



Diamond Head

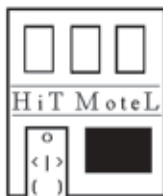
Reflections on a Vacation in Paradise

Michael Lyons

Diamond Head

Some Reflections on a Vacation in Paradise

Body be my canoe keep me afloat on the sea of life.
Friends be my outrigger, keep me stable in the stormy strife.
Feelings be my rudder, keep me directed on *the* Way.
Heart be my opening sail pushing me through the day.



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I need a vacation
 from life
 break
 so we go flying in an airplane
 across the sea

to a high rise in paradise
 – on the shore of Waikiki.

To be in the shadow of Diamond Head,
 to unthaw in the warm ocean,
 to walk in an equatorial garden and study the botany,
 to have colorful little drinks with umbrellas in them,
 — to give myself a lobotomy,
 and to fulfill a promise to my lad: a surfing lesson.

Up elevator to the 37th floor,
 throw open the curtains and there adore
 how Nature
 where the coastal hills touched the sky
 and held the clouds cruising by
 wore a new green dress
 all bunched up in folds of crenolated pleats.

This new land born from beneath the sea
 in layers of volcanic flows
 spreads out to hold a city of high rise hotels
 built up along the boulevard
 in what was once a coconut grove
 standing guard above the land.
 All circled by the blue ocean.

First thing:
 head to the beach!
 Across Kalakaua Boulevard,
 stroll under palms trees,
 doff flip-flops to scamper across the sandy carpet,
 to slip slowly inside
 surging
 sea's surface.

Tourists . . .

out of the water

out of themselves.

We're really here! Back in Hawaii, a great big loop. Back to the city where we started out on our honeymoon, with a kid now — 14. (Probably conceived then). He fills our life, became the focus of our love.

We certainly made things hot for each other back then. My love was like a delicious mango, soft smooth skin, opening to ripe juice. She put a little of that sweet perfume a mixture of the exotic plumeria and the intoxicating packlan on her hot spot. She wore the cutest little shorts in the summer, and to see her walk with those long strident legs it was like watching the twinkling of moon beams on the side walk. I was filled with hope, and loved to run my hand over the slope of her back.

My love for her, especially when she gave me our child, was filled with hope, how I followed her around like a puppy trying to be helpful. Learning to be a father.

That night we turn out the lights

to see the traffic like lava flowing on the hills again.

I liked to get up early, open the drapes a crack (so as not to awaken a sleeping teen) to watch the great heavenly host of clouds swarming in like an army coming in over the mountains
as they un-shoal and de-flock and evaporate one ... by one. . . by one

Throw open the arras, let in the scene, marvel at the panoply,

up on the 37th floor

the canal across the way

the hills of the city.

{ I was excited about being on the 37th floor for this is a magic number:
it is prime and its invert is the fine structure constant of the universe. }

Watching the tennis matches from so high up

float (yellow tennis ball seems to float)

(o){ time seems to (float)

{

{

for I am above the birds

who fly - - >} the same path

{ (o)

as a yellow { <ball> over = -> net;

float;

for (we are well met) }

for (in this vertigo) }

my love and I tossed the ball
the ball was met and matched
the point was set
we took some steps
and there we met

We live in our separate different obsessions now:

mine writing, her's just about everything else.

We project ourselves through another.

float I;

looking off the

lanai (my knees)
shake and I am
soaring awake
from the 3711 high

Damn, I forgot my bungee jumping equipment

We stay in our shells like tourists in a this hotel

inhabiting a host for a while

each playing our role,

sometimes with command performance

serviced by attendants

whose job it is to make the visitor welcome.

We have become encased in our mom and pop:

the man remote, controlled; the woman to be contended with

both longing for some real connection. Perhaps here.

They have books full of coupons here. Everywhere. At the check in desk, on stands at the hospitality desk. On the street, people are handing them out. She loves them. Clip on the dotted line.

Here's one for Eden Psychoanalysis. Your first consultation session free. Find out what you are all about. Get Edenized.

as I was floating in the ocean
 my mind started to dissolve
 into the patterns of light
 undulating and shimmering in the shallows
 of the clear water.

The ribbon of light in
 sync to the ocean's surge in the shallows
 is the sun transformed
 into glimmers of floating light shapes
 in the transparent sea.

I sought to do to things what light does to them,
 these phantasmical clusters of light
 jostling each other in a circuit,
 chimeral circling back upon itself
 entrancing,

I knew the name for it: "caustics" they call them.

The pulsating light
 that flickers upon the sandy bottom
 beats with the ocean's great swelling sound
 acting as a lens
 making intersecting sickle shapes that jostle and settle
 into the space
 only to be displaced again.

To do to objects what light does to them.

Thought beams

 rays,
 many,
 a bundle
 rain
 in

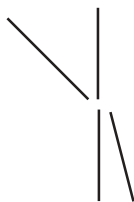
being refracted
 through the glass ocean
 onto the floor.

I tell my lad: "They are caustics.

They are caused by wave acting as a round moving prism,
 that changes the angle of diffraction.

