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Porch Stories:
Changes in
Hawaiian Social Space

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Preface

By the time I was born in the mid 1970s, my maternal grandparents were living on Maui. Every year my family would head across the country and over the Pacific Ocean from the suburbs of Stamford, Connecticut to visit them. I learned how to play the ukulele and integrated words like *pupu* and *shi shi* into my vocabulary at a very young age.¹ We would snorkel beautiful coral reefs and buy souvenirs at the ABC store. These things created an *idea* of Hawaii for me. I was what Dean MacCannell calls “the seasonal tourist.”²

Resituating into a new environment can consequently position one on its fringe. There is often a feeling of not wholly fitting into the community while simultaneously gaining a sense of connectedness to its space. The oscillation of this mixed state, being in-between two or more positions, mirrors an architectural intermediary space. It is in intermediary spaces that some of the most transitional and powerful connections transpire.

Throughout my life I have lived in radically different places: fast-paced cities, routinized suburbs, and alluring tropical islands. All are complex environments. I often questioned my position within each of these localities and wondered where and how I fit into the larger social structure of the community. This is particularly the case when I think about my relationship with Hawaii.

I was recently caught between the outsider and local Hawaiian culture. I moved to Maui in 2000, after both my grandparents passed away. Leaving behind a career in the visual arts that I had spent nearly a decade working toward, at the age of twenty-eight, I landed miscellaneous jobs on Maui. I worked on a catamaran that ran snorkel tours to the sunken volcano of Molokini Crater, and in a gallery in Lahaina that sold prints of romanticized landscapes depicting plantation-style cottages set against Hawaiian backdrops. I lived first with a local couple in Haiku: Keala and Mike. She was Hawaiian-Chinese and he was Canadian raised on the Islands. We shared a tiny two-bedroom house



Kupono Street carport, daytime

off a dirt driveway that often turned into mud from the generous tropical rains. I was exposed to new concepts of sharing, openness, forgiveness, and understanding that had been defined differently in my life.. Keela and Mike opened up their home to me and others. We spent most evenings in the carport often joined by other familiar faces, but never quite knowing who would show up which evening. And it was in their carport, used like a front porch, where my experience of many of these concepts formed.

These experiences of where I lived and worked led to a shift in my views of the social space of Maui. My position as the seasonal tourist had changed to an ungrounded position of one that vacillates between multiple cultures and perspectives, the insider and the outsider. I began to see the incongruity in the representations of Hawaii, the boundaries that separate insiders from outsiders, and the tension that exists between them. I became interested in the façade s that are created for tourism around Hawaiian culture and events; the staging and production of plasticity and fantasy.

I see my experiences in Mike and Keala's carport, and the front porch of my second house in Upcountry Makawao, as momentary glimpses into the significance allied to the complexities of the Hawaiian culture and the social space engaged through the fusion of public and private. Yet, in many ways it opened up

curiosities for me about how people form communities and the desires people hold for the natural and built environment. I stopped watching television and fell more out of touch with the mainstream pop culture. Since then I have not owned a TV. I now live in urban San Francisco and find myself drawn to the puny back deck of my apartment that opens up to a courtyard of action shared by my neighbors. This space functions differently than the front porch, and I behave differently on it. There is an unspoken respect for another's privacy in this space that extends off the back or side of a house. There is an invisible shield of privacy that affects the interactive characteristics of communication and engagement with others. A structure that opens up off the front of the house, on the other hand, engages in an invitation for those coming in or passing by: And this "passing by" opens up a multiplicity of dynamics worth considering in the context of societal change.

When initiating this project, I received a range of reactions on the three different porches I was studying. The carport community of Kuponono Street triggered responses of shrugged-off laughter and disbelief that this was an environment worth studying. "That's just a bunch of junk in their yards," was one comment I remember hearing. The house of the second-story porch, in continuous architectural flux, is a place that

many cannot apply their own experiences and relationships to. It is an architectural assemblage of styles that have come together over time. The unusualness of its formation left people in the dark as to why it holds significance in the study of social space on Maui. Upon discovering the new housing development in Paia, which I eventually chose for the last porch story, it was difficult to find people willing to talk about it. It was new and it looked "different." To many it represented the rise of development, the growing population of the Islands and the infiltration of outsider culture in one shot. It seemed no one wanted to be associated with a place where houses look the same.

For this project I worked very closely with the families who live in the three homes that tell the stories of a changing social space on Maui. I knew only one person featured in these stories prior to starting this study. Going into this project was a daunting task for multiple reasons. First, I would have to rely on the information I received from these families and have faith that their stories were truthful, or at least that they were telling me truthful versions. Additionally, I would be taking a risk working with individuals' voluntary participation, knowing that at any time, any one of them might back out. Finally, and most difficult to accept, was that I would be representing these individuals' stories through my own story-telling

techniques that would inevitably, in some way, alter the cohesiveness and dialogue of the information they provided me. Yet through this process, I was asked to join one family for Christmas Eve dinner, I was hugged after my first meeting with a stranger on my way out the door, and I have been asked several times, "When are you coming back to Maui?" I anticipated, as I imagine they did, some level of skepticism, resentment, and protection over the stories and information that were exchanged. On the contrary, I was offered extraordinarily touching and honest insights into their lives. I was told stories of memories that I suspect they themselves hadn't visited in some time.

In a world where technology is used to form communications at increased speeds, I am interested in objects and places that through stimulated activity and movement, have the ability to slow things down. My mother's rocking chair is one of these things. The social environment of porch culture is another.

Opening

In 2003, a renovation to an original 1940s plantation-style home began in Sprecklesville, a middle- to upper-class residential community on the North Shore of Maui. The one-story residence was built in 1941 for Dr. DT Flemming, a plantation doctor. The front of the original home was fabricated out of wooden fruit boxes

held together by a board and batten construction. To disguise the boxes, the house was painted chocolate brown. It had a small front porch that opened up onto the street that continued on to sprawling fields of sugar cane. Slicing through the fields off in the distance was the railway that ran from the central town of Kahului to the Pu'unene mill to the coastal town of Paia. The back of the house had a cement stoop that led down from the kitchen onto land that fell into the sea. In 1946, just five years after Flemming moved into the house, a tsunami hit Maui knocking the kitchen off the home. From that point on, the house has undergone multiple renovations.

