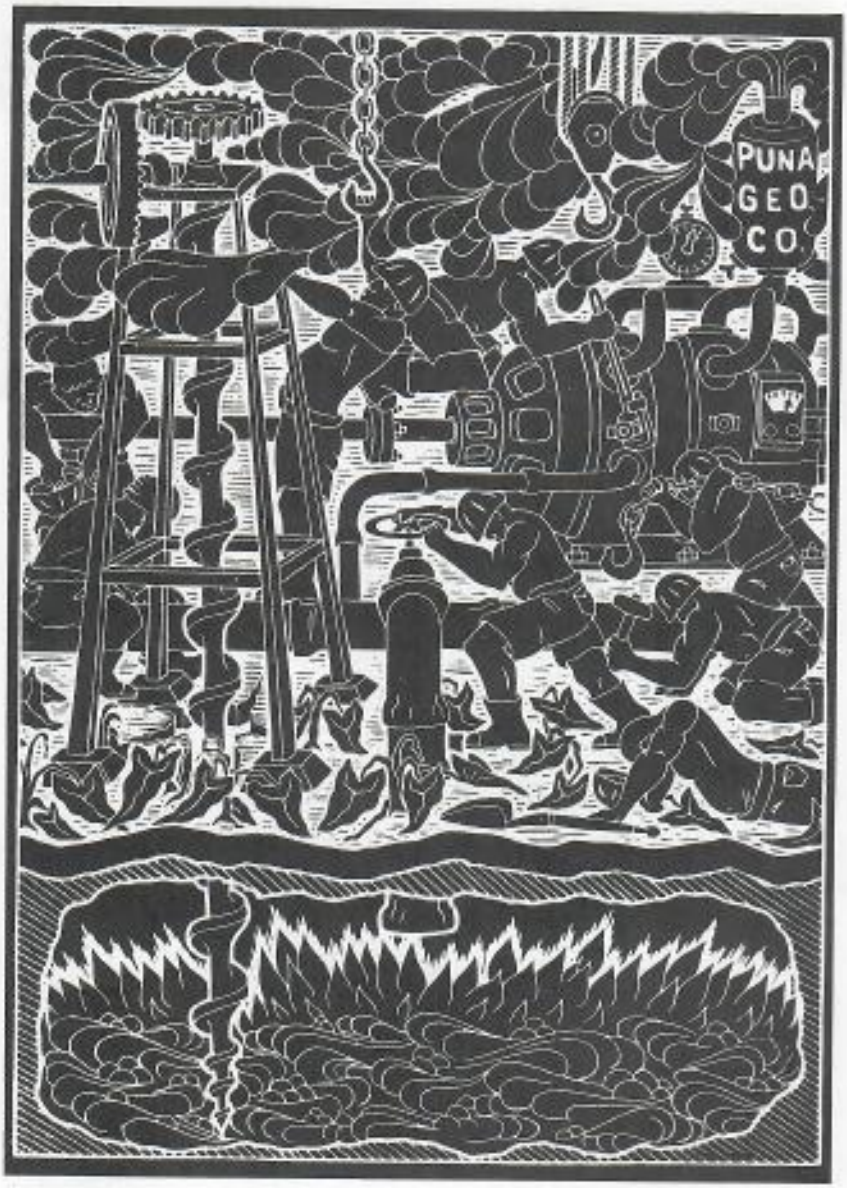
TWELVE

Kapu Kaʻū



Once again, O Pele, break forth;
Display thy power, my god, to the world;
Let thy voice sound out like a drum;
Re-utter the law of thy burning back;
That thy dwelling is sacred, apart . . . .

Chant translated by Emerson in *Pele and Hiiaka*

Ka'ū mākaha.
"Ka'ū of the fierce fighters."

Hawaiian saying

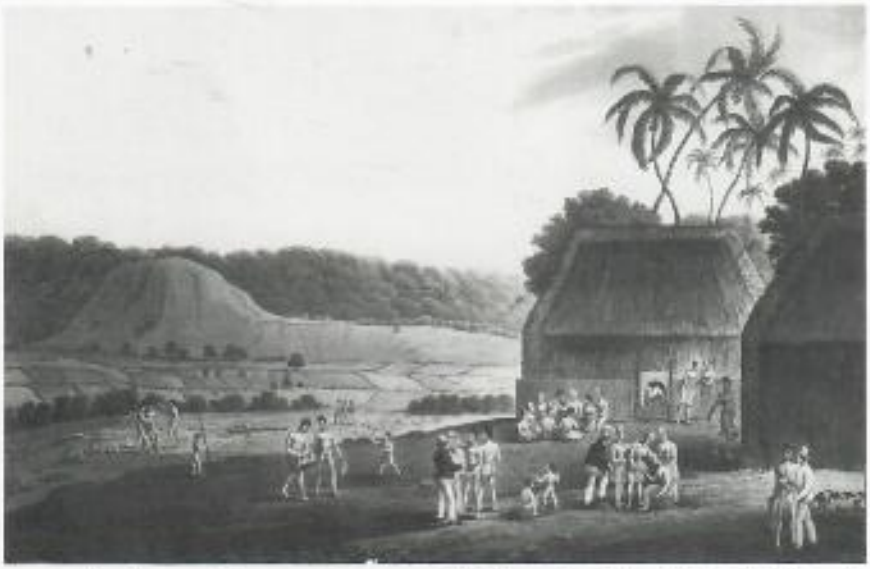
Preceding page: "The Rape of Puna," a vision of future Hawai'i. Woodblock print by Dietrich Varez. Detail.

Midmorning at Punalu'u, site of an ancient village in Ka'ū, now site of Ka'ū's only resort, seven miles west of the park boundary, four miles west of the proposed spaceport site at Pālima Point. I was sitting on the black cinder beach with Palikapu Dedman, Ka'ū resident, Hawaiian "activist," listening to his stories of local history.

Palikapu is forty-two, a burly fisherman of German-Irish-Hawaiian-Filipino ancestry. The Hawaiian side of the family has deep roots in Ka'ū. They still own a piece of land across from the beach here at Punalu'u, where Palikapu spent part of his youth. The land is now surrounded by the golf course and buildings of a resort put up in the 1970s by C. Brewer and Company, heirs to the sugar industry that has ruled Ka'ū life for the last hundred years.

The resort is rather modest, in this age of megaresorts, but the developers plan to enlarge in the near future. When this first increment of the resort was built, in the 1970s, many local residents protested. C. Brewer maintained that as a company with long roots in Ka'ū, it felt a strong commitment to the area. It would provide jobs for local residents. It would include a cultural center in the resort. Before I met with Palikapu, I had walked through the cultural center. It held some yellowing photographs of turn-of-the-century Punalu'u village, a diorama of the bay as it might have looked in ancient times, and a case full of calabashes and a few other artifacts. Everything looked dusty and neglected. Last year, after another bitter fight, C. Brewer was granted a rezoning so that they could expand the resort. Again they assured local residents that they had the good of Ka'ū very much in mind. A few months later, the company sold the resort to a Japanese consortium.

