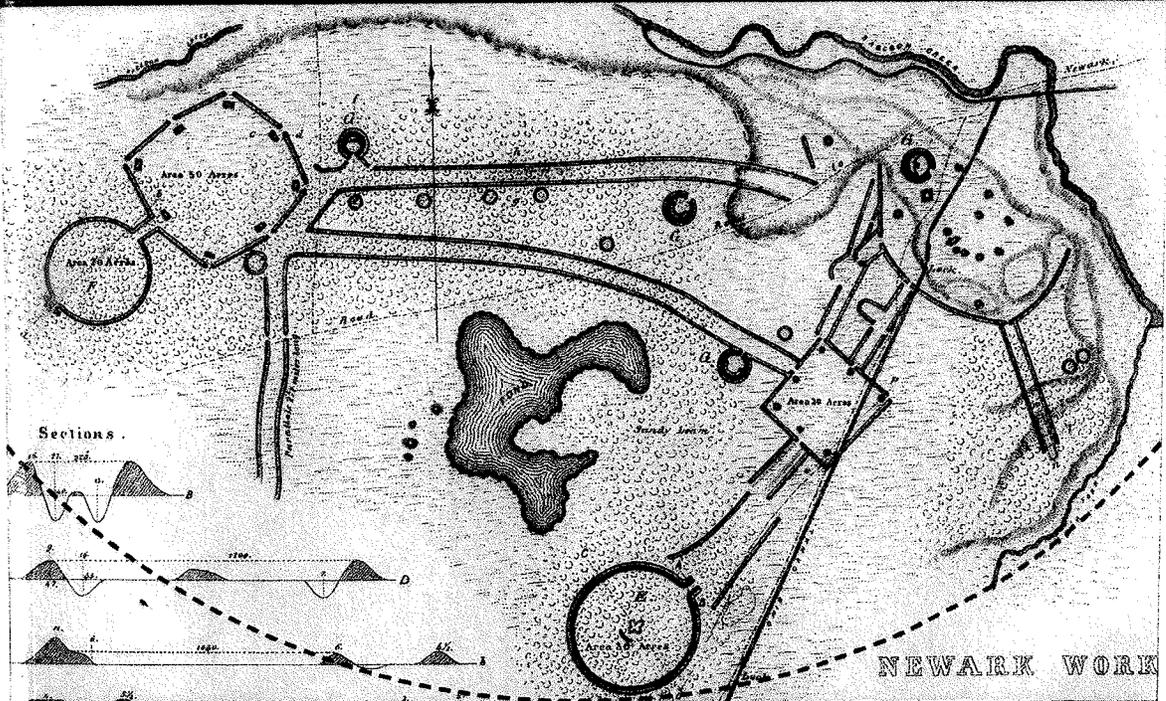


THE NEWARK EARTHWORKS

ENDURING MONUMENTS, CONTESTED MEANINGS



GREG JOHNSON

Caring for Depressed Cultural Sites, Hawaiian Style

MY FIRST CLUE that the Newark sites are depressed was the amount of care being shown them by a handful of dedicated locals from several walks of life and professions. A healthy site might occasion admiration, celebration, and even adulation. Newark is worthy of all of these, but what I perceived most directly was concern. These local individuals, including Richard Shiels, Marti Chaatsmith, and Brad Lepper, and their efforts, including the work required to host the symposium out of which this volume springs, express and manifest what Native Hawaiians would call *mālama* (care). *Mālama* is usually regarded as a manifestation of a *kuleana* (responsibility), whether to a family line, a religious sensibility, or something more vague but no less powerful—a tugging on one's *na'au* (gut). As I began to see Hawaiian-like patterns of care at the Newark sites, I started to think about the ways recent Hawaiian practices concerning archeological sites, historic memorials, and ancestral burials might inform an understanding of dynamics unfolding in Ohio. In what follows I outline some of my thoughts with reference to fieldwork I have conducted over the past several years. My aim is to explore this relationship of depression and care by way of Hawaiian examples to shed some comparative light on possible futures of the Newark sites.

