Wea
Da Land Get Stories

Kapulani Landgraf:
Hawaiian View of Place

Dennis Kawaharada:
Local Authenticity

Kealopiko:
Fashion with Mana’o

Poetry and Prose
on Place in Hawai’i
# Table of Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Introduction</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Da Hawaiian View of Place: Talking Story with Kapulani Landgraf</td>
<td>3-8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Modern Day Papa Hōlua by Michael Ikaika Soo</td>
<td>9-10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pele’s Curse by Leana Medeiros</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pele by Sakitsu Hayataro</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Place of Refuge by Caren Matsuoka</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kealopiko: Hawaiian Fashion 101 by Barbi Hanohano-Medeiros</td>
<td>13-14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hina’s House Get Electricity Series by Kristen Hoota</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forbidden Love by Laarni-Marie Magsayo</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Night I Cried by Toni Maehara</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Finding Creativity by Justin Nakazaki</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Giant Awakening by Michael Moore</td>
<td>19-20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Man-Eater: Nanaue of Waipi‘o by Aaron Gon</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Authenticity of Place: An Interview with Dennis Kawaharada</td>
<td>22-24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Double Legends by Tony Yip</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You Live Here, Right? by Kanoe D.N. Enos</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**Team Ka Nani**
Lee A. Tonouchi  
Kanoe D.N. Enos  
Barbi Hanohano-Medeiros  
Micasha DeSilva

**CoverArt**  
Sakitsu Hayataro

**Publicity**  
Wordamout

*Ka Nani* volume XXV ©2008.  
Kapi‘olani Community College  
4303 Diamond Head Road  
Honolulu, Hawai‘i 96816

All rights reserved for the individual contributors. The views herein are those of the contributors, not the editors or sponsors.
Web You Stay
Lee A. Tonouchi

Wot is “place”? When I ask my college level students in Hawai’i for name “places” dey conneck to, most of ‘em no tink of “place” in terms of geographical areas or regions. To dem lot of their favorite “places” is places dey go shopping like Hollister or maybe high end stores too like LV, or even mo’ bettah yet Ala Moana Shopping Center cuz o’dea get ALL their favorite stores. And den if not one trendy store, their next favorite “place” is someplace virtual. Seems dat wen I talk connecked, dey immediately tink internet-connecked wea da “places” dey like most is in cyber-realm like on top myspace.com or in da MMOG da World of Warcraft.

I wen take-a-notice dat lotta literary anthologies dat deal wit “place” dat wuz publish on top da continent view place in two kine ways. To dem “place” might either be cityscape wit its hustle and bustle or landscape wit its picturesque scenery. But is dat how we view “place” in Hawai’i?

When I teach I like for get my students for look at “place” little bit different. So das how come I decided for do dis anthology. Cuz in Hawai’i, o’hea, “place” get mo’ meanings than just stores, city, an nature. In our call for submissions for dis collection we wen say: “Places in Hawai’i are rich in myths, legends, traditions that are particular to that place. How do the stories behind these storied places connect you to place?”

Lot of people wen automatically interpret da call for submissions for mean we wuz looking for artistic interpretations on, or creative writings dat deal wit Hawaiian mo’olelo. And dat wuz good cuz we wuz looking for works li’lat, but wot about odda kine stories?

We figgah our job as editors is fo’ ask questions. Since “place” is alive and stories is always ongoing, den wot we do wit contemporary kine stories associated wit “place”? For examples, how do da kine obake tales fit or do dey not fit at all? What about stories like “Chinaman’s Hat.” Or howzabout modern stories passed off as ancient like da story of Pele’s curse at Volcano National Park, which many people believe for be all true story?

No worry, for help us navigate one course through all da complications, we wen go find some experts in da field for try help us figgah out. We get one exclusive interview wit acclaimed photographer on Hawai’i’s storied places, Kapulani Landgraf who tells us just wot is da “Hawaiian View” on “place”. Noted “place” essayist Dennis Kawaharada talks stories wit us about authenticity when reppin’ Hawai’i. We also get one feature on fashion wea da group Kealopiko shares how come it’s important for incorporate mana’o into their apparel. And if das no nahf, we get one ecclectic assortment of students’ creative works dat all try for help us answer da question, “Wot is ‘place’ in Hawai’i?”

