2008 Spectrum

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His name is Selwyn DeSa, but everyone calls him Sel. He was born and raised in Hawai‘i, but also lived in Michigan. Sel considers himself to be just a regular guy who goes to school in the day and works at a bookstore at night. He has been writing poetry since his early teens. He considers it a great outlet to express thoughts and feelings. Sel believes we are all poets on the inside, some of us just choose to move those words to paper.
The lying, the spying
Katrina, Iraq
The world can’t wait
It’s been stabbed in the back
Bleeding red, white, and blue
For an unjust cause
My words are meant
To open eyes and expose flaws
Fuck with your reception
Change the color scheme
There’s no time to walk
We need to drive out the Bush regime
If he won’t step down
We need to push him toward the stairs
Indict him or impeach him
I don’t fucking care
If worse comes to worst
There’s always assassination
Goodbye Mr. President
Enjoy your permanent vacation
I bet Al Jazeera
Would love to broadcast that
Roll up with my boys
Spray paint the White House black
Your time is up George W.
Can you hear it tick away?
You can’t treat humans like toy soldiers
And force ‘em to go play
My patience grows thinner
As the blood gets thicker
Sick of makeshift patriots
With their “Support Our Troops” bumper stickers
Tell me who the fuck is gonna
Support their families
When proud Americans
Become wartime casualties.
Where the fuck are the snipers
When we really need ‘em?
He doesn’t write his own speeches
He can barely read ‘em
Don’t be a puppet on a string
Have a mind of your own
All this political propaganda
It’s the attack of the clones
Government gangsters
Showing off their rags

Sending your children off
To die for their flags
Like we’re not dying already
From crime and disease
We ship ‘em out by the thousands
To die overseas
That’s why I scream, “Fuck Bush!”
Because I have a choice
And I’ll keep screaming, “Fuck Bush!”
Until I lose my voice
And anyone who disagrees
With my thoughts or views
It ain’t no thing for me
To scream, “Fuck you, too”
Brian Baldwin's interests include the arts – movies, music, graphic design, and even actual art. He is currently getting his pre-requisite courses out of the way so he can apply for the New Media Arts program in the Spring.

Brian also enjoys the Chelsea Football Club, Wu-Tang, a few burgers, a few beers – troubles are over, Dude.
Pedicures and Epitaphs

Why is it that whenever you get a phone call in the middle of the night, or in the early morning, it is never good news? You know it isn't going to be good news as soon as you realize your phone and not your alarm is waking you up. Was there an accident? Do you need to bail someone out of jail? Is it a friend who's had too much to drink and wants to drunkenly apologize for something that happened in the past? When my cell phone started playing the song "Given to Fly" by Pearl Jam (my ring tone at the time) at 5:30 a.m., I was ready for a little bit of bad news. When the caller ID read "Home," I got worried. I opened my phone, said hello, and had all my fears confirmed when my mother said, "I just got a call from Tripler. The doctors don't expect Dad to live through the next hour."

I sat in my bed for a few minutes collecting my thoughts. Why wasn't this like the movies? No sad orchestral music. No dramatic breakdown. I just sat there trying to figure out where to start. I looked at my closet to figure out what to wear. Shirts hanging nicely, arranged by style. Long sleeve on the left; short-sleeve, button-up shirts in the middle; t-shirts on the right. Should I shower, or just get up to my parents' house as soon as possible? I figured seeing my mother as soon as possible was the best bet. I could shower up there. I grabbed some clothes, folded them nicely for some reason, and jumped into my car.
Driving early in the morning is really quite nice. No traffic to speak of, just a few other cars driving along. You can turn up your music nice and loud and sing along, not having to worry about other people seeing you sing your heart out. I didn’t much feel like singing, so I just listened. I let the original artists do their own singing. I tried to let the music fill my head to keep everything else out.

My father wasn’t well. He’d been in and out of the hospital for a while. Something or another was always wrong. Diabetes was the main thing, and diabetes on top of a bad heart isn’t the best of combinations. Add to that a myriad of other ailments thanks to a few tours of duty in Vietnam, and we weren’t talking about a pillar of health. He was tough though. Every hospital stay seemed short. The last one, however, was taking its toll. It had been a month, and nothing was helping. He was in the ICU and having all sorts of tests to figure out what was wrong with his breathing. Tubes all over the place, doing one thing or another. A sucking sound here, a pumping sound there. Lots of loud beeping and chirping. Had there been an open window—or even any window at all—birds might have perched to chirp along. All we wanted was for him to get home. He liked it a lot better at home.