Because the light is going through a lens of curved water. "

The lad looks at me a little askance.



Ah me, I am intoxicated with the workings of the universe.
For me it is the only subject to write about.
None of my friends understand in spite of having expensive educations.
But I tell my kid, when we talk, and sometimes we talk, he is taking
religion in school and wonders what the Great Work is.
I tell him this: The Great Work is to be part of the work of the universe
Sometimes The Great Work is enough to get out of the way and let it
work through you.

To do to objects what light does to them
a moving prism moving reflections
splaying the light into a closed form
I began to look for and see this phenomenon everywhere —
in the clouds forming overhead:

What if they were the result of sunlight triggering condensation in the
ocean of atmosphere in a field of varying dew points.

But at a much different time scale.

In the delicious wind sweeping through
moving back and forth across the trees, I felt
the web of life
beneath the trees,
feel the currents
—wind

the same phenomenon at different size and time scales.

On vacation one steps outside of himself to wonder about the
currents of his life — where, — how
do they circulate
and come in and out
of form.

At night the stream of car lights flowing on streets and freeways
built on the paths of minimal work down the hills is like the flow of lava
which is what created these islands.

I wondered if waves created caustics in other media. If what we
know of as “hills” weren’t created by caustics in seismic waves given off
by meteor impact spreading out as waves and hardening to weave what
we know of as geography. Or if the sloshing of the molten core at the
center of our earth, didn’t have peaks at the vents where it erupted and
came shooting out as a volcano, caustic vents.

The poetry of this place began to seep into my thoughts. It chose me to
hold these concept in the mind for longer than a moment.

I am on the little jetty
 jutting out into the waves
 across the street from the entrance to Kapiolani Park,
 the one with the little covering making a pavilion at the end,
 for the street people and the nannies and the hotel maids.

Out on the little jetty, you could watch the wave roll in
 and crash onto the beach. The sea rose and fell
 and crashed against the jetty rocks as well.
 There were many bobbing surfers in the blue green sea,
 there was one dark skinned grandma with silver hair waiting to get in.
 She like the others were

all looking intently at the waves:

I did not realize it at the time, they were just waves to me. But these
 people were able to perceive how a wave way in the distance grows,
 chaaaarges up on itselfreare itself up, forld fal aond fold over itself, break
 and gush to the shor were it not become quenched but rebounded to
 interced with the next wave coming in.

I was watching the surfers,

trying to pick up how they do it.

I remarked that there seemed to be times in between,
 when the body surfers weren't getting any rides.

A gruff hombre who looked like Emilio Zapata, seemed dismayed
 at the bone-headedness of my howlie ways. He said:

“The waves come in sets. You’ve got to wait for your set.”

I was taken aback, astounded

by the philosophical and mathematical profundity of that perspective.

I quickly stepped back from his aura

and watched — shocked

as he jumped off the pier

into the only hole there, in the bottom of the sea,
 after waiting for a wave to cover it.

A stout dark fellow with “Eugene” tattooed
 all down his left arm, smiled — seemed approachable.

He shouted and pointed

out a masked woman, with snorkel and fins.

And we were

ASTOUNDED
to see her taking off,
body surfing on a wave
with no board!

Plump white tourists fingering cameras turned to CLICK.

“She’s just using her hand” Eugene cried,
“she just puts her hand down and lifts herself up.”

I could see that she had created a hydrofoil with her hand
lifting herself off the surface of the wave.

I was transfigured
by wonder. What it must be like
to feel the force of the foam like the light
in the palm. By touch
seeing flow through body
through the eyes
in the palm of the hand
by laying on of hands.

“The ancient Hawaiians had big hands and feet,” he said.
“They could surf with nothing.”

Who are these amazing dark Water People,
totally at home
hitchhiking on the ancient whale-road.

He starts clapping for her, yells “Hey, Hawaiian!”
I read it is a term of endearment and exclusion.
Like Hey nigger! said from one black to another.

I worry about the skin.
I might be the whitest guy in Hawaii.
I lie in the shade, feel afraid in the body
in which I dwell
a shell which I am forced to sell
to get somewhere.

Floating in Hanama bay
 I am in the arms of an ancient crater
 opened to the sea.
 I float like a dream invader,
 like an idea flitting through the earth's head.

Pushed up like a pimple on the skin of the earth
 the craters of extinct volcanoes are like eyes,
 they have looked into the equatorial skies for eons.

Now we play and swim in the vitreous humor of the ancient sight
 it was like looking through glass
 just to be able to wade in,
 it feels perfect
 even my overweight old self,
 swimming with little clothes in public
 the sight has specular components
 }fish>
 <fish{...
 the fish were like ribbons of light
 fluttering their bodies in the transparent water

Snorkeling I float
 flick flipper
 soar roll and yaw trim-> World Bound().
 . . . floating
 moving in a dream world
 }fish>
 <fish{...
 float free
 float into dreams
 brain coral, folds density, where

< . . . >

that which is objective outside, darts
into subjective inside
into cells

little cells of closed (ribbons of light);
into light into cell=into (closed form);
into form

brain coral

I accidentally stepped on it
walking barefoot in the head
drifting, soaring in this strange environment.