The recent owners bought and moved into the house in 1984 and initiated their first renovation. They added a back deck and repainted the house charcoal, a subtle change from the original chocolate brown. In 1992, the family added a second story with a spacious back balcony. But the second story left the home looking awkward in scale and the charcoal color became a noticeably dark and unprepossessing presence. The owner recalls trying to landscape the property with bright tropical plants and flowers to draw attention away from the house. In 2003, they gutted the entire house and added two screened-in *lanais*³ on either side of the back of the home, connecting the back deck that was added in 1984. This most recent renovation concerned not

only upkeep and maintenance to the home, but was also heavily focused on its aesthetic “feel.” The house was repainted a pale gray (a neutral color to compliment the size of the house) with white, green, and red trim – colors commonly used for original plantation houses. As the owner beams, “these colors are being used all over the island.” For the final touches, projecting eaves were added to the portico and second story to balance out the scale of the house. The front porch was reconstructed according to the original layout of the house, while the back lanai was expanded to run the length of the house.

In keeping with an architectural revival that began two decades ago, the renovation attempts to preserve an “authentic” style. The intentions of the renovation were to maintain the original *feel* of the Hawaiian plantation-style home while expanding the outdoor living space. What occurred is the resurrected preservation of the front porch that, in relation to the scale of the house, now seems closer to a portico, or one step further, a *façade*. Rather than a place of rest, the front entrance now encourages flow – to proceed either through the front door or around the side of the home to the kitchen or back lanai. This preference in turning to the backyards and lanais of properties is a growing trend in middle- to upper-class residential neighborhoods on Maui.

By attempting to maintain an architectural structure that has been central to forming the social space and dynamics of Hawaii, nostalgic longings for a “simpler,” community-based society have driven the renovation and integration of plantation-style homes and porches into popular contemporary architecture on the islands. This is what Renato Rosaldo refers to as “imperial nostalgia” suggesting a cultural demonstration associated to dominance. He states, “Somebody deliberately alters a form of life and then regrets that things have not remained as they were prior to the intervention.” He continues, Imperialist nostalgias uses a pose of ‘innocent yearning’ both to capture people’s imaginations and to conceal its complicity with often brutal domination.”⁴

The desire to create a more privatized, personal space of the backyard has brought forth many resulting dynamics to the neighborhood of Spreklesville. Today, this neighborhood’s crime rate is high. As new and renovated houses turn to face their backyards, burglars are walking right into the homes, often while the residents are out back. The generous distance between the homes further deters the opportunity for a neighborhood watch.

In various cultures and places the social space of the porch has been influential in shaping a sense of a community. On Maui, the porch

reveals a lively and vibrant spirit in many homes and neighborhoods as a central social attribute to the atmosphere of the Islands. Structurally, the front porch was adapted into Hawaii through a blend of colonial architectural styles, but it socially connected communities through the multi-ethnic immigrant populations formed in the early 1900s. Through the interaction formed on the porch, a social space arose on the Islands enforcing the local values of hospitality. From the 1940s to the 1980s, porches were not built onto residential homes due to the rise of industrialization and urbanization, and many houses on Maui were built without front porches. Regardless, during those years, the concept of the porch and the desired social space of porch-inspired communities has been augmented. For example, the carport in many post-World War II neighborhoods has been transformed into a vibrant social environment alive on the Islands today.

Plantation-style homes have become a paradigm for the domestic architecture of the Islands. In the last two decades, there has been a revival of plantation-style housing that emphasizes the front porch. This revival is being manifested in two ways: one, by incorporating the style into new commercial and residential developments; the other, through the renovation of original Hawaiian plantation homes built in the early twentieth century.

This study takes three different porches on Maui and tells the stories of how they are inhabited, what role the porch plays in the home, and how the porch functions as a lively social space in the community. The porches have been chosen to explore the topics of colonization, class, tourism, and the cultural values of the Hawaiian lifestyle that have informed the social fabric of Maui. The houses vary in architectural style, each built at a different time in the twentieth century: a post-WWII modern residence; a 1974 plantation-style turned amalgam house; and a home completed in 2003 in a new housing development.

These three exemplary porches are located on the North Shore of Maui in various cul-de-sac neighborhoods. Maui's North Shore is famous for the surf at Ho'okipa Beach Park, the forceful trade winds, and one of the world's largest naturally breaking waves known as "Jaws." The area's land is divided between residential lots and sugarcane and pineapple fields. Paia, the North Shore's most accessible town, is the main stop when coming down from the *paniolo*⁵ country of Makawao, or heading out on the frequented though punishing "Road to Hana" – a long, swerving, often single-lane road to the more remote side of the island – a desirable tourist destination. It is a town like many on Maui that have undergone drastic changes in their physical development, social climate,

and population of both residents and tourists. Given a limited amount of land to work with, continuous, residential growth is pushing up against Paia's borders and in turn is causing wavelike resurgences within its boundaries that are affecting the ways the area is being used and filled. For example, Paia was the chosen site for the first urban infill project to be built on the north side of the island.⁶

The first porch story looks into the residential community of Kupono Street, outside of Paia town. The single-family homes in this planned community were built after World War II to provide affordable housing on Maui. The houses were built on relatively small lots: decks and porches were not a standard feature of the homes. However, they were built with carports. This local community has transformed the carport into a socially-engaging environment illustrating the desire to create a setting that links the private space of the home with the activity of the public. Kupono Street exemplifies the social significance of a locally driven, community-based society. As a result, the spontaneous interaction of this community reveals how social life functions less on plans and regimented activities than on serendipity and caprice. This neighborhood functions on what Albert Borgmann calls "natural information."⁷ Within this type of exchange, prediction, anticipation, and decisive behavior are inherently

defied through unhindered interactions. The relationships formed in this neighborhood through embodied experiences are explicit in demonstrating the inherent Hawaiian cultural value of welcoming and hospitality and the nuanced notion of the "spirit of aloha."

The second porch story follows the conversion of a porch over the last 30 years from deck to porch to living room, in a Hawaiian-Chinese family home in Kuau. The owners, Pam and vi, bought their land and built their home in the 1970s when the neighborhood was semi-rural and they had clear views of the ocean. The home was originally built without a deck or porch. This story explores the slow transition of a space that has become less of an opening and welcoming liaison than it has as a protective barrier from the changes occurring outside the home. In these same thirty years, there has been an increasingly high development of new homes and vacation rentals that are reshaping communities in Hawaii. In this light, the second story looks into the complexities, in both pre-colonial and present-day times, of land ownership on Hawaii, as much of Hawaii's power dynamics revolve around the struggle for the land.⁸ The trajectory of change outside the home affects the construction of the space of the porch. The Hanopis have changed the physical configuration of their front "deck" in response to the growing development,

population, and visibility of tourism affecting the Islands. In turn, how their deck is utilized and inhabited has also changed.