Despite their grandeur and significance, there is no denying that the Newark sites are depressed. They are urban and suburban; nature and (Native) culture stand at a rather profound remove. The sites have been repurposed several times over, including as an amusement park complete with a horse-racing track, a fairground, a golf course, and a city park. Parts of the surrounding area are economically depressed, and this low-level gloom seems to seep over to the sites. Nor does the physicality of the sites bespeak much loving attention over recent decades. Additionally, the sites have an

image problem with respect to their more famous mound neighbors and with respect to much flashier World Heritage sites. This image problem is perhaps best attested in the negative: aside from the care of some devoted locals, the sites seem nearly lost on the local imaginary. In my limited experience with the local population, some people in Newark are not even aware of the sites, let alone of their magnitude and deep histories.

The Newark sites are not alone in their condition, however. In Colorado, for example, one can find remarkably neglected Ancestral Puebloan ruins within a few miles of Mesa Verde National Park and World Heritage site. This pattern can be found globally, of course. This malaise extends even to paradise. Hawai'i has two World Heritage sites, Volcanoes National Park and Papahānaumokuākea, both of which are known more for their natural than their cultural components. Apparently, these are cared for well, if by radically different means: volcanoes elicit tourism, whereas Papahānaumokuākea is a marine reserve with strictly limited access. Other sites in Hawai'i also receive considerable and visible mālama, including various national monuments like Pu'u Kohalā, smaller state-protected sites like Mo'okini Heiau, and privately managed sites like the magnificent Pi'ilani Heiau. Numerous locally cared-for sites exist as well, some of which I describe below. But disregard, neglect, and outright violence characterize the fate of numerous depressed sites throughout the islands. The most egregious example of a mistreated site is Kaho'olawe, known as the Target Island because the US military used it for bombing practice for several decades, notwithstanding the presence of many ritual sites and burial grounds on the island.¹ Sites in downtown Honolulu and Waikiki have been assaulted by a less obviously aggressive but equally destructive modality of violence—unmitigated development. This continues to the present, even, at times, at the hands of a church and the state government. Depressed sites are not limited, however, to those in urban areas or damaged by military activities. In contemporary Hawai'i they can be found in agricultural areas and remote villages and on sandy beaches.

Mālama can be found in all of these places, too. What has inspired me about the Hawaiian capacity to care for challenged sites is the same thing that has pushed me to sharpen my understanding of living cultural processes. Mālama today is diverse in its contours and manifold in its expressions, and its practitioners are far from unanimous in their stated positions. Precisely for these reasons, mālama is a cultural engine that repays analysis with potentially instructive comparative insights. My aim here is to develop an

account along these lines by way of three examples of contemporary *mālama*. The first two take us to Maui, one *ma uka* (upland) and the other *ma kai* (seaward), the third to Hawai'i Island. The first example roughly parallels Newark insofar as it is a magnificent ancient site that has been repurposed and is now being cared for by devoted locals. The second case is presented as an example of ways to care for the spirit of a place in the context of legal compromise. The third focuses upon the labor and pains behind memory work, considering an example that is not archeological but the lessons of which speak to reviving depressed sites, especially in contexts that depend upon state and federal funding.

At the outset, I would like to say a little about social memory and practices of *mālama* in broad strokes. Social memory is negotiated, ropelike (many strands make up a coil), frequently discontinuous, reconstituted by various means according to various ends, and almost always has multiple stakeholders.² All of this is as true in Hawai'i as anywhere else. And as with all colonized places, disruptions and dispossession have exacerbated the variability and contentious aspect of articulating social memory. Further, as in most American Indian contexts, social memories were outright ruptured at times by many-tentacled colonial institutions.³ Increasingly, however, Hawaiian scholars and the vibrancy of contemporary Hawaiian cultural life are making plain that far more continuities of culture have survived than are generally recognized by current histories.⁴ That said, by the mid-twentieth century Hawaiian culture was undeniably suppressed, if not depressed. *Mālama*, for example, was not a word on people's lips; indeed little Hawaiian was spoken at all.

Hawai'i has experienced a profound cultural resurgence since the 1960s. This has been a broad cultural renaissance, which has included language, dance, art, various textile practices, and attention to Hawaiian natural and cultural resources. In terms of recovered *mālama*, three manifestations of culture in action stand out: protection of Kaho'olawe, rejuvenation of open-ocean canoeing, particularly with Hokule'a,⁵ and the burial protection movement, particularly as catalyzed by the events at Honokahua on Maui in the late 1980s.⁶ From the vantage point of 1959, the year of Hawai'i's contested statehood, few could have foretold Hawaiian *mālama* today. Might Newark be on the cusp of similar processes of reawakened *mālama* today? At a minimum, we should not rule this out in our collective assumptions about the site and its possible futures.