The self is a cloud forming out of the blue green sea
rising up to float for a while in an endless mirror of blue sky.

Like I am floating in a utopian skyscraper above city
floating in a platonic sphere of anti-gravity about me.

After sandwiches on a grassy knoll under some trees in a lovely breeze
the wife and kid headed back to the souvenir stand to get some T-shirts
that proclaimed the place: Hanama Bay.

I heard a picnicker at the table next to me shut in in outrage:
“\$9 ! For one beverage!”

for (I am in the family) }fish>
for (I am taking steps) {
float you are here now =(float) own your life

Unemployment is the downside of downsizing.

It makes a man indecisive, mean. We went and kicked some ass in Iraq.

I am at sea drifting
lacking purpose or maybe lacing my dreams with purpose
kept from . . .
by self? by others?

The self is a hunter / farmer wandering the fields
seizing an opportunity or sustaining a season's bounty

The Secret of the Sea

To get a surfing lesson on Waikiki my boy and I were attracted into a school by their pitch person Beth an older woman — Asian, Hawaiian. Her face was so open and her smile so real, it was almost like a child, it was disarming to see that on an almost elder, it was enlightening: You don't get a face like that by being mean. The interface of a life well lived.

They talked me into it and soon we were out in the ocean for a surf lesson among the tourists and the experts on a big wide soft-top, a Cadillac of rented surfboards, with our tutor the great Uncle Gil.

Uncle Gil was stout built like a tanned cigarette machine. Everybody haied him, sought out being seen by him. He was Picasso on the strand, a real artist. Everybody looked up to him. The little children ran up to him on the beach and he cupped their little faces in his great meaty linebacker hands and looked them in the eye and twirled them around in the sand and inspected the positioning of their water wings. And they were thrilled to be recognized by him.

The water was rolling in, I knew there was those nasty rocks to get past, but these people were expert and seemed to easily slip by, or knew where the gaps were. I am an overweight 57-year old white guy — short of breath — does his best to catch a wave.

To ride on the Great Wet Mother of the Gods! (I call the Ocean that because she gave birth to men and men gave birth to the Gods.) She, way out beyond the green in the blue is rolling out the carpet with a flick for me try to learn the surfing trick or flip me off her back. She is snapping her sheets onto the sea bed — sheets of tension-taut torsion-tendrilled involution ocean in my direction so that I may see and come to understand the secret of the salty sea surface

When I fall she is there to catch me and hug me to her so that I may drown in her heavy bouyant body.

Up sputter.

Up up! shouts Uncle Gil — giving me a little push into the wave — I heave my great beached-whale self up standing, like some alien ark-ark walrus thing trying to undergo years of evolution in an instant: trying to crawl up out of the sea and stand like a man, laughing proud master of all he surveys. Oh to stand like the kings and queens of ancient Hawaii hanging loose and riding the wave, a perfect point person

{ (o) ~~~~ World Bound()
but the sea clings to me
winding itself around me
tumbles me in its foamy turmoil.

But then in the moment of a nonce I am up for an instant and I
toss my head in laughter only to throw my hubris self out of alignment.
only to fall and get caught again in the undertow and in choking glub
get banged and drubbed on the rocks more proud scars: reef rash.
I vow I will inherit their kingdom.

Later, that day in agony of muscle ache I looked at my body in
the pictures of me surfing. I look so much like my father. Fat, pathetic
ungainly. How did I get like this. Maybe liposuction is in order to save
me from myself. It feels good to hurt in the muscles again. Maybe that
is how I shall find my way back into the gift of grace. I'll start to know
I'm here because of the pain of gain. It's the American Way after all

A man and his son discover the secret of the ocean while taking
a surf lesson. I, the old guy, who fumbled and flopped wheezed and
nearly expired during the hour learned the secret while he, the teenager,
lithe of limb with awesome body-mass to weight ratio, not to mention
infinite indefatigability and that immortality that touches the lives of all 14
years olds – throw them off a bridge into raging flood water and they
hang on, come out on top, ready to do it again. He got up his first try! Got
some beautiful rides and even learned how to synch up with the ava-
lanche of falling water and catch the wave and stand atop its rolling
power. Uncle Gil said he was a Natural.

I didn't find the secret at all at the time, only great physical
exhaustion and joint pain. It wasn't until a day later as I was walking on
the pier that I just suddenly started looking at waves differently. They
were something to ride on! The ocean was not something to fear but
something to play in. A second home. This is what the Watermen know.
I no doubt could not hold the secret for long. The energy transmitted in
waves is ameliorated on the shore, received. A thousand times an hour
everywhere along every coastline all over the world. And I must go
down into my friend again and again and discover it. Over and over in
other places. The same idea dimension and harmonics of wave going
through all mediums bouncing off reflected and refracting as I am just
energy in its circuit.