Bein Hawaiian
Kanoe D.N. Enos

is hard foa me tink about place than odda from one Hawaiian perspective. Das how I tink, das how I see. Da importance I feel for culture, my ‘aina, no can meazhah. I no can imagine livin anyplace else, bein around odda kine ways of life, I wouldn’t fit.

Bein Hawaiian is important to me, is how I identify myself. I Local too, no get me wrong, but Hawaiian is wat I am firs an formose. I come from one Hawaiian-Local community, da kine place wea nobody put sugah on dea poi, da kine place wea not unheard of foa have one pig as both one pet and den eventually as suppa, da kine place wea random women in da grocery stoa not sked shake you up for bein naughty, da kine place wea Podagge different from Haole, das da kine place I come from, das wat I tink of as Hawai’i.

Wit dat bein said, was one culture shock wen I wen move to townside (townside being anyplace east of Waipahu). I always taught my neighborhood was da norm, I was wrong. One of da firs ting I remebah was tinkin, “Wea da hell all da Hawaiians stay?” and den as if dat was no bad enough, I remember tinkin “Wea da hell all da Locals stay?” I wen flip wen I would hear people talking like da kine people on T.V., wit da kine California accent, at firs I taught everybody who live in town wen jus move hea, but nah, deez guys waz all Locals!

One instance in pahticulah, was wen one guy from heah neva know dat da main drag in Waikiki, Kalâkaua, is name aftah one of our pas Ali‘i. I was trippin. Ironically, however, I da one felt like one country bumpkin, like one expired can-good. Eventually dough, I found da kine people like me, foa let loose wit, had, jus had to know wea foa look. As foah da kine odda folks’ ignorance dough, I no blame dem, das jus one of da consequences of colonization.

To me is important fo remember an keep alive da mo’olelo and history of deez islands; das how I was raised, an das how I goin raise my keiki. How you goin get one good sense of who you if you dohnoh know wea you came from? As one Hawaiian in Hawai’i, I goin always tink dat Hawaiian place names should take precedence over any odda kine. I feel dat way about da Hawaiian mo’olelo about places too. No get me wrong, I no dismiss da obake stories and da odda kine like ‘em, cuz is paht of a lot da peoples who live here’s reality (an I was sked befio time too, fo see da kine lady wit no face), but I feel dat da Hawaiian mo’olelo should be regarded as da main one.

I hope dis book cause people for ask questions. Questions like, Wat da real name of Diamond Head? Wat da name of da town I spent my whole life in mean? Hawai’i is unique for many reasons, one being our culture, but we at risk fo lose ‘em. Wea you goin go fo find one nodda culture li dis wen ting gone? No moa place. Das why, hopefully dis book gonna make people like learn all dey can about dis place dey call home, cuz get choke fo learn.
Kapulani Landgraf

"Waiahole" from Nā Wahi Pana O Koʻolau Poko

b&w Photography.
Da Hawaiian View of Place
Talking Story wit Kapulani Landgraf

Wat school you went? Wat year you grad?
Kamehameha (since the third grade), 1984.

Wat's da Hawaiian view of place?
This is not an easy question to answer and hard to put into words. It's like knowing a place so well. You know the stories of the places and how they got their names. You know where certain types of fish can be caught and what season to do so. You know where to find certain plants and how for take care of them. It's all encompassing. But if you know your place, then you also would do anything to take care of it and protect it.

Did you always have da Hawaiian view of place? If so, try tell us about how you wuz raised li'dat. If not, wat wuz da experience dat first opened your eyes?
I was brought up in a Hawaiian family with Hawaiian values and traditions. I was born in Pūʻahuʻula, Kāneʻohe and have lived there ever since. Being brought up in one place, you are going to know that place. We did a lot of hiking and my mother was into native plants, making kapa and dyes. So I always knew from small kid time the names, uses and where to find plants where I lived. Also, there was always an appreciation to take care of these areas.

You always think these places are going to be there. Working on documenting the construction of the H-3 freeway in Kāneʻohe opened my eyes to the urgency of protecting these places. One Sunday there would be a mountain, the next the mountain would be slashed in half. Seeing the terraces of the largest heiau (Kukuiokāne) in Kāneʻohe being covered over with gravel and tons of dirt so a freeway can be built. It was just senseless.