Repurposed, Again: Kula Ridge

Widespread fascination with the unusual features of the Newark sites is wholly understandable. The various walls, mounds, openings, and their unusual alignments stand as a grand puzzle, an incitement to curiosity for all but the most bereft of imagination. Visiting the sites and hearing various experts discuss possible explanations of the anomalous features called to mind a Hawaiian site I had come to know over the past few years, Kula Ridge on Maui. While not nearly as well documented as the Newark sites, Kula Ridge is roughly analogous in several respects. It too has hard-to-explain but immediately intriguing standout features, including 10–15-foot-tall tower structures and very unusual wall formations. Another similarity to Newark is the history of repurposing of the site, in this instance from ancient agricultural land to ranch land to a proposed low-income subdivision. Finally, Kula Ridge shares in the depressed quality of Newark insofar as the local community has been slow to recognize its past significance and potential future integrity if properly cared for. This is beginning to change.

The story I wish to tell about Kula Ridge is about the difference a devoted caregiver can make, even when concrete successes are elusive. *Mālama* can yield results beyond, beside, and in addition to site preservation. It can promote reawakened sensibilities concerning place, history, community, and belonging. Marti Chaatsmith's efforts, among those of others, strike me as being headed in this direction at Newark. Dana Naone Hall, a well-known poet and burial rights activist, is at the center of the story on Maui. Kula Ridge is but the latest of sites receiving her *mālama* in a decades-long career of caregiving—in fact, Naone Hall is one of the figures who restored *mālama* to its central place in Hawaiian discourse and practice. Emerging from the intersection of cultural sensibilities and environmental immediacies, Native Hawaiians have emphasized *mālama ʻaina*, *mālama kai*, and *mālama wai* (care for land, sea, and fresh water) as central pillars of the restored Hawaiian tradition. Naone Hall's edited volume *Mālama: Hawaiian Land and Water* is one product of this set of concerns.⁷ In the late 1980s, as a result of the crisis, struggle, and cultural innovations at Honokahua, where 1,110 *iwi kūpuna* (ancestral remains) were disinterred for a hotel, Naone Hall began to assert and extend the practice of *mālama* to the ancestors, particularly their burial sites.⁸ She has been active on the Maui and Lanaʻi Island Burial Council for more than seventeen years, and her influence on burial protections has been

profound statewide over this time. Characteristic of her mālama practice, Hall attends equally to burial disturbances, no matter their magnitude or visibility. Currently, she is fighting for the integrity of more than six hundred burials at a church in downtown Honolulu while simultaneously taking up the cause of a single individual disturbed at Kula Ridge.⁹

Much of Naone Hall's mālama labor at Kula Ridge has been imagination work. Her aim has been to nurture imaginations of Kula Ridge; she wants the state, the developer, and even locals to regard it as something more than old ranch land, something more than an economic opportunity. Mālama in this mode is about ministering not only to sites and graves but also to people's imaginations. Naone Hall is keenly aware that reimagined futures necessitate poetic visions of the past as present. This has long been her gift: an uncanny capacity to restore imagination through vision. She possesses an equally remarkable gift in communicating her insights to others. At Kula Ridge, however, the task has been tough. As with Newark, surface-level history—thin but stark—seems to prevent alternative visions for most. Ranching detritus at Kula, like fairways and greens at Newark, stand as obdurate facts, saying: "This is that state of the land; to imagine otherwise is fantasy." This situation is made more difficult because of the disarray and ineffectiveness of the Hawai'i State Historic Preservation Division. The state burial law makes room for acts of traditional imagination—oral histories, for example—but the current broken state of affairs enables little space for anything beyond narrowly focused fiscal thinking on the part of the government. Absent state pressure, developers have little motivation to reenvision place and history, particularly when to do so might delay their projects or cost them money. This context has prevented Hall from having legal success so far in her efforts to stop development at the site.