So far the buildings do not entirely obscure what is one of the most majestic views on the island. Long stretches of black cinder beach and rugged lava coastline sweep to the right and left, forming a broad, shallow bay that offers some protection from the ocean swells that break against the south end of the island. Huge groves of coconut trees surround ancient fishponds at the east end of Punalu'u beach. The brackish ponds are fed by springs that also seep out along the coast



A view showing one of the strange flat-topped hills above Punalu'u, in Ka'ū. The intensive taro cultivation depicted here suggests a large population in the area at this time. Engraving by M. Dubourg after drawing by Thomas Heddington, artist with the Vancouver expedition, 1794. Courtesy of Bishop Museum.

below the water line. From these springs, Palikapu tells me, Punalu'u ("diving spring") takes its name. The original inhabitants filled their water gourds by diving down to the spots where fresh water leaked out under salt. Here, as in all of Ka'ū district, water was precious.

The ruins of a very large *heiau* cover the promontory at the east end of the bay. Another *heiau* crowns the lava cliffs at the west end. Punalu'u must have been an important place, since it offered one of the rare places that a canoe could be landed along this rough coast. Perhaps the first human footprints in the Hawaiian Islands were made here on these black sands by those ancient voyagers from a distant southland.

Inland from Punalu'u, the land slopes up into belts of intense green—sugar cane—and to a series of strange hills shaped like flat-topped pyramids. Above their heads, which are bathed in mist, rain and clouds obscure the great bulk of Mauna Loa behind them. These hills are sentinels to the transformative power of this land: they are the last remnants of an old shield volcano now almost completely covered by the lava flows of Mauna Loa.

For the Hawaiians of Ka'ū, one hill, Makanau, has a deeper meaning. As Palikapu Dedman tells the story, there was a Ka'ū chief who treated his people poorly, who was more interested in war and conquest than in their welfare. He ordered the building of a large *heiau* on the flat top of Makanau ("surly eyes"). The chief took the people from their fields and fishing and had them carry up thousands of baskets of small water-worn stones to pave the new temple. But when he ordered the people to drag to the top an enormous *'ōhi'a* log to be carved into an image of a war god, the workers were driven to rebel. The hated chief stood below as they hauled the log with ropes up the steep sides of Makanau. With one accord the workers let go the ropes, so that the log slid down and crushed the chief beneath it.

The hill is both a memorial to the fierce independence of Ka'ū's people, and to the end of that independence. In the 1790s, Ka'ū's beloved chief Keoua, last of the district's hereditary chiefs, met a delegation from Kamehameha at this *heiau,* and agreed to the fatal meeting that ended with his body sacrificed to the war god at Kawaihae. The fierce spirit of the people was broken, as they adjusted to rule by a hated conqueror.

Still, Kamehameha's appointed chiefs might have ended up ruling well had it not been for the arrival of the *haole* foreigners. The chiefs here and throughout the Islands quickly developed an insatiable desire for foreign goods. They pressed the commoners into supplying a continuous flow of items to trade, though their own crops went neglected. The patterns of traditional life were disrupted, even in regions as remote as Ka'ū and Puna. The breakdown of the *kapu* system in 1819 contributed to neglect of the food sources the people relied on. Fishing, for example, was no longer regulated by traditional religious observances, and some of the richest fishing grounds were soon fished out.

Then in 1848 the tribal land use system was destroyed, at the instigation of foreigners who wanted to own land.

Hawaiians believed the lands belonged to the gods. The chiefs controlled the use of lands, paying tributes to the gods for the privilege. Commoners worked the land—generally by extended families—and tithed to the chiefs in a rather benign version of feudalism. People were free to move to another chief's land if not treated well by their own. Each land division controlled by a chief ran from the mountaintop to the sea, and commoners had hunting and gathering rights throughout the land division.

In 1848 Kamehameha III, whose government by then was dominated by Westerners, instituted a new land system called "the Great Mahele" ("division"—"The Great Land Grab" as many Native Hawaiians now call it). The Great Mahele divided the lands into (1) those allotted to the chiefs, (2) those reserved for the government, (3) those considered the king's personal or "crown" lands, and (4) those for the commoners. The last were a tiny portion of the whole—less than 1 percent, in fact, of the total land area. Foreigners were for the first time permitted to own land, and they bought at a prodigious rate from both chiefs and commoners, who had a hard time grasping the implications of private ownership. (Gavan Daws notes, in his history of the Islands, *Shoal of Time,* that some natives thought survey instruments bore some relationship to the long, carved poles that represented gods during the Makahiki harvest festival.)[1]

The commoners were busy enough simply trying to survive. Besides being demoralized by the disruption of their customary lives, they were prey to foreign diseases—venereal disease, then whooping cough, influenza, and measles—often fatal to a people with no immunity. It is now considered a conservative estimate that forty years after Cook's arrival the general population of the Islands had declined by as much as 80 percent.[2] And it continued to shrink, even in remote areas like the Ka'ū district. A missionary census of the Ka'ū population in the 1830s estimated the number to be around 6,000, a fraction of what the huge quantity of archeological sites suggests it once was. In 1872 a census recorded 1,829 Hawaiians and 35 "foreigners."

About that time, sugar, the industry that dominated Ka'ū until very recently, brought a new form of feudalism—the plantation economy—and an influx of outsiders. An 1884 census lists 1,543 Hawaiians and part-Hawaiians out of a total population of 3,483.[3] As Palikapu Dedman sees it, only the strong identity the Ka'ū Hawaiians feel with the land has kept them from being submerged completely. The customary tribal life on the land is now mostly a memory; and in the last century many of the visible remnants of traditional culture have been destroyed. The *heiau* of Makanau is gone now, the stones used for road building, and sugar cane is planted on the hilltop.

In the foreground, between myself and the view of Makanau, was parked Palikapu Dedman's truck. A bumper sticker on the back fender read, "*Kapu Ka'ū.*" Being used to bumper stickers requesting one to "Save" or "Help," I was intrigued by this slogan. One sees the word

kapu, or "tabú," on signs posted on private property all over Hawai'i. It means, in the modern vernacular, "No trespassing; keep out."

Kapu Ka'ū is the name of a group of Ka'ū residents, mostly Hawaiian, who have been involved in various local battles to keep resort development out, to preserve coastal access, to protect important archeological sites, and generally to preserve the rural lifestyle of Ka'ū. Like its sister organization the Pele Defense Fund (Palikapu is active in both), the group's underlying purpose is to confront land use issues from a Hawaiian cultural perspective. In terms of local environmental politics, both groups are somewhat "separatist," reflecting the unfortunate division here in the Islands between environmentalists and "locals," particularly Native Hawaiians. Environmentalist groups, particularly local chapters of national groups—Sierra Club, Audubon, The Nature Conservancy, and so on—whose membership is predominantly urban, white-collar, *haole,* have often been ignorant of or insensitive to local traditions. They have tended to fight small pitched battles to save specific resources or to conserve certain lands, a style of defense that has allowed little time to consider larger issues of nature and culture.