Last time I had seen my father was on Father’s Day. I don’t recall if he had the room to himself, or if it was shared. If he had a roommate, his roommate was nowhere to be seen the half-hour we were there. It was a normal visit. We sat around and talked story for a while. I don’t remember what about, probably just the usual. There was a TV for us to glance at every now and then, just like at home. A lot of the time we just talked amongst ourselves and Dad just lay there listening. He was never much of a talker, so it was normal to have him in the room but not hear him talking. So it was a typical Sunday afternoon, minus the fact we had to go to a hospital to have it.

My mother was getting more and more stressed having to go to work, drive to the hospital, drive home and make dinner, then do it all again the next day. Even her weekends weren’t free due to making two trips to see her husband. My sister and I tried to make things easier, cooking when we could, and just hanging out to keep her mind off the stresses of her day. Anything we could do to help make her relax. It didn’t seem fair that we got to drive home to our lives at the end of the night and Mom had to stay in hers.

That morning wasn’t going to be a relaxing one. We had planned on getting pedicures and going to lunch. Now it was going to be phone calls to family members. Having to call people to let them know your father has passed away is hard. I know that is stating the obvious, but it has to be said. All morning, I didn’t cry. I guess it didn’t feel real. I was on autopilot. Trying to make sure Mom was doing O.K. — figuring things out. I didn’t really have time to reflect on the fact that my father had just died. I guess that could be the reason why, when I first had to say to someone, “I am just calling to let you know Dad died this morning,” I lost it. Saying it out loud made it real. Saying it out loud hurt.

“Oh shit.” You won’t believe how many people say, “Oh shit” when you tell them someone has passed away. I guess it is a reflex. I know I’ve said it. You don’t know what to say, not that anything
you say can ever make someone feel better in that instance, so you say, “Oh shit.” I figured that out after about the third phone call to friends. It was the only thing that came close to not making me feel so shitty having to tell them. It’s very selfish, but I didn’t want to tell anyone. I didn’t like having to say it out loud. I didn’t want to keep thinking about it. The only thing that helped was knowing I could have a little chuckle whenever someone replied to my news by saying, “Oh shit.”

We still got pedicures that afternoon. We needed to relax. Sitting in a massage chair as someone cuts your toenails and massages your feet seemed like a welcome respite. Having been a huge fan of the television show “Six Feet Under,” I didn’t find it odd that we were pampering ourselves. weirder things happened on that show is what I told myself. The next few weeks were going to be busy, so we should get in some pampering while we could. There was no traffic heading to the pedicure place or to lunch. Seeing cars with those epitaphs for family or friends on the back took on a new meaning. We had all laughed a bit the first time we saw one. We could put those on our cars now. We now belonged to that club, even though it isn’t a club you want to belong to.

Hanging out at the house all day was nice. We answered a lot of phone calls, which really didn’t get easier as the day wore on. We had some visitors, all of whom brought us food, which was good. No one really felt like cooking. We just got to relax all day at the house, which is something I realized my mom hadn’t gotten to do in a while. Driving home, there was no traffic either. Everywhere I drove that was smooth sailing. The drive home was extra nice. I didn’t realize it until I got home, but it was the first time in a long time I didn’t feel bad leaving my mother’s house.

I didn’t have to worry about my mom. Even though her husband — my father — had passed away that morning, she didn’t have to stress. The other shoe had dropped. A huge weight had been lifted. Life wasn’t going to be the same, but my mom was going to be all right. So, I didn’t have to worry. It could have been the lack of traffic, or the few beers I’d had with dinner, but I was calm. The worst day of my whole life was about to end, and I was at peace. Part of me felt awkward. I should have felt awful, and I did, but part of me felt good also. The worrying was over, so I could feel good. That’s what I hung on to.