Nonetheless, her efforts stubbornly continue. She regularly makes the state and county aware of the threat to the site, and she has expanded her reach to planning boards, land-use commissions, and other bureaucratic entities. For our purposes, we should attend to another realm of her success amid challenges. Modestly but persistently, Naone Hall is making headway with locals on Maui, planting the seeds of a reimagined Kula Ridge—one that buds from its cultural past: an agriculture land of intense productivity and life, a ritual sphere of continuous activity, and a sacred burial area remembered by the land itself. The name of the gulch that cuts through the land is Keahuaiwi, altar of the bones. Over the past few years the narrative community of Keahuaiwi has expanded exponentially. Naone Hall was one of its only voices as

recently as 2009. Now one hears the sounds of *mālama*—of community concerns, of rekindled connections, of emplacement—on an increasing number of lips around the island.

My point in telling the story of Kula Ridge is to emphasize something I have detected in a number of burial protection and repatriation contexts that is relevant to understanding the dynamics in play at Newark. Many times repatriation and burial activists have met with real legal successes, especially since the passage of the Native American Graves Protection and Repatriation Act of 1990 (NAGPRA) and related state laws.¹⁰ Increasing awareness about and influence of the United Nations Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples holds out the promise of similar successes on the global stage.¹¹ But there have been and will be failures, too. Native claims are not always strong enough to prevail, laws are not always capacious enough to make room for certain forms of *mālama*, and administrative bodies are not always competent enough or adequately funded to discharge their responsibilities. In the face of manifest failures of institutions and policies, I want to draw attention to the secondary and tertiary effects of community-level *mālama*. Even when access is denied to sites, claims to affiliation rejected or ignored, and so forth, another form of *mālama* success can often be detected: revitalized community awareness of sites and narrative engagement with them. This is manifest in a simple but contagious way: when stakeholder communities, however near or far, tell the story of the place themselves. Heritage sites can be “owned” and cared for in a range of ways, including through story. I do not mean story for story’s sake. I mean stories that grow communities in their telling. Similar to what is happening on Maui, back on the mainland, communities from Ohio to Oklahoma are telling the story of Newark today thanks to the work of Marti Chaatsmith and others, and that is a *mālama* victory worth celebrating in its own right.

Practice in Compromised Places: Mo‘ōloa

Having just described Dana Naone Hall’s workweek *mālama* practice, now let me tell you how she spends many of her weekends, which are likewise filled with *mālama*. My point in recounting the following is to suggest ways in which caring for sites can have a reverberating effect whereby adjacent areas, sometimes entire regions, come to enjoy nurturing attention. Waves of love, as it were, can move outward from sites to enfold often neglected contiguous areas. This is a story, then, about how to broaden the reach of

mālama imagination and practice. It is also a story about crafting long-range victories out of legal compromises. This is the story of Mo'oloa (Long Lizard), an oasis of several acres of native plants and Native Hawaiian learning and relaxation. In view of real estate prices on Maui, Mo'oloa occupies a rather improbable site just inland from one of the most beautiful stretches of beach in all of Hawai'i, Oneloa (Big Beach). How did a Hawaiian *hui* (organization) come to possess this land, and what do they do there?

Mo'oloa has a deep history of human occupation. The larger region is known as Honua'ula, a place well remembered in oral traditions and in contemporary poetry.¹² It is a place legendary for its fishing, beauty, and views. Honua'ula is also known for its *alanui*, its ancient pathway. Like the Great Hopewell Road that connects the Newark sites to their neighbors and to larger trading and travel channels, many prominent ancient sites in Hawai'i are connected by "roads." These of course served quotidian purposes, but they also figure in the oral tradition for their ritual functions. Such *alanui* were traveled by various priests of the *akua* (deities), who made circuits around the islands to perform rituals and receive offerings. Lono, the god of love, play, and agriculture, among other related spheres, was celebrated by rituals along the portion of the trail-cum-road that traverses the shoreline lands of Honua'ula. Fruits of the harvest, the rewards of planting, were offered up to Lono's priestly representatives during the Makahiki season. The cadence and rhythm of qualities associated with Lono are what Naone Hall and others aspire to restore to Maui at Mo'oloa: care for the land, peaceful repose, relaxation, and general fruitfulness of body and soul.

This emphasis upon Lono qualities is long overdue in the development of Honua'ula and in Hawai'i generally. For too long, says Naone Hall, attention has been focused upon Kū and his warlike qualities.¹³ Historically, going back hundreds of years, Lono and Kū have been regarded by Hawaiians as dialectically governing the world and its cycles through a complementary but antagonistic relationship.¹⁴ Kū orchestrated the necessary but violent elements of aggression and struggle; Lono's time ushered in peace, sexuality, and celebration. Naone Hall wants this Lono constellation to prevail at Mo'oloa. Restorative *mana* (power, energy) is sought for the land itself and for its children. But Naone Hall is no stranger to Kū energy. Indeed, in a most traditionally dialectical fashion, there would be no Lono season at Mo'oloa today if there had not been a Kū season yesterday.