Many Native Hawaiians and locals have viewed such efforts with suspicion as "token" gestures rather than a true concern for the land. Locals tend to focus on cultural concerns—traditional rights of access, of hunting or gathering. Hawaiians, particularly, are concerned about loss of ancestral lands and of aboriginal rights, and ultimately, about loss of their culture. They feel that they themselves should be listed at the top of the state's "endangered species" list.

Even when the concerns of environmental groups and locals have been similar, deep-seated antagonisms and misunderstandings have sabotaged cooperative efforts. A unified vision was badly needed—one that carried those who cared deeply about the region beyond the context of economic or humanistic concerns, and into a recognition of the spirit, even the *will* of the land itself. A vision that bows to place, not person, as the source of wisdom.

I wondered if the wording on the bumper sticker—"*Kapu Ka'ū*"—did not express that need for a vision that came from the land itself: *kapu* in its traditional meaning, "Forbidden; set apart; sacred."

For the past few years Palikapu Dedman has been chief spokesperson for the Pele Defense Fund. This group of Native Hawaiians and their supporters formed in response to the threat of geothermal development—wells and electricity-generating power plants—on the east rift

zone of Kilauea. Citizen and environmental groups had rallied to oppose the first commercial project, which was to have been developed on land adjacent to Volcanoes National Park. Most of these groups did not oppose all geothermal development, but they wanted it moved to a less environmentally sensitive area and they wanted strict guidelines drawn up for quality control. Palikapu Dedman and others felt that there were more fundamental issues to address.

There was a gap, the Native Hawaiians decided, between their vision of proper destiny for the lands of Ka'ū and Puna, and the vision of environmental groups. "Call it a psychological gap," said Palikapu Dedman, "or call it a religious one. Because for us Hawaiians that is what this land is—our religion, and our history. You cannot separate the land from Hawaiian culture. The land shaped us to speak for it; we are what the land made us, we are its soul."

The group that later formed the Pele Defense Fund felt that the environmental groups did not argue for the spiritual value of the land, because they still thought of land as property. As long as people understood land only in that way, there was always the chance that they might bargain or "sell out."

The land considered for geothermal development was owned by Campbell Estate, a huge landholding trust managed for the heirs of an early *haole* businessman. The area in question had been zoned "conservation" in the 1960s during what was then considered a pioneer program in state land use planning. In 1981 Campbell Estate petitioned for rezoning of 5,000 of its 26,000 acres on the east rift zone to allow for exploratory drilling.

These 5,000 acres were, in fact, superb native *'ōbi'a* forest, harboring several endangered species of plants and birds, including the *'ō'ū*, a very rare Hawaiian honeycreeper. The park had long hoped to acquire this land, knowing that its own small holdings of rainforest were not large enough to offer adequate protection to a rainforest ecosystem.

Campbell's plans projected 200 wells and five power plants. Half the wells would sit within a thousand feet of park boundaries. Park officials and environmentalists were alarmed for several reasons. The drilling towers with their steam plumes would tower above the forest. Drilling operations would be very noisy. Toxic emissions from the wells during venting could adversely affect both humans and biota. Miles of roads would intersect the forest, inevitably introducing exotic weeds into a fragile ecology.

Park officials and several citizen and environmental groups contested the rezoning of the land as a "geothermal resource subzone" on the basis of these concerns. They also raised the issue of volcanic hazard. Representatives of Campbell Estate had argued that the level of risk for Kīlauea's east rift zone was one eruption approximately every twenty years. Geologist Dick Moore pointed out that for the upper part of the rift zone the rates were much higher—closer to one eruption every three years.

The most disturbing issues raised by the geothermal project were the hardest to address directly. To environmentalists and Hawaiian activists alike, the state's willingness to rezone several thousand acres of conservation land for commercial use seemed to call into question how meaningful such designations are, if they can be so easily changed to suit private interests. As local Sierra Club activist Nelson Ho pointed out to me, "The geothermal scheme has derailed the state's land use plan. Business and industrial forces have succeeded in dismantling a key component in land-use policy—which ranked land according to value *and* environmental impact. This returns us to value alone. It sets a dangerous precedent."

The other troubling issue was raised by the scale of Campbell Estate's petition. The developer was asking for zoning to permit enough wells to generate up to 250 megawatts of electricity. Current electrical needs for the Big Island are less than half of that amount. Campbell Estate, it seemed, was banking on one (or both) of two possible futures: large-scale industrialization or development of the Big Island, or the Deep-Water Cable.

Since the early 1980s, the state had been supporting the idea of a deep-water cable to carry geothermally generated electricity from the Big Island to Maui and O'ahu. In 1981 the state successfully lobbied for $1.4 million of federal funding to develop the formidable technology to lay cable on ocean floor over 7,000 feet deep. The cable (which would cost in the billions to build) would carry 500 megawatts of "Pele power," as the proponents were calling it, through the longest and deepest-laid underwater power conduit in the world in order to meet O'ahu's soaring energy needs. Even though costs would be extremely high—and probably would be passed on to the public through taxes and rates—O'ahu's power monopoly, Hawaiian Electric, was arguing that the cable was a healthy move toward energy self-sufficiency for the state.

Cable opponents pointed out that not only would Hawai'i County

(which comprises the entire Big Island) be bearing the environmental impact of a project that would benefit another island, but also all the state's taxpayers would have to pay for what could be "an economic boondoggle." They argued that both the rift zone where the wells would be located and the ocean floor the cable crossed presented high geologic risk from both eruptions and earth movement.

State officials on O'ahu supporting the cable project seemed singularly blind to the geologic risks—and to the effects of such a major development on the Big Island's environment. In 1988 Senator Daniel Inouye suggested in an interview that the "destiny" of the Big Island should be to become the "energy source" for O'ahu and Maui. One recognizes in this statement—and in other plans the state has come up with for use of Big Island lands—the common urban Western attitude toward land as expendable resource. For years now the state and the U.S. Department of the Interior have been jointly developing plans to mine the mineral-rich seabed that surrounds the Hawaiian Islands. The state has targeted Puna as the best location for the smelting plants. To overcrowded O'ahu, the native forest and lava lands of the Big Island are simply empty lands that should be put to use. Apparently the formidable presence of the volcanoes is no longer enough to deter development of the last large region of rural and wilderness lands in the archipelago.

For the most part, the various environmental groups involved in the geothermal conflict were concerned about pollution of their own neighborhoods and damage to the rainforest or to the National Park, and were anxious to maintain control over development at the county level. Some groups took the position of advocating modest, carefully regulated geothermal development for local use. And members of a few groups suggested that the state facilitate a land swap with Campbell for nonforested state lands farther down the rift zone, in an area of less volcanic risk that already contained roads and subdivisions.

