PREFACE

Searching for "the Local":

Hawai'i as Miss Universe?

Long ago, in the age of European discovery, when such explorers as the Florentine merchant Amerigo Vespucci roamed the waters of the New World, a wondrous island was discovered west of England and Portugal where labor was said to be a joy, where the will to profit was unknown, where the drive for grandeur, gold, and greed had been sublimated into care for the common good. Nowhere to be found on any earthly map of colonial possession, of course, this island was called Utopia by Sir Thomas More in a satire by that name in 1518.

True to Western forms of colonial settlement, this fantasy island of earthly possession, it is more accurate to say, was not so much discovered as made, in a raw act of state power, real politic, and cultural-political imagining, shaped into existence as some "brave new world" of otherness by *distancing* itself from some unnamed continent, some "mainland" of power where the civilized customs of early-modern capitalism were otherwise installed. "Utopus," so it is narrated by More, "brought his rough and rude people to that high point of culture and civilization whereby they now surpass practically all other men. As soon as he had landed and conquered the place, he caused the part where it was joined to the mainland to be cut through and let the sea around the land."[1]

Nobody has gone quite that far in recommending that modern-day Hawai'i be totally cut off from the "mainland" of the United States superstate or seek some form of economic autarky via complete delinkage from

1. Sir Thomas More, *Utopia*, trans. Peter K. Marshall (New York: Washington Square Press, 1965), 43.

the uneven flows of culture and capital emanating from the Pacific Rim (especially such sites as California, Taiwan, and Japan) and elsewhere. But, at times in this paradox-ridden era of primordial bullying and postmodern weightlessness at the global culture mall, it does seem fair to say that this new brand of cultural localism (and the "local literature" movement, as we shall explore) sought for in Hawai'i during the past twenty years has turned back from mongrel exploration and self-invention into a kind of utopic dream of bounded possession, willed imagining, decolonized fortitude, and reified belonging. These localist strategies are mistaken, if understandable, as I shall explain in the pages to come, especially given the global heritage of imperialism and the two-hundred-year-old national tendency to a historical obliviousness and a kind of tourist-driven U.S. transcendentalism immune to critique.

Riddled with ethnic tensions and racial battles that go far back in history, at least to the contact of Captain James Cook's untimely three explorations (cum apotheosis) in 1778 and the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions' offshore project in white cultural redemption (cum indigenous demonization and racial abjection) in 1820, which dragged Hawai'i into the battle of imperial nations, postmodern Hawai'i is still struggling with these (uneven) global/local dialectics (ongoing) dependency syndromes à la some Pacific Caliban seeking for a blessed pidgin voice, and searching for some capable theory, economic sufficiency, and path to counterimperial survival as people and place.[2]

Nowadays in "postlocal" Hawai'i, at least within the tormented cultural politics of the literary scene, a dream of first possession, cum local entrenchment in ethnicity and place-based identity, at times refuses to join in the global flow; resists (understandably) national assimilation of self and culture; wants to start over (as it were) by going back to a time when the island economy was not so much caught up in the flows, mongrel mix, and struggles of imperial powers. "Hawai'i," as Joseph Balaz has written in an uncanny poem reversing the power flows of center and periphery and

2. The story of the Native Hawaiians' push to global nationhood and struggle to survive the onslaught of U.S., European, and Japanese imperial outreach into the Pacific (which resulted in the unconsensual if not forced annexation of Hawai'i in 1898), is documented in Tom Coffman, *Nation Within: The Story of America's Annexation of the Nation of Hawai'i* (Kāne'ohe, HI: EpiCenter, 1998).

colonizer (settler) and colonized (native), "is the mainland to me."[3] This book is an attempt to understand these localist drives and place-based orientations as part of a complex Pacific and Asian affiliation that does not fully fit the Eurocentric and/or "exceptionalist" model of American studies as it is now obligated and (as "field imaginary") installed.