The last porch story looks into the new housing development, North Shore Village in Paia, completed in 2003. An example of an urban infill project, these developments are becoming increasingly popular throughout the Islands. As land becomes scarce, small, contained communities with shared public spaces are becoming attractive for developers and residents alike. This example looks at the re-integration of front porches onto the homes as they attempt to renew and recreate a social climate that has been nostalgically connected to the front porch, romantically connected to the constructions of the Hawaiian culture and the "spirit of aloha." As the architecture attempts to reflect the nostalgia for community, the social space created in such communities does not always effectively realize these ideals. Many of the houses in this development have been purchased as second homes by homeowners living both on and off the island. As the owners inhabit few of the homes full-time, the neighborhood consists primarily of temporary renters coming and going, living extremely mobile lifestyles. Doreen Massey argues that the access of mobility creates a power dynamic in relation to a more static position. She notes, "different social groups,

and different individuals belonging to numbers of social groups, are located in many different ways in the new organization of relations over time-space.”⁹

At one time, only the upper to middle class had the choice and privilege to build a front porch. Today, these same privileges are being used to create private gardens, decks, and lanais off the back of the home. This study explores the middle to upper class’s desire to integrate the romanticized idea of a working-class culture by resurrecting and building front porches onto their homes.

In a general sense, community can be viewed as “a collective body that mediates between individual subjects and society.”¹⁰ Feminist social theorist Iris Marion Young further argues that the ideal of community creates homogeneity that “privileges unity over difference, immediacy over mediation, sympathy over recognition of limits of one’s understanding of others from their point of view.”¹¹ Young proposes a greater recognition of difference that aims to achieve a societal connectedness “without domination in which persons live together in relations among strangers with whom they are not in community.”¹² In Hawaii, colonization, tourism, and globalism can often conflict with the preservation of local culture and indigenous tradition. Young’s theory of community in this case, seems itself idealized in that it tends to

ignore or simplify the imperfections and tensions within social spaces. This study does not approach the notion of community as a “desire for social wholeness and identification.”¹³ For the focus of this study, community refers to the social activity among individuals formed through residential structures that spatially and geographically are in close proximity to one another.

In most developed areas, telecommunications have become a common system for establishing relations with others. Telecommunications are forming new global “communities.” Although technology has allowed for communication to create a time-space compression, relations face-to-face, in real time and proximity, remain an arguably essential means of establishing social interactions. As technologies enable people to spread farther away from city centers, their workplace, each other, and in general, fixed positions. A *local* social space cannot be fully examined without taking into consideration global communities and what Caren Kaplan describes as “the abstract characteristics of capitalism.”¹⁴

Further, techno-communication (radio, phones, emails, pagers, the Internet, etc.) is accompanied by predictability and planned behavior. These communication tools are clandestinely slipping into our everyday lives and being used both inside and outside of the

home. Albert Borgmann unpacks relationships formed in the exchange of electronic information. Borgmann argues that in cyberspace everything is read as a flat broad map suggesting that our previous perceptual understanding of near and far, the way that we measured things, has collapsed. Through such exchanges of communication we can more easily control the information that we send and receive than when we experience communication through an organic process of shared space in real time. Borgmann offers, “Engagement in the focal area of natural information gives us a sense of perspective, and the realization of cultural information, for example, in reading poetry or playing music, lends our lives vigor and wealth.”¹⁵ The front porch is such a place where natural information can be exchanged.

The earliest traces of Western influence uprooted the indigenous values associated with land ownership, the economy, the government, and sacredness. The tensions in the social climate of the Islands are often reactions to the outsider’s cultural values that conflict with those of Hawaiian tradition. Studying the built environment of Hawaii is one way to examine how its diverse cultures and social values have been formed and have changed over time.

Hawaii is often represented as a “paradise” of gorgeous sunsets and palm trees swaying in the breeze, rolling blue surf, sunshine, lanais, and

sweet-smelling pineapple fields. But the fields only smell sweet in the hot sun, and the sand and dust from the trade winds burrow into your eyes and stick to your feet like powdered cinnamon.¹⁶ Unlike the commercial objectives associated with creating façade s in the interest of tourism, the cultural truths (or social space) of a community are not perfectly beautiful, at least not in the way that we have learned to accept beauty. Consequently, for many it is not a paradise as social tensions furl both above and below the surface. By whom, when, and where tensions are spoken is a key factor contributing to this strain.

These three stories explore the socio-cultural conflicts of the Islands as expressed through the porch and questions how Maui’s social space is being redefined. No two porches can be said to be exactly the same in the space they create and how they are used. Although replicating architectural plans and using like materials can create duplicate layouts and constructions, the interaction that is created on a porch, or more specifically through a porch, will be what distinguishes one from another. In this light, these stories inform how the social space of the porch interacts with its surroundings, and how this interaction in turn reflects and shapes the dynamics of a community. They look at the changing space of development, increasing populations of visitors, part-time



Band practicing in carport

and full-time residents on the island: all components of tourism that have affected the social space of Maui over the last several decades. The front porch is a vital space that reflects the social structuring between private and public, local culture and tourism, and real-space and representation.

It is important to note that a post-colonial critique of tourism in Hawaii is not the focus of this study. Though Hawaii cannot be disconnected from its post-colonial condition nor the social implications brought forth through tourism, the focus of this thesis is a historical and cultural study of the front porch that extrapolates how it functions on the Islands and how the dynamics of its construct

affect Hawaii's social space. Nor is this project an architectural study aiming to address specific concerns in the design and construction of residential buildings. The three porch stories examine how the architectural structure of the front porch functions as an intermediary space between public and private, maintaining that such spaces are not places where borders are constructed and partitions are formed. Rather, intermediary spaces funnel contributing elements into the conjoining spaces of the other, lending to the idea that outdoor and indoor as well as public and private cannot be fully examined without consideration of their connectedness. Further, it examines the shifting space of the front porch from a place that formed and defined the ideal of the "local" to an aesthetic façade used to evoke nostalgia toward a "simpler," working-class, "local" way of life. This thesis addresses the question of how the unique social space of a front porch reveals socio-cultural conflicts and conditions currently present on the Islands.