In late 1982, after lengthy hearings, the state Board of Land and Natural Resources (BLNR) authorized Campbell Estate to begin "exploratory drilling" on Estate land adjacent to the National Park. A few weeks later, on January 3, 1983, the Pu'u 'Ō'ō eruption began. Lava flowed over a section of the land authorized for geothermal development. Had the project been in place, lava would have buried nearly half the wells, destroyed one of the power plants, and assured that at least two of the remaining four plants were shut down almost continuously during the next few years. It is possible that many of the

wells would have free-vented toxic fumes into the atmosphere for an indefinite period of time.

In the face of Pele's activity, the state proposed a land exchange—not for nonforested land but for 28,000 acres of state forest reserve land farther down the rift zone for the 26,000 acres of Campbell Estate land, now partially buried by lava. Why some of the environmental groups that had spearheaded the opposition agreed to endorse this exchange is a bit hard to understand, since such a concession was remarkably short-sighted. Park officials and others primarily concerned with impact on the park felt it answered that immediate concern. Other environmental groups were exhausted and demoralized by a battle that had stretched over years. They allowed the state once again to rezone conservation lands in a near-pristine forest watershed. For some Native Hawaiians and a few of the other opponents of geothermal development, this was proof that at least some environmental groups could not be trusted to see beyond their own immediate backyards.

Palikapu Dedman and Emmett Aluli, a medical doctor and longtime advocate of Native Hawaiian rights, filed an appeal of the BLNR's land swap and rezoning decision. This action was the birth of the Pele Defense Fund. Even though they knew they would have to break new legal ground to succeed, they decided to address the issue of land use solely from the viewpoint of native rights. As a strategy, their decision had its risks, but for Dedman and Aluli—and the Pele Defense Fund—the two issues, land use and native rights, were inseparable. Hawaiian cultural values, which are based on what Hawaiians term *aloha 'āina*, "love and respect for the land," could not be addressed within Western legal concepts, which assign only commodity value to land.

For some Hawaiians, the issue of development in the volcanoes region was even more personal. "Some of us are members of the Pele clan," said Palikapu Dedman. "In the Hawaiian scheme of things, we call the gods into existence, and it is our responsibility to keep them alive. If Pele is your *'aumakua* ['family god'], then you have a special trust to everything that is part of her."

Palikapu Dedman and Emmett Aluli filed their appeal to the state Supreme Court on behalf of "Pele worshippers." They argued that "like [mainland] Native Americans, our religion is in Nature. . . . On the Big Island, the goddess Pele appears to us daily in all her forms. She is the volcano, the lava, the steam, the heat. Her family is present in the fern, certain shrubs, certain native trees. She is the land itself." All the lands

of active volcanism, they maintained, were sacred areas as part of the body of Pele and the source of spiritual power for her worshipers. Any development would "desecrate sacred land" and interfere with the religious practices of Native Hawaiians. "Pele influences and informs the daily physical and spiritual life of Pele practitioners," they stated in their deposition. "It is essential to them that Pele not be violated and degraded, and that she be allowed to exist in her unaltered form and in a pristine natural environment."[4]

The Pele Defense Fund was using the word *desecrate* in its original meaning, to deconsecrate, to take away the sacredness. As poet Gary Snyder writes in several recent essays on "the good, the wild, the sacred" in nature, the concept of sacred ground is common to nonurban cultures. But for the urbanized West this idea is a ghostly memory, retained only in myths about sacred groves of the early Greeks and the grottoes of Druids. In a world ruled by corporate agriculture and urbanization, the land is secularized, released from the gods to become a human commodity. In Western culture, "good" land is land that is productive. "Wild" land is uncultivated, uninhabited, a waste, a wilderness. Yet we have an ambiguous relationship with the "wild," perhaps because it still awakens an ancient sense of awe, a faint memory that such lands were once the dwelling places of gods. But the memory is too dim to affect our sense of the value of land: we admire wilderness, but only when it is "controlled" within the boundaries of our parks.

"We knew," Lehua Lopez, another member of the Pele Defense Fund told me, "that we were going into the courts of the Western legal system, where land is only one thing—property. And that we were introducing a "foreign" concept—that land can be sacred—it can belong to the gods. And that Hawaiians have a spiritual claim to the land that still exists, even if our lands have been taken away from us. But we felt that somehow we had to get that into the dialogue. All this talk about the environment means nothing without it."

The very slim precedent for what the Pele Defense Fund was trying to do rested on the efforts of Native American Indians to retain their rights to traditional spiritual practices. First Amendment rights to "freedom of exercise" of religion form what one would assume to be a solid constitutional basis for such claims. Nevertheless, Native Americans have fought a long battle for recognition that their religion is "legitimate." A major victory in that battle was won in 1978, when Congress passed the American Indian Religious Freedom Act, which

reaffirms that "Native American religions are an integral part of Native American life, and are indispensable and irreplaceable to the continuation of native traditional cultures."

The right to traditional practice was defined in the act as including *but not limited to* [my emphasis] "access to sites, use and possession of sacred objects, and the freedom of worship through ceremonials and traditional rites." "What we found out in testing this law," states Palikapu Dedman, "is that things were still defined in terms of Western religion. By sites they meant church ground, or maybe a cave where someone had a vision of a saint. But our church, our saints, are nature. Our sites are the land itself, not just the temples we built."

The Pele Defense Fund appealed to a legal organization called the Native American Rights Fund (NARF) for help with their appeal. NARF was also active in another case that the Native Hawaiians hoped would broaden the interpretation of "religious sites" to include "sacred ground." The case involved sacred sites of the Eureka Native American tribe in the high country of the Six Rivers National Forest, in northern California. The Forest Service wanted to put a logging road through the area. The Indians claimed that the sites were, essentially, a "sacred geography" stretching from one mountaintop to another. The California State Supreme Court supported the tribe's claims.

The Forest Service, however, appealed the case at the federal level, and won their appeal. Three justices dissented, and one wrote the following conclusion:

> Today, the Court holds that a federal-land use decision that promises to destroy an entire religion does not burden the practice of that faith in the manner recognized by the Free Exercise Clause. . . . Given today's ruling, that freedom [to maintain religious beliefs] amounts to nothing more than the right to believe that their religion will be destroyed. The safeguarding of such a hollow freedom not only makes a mockery of the "policy of the United States to protect and preserve for American Indians their inherent right to believe, express, and exercise traditional religions," it fails utterly to accord with the dictates of the First Amendment.[5]

To their appeal in front of the state Supreme Court, the Pele Defense Fund brought Hawaiian religious experts and teachers of chant and hula to testify to the belief that Pele, in all her forms, is sacred. "What hurt the most about that courtroom scene," said Palikapu Dedman, "is that our beliefs weren't even taken seriously. We might as

well have been arguing about parking tickets." Their appeal was denied on the basis that there were no known religious sites that would be affected by the geothermal development—therefore the Hawaiians could not show "burden of proof" that development would interfere with their religious practices. "Our practice," said Palikapu, "is in our values, our standards. The evidence is there in our chants and traditions. They [the judges] are saying that there is something called practice that is separate from belief."

The Pele Defense Fund filed with the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals. On April 25, 1988, the appeal was denied—one week after the federal court overturned the California State Supreme Court's decision to recognize the sacred geography of the Six Rivers high country in northern California.