For other cultural producers in our contemporary moment of U.S. global cultural domination, however, Hawai'i is simply an *easy* place to write about, to laze and gaze around in for a week or two, to tour, and thereby to work up into a narrative, genre piece, or fantasy with global staying power and (alas) media clout.[4] In a recent AP wire story entitled "'Baywatch' Posse Adapting Fast to Hawaiian Locale" posted in the *San Jose Mercury News*, we learn that David Hasselhoff, the beefcake lifeguard hero of the TV series *Baywatch*, in a one-week visit to the islands (*sic*) had already come up with *five* episodes that would "play off Hawai'i's culture and beach characters," as this No. 1 world-syndicated adventure show moves production from Santa Monica to the Aloha State's alluring North Shore.[5] It is no wonder locals in Hawai'i still insist on calling Hollywood the land of "Haole-wood" (*haole* is the Hawaiian word for Caucasian foreigner to the islands and can be an insult depending on tone and context),

3. Joseph P. Balaz, "Da Mainland to Me," in *Asia/Pacific as Space of Cultural Production*, ed. Rob Wilson and Arif Dirlik (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1995), 175.

4. I have nicknamed this glib genre the "747 poem" after the U.S. mainland poet David Smith, who came to visit the island for five days (around 1979) and wrote a poem gazing back on his experience (as writing tourist) in Hawai'i from a 747 jumbo jet window, then published his poem in *The New Yorker* within three months. *Honolulu Magazine* journalist Bill Harby later heard me shout out this critique at a local poetry reading at Che Pasta in Kaimuki in 1986, "Hey, that's a 747 poem!" and began to use it in his cultural descriptions of the literary scene. Also see the mock-tourist poem by Terese Svoboda, "The 747 Poem," in *Asia/Pacific as Space of Cultural Production*, ed. Rob Wilson and Arif Dirlik (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1995), 250.

5. *San Jose Mercury News*, 22 April 1999. I thank Lisa Weiss of the Ph.D. program in literature at UC Santa Cruz for forwarding me this news item. As she writes in her letter to me of 15 May 1999, "Mr. Baywatch seems to have adjusted quite nicely to his new surroundings, but what about the 'locals' ' adjustment to him???" Lisa was part of the countercultural posse I helped to form, as it were, at UC Santa Cruz while teaching a graduate seminar in the fall of 1997, De-Orientalizing the American Pacific, which dealt with the racialized and banal heritage of U.S. Orientalism as applied (still) to sites of Asian/Pacific cultural mixture and racial tension.

for its ongoing racial obtuseness to local culture, Asian locals, and (above all) the indigenous Hawaiian plight.

Still, with my own blessing, Governor Ben Cayetano went out of his way to render a $3 million sweetheart deal plus free airfare, hotels, and car rentals to the eager *Baywatch* producers. Even as Hawai'i is undergoing an economic turndown (more on this below) in the wake of the Asian real estate and currency crisis and a massive tourism slump, this site of cultural (and film) production needed badly to win out over its competing Pacific site, Australia, in order to capture this tourist-friendly "Babe Watch" show (as it has been mocked in letters to the editor in Honolulu newspapers) now seen by a hundred million people in 148 countries. The semiotics of "South Pacific" scenery and the eros of bodily bliss still serve as tourist-flow allure, even as the place of Hawai'i (actually situated in the North Pacific) is not just feminized but localized and scarified into recalcitrant and sulking male locals (as in the ill-fated ABC drama of 1994, *Byrds of Paradise,* or the even more bungled and rude surfer-initiation movie, *North Shore* of 1987, in which a Hawaiian *hui* [club] bullies the poor little rich white surfer dude from Arizona, Rick Kane, into leaving his local girl, Kiani, tearfully behind).

