

3484

***(Surf)aces*: AN ENVIRONMENTAL IMPACT STATEMENT**

**A THESIS SUBMITTED TO THE GRADUATE DIVISION OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF HAWAI'I IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT
OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF
MASTER OF ARTS
IN
ENGLISH**

MAY 2008

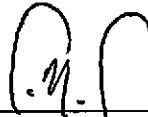
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**Thesis Committee:
Susan Schultz, Chairperson
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3484

We certify that we have read this thesis and that, in our opinion, it is satisfactory in scope and quality as a thesis for the degree of Master of Arts in English.

THESIS COMMITTEE



Chairperson





(Sur(f)aces)
An Environmental Impact Statement

Ryan Oishi

Cover illustration: *Kōkua Hawai‘i/Save Our Surf Demonstration, 1971*. Ed Greevy.

Photographer’s notes:

Save Our Surf (SOS) and Kōkua Hawai‘i (a protest group formed at Kalama Valley) united to voice their opposition to surf site destruction and evictions at Kalama Valley during the largest political demonstration in the post World War II era.

Dedicated to my family.

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Kikaida

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Wal-Mart, A Love Poem

Mynah Litature [mahy-nuh lit-uh-cher]

—noun

1. An essay by Deleuze and Guattari.
2. In Hawaii, a body of literature referring to the mynah bird, including “Sassy Little Mynah Bird”, “Two coconuts and a mynah bird in one papaya tree,” and this poem.
 - a. Often written in pidgin.
 - b. Brought to Hawaii from India to control an infestation of army worms, but ultimately unsuccessful due to a preference for papayas (see above) and mangoes (also from India). Without natural predators, army worms thrive in Makua Valley, Pōhakuloa, Schofield Barracks, currently occupying 20 percent of available land on O‘ahu; in the Pacific, army worms can also be found in Guam, the Philippines, Okinawa, Japan, and South Korea (formerly of Kaho‘olawe, the Bikini Atolls, and Vietnam).
3. Often composed in a mynah key to convey a deep sense of loss.

Headlines

OCCUPANCY RATES SOAR TO RECORD HIGHS
Hawaii, we are being occupied!

Prayer for Surf

Lord, by your divine grace, may the surf be epic tomorrow
the way Guy Hagi said on the surf report last night
but not too epic, Lord, head high or smaller please, otherwise I no can handle

Lord, may there be no sharks in the water,
cruising in da surf,
but if get, Lord, please surround me with other surfers
just in case of one shark attack
except of course Lord, if all da surfers are Hawaiian, or part-Hawaiian, cause
a guy wen tell me that sharks no attack Hawaiians,
(Hawaiians eat fish/ eat Hawaiians/ eat/ fish eat Hawaiians—I heard that
somewhere too, Lord)
but Lord, not too many surfers, please, or else going be like one H-1 traffic
jam, all back up, or more worse,
like Canoes, ho dat place is dangerous,
remember, last summer, Lord, my friend, the skeg wen split his thigh open,
all the way to the bone,
could see the nerves and da fat tissue and everyting spilling out, blood
everywhere,
guaranteed had sharks, Lord.

Lord, in that case, maybe couple surfers then,

like da time had da sewage spill after the 40 days of rain and couple
people wen make cause dey wen catch the flesh-eating disease, no not
leprosy Lord, (blessed be Father Damien)
ho the rain was biblical Lord, you must have been piss off for try and
drown us.
But remember, Lord, had only me and this other guy,
Lance I tink his name was,
and e-veryting was perfeck,
had choke waves, no more nobody,
just me and Lance
and not too much wind—
ho, Lord, I caught so much waves I could barely lift my arms
afterwards

Lord, may the water not be too cold tomorrow morning
may I wake up early so I can surf dawn patrol
may I not forget the sunblock this time
or da wax
may I not be mistaken for a Japanese tourist.

Lord, tell Fate Yanagi I love her.

May I not be on-call tomorrow at the PK, otherwise I no can go
but hopefully, may I work the day after that so I can pay my car insurance

Lord, May Rasta Jap not be present tomorrow, da guy one asshole,
he take all da waves that fucka, even the shitty ones,
and no share with nobody—
at least he get one shitty car, probably no more car insurance.

Thank you, Lord.

Lord, in your divine wisdom, may they build more luxury condos
along Ala Moana—

no can see da mountains anymore, but da buildings so tall
they block da wind
and da sunsets looks so beautiful in green tinted windows.

Crossroad Blues/ Ka Ipo Lei Manu
(A Love Song in C)

Chords by Aiko Yamashiro

Intro

C G7
//// ////
C

I went to the crossroad
fell down on my knees

I went to the crossroad C
at Kalākaua and Kapi‘olani

Asked the lord above “Have mercy now G7
save my babe and Waikīkī.” C// G7// C// G7//

C F C///
He mana‘o he aloha
C/// G7 C// G7// C// G7///
No ka ipo lei manu

C F C
He manu ku‘u hoa
C G7 C/// G7///
Noho mai ka nahele

C
Yeeooo, standin’ at the crossroad
tried to flag a ride
Ooo eee, cross that ocean, babe
an’ get to the other side
Didn’t nobody seem to know me babe
the cars just pass me by

‘I ‘iwi o uka
Polena i ka ua

‘Ehua māua
I ka pō/ ua nui

Standin’ at the crossroad babe
Risin’ Sun is here in town
Standin’ at the crossroad babe
eee eee eee, a hard rain’s comin’ down
My reflection’s streaked with stop lights
a hard rain’s comin’ down

Ua o Hanalei

Amu au ma'e'ele

*Ua amu ho'i au
I ka ua noe amu*

You can run, you can run
tell my friend George Helm is gone
You can run, you can run
tell my friend George Helm is gone
Oh this lovely fleet of islands
babe, I'm sinkin' down

*Na hau o Ma'ihī
'Au ana i ke kai*

*Ke 'ala o ka hala
Hala o mapuana*

And I went to the crossroad momma
I looked east and west
I went to the crossroad babe
Convention Center east, Rock-Za west
Lord, my sweet rose is gone
ooh-well babe, in my distress

[Instrumental]

*Hone 'ana i ka mana'o
E naue ku'u kino*

*Ko hiki 'ana mai
Hau 'oli ku'u mana'o*

I went down to the crossroad
fell down on my knees
I went down to the crossroad
at Kalākaua and Kapi'olani
Ha'ina mai ka puana

G7/

C/ F/ G7 C/

“Save my babe and Waikīkī.”

HI

Our state, reduced to a greeting.

*Polynesian Exotics*ⁱ, March 21, 1965
For Koji Ariyoshi

I.
Her reflection blossoms in large coolers
of supine flowers and cold beer,
the leis and delicate buds blossom in her emerald
green eyes, the reflection between her thighs beside blossoming
bottles of Bud Light.
Beyond her reflection the bronzed bodies glisten,ⁱⁱ the Corona
above the King's long neck,
vulnerable. Still,

a hundred years—still,
Pua hears the pīkake cry.ⁱⁱⁱ

*'A'ole mākou a'e minamina
I ka pu'ukālā/ a ke aupuni
Ua lawa mākou i ka pōhaku
I ka 'ai kamaha'o o ka 'āina*^{iv}

Orchid leis, two dollars and twenty-seven cents.
Pua's aloha isn't free.