Yesterday in this case was the mid-1980s, a time of rapid hotel development on Maui. At that time a Japanese corporation, Seibu, was in the process of

building a hotel and golf course complex in Makena (a region of Honua‘ūla) that would put modernity on the doorstep of Oneloa. More alarming still, from a local point of view, the development plans included closure of the old Makena Road in order to privatize the area between the hotel and the sandy beach for exclusive use by hotel guests. Erasure of the road in this manner would not only scrub out the tracks of the ancestors; it would inhibit contemporary Native Hawaiians’ access to the shore in that area. Fighting this double offense, Naone Hall, her husband Isaac Hall, and several other concerned locals, including Leslie Kuloloio, formed Hui Alanui o Makena (Group Caring for the Makena Road). After protracted struggle, the hui reached a settlement with the developer. It was not an outright victory, for the hotel was built and remains there today. But as a result of the settlement the hotel was pushed inland, off the Alanui o Makena. The alanui was repurposed, and its current state bespeaks the uneasy compromises that make for limited protection of Hawaiian pasts today: it is a groomed path through hotel grounds, complete with a “comfort station” for visitors. As Naone Hall asks, “A comfort to whom?”¹⁵

The settlement had another offshoot, one that gave life to Mo‘oioa. The Seibu Corporation deeded three acres of prime land to a nonprofit organization to be established by Hui Alanui o Makena in the settlement agreement. Members of the group were too busy to do much with the land itself for years. It was still Kū’s season for Naone Hall. She would soon fight the battle over Honokahua mentioned above and then go on to years of burial council work. Other members of the hui were likewise consumed with struggles to mālama the land, water, and culture of Maui. While these struggles have not subsided, some real victories have been won along the way. In a limited sense, one might say that by end of the first decade of the twenty-first century, the season of Lono had returned for some of these veteran activists, whose attention now turned to Mo‘oioa.

Immediately adjacent to legendary Oneloa, Mo‘oioa was hardly pristine in the 1980s. The land deeded to the hui had received little attention for decades. More recently, it had become a landfill for the developer. Lono faced a challenge. But Naone Hall and others summoned a vision of tranquility and education for Mo‘oioa. With little more than will power and volunteer sweat, they nurtured the site, removing buried asphalt and concrete, invasive species, and other detritus, revealing the volcanic cinder layer just below the surface. Then they began the work of *kanu* (planting), which continues today. Mo‘oioa is now becoming a veritable garden. Kukui trees, various

palms, *ki*, banana, *lilikoi*, and a range of indigenous shrubs and ground cover have taken the place of *kiawe* trees and thorny, nonnative plants. The hui has made Mo'oloa available to local Hawaiian groups with various missions (language immersion and cultural studies, for example) and even recreational groups—very much in the spirit of Lono—so long as the visitors lend a hand, planting here, watering there, pulling a weed on the way out. The results of such *mālama* are palpable. For my own part, I have been privileged to spend a number of days at Mo'oloa over the past several years. Anxious by nature, I am relieved of this burden when tending the *ki* cuttings and watering trees at Mo'oloa. My son Hayden feels the same way, as do most of the *malahini* (guests) I have spoken with. Most of all, I see that the spirit of Lono has found a contemporary home when I see the faces of Dana Naone Hall, her husband Isaac, and their dog Mo'o when they arrive at their beloved Mo'oloa.

I am not suggesting that there is a direct correlation between Mo'oloa and Newark, of course. My point is to suggest how some patterns of *mālama* found in Hawai'i might have some loose relevance for Newark and, more broadly, for thinking about care of challenged sites in general. Beyond a feel-good story about recovered dignity at a depressed site, one point of my version of the story of Mo'oloa has been to suggest one way that indigenous and activist communities can promote rejuvenation at specific locations as a means to *mālama* broader regions. *Mālama* at Mo'oloa shares in, harnesses, and feeds the broader *mana* of Honua'ula. Born out of a compromise settlement, it stands as a clear victory of *mālama* spirit today.

