



**KANANI**

**LITERARY ARTS MAGAZINE  
UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII  
KAPIOLANI COMMUNITY COLLEGE**

**VOLUME 5, NUMBER 1  
FALL 1986**

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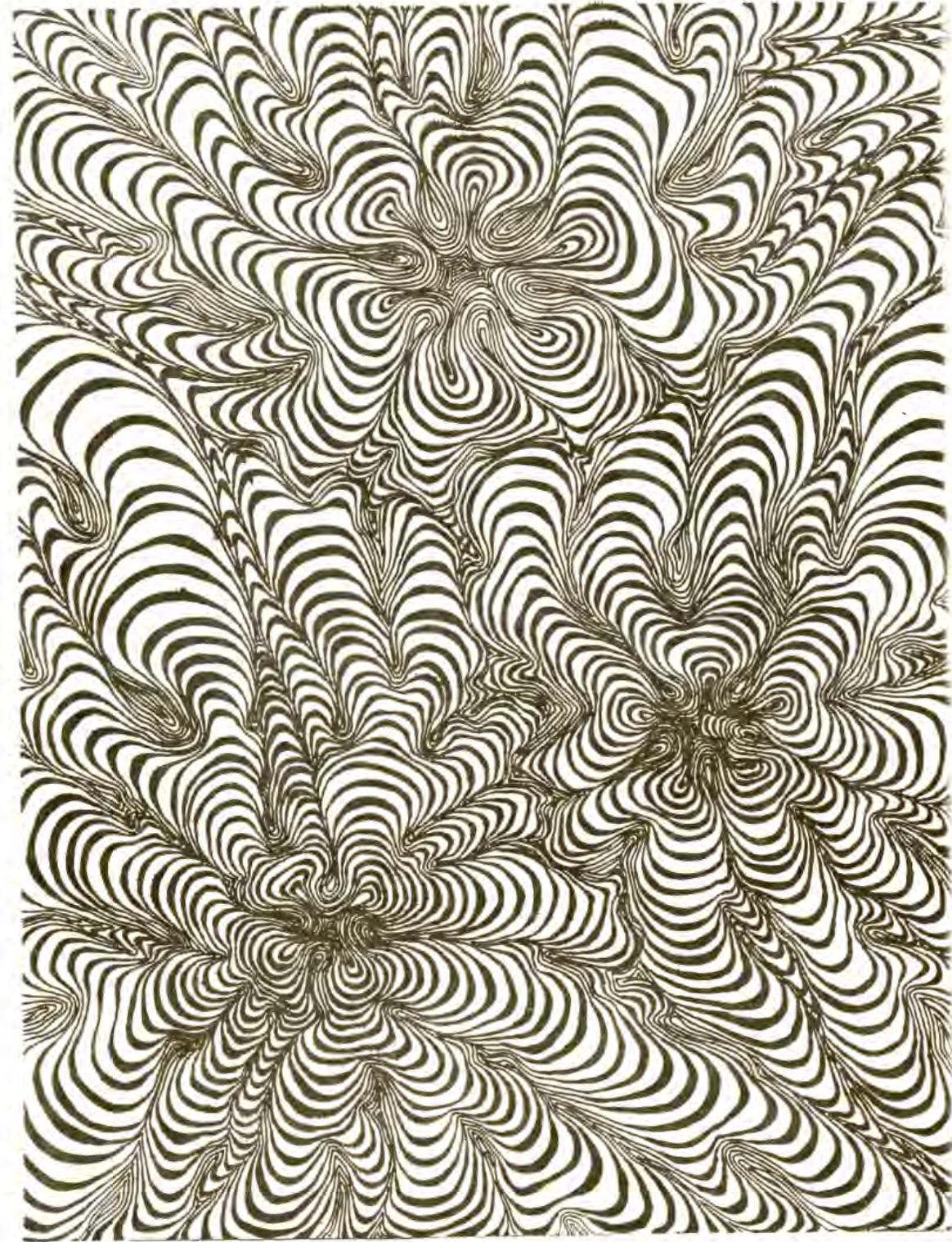
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GOOD MORNING

The stage is set.  
Silence fading, Stars fading, Moon fading.  
Sun ready, Ocean standing by.  
Standby, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.  
Sunrise.

Slowly on the light.  
Bring up the sound.  
Start the people.  
More light.  
Okay, full sound.  
Full light.

That's a wrap for another night.

--John D. Montgomery



CRUMBS FOR BREAKFAST

Mynah birds sparrows and doves  
Even pigeons and Brazilian cardinals  
Together . . .  
Share  
Their sumptuous feast  
Then . . .  
Fly their separate ways

--Catherine von Wiegandt



## BLUE LAGOON

I stand on a hill  
gazing out,  
To a vast Ocean so wide, and yet calm  
Some boats tiny or large  
Seemed far away;  
I could spot them from where I stand  
Their white sails turned grey or brown  
Passing this Ocean as long as I can remember:  
My grandfather, his father they told us all.

(We sail through the islands long before you were born)  
No beacon, no engine,  
Only sails, moon and stars  
They lead us all to our destination.  
Look at me, seventy years old, bald-  
I am a sailor on this Blue Lagoon  
Trailing my grandfather's footsteps.

I love to see all the islands  
surrounding the lagoon,  
Large or small; vacant or occupied  
I know them all.  
Fishermen from far and near  
Anchored everywhere,  
I wave to them and they in return  
I know them all.

I do not want to stop here,  
Please Lord, let me navigate some more  
The long, winding reefs, the roaring waves, the Adorable Blue Lagoon,  
Seagulls flocking here and there  
Searching for their feed of the day,  
Like fishermen  
They rise in early dawn  
Fishing patiently.  
Why am I telling you all this?  
Will he smile from his grave once more?

Come along  
Swim with me once more,  
Let us paddle our canoe together again here,  
Tell me the tales  
Of Caves and Mermaids  
And many more-  
Yes, and many more  
Of this Blue Lagoon.

-Alina M. Droz

## MERGER

Gone  
away into the trees, nothing  
in hand, my eyes  
filled with the sway  
of stalks and stems, twigs, leaves, flicker  
of birds and moths,  
ants', worms', beetles'  
crawl: motions,  
black, brown, gold, grey,  
rust, blue-green motions,  
mere light--light-headed, I  
shook with the clustered rustlings  
of leaves, sweet radiance of  
pine and flowering grasses, sour  
of fungi, coiled millipedes.  
Head filled with light, I raised  
my hands, moved to move, and  
misplaced the hollow of my body; I  
opened my mouth:  
the wind breathed for me. Breathe  
me, wind, I  
said, gone away into the trees.

-Guy Nishimoto



## ALGEBRA

Good control.  
What a joke.  
Blessed nerves switching on and off.  
Creating electrical havoc.  
Jerking and crawling.  
Losing distance.  
So stupid.  
I shake my head.  
Try again.  
Set.  
Go.  
Stop.  
No use.  
Can't get by.  
What the hell.

One more time.  
Control.  
Go.

Electricity variable, maybe X.  
Try to figure it out.

If not, I quit.  
Gone fishing.

--John D. Montgomery

## IMPRESS THYSELF

To brook life, one should not deviate from centre. For it is elysium we all seek. When we achieve this, we enfranchise our souls forever. For we are not objects to our society. We are creative. We are self. We respect and love but must not forsake life. For it is solus that we embarke upon our destin'. We are sent barbed with ideals and hopes. Although life is a bit unpredictable we endure and go on in the face of persecution. We are mind, we are spirit...we are body...spirit that manifests itself through a millenium of objectivity and focus; thus pushing us to a higher plane. And when we realize this completely, we fall prey to the most impressive conglomeration of malarky seen on one page. And even agree, it makes a whole hell of a lot of sense.

--Patricia de Mello

## MESSAGES

The sea is calm tonight.  
The tide is full, Listen!  
I hear pebbles which waves draw  
and fling,  
The tremulous cadence slow  
and even,  
Bringing messages from the sea.

—Jason Yoshida



## FREEDOM

It is not enough to have  
Two portions of food  
Separate bedrooms  
Two and a half baths  
A two car garage  
And a roomful of toys

If I fear for my body  
Pray all day without relief  
If I must walk alone  
If I am not at peace  
With myself or you  
I am not free

--Catherine von Wiegandt

## FRANCESCA AND THE UNICORN TEAR

When I was a child  
The illusion was  
Everything!

A column of heat,  
The sun thru a window.  
The smell of my mother's  
dress.

Safety, Love  
Childhood.

Each moment  
piled one on one on one.

Moving away  
faster and faster.

Each moment  
a star.

All  
a smoke ring.

--Jim Becker

## FRANCESCA IN THE FAILING LIGHT

Where are you?

I have searched the cracks and crannies  
plumbed my soul,  
washed in pain and doubt  
and laundered my life with guilt.

And I cannot stop the illusion.

Genet is dead!  
His truth, now dust.  
The fearful reality  
a faded curiosity.

And he did not stop the illusion.

You still dance in my dreams,  
sing the Siren's cry.  
But the sound grows dim  
and the dreams fleeting.

Only the illusion stands firm.

--Jim Becker

## 献给远方的爱人

(慢板)

时而，现实的事不太现实，梦的事又不梦。  
清早的高速公路既不现实又不梦  
在上面悠悠的摇曳的，  
是一串串不三不四的方言  
纽约的中国姑娘在中午发胖了  
跑去掀起双脚翘了翘那几根巴嫩的大胡子  
带着汗湿的臭鬼等3小时的巴士  
这才发现早上的车流的饭已经馊了  
在我眼前只有一条树下小路，没有尽头  
没有饭没有巴士，没有行人  
没有没有，但闻远远远远茉莉花香  
记得在七月中被一场雨扭得弯弯曲曲的，洒洒的  
在傍晚五时许从二楼的阳台上哗哗地飘落下去  
对面有棵老树，地心嫩芽只  
他们都说“好一阵花香，好一阵花香……”  
那时正常我初梦初醒  
一只手沾着爱的液体，一只手摸着手表

“到时间了！”

——于是我们疯狂地奔向图森  
正赶上一个北京胡同里的小孩睡在路上  
身边只有一只奇形怪状的马苓薯  
就像此时数学课黑板上同样奇形怪状的教案  
还有那些坐在我旁边的站在我前面的  
也是些奇形怪状的教案  
他们在二节课间移来移去  
在烈日和太阳中间移来移去  
在他们和“他们”间移来移去  
在现实和梦间移来移去  
久久地，久久地  
模糊了那件确实存在的乌有之线  
于是  
又留给我一片茉莉花香的空白  
好一阵花香，好一阵花香……

—— 梁生记

八六年九月于檀香山

## NON-SENSE

It's better over there!  
Over where?  
The other side  
But . . . that you cannot see!  
No matter  
It's better over there!

--Catherine von Wiegandt

## TWO WHEEL PASSION

Talk about chance.  
Even luck.  
Look for a slot.  
Go.  
Close.  
Cruise.  
Watch out.  
Dragon breath spitting out.  
Now Hard.  
Go around.  
Better hurry.  
Saw his eyes.  
Death close by.  
Pump faster.  
Oh God, big pothole ahead.  
Damn hard on family jewels.

Just get home  
I swear I'll quit.

--John D. Montgomery

## 2:00 A.M. PICKUP

What a laugh.  
A brain rattle.  
Everyday white paint.  
Maybe up,  
most likely down.

A simple screen.  
Easy to translate.  
Topography, nothing fresh.  
Old rope split,  
hanging from a totem.

Nothing else seen.  
Want to play!

--John D. Montgomery

## HEADLIGHTS

Headlights  
The eyes of the night,  
I am anxious as they go flashing by.  
I keep hoping that  
they will turn and stare at me.  
Then I'll know  
that you are safe, at least  
Until tomorrow.

--Catherine von Wiegandt



I

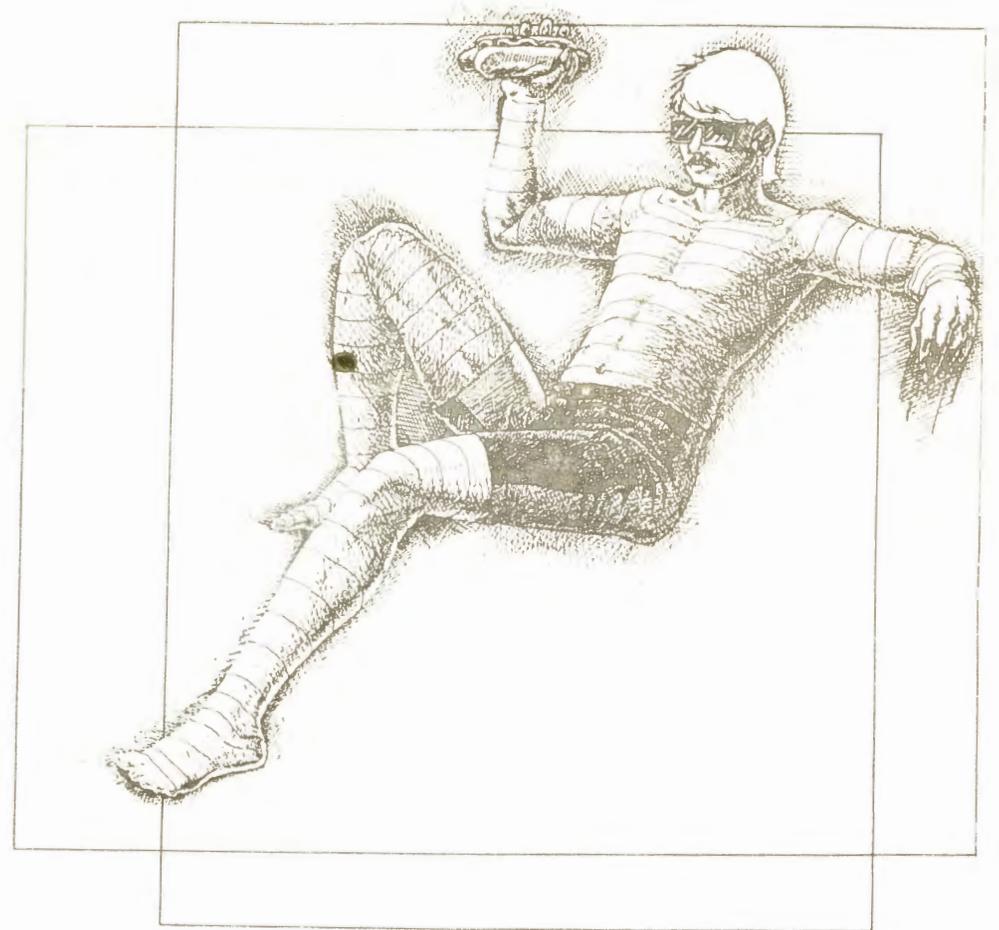
"Freddy, oh Freddy, oh Freddy,"  
 I'd tell my friend Freddy as we shot pool,  
 "That is not the correct end of the cue you use."  
 "It is the end I choose to use,"  
 He'd say in return.  
 "But you are wrong. That is not how all the others use,  
 That is not how the great players use."  
 "But this is the end I like to use,  
 I prefer it, I like it, thus I use it."  
 He didn't understand, he couldn't understand.  
 Ours was the right way, the correct way.  
 The way of the great players, the way of us all.  
 He and I'd play a hundred games,  
 And I'd lose not a one.