I did make sure I turned off my cell phone that night though. I wasn’t up for any more calls.
Brandeelin Siu wrote ‘Ohana with her family and culture in mind. While her culture is an integral part of who she is, her family connection matters the most.
"Hi Uncle Kent" (muah), "Hi Aunty June" (muah)
"Hi Cole" (muah), "Hi Chase" (muah) ...
I was jus' showing love for all da 'ohana huddled in da garage
Of my neighbor's house next door

It's just an average day after everyone is pau with skoo and work.

All da moms and dads winding out drinking Bud Light and wine, maybe even some sake.
Grining on some ono pupus — sashimi, edamame, boiled peanuts, all kine stuff.
Da two TVs stay on while everyone tries fo' talk loud over all da noise.
And Uncle Kent, he always cooking something good fo' everyone fo' eat.
No need make dinner, jus' go Uncle Kent's.
Just bring um' a pack of 30, and make sure it's Bud Light.

"Eh! You get one bottle opener?"
"You know how fo' open one bottle with one bottle cap, or what?" John tell Josh.
"You grab the bottle with dis hand, and tuck the cap under the odda one like dis. Den you try for use da leverage and push up li' dis."
Anything fo' talk about is what we all talk about.

On some crazy nights when everyone is all rip,
We rage the karaoke machine.
All the ladies singing and dancing on top da table
While da men stay standing in the background.
No shame, no madda if you can or cannot sing, you going wanna sing.
All the keiki stay with some kine makeshift kitchen instrument.
1 o'clock in the morning and we still giving um'
j. thurlow found himself in a pickle. It wound up being nothing at all like the story, but he is unsure if this constitutes a written confession of any sort. He insists it is pure fabrication. In the event of his incarceration, he would like to leave his last silk shirt to the family cat, as it is so fond of it in the first place.
There's battery acid in my mouth and my skull's pounding to the beat of my heart. I think I took too many this time. Pretty little caps with pretty little animals stamped on them – dolphins and eagles and little Playboy-bunny silhouettes.

“He pulled a gun on Sandra.” There's white stuff at the corners of Bobby's mouth and spittle flies out with his punctuation. “Rush pulled a fucking piece on her. Jacked her for 40 pills.”

I'm sure I'm supposed to care, but, “Who's Sandra, now?”

I'm chastised by dirty looks all around. “She's our girl,” Yaz tells me. “That means she's your girl, too.”

He has the kind of bulging beer-gut you can rest a beer can on while he's standing. I hide my indignation behind my glass. Taking a sip, I swish the amber around in my mouth to kill the battery-acid taste before swallowing. I'm not doing dirty for some persona obscura. Some bitch I don't know.

“Fuck it,” Yaz says before another swallow of beer. His eyes are that bloodshot color you only get after staying up high for four days. He gnaws on a stick of gum between drags on his cigarette. I remember being told you get jaw cancer that way. “We'll fucking sting him.”

Fuck these guys. I'm only here 'cause my roommate Roach threw in with these fools. I haven't even seen him for three days. This is not my fucking problem.
“You know Rush, right?”
It takes a minute before I realize Bobby’s talking to me.
The drugs are still clawing their way through my system.
There’s a kick at the base of my spine and suddenly I’m alive with this fluid energy that wants to do something.
“Sure.”
I’m sweating and Bobby’s hands leave trails of ghost images as he waves them around, trying to be all big and tough and I-hold-fucking-court. I’m reminded of Hindu gods with a thousand arms. He is Shiva, destroying any chance I have to stay outta this clusterfuck.
“Why?” I ask.
I can feel little mites in my brain, eating away at the grey matter. The world kind of lurches and swings on its axis, this way then that.
Yaz finishes his beer, gives a long belch. He has this push-broom mustache that I always expect to bristle when he’s mad.
“Cause you’re gonna bring him to us.”
“No way, newbie.” Yaz drops his bear of a hand on my shoulder and my knees feel weak and I almost buckle under the weight of it.
“You need to earn your stripes.”
I think about the gun in the back of his pants. One of his hands always moves toward it, like it’s caught by the gravity of the weapon. A cold shiver moves from the top of my head to my feet, shock-waving into the earth as the drug hits its second phase. I wonder if I can kick him in the balls and run.
But Bobby’s next to me and he’s smiling that snake-oil-salesman smile of his. That crooked, lopsided, yeah-you’re-fucked-but-you-like-it smile.
Bobby has this pig snout of a nose, and there’s a dusting of blue and purple on the hairs sticking out. He’s been snorting his shit.
I watch as the drip hits him – leftover powder sliding down the back of his throat, absorbing into his mucus membrane. It’s like watching liquid light pour down the neck of a bottle. He snivels and shudders with it and I’m just a bit jealous. He pulls off his cap and runs the tree-trunks of his fingers through his blond and black dyed hair.
“It’s all set up,” he says. “Rush trusts you, right? All you gotta do is meet him with us, get him to relax. Just bring him where we tell you; we’ll handle the rest.” And he jams a tree trunk into my chest every now and then for emphasis. “You’re gonna fucking do it. And you don’t wanna see what happens if you fuck up.”
So I’m fucked. I hope I get a reach-around.
The air is brisk and brittle as we walk up on Rush. He has his hands buried into the pockets of his hoodie. He's propped up against a wall at the corner and his eyes dart at the slightest movement in the gloom. He looks like a fly caught in a web. As we near, he shifts his weight from foot to foot.