Memory Takes Work: Miloli'i

My hands grew tired fairly quickly as we worked our way through the big pile of *lauhala* (pandanus leaves) in Halealoha Ayau's driveway outside Hilo. He and I were flattening and rolling the leaves into strips that would then be used for weaving burial baskets. *Po'o* (head) of Hui *Mālama I Na Kupuna o Hawai'i Nei*, a tremendously active and successful repatriation organization, Ayau was preparing for a major event that would garner considerable media attention.¹⁶ After twenty years of negotiations, he had secured repatriation agreements from several prominent British museums, including the London Museum of Natural Science. In the scope of British resistance to repatriation globally, this represents quite a victory. With aid from various agencies, including the Office of Hawaiian Affairs, Ayau would be traveling to England in 2011 and 2012 in order to reclaim hundreds of *iwi kūpuna* (ancestral bones)

and bring them home. Placement in proper burial containers would be a sign to the bones that they were back in the care of their own people. Thus it was that our mundane task was to bring about a hopeful future. I told Ayau that I was glad to lend a hand and happy that he let me. “No problem,” he said, “and, besides, this isn’t a kapu activity.” In other words, preparing the lauhala was not properly ritualistic, so an uninitiated person could participate. Then he said something that clued me in to the difficulties of unmarked cultural labor. “Kainani [his wife] and I have held a number of lauhala workshops to help get this done, but few people show up. But they’ll come for the reburial ceremony when the kūpuna come home.”¹⁷

This comment put the proverbial finger on something I had been thinking about quite a lot: how to give adequate theoretical attention to the uncelebrated labor that goes into memory work. I have written about Ayau elsewhere, with special attention to the ways he articulates and embodies “living tradition.”¹⁸ Now he was pushing me to think afresh about the hard work of making tradition live. Like others, I admire Ayau for his charisma and success, and my written work had focused on just this aspect of his persona. Now I wish to draw attention to moments like lauhala preparation and one of its modern parallels, grant writing. Before the ancestors can be buried, they require a basket, which requires flattened lauhala. Before Ayau can repatriate or protect burials, he writes grant applications tirelessly. The work he does is expensive and time consuming and thus requires resources beyond what he can subsidize personally. The more I have come to appreciate this and the fact that grant writing consumes so much of his time, the more I have become frustrated with media, popular, and academic accounts (even my own) of Ayau and activists like him.

Ironically, Ayau’s detractors occasionally note his grant-writing success, implying that he uses Hawaiian causes to fill his own bank account.¹⁹ This imbalance of reporting and appreciation strikes me as unfair and, for our purposes, analytically impoverished. Ayau’s work has helped to restore ancestral fishponds, rebuild *heiaus* (temples), and protect threatened rock art sites and numerous graves and has led to the repatriation of hundreds of *iwi kūpuna*. All of this and more—including the following story about a community memorial—would not have been possible if Ayau had not spent hours upon hours writing grant applications. For more than twenty years he has performed this task, writing state and federal agencies for support. Beyond writing grant proposals, he has participated in grant review processes and grant administration. Many years he spends two weeks in Washington, DC,

evaluating grants for the federal Administration for Native Americans. This has connected Ayau to native peoples and projects far and wide and has kept his grant-writing skills sharp. What follows is a brief account of one of his recent grant-based projects.

On July 25, 2010, Ayau and I drove south from his home in Hilo, through Hawai'i Volcanoes National Park and the Ka'u district, toward the southern edge of the Kona side of Hawai'i Island. Our destination was "the last traditional fishing village in Hawai'i." A small and impoverished community, Miloli'i was made famous by a video recorded there in the mid-1990s by the famous Hawaiian singer IZ (Israel Kamakawiwo'ole).²⁰ It featured shots of the village and of locals singing along with his songs and his renditions of Hawaiian folk songs dating back to ballads written by Queen Lili'uokalani. Those shots have taken on a metonymic function, standing as a symbol of a traditional community not yet wholly lost to the forces of capitalism. This identity as the "last traditional fishing village" has been embraced locally; at least a sign at the town park declares as much. But how does the "last" village last? How does it sustain its identity in the face of forces that have made it the last of its kind? These forces are bearing down hard. Kids in the village seem uninterested in learning traditional *opelu* (mackerel) fishing methods, which are time consuming and depend upon delayed gratification because the fish must be trained to come to a certain area. In place of delayed gratification, alarming numbers of village youth have turned to drugs, and of these the harshest kind, especially "ice" (crystal meth). In response to this crisis, a serious question is being taken up by parents and the elders: How do we survive the loss of our children? It is a classic tragic question. One answer has been to look back to the past.

