ukulele lesson and after I am doing research at Maui Botanical Gardens. I have wanted to send my notes and thoughts for some time now, but my days are so full! Hope you are getting as much education and enjoyment out of your work as I am from mine! Noe
APPENDIX 3 – SAMPLE OF JOURNAL ENTRIES

Date: 9/02/03
Title: arrival

Body: Just arrived Kahului, Maui, and felt a calmness wash over me with the trades rifling the palms in a familiar way and that amber light - usually shown just before the sun goes down, illuminating the trees with the softness of misty covered mountains in the background. At this moment I feel that everything will be okay. I had a dream this morning that made me so happy and relieved that I awoke with a smile.

Date: 9/04/03
Title: no light

Body: the phrase on the opposite page came to me last night. I fell asleep reading Hawaiian books on the pune‘e and while I was trying to find my way back to the room I share with Rosie in the dark. Half asleep, I had to trust my senses feeling and eventually, I believe you will be able to see. When the `a`o bird does not have the moon to guide it, it often dies mistaking lampposts for the moon or flying into powerlines it cannot see.

like dancing, in the dark
It is useless
         to use your eyes
you must feel your way home

e like me ke hula nei, i ka po

Date: 9/16/03
Title: traditions

Body: Every weekday starts the same here - and it's nice. Rosie, Auntie Deanie, and I roll out of bed, get dressed, sometimes have
cereal, other times ovaltine/cappucino, Rosie reads to us from Tales of the Night Rainbow, gives us quick kisses, and tries to disappear into the school shuttle before I can embarrass her by doing `amis in front of her friends in my p.j.s. :) Then Auntie Deanie and I discuss family, land, or my thesis on the way home. Today we got home and worked on my costume. She helped me sew my skirt and top, I pinned the drawstring, and sewed my kupe`e. They look good. :) But I look huge. I called Mary Lou Kekuewa, she said to call before I come to visit. I called Uncle K (Kahauanu Lake) to ask permission to use his unreleased version of the song Ia `Oe E Ka La for dancing in my thesis. He said "YES" with no hesitation. :) I am considering using a lei po`o made of lehua and koa because that is what the `a`o drags into its nest to protect itself and I do not mention it in my chant.

**Date:** 9/19/03  
**Title:** dress and genealogy  
**Body:** After loving my skirt so much, I decided to use the leftover grey material to make a dress to match. I think it will be beautiful! Auntie Deanie and I went through our entire family genealogy (kuka mo`o, discuss genealogy) The results of our discussion are written on the next page of my handwritten journal. Sewed pantaloons. Did a couple of hours of research on the internet, various topics... Tonight we were watching a special on Makaha Sons. They ended with Ke Alaula and described it as the rising, the setting, or the dawning. Perfect to end my thesis. I have been trying to convince Auntie that it will be okay to do one more number after Rhythm of the Islands so that I can show the resurgence of Hawaiian pride and thought that Ke Alaula was perfect. So did she, so now I have to add another dance to the TO DO list. She has never danced this song before, so we will create choreography for it together.

**Date:** 9/23/03  
**Title:** basic steps
Body: Did the Rosie drive. Went to Ace hardware to return and exchange blades. We came home and I danced immediately. Have been doing 25 songs to basic hula steps every morning after dropping Rose at school. Many of my steps are not like Auntie's and I have to learn to change to her style before I can seriously practice her dances. It's hard doing the same step the whole song. My body is not used to these movements anymore. After basic hula I do 425 sit ups and 20 push ups. I typed the words for Rhythm of the Islands and Ke Alaula, worked on translating them myself, then got "official" translations and put them in my notebook.