Porch Story One: The Carport

Every social space is the outcome of a process with many aspects and many contributing currents, signifying and non-signifying, perceived and directly experienced, practical and theoretical. In short, every social space has a history, one invariably grounded in nature,



Preparing foods in carport

in natural conditions that are at once primordial and unique in the sense that they are always and everywhere endowed with specific characteristics (site, climate, etc)

Henri Lefebvre, *Social Space*¹⁷

The Hana Highway is the two-lane thoroughfare along the North Shore that stretches from the city of Kalului to Hana, the most eastern tip of the island. To take a right off the Hana Highway into the residential cul-de-sac community of Kuponono Street would suggest that either you lived there or were going to visit friends or family. Neither of these reasons held true for me. In my many conversations with people on the island about porches, somehow one of them steered into talking about a man who had recently installed a

hot tub in his carport. He lived off Kuponono Street. So one evening in late November, I turned right. Once in the neighborhood, my car continued to move at the decelerated speed used to make the ninety-degree turn. The landscape and buildings on either side of me mellowed from a whipping flash to a slow-moving conveyer. Today, when better often means faster, the unhurried pace of all that surrounded me was enough.

Inching along over the occasional speed bump that swelled just high enough to alter the paved terrain, I passed a group of musicians plucking strings and stomping feet underneath a couple of florescent lights hanging from the roof above them. A little farther I passed a pool table, laid in felt green, encircled by a handful of players wearing Locals¹⁸ and low-

waist shorts. Each was accompanied by his pit bull. I turned the car radio volume to low, and with my windows rolled down I could smell the savory scent of meats, fruits, and vegetables cooking. To my left I passed a group of men and women sitting around a long table doused with flour, preparing, rolling, grating, and wrapping food. I saw reclining chairs and fold up chairs, benches, picnic tables, stools, and plastic buckets and paint cans used as seats. The sounds were not specific to any one noise, not quite the noise of the city where cacophony rings and not quite the silence of the suburbs where one distinctive sound of a car or an owl resonates. Instead, I heard a combination of noises that together raised the overall decibel level to a busy hum: people meandering in the

middle of the street; bicycles teetering and tottering out of their usual linear path. It was nighttime on Kupono Street. Amidst music, smoking barbeques, running children, and gatherings that looked both planned and informal, I realized I was witness to a socially-driven community, where public and private spaces blended fluidly, where domestic social activity leaked out into the foregrounds of people's properties. I was in a porch culture community without porches.

Kupono Street at night

I had long wondered what had happened to porches and why in very few neighborhoods you still see them being used. It seems that the demise of porches was the result of technologies aiming to decrease the time it took to get from one place to

another and to communicate from one person to another. Telephones heightened the ability to communicate without vision. Televisions replaced entertainment with fabricated skirts rather than the untailed actions of one's given surroundings. By the end of World War II, the proliferation of automobiles with their exhaust and noise affected people's desire to integrate with the outdoors while outdoor landscapes were changing from distant scenes of nature to close-ups vignettes of manmade construction. The ability to travel longer distances in shorter amounts of time began to isolate neighbors from one another and being mobile changed one's relationship to the things still at rest. The home, situated in place, became a fixture that was moved by, past, and around. By the mid-twentieth century the automobile had become practically commonplace. Design in domestic architecture adjusted in response to the changing technologies and garages and carports grew as leading features in homes.

Most of the homes on Kupono Street were built with carports. But throughout Kupono, cars lined up along the streets. Although not architecturally constructed as a porch, the residents of Kupono Street have transformed the carports into spaces that function beyond their intended purpose. The carport has become a critical component of the architecture that has ironically contributed to the social dynamics of the community.

Kupono is a cul-de-sac neighborhood with one entrance and exit off the Hana Highway. The sidewalk-less streets course a path around a small inner grid of homes. The entrance road leads to a "T" that splits off into two directions: one direction veering into a dead end, the other looping back around to the entrance road. This small residential quarter could be strolled in its entirety within 10 minutes. Most of the homes are single-family houses built after World War II, in the 1960s and '70s on lots averaging 6,000 square feet for lower-income families. They attracted a local community. More recently, this neighborhood has become a synthesis of residents, including long-term homeowners, part-time renters, locals, *haoles*, singles, families, young, and old. But its environment reveals the socio-cultural values of a local community.

On Kupono Street, multiple, nearly disparate associations to beauty are humbly at play. Set off in the distance is the gorgeous rising crater of Haleakala. The crater stretches vertically as a backdrop to the potholed streets, dilapidated roofs, and twice recycled cars that line up along the road and in the yards. Mango trees, palm trees, and Norfolk pines rise in tandem with the lanky street lights scattered throughout the neighborhood. The juxtaposition between the natural environment and the manmade environment is harmoniously balanced, for here one does not hold sway. Rather, they



Kupono Street at night

take on deceiving elements of the other, blurring the boundaries that so often exist between the two. Leaves shine cherry green, hibiscus flaunts shocking pink, and coconuts form perfectly shaped ovals that dive to the bases of the trees. Cars, bikes, and homes decompose in an organic process from the natural elements of the salty breezes and falling rains. The natural surrounding appears nearly synthetic while manmade constructions decay over time.

Ernest Recatoⁱⁱ is a local gardener who makes a living from manicuring yards on the north side of the island. He and his family live in the second house on the left from the entrance of Kupono Street. Ernest is Filipino, born and raised on Maui, and nearing 60. I knew him from when I lived in Makawao in a tiny jewel-box house that had a front porch one-third of its size with stalk-like pillars holding up the corrugated tin roof. The house was painted yellow, trimmed in green, and had bright red doors. The brightness would be considered gaudy in many places, but in Upcountry Maui, nestled amongst banana and avocado trees, hibiscus flowers, and night blooming jasmine, it seemed closer to a camouflage. My friends and I spent a lot of time on that porch. It became the place where we talked about the day and life. It was where we could not feel cramped by the cacophony of sound that resonates when socializing in a closed room. Stacks of shoes would pile up

outside the front door as people came in from the street to the porch, and then inside the home and back out again.

From the porch I got to know the neighborhood dogs – not by their names so much as by their personalities. I knew which ones would bark at cars going by and which ones would remain unbothered by a stranger approaching their property; which were territorial and which were friendly; the ones who liked to wrap their jaws around garbage and those who preferred to sleep the day through. I could hear the songs on the radios and the squeaks of axles of the cars and trucks that slowly drove along the potholed dirt road. I nursed a cut foot, tuned a bike, sold a car, celebrated birthdays, fed the dog, got my haircut, ate, drank, and once fell asleep on our front porch.