"When I heard Hawai'i, I immediately said, 'No contest. Make the deal,' " Hasselhoff said, adding with entrepreneurial Pacific Rim creativity that somehow wants to be "politically correct," "I want to get into the folklore of Hawai'i—the real life stories. I want to play off the people." The visitors go for tapping into such local stories and indigenous myths, even as Hawai'i's culture-rich residents are a bit more wary of the *kapu* (system of obligations and restraints) and the *mana* (spiritual power emanating from person, language, object, and place) that goes on embedding stories into place, and island and place into larger myths and legends coming down from the spirits and from the past.[6]

The globally successful (and presciently multicultural) detective drama that ran from 1968 to 1980 on CBS and is still being syndicated around the world, *Hawaii Five-O,* had once localized (and even indigenized, as in Hawaiian land struggle episodes) its plots, characters, and languages,

6. For a richly archival and culturally respectful approach to the primordial legends and historical stories ("orature") coming down from the Native Hawaiian peoples to impact on contemporary literary culture, see Dennis Kawaharada, *Storied Landscapes: Hawaiian Literature and Place* (Honolulu: Kalamakū Press, 1999).

drawing on a wide array of Asian and Pacific locals in its stories of an embattled crime force (including, to be sure, the sinister "Oriental" agent connected to communist cartels from Hong Kong, Red China, and Singapore named Wo Fat, played by Khiegh Diegh, who conjured up a similar Maoist secret agent in *The Manchurian Candidate* of 1962). Longing to be the new Jack Lord of the bistros, tourist resorts, and beef-laden beaches, at least Hasselhoff's instinct for story was in the right place, if a bit naïve as to the lurking problems and tormented history of Hawai'i (as U.S. outpost in the Pacific) that cannot be gleaned in a tourist's week skimming books and videos on his new Diamond Head verandah.[7]

As the U.S. state of Hawai'i now undergoes its ninth year of economic turmoil in the 1990s, it yet again searches for a (lost) sense of place and (fleeting) vision of the future. This remains a difficult feat of cultural-political imagining, to be sure, because this quest for an affirmative sense of place-bound identity has long been, and still is, deeply tied into the complex global/local dialectics of jet mass tourism and U.S. exoticism projected in the Pacific. Where Hawai'i stands in the year 2000, in this swirling mix of image, slogan, and dream, we can hear a new localism being voiced (as I have suggested) within the larger economy of U.S. globalization. Tourists and locals alike can gather items of this new turn toward an entrenchment in place each day in the morning papers, where a tale of doom and gloom has continued to emerge in this year of expanding Starbucks, "nihilo-capitalism," and the contorted weathers of La Niña and El Niño.[8] Hawai'i, hobbled and ill at ease in its own desperate image-mongering in the Pacific Basin, is entering the so-called Pacific Century of the New Millennium kicking and screaming, crying out for more cultural air.

Waikīkī Beach, once called Honolulu's most "beautiful and dreamy suburb" by King David Kalākaua in the empire-crossed final days of the Hawaiian nation as he sought (like the poet-king that he was) to revitalize the legends and mobilize the native traditions of the past, has become the

7. The telling motto of *Hawaii Five-O* was "Filmed entirely on location in Hawai'i," and for the most part it was. See Luis I. Reyes, *Made in Paradise: Hollywood's Films of Hawai'i and the South Seas* (Honolulu: Mutual Books, 1995), 318–20.

8. On the creative destruction of "unregulated" capitalist globalization as it dismantles nations, see William Pfaff, "Gambling with Nihilo-Capitalism," *International Herald Tribune*, 18 May 1998.

site of Viagra tours for aging Japanese males seeking to find some fountain of youth in a blue virility pill.[9] Amid an array of mounting business closures and layoffs afflicting the state, Liberty House, the oldest and largest department chain in the state, declared a Chapter 11 bankruptcy in March 1998. This globalizing strategy of appealing to upscale Japanese and resort-minded tourists had failed, many claimed, and, humbled into downsizing, labor cuts, and debt restructuring, Liberty House was said to be "returning to its roots" by rekindling its old appeal to "local customers."

"The focus is going to be on being the local department store" it once was, Liberty House president John Monahan said; it will stock items "based not on what (New York's) Seventh Avenue tells us, but what Kapiolani Boulevard tells us."[10] We will stock American brand-name goods interpreted "for Island lifestyles," the Liberty House president said.[11] (A local bumper sticker reads "New York, Tokyo, Paris, Waimanalo," mixing and matching the global/local, but Liberty House's brand of localism would remain linked to Waikīkī's boulevard of transnational flows and sexpots and not tied to the rusting Hawaiian backwaters of Waimanalo.)