In the convex mirror, drunken moths
stumble backwards through the sliding door
corporals and corporeal privates in white uniforms
looking to get lei'd.

Look—her cock.tail dress, her pea.cock eyes.
Her Victorian ankles in three-inch stilettos.

Pua.
Ting.

She fixes her make-up in the convex mirror.

Aloha. Aloha.
Pua's aloha isn't free.

She buys a pack of Virginia Slims, waits impatiently
for change. Her feet are sore,
her soft eyes are as black as (commercial) jet
planes.

Tomorrow, for her cousin's birthday

Pua will buy a double-strand lei,
set the pīkake free.

The cash register rings. Cha-
ching. Washing.ton, Jefferson, Lincoln
in the palm of her hand. Cha-

Ching. (Let freedom ring) *A penny for your thoughts,
a nickel for your kiss, a roose.velt
if you tell me that you love me.*
Hawaii Calls from Montezuma's halls
to the shores of Tripoli. Yes, freedom rings
(Cha-ching) aboard the *Independence*

from sea to shining sea
Tonight Waikīkī is flooded with seamen,
Freedom rings down Nāhua Street.

They approach her, but she is swimming
in Victorian moonlight beneath the groin's shadow.
Hey baby, what's your name?

Dis.
Place.^v

is full of names, but they only see their reflections
in her sea-green eyes (reflects the flower-peddler)

The ocean caresses her body, the spume
crashes against the breakers
into the currents of her ehu hair.
The siren's song devours seamen, rocks, nuclear submarines
the sunken battleship at Moana's lust.rous coral feet.^{vi}

We're staying at the Rainbow Tower.
Hina's reflection follows her
along Kalākaua's eunuch avenue,^{vii}
down the length of flapper's mile
the lobby, 26-27-28-ding
up the rainbow elevator, she'll make her escape—

How much? How much!^{viii}
Yes, there's a price,
Pua's aloha isn't free.

Tonight, you can't see the stars in Waikīkī.

Aloha4All! Aloha4All!^{ix}
Pua's aloha isn't free.

II.

Smoke curls like regretful lips
towards the ceiling. Tobacco road stretch-e-s
around the world.^x From Kona to Burma to Chengdu

the verdant concrete stretches down Kuhio Avenue

Waikāki
At night when the shadows are falling
I hear the rolling surf calling
calling and calling to me^{xi}

Desolate Lansing night,
neon lights blinking on the slopes of Leahi^{xii}—

Oh, Waikāki
at midnight the traffic is rolling
the rhythm of stoplights is calling
Magic of Waikāki.

III.

'Ike mau i ka nani o nā pua
O ka uka o Uluhaimalama
'A'ole na'e ho'i e like
Me ku'u pua i ka la'i o
Paoakalani^{xiii}

Unwrap the flowers from newspapers,
sort the damaged ones from those fit for leis.
The bruised petals bleed ink onto your bare hands—

Look at the honeymoon couple trail sand in on their sandals—
there's space enough
for the gibbous moon lingering in their eyes

--Konban usagi wa mochi o don-don uchikudaku!
Yes, Hina is pounding her kapa too.

They coo, *Kokoro. Kokoro dokidoki suru.*
the postcards whirl round in dizzying circles

--Kore wa?
Nu'uanu Pali in the mist.

--Kore? Kore?

Kyo-ya Inc's Pink Palace, lava flowing into the sea.

--Kirei 女no 人 ...

Yes, Kai'ulani dressed in kimono and parisol.

--Dare?

Young Honolulu and Leahi.

--Sigh. *Dokodemonai.*

Hawaii wa 安い! (he says)

Hawaii wa 安い! (she says)^{xiv}

In unison: *Pa-ra-da-i-su* (of the Pacific)!

Holy union amongst holy Unions:

ILWU, Local 5, the struggle for dignity, the tides.

The musicians, the hula dancers, unionized.

If to help us is your wish then stand behind us.^{xv}

String the flowers into holy Union,
string them together in solidarity.

All Hawai'i, stand together

*It is now and forever to raise our voices
and hold your banners high*

'Onipa'a kākou, 'onipa'a kākou

A lanakila, nā kini e

E ola, e ola, e ola nā kini e.^{xvi}

Waikiki-wa on-sen no yoo ni—

*Instead of a hot tub, we bathed in the sea,
the rest is all the same.^{xvii}*

IV.

The desert wind howls from within.

Shadows descend like vampires in the late afternoon hour—

Remember, Taeko, how our bodies laughed and trembled

in the deepening Sierra shadow,

the body's hunger in the hour of conception—

(Manzanar, "apple orchard,"

fixed six miles south of Independence)

Southern trees bear strange fruit,

*Blood on the leaves and blood at the root,
Black bodies swinging in the southern breeze,
Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees.*^{xviii}

The distance Pua has traveled

is (not)

the distance from Selma to Montgomery,
Alabama,

is (not)

the train, traveling thirteen long hours
into the desert,

the child in the womb, the mother staring out the window,

the long tendrils of rain, the countless days emptying outwards into blue
horizons
clouds entangled along the Pali
like jellyfish washed ashore in the night,

Martin Luther King, the *strain* of lei hanging
from his glistening neck,
his slumped shoulders carrying the burden of rain.^{xix}

We forget casually as we wait for our laundry:
“Seize the brutes and string them up on trees.”^{xx}
Who will keep the *Record*?^{xxi}

V.

Yesterday, a dream of flowers:
sweet-pikake, ‘ilima, slender orchids and tuberose,

kiss-me-quick. I’m drowning in this white bathtub.
The stars are drowning in Waikīkī.
At midnight, coffee trees are burning Brazil’s vast expanse.

The red flowers haunt me, they haunt me like
Joe Kahahawai’s bullet-pierced lung.^{xxii}

“Absolutely not. We did not do it.”^{xxiii}

His blood blossoms in anthuriums, as
naval officers wash their hands clean.

Bango



State Bird

2 construction cranes
nene beside green, tinted
Condominium

Un(title)d

Address.

Homelessness.

Report Title:

Land Use; Rural District; One-time Reclassification

Description:

Authorizes each county to establish an advisory group to assist the county planning department to identify land use policies and development standards and to identify lands suitable for reclassification into the rural district. Requires office of planning to assist counties in coordinating meetings and provide technical assistance.

A BILL FOR AN ACT

relating to land use.

BE IT ENACTED BY THE LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF HAWAII:

SECTION 1. Many parts of the state are characterized by rural settlements that straddle state highways. These rural settlements offer a glimpse of what small rural communities looked like prior to the advent of modern subdivisions and what might be promoted and enhanced as existing rural settlements are rehabilitated or new communities developed.