Specifically, the community has rallied around commemorating five village fishermen whose boat sunk in a storm in 1949. It was a huge blow to the small community to lose six able-bodied adults in one moment and has left its mark since. In terms of social memory, one prevalent narrative about the tragedy concerns the costs of modernity. The community had pooled resources to buy its first modern fishing boat, and this group of men was bringing it to Miloli'i on its maiden voyage when it sank. The accident pulled the promise of modernity out from under them in several respects, not least of which was the confidence to attempt similar endeavors in the future. By most accounts, the community has been a shadow of its former self ever since. Some years ago a respected and successful fisherman from the village, Walter Paulo, decided to address the weight of social memory directly. He proposed

bringing ritual conclusion to the event by properly marking the occasion through a community-sponsored memorial. His idea inspired others in the community but was slow to take hold at the level of concrete action.

This is when Halealoha Ayau became involved. Upon hearing about Paulo's vision, he made contact with him, proposed his idea for writing the project into a grant proposal to the Administration for Native Americans, and did so. Ayau's efforts were rewarded, and soon the community had the resources to implement Walter Paulo's vision.²¹ This grant was the difference between an idea and its realization. That is why we were there. Ayau was coordinating a community meeting about the memorial, which he and his crew would build the following week. The design was for two stone pillars, a large slab of stone for names and commemorative comments, and a thatch roof. One aspect of the grant project was to teach local youth traditional skills for building with *pōhaku* (stone). In the course of preparing for construction, it had come to Ayau's attention that some members of the community felt that other deceased members of the community should be likewise honored. Therefore, Ayau proposed that the stone bear two sets of names: those of the fishermen on one side, and those of other deceased members of the community on the other, with special attention to those who have no proper memorialization in the cemetery. The purpose of the meeting we attended was to get a list of names for this second component. It was fascinating to behold. Slow to speak at first, various community members began to perform memory work together, thinking aloud about former residents, lost connections, grappling here and there about dates and name spellings. Two hours later Ayau had an agreed-upon list. A blank slate took on history. It is as substantial as stone, thanks to Ayau's hard days quarrying grant awards.

My reason for including the story of Miloli'i here is to draw attention to frequently underappreciated forms of *mālama*, especially starkly bureaucratic ones like grant writing, petitioning state and federal agencies for action, or working with UNESCO for heritage site designation. Visiting Newark and listening to stories there, I heard plenty to indicate that many people on the ground are involved in "invisible" or "offstage" *mālama*, forms of care that are given out of public view, with little audience, and frequently no appreciation. These kinds of tasks are the lifeblood of serious, abiding *mālama*. Whether by way of Dana Naone Hall attending meeting after meeting to make sure the State of Hawai'i administers its burial law with integrity or Halealoha Ayau sitting down to write another grant proposal, *mālama* at this level is keeping Hawaiian culture vital. At Newark it is clear that many

communities share in similar forms of unseen *mālama* labor, including indigenous activists, historians, archeologists, and others. My hope is that this labor as a whole gets due recognition and, moreover, that the diverse interests groups performing this labor see and respect the efforts of others, even when sometimes they appear to be at cross-purposes with their own agendas.

Conclusion: A Polynesian Newark?

Care and neglect. These are fundamental to the human condition, whether at the level of the individual or at the level of culture. Neglect, in particular, seems to thrive in spaces between cultures, in gaps between claims to histories. Heritage site protection is manifestly about assuaging neglect, but according to whose terms and values? Care for the physicality of the past is differently imagined, diversely practiced, and often contentious across lines of solidarity, where these are ethnic, regional, or otherwise construed. This is not least because different groups bring forward divergent claims to ownership (legal or moral) of sites, differing interpretations of history, and highly variable comfort levels with relationships of narrative to place, especially with claims to continuity and relationships over time. Absence of care, then, can set in even when—or precisely because—multiple groups lay claim to a site. Different expressions of care may become mutually canceling or so muddled in practice as to leave the appearance of neglect. A cacophony of agendas is not a recipe for care. And yet seldom does a monolithic or unified vision of care emerge in settings fraught with the politics of the past. The question then becomes, What are some actionable pathways to care? In Hawaiian terms, How and under what conditions can *mālama* prevail?