Date: 9/28/03
Title: uncle k tribute

Body: Aunty Deana picked Auntie Deanie and I up from the airport, taking us straight to China Town. We got shoyu chicken, noodles from Luk Fun, and tons of other yummy food. Brought back to Tutu's and of course we can never eat on anything but the good china at her house, in the dining room. Even though we are not, our food there is always so formal, the way Gramma prefers it. Were enjoying our lunch and Auntie Deanie was just about to take a nap when Bill Souza visited. He told us of his trip to Washington this summer to talk with Representatives and Senators about the Akaka Bill. Then Uncle Hau'oli brought us to Hawai'i Theatre and I helped Auntie Deanie get dressed for the show. Afterwards I sat by Uncle K waiting for the show to start. Right beforehand I slipped out to the theatre and watched from the audience. It was Michael Pang's show. I love Uncle K's music. When intermission came, I realized that one of the ushers was my old hula teacher from Washington D.C., Erla Pau'ole. It was great to see her again and I invited her to my thesis. I went outside for intermission and found most of the women and men from the halau I danced with when I was living in Honolulu. Kula, Kamalei, Kahananani, Pili, Mahina,... Went back in for the second half of the show. Auntie Deanie danced Pualilehua, the last number, and brought the house down. Before she came out, Uncle K announced, "And for our last number, we have a treat. All the way from Kula, Maui, Gordean -" and then I heard the older man sitting
next to me gasp, slap the arm of his chair and say "Lee!" I smiled as Uncle K finished with her married name and the man giggled like a school girl. She was absolutely gorgeous, in green velvet and yellow ginger, which she says is her tribute to Aunty Maiki. There were tears in eyes all around me, and I felt so lucky to witness such a moment. I couldn't help but remember the feeling when she called last January to tell me I didn't need to pick her up from the airport. She was supposed to have been dancing at a tribute to Uncle K, but she found out she had to cancel her trip due to personal reasons. I always look forward to seeing my aunt dance. Now, nine months later, here she was, again dancing at a tribute to Uncle K.

Date: 10/6/03
Title: DLNR

Body: Woke to Auntie Deanie's 'A`o call. She came and laid in Rosie's bed while we discussed future progress on my thesis. We ate breakfast while talking about the Native Hawaiian tree snails. I practiced Ia `Oe E Ka La until I could do it with kaheas without pause. Then changed and left for the trek to Department of Land and Natural Resources. (Take road to airport. Take right immediately after Board of Water Supply. Take left, go by Department of Agriculture and the finance one, take right and it's the last building on the left. Go through 2nd office on left to last door on Left.) I spoke with Fern Duvall again and he showed me stuffed `A`o and we discussed where found, coloring, etc. I took digital pictures and shot video. Then we went to see Richard and Glen to get baby hala, the old one from Kanaha Pond that has the pink halo. Fern has a picture from 1907 that has those same exact trees in the same place, so they must be very old. He also said that I could bring the `A`o for my thesis!! (Hinahina (Moloka`i) growing by car in lot.)
Figure 1 - My Aunt, Gordean Leilehua Lee Bailey

Figure 2 - The 'A`o
Figure 3 - Clothes I made to mimic 'A`o
Figure 4 - Printing of my pa`u
Figure 5 - Finished product for He Manu Ka `A`o
Figure 6 - Holo Mu`u for Ia `Oe E Ka La
Figure 7 - Making of ti leaf skirt for Rhythm of the Islands
Figure 8 - Squeezing Noni root for yellow dye
Figure 9 - Salmon color from adding lime
Figure 10 - Trying to dye material to mimic the sunset
Figure 11 - Finished product for Ke Alaula
Noelani Lee  
715 Pensacola Street #1  
Honolulu, Hawaii 96814

Dear Ms. Lee,

This letter is to inform you that you have been granted the use of the Department of Land and Natural Resources, Division of Forestry and Wildlife's mount of the Newell’s Shearwater (A’o) for educational purposes. This letter gives you authorization to hand carry the Newell mount on October 28, 2003 from Maui to Honolulu for a presentation at the University of Hawaii and return it to Maui on November 14, 2003 to the Wildlife Office located at the Department of Land & Natural Resources baseyard in Kahului, Maui.

If there are any questions or concerns regarding this matter, please feel free to contact me at 873-3510.

Sincerely,

John S. Medeiros  
Wildlife Biologist
Movements

**Ia `Oe e Ka La**
Written by: Kaua`i Chiefess Nahinu for Kalakaua

**Ia `oe e ka la e `alohi nei**
To you, O sun shining down
Hula R imua, Hula L; Hula R
Hands outstretched R, palms up (2v); turn hands over
**Ea**
Hula L
Tutu `ula (r hand)

**Ma na welelau**
Throughout the ends of the world
RF point, RF back in uwehe
Hands reach far up in triangle, RH comes down

**Ma na welelau a`o ka honue**
LF point, RF back in uwehe; Hula R, Hula L
Hands up in triangle, LH comes down; LH on hip, RH opens out, reverse

Tutu Hula R, Tutu Hula L

**Hoike a`e `oe ia i kou nani**
Show forth your beauty
Hula R; Hula L, Hula R
LH at eye, RH opens from L->R; nani motion (palms down turn over and open)
**Ea**
Tutu `ula L