“off shore winds make good waves for surfing,”
 said Uncle Gil, while we were hanging out
 in the shade of a coconut tree on the strand at Waikiki.
 He looked around at the space

and we knew the place was blessed.

The trades! I understood!

We are nestled in behind Diamond Head

and the trade winds — I am feeling the trade winds!

come OVER the island

and come streaming down from the mountains

and blow OUT to sea

I could see it:

off-shore winds

rushing to kiss the waves

heaping up,

falling over themselves

yes, we are truly blessed in this place

Uncle Gil wanted to discuss Beach Boy Philosophy so we
 repaired to the Jack-in-the Box across Kalalua Boulevard and he held
 court chillin’ over coffee. They were all Dukes Boys: Duke Paoa
 Kahanamoku. And Uncle Gil knew them all Turkey Love, Harry Robello,
 others. Don Straud who married the Duke’s sister Ann Kahanamoku. He
 told me about being flown over to Hong Kong to party and the important
 role that the Outrigger and Surfing Club played in keeping the beaches
 open. He recalled Frank Sinatra giving him \$100 and sending him to buy
 two packs of cigarettes: “Keep the change.” Bless you, Frank.

I did get a sense of the philosophy and the struggle of the natural man
 vs the encroaching business interests. They were all fishermen in the off
 season. The Watermen knew how to get along, knew how to share, how
 to be content.

“Go check out the history room in the Moana hotel. And walk
 around the lobby of the Royal Hawaiian,” he said.

{That evening rising winds vortexing through the high rise canyons and
 cavorted with the trees, raked, tickled, and ravaged the unaware tourists
 like wraith spirits, life bringers.}

In the rising breeze,

the tourists turn and run.

I throw out my arms and become a kite.

Uncle Gil's students learned to surf; even I got up for a few moments in the many tries. It was like being given the secret of the sea. I walked around in a swoon, somehow my land legs had been temporarily recalled. It felt amorphous, soft now, to walk the streets of Waikiki — people offering iridescent parrots to the tourists; on every corner a convenient ABC store, and the drivers were so polite; it is the least like the other United States.

That night I dreamed of Uncle Gil, only he was much older — a Greek god, a Poseidon figure, playing in the surf. But in the dream he has long flowing white hair and beard billowing out and becoming part of the sea splash. He was master of the waves. In one hand he was holding my board straight 'neath a curl of wave. With the other he was holding what appeared to be the reins of a team of wild horses, it was the waves transformed — the horses' manes too were long, flowing and white, shaking out sea spray foam in the wind — and he was making them rear up and strike out with their hooves. And you could tell by looking these "sea-horses" in the eye: they loved straining against the reins, the horses loved him because they recognized the animal in him.

Uncle Gil and I started talking about dolphins somehow, how they were land mammals that had evolved back to the sea. I wondered how that could have happened. How do they know that?

Uncle Gil looked at me, like he was about to explain the obvious: "Well it is because they breathe air. They must have evolved on land to breathe air. Then they went back to the sea."

"Duh, of course," I said. "They are supposed to be the second most intelligent creature on earth after man. But they say intelligence is about having to work in groups and learning to use tools. How can intelligence evolve in the ocean where you don't use tools?"

Uncle Gil said, "Well the dolphins hunt in groups and blow bubbles to corral sardines and tuna. They are like sea ranchers that way. But if you want to talk about intelligence in the ocean, look at the octopus or the hammerhead shark. The hammerhead, with its great stereophonic separation of eyes, it can recognize auras and electromagnetic waves, even detect magnetic field anomalies, even those due to muscle torsion. There is a lot of intelligence in the sea. Or the octopus. They can get all the cells on one side of their body to look like what they are standing in front of, so that they are invisible. That takes a lot of brain power."

“Or dolphins,” I said. “They say that the dolphins — the way they communicate — it is direct: they send a high speed beam of information that is almost exactly like the experience they sense. When they beam it back into the other dolphin’s mind it goes down the same neural path ways. Imagine, reconstructing experience in full fidelity in another mind.

“Yeah, it is like a kind of ultrasonic telepathy,” he said.

“That must be incredible,” I said. “How do you know these things?”

Uncle Gil said, “There is a great intelligence in the sea. It is the cradle of life. Harboring creatures long before the breathers on land. But the Great Intelligence of the sea keeps its existence hidden. It moves in mysterious ways. Dolphins are relatively late newcomers to this intelligence. The hammerhead now they know of it a bit. They can see it, ambient, diffuse, its brilliance, its iridescence. All life came from the sea, we carry it around in us, blood is like sea water, all encircled down into the droplet.”

“Well, what does this intelligence look like,” I asked.

“It doesn’t look like anything. Well, it is not so much some Thing that it looks like, it is more like what you look *with*. When I say it is in the water, I mean it is *IN* the water. It is part of the water, part of the great solvent, the great protector, the great carrier, able to change its protean self into steam and ice and rain down on the land and flow back into itself in rivers. It leaks out and seeps into anything it can.”