In early 1989 the Pele Defense Fund filed a second appeal at the federal level "against loss of ceded lands from the Trust obligations of the state and federal governments, which should be used to benefit Native Hawaiians and allow traditional gathering and subsistence use of the forests."[6] "Ceded lands," comprising about 1.7 million acres, are those lands that were established, in the Great Mahele of 1848, as belonging to the Hawaiian monarchy and "ceded" to the U.S. government after the fall of the monarchy. "By focusing on this issue, we are returning to the underlying problem," Palikapu Dedman told me. "We would not have to fight to have our spiritual claim to the land recognized as legitimate if our sovereign rights were recognized."

Many Hawaiians regard these lands as taken illegally from them, an argument that is hard to deny. These "crown and government lands" were in possession of the Hawaiian monarchy until 1893, when a coalition of U.S. businessmen led a bloodless coup, backed by the big guns of a U.S. warship that was in Honolulu harbor at the time. Queen Lili'uokalani, ruler of Hawai'i, was placed under house arrest. The aging queen, fearing for the safety of her people, abdicated the throne several weeks later.

The businessmen set up a "provisional government" and lobbied for U.S. protection. In 1898, Hawai'i was annexed to the United States. The crown and government lands were turned over, or "ceded," to the new territorial government. In 1959, when Hawai'i became a state, these lands were reclassified as state lands "to be held in public trust for the people of Hawai'i" (except for nearly 400,000 acres, to which

the federal government retained title). A clause of the State Admissions Act recognizes a particular responsibility toward "the betterment of the conditions of Native Hawaiians" with a portion of the proceeds from use of these lands.

Other than from a small portion of the most marginal lands—set aside by Congress for homesteading by Hawaiians in the Hawaiian Homes Commission Act of 1921—Hawaiians cannot be said to have benefited at all from these lands. The aboriginals of Hawai'i have ended up essentially a landless people.

In the last two decades, Native Hawaiians have been encouraged to seek redress by the qualified success Native American Indians have had in restoring lands alienated from them by breached treaties. Thus far, the case put forward for land reparations has been met with the argument that the United States signed no treaties with the Hawaiians, which is true: Queen Lili'uokalani, under duress, simply abdicated. No treaties were offered at the time.

What form restoration of some portion of sovereignty to the Hawaiians might take is a matter of hot debate these days, but the general consensus among Native Hawaiians actively protesting their current status is that the state should return title to a major portion of the "ceded lands." Reestablishing a land base is essential, many Hawaiians feel, if they are to survive as a culture. Although the majority of Hawaiians are now urbanized, they draw their spiritual resources from those landscapes, fast dwindling, that still reveal the lineaments of pre-Western times.

For these reasons, Hawaiians have a special stake in protecting the volcanoes region, where the land still echoes so vibrantly with the presence of the people and their gods. They feel that recognizing and honoring the link between the land and traditional culture may be the only way to preserve at least one region of Hawai'i from becoming one more Western outpost.

The heart of the volcanoes region is Hawai'i Volcanoes National Park. Most of the 200,000 acres that make up the National Park were "ceded lands"—lands transferred to the federal government when Hawai'i was annexed to the United States. Lands that were formerly in the possession of the Hawaiian monarchy.

Hawai'i Volcanoes National Park was primarily the brainchild of two men—volcanologist Thomas Jaggar and Lorrin Andrews Thurston.

Thurston, grandson of one of the earliest missionary families, played a leading role in the overthrow of Queen Lili'uokalani. While subsequently in Washington lobbying for the United States to annex the Hawaiian Islands, he also urged the designation of a national park in the volcanoes region.

Thurston, an amateur volcanologist, was primarily interested in the geological scenery of the area. His concern with nature as "spectacle" and recreational resource was common to most of the founders of our national parks system. As the word *park* suggests, these lands were set aside primarily for their recreational or scenic value. Awareness of the crucial role parks play as ecological preserves has only come in the last few decades, and the responsibility it entails, at least in the case of Hawai'i Volcanoes National Park, has been accepted rather reluctantly. As late as the 1970s, an HVNP superintendent—transferred here recently from the mainland—reiterated that the park's *raison d'être* was primarily as *geological* preserve. Neither the park's physical boundaries nor its administrative framework lend themselves readily to its new role.

The park has had even more difficulty defining its role as a cultural preserve. On the continent, national parks were generally created out of lands from which the aboriginal inhabitants had long since been removed. Here park lands were carved out of a region in which rural Hawaiians still maintained strongly traditional ways.

In the 1930s park officials, recognizing the rich archeological resources of the southern coastlands below Kilauea, lobbied for an addition to the park. In 1938, the park lands were extended toward the small Hawaiian fishing village of Kalapana. Acknowledging that the land appropriated was in the midst of an area where Hawaiians still practiced traditional lifestyles, supplementing subsistence agriculture with hunting and gathering, the act retained for Native Hawaiians fishing rights along the newly acquired coastlands. It also gave the secretary of the interior "discretionary authority to allow homesite leases within the Kalapana extension of the Park."

The visions of the role the park might play in fostering Hawaiian culture were idealistic and decidedly paternal. As one park ranger wrote around that time, "The Puna district is the one remaining section which has least felt the coming of the white man, and should be protected to keep it as unchanged as possible." Such sentiments were tainted by romanticized notions of what role Hawaiians should play, as one sees from what this ranger had in mind:

> A Hawaiian village could be built by the Hawaiians themselves in the Park area around Kalapana, if given proper stimulus and protection, and fresh and saltwater ponds could be made and stocked for use as food. They could have substantial grass huts and could build up a good industry making *laubala* [pandanus] hats, mats, pocketbooks, or useful articles and souvenirs. Proper protection and assistance of the kind possible only under Park administration would give these people opportunity to prosper and would do a great deal to prevent the race from dying out as it is now doing.

The park ranger reveals the colonialist underpinnings of his vision of "prospering" Hawaiians in his last paragraph:

> They could have their gardens and taro patches. When there were visitors, they could have an exhibition of their arts and wares, and give little playlets with native music, singing and dancing. Extension courses could be given them to teach them weaving, cooking, sewing, carpentry, etc. Proper religious guidance could be given or encouraged.[7]

Not surprisingly, the Hawaiians were suspicious of such vestiges of the paternal system they had endured since the arrival of the missionaries. No one in her right mind, for one thing, would choose to live in the traditional grass house in an area now well populated by the insects and vermin that had hitchhiked to the Islands on various foreign ships. There were no applications for home site leases within park lands until the 1970s, when the Hawaiian activist movement renewed some interest in subsistence farming. At this time the park clung to the same narrow vision of "traditional use," refusing to take into account that not only the culture but the very land itself had been altered by the advent of Westerners.

The park has made some effort to employ local people as park rangers and interpreters, but those gestures are mostly token. Like most federal entities, the park has been administered by a rotating staff of outsiders, fostering an attitude that is both colonial and continental—ignorant of the unique qualities of the region.