**Ka malamalama**
The greatest of all lights
Hula R
Hands together at chest

**Ka malamalama `oi kelakela**
Hula L; Lele imua 4x
Hands Open from chest; pinch&tuck w/ LH, RH point(w/all fingers) LthenR, reverse

Tutu Hula R, Tutu Hula L

**`Ike `oe i ka nani a`o Himela**
You see the beauty of the Himalayas
Hula R; Hula L, Hula R
Straight look (LH out, RH by eye); high mountain motion to R (2v)
**Ea**
Tutu Hula L

**Ka hene wai `olu**
The gentle slopes in passing
Hula R
Half mountain to R (one turn of wrists)

**Ka hene wai `olu lawe malie**
Hula L; one slow `ami
Half mountain to L; LH knuckles on hip, RH 45° angle across chest (top to bottom)

Tutu Hula R, Tutu Hula L

Mauna i lohia i ke onaona  A mountain imbued with fragrance
Hula R, Hula L; Hula R imua
Hands chest level, flat mountain (2v); LH on hip, RH comes from nose down and out
Ea
Tutu Hula L ihope
Kaulana i ka nani  Famed for Beauty and for height
Hula imua
Kaulana motion (LH up behind, RH at 45°angle in front, palm up)
Kaulana i ka nani me ke kiʻekiʻe
Hula ihope; Hula R facing back 45°, Hula L facing back 45°
Same Kaulana motion; high mountain RH on top, high mountain LH on top

Kiʻekiʻe ʻo ka lani kau mai iluna  High above is the heavenly one
Hula R; Hula L, Hula R
High mountain RH on top; LH level at chest, RH high L turn palm out to middle, reverse
Ea
Tutu Hula L
Nana e aʻe na  It is he who steps over the sacred places of
Hula R
Both hands center like “nani” except tips turn under inside
Nana e aʻe na kapu o Kahiki  Kahiki
Hula L, Hula R
Hands open out to sides and come up to meet high in center triangle

Hehihehi ku ana i ka huku ʻale  Treading down on the rising billow
Three quickish steps forward; Hula L ihope, Hula R
Pinch skirt and wrists lift 3x; Hands out level, turn over and wave in
Ea
Tutu Hula L
I ke kai halaʻi  And over the tranquil, peaceful sea
Hula ilalo R
Hands (R leading) sea (like mauna)
I ke kai halaʻi lana malie
Hula ilalo L; one slow ʻami
Hands (L leading) sea (like mauna); LH pinch skirt, RH 45° across chest

82
APPENDIX 7 – SAMPLE FEEDBACK FROM THESIS PROPOSALS

Comments from the Center for Pacific Islands Studies Graduate Chair on various drafts of thesis proposals written in the department’s core classes. During my time as a graduate student in the department I received much support, guidance, and encouragement from its Graduate Chair, which is why I was so surprised that he did not support my chanted and danced thesis. In one draft I wrote, “...I plan to incorporate different mediums, using them to tell the story of a Hawaiian growing up in Virginia.”

Dear Noelani:

This is a wonderful, moving piece of writing. You write well, capturing the sense of things, the emotion of the moment, the sense of passion and longing associated with your quest for identity. How to capture this surging emotional energy and put it to work on a thesis project? I can see the beginnings of a narrative, or a narrative of beginnings, but where will your journey take you next? How will it relate to the issues of identity that emerge as central to your concerns? What existing work (books, poems, stories, films, chants, dances) will serve as inspiration and offer guidance?

Let’s talk further!

************************

Comments on a previous draft of thesis proposal by said Graduate Chair. In this draft I wrote: “Thaman and Hau’ofa stoke the fires within me when they discuss what I would like to call “Native Learning”. It is more than just indigenous peoples learning. It is about enacting new ways of learning, creating a new sense of what education is and means.”

Noelani:

Your excitement, enthusiasm, and downright passion for knowledge about this place are infectious...So, what can I say to someone like you, someone who knows very well where they are coming from and, in a general sense, where they want to go? And who has the drive and intelligence to get there, no matter what? Not much I’m afraid. Except to endorse it all and say, yes, slow down and enjoy it while it lasts. The idea of doing more on sovereignty issues is tempting...But is that really where your passion lies now? Or have you moved on to other things, other ideas? Indigenous ways of knowing is certainly an exciting area to explore, and in many ways one with truly radical implications for decolonization? What part of this vast landscape would you single out for study? What questions would drive and structure your research? How would you make it manageable for a thesis project?