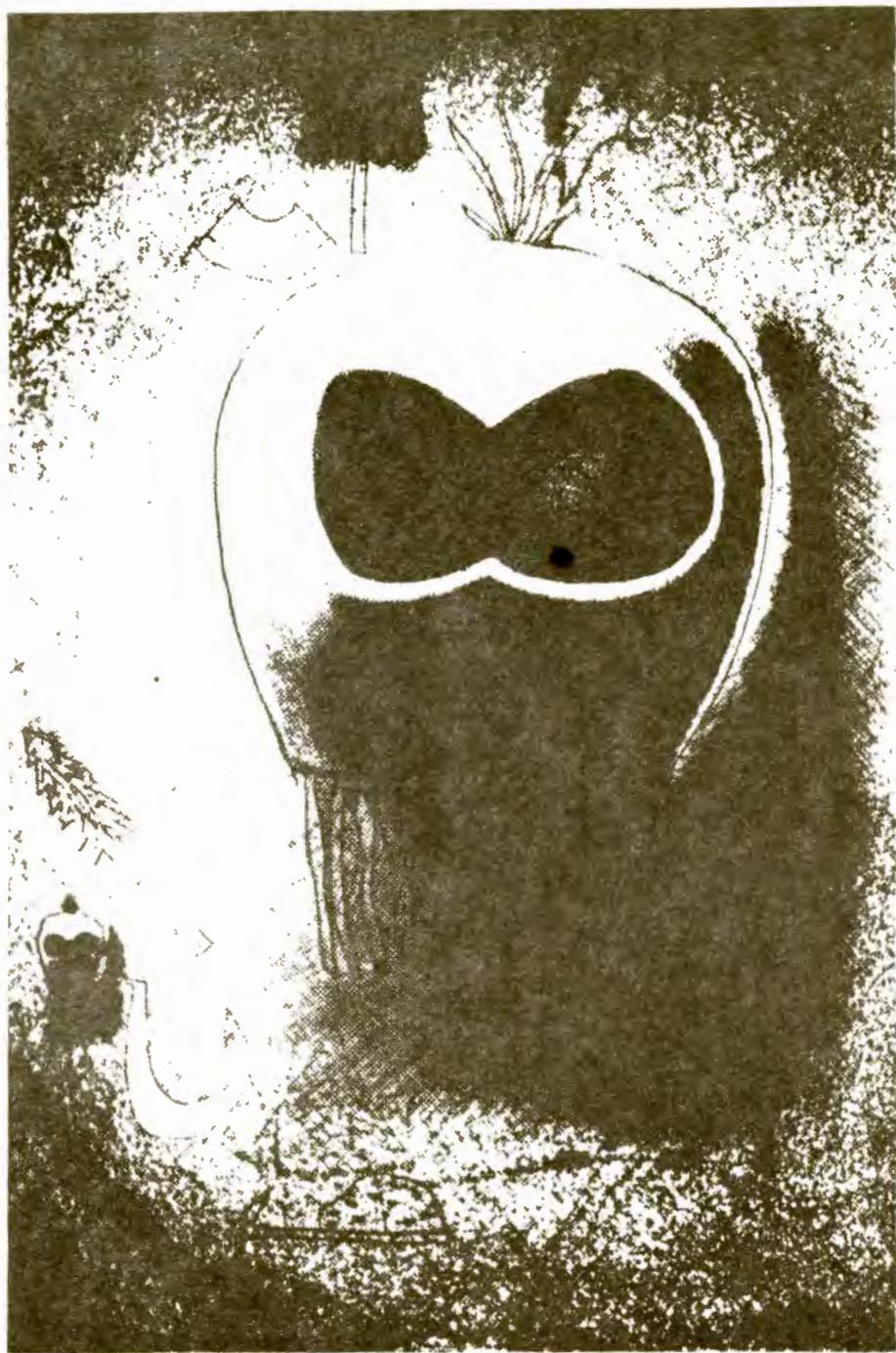
II

It's forty years later,  
 We're both still shooting.  
 I still lose not a single game to him.  
 Still he shoots in the same manner.  
 So now do I.  
 So now do the others.  
 So now do the great players.  
 Who would've thought to use the thinner end to shoot.  
 Freddy was no fool,  
 Just unskilled.  
 It was not his to take credit for,  
 Just what he preferred.

III

"Freddy, oh Freddy, oh Freddy," I say,  
 "Why oh why do we wear these dumb ties?"  
 "It's company policy," he says in return.  
 "But they choke us and take so  
 very long to tie."  
 "Everyone else wears them, you know."  
 "Let's us not wear them today, okay?"  
 "Alright then, we shan't,  
 You don't look good in one anyway."  
 "Indeed, indeed, indeed."





## PICTURE

A day of days this day.  
The sun beams a bright smile  
Through the endless blue,  
And lights up the green,  
Who soak him in.  
A hint of breeze  
Enough to but to tickle,  
Sends small folds of wetness.  
A hush pervades,  
But the gentlest rustle of leaves  
And softest splash of tide.  
Too warm out to bustle  
Too quiet to exhort  
I slowly and humbly walk in,  
Joining in the picture.

-Mike Tokito

## NATURALIST POSTCARD

The sun rises on the Koolau.  
Air warms quickly,  
thick with sensual odor of Pikake.

Soon - the bees will dance!!

-Jim Becker

## LOST LOVES, NO. 1

You stood on your shore of pride  
And I was drifting out to sea.  
A word from you, or a word from me  
Could have stemmed the tide.

But as it was, your reflection  
Shrank steadily in my eye.  
Our hearts' bond tugged so painfully  
Then vanished like gossamer in the sky.

And now if ever we were to meet  
Our paths could never coincide.  
A word from you or a word from me, once  
Might have turned the tide.

-W. Joy Hee

## GOOD TIMES

Razors slash you;  
Acids stain you;  
Rivers are damp;  
and drugs cause cramp.  
Guns aren't lawful;  
Gas smells awful,  
You might as well live.

--Jason Yoshida



## SOARING

As far back as far back goes  
We, her children have fought her pull,  
Her tug on us to keep us close.

Mother has given us all we ever needed,  
But we've always sought to escape.  
We soar regular now, being older  
It's still exhilarating to be unattached,  
For if we fail, it's a long way down  
She leaves it to us to catch ourselves.

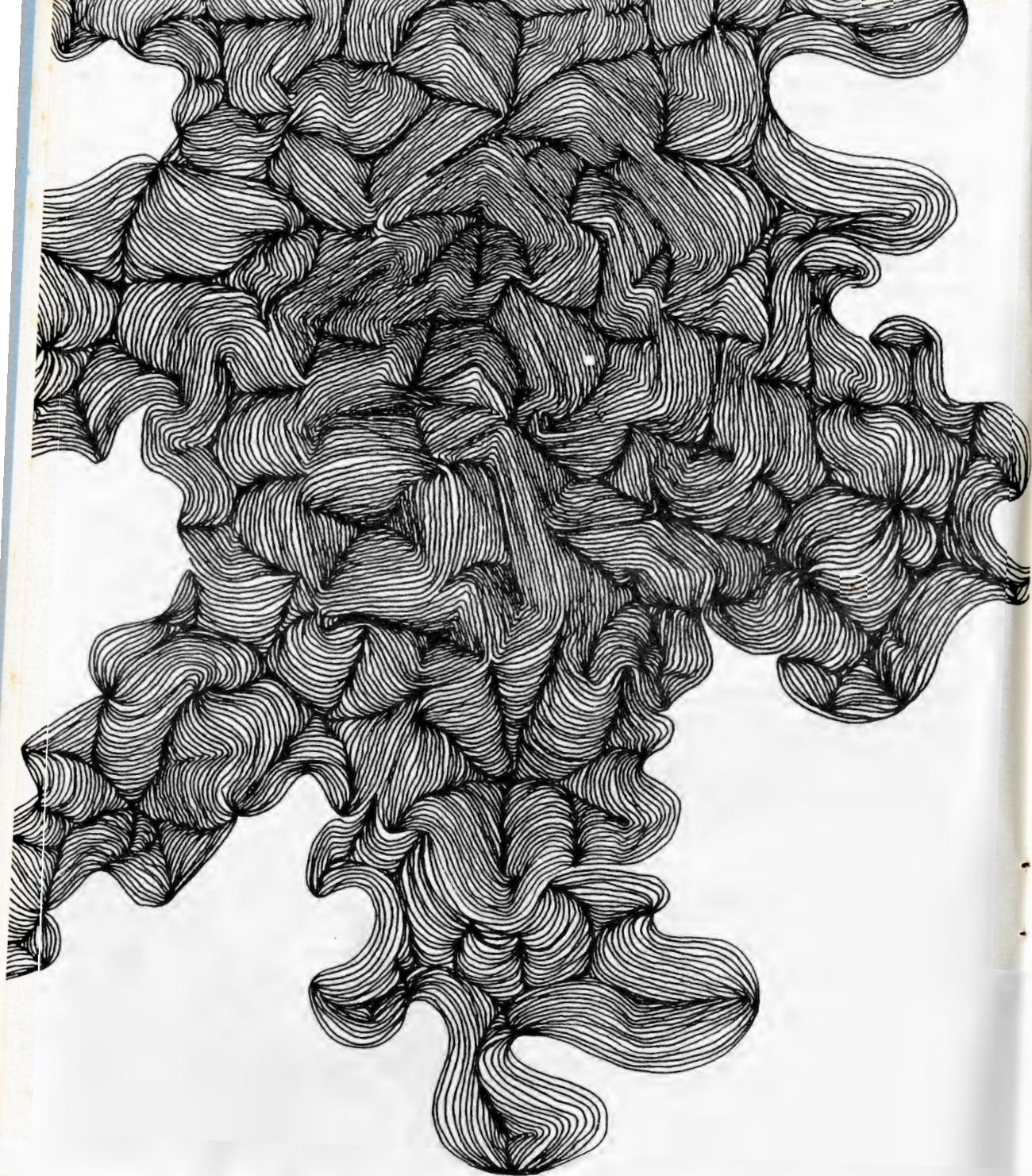
A few of our brothers have gone past her pull  
To near complete independence  
Never complete, for they take pieces  
Of her with them.

At the distance,  
She's still very near,  
And one of the first things they do  
Is look back on Mother  
Her deep, rich, brown skin  
And hair of glowing green.  
From afar, they know she is  
Like us, mostly of water.

We will need to return to her  
For we are not old enough yet,  
To be so alone.

--Mike Tokito





## ASCEND

Climbing so slow  
Yet too fast.

Clinging and gripping  
And inching for footing,  
Crevices so jagged  
That dig with the grabbing,  
And surface too smooth  
Plummet the likely.

With further height,  
Bounce of joints fade  
Fatigue and ache.

Nigh the top--  
A view,  
Ground so distant  
And ledges of pause.

And ah, the plants,  
Some out of grasp  
So admired,  
Others clung to desperately  
To balance,  
Some torn away  
For their crevice.

At end found  
Mountain so scaled,  
Pebble so scaled.