Is it possible for have modern Local multicultural stories of place das rooted in da Hawaiian view of place?
In regards to preserving the Hawaiian names of places I think it's a hindrance. Prime example: "Chinaman's Hat" as compared to the correct name of Mokoliʻi. Another example: "Coconut Island/Gilligan's Island" as opposed to Moku o Loʻe and the reference to her brother's Pahu and Kahoe. When you know the story then the geographical locations of the siblings makes sense. They renamed Kaʻōhao calling it "Lanikai" to sell real estate. Like when student's come in to class and talk about the names of where they surf - using haole names - drives me nuts.

Wat's your take on obake stories?
I think the supernatural stories are more about experiences at places. It depends on the story and the place.

Your artistic collaborator and college-time mentor, Windward Community College photography teacher Mark Hamasaki, wuz he da one who wen turn you on to photography? If so, wat wuz about his classes in particular dat got you all interested in photography as one means of creative expression?
I was always interested in photography. I bought my first camera when I was 5 at St. Ann's carnival country store for 25 cents. I still have it and it still works. I was fortunate to have Kihei de Silva as a yearbook advisor while at Kamehameha. He shook things up. He made us bring more meaning and history to our work.

When I took Mark's class, he opened my eyes to the power and subtleties of photography. He was my only photography teacher and he's still teaching me. Mark's a technical master of photography, which gave me a strong foundation in technique. He stressed the idea of having consciousness of self, environment, culture and the changes occurring around you.

Explain to dose people who may not be familiar wit your books and work why da ting different than da odda kine picture books about Hawai'i das out dea.
This is from Kihei de Silva's review of Na Wahi Kapu o Maui:
"In the final analysis, this is a wonderful­ly subversive work. Barbara Pope Book Design invests it with the heft and digni­ty of the finest of fine-art publications. Which it is. It is a collector’s item. A coffee table book. As such, it should find its way into the homes of the very people for whom its aloha ‘āina sentiments may prove discomforting. Once there, it will prove too heavy for glass table tops and designer koa bookcases. It will crash to the floor, find its place in the soil, and prove too heavy for glass table tops and prove discomforting. Once there, it will ing in the work and making it the inaugu­ral book co-published by the Center for Hawaiian Studies and UH Press. Even though her fellow colleagues did not want to publish a “photo” book, they wanted something more political. Haunani recognized the political aware­ness and published it. Without her support, the project would probably be sitting in a drawer somewhere.

When you wuz first starting out you wuz denied one grant cuz dey said photography is not one traditional Hawaiian art. Did dat rejection make you question your whole approach? No, not at all. It was Mr. Abraham Pi'ianai 'a that believed in the Nā Wahi Pana o Ko'olau Poko project and took it before the committee. Even he was sur­prised when they rejected the work because it was not considered a “tradi­tion” art form. What is “traditional” today? I’m sure my Hawaiian ancestors would have embraced photography if it was around and recognized the power of it. Rejection is good — it makes you work harder and stronger.

For your 1994 book, Nā Wahi Pana O Ko'olau Poko: Legendary Places of Ko'olau Poko project and I think it gave me a good foundation and experience to start on with the kiipuna. The book was published through a library grant through Alu Like/Kamehameha School Hawaiian Studies Institute.

Da book is full of so much mo'olelo about dat moku, how you got all dat? Did you know a lot of those Hawaiian stories befoa you wen staht da pro­jeck?

I knew some of the stories, but I did a lot of research.

Your family from Maui? Wat wuz your tinkings behind putting togeddah your 2003 book Nā Wahi Kapo o Maui? Conceptually, how is dat work differ­ent from your previous book?

One branch of my family comes from Maui. The reason for working on the Nā Wahi Kapo o Maui book was in 1986-87, I started documenting the valley of Kahakuloa on Maui. It was the only stream in Kahalawai (West Maui Mountains), whose water was not being diverted to Kā‘anapali. It was about documenting the place, lifestyle of the resi­dents, and the lifeblood of the valley (Kahakuloa stream). So I always wanted to go back to Maui. I felt a connection to the place. I went back 10 years later to start the Nā Wahi Kapo o Maui book. Nā Wahi Kapo o Maui was the whole island. This was a massive project. There was so much information in comparison to Ko'olau Poko. I spent years doing prelim­inary research for the project. The concept was pretty much the same as Ko'olau Poko. For me, one project always feeds and builds into the next.

Before the Maui project, I worked collabor­atively with Mark Hamasaki on docu­menting Waiāhole and the whole water struggle issue. Trying to show the Waiāhole valley sides that were up against all these companies and develop­ers.