An incident Palikapu Dedman relates illustrates, on the level of the ludicrous, the depth of park bureaucracy and insensitivity to local conditions. Two years ago, the park installed fee booths. Local people resented losing free access to a region they considered "theirs," and Hawaiians were incensed at being required to pay to walk on their own "sacred lands" or to gather traditional plants for ceremonies or

hula performances. The park was autocratic, in the way that only a federal agency can be, and no attempt was made to respond to the local outcry.

There were several confrontations at the new fee booths between Hawaiians and park rangers. Palikapu Dedman recalls driving up to the gate, and noting that the fee schedule proclaimed "senior citizens free." How strange, he remembers thinking, that old people should be given special status and the genuine "special status" of aboriginals ignored. At the fee booth, Dedman said that he was going to Kilauea caldera for religious worship, and did not feel obligated to pay the fee. The ranger argued, then finally had him fill out a long form and let him through, if he would agree not to use the "facilities," which were "federal property." "As far as I could see," said Palikapu Dedman, smiling, "that must have meant the toilets. Kind of shows how self-defeating their rigid rules can be."

Thus the park continues to operate within an insular, "continental" rather than "island" viewpoint, although it has become painfully obvious that it cannot adequately fill its many roles in splendid federal isolation, that its own health is inescapably linked to the health of the region. What is puzzling is that the park already has in hand a blueprint for change. In 1981, HVNP was designated a Biosphere Reserve under the auspices of the United Nations (UNESCO) Program for Man [sic] and the Biosphere. With this hefty honorific, the park joined over 260 "natural area preserves" worldwide that have been nominated since 1971 to UNESCO's pioneer program. Each Biosphere Reserve, it is hoped, will help to preserve indigenous nature *and* culture in a unique "biogeographic region."

One might ask what good, in a world that already has more than 140 categories of "protected areas," can more names or categories do? But the Biosphere Reserve program is unique—even revolutionary—in its focus on the interaction between nature and culture. While "protected" areas generally curtail human use in order to preserve biota, Biosphere Reserves are set up as experiments in finding ways to manage bioregions that benefit both nature and humans. Implicit in the concept is an acceptance of the wisdom of regional people and their traditional uses of the land.

At the core of a Biosphere Reserve is a "protected area" of a "representative territorial environment." The core area must be large enough to contain and preserve genetic diversity. HVNP was chosen because it is the only major portion of land in Hawai'i already under

protection that encompassed most of the terrains and climate conditions in the Islands. In addition, the interaction between native biota and volcanism made park lands and adjacent rainforests an unparalleled laboratory for studying evolution.

Thus far, in its objectives, the Biosphere Reserve does not differ significantly from the park. But the reserve is much more than the protected wilderness that forms its core. Ideally the core area should be surrounded with a "buffer zone" of multiple uses, including (1) areas suitable for experiments in "appropriate development" (that is, development beneficial to the health of the bioregion; (2) "examples of harmonious landscapes resulting from traditional patterns of land-use"; and (3) "examples of modified or degraded ecosystems that are suitable for restoration to natural or near-natural conditions." As well as all or part of the above, the buffer zone may include "zones of cooperation"—areas of "unspecified multiple use" that are compatible with the basic goal: preservation of cultural as well as genetic diversity.[8]

Biosphere Reserves worldwide now harbor hunting and gathering populations (Siberut in Indonesia, Manu in Peru, Rio Platano in Honduras, and some Australian Reserves), herding populations (Lake Turkan in Kenya, Boule Loop in Mali, Asbaran in Iran), and traditional farming cultures (in many reserves). But the interpretation of "traditional use" is dynamic rather than static, calling for "judicious modification or supplementation of these practices using methods which respect and build upon their cultural traditions." What is "judicious" and what isn't is something only the people within a bioregion can decide.

What is truly revolutionary about the Biosphere Reserve concept, then, is its open-ended approach, this recognition that human culture and nature are inseparably linked, but woven together in a variety of unique ways. From this great web of nature and culture we draw our knowledge of the land and the way to nurture it, or be taught by it. Each place has its special knowledge to offer, if it is allowed to. A UNESCO poster proclaims the Man and the Biosphere credo as "conserving the unknown":

> Because we don't know what we are losing.
> Because we don't know what we'll need.
> Because we don't know what we'll want and love.

Lofty dreams, these, but can we implement them, particularly in a region where traditional land use patterns have very nearly disappeared?

Although Hawai'i Volcanoes National Park has been a Biosphere Reserve for eight years now, I found only one park employee—Chuck Stone—who had given serious thought to its ideas. Stone is a research biologist, and from his position the park's difficulties in simply preserving its native biota seem staggering—an escalating guerrilla war against foreign invaders. Fountain grass here, kikuyu grass there. Invasions of blackberry, Christmas berry, Koster's curse. Seeds carried everywhere by the feral pigs, who root up the native seedlings as well. The research time (what's left over) going to identifying what we've got here—the native biota we don't even know about. Before we lose it.

The Biosphere Reserve is a designation only, a plaque on the wall, Chuck Stone pointed out. Great ideas, yes, but no funds and no warm bodies. And so far neither the superintendent of Volcanoes Park nor the Western Regional Parks office had shown interest in the Biosphere Reserve ideas. "You have to understand that the parks system in this country is a slow-grinding federal bureaucracy," Stone said. "It's very insular—it was never set up to respond to local conditions."

In the United States, there are now forty-three places nominated as Biosphere Reserves (most of them are National Parks), but few have progressed very far in implementing the ideas. In a sense, thus far, they haven't really had to: in a rich country, with low population pressure and land to spare, it has been easier to ignore the fact that conservation ultimately depends on the cooperation of the local populace and the health of the region. Even though, like HVNP, these designated reserves may be beset by problems that originate outside their borders, long-established patterns of isolation prevail.

The Biosphere Reserve concept was developed in response to the problem of conservation in Third World countries, where it has been obvious that natural reserves cannot function in isolation. Mapimi Biosphere Reserve in northern Mexico, for example, was created in an area where peasants had been forced to supplement a meager subsistence by hunting nearly to extinction the largest species of land turtle in North America. From the beginning, Mapimi has made "fostering and improving traditional agriculture" a major part of its plan. Members of local peasant groups and cattle ranchers serve on its board, working out goals to protect the turtle in the core area and to improve varieties of native plants useful to those making a living on the land.[9]

Hawai'i bears more resemblance to a Third World country than it does to the continental United States. The archipelago is a small, fragile world. It is not yet—not entirely—Westernized. And it has a surviv-

ing indigenous population whose wisdom and traditions are essential to any understanding of the land. Unlike most continental North Americans (excluding Native Americans), who are migrants or the grandchildren of migrants, Hawaiians are a people who define themselves by the land. Yet they have been deprived of any real voice in the land's destiny.

Native Hawaiians may need to establish some form of sovereign claim to the land before they will be given a major voice in bioregional discussions. There are some interesting precedents. When Kakadu National Park was proposed in Northern Australia, the Aboriginals' land claims were settled by an agreement that the native peoples would retain title to proposed parklands, but lease the land to the national park system. The Aboriginals continue to use the parklands and to participate in decisions involving the land.