Historically rural settlements in our State were somewhat self-contained and did not function merely as a suburb of a major urban center. Commerce and community business was conducted within the town at a personal level and everyone knew their neighbor and community. The efficiency of this pattern of community development was such that a trip to the city was a special occasion instead of a daily commute.

The legislature finds that to promote and protect the rural lifestyle that characterized early statehood, to take advantage of technology that allows for commerce and business to be conducted from a distance and to guard against the advent of urban sprawl and a dependence on the automobile, the viability of rural communities and the state land use rural district needs to be enhanced.

The legislature further finds that rural land use and development cannot be managed with the same set of tools used for urban areas if rural communities, character, and rural economies are to be maintained.

The purpose of this Act is to establish a process to better define the rural district and take steps to create a viable rural district. The legislature finds that the state land use district boundary review is an appropriate vehicle for such an undertaking. Thus, this Act initiates and funds a boundary review that will focus on rural lands and make recommendations for policy changes and district boundary amendments necessary to enable broader use of the rural district for agricultural as well as non-agricultural purposes.

**Elegy for House Bill 1368 HD1,
*Relating to Hōkūli‘a***

A PLAY

CHARACTERS

Crazy Richard
Mr. Freitas
Chorus
Chair Karamatsu
Mr. Cock-a-roach
Sierra Club Representative
Mayor Harry Kim
The Lone Republican

TIME

February 2006

PLACE

The State Capitol

PLAYWRIGHT'S NOTE

Hōkūli‘a is a super-luxury gated golf course community in Kona, Hawai‘i, developed by the Arizona based Lyle Anderson Companies. In 2002, Third Circuit Court Judge Ronald Ibarra ruled that the Hōkūli‘a development violated state law because it is an urban development in an agricultural district. The ruling jeopardized the completion of the \$1 billion project, and also brought into question previous developments built on agriculturally zoned land, including the property of many small homeowners on the Big Island and throughout the State. HB1368 HD1 was a thinly-veiled attempt to by-pass the court ruling and State Land-use laws via the Legislature.

“It is classic special-interest legislation.”

—Honolulu Advertiser editorial, Feb. 19, 2006

“The Life of the Land is Perpetuated in Real Estate.”

—Ian MacMillan, *Seven Orchids*



ACT 1

Crazy Richard get mean toe-jam feet.
He missing couple teeth,
wears a pair of paper-thin slippers, Locals.
He sleeps at 'Iolani Palace under
two-ply newspaper bedsheets
(good thing Hawaii is paradise,
bumbye would be cold in February)
goes to the Capitol every Friday
to exercise his democratic rights.

Hearing Notice: Committee on Economic Development, Rm. 329

The sky is falling! The sky is falling!
Mr. Freitas of Kona, his face is red.
He gives his testimony,
tries to keep his head.
He cannot sleep, has recurring nightmares of bulldozers
bulldozing his ag-zoned home.

Please speak into the microphone, Mr. Freitas.

The sky is falling! he says again.
Without this bill, I may lose my land.

The homeowners, wearing their best
aloha shirts, stand to their feet,
repeat in somber chorus:

*Chair Karamatsu, members of the EDB,
please support House Bill 1368, please.*

The lawmakers nod their heads sympathetically.

*Thank you Mr. Freitas, the representative
for Hōkūli'a please.*

A suit-clad cockroach comes to the stand,
penis in one hand, glossy brochures in the other:

*"Conceived of as the finest
oceanfront golf community in the world,
Hōkūli'a must be lived to be fully appreciated..."*

*"An 18-hole Jack Nicklaus Signature golf course
winds its way along the coastline,
each hole tastefully woven into the landscape..."*

*Mr. Roach, is it true you built Hākali'a
on restricted ag land?*

Yes, but for \$5 million you can own one too.

*So you're saying, according to Hawaii's Revised Statutes,
they're illegal then?"*

Technically, until we grandfather them in.

He smiles, he has such lovely white teeth.

He repeats his mantra:

Practice Safe Sex, Build a Condom-inium,

(Missionary style, of course)

enumerates the benefits to the local economy

Imagine Oprah living down the street!

*Crazy Richard blinks—for a moment
he thinks he sees Captain Cook reincarnated.*

He wants to: Cook. Lono.

Cook. Lono.

Cook. Lono.¹

Crazy Richard, he wants to false crack those lovely white teeth.

Pilau, brah, pilau

and it's not my toe-jam feet.

Thank you Mr. Roach, the Sierra Club please.

Thank you Chair Karamatsu, members of the EDB.

*We must protect the ag lands, the burial grounds,
the pristine trees.*

Consider Judge Ibarra's Third Circuit ruling, please.

Crazy Richard like false crack him too—

Ua mau ke ea o ka 'āina i ka pono, what does that mean?

The homeowners stand up in chorus again:

The sky is falling, support HB 1368 please!

The lawmakers nod again, sympathetically.

¹ *Waiting for a King.* Krystal Ontai.

Harry Kim chimes his fears of bankruptcy.

The county has a contract, there is the risk of liability

The lone Republican adds:

In the global market, Hawai'i must be more business friendly.

But in Hawai'i, no one listens to Republicans,

(unless of course they are Democrats).

Behind the homeowners,

Mr. Cock-a-roach smiles with his lovely white teeth.

Congratulations Bill, You are a Law.

Standing in the back, Crazy Richard

begins to whisper things in three's:

Affordable housing, affordable housing, affordable housing.

He laughs hysterically,

but he will see justice done,

takes off his Locals slipper,

waves it wildly:

DIE COCK-A-ROACHI DIE!

Kikaida

Rage against 機械-da!

Today I Ride TheBus

Today I ride TheBus.

Today I ride TheBus to school because there's traffic.

Damn, I hate traffic.

(And parking, I refuse to pay for parking)

Today I considered riding my bike to school, I hate traffic that much.

But I live on a hill, and I'm lazy and anyways there's too much damn traffic on the road it's unsafe to bike on surface streets.

Today I could have carpooled with my Dad to school, but I didn't because he leaves at 7am and I hate waking up early even more than I hate traffic.

Today there is traffic because there are over 907,000 cars registered in Hawai'i.

907,000 cars.

Today I woke up and laughed because 907,000 cars on an island is ridiculous.

Today I woke up and laughed because there are three cars in my garage.

Today I woke up and laughed because I live in Kaimuki and here I am bitching about traffic.

Damn.

Today there are 111% more cars on the road than 20 years ago.

111 percent.

Today there is traffic because there are 111% more cars on the road, and there are more cars because there are more people living here.

1.27 million to be exact.

There are 1.27 million people today, but they are predicting that by 2030 there will be 1.63 million people. And counting.

And that's not counting the 7 million tourists that come to Hawai'i every year. *And we live on an island.*

Damn.

Today I drink a glass of water before I ride TheBus to school.

Then I take a piss.