Then Uncle Gil said, “ But yes, how well I remember when the Mind in the Water called the dolphins to come back and live in the ocean.”

“You do?! What was it like. How did it happen that they were called back to the sea?”

“It was a great signal from the intelligence out to sea, the ice age was forming, and it was getting too crowded up there so they all went swimming and never came out.”

At the botanical garden I started on a quest for Packlan.
 We had to wait until the expert got back to ask.
 We found a grassy knoll sloping down to the lake
 and I just had to walk barefoot in the green carpet; feel
 how one can love the environment, and be loved by it.

The lovely breeze off the lake was a welcome respite from the heat.
 Ducks paddling and birds zooming advised of sanctuary.
 In the distance, swirling mists brought dark clouds down
 from the mountain and a fine rain; we slipped under
 a capacious trees and felt humbled by the power of the place.

The packlan tree was by the parking lot; I had no idea it would be so big.
 Its white flowers sat in the crux of branches, it was like the tree was a
 thing of many arms each extending its hand with a white lotus flower in
 the palm — It was a Buddhaful thing. It blessed the air
 with the most delicate of scent. I could have become a breatharian.

The high point though, for me, was standing in a grove of giant bamboo.
 My wife liked the wild pigs running across the road and up into the forest.

To do to things what light does to them. Or accretion waves.
 I saw the spots on an orchid opening its mouth and putting out its tongue
 as a kind of eye candy evolutionary development to insure its human
 appeal and thus its continued proliferation. These are caustics where light
 has condensed in pigmented cells to further the generation wave.

I went to the veterans Natatorium; I saw on my honeymoon in 1991.
 Back then I climbed over the fence and smoked a dube in the bleachers
 looking out to sea. Alas, I don't do those kinds of operations any more.
 Much is the pity. It has been shuttered since before that.
 It has a grape vine arbor. The Duke taught people to swim here.

The locals speak of the directions in terms of place.
 The Natatorium is *diamondhead* of the hotels;
 the park is *mauka* of the boulevard.
 To do to objects what light does to them.
 Inhabiting a host like a hotel.

King Kamehameha day is coming, and the Pan Pacific Festival; we seemed to have come at the right time. Half way between the US and Japan. The festivals get kicked off and we don't have to drive our rental car anywhere. My lovely wife put this trip together, got us here during the great harmonic convergence of two festivals, a holiday and all the parades.

The full moon is rising over the Ali Muai canal and the Power Rangers are coming from Banzai (though we have outgrown that phase). Our little son is not so little any more, and she was such a good mom, and we are here celebrating his graduating from 8th grade with the highest GPA.

Last night they went to a movie — they showed Elvis's Blue Hawaii projected up on a wall in which you can see Honolulu with no high rises at all. We like to look at the old Magnum PI and Hawaii 5-O just for the scens of Hawaii.

And I am studying the graceful lattice work of light
being pushed in the swells and shifting secrets of ocean.

We are walking the great Kalakua Boulevard the vaious Hula Schools were giving performances on stages made from semi-tractor truck beds draped in white.

The wahines were out

magic was afoot.

These girl-spirits were appearing
during the King Kamayamaya holiday.

And the tycho drummers were out too
hammering out a loud tatoo.

It was a street carnival in Honolulu underneath the full moon in June.

little wahines all in a row
dancing the hula doing a show
so innocent heaven sent
so sweet in bare feet

○_ ,	○_ ,	○_ ,	○_ ,
) -) -) -) -
< >	< >	< >	< >

planted well to twist about
stomp and shout the ancient songs and chants.

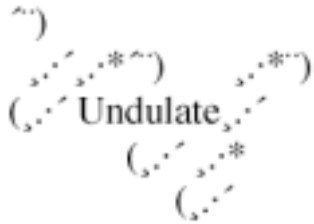
at the hula dance

I really got it
 when they said the song / story in English
 when I could see the spoken phrases

Sky	_o_/	_o_/	/	\o
They raised they hands up))	[]	o_/	[]
	\ \	//	()	/
	//	\	\	
	(() _			
	((_ _)			
Clouds	(_ (_ _)			
	. (_ _ _) .			
	. . .			
	. . .			

they moved, sculpted it out with their hands

Ocean
 they moved from the hips
 in an undulating motion,
 and let the hands trail
 in a wave-like streamers



Rain
 hands fell down fingers wiggling
 like little spisssh splashes of water drops
 to move like the ocean, to rise and swell
 and glide and push;
 pull
 and tell
 the story of the people
 in a kind of sign language
 with the hands guiding the attention

almost like
 the wahine makes the grass grow
 wahine waving their supple limbs
 like tender tendrills of an anemone
 to channel currents of deep energies
 rising from the land where they stand
 And speak its memory.

Uncle Gil told me about how the ancient Hawaiians knew the earth was round. “They knew they were not alone. For one thing those little glass colored balls that the Japanese fishermen used would occasionally wash up here. They knew they were not natural, but must have been made by other people.”

This was before Columbus! I wondered if Eurocentric history had turned us all into a bunch of flatlanders. It was really the Beach Boys who understood.