Can your photos by demselves convey all you like 'em for convey? If not, is dat how come your books get text for go along wit da pictures? And is dat how come sometimes you get some works dat blend words and pictures togeddah? Wat's da advantage of hav­ing text?

I love words and text. I try to incorpor­ate it within my photo collages. It’s a challenge to make it work. When I write in Hawaiian, it lets me play with metaphor and the different layers of meaning. I don’t feel the Maui or Ko'olau Poko work needs text, it just offers more history.

In her essay “Hawai'i’s Storied Places: Learning from Anne Kapulani Landgraf’s ‘Hawaiian View’ from inside her book Legendary Hawai'i and the Politics of Place: Tradition, Translation, and Tourism, scholar Cristina Bacchilega posits da Hawaiian view in contrast to da tradition of landscape photography in Hawai'i wea “nature is an object of conquest or an opportunity for profit” (32). Do you see your work as one protest against da tourism industry’s commercializa­tion of Hawai'i's beauty?

I don’t do that work (Ko'olau Poko, Haunani-Kay Trask wrote high praises for you inside da intro, plus it too da book had wonder­ful reviews. Did da acceptance make you feel vindicated about your pro­jeck.

No. Don't get me wrong, it's great to have good reviews but when it comes down to it, you got to believe in your work or why put it out there. I really appreciate Haunani-Kay Trask for believ­ing in the work and making it the inaugu­ral book co-published by the Center for Hawaiian Studies and UH Press. Even though her fellow colleagues did not want to publish a “photo” book, they wanted something more political. Haunani recognized the political aware­ness and published it. Without her support, the project would probably be sitting in a drawer somewhere.

When you wuz first starting out you wuz denied one grant cuz dey said photography is not one traditional Hawaiian art. Did dat rejection make you question your whole approach? No, not at all. It was Mr. Abraham Pi'ianai ‘a that believed in the Nā Wahi Pana o Ko'olau Poko project and took it before the committee. Even he was sur­prised when they rejected the work because it was not considered a “tradi­tion” art form. What is “traditional” today? I’m sure my Hawaiian ancestors would have embraced photography if it was around and recognized the power of it. Rejection is good — it makes you work harder and stronger.

For your 1994 book, Nā Wahi Pana O Ko'olau Poko: Legendary Places of

Ko'olau Poko, Haunani-Kay Trask wrote high praises for you inside da intro, plus it too da book had wonderful reviews. Did da acceptance make you feel vindicated about your pro­jeck.

No. Don't get me wrong, it's great to have good reviews but when it comes down to it, you got to believe in your work or why put it out there. I really appreciate Haunani-Kay Trask for believ­ing in the work and making it the inaugu­ral book co-published by the Center for Hawaiian Studies and UH Press. Even though her fellow colleagues did not want to publish a “photo” book, they wanted something more political. Haunani recognized the political aware­ness and published it. Without her support, the project would probably be sitting in a drawer somewhere.

When you wuz first starting out you wuz denied one grant cuz dey said photography is not one traditional Hawaiian art. Did dat rejection make you question your whole approach? No, not at all. It was Mr. Abraham Pi'ianai ‘a that believed in the Nā Wahi Pana o Ko'olau Poko project and took it before the committee. Even he was sur­prised when they rejected the work because it was not considered a “tradi­tion” art form. What is “traditional” today? I’m sure my Hawaiian ancestors would have embraced photography if it was around and recognized the power of it. Rejection is good — it makes you work harder and stronger.
Kapulani Landgraf

"Mokapu" from Na Wahi Pana O Ko'olau Poko

b&w Photography.
Pokolua) to protest commercialization/tourism. That work is more about bringing the history back to the place. My collage work is more about protest and showing a Hawaiian viewpoint on issues.

Who you do your work for? If there is one specific audience you would most like for impact?

I don’t worry about a specific audience. That sounds like a graduate school question. I just do what I have to do.

You teach any photography classes that emphasize da Hawaiian view? For your Introduction to Photography class or for your Hawaiian Visual Art and Design class, you get any assignments that deal with place? How you get students for see dat place is mo’ than just one pretty landscape picture?