-Mike Tokito



## UNTITLED

A smooth clear bottle outside  
With a scrap of paper inside  
No message clearly visible  
From where it came forgotten  
Bobs along on the ocean  
Destination unknown

Expansive night sky, fierce ebony storm  
Dark angry clouds  
Lightning streaks across the sky  
Small breaks of light illuminate  
The bottle alone  
Out upon the oily sea

Daylight the sea breaks calm  
Fish and life move about below  
Waves turn and twirl the bottle onward  
Lapping at the sides like a second hand on a clock  
Till the day it strikes land crashing on the rocks  
Shattering  
The scrap of paper rots in the sun and rain

If my mind can conceive it  
If my heart can believe it  
I know I can achieve it

--Marcial Tumacder

Hiking mountain trails  
Braving nature one on one  
Slipping on cow dung

Theatre movies  
People watching carefully  
Someone makes a fart

--Bruce Tomiyama

Sunlight in my eyes  
I awake stiff and tired  
It's Monday again

--Bruce Tomiyama

Out on a blind date  
What does she look like, Oh my  
Where are my glasses

--Bruce Tomiyama

Lying on the hot beach  
Absorbing the summer sun  
Awarded a tan

--Kellie Komoto

Gazing at the clouds  
What images do I see?  
Evanescent shapes

--Cyndi Osajima

God's little blessings  
Falling softly on our heads  
Rain, ever so sweet

--Billie B. Kekuewa

Haku lei for you  
Babies breath and leatherleaf ferns  
Dendrobiums galore

--Dorothy Sakai

A flock of seagulls  
Freely flying in the sky  
Men, too, seek freedom

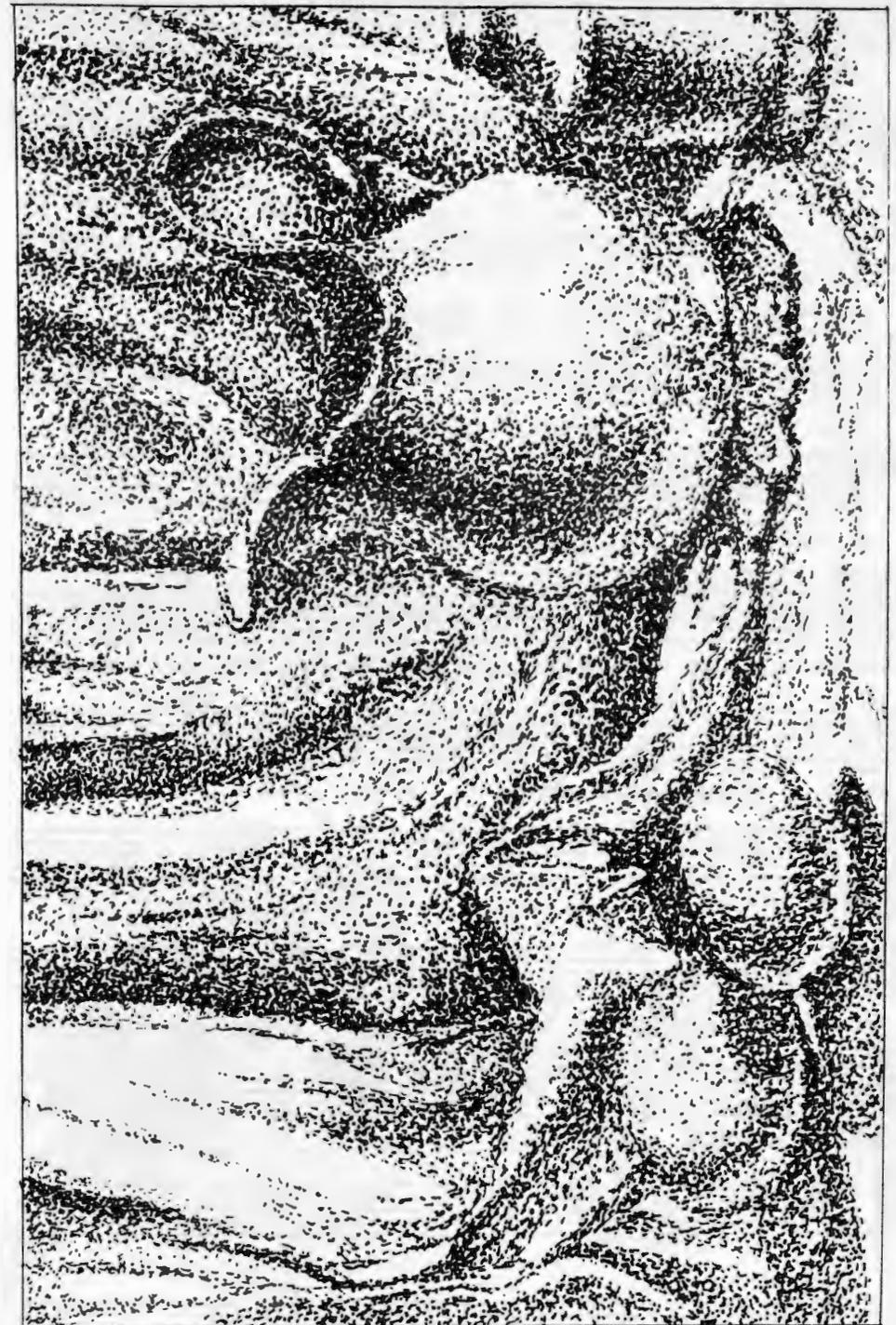
--Janet Magana

Butterflies flutter  
So fragile, so beautiful  
Living life carefree

--Bert Watanabe

Traffic on H-1  
Radiator is steaming  
School has just begun

--Lance Kamisugi



Margaret A. □

PIECES

EATON MASOON

1. PIECES LIKE A PRECIOUS JAR SHATTERED ON THE FLOOR  
 2. PIECES EV'RY ONE OF THEM A MOM-ENT WE HAVE LOVED

ALL THAT'S LEFT OF SOMETHING THAT WAS BEAU-TIFUL AND RARE  
 CAST A-SIDE AND SQUANDERED IN A BAN-DONED DIS-AR-RAY

PIECES OF A PURE DE-SIGN, YES PIECES THAT WERE YOURS AND MINE  
 IF WE WERE TO TRY A-GAIN, MAKE IT YOU AND I A-GAIN

LOST AND COLD AND LY-ING THERE IN PIECES

COULD YOU STAY OR WOULD YOU STAY OR WOULD YOU SAY GOOD-BYE A-GAIN? OH

TELL ME, CAN THESE JAG-GED ED-ES EV-ER FIND A WAY TO FIT TO-

GETH-ER A-GAIN? OR WILL MY

SCARCE AND SCAT-TERED WORLD RE-MAIN, FOR REASONS THAT I CAN'T EX-PLAIN, EN-

GULPED IN PAS-SION AND IN PAIN, IN PIECES?

LOVELY LADY

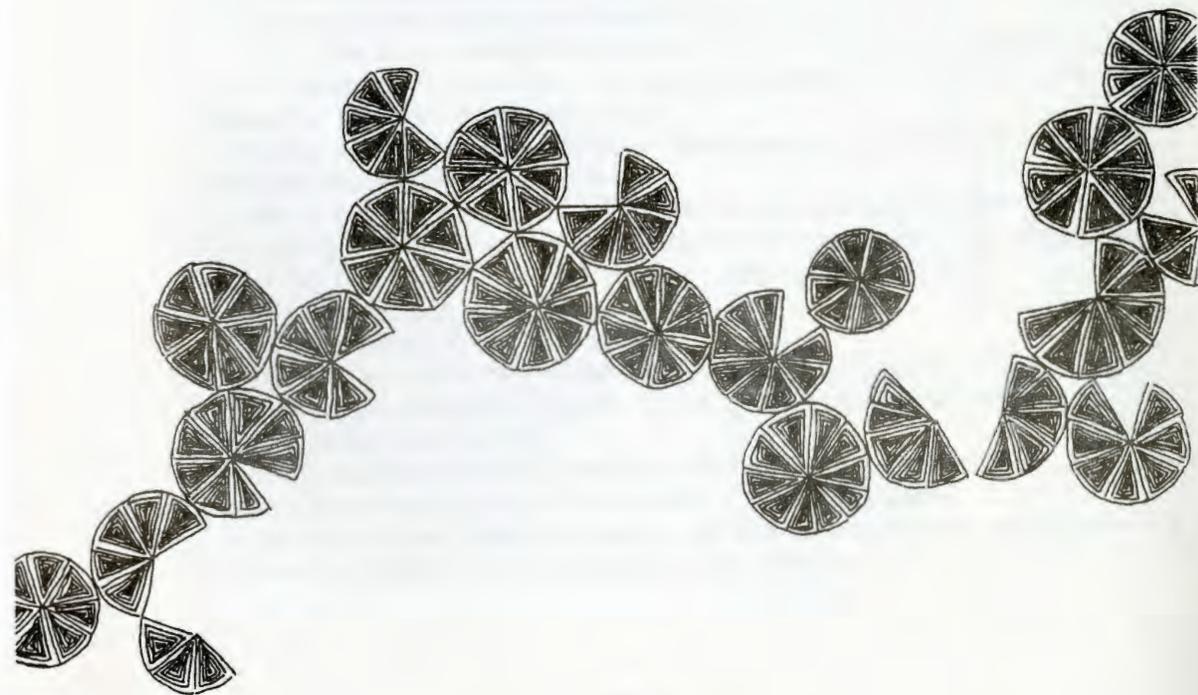
MERLE CORBETT

WHEN I SEE YOU SMILE SO BRIGHT, LOVE-LY SO LOVE-LY LA-DY

WO-N'T YOU COME? WE'LL SPEND OUR LIVES, MAK-ING EACH OTH-ER HAP-PI

WE WILL TRAV-EL FAR AND WIDE PAST THE JOY OF MORN-ING

WE WILL RIDE THE WAVE SO HIGH WE WILL BE SO HAP-PI





## AT THE COVEN

by Peter Crane

Hollywood, California  
September 30, 1984  
12:30 a.m.

Bobby wasn't a "Rocker" in the true sense of the word. He looked like one--thick, black curls tumbled down his shoulders, his jeans were as tight as they could be without risking sterility, and both his wrists were littered with enough silver and gold to scare away Mr. T--but inside, Bobby was more fit to be an office clerk or a C.P.A.

Bobby flapped his pharynx for a hard rock band called--ugh!--"Cradleraper." Bobby had not thought of the name (he was always sure to make that clear), and he sang with them only because they were working steadily, albeit in one of the sleaziest of Hollywood-Heavy-Metal-Sleaze Bars: THE COVEN. Bobby hated the place. It was hot, loud, and crowded (with the worst kind of crowd), and the management was always a week late with "The Raper's" check. But worst of all, Bobby thought, was the unshakable knowledge that he was stuck here. This dirty syph-pit was all he had. Music was all he knew. He wished that somewhere along the line his parents would have made him sell his guitar and go to school.

So now he stood on the stage (tiny, and poorly lit), hammering barre chords on his Flying V and screaming his head off. His jeans hurt.

During the second song of the set, she walked in. She was with some guy that Bobby had never seen before. He was tall, blonde, and muscled, and he followed her around like a dog on a leash.

Bobby forgot the words of the song he was singing, and he had to mumble and la-la-la his way through a whole verse.

How could she be so cruel? She hadn't waited even a week before coming in here and parading some Aryan dream around the dance floor. After Bobby had laughed with her, cared for her, given almost a year of his life to her.

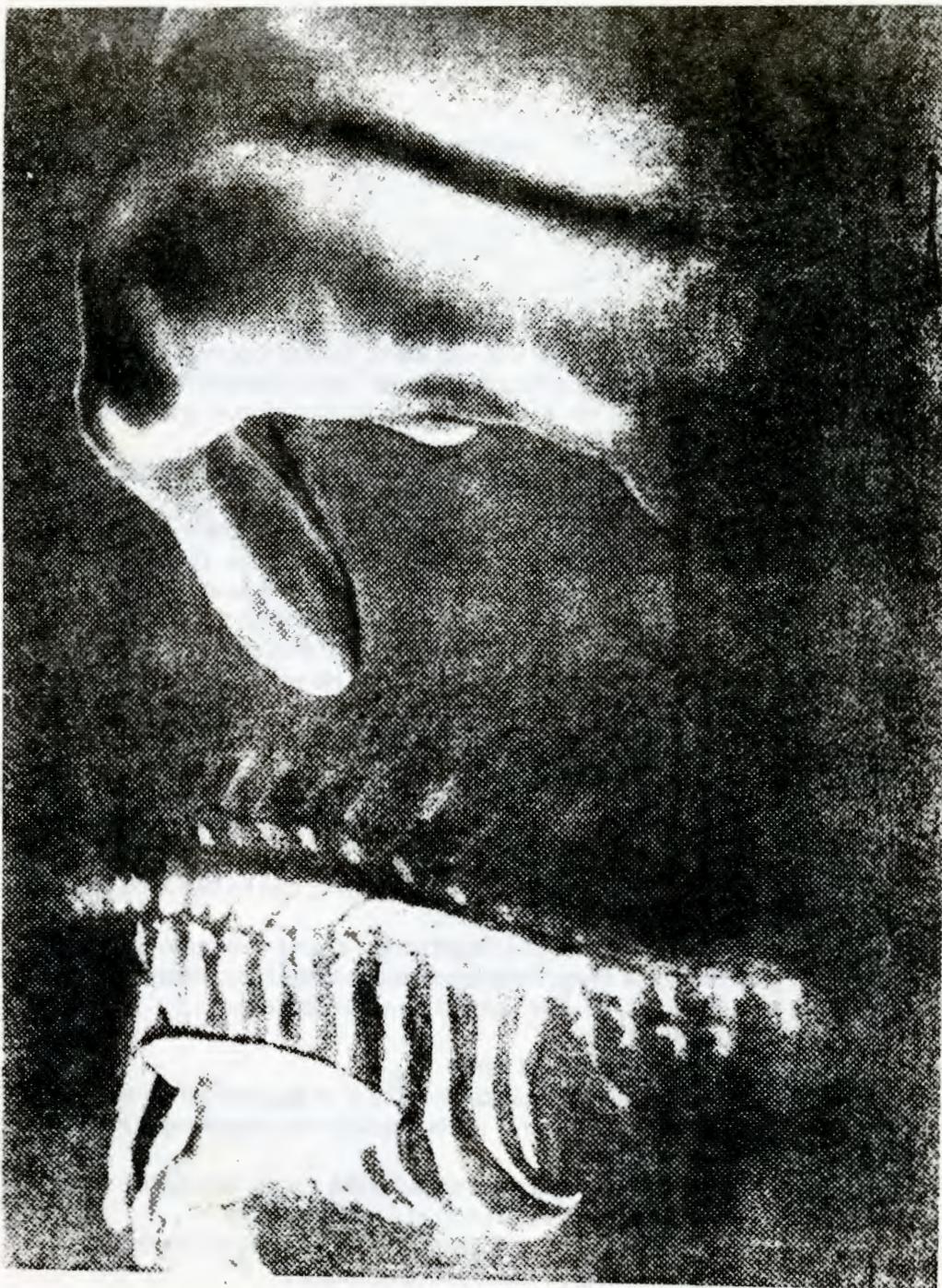
He had loved her.

Or he had thought that he loved her.

Now they were dancing, jerking wildly in a sea of shaggy hair, shiny spandex, studded leather wristbands, and torn T-shirts bearing such vicious logos as Metallica, Slayer, and Venom.