I am of the opinion that no general answer will be found to this question, though we can aspire collectively to catalog and model success stories when we see them, in hopes that some roughly translatable principles and practices emerge over time. The three cases of *mālama* in action I have sketched may offer some inspiration in this direction. None of them mirror conditions at Newark, and I am quite aware that Hawai'i and Ohio are rather different places. Beyond the obvious difference in physical contexts—one archipelagic and the other midcontinental—among the discrepancies one might note is the stark difference in the visibility of Native people in the respective places. As a scholar of comparative religion, I am not put off by these differences. I find them “good to think,” to invoke Levi-Strauss’s classic quip. Such manifest incongruities relieve me of the burden of forcing direct corollaries in my

analyses. My approach has been oblique, aiming for some modest insight about Newark framed in terms of several Hawaiian places and the people who care for them. The spirit of this volume, as I understand it, aims in just this direction: to shed light in unexpected ways, to unsettle thoughts about Newark with a little travel elsewhere.

At the very broadest level, I wish to emphasize the following point in closing. For scientists, land managers, administrators, and politicians, I would offer encouragement not to be afraid of living indigenous traditions as their practitioners continue to emerge. In Hawai‘i, the most vibrant sites are those that receive local *mālama*. This has meant such radical things as Hawaiians performing rituals at sites, engaging them as they would have been utilized centuries ago.²² Sometimes this process involves modest alteration of sites, if only through human presence upon them. Occasionally some Hawaiians have engaged or made claims upon sites in ways that appear “invented” by scholars and other observers.²³ This dynamic has been in play at Newark and seems likely to remain relevant. Thorny territory this, but one response is simply to ask what it means in terms of *mālama*. If such groups and their practices bring attention and care to a site, then what is the real cost? More radically, another response is to say: Show me uninvented traditions, and we can talk. In any case, my point to various stakeholders is simply to forestall fear and criticism of ways of engaging the sites that do not map directly onto archeological knowledge or “preservationist” agendas. The benefits of lived engagement with sites will redound to all—a pulse will be felt, interest will be generated, and care will follow.

Notes

1. Blackford, “Environmental Justice, Native Rights, Tourism, and Opposition to Military Control.”
2. On social memory theory, see, for example, Huyssen, *Present Pasts*.
3. Concerning the colonization of Hawai‘i, see, for example, Merry, *Colonizing Hawai‘i*; Kauanui, *Hawaiian Blood*.
4. See, for example, Silva, *Aloha Betrayed*.
5. See, for example, Finney, *Sailing in the Wake of the Ancestors*.
6. Naone Hall, “Sovereign Ground.”
7. Naone Hall, *Mālama*.
8. For more on Naone Hall’s role at Honokahua, see G. Johnson, *Sacred Claims*.
9. G. Johnson, “Varieties of Native Hawaiian Establishment.”
10. 25 USC 3001, 1990. On NAGPRA generally, see, for example, Fine-Dare, *Grave Injustice*.

11. United Nations Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples, http://www.un.org/esa/socdev/unpfii/documents/DRIPS_en.pdf.
12. See Naone Hall's poem "Signs," in *Mālama*.
13. For a discussion of Kū sensibilities in contemporary settings, see Kame'eiehiwa, *Native Land and Foreign Desires*.
14. On *akua*, Malo, *Hawaiian Antiquities*, and Valeri, *Kingship and Sacrifice*.
15. Naone Hall, *Mālama*, 148.
16. On Hui Mālama generally, see Ayau and Tengan, "Ka Huaka'i O Na 'Oiwī"; Kunani, "Stone by Stone, Bone by Bone."
17. Ayau, personal communication, July, 24, 2010.
18. Johnson, *Sacred Claims*.
19. Burl Burlingame, "Group Picked to Bring Remains Instead Gives 205 Sets to State," *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*, Dec. 30, 2000, <http://archives.starbulletin.com/2000/12/30/news/story2.html>.
20. Israel Kamakawiwo'ole, *The Man and His Music* (DVD) (Honolulu: Mountain Apple, 1995).
21. The three-year, \$400,000 grant was awarded to an organization headed by Ayau, Hui Ho'oniho.
22. See Tengan, *Native Men Remade*.
23. For a discussion of "invention" theories and their relevance to contemporary Hawai'i, see G. Johnson, "Authenticity, Invention, Articulation."