I could recognize the passersby looking to find a goldmine of fruit in the nearby vegetation. Ernest was one. Often passing by my house, it seemed he knew how and where to distribute the overgrowth of bananas that multiplied on the trees in our yard. Occasionally he would swing by, cut down and load up several lime-colored, unripe bunches into the back of his truck. I decided to call him after my drive through his neighborhood that night. He suggested I meet him the following day on a site where he would be working. The next morning I spotted him by his truck, a white Chevy pick-

Kupono Street neighborhood



up, its bed piled with a lawnmower, a weed trimmer, and miscellaneous gardening tools. When I arrived, he lifted away his wide safety glasses, brightened his face with a smile and set off his entrenched laugh lines, long marinated in the sun.

Ernest told me his story of the island, “local” history, and the early days of the sugar and pineapple industries. “A true local does not get offended if someone makes fun of them,” he said. Referring to the polygenesis of ethnicities that formed a defining local unity in the early twentieth century, he continued, “At one time they *had* to play with one another.

Today, something has stuck to their hands and ears.” He talked about the change in the social climate of the Islands after the Vietnam War and the relocation of the plantation homes to Kahului’s 4th Increment, 5th Increment.¹⁹ He then began to talk about his neighborhood and the variety of uses his neighbors have fashioned for their carports.

He told me that the karaoke king, known as “Mr. Elvis,” sets up his stage on Wednesday nights and hosts the evening wearing only a Speedo. He told me that the band I passed rehearses every Thursday and occasionally plays at venues

ⁱⁱNames have been changed for this article.

throughout the island. The pool table, he assured me, attracts players most every night and the sweet scent of cooking comes from the carport where *laukaus* and *pasteles* (a Puerto Rican dish of grated bananas, pork, and vegetables all wrapped and cooked in a banana leaf) are made for local fairs and festivals. He laughed and hinted that I might have recognized some of their bananas. The carport, he added, is most likely the place where at-home celebrations occur, from baby showers to birthday parties; from holiday get-togethers to political rallies. He went on telling me who in the neighborhood was new and who had lived there for a long time. Mindful of his time away from work, he finally commented, “But you should really see the neighborhood during the holidays,” and invited me over to his house for Christmas Eve dinner.

The “spirit of aloha” is a defining cultural attribute central to the values of Hawaiian local culture. By definition, “aloha” can mean hello, good-bye, and love. But the meaning of aloha transcends the literal translation of the word into a larger understanding of a way to perceive yourself in the world and in(?) those whom you encounter. As one resident describes, “It’s smiling at a stranger for no reason at all. It’s sharing your food, your home, your life. It’s letting others see what’s inside.”

In 1986 the Hawaii state legislature enacted The Aloha Spirit Law

enforcing a statewide way of thinking to all citizens and government officials in their professional as well as in their day-to-day living.²⁰ The law aims to maintain the ancient Hawaiian beliefs in shared respect and collective existence. The “spirit of aloha” has also played a role in colonialism by welcoming outsider populations and their cultural values to its land. It has become one of the most commonly used terms within the tourism industry to exploit the idea of the “warmth” of the Islands, of its people, and its culture. It is the idea of this mentality that lends to how so many cultures have been accepted and assimilated into Hawaii: the idea of this mentality that has brought so many colonizers to the Islands: a mentality that has been appropriated by the local community.

The welcoming sign of the “spirit of aloha” can be seen in the way the front porch creates an entrance to the home. Both open up to the outside world to “let others see what’s inside,” and both invite others onto the periphery of a more sacred and private place. By understanding the “spirit of aloha” as a value that has been passed down the native Hawaiian culture, we can see how the space of the porch has functioned as a twofold channel: one that has not only drawn people to the Islands with a sense of hospitality and welcome, but has also formed complex relationships between *haole*²¹ and local, public and private, visible and

invisible, economy and culture, viewer and viewed.

Ernest’s carport

Built in 1971, Ernest’s home is of wood construction, originally a one story, two-bedroom house painted a morning sky blue. The carport’s roof slopes downward off of the main house at about a thirty-degree angle from the flatness of the earth. Two posts looking deceptively feeble for the job, support its lower edge. In general, these carports are half-enclosed and half-exposed. Two outer walls of the main house function as two walls of the carport, leaving two sides open. The driveway paves the ground connecting the

street to the inner nook of the carport. Within the carport, windows from the kitchen and bath hang high and create visual and audible apertures between the indoor and outdoor spaces. The side door leading into the kitchen is perhaps one of the most recurrently traversed lines of the home.

The pavement of the driveway makes for a firm and dry ground underneath the sheltered roof. The homes are built several feet above the earth, allowing the crawlspace gap underneath the house to be used for extra storage. When Ernest’s carport functions as housing for a car, belongings and storage such as fold-up tables and chairs, garbage



cans, and toys edge up around its periphery and spill over into the yard and underneath the house. But without the automobile pulled inside, the carport creates an open cavity; a yawning, hollow space, like a pitched tent, or a missing page from a history book. It invites for an opportunistic reinvention of function. The homes of Kupono Street do not resemble the pitched roofs, inviting porticos, and hardwood floors of early plantation homes; they fulfill a local desire grounded in creating a sense of community.

Various cultures have put much emphasis on distinguishing public and private spaces. Private space has a connotation of an individual or invitational space. Public space on the other hand, suggests a mass or

connecting unity, a false pretense that arguably fails to recognize difference. In pre-colonial Hawaiian villages, various structures served particular purposes. For example, in a village there was a *Hale Pahu*, house of instruments, *Hale Lanai'a*, house of fishing, *Hale Maa*, the men's eating-house, and *Hale Noho*, the living house. Work plazas and cooking pits were communal areas.²² A sense of community functions as the togetherness of distinctly differentiated units. On Kupono Street, the line between public and private breaks down as neighbors become familiar with one another to create a nearly seamless fusion of public and private.

Many carports are built up from their original structures to function as more

permanent extensions of the home. For example, Mr. Mailou, Ernest's neighbor, has constructed a third wall along the outer supporting posts of his home. The wall has an extra side door and three small windows to let in additional sunlight. Along the top ridge of the carport he has installed two oversized blinds rolled up tight in the day, dropped down long for card playing at night. He has a full-sized refrigerator and freezer, a picnic table and a fold-out table surrounded by eight extra chairs. Along the ceiling, like a heavy rain about to fall, hangs his canoe supported by a couple of lines connected to the rafters. Along side, also masterfully suspended, is his spear fishing gear. Unlike the semi-permanence of Mr. Mailou's, Ernest's carport undergoes frequent transformations, sometimes daily, to accommodate different activities for cooking, drinking, cleaning, working, and relaxing.