Thank you for your contributions to the program. It’s good to have you here. Oh, and have a wonderful time in Fiji!

************************

83
And yet another draft (with his comments following):

"A personal angle, so I don't have to fight the cold, faux-objectiveness that is required by most theses. I can use my family history to explore the issues of both sovereignty and native learning. My Auntie Deanie, who lives on Maui, is very active researching family history, land, and dance. She has a halau in Kula, where she teaches in our native cultural style, but uses modern technologies. I would love to do research with her and on her! International law requires that a country demonstrate that they have never "accepted" their situation in order to regain their independence. I could use hula through the ages to demonstrate a peaceful protest against colonization..."

Noelani:

...It's hard to define a research topic, especially when you are allowed to move away from the sort of objective, detached analysis that most of us have learned to do quite well. I look forward to hearing more about your Maui-related ideas...I know you'll find your rhythm soon.

***************

And still another: "After pondering the advice from these three Pacific Island scholars [Hau'ofa, Thaman, and Hereniko], and encouragement from my own professor (thanks Terence 😊), I have decided to push the boundaries - and dance. Hula has always been a part of my life, and is very important to Hawaiian culture. So I have decided that performance will be a large component of my thesis. I will create a dance, with the help of my kumu hula aunt which will tell the story of my life."

Noelani:

...I read this as an account of a journey of self-discovery or re-discovery. Eloquent, sensitive, very personal, conflicted, unresolved. These were words occurred to me as I read your essay. I liked it a lot. I especially liked your use of the word "prelude", because that is exactly what it is. It moves you towards the first movement, although we don't get far into what you will actually do in your research and how you will go about doing it. That is the task for next semester!
APPENDIX 8 – DISCLAIMER FOR CPIS (SAMPLE BITTERNESS)

And so I address my department: If these materials are being read, and these ideas being taught, but the processes to allow actual practice are not yet in place - fine, then a disclaimer should be made for each class taught by the Center for Pacific Islands Studies. I have drafted a sample for the department below.

“Although you are required to read Epeli Hau`ofa, Konai Thaman, and Vilsoni Hereniko, please do not aspire to be like them or practice what they preach because there are no processes within our department to allow for this. Please do not try and remove yourself from the box you are put in; these classifications have been constructed carefully under Western academically based and accepted principles and struggle for freedom is futile. Although we pay homage to these readings from Pacific Island scholars, it is only because they are considered prominent theory of this time, not that we actually believe what we are teaching. We say that we should not give privilege to the written word. We say we encourage dancing, chanting, singing, and sculpting of histories. But don’t you understand that these are just metaphors? What we really mean is that you should ponder these ideas, analyze them, and then in a very professional, detached, and colonized way, extricate yourself from the process and the people and the language and the culture and then write about them – objectively. Please do not place yourself in your work. I know we encourage you to do so in our core PACS 692 class, but we are just paying lip service; in reality you may include the personal in your work, but only as appendices. And when a few courageous Professors who actually stand behind their work and their teachings
pass you, we reserve the right to revoke that pass. We understand that it is highly unusual (not to mention offensive) to reexamine and call into question what very competent academics have already deemed worthy, but, as they are indigenous scholars and may have confused work in Pacific Studies with *real, academic* work, we reserve that right in order to maintain our hypocrisy.”

What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us. —Emerson
NOTES

1 Although it is common and accepted practice for larger, global powers to put smaller “insignificant” countries under the microscope, (similar relationship with Professors and students), it is much harder to call the “super-powers” into question.

2 I frequently refer to “Western” ways during this paper. By “Western” I am referring mostly to ways introduced by foreigners to indigenous peoples.

3 Pukui, Mary Kawena and Samuel H. Elbert


4 I would prefer to use both ‘okina and kahako (glottal stop and macron diacritical marks) in my paper. However, difficulty with computers, fonts, and time constraints prevent the use of the kahako. I realize in earlier written Hawaiian text neither was used to differentiate words because first, previously there had been no written language, and second, Hawaiians knew words from context because of their oral culture. This is different from today when most Hawaiians are just learning ‘olelo Hawai‘i, and large emphasis is placed on the written word.