Bobby had heard them all. Metallica sounded like a nasty automobile accident. Venom sounded like mass murder in a maternity ward.

The song ended (thank God) and the girl and her new "friend" went to the bar to fuel up. What fun is heavy metal if you're not drunk?



It had been only four days since she had dropped her A-bomb on Bobby's parade. Before that, life had been like a kid's storybook--like a movie. And then, for reasons that she had failed to explain--Bobby figured that she had simply wanted to know if other guys felt like he did (he had been her first, or so she had said; he wasn't so sure now)--she had called it quits, with no warning, not even a hint. Things had been dreamy, and suddenly the dream had become a nightmare. Bobby had cried that night. And as he sang the first words of the next song, he thought that he would probably cry tonight as well.

During the second verse, she turned from the bar and gave Bobby her famous cold stare. He forgot the words again.

La-La-La, mumble-mumble-mumble.

Still staring, her hand wandered over to her blonde pretty-boy, slithering up and down his wide back like a soft snake. His muscles rippled. She played with his hair, smirking, and her smirk widened into a full-fledged witch's grin as her hand slipped down to his tight little butt. She was so cruel. And she was enjoying it. She bathed in brutality like a pig in cool mud.

Bobby finally forced his eyes away from her and went into a solo. At least he could lose himself for half a minute or so, making his V wail, moving his fingers faster than the bartender could move drinks.

A minute later, the song was over, and Bobby looked to the set list at his feet.

-Oh, God

The next song was a slow song. slow songs were rare at The Coven, but they did surface from time to time. For Bobby, this slow song meant only one thing: she would kill him with this slow song.

Sure enough, he had not played three chords when she and her tall partner took the floor. They clutched each other tightly.

Bobby hurt.

As they turned, her eyes met Bobby's. His eyes said "thanks a lot;"her eyes said 'it's my pleasure.'

When it was time to sing, Bobby's voice cracked.

They turned again and Bobby saw the young stud's hands wander over her soft back.

I know what that back feels like, Bobby thought, those used to be MY hands.

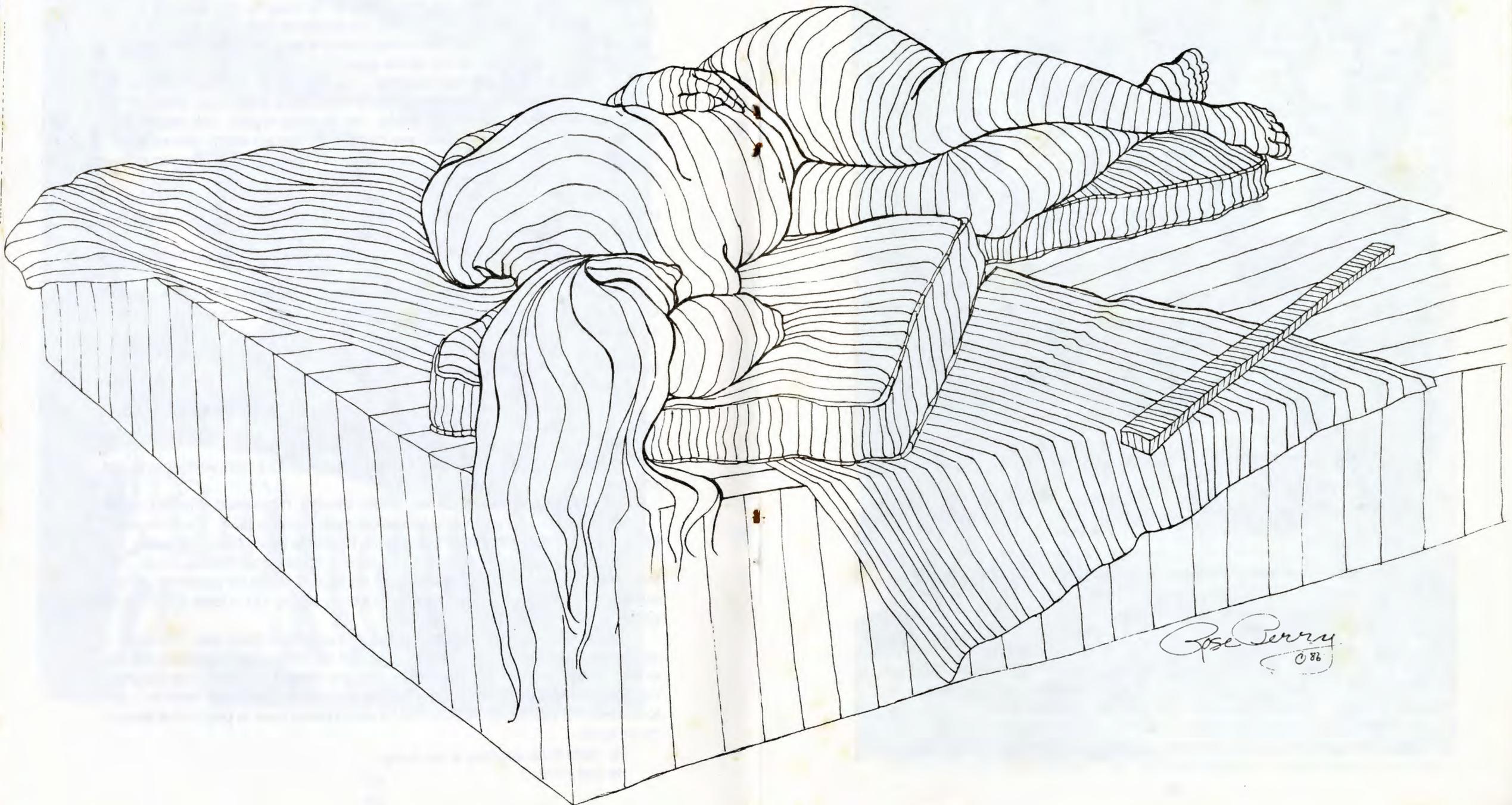
His voice cracked again, and he backed away from the mike. It was no use. If he opened his mouth to sing another word, he would surely burst into tears.

The blonde rocker's hands were squeezing he ass now; holding on as though he was on board the Titanic and it was a soft, round life preserver. They turned again, and her eyes fell right on Bobby's, saying 'Oh, it feels SOOOOOO good!'

That was it. Bobby stopped playing and threw down his guitar. The other members of Cradleraper looked confused, not knowing whether to keep playing or not. Bobby jumped down from the stage and rushed out of the club into the night, tears stinging his eyes painfully. He didn't think about what he'd do tomorrow. He didn't even realize that he would never have to play in that sleazy place again.

He didn't think anything at all, really.

He just cried.



Rose Perry  
086



## LUNCHWAGON JAM

by Lisa Baird

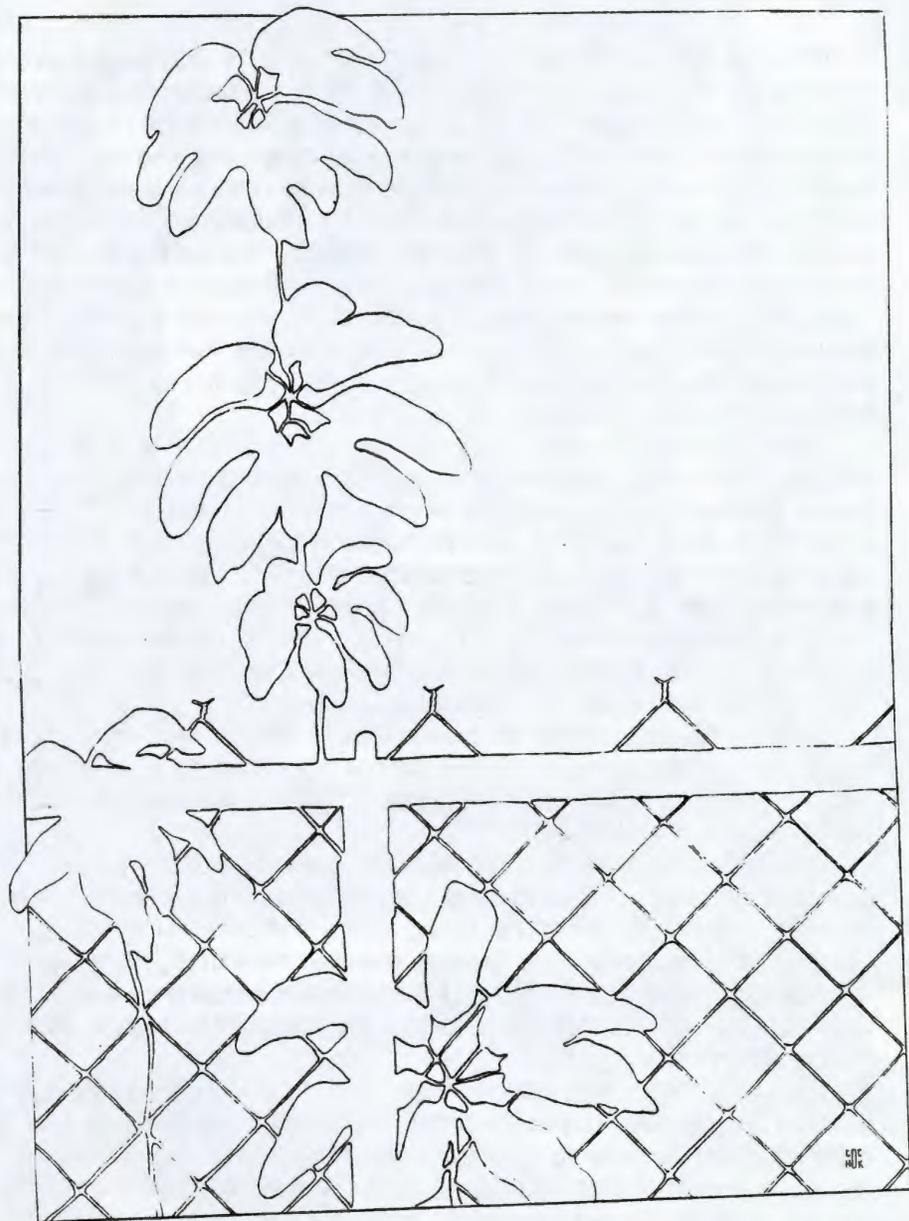
What a wonderful morning! I sit under the trees at the lunchwagon, overlooking Koko Head. The breeze is a welcome respite from the scorching days of late. The ocean glimmers invitingly, a deep, gelatinous blue. At the table next to me there is a guy playing music. When I arrived, he was doing something like "Dueling Banjos" on his guitar. I was attracted to the tune, so I chose a table close by at which to drink my juice and enjoy the mood. My thoughts went to Lee-Ann. This is a guy we definitely went to different schools with. I traveled to our high school daze, Lee-Ann's mom's house, early seventies. The music of Steven Stills or Neil Young, or someone, wafted through the rooms. There were "two cats in the yard, life used to be so hard..." I chuckled cynically to myself. And now Lee-Ann has gone and died on me. And here is this guy on the table in a sweatshirt, huaraches and BEADS! Love beads man!

The tune changed. It was something else, vaguely familiar, another "flash from the past." The words to the song just seemed to come to me from within, and in unison, the man began to sing: "Be on my side I'll be on your side..." I wondered where those words had come from. And right on cue! It amazes me, the things we store in our memory banks. We don't even realize it, until we call them back, not even realizing we are calling them back, nor from where. They just "come" to us in reflective moments like these. A tear came to my eye as I realized how I am going to miss Lee-Ann as I go through my life. I wonder if she can "drop in" on a day like this. I can just "call her up" too, can't I? Like the words?

A little boy wanders over to the man and asks "What are you doing?" and the man says he is playing music. "Where did you buy it?" asks the kid, and the man tells him "You can't buy it; you have to play it." He then lifts the boy onto his lap and shows him how to strum.

After the boy has tired of playing music, he sits in front of the man. He watches in awe as the tunes continue to come from the guitar, from within the man behind it. It sounds like more Neil Young. Warm memories fill me. The void Lee-Ann left is getting smaller. The love she filled me with is getting bigger. I dry my tear and feel better already. And I like to think she feels good too, in the breeze.....A girl approaches the guitarist and requests Led Zeppelin. Well... that's okay too. Don't mind if ya do.

