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Hip-Hop Hawai‘i
“Da Pidgin Guerrilla” Lee A. Tonouchi:

I little bit mo’ old skool than most of da contributors in *Hip-Hop Hawai‘i* and my oddah two producers as well. I remembah, wuz da early 80’s. At dat time, none of us wuz really sure how wen originate. One new dance craze wuz sweeping my school and schools across Hawai‘i. Even had one locally-produced, regular program on top KGMB TV dedicated special for ‘em. Wot made dis dance form even mo’ cool wuz dey wen ban ‘em in school. Breaking wuz considered too dangerous by da school administration. Even popping wuz frowned upon. I no tink popping wuz all dat abunai, but I guess principal peoples couldn’t differentiate between da two. Of course dis ban only made da attraction even greater.

For me, I wuz coordination lacking and since I couldn’t actually do da moves I had to play dolly like all da oddah wannabe childrens. During recess I buss-ed out my old Snow Trooper action figure from *The Empire Strikes Back*, got one dime, stuck ‘em between da Snow Trooper’s legs and spun ‘em for make ‘em do headspin. And den me and my friends would have our own Star Wars battle. But no tink living vicariously through da Snow Trooper wuz without its own set of risks. Sometimes during one especially wild shoulder roll my Snow Trooper’s dime would fly out and get lost in da bushes someplace. Ten cents gone, brah. Could’ve bought one extra milk, li’dat.

Flash forward. Who would’ve thunk it dat Hip-hop, as it has become known, is now da dominant form of popular music and a global cultural phenomenon. Hip-hop continues to influence much of Hawai‘i’s youth. Da October 2002 *HONOLULU* Magazine wonders if dis might signal “The End of Local?” In da article, David Choo interviews Dr. Jonathan Y. Okamura from the University of Hawai‘i at Mānoa’s Ethnic Studies Department where Okamura asserts “we are losing our cultural distinctiveness.” Choo’s summary of Okamura’s feelings is dat “In Hawai‘i, beloved pidgin English has been diluted by hip-hop jargon, community activism is nearly dead and the sense of controlling one’s destiny is part of ancient history.” So does dis mean Local culture is on life support? Will Hip-hop culture eventually supplant Hawai‘i’s Local culture? Or is Hip-hop being added to become one part of Local culture, for form Local culture (da re-mix)? We go let da work in *Hip Hop Hawai‘i* speak on dis.

Ryan “Pornokuno” Okuno:
The four pillars of Hip-hop are traditionally recognized as deejaying, break dancing, emceeing, and graffiti writing. Today, the lines between the Hip-hop scene and other scenes are being blurred. Think *Pimp My Ride* on MTV and *Dub* magazine. The import scene’s sound is of an SR20DET blowing through a Tanabe exhaust and the “Pshhh” of the Blitz blow-off valve. But at the same time, you’ll probably hear 50 Cent, Ludacris, Snoop Dogg, or Eminem pounding hard through someone’s JL Audio 12 W0. The fusion of the import scene and Hip-hop culture is readily apparent. At any given import car show you’ll no doubt hear the sounds of Chingy before you hear anything by Madonna. And it’s only natural. The hot rodders of yesteryear...
listened to what was popular back then, classic rock ‘n roll. But the sound of Hip-hop isn’t only limited to the import scene. Basketball, at the college and pro level have both taken the Hip-hop culture on and off the court. From Kevin Garnett using firearm references loaded with Hip-hop slang “It’s for all the marbles. I’m sitting in the house loading up the pump. I’m loading up the Uzis. I’ve got a couple of M-16s, couple of nines, couple of joints with some silencers on them, couple of grenades, got a missile launcher. I’m ready for war,” to college players popping their jerseys after a crucial basket or after making the tying free throw with seconds left and then jumping on the scorers take while the other four guys run down the court to play defense, the culture of Hip-hop has invaded the sports scene, the import scene, and who knows where else it’ll end up.
The Hip-hop scene continues to grow more than 30 years after its birth and it shows no signs of slowing down or taking a backseat to another genre. I’m especially glad Lee, Lisa, and myself have the chance to document a small part of it here in Hawai’i.