Architects of local affiliation now lament that Waikīkī (if not Hawai'i more generally) has lost its own "sense of place," the distinctive ingredients of place, language, and cultural attitude (the vaunted "aloha spirit" as it is overcalled) that once gave it a special feel and aura of distinct belonging. Some now would search the cities of Asia-Pacific (such as Taipei, Hong Kong, and Auckland) to see what Honolulu might do to

9. King David Kalākaua, *The Legends and Myths of Hawai'i: The Fables and Folk-Lore of a Strange People* (1888; Honolulu: Mutual Publishing, 1990), 64. "Viagra Lures Japanese to Isles for Special Tour," *Honolulu Advertiser,* 2 June 1998, A5. On the Pacific as site of Japanese sexual exploration on the beaches and in the neocolonial bedrooms of Waikīkī, see Karen Kelsky, "Flirting with the Foreign: Interracial Sex in Japan's 'International' Age," in *Global/Local: Cultural Production and the Transnational Imaginary,* ed. Rob Wilson and Wimal Dissanayake (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1996), 173–92, and "Gender, Modernity, and Eroticized Internationalism in Japan," *Cultural Anthropology* 14 (1999): 229–55.

10. Greg Wiles, "Liberty House Returning to Roots," *Honolulu Advertiser,* 18 May 1998, A1.

11. *Local,* in this case, means the self-imagery and marketing niche situated somewhere between the glamorous cultural capital of Neiman Marcus (oddly, in this time of state budget crisis, coming to Hawai'i in 1999) and the more ordinary wares of JC Penney and Sears: an aloha shirt or running shoes that might appeal to a teacher in Hawai'i Kai, a broker on Bishop Street, or a tourist from Iowa.

discover this sense of place amid transnational development and tourist blight. Even the huge shopping mall of Ala Moana, once the pride of Honolulu, no longer feels local or caters to local clients and customs. The Japanese mega-investors are pulling back and pulling out, as did Daiei Corporation in the spring of 1999 when it was forced to sell Ala Moana Mall for close to U.S. $1 billion to liquidate its huge transnational debts. Even the local mall at Pearl Ridge and Kahala Mall have gone upscale and feel lacking in the essential ingredients of that mystery quality, the "local culture" as such.[12]

Bamboo Ridge, a literary journal and innovative small press on O'ahu that has supported the self-conscious affirmation of "local literature" as rallying cry and a symbolic terrain worthy of narration and figuration since its founding by coeditors Eric Chock and Darrell Lum in 1978, received National Endowment for the Humanities funding for a "growing up local" special issue of the journal.[13] This tactic was nothing new, but indeed expressed the main focus this journal has supported and nurtured all along, as the local writing scene has "grown up" in pidgin ways and mango days to receive mounting national attention and support.[14] This Bamboo Ridge affiliation toward preserving, affirming, and expressing "the local," as this drive can be affiliated to U.S. national identity dynamics and, by

12. For a poem on this missing "sense of the local" even at the shopping mall (where you would expect to buy at least a taste of the local, such as a piece of semisacred jewelry), see Rob Wilson, "Five Late Capitalist Haiku," *Hawai'i Review* 9 (1995): 10–13.

13. See Eric Chock, James R. Harstad, Darrell H. Y. Lum, and Bill Teter, eds., *Growing Up Local: An Anthology of Poetry and Prose from Hawai'i* (Honolulu: Bamboo Ridge Press, 1998), which has already become a text of local affirmation and pidgin-based literatures widely used in high schools and college courses in the state.

14. This attention can be signalized, in brief, by the enormous coverage the post–Bamboo Ridge work of Lois-Ann Yamanaka has received in national journals such as *The Atlantic Monthly* and *The Nation,* whose reviewers have defended her novellas against more local-driven charges that she recurrently scapegoats and humiliates her local male Filipino characters and all but ignores the deeper call of Hawaiian culture in her turn to U.S. pop cultural mixtures. For local rumblings, see Nadine Kam, "Writer's Blu's: Yamanaka's Award for 'Blu's Hanging' Is Yanked, Igniting a Hot Debate about Literature versus Social Responsibility," *Honolulu Star-Bulletin,* 3 July 1998. For a more national take on this controversy, see Jamie James, "This Hawai'i Is Not for Tourists," *The Atlantic Monthly* 283 (February 1999), which is a liberal polemic for freedom of literary speech based around a review of Yamanaka's "trilogy" novel, *Heads by Harry* (New York: Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 1999). I will return to discuss Yamanaka's work in chapter 5.

contrast, to more indigenous Hawaiian decolonization dynamics, will form a key part of this study. For now, I want to set up the "tourist gaze" a bit more in this preface, to situate Hawai'i within the mixed makings of an Americanized Pacific.