There is casualness that lends itself to the formation of the environment that can allow for a wide variety of domestic or non-domestic activities. It is a place where fish can be cleaned and instruments played, barbecues smoldered, and drinks spilled. A place that produces smells, sounds and residues unsuitable for the inside of the home. A place that can withstand more dirt between its cracks – and those in it don't seem to mind more dirt between their toes.

Many things in Hawaii have become integrated into its culture through

adaptation: spices, the *paniolo*, *holoku*, the slack key guitar, and ukulele, to name a few. Often these are changes in the material culture. Very few things of Hawaiian culture, however, have infiltrated elsewhere. This uneven exchange has affected the formation of the socio-cultural values of the Islands as outsider influence is continually being adapted in Hawaii. The porch has, too, been adapted into Hawaii. "The carport is the 'true' Hawaiian porch," I have heard many local residents suggest, as a porch-culture has been augmented into these spaces. However, the front porch, or the carport, where social space is created, becomes a complex adaptation beyond material construction.

December 24, 4:00 p.m.: I was the first to arrive at Ernest's house. He and his wife, Suzanne, were still cooking inside. I had come with a cold six-pack of beer under my arm – what kind I can't remember, but better than I would buy for myself. He and Suzanne have four children, all married, making them the grandparents of six. The two youngest girls came running out to meet me. They brought with them several bags of chips and giggled looking at the camera in my hand. They helped me unpack the six bottles of beer from their cardboard carrier and place them in the cooler. They opened the lid of the cooler and uncovered a sea of Corona bottles floating in ice. It became obvious the



Mr. Mailou's carport, Kupono Street

beer I brought to the Corona family amused them. Ernest introduced me to his other grandchildren. The eldest boy shied away and gave me a long wonder as to why I was there.

The Recatos' house faces west – perfectly positioned toward the setting sun. Ernest engineered a sheet-like tarp along the front of the carport to shield the sun's rays that during the evenings stream directly onto their faces. The carport became cavernous and we stayed there all night and ate platters of pork stuffing, ribs, potatoes, and *pasteles* that Ernest was doubtful I would like. Ernest's son David popped open a few Coronas on the wide-headed nail hammered in at an angle into a supporting post. The crowd alternately grew and diminished all evening as people came in and out from under the tarp. Another pick-up truck, like Ernest's but darker, pulled its nose into the front yard. And I now knew the Corona sticker running up the side window signaled that this was family. I became one of a couple dozen. Family brought friends and ages varied from three to sixty. I was losing track of who was a part of the Recato family and who was a friend or neighbor. After several plates of food, I began to get used to the frequent hand waves and calls into Ernest's carport as people passed by the front, "Hey, Uncle!" they'd yell.

O'hana is the Hawaiian word for family. Like *aloha* and *lanā'i*, the meaning of the term translates into

a much larger expression than the English definition provides. *O'hana* is the concept of an extended family that embraces all relatives, neighbors, friends, and people, especially those living nearby, in association with each other. The term additionally has a connotation toward hospitality that allows this feeling of family to extend to newcomers to the area – a feeling that was passed on to me by both my previous roommates Mike and Keala, and the Recatos. Of course to honor the concept of *o'hana* demands that notions of trust, risk, and vulnerability be at play. These same factors are what phenomenologist Hubert Dreyfus associates with embodied experiences.²³

For hours I tried to link together the labyrinth of the Recato's extended family, or everyone in the carport. I asked Laura, Ernest's daughter, how old her son was and if he was there. "He's seven," she answered. "And, oh, he's in there playing on the computer. Games or something." That's when I noticed not only he, but most of the children were inside wrapped around the television or the computer. There was a generational gap between those in the carport that evening and those inside in front of the computer and television. In looking at the many ways of establishing communication, Dreyfus addresses the differences in relationships formed through personalized flat-screen experiences and embodied experiences. Dreyfus argues that playing games, watching



television, and being on the Internet can draw in our imaginations, "but in so far as games work by temporarily capturing our imaginations in limited domains, they cannot simulate serious commitments in the real world. Imagined commitments hold us only when our imaginations are captivated by the simulations before our ears and eyes."²⁴ Do such tools create communities or are they destructive to community?

What Dreyfus refers to as embodied experiences is similar to what Albert Borgmann terms *natural information* as he addresses the annihilation of space and time within a relationship of near and far. This became firstly apparent through the telegraph and the railroad as they expedited the flow of information and transportation

between places. Borgmann suggests that television and "cyberspace" have altered our way to perceive culture and community:

"There appears to be inverse relation between threshold and enjoyment of contemporary culture. The threshold between home and cyberspace is low and smooth. Thus our native curiosity easily draws us into cyberspace or television. Having entered on terms of ease and curiosity, we favor programs that entertain without demanding application or self-discipline. The form prejudices the content. Moreover, the contents of cyberspace are varied and polished while the content of reality seems poor and homely in comparison."²⁵

Today these relationships compete with the relationships formed through natural experiences. As the children played inside with the television and the computer rather than one another, their perception of spatiality was being shifted. Borgmann argues that in cyberspace, everything is read as a flat broad map. Our previous perceptual understanding of near and far, the way that we measure things, has collapsed. Sight between embodied experiences and receiving visual flat-screen information becomes an imbalanced exchange. Borgmann offers, “engagement in the focal area of natural information gives us a sense of perspective, and the realization of cultural information, for example, in reading poetry or playing music, lends our lives vigor and wealth.”²⁶

The slowed pace of moving vehicles and the lively pedestrian activity together create a noticeable awareness of the surrounding environment. Being less mobile can put one at a disadvantage to that that is moving. This redistributes the power relation of exchange in both vision and dialogue between the fixed and the mobile positions. In the evenings most of the carports are lit from within making their insides easily visible from the street. Visibility becomes more evenly disseminated between the position of the sitter and the position of the mover. Further, visibility plays a crucial role in forming many central dynamics of

this community, including safety and surveillance.