Lisa Mizuire:
From what I’ve observed, attitudes toward graffiti in Hawai’i are evolving. The general public still considers graffiti to be vandalism. However, the scrawlings they see on building walls may only be beginnings of an actual artwork as in many cases it’s taken off long before the work can be completed. Serious graffiti artists plan out concepts and type as part of the process in the creation of their art pieces. Today, there is a growing number who are recognizing that the aesthetics of graffiti involve more than just colored tags. These people consider serious graffiti to be works of art, equal in legitimacy to Wyland’s whale walls. While we, the editors are appreciative of the graffiti art form, we do not condone the illegal marking of public property nor do we hope to glorify such acts. Our showcasing of graffiti material in *Hip-Hop Hawai’i* is to strictly provide a visual documentary for the purposes of cultural study.
The Hip-hop culture has become a strong influence among today’s younger generation. Though Hawai’i is geographically isolated, we are not beyond Hip-hop’s influence via mediums such as television, radio, and the internet. Hip-hop in movies and music plays an influence in the lives of many of the young people who make their home here. Branding references to products such as Gucci, Louis Vuitton, Burberry, and Coach have driven our society to acquire the status merchandise that Hip-hop celebrities have. For these young consumers who follow these trends, it’s all about conspicuous consumption—it’s all about the bling bling.
The creative works in *Hip-Hop Hawai’i* vary in theme. Some pieces are more Hip-hop. Others are more Local. And there are those that are specifically about the intersection. As the Hip-hop culture continues to evolve in Hawai’i, I would like to hope that our island culture will still shine through.

Ryan Okuno: I’m Japanese/Okinawan but everyone thinks I’m Korean. That’s okay because when Japanese people talk to me in Japanese, I just tell them I’m Korean and they leave me alone.

Katana says “Being an Asian female, people generally make the assumption that I should be submissive and quiet,” but she describes her pieces as just the opposite, “My lyrics are hard and in-your-face!”
Hip-hop culture.” She believes that “We have a beautiful culture here that can develop into so much more, but the consumerism of Hip-hop is slowly pulling young people away from that culture.” However, Katana wouldn’t go so far as to call Hip-hop a “culture killer.” Katana’s perspective is “Hip-hop can encompass all cultures, because that’s the nature of its evolution.”

“Hip-hop can encompass all cultures, because that’s the nature of its evolution.”

And yet, despite the fact that she’s seen its evolution from the forefront, Katana makes it perfectly clear that it’s impossible to predict how Hip-hop will evolve next. To predict the next thing that will be popular or the next fad of the culture is not possible because the evolutionary process is so abstract. West Coast rap popped up nearly over night with N.W.A. (Niggas With Attitude), and who would’ve predicted the Dirty South movement? If we were to follow this pattern of rap being popular by geographic region, the next big star should next appear from somewhere in the Dakotas, with the genre being called Pure North or some other such non-sense.

Who would’ve ever predicted poetry would be making a comeback amongst today’s youth? With the popular of Def Poetry Jam on HBO, slam poetry or spoken word competitions are becoming more popular across the nation, with Hawai‘i being no exception. The connection between slam poetry and Hip-hop is undeniable. The slam poetry scene is heavily reminiscent of emcee battles, only without the music. Because of the emphasis on the words and the de-emphasis of the music, one must wonder what this has to say for the future of the DJ. Katana asserts with conviction that “The way a DJ or a producer creates beats can change the lyrics or a song and can either make or break the rhyme. The world will never be without the DJ. There is no way the role of the DJ will ever reach extinction.”

“There is no way the role of the DJ will ever reach extinction.”

The key to Hip-hop’s longevity and popularity is its ability to continue to evolve. Katana sees herself as instrumental in the ongoing evolutionary process. For Katana, her greatest problem was finding a record label that was willing to take on her unique sound. Katana feels that the market right now is a fairly limiting one where labels generally want a certain sound that she does not provide. According to Katana, “The market right now is for an African American male portrayed in a negative light. The image that labels want is a life of criminal actions and
Katana: Droppin’ Science
on the subject of Hip Hop in Hawai’i
Ryan Okuno

He prefers to be known as Katana, just a single moniker, like Madonna, but in a cooler, not nearly as old, and in an un-Jewish, but not anti-Semitic kind of way. Katana is an up-and-coming Local female emcee with her debut CD in final production at Mixed Tracks Productions. She was raised in ‘Ewa Beach, home schooled, went on to Kapi’olani Community College, and graduated from the University of Hawai’i at Mānoa.

Katana’s love for Hip-hop stems from her upbringing. Her family members on her mother’s side were jazz musicians from New York and her brothers were raised in California; both regions are undoubtedly the origins for the East Coast and West Coast rap scenes respectively. Being the youngest child, and the only one to be raised in Hawai’i, Katana used Hip-hop as a way to connect with her older brothers at first. Eventually, she became aware that it was something that she began to love too. However, Katana also realized that while she loved Hip-hop, there was another culture for her to explore too: Hawaii’s Local culture.