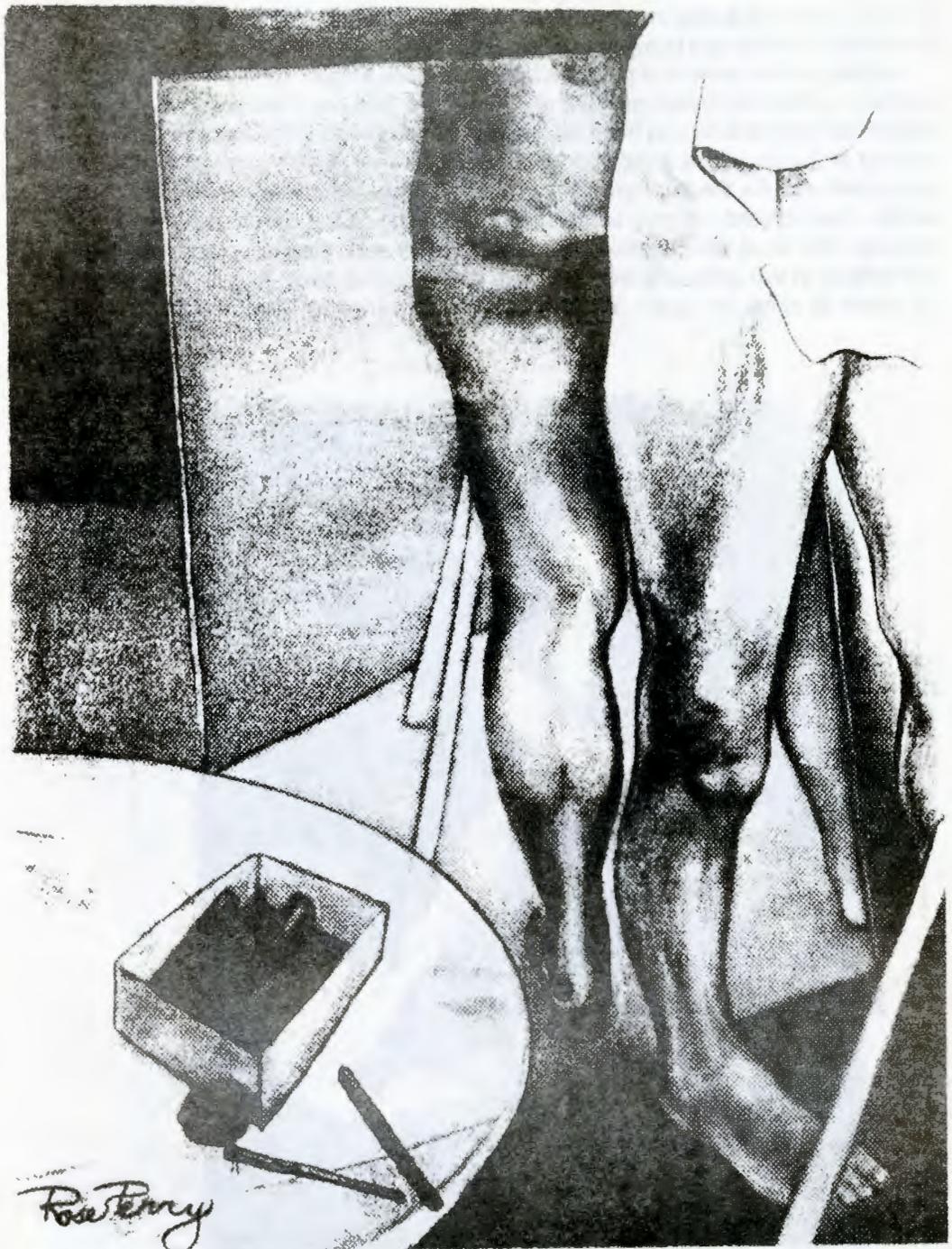
I look up from my writing and my reverie, and speak to the man. I jokingly ask if he could be here every day at about this time. He says that he hardly ever, in fact he never brings his guitar to school with him. He is dressed this way for an American studies assignment to come as one was in the sixties. I notice the lady with him is wearing a tie-dyed miniskirt and peace sign earrings. I joke that a lot of the other students in the class must have come in diapers. The lady tells me that they had mentioned Woodstock and someone thought they were referring to the bird atop Snoopy's doghouse! The man tells me the huaraches were a souvenir



of a trip to Mexico during the seventies. He had dug them out of a box or something. It is like he's trying to say "I'm not still a hippie."

Judging by the amount of people around the lunch wagon, I'd say it is time for English. I gather my books and give my juice to the little boy. I bid goodbye to my breakfast companions and head for class: dressed as I do in the eighties, a product of the seventies, a survivor of the baby boom. I leave the mood, and the music behind. Like the man left his huaraches. Like Lee-Ann left me. Like the words. I feel uplifted. I glance at the sunlight, dancing on the ocean as I enter the building. The notes are becoming a little fainter with each step into class. Yet they will remain, in that unknown reserve within my being that never forgets. Here to be called up again and again. In this sense, they never really leave, do they?





## KE ALA-THE TRAIL

by Kalama K. Akamine

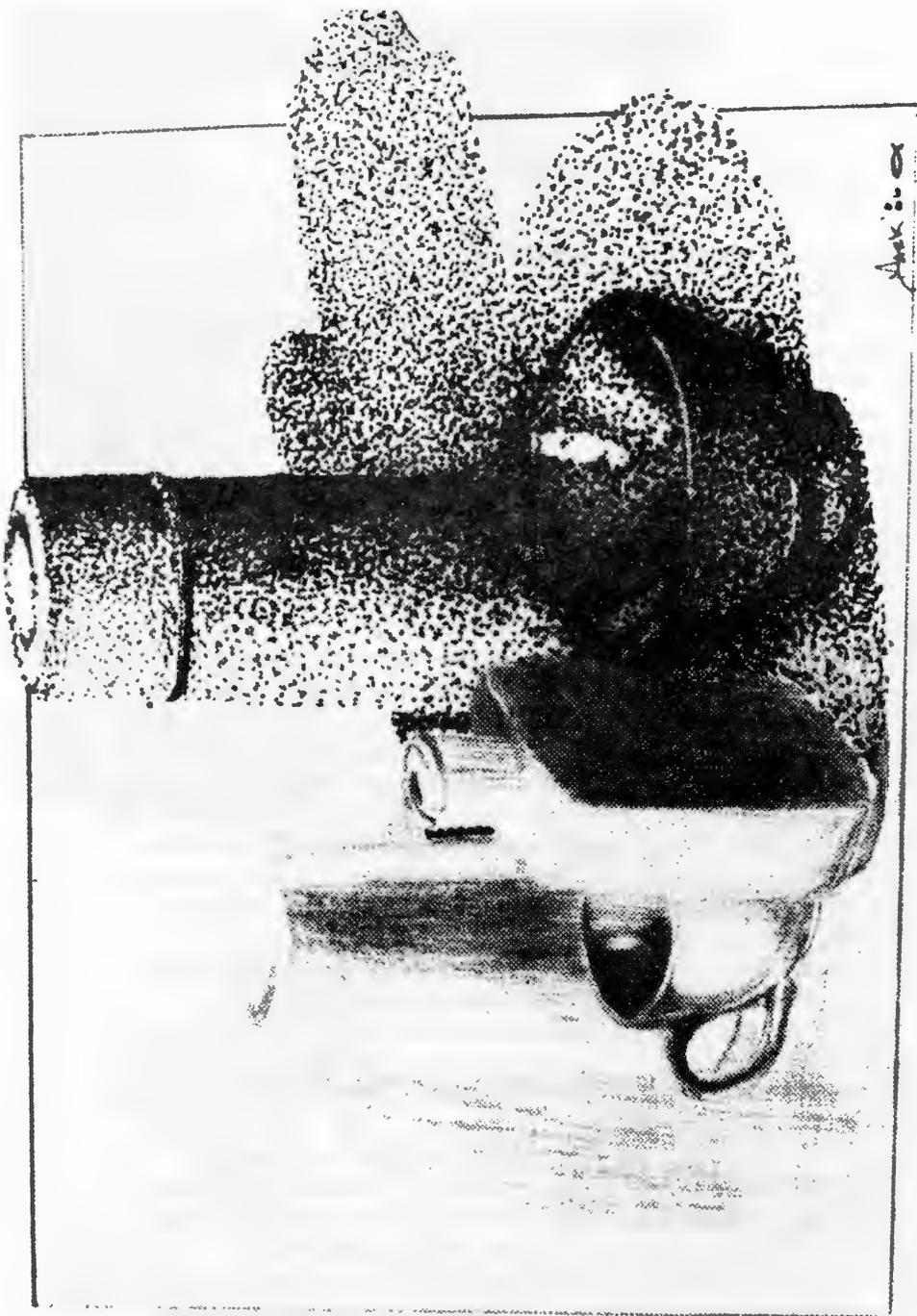
Mahina's face hung above the horizon like a dying promise. The first whispers of La rippled across the sky from the Pali Ko'olau. Sun and moon were playing their eternal game of light chasing dark, while the Wa'ahila rain swept from the lightening blue, across the green, towards the gray of Honolulu, sustaining the life of the valley. This was morning.

Before Mahina could escape beyond Honolulu's horizon, I released the dogs. Two Pitt Bulls, built low and wide, their bellies inches above the dew-topped grass. They cantered to the mouth of the trail, then circled towards me, running to loosen the thick muscles in their short legs. Smiling the way dogs do, the killing power of their jaws were disguised. Gentle as children, the forest transformed them into hungry warriors. They hunted as a team of two, running through the uluhe ferns like spirits. They tracked and grabbed two-hundred pound boars with the skill of Ku'ililoa, the ancient man dog.

"Noho malie," I commanded. They responded by sitting at my feet. I braced the butt of my empty shotgun against my hip and looked at the trail. Our people have been hunting, it seems, since our canoes touched these shores. The pigs, the land and the Hawaiians are links in an unbroken chain. Like the sun and moon's chase across the sky, we are a celebration of life and death. We are equal partners in an ancient chant of struggle and survival. The hunt is a ritual where the Hawaiian and the pig are images of our ancestors, reasserting our bonds to the land and to each other. Without the land there is no being. Long ago, when this land was ours, there were many pigs, and we hunted with spears and prayers. Today, the prayers remain but we hunt with dogs and rifles.

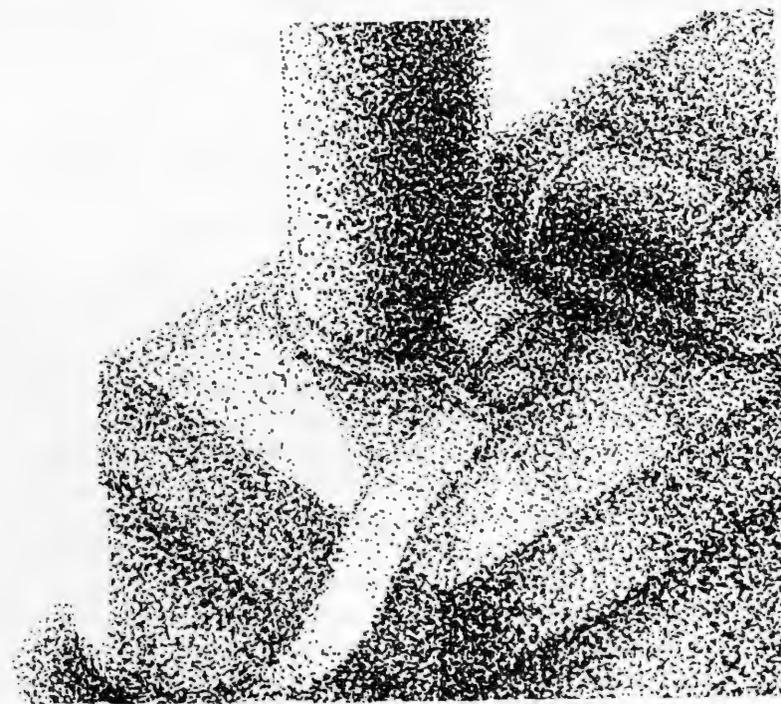
I gave the command. The dogs jumped on the trail and were gone. Hours and miles later I still followed, watching for the tell-tale flashes of fur in the distance. Upward, through the undergrowth we climbed, my thighs straining to keep up. Then, ahead, beyond a bend in the trail, two gun shots sang out, nearly as one. All was silent. I ran ahead, numb to the branches that tore at my shirt and skin.

There were no whimpers. There was nothing but blood, flesh and fur hanging from the brush. They had stumbled into a trap. A sawed-off shot gun had been rigged above the trail. The dogs had hit the trip wire, and then it was over. I stood there, pieces of their bodies and the smell of blood was everywhere. My spirit burned. My eyes clenched. My face was lit by the mid-morning sun. Inside I wailed like a mother sending her child to Kalaupapa, "Uwe! Uwe!" Outside, my hands gripped the stock of my shot gun until I shook with pain.



I left them there in the forest. Day upon day I watched for the helicopters and the other signs of the coming harvest. As the nights lengthened, I spent my days crouched in the rain, waiting beside the trail. Somewhere, he sat impatiently waiting for his harvest, while I, drenched by the Wa'ahila rains, waited to repay a death deed with a death deed.

And there he was, burlap bags hanging from his shoulders. In one hand a machete, in the other, a familiar sawed-off shotgun. He looked alien, his eyes blood-shot with smoke. He came up the trail. Hidden in the uluhe ferns, the grain of my gun's stock against my cheek, I aimed the ends of the barrels at his chest. Then he saw me. Our eyes fused, and I saw in him the insight that comes when you stare at inescapable death. He looked white. I squeezed the triggers as if I were squeezing his throat. The weapon recoiled, and I drove the twin blasts deep into his chest. Again there was blood and flesh upon the trail. But this time there was no wailing.



by Shel Hershinow

I guess I always knew intuitively that one day I would be a teacher--at least as far back as 1955 when, as a twelve-year-old camper called Moose by my friends and Sloth by others, I made a secret pact with my counselor to help keep order on my side of the divided cabin, subverting the natural order of things by ignoring the still adolescent counselor-in-training who was nominally in charge. All through high school my fate remained more than a little hidden as I added to my older brother's reputation as an academic delinquent. "Hershinow? Is your brother Les Hershinow? You'd better watch yourself." Ah, Mr. Compton, The Bone, who would later win my everlasting gratitude for not turning me in when he noticed me climbing onto the bus with the other members of the wrestling team after having been officially absent from school that day--his tolerance apparently still alive in spite of my habitual cutting of his physics class. Even Les wasn't threatened with not graduating, as I was when I failed the U.S. History final three weeks before the end of my Senior year. Given another chance to pass, I began studying only after turning down an unexpected wrestling scholarship at a Big Ten university, sensing that I was meant for something else.

Strange as it seems, it was wrestling that got me into a highly regarded liberal arts college where, more strange still, the wrestling coach was Assistant Director of Admissions. And it was on the wrestling mat that I first began teaching, spending nearly as much time helping my teammates as the coach did. In retrospect it doesn't seem surprising that I spent my Junior year as a counselor in a Freshman dormitory. Even so, academics was not foremost on my list of priorities. What a year of pranks it was, with my group of Freshmen starting a soap slide in our third floor hallway that flooded several rooms and started leaking into the rooms below; in the spring we staged a bizarre mutation of a party raid, sneaking into the Freshman women's dorm in the middle of the night with knapsacks full of supplies to prepare the lounge in my girlfriend's section for a surprise Sunday morning breakfast, and became, one week later, the first group of college men I've ever heard of to be on the receiving end of a party raid. But it wasn't until my Senior year, while leading a discussion of "A Doll's House" in my student-centered, 'open contract' Modern Drama class that my destiny finally became clear to me. What a revelation to discover that somehow I had the ability to learn from my classmates while making them think that I was doing the teaching! And so I completed a Masters degree and began a painful, slogging Ph.D. at a midwestern university most notable for football, fraternities, and T.G.I.F. twice a week. Given the opportunity to teach for several years at the University of Hawaii, I jumped at the chance to see if all the pain I was going through was worth it.