I’m Hawaiian, so I guess the Hawaiian view comes through. You would need to ask my students. In the Hawaiian Visual Art and Design class, it’s all about the artist’s/student’s relationship to place, not just physical place, but identity, genealogy, and responsibility of place. In the photography classes, we deal with building awareness/consciousness of what we are trying to say with photography. Especially in the Art 207 class, intermediate photography, the student’s need to have meaning behind the images they are presenting, it’s not just visual, but also dealing with metaphor and the ambiguities of the images.

What’s da main ting you hope your photography students get outta your classes?

I hope my students gain a strong foundation on the techniques of photography, be creative and aware of their environment and willingness to affect change.

[Kanoe D.N. Enos and Lee A. Tonouchi provided the questions for this interview. This interview was conducted via email.]
It's been said that children who grow up in church turn out to be the worst. I would have to agree. I was raised in a church from about five years old. I attended Sunday school and Youth Group at Solid Rock Ministries Kona every week. The trade off was I was allowed to live at home as long as I attended church. Luckily for me I wasn't alone in this situation. There were a few other kids in the same boat, forced to attend by our parents. We would stick together and try to do anything possible to pass the time. If there wasn't a fire or food, we just weren't interested. The church was located in the old Kona Lagoon Hotel. It sits at the end of Ali'i Drive next to the Outrigger Keauhou Beach Hotel. We would often try to ditch church and hang out at the tennis courts nearby since they had vending machines we could buy food from. Anything to get out of doing what our parents wanted.

Once day, Chris Soares, Sam Tanaka, and me were talking about something we heard in school. This story from another kid about riding ice blocks down grass hills, specifically golf course hills. We were saying how crazy it would be to do something like that. Crazy ideas were nothing for our would have gotten in trouble. She never hesitated to tell on the other bad kids and we were sure she would extend the same disservice to us.

The three of us got together when we broke into groups that night. This time though, gothic-looking Brandon decided to join us. We weren't thrilled at all. We all gave each other the eye. He started asking about our idea of ice block riding. He must have been listening for a while because he knew all about it. He told us how he did it before and would do it again with us. He knew where to get the ice and where to go sledding. Better yet, according to him, we could do it that very night. We changed our minds about Brandon. We didn't even think twice about his motives.

He told us we could buy the ice blocks from the store across the hotel where we were having church at. He also told us that we could walk down the road from there to the Keauhou Country Club golf course and ride down the golf course hills. We did just as he said. The four of us snuck out of church and headed up the hill. Luckily we hadn't given offering yet so we still had some cash from our parents. We walked into KTA super-

line the rocks on the tracks with ti leaves and let them bake in the sun so the oil could come out of the leaves and make the track slippery. He said that near the area we would ice block sled, was one of the biggest sled tracks in the state.

What a shock for the other three of us to hear that story. We didn't know anything about hōlua, prior to Sam telling us. I knew about other Hawaiian games from Makahiki days in elementary school where we played Hawaiian checkers and rolled stones. I couldn't remember anyone telling us about sledding. We decided that night, instead of sledding we were going to look for this sled track. We walked around our usual sledding spot and didn't see anything. It was about three quarter moon that night so we did have light. We kept walking south toward this rock wall. We were about fifty yards away from our normal sledding hill and noticed a large rock wall next to a sand trap. As we got close we could tell it wasn't your regular rock wall. This wall was wider than your average wall and the rocks on top were not sharp rocks like the a'a that surrounded the golf course. This must have been it we thought. We jumped on it and walked up the wall toward the mountain. Sure enough, this wall ran as far as we could see, up to the highway above. We thought it was so cool that we had been sledding on blocks of ice right next to this historical Hawaiian sled track.

That night while in bed, I pondered our recent discovery. It occurred to me that without knowing it, I was doing something that connected me with my ancestors. I had found something fun to do that was similar to what my ancestors had built, only we used different tools. I began thinking about how I also went diving for fish just like they did. I paddled canoes just like they did. The more I thought about it, the more I started to feel like my ancestors and their teachings had been with me all along.

Michael Ikaika Soo: I was born on O'ahu and raised on the Big Island. I'm a graduate of Konawaena High School on the Big Island. This piece was written during my first year at KCC where I'm currently attending school.
Chris had always been a rebel. We blamed it on the fact that his mother was so strict with him. Any inch of freedom and he would take full advantage knowing he would only be locked up later. In contrast, Sam grew up with two working parents. Neither parent cared much, so he had a lot of freedom. Anyone could spend the night any day of the week at his house. He never had a bedtime or a curfew even on school nights. This was the perfect mix for our group.