“The Local culture of Hawai’i is unlike any other in the world . . . .”

“the consumerism of Hip-hop is slowly pulling young people away . . . .”

Track Listing

[07] Hawai’i’s Bling Bling // Robert Phan
[08] My Most Powerful Weapon // Sean M. Barney
[09] Local Braddah and da Wannabe G // Dianna Chung
[12] Graffiti Groupies // Abyjane Pisbe and Hazel Vea
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[21] It’s Not Only the Hoochie Mamas on MTV // Alissa Kim
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[26] Hawai’i’s Beat // Iris Malang
Hip-Hop Hawai‘i
I came to Hawai‘i in 1993. I went to Kaimuki Intermediate and I graduated from Kaimuki High School. I’m Vietnamese. I love Hawai‘i and the culture. I went to HCC last semester. This semester I’m at KCC and I plan to major in Sociology.

My name is Iris-Lynne V. Malang, but most of my friends call me “Skitz.” I graduated from Farrington High School in 2004. I plan to major in the New Media Arts Program. I’ve always had a passion for art and I plan to continue my education in the animation field. In my spare time I paint, draw, play video games, and play basketball. I’m a very quiet person, however when I’m with friends I am very loud.
My Most Powerful Weapon
Sean M. Barney

With my most powerful weapon
I will rise above the rest.
I can go outside
without a bulletproof vest.
I need no back up
or guns around my chest.
With this weapon
I am invincible to the rest.

It’s stronger than the Bloods
and more dangerous than the Crypts.
I can run over any man
without taking a step.
My weapon has no bullets
and leaves no blood around the neck.
My weapon cannot be broken
or taken after my death.

My weapon is the strongest thing.
It will make me the very best.
My weapon will take me
to the top of the test.
My weapon is unbreakable.
It can never be tamed.
My weapon is the strongest thing.
My weapon is
my brain.

My name is Sean Barney. I graduated
from St. Louis High School. I’m originally
from Oakland, California where Hip-hop
greatly influenced me. At St. Louis I was
a good student; I was the captain of the
wrestling and judo team.

Go with the Flow
Tricia Sunada

When it comes to writing calligraphy, much of it comes from writing it the
way it feels. Sometimes you can just feel that a line here, and a curl there
would make it look great. In a way, it’s just like music where you can feel the
beat and take the rhythm where you want and still keep the overall feel.

[Editorial Note: Go with the Flow type is used in the titles
throughout Hip-Hop Hawai’i.]
I said to myself, “What the hell?” So I tagged along to see what they were going to do. Once we got to the park, my brother told me to watch. Soon as I saw them break, I knew I wanted to try it too. It was fun because we all didn’t know what we were doing. We were all just teaching each other. That was the feeling I missed.

I shared my early recollection with my fellow members of Town Swat Team B-boys. They agreed they missed that feeling too. We began sharing stories with the other crews, asking them how they became b-boys. As time went by, we got to know a lot of the other rival crew members and they got to know us. Eventually we all became good friends and we all started practicing together and exchanging tips. Though professional breakdancing was not in my future. I will always remember it for the fun that I had and the friendships that I made.

Hello, my name is Christopher Mariano. I been breaking for 8 years. I graduated class of 2000. I been in college ever since then. My goal in life for now is to get into Rad Tech, but it’s really tough to get in. My number one goal is to succeed in everything, not just Rad Tech.

Local Braddah and Da Wannabe G
Dianna Chung

It all wen staht like any odah night out wit da boys. My parents was gone, so we wen drink mah house Kalihi Valley. Aftah we ran outta beer, we wanted fo shoot da cruize, so we wen town, Waikiki side. We was all pahdian, checkin out da chicks. Was good fun. Around 1:00, across the street from Hard Rocks, I wen spot dis local couple havin domestics. I tought to myself dat wen look like me and my ex-chick. So I wen watch um.

Dey was screamin and soundin stupid. She was saying, “Why you wen dance wit dat chick?” He was, “Yo girl, chill out. She’s my cousin. Now come ova here and give me some lovin.” She said, “I neva knew you wen kiss yo relatives in dat way.” He said, “You gotta stop trippin. Girl, you know I love you.” Den she wen say, “You not goin charm yo way outa dis one!” Finally, he wen tell, “Baby you know how it is. When I get on MTV and I’m on tour with Eminem, it’s all gonna be worth it. You heard!” And so she wen treten fo leave him. Funny you know, watching da kine stuffs.