Based on my first day as an actual, real-life, degree-bearing teacher, the answer should have been clear. I think there must be a bit of the stubborn masochist in every teacher. Why else would anyone struggle year after year to bring the subtle light of literacy to minds already brilliantly illuminated by the glare of electronic



J.A. 86



images? Here I was, twenty-three years old and a college teacher, apprehensively walking along the shaky boardwalk spanning the mud flats of Kuykendall Hall, my mind full of Homer and Dante, on the way to my predestined meeting with eighteen-year old College Board survivors.

I entered Kuykendall 307 a respectable three minutes after the hour and tried not to show my fear as I realized that the room was overflowing with youthful bodies--bodies settling into the one-armed student desks, standing at the back of the room, crowding the doorways; my God, there must be at least sixty instead of the fifty I had been told to expect and the forty I had hoped for. Pausing for a moment in the doorway, I felt a refreshing breeze blowing through the open louvres. As the unfamiliar buzz of first day conversation suddenly died away, I swallowed hard, stepped onto the low stage, and moved behind the podium, feeling foolish but trying to look self-confident as I wrestled with class lists, notes, and the sudden revelation that I had nothing to say that could possibly be of interest to this crowd of young strangers--foreigners from an alien generation and an unknown culture. I suddenly felt betrayed by my obliging Modern Drama classmates at Oberlin. Why hadn't I accepted the Peace Corps teaching assignment in Venezuela? At least then I could have felt patriotic in my misery. Burying my face in the class list, I tried my best to pronounce the alphabet soup names--Abe, Agbayani, Baker (whew), Ballesteros, Chang, Flores (there, this isn't so bad--whoops), Fujii, Fujiyama, Fushikoshi. After nearly fifteen minutes of face-reddening faux pas--even familiar looking names like O'Hara turned out to be traps--I came at last to the mouth wrenching end of the list--Tanoue, Uesugi, Villafuerte. Oh, thank God, I made it!

"Now class, let's see how many of you can pronounce my name--H-E-R-S-H-I-N-O-W--it's Russian." Before I had a chance to press the advantage given by my inspired turnabout, a sudden gust of wind picked up my notes and, oh my God, sailed them right through the open louvres and out onto the mud flats three flights below. An hour later, after having signed all of the add/drop slips--mostly drops--and futilely tried to engage the class in a discussion about what we can learn from great literature, I pushed my soiled papers into my monogrammed attache case--a graduation present from my parents--and wearily began to shoulder my disillusion.

"Eh, Mr. Hershinow. Can carry your case for you?" I looked up into a large round face smiling good-naturedly. As my unlikely savior relieved me of my burden and fell into step alongside me, he introduced himself as Lester Oda, a Junior. Lester? Like my brother Lester and my cousin Lester? Fate surely works in strange ways. My elation turned to apprehension as Lester revealed that he knew the course well, since he was repeating it for the second time. Stopping, he seemed suddenly to tower over me. "Just how long you been teaching?" Zeus's thunderbolt flashed in the humid tropical sky, illuminating the subtle trap I had unwittingly spent years studying my way into.

In the twenty years since my formal debut, I've often wondered at the strange sense of inevitability that has haunted my life as a teacher and the unheeded voice in my head whispering, "Be sensible. Stop beating your head against the



wall. Do something else with your life."--a voice that echoes my Uncle's sentiments the day he asked me to come back home and join the family business, "Being a teacher," he said, "is very noble, but you can't live on principles." Sometimes I think it's a curse, a perverse fatality, that relentlessly brings me a new group of illiterates each semester, year after year, along with fresh failures imbued with the power to overshadow past successes. Once or twice I've found myself seriously wondering whether this might not be my punishment for transgressions in a previous lifetime. I've even found myself sympathizing with Gloucester when he bitterly exclaims, "As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods, they kill us for their sport." More often I attribute it to fate. Yet in the end I always remember Oedipus, whose fate was determined by his character.

Is it masochism, then, that has kept me slogging on? No, it's something else, something that includes a high degree of tolerance for the inevitability of pain and failure but is not masochism. When I try to describe what that something is, I sound pretentious and self-satisfied, my sense of it distorted by high-sounding clichés, betrayed by a failure of the very things I most honor--language and imagination. I can only fall back lamely on the explanation that something mysterious and magical sometimes happens in the classroom--not a very convincing justification for one's life work. But I know what I know, and there's one thing I am certain of: My fate is determined by my character, but I am not a helpless victim of circumstances any more than Oedipus was. Teaching is a trap, a fearful collision of idealism with reality, but my choice of profession was not. I became a teacher and remain one because of the weight of all the choices I've made, good ones and bad ones. The better I know myself, the more easily I accept the consequences. I've lived longer than most of my students and I've read more novels and attended more plays--and I've made more mistakes. I use my experience and my learning to help them make discoveries about themselves and about the mysteries of life; incredibly, they do the same for me.

Still uncomfortable, even after a decade, with the "Dr." I am proud to have earned but seldom display, I have the impulse to end with a literary allusion--to show off my graduate education--something on the order of, 'I continue tilting at the windmills of illiteracy and intellectual sloth, transformed giants whose real nature always eludes me. And as I limp away I secretly revel in the excitement, pain, and discovery of the endless battle.' But the truth is much simpler: I am a teacher because being one unifies my life and fulfills my interests in a way that nothing else can. Being a teacher gives me the freedom to be myself.

## THE GRUFFY OLD JOURNALIST

by Mike Tokito

It was a clear, bright, sunny afternoon as the gruffy old journalist walked hurriedly through the park. He looked around for a place to conduct his interview, and settled for a spot under a tree. He waited.

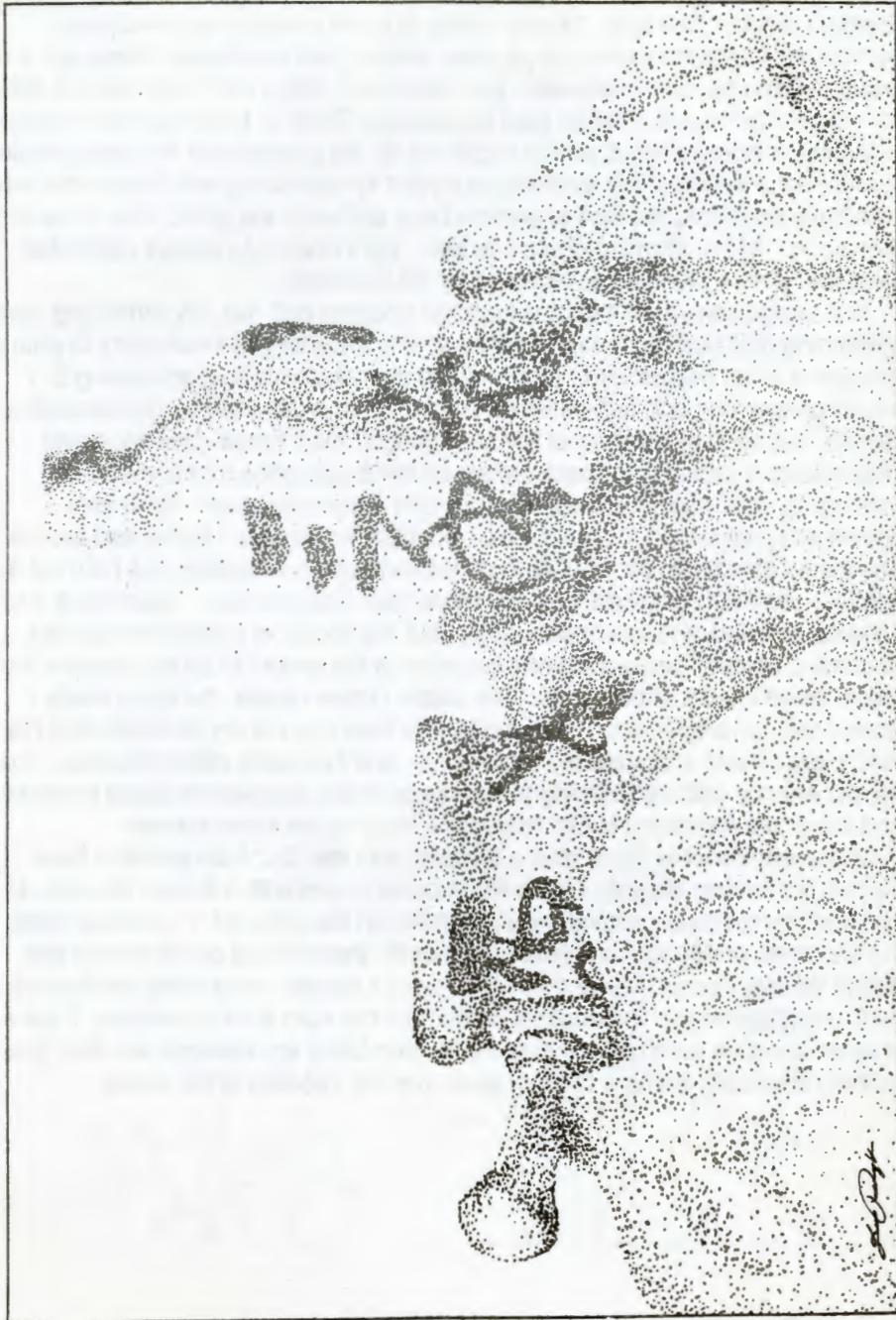
He sat and thought of the talk ahead of him. He had never interviewed any world leaders or great sportsmen; it was mostly small time cops and minor league politicians. But one of his editors, a young hot shot whose clean cut image had earned him the water-cooler nickname "Choir Boy," had told him that a talk with the Subject in Question could change anyone's life. "He can turn it all around for you," the young hot shot choir boy editor told the journalist. "Talk to Him."

So the gruffy old journalist sat under the tree and waited for his subject to make an entrance. He fidgeted around a bit, for the grass he sat on had a bothersome effect on his rear. It was soft, fertile grass, of a green not sharp, as if painted on, but a rich, deep, thorough green moist with life. As the journalist waited some more, he continued to be bothered by the grass--he shifted his weight from one cheek to the other, then back, and back again. Finally he stood and adjusted the problem, unhiking the shorts the grass had hiked with its grip on his trousers. He cursed to himself, then sat back down to wait.

He was seated facing the mountains, from where a cool breeze rolled in, sweeping through the day's warmth. It wasn't the stiffest of breezes, but it was enough to caress everything it passed through or around. The journalist took a breath, not all that deep a one, but the fresh air scratched his throat and lungs. He reached into his front shirt pocket for a cigarette and tried to light it. The first six matches stayed lit for less than a tenth of a second, the breeze intercepting each flame before the journalist could put it to the cigarette. Finally, with the seventh and final match, and in two cupped hands, he managed to light just a small part of the outside edge of the tip of the cigarette. He sucked furiously on the other end, desperately trying to spread the glow around. When at last the cigarette was safely lit, he fought his lungs for his breath, making wheezing noises in the process. At last caught up, he cursed the damn wind and his damn habit, then waited.

He turned his thoughts toward the interview. He felt a little naked--he didn't have his note pad or tape recorder; the young hot shot choir boy editor had insisted that neither were necessary, even though he knew how bad the journalist's memory was. "Remember?" the young hot shot choir boy editor answered the journalist's inquiry, "Maybe not, but you sure won't forget." The journalist cursed his young editor for that one. But of course the Choir Boy couldn't have known what the journalist had in mind: A profile for all history; THE scoop.

He pulled out a fresh cigarette, lit it with his near finished one, then smoked the next one, lit another fresh one, then another, then a few more after that. He flicked the butts a few feet away, and eventually made a pretty good sized pile. All the while he coughed and wheezed and waited.