Prior to World War II, Hawai'i was one destination of choice for a more wealthy, upper-class clientele, who typically came by luxury cruise passenger liners such as the ss *Lurline* and stayed at such sites as the Hawaiian, the Royal Hawaiian (which opened in 1927 and had its own *mele inoa* or name chant suitable for Hawaiian royalty written in its honor by Mary Keliiauka Robins), and the Moana hotels in Waikīkī. The meandering and self-divided short stories of Jack London such as "The Kanaka Surf" and promotional pieces for "globe-trotters by profession" such as "My Hawaiian Aloha" reek of this royal and upscale tourism, mingling London's racial and class claims to superiority and comfort in America's own outpost in the Pacific with a more long-wrought Anglo-Saxon sense of imperial masculinity.[15] London's Americanized and multicultural short stories tried to take enterprising possession of place at the same time they rooted for the dying aboriginal Hawaiians in confused stories such as "Koolau the Leper," which Hawaiians hate to this day.[16] Ever quoted in tourist blurbs and bylines, London helped to evoke this "aloha spirit" of

15. Although he stops short of reading London's Pacific and Hawai'i short stories as part of his drive to take literary and imperial possession of American frontier outposts (as London did in the Pacific Northwest with his Yukon tales of Darwinian possession), Jonathan Auerbach offers a superb reading of London's literary and cultural politics as coded with U.S. imperial masculinity in *Male Call: Becoming Jack London* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1996). In fact, for Auerbach, London underwent a kind of self-dispossession of such U.S. macho codes in the Pacific: "Hawai'i and its people offered London an alterity powerful enough to resist the author's appropriation [of the territory] by way of autobiography [as he did in Alaska, which made him famous as an American writer]" (282 n).

16. See the hard-hitting critique of this famous London short story by Ku'ualoha Meyer Ho'omanawanui, forthcoming in *MELUS*, who faults London for his misuse of indigenous history, racial abjection, and cultural ignorance of the Hawaiian codes he claimed to love and understand. This Pacific-based story of aboriginal resistance to their confinement as lepers exiled to Moloka'i during the Annexation era, in short, is a local and racial mess. It can only be taught as a schizoid-text symptom of the U.S. will to take imperial possession of the islands so beloved of tourists (and writers) like London. Or, for that matter, consider Mark Twain laughing at his "Fellow Savages in the Sandwich Islands" on the lecture circuit, making a small killing on the mainland, and becoming a U.S. canonical author by doing so.

Waikīkī that once reeked of class aura, racial exclusion, and resort status as sporting site for the white corporate yacht set and Hawaiian royalty. The American male could laze and gaze at will in the native-pacified Pacific of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, and the sovereignty call was (seemingly) dying out as the hula skirts and aloha shirts multiplied and spread across the globe.[17]

But, with U.S. statehood achieved finally (despite communist labor scares) in 1959 and the arrival of United Airlines and the technologies of space-time reduction, cheaper airfares and packaged tours brought large numbers of Americans and Japanese to Hawai'i. Along with Maui, Honolulu, "which [for tourists] is basically Waikīkī," became the major destinations of choice, the places of imagery and commodity aura.[18] Hawai'i called to the U.S. mainland via music, image, hula skirt, and resort hotel, and American paradise-seekers came in droves like the Brady Bunch looking for some lost aboriginal treasure, some fun and sun in the surf, or just a good tan to boast about back in the suburbs of California or New Jersey. Hawai'i, fetishized into United Airlines' sign of erotic longing and bodily bliss: "She was my little deuce coupe," if you know what I mean.