While all dis was happenin, I tought to myself dis chick kinda cute. She had da kine, long hair and light-colored eyes. She was one short, slim, hapa-lookin chick. She was pretty solid. I tought maybe if she and her boyfrien was really goin break up I was goin rush um. You kno, I been told I is one handsom man. Nah, I jus one local braddah. You kno jus regular surf shots ladat. And I get one big nose, but dat is da Haaawaiian!

All of a sudden I wen see him hit da chick. Even if da chick wen deserve um, still wasn’t right. So I wen walk across da street, open my mouth, and step in. I neva know what was goin happen, but I knew you just no hit chicks. In da back of my mine, I tought maybe, if she saw dis, she was goin like me. I tought maybe if I wen lick dis guy fo her, she was going run up to me, and trow her ahms aroun me, and den we was goin live happily eva aftah. Or, I was just goin get laid. Eidah way I saw it as one win-win situation.

So I wen step up and was like, “Wat, you fucka!! Like hit chicks, ahhhh!!” So I toll um we go beef. At firs he wen say he like battle. I was like, “Battle wat?” He said, “C’mon nigga, let’s freestyle, mutha fucka. I can take you and yo mama!” All I said was, “You stupid or wat?” He was goin off, “Mutha fucka you so stupid,
why you messin wit me and my chick? Yo ear I will flick, you stupid prick. My rhymes make you sick."

Den he did a Lil rappa. And he kept rapping. So I just wen hit um. I could take dis small fucka. I don kno wat she wen see in him. He was one local Chinese-looking guy, but he was wearing planny tick gold chains and da kine Sean John kine clothes. I tink he wen tink he was black. Da way he wen talk was sometin fo laugh about. He sounded like one 50 Cent wannabe or sometin. We wuz chrowing blows, but he kept bussing his rhymes. He kep representin Westcoast or sometin. I tink das wea he said he was from, but I kno he wasn’t, cause I saw his class ring. Once I saw he was from Punahou, I knew fo sure I could lick him. But I guess he went chrow in one cheap shot, cause all of a sudden he was lickin me. He kept saying, “Wait till you see me on MTV, mutha fucka! You gonna be sorry you messed wit me! Thug Life baby!” Den he did a Lil’ John yell, “Yeeeeahhh!” Was funny but I neva could laugh, bumbai he chrow in one nada cheap shot.

I was holdin my ground wen all of a sudden my boys, Leki and Jon Boy wen step out fo help me. My oda frien Jaren was one pussy and he wen stay by da side. Nah, I neva needed dem. I was jus comin back. You kno dats my strategy, no show da guy all my powah in da beginnin. I neva like da fucka freak out. So I was on da groun getting ready fo do um da kine Ultimate Fighter style, wen my boys wen jump in. You kno Leki is small, but da guy get halt. He wen jump on dat fucka’s back and wen punch him in da head. My oda frien, Jon Boy wen jump in too. Now Jon Boy is big. Dat fucka can chrow, bu. Dey was lickin da fucka. I was about fo jump back in, but da fucka wen pull out one knife and was swingin um around. I not even goin lie. I was shittin bricks. Neva wen phase my friends tho. Dey kept goin. Dey shouldah stopped but, cause bote my boys got stabbed. Jon Boy in da chest and Leki in da leg. But you kno wat, my boys neva stop. Dey kept scrappin like notin wen happen. But you kno wat, my boys neva stop. Dey kept scrappin like notin wen happen.

While all dis was goin on, da chick dat I wen fo help had the balls fo jump in and staht hitting us. You kno I tought dat was a little bit ungrateful. So it neva wen phase me wen Jon Boy wen smack her. Good for her. We neva shouldah helped her. We only wen stop cause Five-O came. My boys was bleedin bad brah. I neva kno wat fo do. Shouldah been me dat got stabbed.

Wen da cops wen ask us questions, the chick had da nerve fo tell da cops style session. Swat Team was all about style. They didn’t care about all those gymnastic moves. The one fancy move I was known for was the turtle. Turtle is when both of your elbows are tucked up against your ribs and you hold your body up while you move yourself in a circle on the ground with your hands. Because I was so good at it, my friends called me “The Turtle Master.”