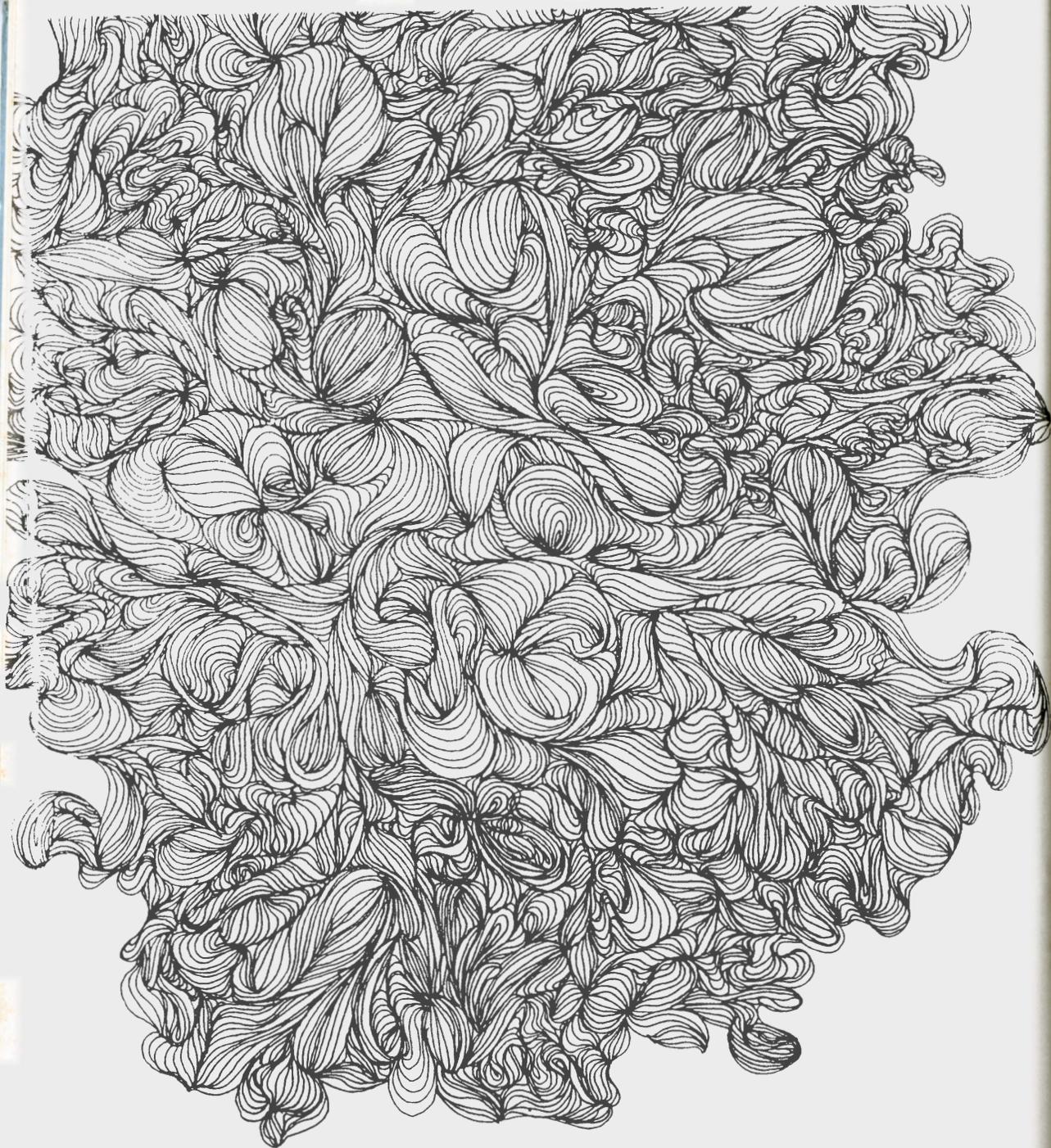
His coughing and wheezing continued; then the lunch he had eaten earlier--a burrito and a large coke--went into the spin cycle in his belly; his palate and bladder, ever the bitter enemies, were again feuding. Finally, in need of relief, he pushed himself off the ground and walked to the other side of the tree, lowered his zipper, reached in and pulled out, and readied to push. Just then, he heard the squeakish chirping of two white pigeons who were a few feet to his left, and were alternately pecking at the ground and looking at him, their heads bobbing up and down. The chirping reminded him of something--the squeak his car's brakes made. His car! He flashed a sly smile to himself, adjusted his feet slowly, then spun his hips quickly to the left and sent a stream of yellow toward the two birds. The pigeons barely escaped a bath, exploding away in flight at the last second. Hell, the journalist thought, they shit on the car all the time.

He went back to his waiting spot, lit another cigarette, wheezed and coughed then sat back down again. He looked around, side to side at first, then when he was convinced that his subject wasn't coming via that route, looked up just a second. Nah, he concluded, too dramatic. So he just stared down at the green grass. If the grass were a little paler, he thought, it would look like the scotch and soda he was craving.

Above him, the few clouds that spotted the blue sky moved pacedly across; behind him, dry, hard bark armored the tree's nutriment; beneath the grass he sat on, the red rich soil opened its refreshment to roots, of grass and tree alike. Scotch and soda, the journalist kept thinking, as he puffed on his cigarette, wheezing and coughing.

The gruffy old journalist waited for his subject and waited and waited and waited.





## MY PAPA

by Colette J. Ho

I was with my mother, aunty, and uncle. We were walking to the taxi with Papa. It was a beautiful day, no rain, which was unusual because it was almost Christmas. My uncle carried Papa's luggage to the taxi while my mom and aunty talked to Papa, making sure everything was set. Papa got into the taxi and we watched it drive away. Just then I had a strange feeling and I knew everyone else felt the same way. Would we ever see him again?

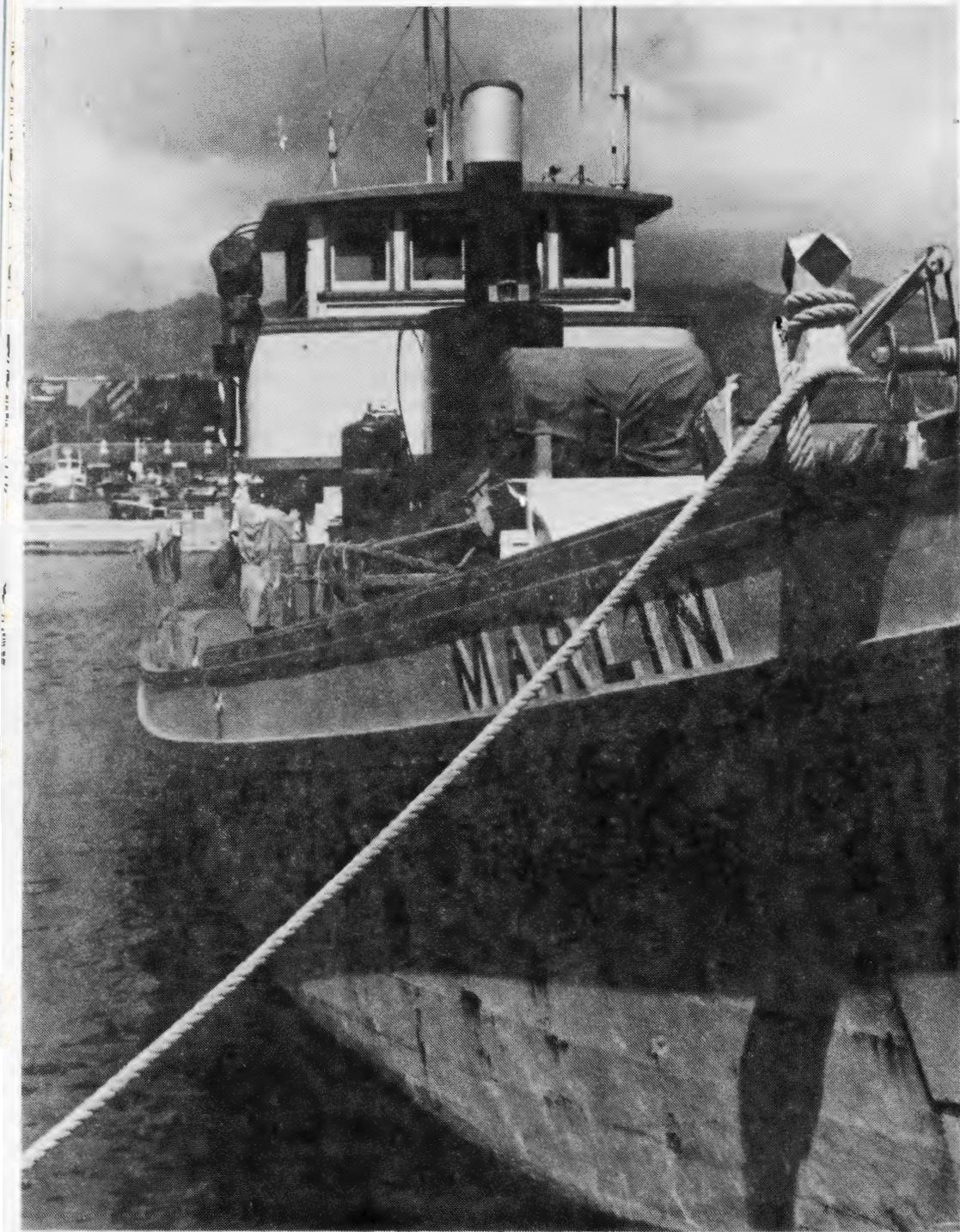
My Papa was like my grandfather. Both my grandfathers died when my parents were young. Therefore, they don't remember much about their fathers and if it weren't for Papa, I would have never experienced having a grandfather. My mom said Papa was her uncle, but we weren't blood-related. Papa was a good friend of my mom's father, they were like brothers. When my grandfather died, Papa took on the responsibility of being a father to my mom and her brothers and sisters, all eight of them.

My mom tells me stories about Papa and all the things he did for them. She tells me of their boat rides and long walks, and how he would tell them stories about the Philippines and old Hawaii. I never knew Papa the way my mom did. To me, he was a nice, old man. He would sit in his favorite chair, which I thought was as hard as a rock, smoking his pipe. He had a dark complexion, about three strands of hair, which were, by the way, the amount of teeth he had, and he always smelled like Ben-Gay. I enjoyed being with him because he was always so peaceful. I guess I felt secure with him. He wasn't like other old men. He was strong and healthy for his age. I suppose if it hadn't been for his appearance, no one would have guessed his age.

Well, back to the day he left. He was going back to the Philippines. He had left there when he was just seventeen and now, after sixty years. It was a big step for him, but somehow he knew that it was time for him to go back. That day, after we saw him get into the taxi we got ready to go to the airport to see him off.

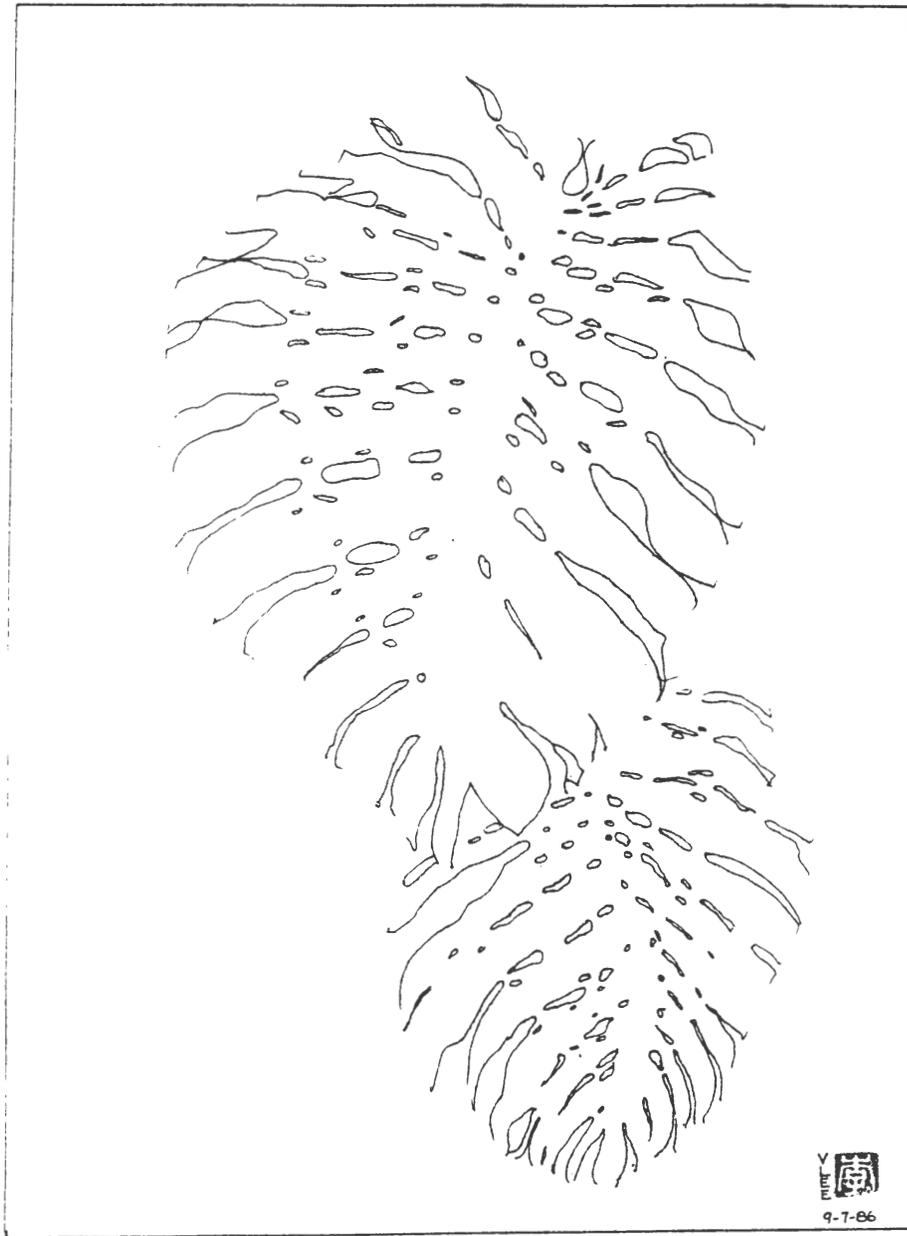
For some reason or other we were late getting to the airport. I remember my mother in panic thinking she might miss his flight. She started running to the departure gate, I think she was ready to cry and I didn't quite know why. My sister and I were running as fast as we could after our mother, yelling for her to slow down. She said she couldn't, she had to see him for the last time. We reached the gate just a few minutes before departure. All my aunts and uncles were there and Papa had leis all the way up to his chin. Everyone was kissing him and some started to cry. Why were they crying? He said he was going to come back.

Papa boarded the plane and we went up to the roof to watch the plane take off. I can still remember my little cousin waving goodbye and crying. We tried to tell him Papa was coming back, but he kept crying and saying that Papa wasn't coming back. We all felt that way, but no one wanted to admit it.



Three days later I was in the parlor with my mom and uncle. The phone rang and we looked at each other before answering it. Somehow we all knew that he had died. My mother answered the phone and when tears started rolling down her cheeks my uncle started crying. Somehow we all knew he had gone home to die. I think even Papa knew.





## KAHOOLAWE

by Toni Stanich

As I approach your side the scars become more visible and I can smell your open wounds. It seems you wear and bare them so bravely yet with great pain and sadness. Even the brittle kiawe trees show concern as they stiffly and crookedly strain to shelter your stressed, delicate body.