Earlier in the day, when we were visiting the Governor’s House across the street from the Iolani Palace in down town, a bunch of sovernists came and peacefully took over the place. Lowered banners from the balconies.

I went to the art gallery and saw a painting about ancient sea faring people coming in their gigantic catamaran sea-going raft, coming across a dark sea to a land of fire. Uncle Gil told me those ancient navigators could tell how fast the boat was going just by putting their hand in the water. They could navigate by the stars. I wondered if a people so sensitive would have been able to sense volcanoes way out around the curve of the planet, maybe even by smell, or another sense, and they would have pushed off into the dark and headed toward it because that was where the goddess was emerging, that was the edge of the sea, the source. How sensitive those ancient mariners must have been sailing around in an unpolluted night sky full of so many stars. They knew the constellations as entities, deities, could read them, listen to them, knew them; let the light guide their motion.

In another painting I saw of the big battle for unification when they pushed so many over the Pali cliffs into the sea.

It is a lonely path off Diamond Head, blunt, wandering to the edge —the path of souls.

That evening at the street celebration they had my kid playing Tyco drumming. They gave him one of those honorary head bands they wear, he was so proud of it, wore it in the rest of the parade.

I go up to the condo and cook up some spam and pineapples and tofu and rice, and outside the window, the full moon rising over Honolulu night so sparkling with lights and everybody busily recreating and the beautiful people on vacations and I am looking at the wind patterns blowing through the canyons, and we sit down to watch Dog in his own land.

Pathetic mainlanders

There's fear and darkness all around you

The criminals are on the run

We are addicted to watching Dog, just to be able to look out the window
of their big Suburbans and Escalades

as they drive around, bounty hunters, in paradise.

No use in hiding in the dark

I'll hunt you down cause I'm the Dog

Ha-ha, ha Haaaa.

So we had a man in a business suit take our picture

in front of daKine Bail Bonds.

Some sluthes we are, walked right past it looking for the back entrance
to the Governor Palace.

My wife and kid looked into the windows

Can Dog come out to play?

It was totally shamelessly embarrassing.

They're looking in the bedroom

They've got your picture on their wall

Won't give you any head room

There coming up the hall.

(chorus)

I'm the Dog

The big bad Dog

The bounty Hunter

Damn, they need a guy like that in Iraq or Beirut
to find the terrorists, and target a strike on their ass.

In Jesus' Name, amen. Ha-ha, ha Haaaa.

Locked up inside a jail

Lookthrough bars at paradise

Got Dog to go your bail

But then you smoked it up in ice (chorus)

Driven to insanity

I am a basket case of fear

We've lost our humanity

In the the struggle to be here. (chorus)

One feels a kind of guilt
 for being able to be going on vacations
 while the rest of the world
 is still trapped
 in its headlong rush to be the first to get to the exit.

Somewhere in the middle east a taxi is taking
 a desperate meme-infected young zealot to meet his god.
 His is the Party of God and there is no god but Allah.

They are speeding through the dirt roads of a dry country
 or one the freeways and boulevards of an ancient city
 where shells are falling from random attacks.
 Through the windshield of his faith
 and looking back in the mirror of his despair,
 he sees this suicide mission as the only way out of the endless struggle.
 He watches the exploitation of his people
 and in his explosion there will be movement
 into a better world for himself and others.
 He is putting his body on the machine toward stopping it.
 Stopping this monster that has them caught up in its treads
 and crushed by indifference.
 In the logic of strangeness
 he makes a whole race into Other
 because of their tribe, because of
 what was done over and over again
 going back to the dawn of time.
 He will enter a city bus,
 or a crowded market place,
 or a popular cafe near the other's mosque
 and there ignite the fuse
 to the charge he carries around his waist
 and lay to waste
 in shards of glass and BB-blast
 and take them all into darkness.

There is so much misery in the world,
 people living on the street in Cambodia their patrimony sold off by and

uncaring government.

The forests are a mine field, being de-mined one limb at a time.

The shelling continues,

and the escalation is intense.

In Africa squads of hunter killers comb the night for others,

while shells whistle through the air

and fall on civilian population

whose bodies explode and shatter like broken bottles

to spill out their fluid contents.

It is raining mortar shells in my heart

each round coming from no where and going everywhere.

While the billigerents are trading rocket attacks and air strikes
in a terrain of rubble

a high level team of envoys is en route

to the region to defuse the crisis,

to argue against the debacle of hatred

underneath a canopy of death.

In India terrorists attack a commuter train full of office workers.

Planes flying into buildings,

it seems the end of reason's reign.

Maybe that is the problem:

Reason dictates escalation out of proportion.

Flying the friendly skies to your vacation destination

one is mindful of other unfriendly skies filled with a hard rain ,

amid a reign of terror.

But still what the hell.

A person deserves some happiness in this life.

You've got to make it happen.

I went to the two grand old hotels of Waikiki: the Royal Princess and the Moana. At the Moana which still looks like the plantation house it once was, I went upstairs to get a little lesson in history.