One month went by. I put on my best-looking shoes, black Nike Cortez’s, geared up, and went off to The Source at Puck’s Alley on University for the tryout. There was a huge crowd. Everyone had on their full gear, like helmets, kneepads and everything. But all I had was a couple of old Nike wristbands, one for wiping sweat and the other for protecting places where skin rubs the ground. A lot of people were trying out. And the challengers were damn good too. I was nervous. But I sucked it up and did my best. The plan was to smoothly incorporate my best move into my routine. For one set I did a turtle, I combined it from a wide leg, to a straight leg ending it with a special variation, the wacky turtle, then I went into a chair pose and stuck it in the air. The crowd went nuts. I amazed myself. After the party ended, Andy and the top guys came up to me and told me that I had potential and a lot of heart. When I heard that I was so happy. They wanted me to practice with them from then on. And I did. That’s when I started getting to the top of my game.

The Swat Team B-boys gave me red and grey baseball jerseys that had big print on the back saying “Swat Team B-boys.” I walked around the school campus proudly wearing my uniform. As time went by, my friends from Kaimuki started getting in the crew too. Eventually there were enough of us that we formed a team classified as Town Swat Team B-boys, because the older and original guys were from Wahiawa. Soon we got to be so strong that other crews started targetting us. Guys like Unstoppable Breaking Crew, Panic Zone, Full Force, and Supreme Team all began to gun for us. We became the main target to take out. We would be at The Source every weekend and crews would come from across the island to test our skills. Everyone was a rival to us. Every weekend was a battle.

"That’s when I started getting to the top of my game.”

The fun was starting to disappear. I remember the first time I tried break dancing. I was twelve. I was walking home from playing basketball and I saw my brother and his friends across the street on the sidewalk. They were all carrying around pieces of cardboard.
At Mānoa Park a crowd gathered. As a 15-year old youth, I stood there mesmerized by the stylistic moves of the leader of Swat Team B-boys. Every member of their crew wore Adidas jackets and matching pants, but for some reason the uniform looked much cooler on Andy. His styles were smooth. Most b-boys stuttered in between moves while they figured out what do do next; Andy was like water, he just flowed. He was innovative and could do transitions that no one else could imagine. After his practice I went up to him all nervous and happy at the same time. I asked him, “Can I join your team?” I felt so stupid for asking him so bluntly. He smirked and said, “Well you can try out.” He said I would have to challenge one of their guys and then the top guys in their crew would decide if I would be in or not. The Swat Team B-boys were going to The Source nightclub the following month to hold open tryouts. I had a month to practice.

Ala Wai Park was my poor man’s dance studio. Everyday after school, I walked to Ala Wai Park to practice. On weekends I practiced even harder. It was my goal to turn myself into something great. Underneath the Ala Wai pavilion was where I turned on my portable boom box and bumped my head to the beats. The melody of the verses got me ready to work. Pumped up, I ventured on to my hard concrete dance floor. I heard the words “Play at your own risk, yeah!” by Planet Patrol, and it made me want to jam. Each day, I danced until sun down. I could feel myself becoming more confident.

Other b-boys might have enlisted the help of a teacher, but I felt I didn’t need one. I already had the basic foundations. No one could teach style. Taking your teacher’s moves was something we called “biting.” A style was something you had to make up on your own. That’s why break dancing’s so difficult. A large part of the learning is done by yourself. The only thing I practiced that month was style. I made up some ground moves that would transition into one another while ticking it to the beat. I also worked on poses that I would stick right after a

Formerly Known as the Turtle Master
Christopher Mariano

Ala Wai Park was my poor man’s dance studio.

“Ala Wai Park was my poor man’s dance studio.”

My name is Dianna Chung and I live in Hawai’i Kai. I was born on O’ahu, but I was raised in Korea, Germany, and Hawai’i. I have one brother and two loving parents. I attended Kaiser High School. I’m currently in college and I aspire to be a teacher one day and maybe eventually write a book. My favorite authors are Nicholas Sparks and Danielle Steele. I tend to write in a male’s perspective. I think it’s because I am constantly surrounded by guys and because I find them to be humorous.

Wat kine name is Alfonzo? And was kine Westcoast is Hawai’i Kai?
Da cops wen tink da chick’s story was little bit shady so dey wen let us go. We wen to da hospital fo get help fo da boys. I neva felt so bad in my life. All dey wen do was help me out cause I get one big mout. I tell you one ting, dis da last time I help out one bitch. Dey notin but trouble.
While we were in high school, we both decided to take time to document the graffiti scene. From 2000-2003, we would go down to the Halawa canal and the Waipi'o back roads to take portraits of graffiti artwork. The best time to find graffiti artists in action was early in the morning when no one else was out.