From the window I see my Grandpa watering the grass outside.

Today 1.27 million people will drink a glass of water and take a piss and water their grass.

Today the people on Oahu will consume 333 million gallons of fresh water.

Oahu supplies 415 million gallons of fresh water per day.

That leaves 82 million gallons to spare.

But because the population will grow to 1.63 million in 2030, they are projecting that by 2020 the groundwater supply on Oahu will be maxed out.

Damn, we live on an island.

Grandpa, stop watering the grass so damn much.

I will drink less water which will also reduce my need to piss so much

Today I leave my house for TheBus stop after drinking my glass of water.
I leave my house, but actually it's not my house, it's my parent's house.
I can't afford a house of my own because I'm a student and poor, but also
because houses are so damn expensive now.
How expensive?
Well, today I looked in the newspaper, and the median house price on Oahu is
\$640,000.
Damn.

Today houses are so damn expensive because we live on an island with a
limited amount of land.
Of that limited amount, the State controls 39% of the land
Of that limited amount, 39 private landowners control 45% of the land.
Of that limited amount, the military controls 25% of the land on Oahu.
Twenty-five Percent.
That's okay though, the military needs all that land to house its 85,000
military personnel stationed here, and also land to drop bombs on and practice
jungle warfare in and stage live-fire exercises for their new Stryker Brigade.

Today houses are so damn expensive because we live on an island and there
are too many people trying to buy a limited amount of land.
1.27 million to be exact (1.63 million in 2030).
People are moving here from around the world, this is such a beautiful place
to live.
In the past 10 years, 367,000 people have moved here from the Mainland.
In the past 10 years, 59,000 people have moved here from the rest of the
world.
In the past 10 years, all these people have moved here and probably bought
cars and also drank water and pissed every morning.
Maybe they bought houses too, but houses are so damn expensive.
Who are they building all those luxury condos for anyways?

Good thing so many local people can't afford to live here anymore.
Good thing 201,293 local people have left the islands from 1995-2000,
imagine how expensive land would be if they all had decided to stay.

Today I ride TheBus, but I've been noticing it's getting more and more
crowded every day.
The last time I had to stand, and I hate standing.
Today I realize TheBus is a small island.
Or maybe the island is a large bus.
I look into the eyes of my fellow bus-riders and know they are thinking and
feeling the same thing I am.
One day I may stop riding TheBus, but there's a good chance I may move to
the Mainland after I graduate because there's better paying jobs and housing is
cheaper there.

I laugh, but not too loud because I'm on TheBus.
Damn.

Today I write a haiku on TheBus:

The wheels on TheBus
go round and round, round and round
Revolucion!

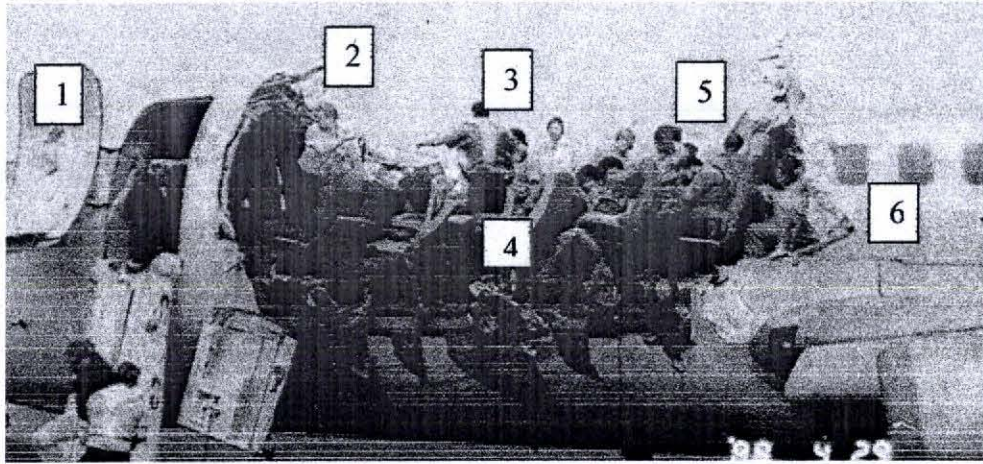
Today I board TheBus with a pocketful of change.
Change.

Sources

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Waikiki

**Alienation.
Alien nation.**



If a big wave comes in large fishes will come from the dark ocean which you never saw before, and when they see the small fishes they will eat them up.

--David Malo, 1837

Aloha Flight 243

Da investigation concluded
the cause of the accident
was metal fatigue:
89,000 trips
the corrosion of ocean air
(like a car parked at da beach for 19 years)
that stressed the rivets beyond
their designed capacity.

But when I saw da gaping hole
in Aloha Flight 243, brah,
I swore a shark attack occurred
at 24,000 feet.

According to Hawaii's Shark Task Force,
airplanes not da natural prey of sharks
but rainbows are.
I bet you da shark
mistook the red and yellow stripe
along the fuselage
maybe was hard for see
in Hilo's cumulonimbus clouds
the moment before it rolled back its eyes.

In da picture, for example,
da one in da Star-Bulletin
regarding Captain Schornsteimer's
retirement benefits
being cut in half:

da cockpit door stay swung open:

(1) First Officer Mimi Tompkins
stands in the door-frame
like John Wayne at the end of Searchers
as (2) Paramedics dispense oxygen
to the most critical.

Aquarium of human reef,
buckled to red passenger seats:

(3) two sisters whose day-old perms
were irreparably frazzled

(4) the old woman, searching the sky
for Ke Ka o Makali'i

(5) da man in da blue shirt, huddled over
like the half-digested Jonah
Pastor Wayne always stay talking about
on Sunday
(or maybe he just breathing oxygen,
what you tink?);

and (6) da man with no more shirt
who I thought looked bobora
who my girlfriend guessed was haole
who my Dad, taking off his glasses
and squinting real hard,
insisted was Uncle Jimmy

Aquarium of human reef,
buckled to red passenger seats:

who, together, when the shark bit
through the rainbow's aluminum skin,
(even the old woman gazing at stars)
reached out instinctively
for Flight Attendant Jane Tomito-Sato

who, having experienced some
serious-kine head lacerations
from da flying debris,
lay helpless in aisle row 5
at 24,000 feet
except for da shield of human hands
protecting her from da shark's mouth

who, together, deprived of oxygen
(the shark had eaten their oxygen masks)
refused to let go of her
as the plane descended
like a wounded duck towards Kahului

who, under the pressure of da screaming wind
remembering George Helm,
Eddie Aikau, and Flight Attendant
Clarabell Lansing, lost at sea
could have broken apart like da crippled plane,

Queen Lili'uokalani, but didn't

while below, people descending Haleakala
or scuba diving off Mookini,
must have seen something amazing,
a flight attendant falling out of the sky

as IZ's "Somewhere over the Rainbow"
plays softly in the hotel lobby.