"You sure about this?" he's asking me, hushed. "A hundred pills is a lot, and I don't know about these guys. I have a bad feeling."

He pulls down the brim of his hat, persona obscura. It's like a safety blanket. The monsters can't get me if I hide under the covers.

I take the cigarette he offers me. I light his first, then mine. I'm reminded of Judas' kiss.

"Sure," I say.

I dry-swallow another pill. Please, please let this kick in fast.

"I've known these guys for a while. They're cool." Lies! Lies, child! Run, motherfucker!

He flicks ash off his smoke, casts a furtive glance at the others, a few feet away. "I dunno," he confides. "I trust you, but ..."

I put a reassuring hand on his shoulder. It puts my stomach in knots to do this. That, or the drugs are working.

"It's fine, man. Yaz and Bobby are good guys."

I think I feel them kicking in. I only hope they drag me off to the Land of Nod. I don't wanna be here. I don't wanna do this.

We're walking down this red-brick alley. A rat skitters off in the distance, darting between a Jack-in-the-Box bag and old sneaker. Bobby and Yaz are up ahead and Rush is taking quick, shallow breaths and he keeps looking around. Yaz's cowboy boots make click-clacking sounds on the concrete.

"Fuck this," Rush is saying.

My drugs are working and I kinda float above myself, above this all. Fuck it. Go. Hail Mary my ass outta this one.

He says it louder, so the others can hear. "Fuck, this, I'm out."

I see a look pass between Yaz and Bobby. They call me over and if I had half a brain I'd run like Hell was on my heels. But I'm floating toward them and my eyelids are heavy and I flick my cigarette off into the darkness.

"You do it," Bobby says.

I scoff. "I'm sorry, fuck-what?"


Aw, mother-fuck you guys.
“Are we doing business or what?” Rush is saying. “Cause, fuck this – I don’t wanna do this anymore.”

You and me both.

No one says anything for a while. Everyone’s looking at each other and my drugs are fading out and I’m way too fucking pissed for this.

“Well?” he says.

Bobby’s fist is like a meteor, carving itself into the side of Rush’s head. The boy goes down with a spinning stumble. Yaz kicks him in the gut and Rush is screaming for help, screaming for back up, screaming for the fucking police for fuck’s sake. And Bobby and Yaz kick at him and stomp on him and I can’t move. I can’t fucking move.

A squad car blips to life across the street and we all take off running. My feet hit the pavement like a boxer’s strikes. There’s dry fire where my lungs should be and I curse the fuck that thought up cigarettes.

Click-clacking sounds bounce down the empty street, surrounding me. A bear-sized hand catches me by the back of the neck and I become a rag-doll, a prize in a crane game as I’m dragged into the shadows.

The gun is cold against my cheek and the hand is hot against my nape. I can feel my heart beating against my throat, in my temples.

I get out a half-choked, “Hey, Yaz,” before the cold metal traces a fiery line across the bridge of my nose.

My breathing is slow and shallow, and I think my high is kicking back in. The ground lurches beneath my feet. And Bobby’s there and he’s telling me I cost him money. I owe him money.

I feel a familiar shudder start in my spine, at the small of my back. It explodes outward like a flower unfurling. My teeth start to chatter.

God is ironic.