Rarely did an artist work alone. Most of the time there were several artists working simultaneously on individual pieces and on occasion a large group piece. At first they were hesitant to be on camera, but when we explained that we considered them to be part of the modern Hip-hop movement in Hawai‘i, they allowed us to photograph them. To protect the identities of the artists we never learned their real names. We only knew them by their graffiti names such as Emcy, Draho, Scoobs, Logic, and Ace.

To get all the shots we wanted, we often had to sit on the side and wait for hours till the artwork was completed. Sometimes to keep ourselves busy we picked up after the artists and collected their empty, discarded spray cans. We took pictures of both the artists in action and just the pieces alone. Sometimes they would write their graffiti names. Other times they might define their feeling in one word. There were days when we were lucky enough to capture murals done by more advanced graffiti artists. It was great seeing such talent.

## It's Not Only the Hoochie Mamas on MTV

Alissa Myungsan Kim

Girlfriend, whoever said?
Whoever said?
Whoever said looks don’t matter?

Turn on the television any time of day, I guarantee you will see some infomercial on a gadget that will miraculously slim your thighs, tone and tighten your abs, firm up your buttocks, tan your pasty, pale skin, remove hair on some part of your body, whiten your teeth, style your hair, reduce your dress size, enlarge your breasts.

You name it, they’ve got it.
And really, it only takes 2 minutes a day.

Whoever said looks don’t matter is the biggest bullshitter I’ve ever heard.

If what really counts is on the inside, then why can’t society get past our outside?

Alissa Myungsan Kim aspires to be a doctor. She studies around the clock and loves to exercise. She loves dogs. And she adds, “I’m a very private person. That’s all I want to share.”
How Come Guys Only Like Import Models?
Tiffany Wong

I may not be size 2 or 3 like Kaila Yu or Natasha Yi, and you don’t see me posing in front some dude’s car in my push-up bra and daisy duke shorts with my ass cheeks and cleavage all sticking out. That’s not what I’m about.

I never dreamed of making the cover of *Import Tuner*, or having my own adult website. But what’s the hype? I can still get the hook-ups, ’cause I get choke guy friends and girl friends too.

It’s all good. Who wants to be an import model especially if it comes with that label— "Ho, dat chick, she only like da guy for his ride," ’cause I already have a rice rocket of my own. And I can drive myself where I like.

I was born on Dec. 3rd, 1983 @ Kap'olani Hospital in Honolulu. I lived in Waimanalo all my life. I graduated from Kailua High School in 2001. I’m an only child. I live with both of my parents. I enjoy shopping, collecting Pucca and Morning Glory stuff, and I also enjoy watching Korean Soap Operas. I hope to go into digital art and computer graphics.
Ken G. Kosada: I’m 20 years old. I’m originally from the Big Island, but moved to O’ahu to go to Honolulu Waldorf School. I’ve been going there since second grade and I graduated in 2004. I’ve been driving since I was 15 and car audio has been in my life ever since then. I’ve been living independently for three years and I just started my own car audio business this year. The skull I made for my sound system in my car was made out of two-part foam, fiber glass, and bondo, with primer, base coat, detail air brush, and gloss for the paint. First I made a mold of my face with plaster. I then filled the mold with two-part foam to make a positive. Then I used two-part foam in the mold, which I then carved into a skull shape. Then after many weeks of bondoing, fiber glassing, primering, and sanding, the skull was seamlessly connected to the speaker box which I also made.
My name is Hazel Vea. I was born in 1986 in Honolulu, Hawai‘i. I grew up in Kalihi and attended Farrington High School. I graduated from Farrington c/o 2004. My hobbies include dancing, fishing, going to the beach, and taking pictures. My culture revolves around Hip-hop. I like going out with my friends and I’m open to meeting new people. As of right now I have many goals in life. One is to become a Registered Nurse.

My name is Abyjane Pisbe. I am 18 years old. I graduated from Farrington High School (c/o 2004). I live in Kalihi. My hobbies include going to the beach to bodyboard, taking photographs, and I am currently learning how to play the guitar. I like meeting new people and making new friends. I like to drive down to the other side of the island to get a plate of shrimp from Giovanni lunch wagon in Kahuku. I wish I could go on a backpacking trip in Europe. One day I would like to work as a social worker.