In a large display window they had the excellent steamer trunks the rich people used on their long voyages across the pacific to stay at the hotel in the times before airplanes. People dressed up, had cute little outfits, nifty little canisters for making libations. Well that was really something. What has this to say to me, that these swell people had lots of time off and they bought new luggage for the trip. Who are these people and how did they get to be so rich and privileged.

Where is the history of the indigenous people. There was a fisherman in a loincloth fishing the old way, handsome man in the smallest loincloth casting a net. It was a great historical document.

I fell in love with the little coffee room at the Moana, overlooking Kalakaua boulevard. I wanted to sit in that big open window and have a delicious pure Kona coffee and watch the world stream by.

So much wealth here, and there seems to be enough for everybody (well not on Dog the Bounty Hunter show, where he takes us into some of the unsavory parts of town. My wife says, "He looks like he was rode hard and put away wet." I think she likes the look.)

When we went on a drive through the hills around Diamond Head, it was a thrill just to see the fine houses out the car window. How I would have loved to pull in there and have tea with one of these retirees. Surly they must be old money, with a check coming in every month. How do these people make their money, so that they have it coming in. I haven't got a clue and am going down the tubes. I need to 1. Get into real estate, or 2. Buy some land and start to grow something, or 3. Get a job in the tech sector and move back into cubicle-land? Really can't do tech writing any more, but like working on hardware, or 4. Move down here to Hawaii, start living on the beach, get strong and tanned and try to live off the tourist leavings. What do they leave? Must be a lot, cause there sure are a whole bunch of people living of this the primary industry of Hawaii. How must it feel to live in the clean air and sunshine and make aloha your philosophy of life. Can one really do that?

It was quite a trip to go from the Moana to the Royal Hawaiian, the other of the two grand old hotels of Waikiki, the Royal Princess, the

Pink Palace they called it. It was during the evening buffet. Just walking through the grounds with the giant ancient banyan trees and coconut trees was to go back to an earlier time on the plantation. It was beautiful and historic.

Inside the grand old art deco hotel, it was wonderful like a movie house lobby. The women's bathroom had a lounge as big as a house. Swarms of white tourists were ravaging the buffet like insane locusts; it was hideous. And not to get abysmal but the thought occurred to me that all this lucky pinkness could have been from an explosion in a Pepto Bismal factory. In the lobby their idea of history was showing pictures of the black-tie gala at opening night attended by a cast of thousands.

Why had Uncle Gil send me here to see this?

Spanish Moorish, architecture, made by an Englishman. A great example of Art Deco, from the times of Valentino. Ah, is that it? Every man wants to be the Valentino of some lady's heart. Romantic. Certainly.

And the descendants of Queen Liliuokalani came here. And Duke Kahanamoku was their beach boy. More than that he became an honored guest at the restaurants.

There is so much wealth around here. I felt like a mud rat looking through the gaps in a white picket fence at human beings having fun. On the way home to cook up my spam and rice, I saw the high-rises of Honolulu standing like giants of the new economy, where once stood coconut trees in an ancient forest.

Summer evening – drinking the Tuesday specials at Neptunes (Long Island Ice Tea), I am giddy walking Kalakaua Ave. with my little family, feeling at one with the scene, the lights swaying in the gentle breeze, the happy throng moving along, even the palm trees and the moon too are tipsy. Do to things what light does to them. I found myself repeating that at odd times. It was a gedenk experiment, like what Einstein did when he was able to shrink himself down and get lofted on a dust mote, moving in the random thermal currents, he came up with the equations of Brownian motion. Maybe it was surrealism, maybe it was science, we have been given some great insights by prior thinkers. To do to things what light does to them. I began to play a game; I called this game Diamond Head. It was a philosophical game. In honor of old Bishop Berkeley, taking the fundamental ideas of sense perception and turning them into variable parameters for which values are set; then in your imagination see things distorted by the set values. Some key words for the surface properties of what light does to things, are reflection, refraction, brilliance, specular, metallic, ambient, diffuse, caustics, . . . Just by saying these attributes of object perception over and over as a kind of mantra, a kind of sound/ambiguity, (in the language of slur?) set in; you could change the value of what you were perceiving.

For example ambient and diffuse. I started small. Take that tennis ball left out on the green court – bright neon lime in color, with a fuzzy cloth texture. I could perform:

```
on plane {green, object = ball, roll=stop // Do to things what light does to them.
sphere {neon lime, surface ( fuzzy, stitching)}
} //green as the grass grows / yellow as the sun shows / only because of light
//ambient light diffuse light / taken away / from the solar ball
//filters keep the sphere / apart from what is really here / no light gets near
}set sphere { <0,0,0>//inside//, 1 pigment {Gray 75}
finish { ambient .2 diffuse .6 } }
```

and that would turn it into a dull gray ball that looked like a ball of putty. It is like you were able to talk to things in their own language. If I set ambient=0 and diffuse=0, the little sphere went black because I have specified that none of the light coming from any light source will be reflected by the sphere.