In American Samoa, the National Parks committee has been negotiating with Samoan tribal chiefs to establish a National Park that would partly encompass tribal lands. The new park would be administered jointly by head chiefs and the National Parks Service and would encourage traditional arts of farming, hunting, and gathering within its boundaries.

The Biosphere Reserve approach cannot resolve the sovereignty issue for Native Hawaiians, but it can initiate a bioregional dialogue among all elements of the population. What such a dialogue might uncover is that what we perceive as "special interest groups"—such as Native Hawaiians, the parks administration, Sierra Club, and the Audubon Society—have common fundamental goals: an environment that nurtures both nature and human culture; and a voice in the decision-making process. Clearly a common ground is needed. Without a unified view, the small defenses, "brush fires" fought to save the native birds or the rainforest, beaches or customary fishing places, traditional ways, may all fail. The Biosphere Reserve concepts may provide the best blueprint thus far for regional self-determination.

After Palikapu Dedman drove off in his pickup, obscuring for a moment the *Kapu Ka'ū* bumper sticker in a cloud of exhaust, I sat on the beach of Punalu'u for a while, thinking of how easy it is to get lost in the meshes of history and myth, in the many conflicting visions of this land. One can argue that Hawaiians are not really "Hawaiian" any more. One can say, with truth, that many Hawaiians could care less about the old lineaments of land and culture. One can say that

indigenous culture is dead, only an exhibit in museums now. One can argue that the real history never got told. One can contemplate Palikapu, spokesman for Hawaiian culture as living tradition—wearing the ubiquitous Japanese rubber sandals that are now so much a part of Island culture. Korean-made sunglasses. Smoking Kents. Looking, as he is, only a small part Hawaiian.

Or one can argue, as Palikapu does, that being "Hawaiian" has to do with a somewhat intangible spiritual inheritance. Or with a real kinship with place, an acceptance of the land that is identical to an acceptance of one's ancestors. This is a wisdom that the twentieth-century nomad has—almost—forgotten: that the land itself can be law and revelation, that it can be, if you acknowledge its claim on you, the deepest part of yourself.

EPILOGUE

Sacred Darkness

Pele is my goddess,
a chiefess of sacred darkness
and of light.

Fragment of chant recited
at dawn and dusk by
Mary Kawena Pukui's grandmother

Enter not prayerless the house of Pele.

From chant translated
by Emerson in *Pele and Hiiaka*

Preceding page: Petroglyphs in the Hilina Pali cave. Photograph by Boone Morrison.

At its highest point, the scarp of the Hilina Pali plummets 1,200 feet to a broad lava plain. To the east, the plain declines gently and then sweeps up again, like a nearly cresting wave, to the back of Pu'u Kapukapu. Pu'u Kapukapu is what geologists call a *horst*—a piece of land left high and dry as fault systems all around it allowed its surrounding terrain to sink downward. To either side of Kapukapu, the land slopes more gently to the coast. Out of sight, in the shadow of the horst's seaward cliffs, is Halapē, the once-idyllic cove and stand of coconut trees, much of the land now submerged, the broken remnants of trees immersed in water at high tide. But the beach there is slowly filling in again, and small new palms have sprouted, hiding the scars of the land shattered by the 1975 earthquake under their green fronds.

From here at the top of the Pali, one can see more than forty miles of coast. To the southeast, basalt seacliffs emerge again beyond the shadow of Pu'u Kapukapu, and curve into points and shallow bays until they vanish in a volcanic haze. To the southwest, the land bends outward and disappears into the horizon at the distant point of Ka Lae. The rain clouds that have shrouded Kilauea for the last two weeks are breaking up just to the northwest, and a rainbow arches from them, falling over the edge of the Pali. Thunder and rain season, the inseminating rain of Lono.

There are four of us here at the top of Hilina Pali, eyeing the first steep switchback of the trail down. Archeologist Laura Carter. Fay-Lyn Jardine, a tall, graceful backcountry park ranger of Hawaiian-Portuguese blood. And Tamar Elias, an athlete and jill-of-all-trades, currently employed changing the recording papers on the seismographs at the observatory.

We are headed into the midst of the lava plain below us to find two lava tube caves containing petroglyphs and cultural remains. The caves were discovered in the 1970s. No archeologist has visited them since, and Laura wants to see how they are faring, and to leave a sign in one of them reminding hikers that might stumble on the site to leave the remains undisturbed.

The trail down the Pali makes a dozen turns down the rocky face, over stretches of rubbly *a'ā*. Halfway down, Fay-Lyn points out the place where a Park Service packhorse named Battle Star got off the trail and tumbled "ass-over-teakettle" fifty feet down to the next switchback, emerging, miraculously, with just a few scrapes, but a strong aversion to packing.

At the bottom of the Pali, we take an altimeter reading, then fan out across the rough country to look for the caves. Waist-high grass masks jagged flows of *a'ā*, in between billowy mounds of *pāhoehoe;* the land dips and sways like a choppy sea. The "cave" opening is actually the fallen roof of a lava tube, so its entry will be from a depression in the ground; in this country, one could walk within ten yards of it and not see it.

But I come across it just as I think we may have walked too far. The collapsed roof of the lava tube has created a pit thirty feet or so wide, and a low opening yawns at the north end. It is like a thousand such "caves" in the layered lava of this country, but the pile of stones at the entrance is arranged into a low wall. I climb down to the wall, and find that its top is laid with water-worn stones, here, three to four miles inland. In front of the wall, an area of the rocky pit has been leveled and thin, flat stones upended in a square to form a hearth.

The petroglyphs cluster so thickly at the entrance that at first I don't perceive them. Then my eyes register the darker, incised rock on the mottled, vitreous surface of the cave's inner walls, and human figures startle me, crowding forward from the darkness.

The shapes are cut or pecked into the thin, glazed coating left by the molten river that once flowed through the lava tube. Perhaps because this surface is easier to work, these petroglyphs are richer in detail than others I have seen: many of the human figures have fingers and toes; some have spiky hair or headdresses. There is a hawk-headed man with bird feet and an arrow-shaped penis. Turtles, dogs, and chickens. And three life-sized incised feet, the broad shovel-shape of Hawaiian feet, good for walking on lava.

The archeologists who explored the cave a decade ago uncovered more petroglyphs under rubble and midden. Charcoal in the midden furnished a date of plus or minus 300 years. No historic artifacts (such as nails) were found in this cave, and none of the petroglyphs are of European motifs (horses, for instance), suggesting that use of this site ceased before Western settlement. These caves may have provided

seasonal water and shelter, as a large number of water gourds found in a nearby cave would seem to indicate; crops may have been grown nearby at times in the year, and water carried down to fishing villages on the coast. But these figures spilling from the darkness hint at other uses than water and shelter, at other powers felt or honored here.