Bobby’s fists are wrecking balls against my face, into my gut. I get a trembling finger into his eye and he screams like a 6-year-old boy in a priest’s study.

I am fleet-footed Hermes. I am Michael Johnson doing the 400-meter at the ’96 Olympics. I am gonna fucking die. Fireworks go off behind me -- brilliant flowers of light with a champagne cork soundtrack. I’m gonna fucking die.

A light mist begins to fall as I hit the bridge into Waikiki.

Wash me clean. Absolve me. Don’t let me fucking die.

I snake through traffic, make my way to the heart of the town.

Three blocks and I’m home-free. I can be safe in my room to ride my trip and cry and rock myself to sleep.

Thirty feet.
But I hear Yaz and Bobby behind me. That, or I'm really high and my mind's playing tricks.

I can't lead them to my apartment. I can't let them know where I live.

Fuck it. I duck and weave through side streets. Tumble, stumble into a club that shouldn't be letting me in any fucking way.

I let the music take my high where it wants to go. Curl up in a booth in the back and let the crowd swarm around me.

I'm fading into the shadows with a long, ragged breath out. The lights flash and throb with cookie-cutter house beats.

I disappear, persona obscura.
Zachary Kurashige is a local boy born and raised on this amazing island of O'ahu. His hobbies are fishing, camping, spending time with his family, traveling, and, of course, surfing. He is an easy-going kind of guy who can get along with everyone. He hopes his poem is enjoyed.
My Mada She Give Me Lickins!

My mada she give me lickins when I spill the Diamond Head soda on the white carpet.
My mada she give me lickins when I no go sleep early and I cannot wake up in the morning because we gotta leave Millilani 5 a.m. to beat the morning traffic.
My mada she give lickins when she catch me with Visine in my pocket and then she find my lighter, too.
My mada she give me lickins when my report card no come and she already call the school and the bugga was suppose to be out last week.
My mada she give me lickins when I come home late
My mada she give me lickins when I stay Tama’s house drink ‘em up
My mada she give me lickins when I try stand up for myself and answer back
My mada she give me lickins when get sand all in her car and I no clean ‘em up
My mada she give me lickins when I make my younger bradah cry
My mada she give me lickins for losing my house key
My mada she give me lickins when I smash her truck on accident
My mada she give me lickins when I got suspended senior year 10 days for food fight
My mada she kiss me and tell me I love you when I graduated high school
I love my mada
On a whim, Michael Moore traded the crumbling, foul-smelling banks of Lake Erie for the sun-kissed and wave-lapped shores of O'ahu. Traumatized by the transition, he sought solace in waves, women and whiskey. Two years later, fearing a future filled with little more than sunburns and hangovers, he thought it might be a good idea to go back to school and learn how to write. His sole goal: get published. He thinks he may have made a good decision. Now what does he do?
I thought I was the predator as I strode out my door. A hunger that gnawed at the pit of my being propelled me forward that night. My appetite grew with every stride, heightening my sensitivity to my need. I was ravenous! My muscles contracted and expanded with increased fluidity as they pistoned blood through my veins. It was a short jaunt to the new hunting ground. I had exhausted my previous territory of its most appetizing game and now my hunger craved, demanded only the choicest grade of flesh. Only the finest, most fit and lithe prey would suffice. Visions of previous successes unfurled before my eyes as I checked my gait. My nostrils expanded and filled my lungs with the rich smells of the earth and air. I reveled in Mother Nature’s intoxicating aromas seasoning the recipe for a feast.

I arrived at the border of my new hunting ground. The walk had provided a fine sheen of warming to my exterior. The breeze rippled the linen fabric that served as my camouflage for the evening, keeping me completely comfortable in the evening’s warmth. I stole my way inside. Mother Nature’s sights and scents gave way to dimmed lighting and artificial allures. I slinked my way toward an alcove, remaining in shadow, and surveyed the grounds. Bodies, like rhythmic reeds, undulated in the aural breeze. One immediately caught my eye. All my senses pricked in anticipation. She passed in front of me without even realizing the danger her proximity afforded her. The flash of eye went almost unnoticed … almost. I watched her stride slightly alter as she continued. An almost imperceptible sinking of the shoulders, an even slighter increase in the gravity of her step told me she had felt my presence and responded reflexively, instinctively. She made me salivate.