You can do this for people. In the Starbucks for example. Turn them into silhouettes or masks, cutouts. You can even project stellar properties into their blackness. I could turn off the surface properties of things. For example making things glassy. The mind wants to be able to

see into things, but would find this very frightening if it could. These aspects of perception are so basic they are the archetypes of perception. And any thought that questions the archetypes is pretty frightening, or designates the journey of the hero. Anyway, I need to come up with some more convincing chant or poem-like thing that is more believable. If I could somehow translate what I knew about the mathematics into language: instead of logical equations we could have the lines of a poem, something written perhaps in symbols, or something like a chant to invoke a kind of magic. Now I have just a kind of pseudocode to state the ideas.

Do you want to have a kind of second vision and be able to look through things? Give them the properties of glass. Glass is a material that takes nearly all of its appearance from its surroundings. Very little of the surface is seen because it transmits or reflects practically all of the light that shines on it. You have to understand refraction, and be able to turn the index of refraction of an object on and off. I looked it up and shortened the attribute into one word “ior” for index of refraction, about how much the light bends. They have values for the ior of transparent things: water is 1.33, glass is around 1.45 and diamond is 1.75. OK to turn something invisible, you have to have a completely transparent surface with high refractive and/or reflective values, low values of both ambient and diffuse. In this example I turned a glass of wine into water.

```

on plane { table, object = wine glass, { burgundy, semi-opaque }
// Do to things what light does to them.
fluid {} } // ~ flames of fire flickers and glows ~ ~ ripples of pool spreads and shoals ~
// ~ spirits of wine sun refined dilute ~ ~ to water clear substitute ~
} set wine { <0,0,0> // inside glass //, 1 pigment 0 }
finish { ambient 0, diffuse 0, reflection .25, refraction = on, ior 1.33, specular
1 roughness .001 }

```

I turned up the shininess of it (specular) and kept the roughness down.

On the other hand, we could turn people hard, hard as cue balls or metallic. To become metallicized they need to have that sheen, that glint of light coming off of them, “highlighting” it is called. Just float that highlight over, then turn up the roughness of the surface with this:

```

object { head { <0,0,0>, 1 // Do to things what light does to them.
on shoulders { head, object = forehead, { skin }
buff {} } // metallic green sheen hummingbird's neck Ball peen hammer plumb pipe ~
// ~ the man in the iron mask ~ ~ stainless steel machine shiny coins ~
} set shine { <0,0,0> // metallic chrome dome //, 1 pigment 0 }
finish { ambient .2 diffuse .6 specular .75 roughness .1 }

```

It was kind of fun, and a little bit scary to be doing this on my vacation. No doubt my party found me a bit distracted at table. Don't know what came over me, Buddhist influences, a kind of carefree high.

I pulled back and saw myself from the 37th floor
 floating through the city on winds through the corridors
 saw myself lofting in the clear waters,
 saw myself sway with the hula dancers
 stood for a moment surfing the waves with Hawaiian kings.

From the 37th floor you can see the city spread out
 like a second coming of lava on top of the flows of old time.
 and feel
 Hundreds of years of time passing
 like waves through glass
 (History is the residual windex of time crawling through institutions)

The most beautiful caustic of all entered my mind.
 It presented itself in the net-whirl of neighborhoods I could see colonizing
 the lava flows.

The loops themselves are left. We go out of the hotel
 participate in some activity . . .
 and return.

We go out of the house
 go to work, see friends shop and
 return

small local loops that zig zag out
 from the point house
 reflect off other destinations,
 make a slightly concatenated
 shape, then return.

The loops themselves are left,
 the network shape itself, becomes the subject,
 it is mapped into the mind.

The apparition of these closed connected shapes
 — consciousness feeding on its own tale.

All these things I saw in the yellow ribbon of light that dances
 in the shallow depth of transparent water
 in the clear unperturbed depth of the mirror of being
 }fish> float in the ecology of the involution ocean

Everything is so intertwined.
Is it normal (the distribution of pressure)? You bet.

Pulled back and saw myself swimming in the clear water
to do to things what light does to them.
The sun is the central power station
it is plugged into the infinite universe of the stars.
Through invisible field lines it transmits
its transforming generosity all through
space and into everything that surrounds us.

And all the objects, reflect refract diffract the light in their way.

And we try to direct a little of that light
and act as though we don't see the analogy:
the sea mimics the sun, is another kind of wave slowed down —
just as the sun itself
is a reflection of the great source of being
made visible by a series of transformations.

Through the shimmer of light
at the bottom of the shallow sea
I saw how man
whose head is
a diamond of philosophical density
— everybody's is
anybody —
we are closed forms,
reflecting and refracting
by means of the brain / body
and the issue of their union: mind
reflecting Maya
partaking in innumerable forms
of which I am one,
here on vacation
with my little family.

Body be my canoe keep me afloat on the sea of life.
Friends be my outrigger, keep me stable in the stormy strife.
Feelings be my rudder, keep me directed on *the* Way.
Heart be my opening sail pushing me through the day.

Diamond Head



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