Perhaps the hawk-headed figures are a key to the *mana* of this particular place, for, though not unknown elsewhere, such petroglyphs are rare, and there are several here. But what secrets the cave holds it does not readily reveal. The figures thin out and then stop some twenty feet into the cave. Forty feet farther, the cave narrows down to a space one could crawl through, painfully, with some padded clothes. My flashlight is not strong enough to penetrate the night beyond.

We return to the caved-in pit and open sky to eat our lunches, next to the heart with its surrounding midden of *'opibi* (limpet) shells, evidence of meals eaten here long ago. Then we explore the south entrance to the lava tube, crawling over the fallen rocks that narrow the opening. A few petroglyphs cluster at the entrance, but the glazed walls farther in are empty of figures. The lava tube appears to continue on into a pitch blackness. Laura and Fay-Lyn and Tamar turn back to the entrance, determining to go search for the other cave mentioned in the archeological report, the one that contained fragments of many water gourds.

I linger behind, deciding on impulse to do something I've never done alone before, to follow that dark passage.

Left to myself, I reconsider. Beyond the reach of my light, the tube opening is a dense, black maw. I have one flashlight, no spare batteries. But if I watch carefully to make sure the tube does not branch anywhere, I could feel my way back out if I had to. I have long since lost all but a reflex anxiety, in this country, about predatory animals or snakes. The only large animals that frequent the lava tubes are feral goats, who shelter in them, and in sickness or old age may crawl into their recesses to die.

Indeed, fifty feet in, at the furthest reach of the light from the entrance, a goat skull and bones are scattered across the floor, white remnants of a natural death, but I can't stifle an inner shiver that makes me read them as sentinel or warning to the dark passage beyond. Some deep-seated reflex in me links darkness with death, but it has come to seem less like a primal response and more like a cultural legacy. I am reminded once more of H. Rider Haggard's nightmare journey, in

his novel *She,* into the caverns of earth somewhere in darkest Africa. There his hero found a savage tribe inhabiting vast catacombs, ruled by a strangely immortal female given over to a cult of death. A fantastical story, but compelling, as it must have been to Haggard himself, who wrote it, it is said, in six weeks, as though it poured in some great stream from the unconscious.

Haggard's images are crude, as dreamscapes often are, but disturbingly familiar, as though they tap a deep vein in the Western mind where the shadow side of the natural world has been replaced by an inner darkness. The darkness, loosed from its moorings in the natural cycles of birth and death, no longer something we can reach or touch, or make our peace with, terrifies us from within, elicits rage and fear toward all that is alien or wild or "other," all that reminds us of the tenuousness of human control.

Armed only, as in Haggard's dreamscape, with a sense of the darkness as unholy, one would find in this landscape only a mirror of inner terrors. But other visions rise from the land, and are given voice in Hawaiian myth: images, prolific in this volcanic world, of the deep-rooted, creative powers of darkness:

An incandescent river pours through a black labyrinth, streams briefly into the light at the edge of a seacliff, cools to steaming black at the edge of an ocean wave, shatters from the pressure of its still-molten heart, and is flung back on shore as tiny grains of glistening jet. "Born was the island, it grew, it sprouted, it flourished, lengthened, rooted deeply, budded." From the black maws of the lava of last year, tiny ferns sprout like lambent green flames. As the legends of the land tell, the mouths of darkness, like the wombs of women, are the channels through which flows "*Pō nui hoʻolakolako,*" "The great night that supplies."

I walk into the black tunnel of the lava tube. The walls curve gently to the right, ridged horizontally like striations of muscles, marking the levels of the molten lava as it diminished and narrowed. The tube must once have been filled to the brim with a fiery river; as it drained, it cascaded and pooled, creating intricate, molded patterns on the floor. When the molten rock subsided, the residue on the ceiling hardened into smooth, conical drips, teat-shaped, like some vast statuary of a many-breasted mother goddess.

For a few hundred paces, the smooth musculature of the cave makes walking easy, but then the ceiling narrows to a crawlspace. I shut off the light and lean against the laminated wall.

Absolute night surrounds me, warm, moist, palpable—the pressure of amniotic fluid, or of the eyelid on the eye. It is a nonhuman presence so overwhelming that it threatens to dissolve the fragile boundaries of self. Nothing in it seems benign or disposed toward humans. Nor indisposed. Simply there, a vast mystery behind every element of this landscape. I switch the flashlight back on quickly. "*Enter not prayerless the house of Pele.*" Some great current seems to flow from the inner recesses, propelling me back toward the entrance.

And into an astoundingly noisy outer world, where the darkness fractures into a million forms. The wind is hissing through grass, and for the first time I hear in its lower register the base note of waves pounding the coast. I glance at the crowd of human figures at the north mouth of the lava tube. Midway between the light and the darkness, arms akimbo, some pointing up, some pointing down, guarding the passage, or pointing the way.

FPT $22.50

THE BURNING ISLAND

A Journey Through Myth and History in Volcano Country, Hawai'i

PAMELA FRIERSON

"*Pāhoehoe* [lava] buckled and cracked into huge plates, pushed up into tumuli that resembled ancient burial mounds, blasted into still steaming fumaroles, spat and dribbled into spires and cones, dropped in huge cowdung bombs." So writes Pamela Frierson of the world's largest active volcano. But Frierson's trek up Mauna Loa, vividly recounted in *The Burning Island,* is only a small part of her quest to understand Hawai'i's ever-changing volcanoes land, the region of Mauna Loa and Kilauea.

The Burning Island is an intimate and multilayered portrait of that region, one of the world's most dramatic and varied landscapes: a region constantly in flux, but where the ancient past lives on within vast archeological remains. A Hawaiian educated in the Western tradition, Frierson contrasts native and Western views of the land and explores cultural attitudes toward nature.

Westerners—from early missionaries and explorers to present-day artists and scientists—have found the volcanoes landscape fascinating but disturbing, she relates; many early missionaries saw it as a literal vision of hell. In contrast, native Hawaiians revere the volcanoes as the source of spiritual energy and see the volcano goddess Pele as part of the natural cycle of a continuously procreative cosmos. The volcano, considered sacred by them, is the basis of much of their cultural mythology and the theme for many of their chants and hula dances.

Ms. Frierson weaves personal tales throughout *The Burning Island:* of her trek

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(continued from front flap)

to Mauna Loa; of accompanying an archeologist to the ruins of an ancient village; of venturing with geologists to the edge of a molten lava lake; and of visiting the region's rainforest with its continually evolving ecosystem.

But she also writes of petroglyphs surrounded by a golf course and of a housing development directly in the path of a volcanic flow, eventually destroyed by molten lava. Currently planned geothermal development would, many say, violate the sacred rights of native Hawaiians—further evidence, Frierson writes, of the need to reconcile Western culture with the heritage of these native people and their reverence for the land.

Pamela Frierson grew up in Hawai'i and has made her home on the Big Island. She received her B.A. in Communications from Stanford University and her M.A. in Creative Writing from San Francisco State University. As a reporter and editor for *The Hawai'i Observer* for four years, she wrote extensively about issues concerning native Hawaiians and the environment.

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