Wal-Mart, A Love Poem

Something there is that doesn't love a Wal-Mart.
But the Korean bars are closing, my love,
and tonight raw Ahn nyeongs make me cry—

What thoughts of you tonight, my love—
florescent lights illuminate the spoils of empire
and rows of refrigerated milk that will spoil in a week.

What t-shirts and what push-up bras! Micronesians by the telephones,
Koreans by the golf clubs.
My love, flowered skirts are searching for a micro-phone²
and now they are by the micro-waves,
they are coming in waves,
they are smiling and waving, "Eh, howzit! Mogethin. How you?"

My love, before the milk expires
sail with me down this lovely fleet of aisles.
God is love and love is an unyielding Tide® that cleanses
or at least Crest® toothpaste.
It's as valuable as Ivory® or a Goldfish®, and more refined than
a Chicken-of-the-Sea®.

My love, in 1 Corinthians it says love is as rich as a Mayonnaise jar.
(I believe them).
It is as round as a Goodyear®,
as refreshing as a Mountain Dew®.
Love is Glad©, is its own Milky Way®, a Juicy Fruit®, a Starburst®-ing in
an open mouth.

Love is bread, yes that's it, love is bread, and we have arrived at the Love's®
bread which is the body of Jesus risen.

My love, not even Wal-Mart can contain my love for you.
Amen.

My love, when did shelves grow taller than men?
And when did valleys learn to shed their shadows?

My love, as we walk through these valleys
only the dead can keep their shadows in such a well-lit place

²Under the Compact of Free Associations Micronesians aren't allowed to vote, and thus lack a political voice in Hawai'i.

(but not their names).

My love, don't be afraid,
they've packed the bones away in a Matson container, my cousin Melvin has
seen shadows on his graveyard-shift.³

They are the shadows of workers carrying sandalwood on callous backs.
They are the shadows of the ruling class with shopping carts
full of teak furniture and expensive silk,
MADE IN CHINA by other workers with callous backs.⁴

My love, let's pay for it all in picculs and Mastercards.
(Thaddeus that bark has put us twelve years in debt).

I hereby declare this bread and mayonnaise the Sandwich Aisles!
(and these golf clubs the Sand-wedge Aisles!)

Let's take down the bicycles and ride them in circles until we're out of breath
and eat sugar straight from the boxes
and empty the rest into one giant mountain until the sugar is in our blood,
my love, the sugar it's already in our blood
it's been there for four generations, where's the mosquito repellent?

My love, look, it's starting to rain.
It's raining from the ceiling or maybe from the white florescent lights that
swallow shadows.
It's raining, it's raining,
the sugar mountain is dissolving
and now people are saying they saw the eye of the hurricane
starting in the Vision Center.

My love, the t.v.'s are all saying it's a Category 5.
There's no where for the rain to go.

³ During construction, 42 sets of human remains were unearthed from the Wal-mart stie. Wal-mart's spokesperson Cynthia Lin told the AP that Wal-Mart was treating the Hawaiian remains with respect by placing them "in an air-conditioned, darkened trailer in a secure location on the cite."

⁴The sandalwood trade was Hawai'i's first full-blown incorporation into the global market place. Maka'ainana were sent into the mountains to retrieve sandalwood to pay for luxury items imported by the ali'i. According to Kamakau: "It was through sandalwood that slavery replaced freedom to the people. Natives were treated like cattle. Up and down the treacherous mountain trails they toiled, loges and sandalwood strapped to their sweating shoulders. Men and women actually became deformed due to the tremendous weight of the logs on their backs." (Kamakau, *Ruling Chiefs of Hawaii*, p. 51). These workers were referred to as "kua leho," or "callous backs." (Kelly, *Social Processes* v.35).

It's rising at our ankles now—here take this umbrella—
When it reaches our waist, put on these snorkels and fins
use these loaves of Love's© bread as flotation devices,
hold your breath, prepare for the worst.

My love, a big wave has come
and large fishes from the dark ocean have come
which we have never seen before,
and when they see the small fishes they will eat us up.⁵

My love, Walmart has conquered Kaua'i!⁶
I have heard the eternal footman Snicker® while tourists consume
Hawaiian Hosts© by the box-full.
My love, the kolea are circling overhead,
George Helm is drowning in aisle nine-teen.

My love, my cousin Melvin doesn't know how to swim.

Why must they drive down prices on his back?
Why won't they let him Unionize?⁷
My love, stock up on Charmins® and rice
and prepare to Strike!

The Band in the Band-aid will not fix their signatures
they are eating rocks and singing.

My love, Labor gave birth to every car battery.
I've brought a mango seed in my pocket, here, we'll plant it in aisle nine-teen
beside George Helm's hallowed body
and all the mangoes will be free.

My love, a man goes to Walmart to buy the things he can afford,
and though a great wave comes
there is infinite hope in the stars upon your cheek:
the Big Dipper is spilling out stars across your neck,

⁵ David Malo's famous prophecy, made in a letter to Kauikeaouli's kuhina nui, in 1837.

⁶ Kamehameha, uniter of the islands, was unable to conquer Kaua'i. A Walmart was built in Lihue in the mid 90's.

⁷ In the past, Walmart has provided "A Manager's Toolbox to Remaining Union Free," which lists warning signs that workers might be organizing, including "frequent meetings at associates' homes" and "associates who are never seen together start talking or associating with each other." The "Toolbox" gives managers a hotline to call so that company specialists can respond rapidly and head off any attempt by employees to organize.

it points true to Polaris.

My love, there is Hokule'a, and there six degrees above your waist,
the Southern Cross crucified.

My love, even in the darkest hour
when every compass has sunk to the bottom of the sea
when the eye of the hurricane makes it difficult for us to see,
with you I will never be lost.

We have all entered through these doors:

“Alooha,
welcome to Walmart!”

My love, which is more—
the names of stars, or all the dead, or all the things
in a Wal-Mart store?