5 For a wonderful commentary on boundaries, see Kabutaulaka in Our Sea of Islands, 1993, 91-93.

6 From notes on Ku’uipo Cummings’ responses to questions held in the Native Hawaiian Graduate Conference, at the University of Hawai‘i, Manoa, on August 22, 2003.


8 Much of the supporting information was gathered from informal conversations with Cathleen Natividad Bailey, Haleakala National Park Seabird Expert, and informal emails with Gordon Pi‘ianai‘a, former Captain of the Hokule‘a.

9 Also, appropriately, the ‘A‘o may have been one of the first birds I saw upon my return to Hawai‘i. Shortly after moving to Honolulu, I went on a fishing trip with my uncles. I climbed up on the tuna tower, and it was my job to look for piles of seabirds or tuna birds.

10 See Osorio 2002 for more details.

11 Kahanani Alfred, a kumu hula I am learning to dance with in Honolulu, made a gorgeous black lei hulu for me to wear during this number. I wanted to incorporate the koa and ‘ohi‘a in my story, so originally, I thought I would use them as my lei po‘o, but in the end, thought better to keep to all feathers.

12 Although I did this myself, I find that for an academic paper, it is more valuable to cite a source, so I have found Meyer 1994, to verify this practice.
This was even more appropriate as Lokalia Montgomery is a part of Auntie Deanie’s hula genealogy. For more information, please read Fall 2003 “Maui no ka o” magazine.

We (Auntie Deanie and I) choreographed the first and last numbers, Auntie Deanie had already choreographed dances for Ia Oe E Ka La and Rhythm of the Islands.

This eventually led to problems, as the tape recorder malfunctioned, first refusing to play the chant, second, playing the wrong recording, in which a line was omitted. My aunt later said this was a sign that I should have chanted it live without the recording.

There are several additional verses that may be sung and danced in “Ia `Oe E Ka La.” I did not choose to include them because I wanted a certain sound to the music I was using that would flow with my story. Instead, I found a recording of Walter and Uncle K (Kahauanu Lake) singing “Ia `Oe E Ka La” live at Iolani Palace and decided that was the version I wanted to dance. Because it was not released to the public, I called Uncle K and asked him permission to use the recording. He gave me permission, but I later decided that I preferred to dance to live music for this number and asked Walter. When Walter accepted, because I had already learned the dance with the chosen verses, I requested that he, Luana, and Vernamae play the same version. (They were lovely!)

I asked her because, in addition to her beautiful voice, I thought her great volume and fast-paced style of singing would greatly contrast with that of Walter and the Makaha Sons number I would use last. While on Maui, I had been practicing to a recording of April singing Rhythm of the Islands. However, on the actual day of performance, perhaps because she and Walter sang together during intermission while I was changing, she sang with a slower pace and softer tone. She sang beautifully, but it was different than what I had practiced to, and that, I suppose, is the risk of live performances.

See www.hulapreservation.org for a great description of how “types” of hula differ from “styles” of hula.

At a November 13-15, 2003 conference, hosted by CPIS, Teresia Teaiwa stressed that in academia (and specifically the Pacific) we must teach critical reading and writing skills in order to prevent events like coups. While I agree with her – that critical reading and writing skills are essential – I think that these can be taught, practiced, and tested sufficiently during required coursework and comprehensive examinations. I also think it is important to remember that the May 2000 Fiji Coup was led by an American educated, ‘critically read and written’ George Speight.

My chant, He Manu Ka `A `o, is currently being taught to more than 80 people in Wehiwehi O Leilehua, and will be performed before an audience of a thousand or more in Spring 2004.

David Hanlon and Vilsoni Hereniko were both guest speakers during the same core PACS 691 class led by Terence Wesley-Smith (Center for Pacific Islands Studies Graduate Chair), in the Fall of 2002. Upon hearing David Hanlon, current Director of the Center for Pacific Islands Studies, quote from his paper The English Method of Tattooing, I told him (and the rest of the class) of my plan to dance my thesis. I have in my notes Hanlon quoted as replying, “Excellent. I’m sure many people will be looking forward to seeing that.” Although I found his work inspiring, and he gave me verbal approval in last year’s CPIS required course, the Center for Pacific Islands Studies Director has been markedly absent during this debate over my danced and chanted thesis. Of the four
teaching faculty who make up the Center for Pacific Islands Studies (David Hanlon, Terence Wesley-Smith, Vilsoni Hereniko, and Katerina Teaiwa), I was dismayed to find that only one (Hereniko) stood in support of my chanted and danced thesis.
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