My innards rumbled with a deep, almost inaudible growl. My hunger stirred and I enjoyed its starving appeal as I watched my prey retreat into the population. Instinctively, I licked my lips then
started off in pursuit. Melding into the teeming mass of bodies, I surrendered my form to the current. As I floated my way through the liquid forms, I kept my prey in sight. I relished the conditioned thumping of my heart as the shadow of capture loomed nearer.

Like a lightning bolt electrifying the atmosphere, the beat dropped by the DJ sent shockwaves through the herd. Her eyes found mine an instant beyond the point of no escape. Our eyes flashed and locked instinctively as my fingertips found her wrist. The switch had been flipped. The current that powers the engine and makes us hunt connected. We had begun what would end with a victor and a vanquished. Once in my clutches, there was no escape. I immediately felt the beginning of her surrender. I slipped inside the vapors of her perfume and found myself in perfect rhythm and harmony. Breathing her in, I relented to my hunger’s call. Every motion, every gesture, and every cell of my being committed to fulfilling my appetite’s demands. Music and movement worked in unison. We abandoned ourselves to the dance.

I took her by the wrist and slithered through the throng of bodies. Whisking her out of the club and into a waiting cab, I took her home. We danced across the tiled floor, marking off the last remaining strides of my pursuit and her capture. I peeled the hide of her ego and left it pooled at the foot of my bed. Tossing her backward, I shed my covering and prized my quarry. Hunger and its craving for satiation pulsed through the air between us. My quarry was swift and agile in matching my every tack and advance as I finally lunged in to feed. Vacuuming her scent deep into the center of my consciousness I consumed her entirely, leaving what I thought was nothing but a pair of huddled, exhausted carcasses of desire.
The stir of a car engine and the crunch of gravel roused me. My sleep had been deep and satisfying. Eager to pick again at the bones of last night’s feast, I lazily rolled toward her last position only to find myself alone in bed. The hollow silence screamed of her absence as the engine’s revving had spoken of ... my car! I bolted upright, wide-awake. My mind raced ahead of my feet. I found driveway where there should have been car. Turning I saw the empty bowl that should have held my wallet and phone. I slumped into a chair, naked and alone, to digest having been such easy game.

“I slumped into a chair, naked and alone, to digest having been such easy game.”
Acknowledgements

In this collaboration, editor Cynthia Thurlow, graphics editor Taressa Ishimi, and adviser Michael Tsai have concentrated on provocative and thought-provoking issues raised by Kapi‘olani Community College (KCC) student contributors.

A blog-style format is used as a thematic platform for modern discourse to bring together the diverse student talents.

Mahalo to all of you who submitted your work. Even though your piece may not have been used at this time, we encourage you to continue expressing yourself through your art, photography, and writing. Please continue to submit your work.

The Spectrum staff would like to thank the KCC Board of Publications, the Languages, Linguistics and Literature department, and the campus community-at-large for their continued support.

Also, we would like to thank our models Kandelle Ishimi, Manhattan Ishimi, David Izumi, Christopher Lee, and j. thurlow for working with us to push the envelope with their images.

Students who are interested in submitting contributions to any KCC student publications are welcome to e-mail kapio@hawaii.edu.
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James Unabia plans to major in photography at UH-Manoa after completing his studies at KCC. He has been published in the annual KCC photography contest, and he is the winner of the Chancellor's Award. A pupil of Kapulani Landgraf, he is a "part-time slacker."
Shell of the Past

I am very grateful for being raised at Waia'ele'a Agriculture Research Station on the North Shore of O'ahu. The farm was once a full-scale research operation with cows, a dairy, a pig­gery, and a flock of sheep. It was notorious for having two cows with holes in their stomachs that were covered by a circular window. As we drove by, the kids on the school bus would make jokes about them, calling them “holey cows.” Gradually, with time, weather, and disrepair, the farm fell apart. Only the sheep that my father takes care of are left now. The change I have seen in Waia'ele'a, and the stories that I have learned from it, have given me a stronger connection with this place. I have grown with the land and I have changed with the land, and these are my stories.