Notes

- ⁱ Name of Koji Ariyoshi's flower shop in Waikīkī
- ⁱⁱ In Waikīkī, there is the iconic Duke Kahahanamoku statue, as well as bronze statues of Princess Kai'ulani, Prince Kuhio, King Kalākaua, and Queen Kapi'olani, who all had estates in Waikīkī.
- ⁱⁱⁱ It is said that at 3 am on the night of Princess Kai'ulani's death, the pīkake began wailing.
- ^{iv} *Kaulama Nā Pua*, composed by Ellen Keho'ohiwaokalani Wright Prendergast.
- We do not value
The government's sums of money
We are satisfied with the stones
Astonishing food of the land*
- ^v After the construction of the Ala Wai Canal in 1928, residents were required to purchase fill to raise their property levels. Those who couldn't pay were evicted.
- ^{vi} H.M.S. Helga ran aground in Waikīkī after mistaking the Moana's rooftop lights for that of the harbor. Sirens and barbed wire were part of Waikīkī's WWII landscape. See Paul Lyon's essay, "From man-eaters to spam-eaters."
- ^{vii} "Like eunuchs, they stand over Waikīkī." Vilsoni Hereniko, "Representations of Cultural Identities."
- ^{viii} In 1932, Honolulu had a dozen Army-approved brothels, where a soldier paid \$3 to have sex with a white prostitute, \$2 for the services of a local girl.
- ^{ix} From Aloha4All's website: "One of America's greatest gifts to the world is the principle that all citizens, regardless of race or ancestry, are entitled to equal protection of the laws... That principle also fits perfect with the Aloha spirit and, in effect, makes Aloha part of the constitutional law of the United States."
- ^x Quote from Erskine Caldwell's novel, *Tobacco Road*. Koji Ariyoshi went to college in Athens, Georgia, where he was exposed to racial segregation and oppressive poverty.
- ^{xi} *Waikīkī*. Composed by a homesick Andy Cummings while on tour with the Paradise Islands Revue in Lansing, Michigan.
- ^{xii} In the early 1900's, the Outdoor Circle prevented billboards from being placed on Diamond Head
- ^{xiii} *Ku'u Pua I Paoakalani*. name of Queen Lili'uokalani's garden in Waikīkī. Composed during her 8 month imprisonment in 'Iolani Palace. During that time, she received flowers from her garden in Pauoa Valley, Uluhaimalama. Newspapers were often hidden within the flowers.
- I've often seen those beauteous flowers
That grew at Uluhaimalama
But none of those could be compared
To my flower that blooms in the fields of Paoakalani*
- ^{xiv} 安い can mean peaceful/nice as well as cheap. It also contains the radical for woman.
- ^{xv} *Huli*. 'Imaikalani Kalāhele.
- ^{xvi} *All Hawai'i Stand Together*. Performed by Dennis Pavao.
- ^{xvii} Paraphrase of a quote from a Japanese tourist.
- ^{xviii} *Strange Fruit*. Performed by Billy Holiday. See Garrett Hongo's poem, "Holiday in Honolulu."
- ^{xix} MLK was given a lei by the Hawai'i delegation of the Selma to Montgomery march.
- ^{xx} Comments made by Admiral Yates Stirling after the trial of Thalia Massie's rape case. The Massie Affair was the first time the term "local" was widely used in the newspapers.
- ^{xxi} Name of Koji Ariyoshi's pro-labor newspaper. Ariyoshi was a devoted reader of the *Hawai'i Hochi*.
- ^{xxii} Ariyoshi, the "Red Florist," was a member of the Hawai'i 7.
- ^{xxiii} Words of Ben Ahakuelo, who refused to turn against his friends when offered immunity and a \$5,000 reward.

Draft of an Introductory Essay
on
(Sur(f)aces): An Environmental Impact Statement,
Ryan Oishi's Master's thesis

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Abstract: (Sur(f)aces): An Environmental Impact Statement is a collection of poems I have submitted as part of my Master's thesis. It was written over the course of my three years as a graduate student in the UH Manoa English Department. Included is a current draft of my thesis, as well as this introductory essay, that provides some context for my work in relation to themes and issues dealt with in the collection.

According to Sec. 1502.10 of the National Environmental Policy Act:

The following standard format for environmental impact statements should be followed unless the agency determines that there is a compelling reason to do otherwise:

- (a) Cover sheet.
- (b) Summary.
- (c) Table of contents.
- (d) Purpose of and need for action.
- (e) Alternatives including proposed action (sections 102(2)(C)(iii) and 102(2)(E) of the Act).
- (f) Affected environment.
- (g) Environmental consequences (especially sections 102(2)(C)(i), (ii), (iv), and (v) of the Act).
- (h) List of preparers.
- (i) List of Agencies, Organizations, and persons to whom copies of the statement are sent.
- (j) Index.
- (k) Appendices (if any).

For the purpose of this introductory essay, I will include the following sections:

Purpose of and need for action, Affected environment, and Environmental consequences, and Summary.

Sec. 1502.13 Purpose and Need

The statement shall briefly specify the underlying purpose and need to which the agency is responding in proposing the alternatives including the proposed action.

Purpose

In this introductory essay, I would like to explore the possibilities of thinking about the poems in (Sur(f)aces) as small Environmental Impact Statements. According to the NEPA website:

The primary purpose of an environmental impact statement is to serve as

an action-forcing device...It shall provide full and fair discussion of significant environmental impacts and shall inform decisionmakers and the public of the reasonable alternatives which would avoid or minimize adverse impacts or enhance the quality of the human environment. (<http://www.nepa.gov/nepa/regs/ceq/1502.htm>)

In short, an environmental impact statement seeks to inform the public of the costs and benefits of a new development in a given community. It is a dialectical process of imagining that resists determinism, and empowers a community to imagine alternative futures for itself. By involving community input, it works to build consensus on how a community confronts change.

Need

An Environmental Impact Statement provides a “full and fair discussion of significant environmental impacts” to the public. Unfortunately, my experience working at the Legislature over the past 3 years has suggested that such “full and fair discussion” often doesn’t materialize when lawmakers are required to make decisions on important policy issues.

The most recent and disturbing example of this of course is the debate surrounding the Hawai‘i Superferry. The big picture perspective of the Superferry story is that the Superferry began operating without a State-mandated Environmental Impact Statement. When a court ruling issued a temporary restraining order barring the Superferry from operating on Maui, the Superferry (i.e., special interest) began a well funded publicity campaign in order to shape public opinion and put pressure on the State Legislature to hold a special session in order to bypass the court ruling. As Lee Cataluna rightly pointed out in her Advertiser column, the Superferry effectively exploited tensions within the local community by portraying opponents of the Superferry as transplant haole Environmentalists or Hawaiian radicals who were preventing the majority of local families

from a sensible travel alternative that would allow them to visit relatives on the neighbor islands. When Maui Judge Cardoza upheld his ruling to not let the Superferry operate, the company “with heavy heart” layed off 249 of its employees, effectively pressuring the State Legislature to call a special session, in which a law was passed allowing the Superferry to operate without an EIS (it is to be noted that the State was willing to go along, having already invested \$40 million in harbor improvements specific to the special needs of the Superferry’s vessels).

The big picture perspective of the Superferry story is that the Superferry broke the rules and got away with it. Unfortunately, the public was not given this big picture perspective, in part because of the red-herring tactics of the Superferry, in part because of the limitations of the media in providing such a big picture perspective as a story is unfolding. How does a reporter convey the breadth and nuance of such a story in two and a half minutes? (And besides, a woman crying after losing her job at the Superferry is a much more compelling and visual story) How does a journalist take such a wide perspective in her weekly 500 word column? In Hawai‘i, the Superferry story is an old story that keeps repackaging itself again and again. One could replace “Superferry” with “Hokuli‘a luxury development” and “Environmental Impact Statement” with “Land Zoning Laws” and get a similar story.