Ernest’s neighbor across the street has constructed a metal gate around his property. Regardless, Ernest can tell you about his schedule, habits, hobbies, and thorny personality. Situated between the road and the house, the carport functions as a venue for surveillance for both the home and the community. But the surveillance here functions less like supervision and more like reciprocal vision. Extending off the busy Hana Highway that serves as the main artery for vehicular traffic along the North Shore, the community of Kuponono Street takes measures toward protecting themselves as well as their neighbors. In this potentially vulnerable community, Ernest explains, “the eyes are out on the neighborhood.”

Hawaii is awash with allure in its natural spectacles, including the morning, afternoon, and setting sun, land and sea wildlife, and the offhand breezes of the warm air. The favorable weather of Hawaii ultimately makes it easy for the carport to be utilized as an outdoor space. In this carport community, both domestic and non-domestic values of the everyday lives of the families spill out beyond their front doors. Chores, cooking, cleaning, eating, and playing that often occur inside of the home, leak into the space of the carport while exposing the public onlooker

to domestic activities and social behaviors rarely seen passing through many contemporary residential communities. The fluid boundary between public and private space within Hawaiian carport culture lends to spontaneity and serendipity – significant elements in constructing social relations.

Carport, Maui, Hawaii

To many eyes, this carport aesthetic may seem unkempt, and the public visibility of these activities may come as a disappointment to a given onlooker’s idealized notions

of how domestic life should appear in residential communities. Caren Kaplan observes, “A downwardly mobile life in foreign settings could provide adventure and, most importantly, something to say, a point of view. The poor might look exotic in foreign settings when the poor at home seem invisible, uninteresting, or threatening.”²⁷ For a tourist, this may not fit into their idea of “paradise,” nor be equated with a “spectacular” site. Dean MacCannell addresses the desire of the tourist to experience the “real life” of others. Of course in the tourist industry, the construction



of the “real life” on display does not actually include the lives of the peoples and their culture. He points out that although tourists often get glimpses of the “true” cultures of people and places, they rarely take interest in them.²⁸ For many residents, Hawaii is a place where roosters replace the alarm clock, mongooses replace squirrels, chickens run throughout yards, rusted out pick-up trucks two decades old multiply along the roads, and people spend time out on their porches or in their carports eating pickled cabbage, dried squid, and Spam.

The neighborhood of Kupono maintains an environment connected to the local values of community formed on Hawaii out of the social dynamics generated in the turn of the century plantation camps. For Ernest and his family, the carport opens up a field of relationships and social interactions that create interpersonal, emotional, and embodied connections with others. Neither aesthetically nor nostalgically does this neighborhood attempt to reconstruct *ideas* of Hawaiian life. Rather, the social values of community, long understood by a local culture, have driven the creation and transformation of the carport into an open expanse where interconnected relationships form. The interaction of this community reveals how social life operates less on plans and regimented activities than on casual and unexpected exchanges. Its openness embodies a

local lifestyle, one that demonstrates the inherent Hawaiian cultural values of *ohana*, welcoming, and hospitality – allied to the “spirit of aloha.”

Here, on Kupono Street, the desire to create a social setting that links the private space of the home with the activeness of the public transcends the intended function of the carport. For the Recatos, the carport has become one of the most lived spaces of the home where both his family and extended family get together. Evening is the time when Ernest often sits in his carport. He said, “Hey, when I’m out in my carport its like I’m saying to anyone that goes by, ‘I’m open,’” like a two-way street. But when the high-spirited evening activities continue into the morning and Ernest wakes up to find two strange cars parked on his front lawn, he raises his eyebrows and puts a hand in the air, “This isn’t a parking lot!”

Closing

Henri Lefebvre argues for a history of space through an analysis of how space is produced – both by those living in it and those enacting power on it. According to Lefebvre, social space is produced through social relations and it is lived physically and bodily, not abstractly and visually. It is a process, produced by a triad of spatial practices: perceived, conceived, and lived.²⁹ In accordance with Lefebvrian theory, the social space of the porch reflects the

material relations formed through the experience of the everyday world.

Architectural structures can encourage or discourage the production of social spaces. However, mimicking an architectural design will not produce and relocate similar environments, while alternatively, social environments can inform and transform architectural spaces. Over the course of the twentieth century, as a social space that draws together domestic and public interaction, the porch has been adapted into the local Hawaiian culture originating with the working-class communities formed in the plantation camps of Hawaii.

In Hawaii as a result of diverse multiethnic identities brought together in spatial proximity in unprivileged circumstances, the active space of porch culture reveals at once both a civilizing place of community and an un-civilizing place of unification, where disparate parts of public and private spaces converge to become potent forces, as in the early plantation communities – a retort to colonialism. Today, on Maui this culture continues in the converted carports of Kupono Street and reveals an integral component of the social values of local life.

The structure of the front porch is becoming increasingly attractive to developers and the escalating economy of real estate on a desirable, American tropical island. As an intermediary space, the porch is

affected by changes both inside and outside the home. Serving as a welcoming liaison, the porch is being restored to middle-class housing developments to lure buyers coming to Hawaii with fantasies associated with community and island life. The reconstruction and emphasis of the front porch is associated with the desire to romanticize and nostalgically emblemize early communities of the working-class, immigrant lifestyle of the plantation camps. Like many things in Hawaii that have been used to represent an idea of the Islands, the front porch is now being resurrected into contemporary residential architecture to create an idea associated with the local Hawaiian culture. The front porch is shifting from a social space that formed and defined the idea of the “local” to an aesthetic façade used to reminisce a working-class and local way of life. In this process the front porch creates an imagined past for middle- to upper-class residents currently drawn to the architectural feature of the porch but not engaged in an active use of its space – a past not based on any lived experience.

Meanwhile, given the choice, residents are spending more time on their back lanais, creating private domestic spaces that remove them from the open and serendipitous interactions of the public. The once positive appeal of the front porch is shifting to a privatized, secure, safe place formed socially through selection

and invitation where interactions can be more controlled, determined, and chosen. Once a distinct separation has been made between public and private spaces, it is difficult to blend the two. But as Lefebvre states, “Private space is distinct from, but always connected with, public space.”³⁰ Local culture and outsider culture become distinguished in their domestic behaviors and social attitudes. “Local” is exposed, situated, fixed, and vulnerable. “Outsider” becomes hidden, mobile, and protected. However, the uneven exchange between the outside influence adapted into Hawaii and the local Hawaiian culture permeating out inevitably alters and shapes the identity of the local as one thing bleeds into the other. This shift blurs the line between what becomes recognized as insider and outsider culture.