Tourism, for Hawai'i if not for Pacific sites more generally, depends on the globalization-of-the-local into a marketable image with lasting appeal, with enduring charm and mysterious claims to uniqueness, what Walter Benjamin termed the "aura" of the commodity form. Some 6.8 million tourists come to Hawai'i each year looking for that special something out there in the remote-yet-near Pacific. In this era of the declining yen and mounting financial crisis in Asia/Pacific, tourism remains the state's largest industry, largest source of jobs, and biggest generator of tax revenues.

Caught up in these pro-tourism, antilocal dilemmas, Hawai'i not only hosted the 1998 Miss Universe Pageant, in effect it became Miss Universe, saying to the global market (reached by telecast to seventy countries around the world), Visit me, love me, gaze upon me: I am yours and waiting with open arms in the spectacular Pacific. Like Bloody Mary in the

17. Matson shipping line, part of the local Big Five corporate oligarchy then as now, tried to revive the *Lurline* in 1948, even as the base of the U.S. tourist influx was changing and fading into the packaged paradise of the mass market.

18. Mike Markrich, "What Ails Tourism: Marketing Continued but Assets Weren't Protected," *Honolulu Advertiser*, 17 May 1998, B1–4.

cold war musical *South Pacific*, Hawai'i was singing the seductress song of Bali Hai to the tourist gaze: "Come to me, I am your own special island."[19]

Brook Lee, Miss Universe of 1997 and a multicultural, mixed-race product of Hawai'i, gave this appeal personal personification in her own charms; her efforts (along with $3 million put out by the state and the marketing prowess of Al Masini) were instrumental in persuading Donald Trump and NBC to bring the event to Hawai'i for the first time. Lee, who is one-fourth Korean and an ethnic mix of Hawaiian, Chinese, Portuguese, French, Dutch, and English blood, remains *local* at heart and in value. "I've never thought of myself as Asian," Lee said. "In Hawai'i you're just local." She added in pidgin English, "I never had Gucci bags before. I was so Arakawa's, it's not even funny."[20] Globally imaged, but paradoxically remaining local at core like a good used aloha shirt, Lee projected an endearing multicultural self-image much like the place of Hawai'i itself as situated in the global marketing of cultures.

Richard Kelley, chairman of Outrigger Enterprises, which controls Outrigger Hotels and Resorts, boasted of the globally circulating Miss Universe images, "We are all counting on the Convention Center to become a significant source of new business, and hoping that the images from the Miss Universe pageant compel viewers to plan a Hawai'i vacation." This goal of *compelling* the global tourist flow is couched, then (in London's era) as now (in the era of Paul Theroux), in masculinist terms of alluring possession: "to provide us with the muscle to market Hawai'i [as beautiful woman, one might add] on an international scale."[21]

This renewed focus on "the island lifestyle" and the push globally to market Hawai'i's special appeal as a beautiful, multiculturally appealing, and world-class Pacific *woman* was happening at a time when many (not just local writers) were beginning to feel a lost sense of place, a disturbance of the codes and myths. Indeed, place-bound consciousness was being lost in the simulacrous circuits of global imagery, where iconic value

19. I provide a larger critical genealogy for this white mythology of Bloody Mary and the appropriation of Asian/Pacific locals and locales in chapters five through seven of this book.

20. Quoted in Esmé M. Infante, "Brook Lee: Home and Happy," *Honolulu Advertiser* special report, 26 April 1998, 2.

21. Richard R. Kelley, "Groundwork in Place for More Industry Growth," *Honolulu Advertiser*, 17 May 1998, B1.

is repeated until it displaces or replaces the actual with its own semiotic connotations.