Like an Environmental Impact Statement, a poem is a political form of speech that is capable of offering a big picture perspective to the public. If it is written in an accessible way, and kept to a reasonable length, it can be easily digestible like the evening news. In this essay, I would like to propose the need in Hawai‘i for a political poetry that synthesizes the best of these two worlds.

Sec. 1502.15 Affected Environment

The environmental impact statement shall succinctly describe the environment of the area(s) to be affected or created by the alternatives under consideration.

The type of poetry I have been advocating, and that I am interested in writing, is by its very nature committed to Hawai'i and its people. It may be helpful then to look at the "affected environment," and try to understand the nature of the challenges it is facing.

In this respect, I find Jo Smith's analysis of Aotearoa/New Zealand extremely helpful and relevant to the situation in Hawai'i: "Contemporary settler states can be characterized as conjunctural formations that attempt to address the demands of the historical legacies of colonization at the same time as deal with the present-time and future-oriented imperatives of trans- and international global forces" ("Postcultural Hospitality: settler-native-migrant encounters").

Hawai'i, as an island with limited resources, with its tropical climate and strategic location in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, has been subjected throughout its history to waves of change brought to its shores by "trans- and international global forces." From the 18th century onward, the history of Hawai'i, if it were to be vastly over-simplified for the purposes of a graduate thesis essay, could be understood through this lens of action and reaction between the global and the local.

It may be too obvious point out that living on an island has also defined the challenges we face, magnifying the effects of globalization. An island, by definition, has a fixed amount of land and natural resources. It's no wonder then that issues of land, and how that land is used, and for whose benefit, have dominated the history of this place. Each successive era has carved its history into the landscape, in the form of the lo'i, the cane field, the hotel, or the Wal-Mart super store. And because we live on an island, limited by land, these histories have often been built over another, sometimes violently.

The result is a landscape that is deeply sedimented.

Often, this sedimentation has led to erasure of certain histories to make way for new narratives. In Hawai'i, the erasure and rewriting of history has functioned to both obfuscate the injustices surrounding the illegal overthrow of the Hawaiian Government, and to support a multi-billion dollar tourist industry that consciously constructs an image of Hawai'i based on the desires of the tourist imagination.

Sec. 1502.16 Environmental Consequences

This section forms the scientific and analytic basis for the comparisons under Sec. 1502.14. It shall include discussions of:

- (a) Direct effects and their significance (Sec. 1508.8)**
- (b) Indirect effects and their significance (Sec. 1508.8).**

How would a poem modeled after an Environmental Impact Statement positively impact the environment described in Sec. 1502.15? Or, to put it another way, what specific strategies would it employ in order to address the challenges facing the specific context of Hawai'i? In this section, I would like to explore three specific strategies:

- Footnotes as a way of addressing erasure;
- Intertextuality as a way of addressing global forces;
- Reoccurring imagery/metaphor at the thematic level as way of providing a big picture perspective.

Footnotes

In Sec. 1502.15, I discussed how in Hawai'i the landscape, and the history inscribed into the landscape, is deeply sedimented because we live on an island with a limited amount of land. I also discussed very briefly how, in a colonial context such as

Hawai'i, this sedimentation has led to the erasure or marginalization of certain histories. In many of my poems, I use footnotes as a visual way of representing this sedimentation of history, and as a way reasserting/reinserting marginalized histories into the narrative of the poem. For example, in poems like "Polynesian Exotics" or "Wal-mart, A Love Poem," extensive use of footnotes allow different historical moments to accumulate at the bottom of the page, thus reasserting their existence in the present-tense narrative of the poem.

Intertextuality

Intertextuality tends to function in two ways in my poems, both of which attempt to address the dilemma of contemporary settler states as outlined by Jo Smith in Section 2. To quickly restate her point: "Contemporary settler states can be characterised as conjunctural formations that attempt to address the demands of the historical legacies of colonisation at the same time as deal with the present-time and future-oriented imperatives of trans- and international global forces."

In this context, intertextual references to Hawaii-centered texts such as Rap Replinger's "Faith Yanagi" or Wayne Westlake's concrete poem "Hawaiians eat fish" in my "Prayer for Surf" poem, for example, function to affirm the connections that connect our community, while at the same time registering tensions and conflicts between different groups within that community. To return to the Westlake reference: while being a marker of shared experience within the poem, the reference also reveals different levels of understanding available to different members of the community, depending on one's position; in this case, between Hawaiians and non-Hawaiians.²

There are also many references and allusions in my poems that engage with non-

² Please see Ku'ualoha Ho'omanawanui's insightful analysis of Westlake's poem in her essay, "He Lei Ho 'oheno o na kuu a kau". p. 57

Hawai'i texts. Continuing with the metaphor of the Environmental Impact Statement, these references take on a political dimension for me in so far as the body of the poem can serve as a metaphor for our community: both must engage with outside influences, whether those influences are literary movements or transnational corporations. The key factor in both instances is that these influences are incorporated in a way that benefits the relevant stakeholders, rather than overwhelming them. "Mynah Litature," "Wal-Mart, a Love Poem," and "Aloha Flight 243" (which I imagined as an ekphrasis playing off of W.H. Auden's poem, "Musée De Beaux Arts") I believe are three of my more successful poems because outside influences are brought to bear in way that enriches the poem (in the same way that electricity and the telephone enriched 'Iolani Palace four years before the White House, as is often pointed out).

Thematic Imagery/Metaphors

In Section 1502.13, I discussed my interest in political poems that, like an Environmental Impact Statement, offer a big picture perspective of change (such as the Superferry) to the public. Some poems, such as "Today I Ride TheBus," address this broad perspective directly. In "Today I Ride TheBus," I use TheBus as a vehicle to discuss the ways in which population growth, traffic, rising housing prices, and military presence in Hawai'i are all interrelated in fundamental ways. In other poems, this broad perspective of change tends to register on the one hand the threat of being overwhelmed by "global forces," while on the other hand it reaffirms our community's ability to come together to confront the challenges posed by these outside influences (Economic Impact Statements are, by their very nature and existence, optimistic about the future). And this movement from the first to the latter frequently organizes the movement within individual poems (i.e. "Wal-mart, a Love Poem" or "Aloha Flight 243), as well as the organization of

the collection as a whole (from “Headlines” and “Polynesian Exotics” at the beginning of the collection, to “Aloha Flight 243” and “Wal-mart” at the end).