Where is my Childhood?
At the start of this project, I reflected on my past, the environment that influenced me, and my memories. My reflections led me to this place: the original house I grew up in. But the land where my house was has changed so much. The house I lived in up until I was 17 was condemned and torn down by the state. It was a very old house that was not up to the state's building codes - lead paint and asbestos just to name a few. I realized that with my house disappearing and the farm threatening to shut down or move, my memories would soon suffer the same fate as the land here. The little stories I knew would disappear forever with time. This is documentation for myself.
Trust & Support = Nourishment
Across the street, near the Crawford's Convalescent Home, lies an old building. It was built in the early twentieth century as part of the Children's Improvement Home. This is the girls' housing, the boys' improvement home is directly opposite on the makai side of Kamehameha Highway. This building always gave me the creeps at night, along with the rest of the farm. It burned down in 2003, but you can still see, at the very top of the furthest wall, the writings from the people who used to live in here. I wonder what their stories were.
Born in a Bathtub

The pasture was our big playhouse. This is where we came to live out our fantasies. I could not always completely escape from reality though. There was always an antagonist in my stories and that was the fear of or the threat of a cow stampede. The cows were the kings of the “pasture land.” When they came, we ran, jumped on high rocks, or hid until they passed.
Chance 'Em

If you grew up in Hawai'i during the early '90's, you might remember the anti-shoplifting commercials on TV. There was one in particular that used the catch phrase, “Chance 'em.” It showed a girl shoplifting from a store. Before she grabbed what she wanted, in her head you would hear her say to herself, “Chance 'em.” The girl gets caught and ends up in the back of a police car. I never cared for the ending, but I did love the way it said, “Chance 'em.”

At this exact same spot 10 years ago, I went “chance 'em,” too. If you were driving on your way home past the Waiale'e Research Station around 2:30 p.m. that day, stuck in the traffic from the school bus, you would have seen a boy dart across the street behind the bus. He went flying into the air onto the side of the road from the impact of a car colliding into the side of his right leg. That kid was me. The last thing I remember was saying that exact same line in the exact same way in my head “Chance 'em!” Moral of the story ... I think you can guess that one for yourself. If not, just chance 'em!
Counting Sheep-zzz
This is not so much about a specific area, but about the farm as a whole. For me the farm was relaxing. It was sort of this fairytale magical place over the hill from civilization. The grass grew long and green and wild. It was happiness. It was home. It was comfort, and it was sleep.

Hiding
This Bunker represents a lot to me. It was built during World War II to protect against invasion from outside forces. It lies three-quarters up the mountain on the way to Kahuku Motor Cross Track. I frequently visited the bunker as a child, by myself or with friends. There is a beautiful view of the coastline and the farm from there. But more than this, the bunker is a representation of a perception I have. I see the world from within the shelter of the bunker. It conceals me, it protects me from outside forces, and it makes me feel safe.
Parting Shots
This is a reflection on the past and the places I will miss; the role I played in this brief moment in time here; and the fleeting memories of a place that I hold close to my heart. I do not know where the paths of Waiale'e lead or end. I am just lucky to have walked down a few and seen the beauty of nature.
Shana Squier is an artist and student living in Hawai'i. She has several styles, including abstract, linear and painterly. Shana paints from nature. She enjoys using her emotions to aid in a physical and artistic approach to painting.
The Destruction of our Paradise
Gone with the Surf
Painting by Numbers
Krystal Van Putten grew up in the Pacific Northwest and moved to Hawai`i in 2003. She is enrolled in the KCC New Media Arts program. Her artistic skills include integrating web design, Photoshop, Illustrator, InDesign, photography and painting.

An artist and a designer, Krystal draws inspiration from the array of colors in Hawai`i that have appeared vivid to her since she arrived from rainy Washington State.
Blue Cactus
Violet Cactus
Colorful Taro Leaves
Priscilla Sanchez is a Los Angeles native whose work includes oil painting, giant portraits on canvas, detailed mixed media, and fine art photography. Priscilla is experimenting with color, and emotion, technique and form. Her work fuses a psychic presence with appreciation for the mystical. She is currently working on a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree.
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Spectrum is published for and entirely by the students of Kapi'olani Community College, with funding provided by student fees through the Board of Student Publications. All student submissions are welcome and encouraged.

Cover: Digital treatment of Shana Squier's "Gone with the Surf" by Taressa Ishimi.