The power of the global economy is also destabilizing the local culture. Growing techno-communications are affecting the ways communities within geographic proximity are being formed. Mobility through travel, communication, and class is a privileged position that on Hawaii has further skewed the power dynamics between local and outsider communities.

Global forces both historically and presently beset the local on Hawaii. The idea of the local formed out of the assemblage of multi-ethnic groups from all parts of the globe, who came to the Islands to work in

the plantation agriculture industry, to find a better life. The local seeded as a result of globalism. Hawaii’s local communities continue to fall primarily into the working class, now under the Islands’ leading industry of tourism. Often in these positions working in the service economy of tourism, locals become representations of their own culture, serving to the outside visitor an idea of local Hawaiian culture.

The porch can be seen through a larger model. Looking at the home architecturally, the inside of the home is a well guarded, “sacred” space of the Hawaiian culture, that is continually shifting as cultural values are being redefined. The outside of the home is the shifting active space of tourism, colonialism, and the outsider. The space of the porch represents the in-between, the fringe or lived space where these two have come together to reveal a dense component of the social fabric of contemporary Hawaii, full of forces that create gathering, surveillance, warmth, tension, and community.

As an intermediary space, the porch is a very difficult place to chart; it is perhaps un-chartable. It is a place where the exchange of elements from at least two varying spaces not only meet but also seep into the accompanying spaces. When reading the swells, surfers and fishermen look to the tides for an indication of the changing states of nature. Abstractly, tides are charted as either

high or low. Low tide: 7:27 a.m. High tide: 2:31 p.m. Low tide hikes up the swell to a crescent shaped tunnel – high tide creates messy backwash. I wonder how you would chart, if you could chart, all the in-betweens? Maybe it would read something like this: Between 7:51 a.m. and 2:29 p.m. – the tide will be coming in but for now the beach is hard and flat, a vast playground; look for people young and old performing childlike behavior (or) 10:12 a.m. – lowish tide; warning: slippery black lava rock and unexpected crustacean sightings (or) 11:14 a.m. – a little bit higher; smells of low tide are not as stench; watch out for jellyfish washing up onto shore (or) 12:32 p.m. – moving in further; sandy beach disappearing; water may take over the planet and drench the island.

Once the tide withdraws, it has changed the ground over which it has traveled – a ground that gets continually altered with each incoming tide and forms the slopes and berms of the shoreline. Some might see it as a natural process, others as a violent intrusive force. Through a constant flow of divergent bodies passing over and through its space, similarly, the front porch is such a nexus in the development of the culture of Hawaii.

Endnotes

¹ *pupu* in the Hawaiian language

means hors d’oeuvre; *shi shi* means to pee in Pidgin

² Dean MacCannell, *The Tourist: A New Theory of the Leisure Class* (New York: Schocken Books, 1989)

³ *Lanai* in Hawaiian language is an outdoor deck, balcony or porch. Here it refers to a back deck.

⁴ Renato Rosaldo, *Culture and Truth, The Remaking of Social Analysis* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1989) p. 70-71

⁵ *Paniolo* is a term that refers to the early Mexican cowboys who in the mid 1880s came to Hawaii under Spanish rule to work on the cattle ranches. They brought with them guitars and introduced the instrument to the islands – this led to the adaptation of Hawaiian slack key guitar. The term *paniolo* has been adapted into the Hawaiian culture to refer to Hawaiian cowboy culture.

⁶ As defined by Better Urban Infill Development Program (BUILD), “infill development is the economic use of vacant land, or restoration or rehabilitation of existing structures or infrastructure, in already urbanized areas where water, sewer, and other public services are in place, that maintains the continuity of the original community fabric.”

⁷ Albert Borgmann, “*Information, Nearness and Farness*,” *The Robot*

in the Garden, ed. Ken Goldberg (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 2000) p.106

⁸ Gavan Daws and George Cooper, *Land and Power in Hawaii: The Democratic Years*, (Honolulu, Hawaii: Benchmark Books, 1985)

⁹ Doreen Massey, “A Global Sense of Space,” *Space, Place and Gender*, (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1994) p. 150

¹⁰ Miwon Kwon, 2002, *One Place After Another: Site Specific Art and Locational Identity*. MIT Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts; London, England. p. 112

¹¹ Iris Marion Young, “The Ideal of Community and Politics of Difference,” in Linda J. Nicholson, ed. *Feminism/Postmodernism* (New York: Routledge, 1990) p. 300

¹² Miwon Kwon, p. 150

¹³ Miwon Kwon, p. 149

¹⁴ Caren Kaplan, *Questions of Travel: Postmodern Discourses of Displacement*. (Durham: Duke University Press, 1996) p. 20

¹⁵ Albert Borgmann, *Information, Nearness and Farness*, p. 107.

¹⁶ The prevailing trade winds blow from the northeast direction throughout the year and considerably affect the climate of the islands.

¹⁷ Henri Lefebvre, “Social Space,” *The Production of Space* (London: Blackwell, 1984) p. 110

¹⁸ Locals are a popular brand of flip-flops, or *slippahs*, that sell for \$2.49 in drugstores in Hawaii.

¹⁹ In the 1950’s, plantation camps began to close down as owners moved away from their patriarchal role towards their workers. The result was strongly influenced by the shift in the balance of power brought forth through the efforts of labor unions. Plantation homes were moved to various subdivisions on Maui, primarily to Kahului.

²⁰ Hawaii Revised Statutes, section 5-7.5

²¹ *Haole* in the Hawaiian language means “foreign” or “foreigner”; it can be used in reference to people, plants and animals. It is also used in Hawaiian Pidgin to mean “white” or “Caucasian”; it can be used descriptively or derisively. It is a highly charged word.

²² *Ancient Hawaii*, Online. Internet. en.wikipedia.org, February 27, 2005

²³ Hubert Dreyfus, *On the Internet: Thinking in Action* (Routledge: Routledge Press, 2001) p. 87

²⁴ Hubert Dreyfus, *On the Internet*, p. 88

²⁵ Albert Borgmann, *Information, Nearness and Farness: The Robot in the Garden*, ed. Ken Goldberg (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 2000) p. 106

²⁶ Albert Borgmann, p 107.

²⁷ Caren Kaplan, *Questions of Travel: Postmodern Discourses of Displacement* (Durham: Duke University Press, 1996) p.44

²⁸ Dean MacCannell, *The Tourist: A New Theory of the Leisure Class* (New York: Schocken Books, 1989)

²⁹ Henri Lefebvre, “From the Contradictions of Space to Differential Space.” *The Production*