Looking through the collection as it stands now, it seems that drowning is a reoccurring image that registers the threat of being overwhelmed and swallowed by global forces. No doubt the significance of this image has something to do with the influence of T.S. Eliot on my work: “Death by drowning” is a reoccurring image in both “The Wasteland” and “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock,” and serves to capture the frustration and impotence of the modern individual. A parallel can be easily made to the frustration and impotence felt by many locals in the face of global forces acting upon Hawai‘i. David Malo’s prophetic words about the “large fishes [that will] come from the dark ocean,” which I reference in “Wal-mart, a Love Poem,” is as true today as they were in 1837.³ In “Aloha Flight 243,” the metaphor of the shark actually takes physical form and tears into the airplane, threatening the survival of its passengers. In “Prayer for Surf,” the reference to Rap Replinger’s “Faith Yanagi” also alludes to this feeling of being overwhelmed; in addition, in “Prayer for Surf,” as well as “Wal-mart, a Love Poem,” there is also an allusion to the biblical flood, which on the one hand embodies the sense of being overwhelmed by outside influences, while on the other hand embodying a sense of divine retribution and cleansing as a result of unsustainable practices being pushed too far. In addition, there are many references in these poems to the death of George Helm, which I connect to a sad but unmistakable history of important cultural figures (George Helm and Eddie Aikau) disappearing at sea, and the significance of their deaths in relation to the movements they were involved with (the PKO and Hokule‘a, respectively). In “Polynesian Exotics,” I also relate Joe Kahahawai’s murder by U.S. Naval officers to the image of drowning.

According to PBS’ documentary on the Massie Affair: “Joseph Kahahawai’s dead body

³ If a big wave comes in large fishes will come from the dark ocean which you never saw before, and when they see the small fishes they will eat them up.”

[was] placed in a bathtub to clean off the blood before the kidnappers [decided] to drive to the famous blowhole at Koko Head. There, the body and evidence [would] be tossed into the churning water to be demolished on the rocks before disappearing into the sea.”

On the other hand, vehicles such as TheBus, an Aloha jet plane, and Hokule‘a serve as metaphors of community in many of my poems, and explore the ways in which we relate to each other and come together in moments of crises. This metaphor grew out of thinking about Jo Smith’s “Postcultural Hospitality” article, which I quoted earlier. The essay got me thinking about the ways in which we, the people of Hawai‘i, imagine ourselves as a community, and the metaphors we use to express how we relate to each other. Of course, there is the familiar plate lunch metaphor to describe a multi-cultural Hawai‘i, which Darrell Lum takes up in his introductory essay, “Local Literature and Lunch,” at the beginning of “The Best of Bamboo Ridge” (though its somewhat romanticized vision of local identity has been critiqued by Candace Fujikane, Ku‘ualoha Ho‘omanawanui, and Dennis Kawawharada, amongst others). And then there is Lee Cataluna’s “Folks You Meet at Longs,” which imagines local identity based around place (which I find interesting for two reasons: one, because of the way it relates to, and differs, from the tradition of storied landscapes in Hawaiian culture, as discussed by Kawawharada and others; and two, by the way that Longs, a large Mainland chain, is productively “localized,” pointing to ways in which outside influences can be healthily adapted to the local context). Yet both, while valuable in their own ways, fail to capture the sense of movement implicit in Smith’s analysis of the contemporary settler state. We as a community must come together *and* move forward to confront the challenges posed by “global forces.”

This got me to thinking about TheBus as a metaphor for community (a thought that occurred to me as I rode TheBus). TheBus captures this sense of movement, and more

specifically, a sense of direction (when you board TheBus, you board it with a purpose, a goal, a destination in mind). Whereas other metaphors and imaginings of local identity have been criticized for marginalizing certain ethnic groups, TheBus does not attempt to imagine a homogenous “Local” identity. Rather, it acknowledges different communities within the construct of “Local” and defines its routes across those communities based on material circumstances.

“Aloha Flight 243” also looks at community through the vehicle of the commercial jet plane. In this poem, however, the direction of that community is less positive: the strain put on the body of the airplane from over-usage, which causes the accident, is meant to serve as a metaphor for the strain put on the resources of our islands by unchecked tourism. Again, referring back to Jo Smith’s article, though, the passengers are able to come together in this moment of crisis and save a flight attendant: although a flight attendant is lost

Hokule’a, as well as the stars it navigates by, also frequently appear in my poems, because it speaks directly to how we can orient ourselves in the world, and how our past can give us direction for the future. In “Wal-mart, a Love Poem,” the speaker orients himself according to the stars on his lover’s cheeks.

Sec. 1502.12 Summary

Each environmental impact statement shall contain a summary which adequately and accurately summarizes the statement.

It may be helpful to summarize some of the themes in *(Sur(f)aces)* by performing a close reading of the collection’s cover image. Ed Greevy’s photograph of the *Kokua Hawai’i Save Our Surf Demonstration* (1971) for the cover of my collection because it is an especially powerful image to me. It is a picture of solidarity, of surfers and farmers,

old and young, coming together in the face of shared struggle. In their faces one also remembers the long history of shared struggles in this place, grounded in material history and shared interests, on the plantations, through the Unions; one sees the connection between a plantation bango and a Sheraton ID, and is reminded of the strength that comes in this remembering.

At the center of the sea of people is the mosaic, "Aquarius," by Tadashi Sato. The accumulation of tiny blue-glass tiles catches the sun light of the open atrium, giving the illusion of rocks submerged beneath the ocean surface. Circles predominate in the artist's memory, recalling the places where he used to dive and spearfish as a youth. There are the people, and there is the land. The entire building is a reminder of the importance of land to every aspect of our lives, and the stories inscribed in the landscape. The chambers are volcanoes, the columns are palm trees. The atrium opens up to sun and rain, moon and stars.

Taken from the third floor, the vertical bars of the Capitol's railing cast long shadows over the crowd, like high rises or the dark silhouettes of Waikiki's hotels. (*Waikiki, at night when the shadows are falling...I hear the rolling surf calling...calling and calling to me...*) We are reminded of the economic and political system we are imprisoned within and must operate through. In the throat of the volcanoes, the legislators are busy passing legislation on new developments (Hokuli'a perhaps?). One hears the shadow of George Helm's voice addressing them about the situation on Kaho'olawe and the importance of aloha 'aina.

To the right, outside the frame of the picture, is a (bronze) statue of Lili'uokalani, proud eyes, right hand extended, behind her, 'Iolani Palace, a constant reminder of Hawai'i's colonial history (she faces the giant bronze seal of the State of Hawai'i: *Ua mau ke ea o ka 'aina I ka pono*, what does that really mean?). To the left, the square body

of Father Damien, an example of love and compassion for others.

The challenges we face today are the same challenges the people in Ed Greevy's photograph faced. We read in the newspaper about rising home prices and rising homelessness, more and more local families forced to move to the mainland, traffic congestion and the necessity of rail. The next day in the same paper, we read about profits for the tourism industry soaring to record highs, how in a national study, Hawai'i had the highest percentage of millionaires of all 50 states (where did all these millionaires come from?) As Dennis Kawaharada points out: "When islands follow laws and rules of expansion made for continents, the results will be disastrous."

I like to imagine the poems in this collection as small Environmental Impact Statements, a way of working out my relation to this place, and the complex, sedimented history that defines it. Thus, the necessity of footnotes, the necessity of intertextuality. The necessity of remembering people like George Helm and Koji Ariyoshi, who dedicated their lives working to make Hawai'i a better place.

Hopefully this introductory essay has provided you with some context for my work. Thank you again for your time and consideration