They never even bothered to dress the fresh gouges, just coldly jammed old, black, rubber stoppers into them as their attempt to slow the bleeding. Even the iron-woods they plugged into your shoulders, supposing to keep your skin from being blown away by the drying wind, are hardly an apology or justification for this abuse.

Your temperature is unhealthily high and even I, as I touch you, can feel the sweaty discomfort. Seeking relief, I waded into the waters nearby only to come out stained with your blood hanging heavy in the waves, themselves clawing cruelly at your ribs.





## JEFFERSON CRICK

By Peter Crane

Camden, Arkansas  
August 10, 1980  
3:45 p.m.

Suffering.

It's a very strange thing . . .

When I was fifteen, my grandfather had a stroke. It left him paralyzed and tied to a machine. His life was tied to a machine.

But he hung on . . .

He would not let go--and the devil only knows how much pain he had been in (I would say "God only knows," but I've always thought that pain was more the devil's business).

He was suffering. But he hung on. Part of him refused to die. Part of him was determined to live forever. Part of him would escape the body and remain, even when the body died.

And that part would not suffer.

Well, I'm seventeen now, and I've learned a lot since I was fifteen. I was just a boy then, now I'm a MAN--(well, I'll be a man this February leeeeeegally, but c'm'on, how much am I gonna change in six--whoops!--make that seven months?) I mean, I could go to the store an buy cigarettes if I wanted to--I could probably even get BEER if maybe I didn't shave for a couple of weeks.

I've learned a lot since I was fifteen . But some things never change.

People still suffer.

Take, for instance, this hobo I met out by the crick. Now that guy was suffering. He was hungry. And filthier than an unkept chicken coop. He looked like he spent every night under Jefferson Bridge with dry leaves for a pillow.

He took me along the narrow path at the bottom of the riverbed. Jefferson Crick had seen no water for over seventy years. Eight-foot walls of earth and vegetation ascended on either side, up into the thick hot Arkansas summer air.

"Back before your parents were even thought of," the old man told me, "the water of Jefferson Crick ran right on through here. Right where you're walkin'."

I already knew all about Jefferson Crick--my grandfather had played there when he was a boy; he'd told me some great stories about the thin little river before he died.

"Used to come by here with my friends when I was your age," the old-timer went on, "jumin' an' splashin' an' yellin' our little heads off. Used to jump right off Jefferson Bridge. It don't look so far now, but when you're a kid . . ." As he trailed off I turned and looked at the flat dirt beneath my feet. It would be great to jump and splash and yell here with MY friends, I thought.



"This river was alive." The old man's final statement surprised me. I'd thought that his story was over. I looked up at him and our eyes met. He was so dirty. His beard was tangled and much too long. His teeth were brown in some places, cracked in other places, and his upper lip was crooked and scarred. Someone had popped him a good one, and the split had healed sloppily. "Alive," his ugly mouth said.

I thought of my grandfather; the way he had looked when he died. With all those switches and lights and tubes that were supposed to keep him "Alive." How like this river was he; nothing more than a shell. A container that has run empty.

A frog jumped from the green bushes and quickly scrambled out of my way.

"Why did it dry up?" I asked dumbly.

"It just stopped runnin'," he said. "It's dead. Just as dead as I'll be someday soon. And you, too someday, young feller."

-And Grampa-

I saw a squirrel hurry up the side of a massive oak tree, carrying some tiny morsel or other. And overhead a hummingbird buzzed like crazy, sucking sap from a maple.

"Dead," the old man said.

A pair of field mice (big field mice) chased each other across the flat, dry bed of this "dead" river. I realized then that the old man had it all wrong . . .

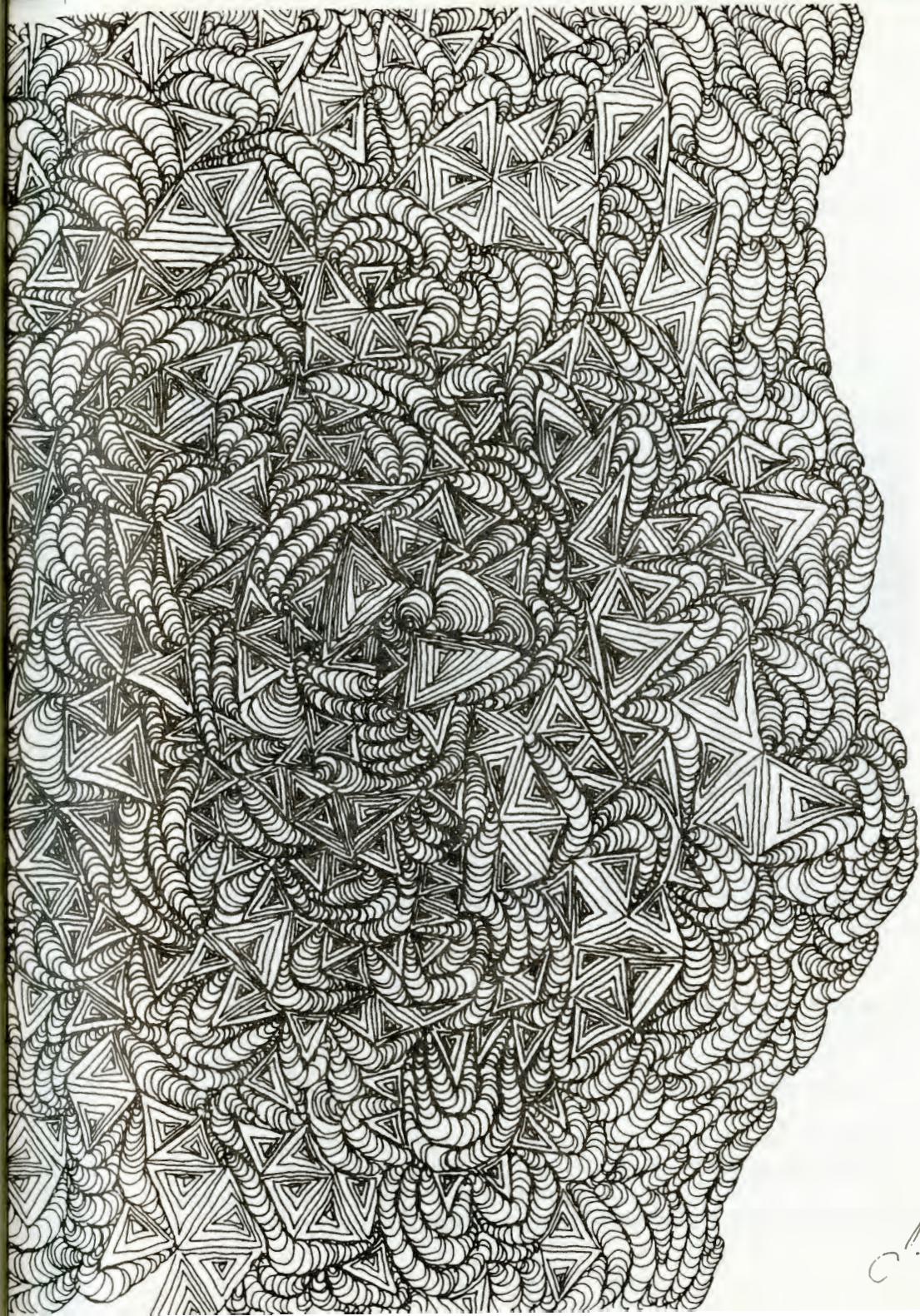
Jefferson Crick wasn't dead. Not even sick. Jefferson Crick was bursting with life, with homes, with families. Green vegetation climbed up its walls and animals survived here, in a new and different world.

Part of Jefferson Crick had refused to die. Part of it was determined to live forever. Part of it had escaped the body and remained, even when the body had died.

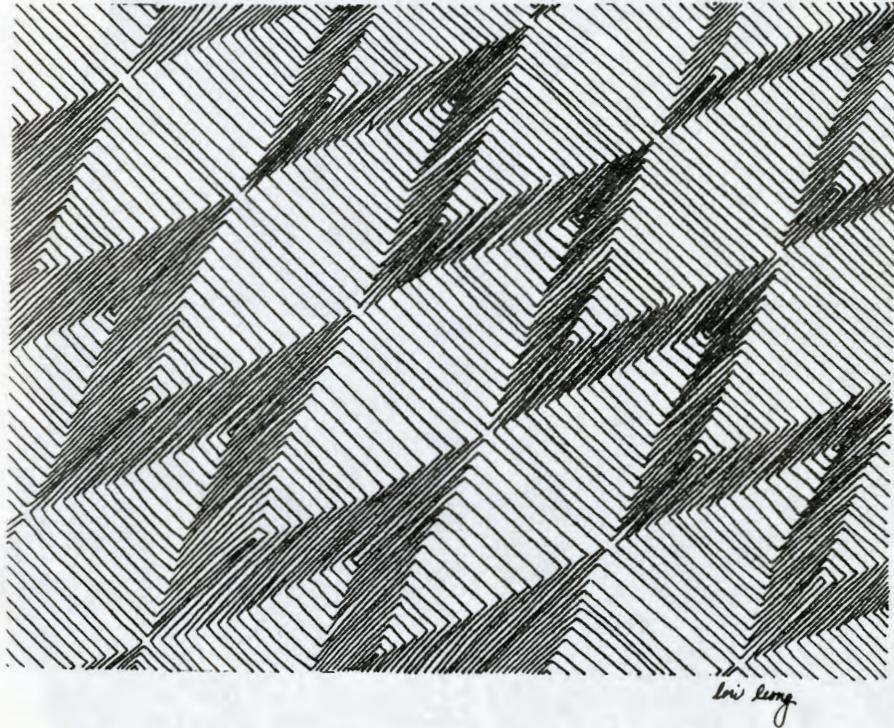
And that part did not suffer.

I've learned a lot since I was fifteen.

But some things never change.



*A. Olpe*



## Oh Shenandoah

by Barb Coon

Talk about beauty---try the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia. Remember the song? There's something about that place that gets in your blood and stays forever.

The first time I saw it, I was seven. I picked up a pen pal, a Southern accent still returns when I'm tired, but the fever never goes away. Or so they say. I can still see that place.

I don't have to close my eyes to see the mountains and feel the awe of their majestic beauty. I can recall that sense of strength and protection and smell that clear mountain air. I can see the cabin. It wasn't much: two rooms and a bath in white clapboard. The best feature was the porch with its swing. I spent many hours on that swing dreaming of cowboys and rocketships and lovers--both real and imaginary. I wasn't always seven.

Behind the cabin was a stone wall, about two feet high. It was just right for a little girl or a big one.

Beyond the stone wall was a steep bank that led down to the river, the Shenandoah, I think. A railroad track was at the bottom, right beside the river. I used to sit and watch the trains wind their way up the hill to the graveyard. The river followed, and I reckoned I would too, someday. I wouldn't mind being buried there, if I have to be buried at all. I never did hold much for burials, but if it's got to be, that's the place I'd like. It's peaceful there.

Looking down from that wall has got to be the most beautiful sight in all of the world. The bank itself isn't much, mostly weeds and rocks and a few spindly trees that lean toward the river as if even they don't trust the bank. The only one that I ever liked was the mulberry and that got chopped down years ago. The bank is very steep, and it was years before I was allowed to venture down it. Even then, my mother worried; I did, too, at the time, but I wouldn't admit it.

Below the bank was the railroad track and that muddy river. It was too deep to swim. We used to skinny dip farther down where it left the tracks and meandered into the forest more. I used to watch that river and dream of Indian canoes sailing past. They never did.

On the other side was the forest. Indians lived there, in my dreams. No one did, for real, except for a few squirrels and rabbits and birds--and maybe deer and occasionally a bear or bobcat that would stray down off the mountain. It's probably full of people now, and not one of them Indians. Too bad. I always liked Indians.

To the left of the woods was this patch-work-quilt of fields. There were patches of green and yellow and red, and they were dotted by day with bug-sized tractors. We were that high up.

Above our place, beyond the drive that circled around to the barn--which

was murder in the winter if you were driving a car but great for sleds--was a restaraunt. It was fun to sit there on a hot summer day and drink Coke and watch the tourists who stopped in. We tried to guess where they came from. I made a few friends that way, but my mother never liked the idea. Maybe she thought I'd meet one of them and wander off to a new and better life. I never did.

Highway One ran right by the restaraunt, and the entrance to the Sky Line Drive was across the street. To me, it led to paradise. I could never get enough to those mountains, and I snuck off there whenever I could. They seemed to hold a magic spell to me, which no amount of punishment could break. My brother and I used to climb straight up the side and see who could climb the highest. I always won.

Down the road, to the right, was the entrance to the caves. The only place I know with complete darkness and blind cave fish with no eyes. I never got enough of the caves either, and I was always searching the mountains for a cave of my very own that I could explore. I never found one.

Above us, up the road to the left, was Front Royal, a tourist town and home of Macon Academy, one of the friendiest towns I ever knew. The people, like the mountains, were all very special. Odd, I don't recall any of their names now.

I left that town when I was twenty-one, never to return. I rode off one day with my husband in a green Ford--no Indian canoe or golden chariot--just a green Ford. Too bad, an Indian canoe would have been more exciting. I've traveled thousands of miles since. I forgot the pen pal's name, the accent still returns when I'm tired, but the fever never goes away.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The editors of Ka Nani are extremely grateful to Charles Aoki and Bert Kimura of the K.C.C. Educational Media Center. Also, special thanks and gratitude to Betsy Sakata and her K.C.C. Community Services staff, and to Wini Au and her Kapio staff.

We would also like to thank Charles Bretz of the Art department for his help in obtaining art work, and the K.C.C. Emergency Medical Services department for the use of their photocopier. Thanks to Tom, Martine and Darin for their technical assistance.

Further thanks is also extended to the teachers who encouraged their students to contribute to Ka Nani.

This publication would not have been possible without the numerous literary and art works that were submitted. The editors give special thanks to the contributors.

The Editors