But what is the appeal of "Hawai'i" to the global tourist who would come here after seeing the Miss Universe contest or a Hooters Aloha Bowl football game? Mike Markrich, decrying the "declining appeal" of Hawai'i in general and the deterioration of the Waikīkī core in particular, where hotel development has been restricted since 1977 and the image "has gone down-market," argued that the "real draws" of Hawai'i have never changed: "the allure and charm of the unique Native Hawaiian culture, the warmth of Hawai'i's people, and Hawai'i's spectacular beauty," in that order.[22]

Again, the appeal is to Hawai'i's being somehow "true to its roots," meaning not just natural scenery and the much vaunted aloha spirit, but the "unique" native culture that is under threat and (to be sure) resisting incorporation into the tourist apparatus. Hawaiian culture is not just abjected and demonized, as it was by the earlier U.S. missionary generations, but preserved and pampered as a source of market appeal and state revenue.

Tourism—as a vast global apparatus—encompasses not just the marketing of places and cultures, but the whole infrastructure of transport, accommodation, catering, recreation, and services for tourists; growing in scale, tourism has become one of the largest of the world's transnational industries. If, by now, "tourism is to Hawai'i what automobiles are to Detroit,"[23] then what we produce and market in this post-Fordist climate is some intangible compound of material reality, exotic desire, and symbolic need: an image of place as well as that cultural-material polity itself in its appeal as a place and culture worth traveling to; a globalized image of locale and local place that hovers over the place itself and resignifies its meanings and events.

Recuperation of the local is perilous by now, in the globalized economy of cash flow and cultural mix. The turn toward "radical localism" is not necessarily a progressive move within the globalizing economy. In the state of California, to name an affiliated site on the Pacific Rim, the Sierra Club came close to approving a resolution calling for restricted legal immi-

22. Markrich, "What Ails Tourism," B4.
23. Ibid., B1.

gration into the United States. The resolution reflected not so much U.S. economic nationalism as a resource-protective environmentalism (advocated by scholars such as Paul Ehrlich, E. F. Schumacher, and Donald Worster), with its "roots not on the nativist right but on the green left, among population-control advocates."[24] The goal is a kind of static society that will not make excessive demands on the environmental resources. Sierra Club president Adam Werbach (while opposing the antiimmigrant resolution) puts the case for a "radical localism" this way: "We should demand that the Safeway in Iowa carry only native potatoes. And we should draw the line when department stores bottom out prices, muscle out local businesses and eradicate local culture."[25]

This kind of eco-friendly localism can be used to oppose the unpredictable dynamism of the capitalist transnational system, with its emphasis on liberalized freedoms of choice, competition, and mobility; it can also become the rallying cry to restrict the impact of technology, trade, and immigration across the borders, enclaves, and limits of what is taken to be the local community. This kind of place-bound and bounded localism, as Virginia Postrel claims, can promote a "slippery green slope to nativism" and, in effect, preserve a racialized hierarchy of social and environmental goods for those who already have plenty and want to keep others out. The line of creative flight is broken by state fiat or ideological will to power.

Hawai'i does not need more racism and a greater imbalance of cultural capital and goods, given the unstable postplantation and tourist-centered economy that is now emerging. Instead, as I hope to show, connected to diverse and thickened lines of flight, risk, and cultural innovation, Hawai'i needs some different strategies and newer tactics of symbol making, needs a broader or more global vision of the local plight ("plight of the local") as it were. This book is my own small yet affiliated attempt to provide such a study of a mixed place and culture long situated in the troubled yet promissory waters of Asia/Pacific.

An earlier version of "Bloody Mary Meets Lois-Ann Yamanaka: Imagining Hawaiian Locality, from *South Pacific* to Bamboo Ridge and Beyond" appeared in *Public Culture* 8 (1995): 137–58. The essay has been expanded

24. Virginia Postrel, editorial, "Slippery Green Slope to Nativism," *International Herald Tribune*, 14 May 1998.

25. Quoted in Postrel, "Slippery Green Slope to Nativism."

and revised, and is used with permission. An earlier version of *Good-bye Paradise*: Theorizing Place, Poetics, and Cultural Production in the American Pacific" appeared in *New Formations* 24 (1994): 35–50. It has been revised and is used with permission. An earlier version of "Blue Hawai'i: Bamboo Ridge as 'Critical Regionalism'" appeared in Arif Dirlik, ed., *What's In a Rim: Critical Perspectives on the Pacific Region Idea* (Boulder, CO: Rowman and Littlefield, 1999). It has been expanded and revised and is used with permission.