We started talking about how we would be able to get ice blocks for our sledding. We even talked about where we could do this. Just as we were discussing out next mission at Youth Group, we noted a kid listening to our conversation. We usually ignored Brandon Gaspar because he always seemed so angry. He was really into gothic things. Brandon was always in black and listened to heavy metal music. We judged him based on his outer appearance and for that reason we never included him in our group. He was just as excited to be in church as us, but he had never been part of our group. Besides, he was two years older than us. We knew he had a bad history of being in fights and we weren't having any of that in our group. We were all about fun, not fighting.

We talked softer about our plan to be sure Brandon wasn't hearing us since we didn't want any trouble, or even worse, a rat. We had to make sure the preacher couldn't hear what we were saying either. If she found out, we market and bought four blocks of ice. We did get some stares from the adults in the store since it was almost eight at night, but we didn't care. We were free. No parents or rules. We were on a mission. We walked down the road to the golf course. I waited near the cart path as a lookout for security while the others headed up the hill. Once I felt the coast was clear, I met them at the top.

We rode down that hill until late that night. Even with cuts on our hands and our pants soaking wet, we kept going. We were having a blast. While heading back we were on a high. We were so glad that Brandon was part of our group. He was our hero that night. From that night on, "we" became the fab four.

About three months later Sam went off to Kamehameha Explorations on O'ahu for a week. The following week we saw him at Youth Group and we decided to head to our hill. Even though I am Hawaiian, I never had a desire to attend the Explorations camp on O'ahu. I rarely got involved with Hawaiian cultural activities and at that point in time, it wasn't anywhere on my radar.

On the way to the golf course hill, Sam was telling us about how he had learned about the ancient Hawaiian pastime game of Papa Hōlua sledding. Sam told us about these very narrow wooden sleds they would use to slide down rock wall-like tracks. It was a dangerous sport since they often went very fast. He told us how they would invented the story about "Pele's Curse" as a way to discourage visitors from taking home rocks as souvenirs.

Even though I know now the legend is a hoax, I still won't take home any rocks. Just in case.
Pele
Sakitsu Hayataro
Ink, Watercolor, and Adobe Photoshop.

Sakitsu Hayataro was born in Japan. He does work for alohanavi.com where he draws illustrations that help to educate Japanese visitors about Hawai'i. Many of his artworks show his keen interest in Hawai'i's flowers, birds, mythologies, and culture, especially hula.
While I was attending Konawaena High School I went through a rebellious phase.

At home my parents were pressuring me, constantly yelling at me to clean my room and feed the animals. Whenever I took my report cards home my parents were never happy with what they saw.

In school my friends were pressuring me into doing things I did not always want to do. During recess they would ask me to go to the bathroom with them and they would smoke. I wouldn’t, but it was always hard to say no because everyone was doing it.

Life was hard and it felt like I was never going to get a break. I asked my parents if I could go to a party with my friends in Kailua. When they said no, I threw the biggest tantrum. I yelled, stomped, and slammed every door in the house. But they didn’t react to my little show.

While I was in my room my friends called and I had to give them the embarrassing news. They convinced me that I could only get in trouble if my parents found out about it, so I decided to sneak out to the party.

At the party there was a lot of underage drinking and smoking. I had a little to drink which gave me enough nerve to talk to a boy that I thought was pretty good looking. I was having such a good time.

On the way home there was an earthquake at two a.m., but we didn’t feel it because we were in the car. But my parents felt it and got up to check on my brothers. When my mom got to my room and saw that my bed was empty, she knew what I had done.

The next morning I got up and sat at the table for breakfast with my parents. I sensed something was up because it was really quiet and my parents seemed tense. My mom asked me where I was the night before.

She told me about the earthquake and how I wasn’t in my room. I didn’t know what else to do so I told her the truth. She looked so disappointed in me.

For two weeks she ignored me. I wanted for her to talk to me so badly and just acknowledge that I was there. It hurt to see her interact with my brothers so lovingly and pretend I didn’t exist.

My dad would still talk to me and he would tell me to apologize to my mom, but I had given up. I wanted to run away because why would I want to live with a mom who didn’t love me.

I decided to leave. The only place I could think of to go was Pu‘uhonua O Hōnaunau or “The City of Refuge.” When I got there I walked along the beach and I picked a nice sandy spot to contemplate my life. It overlooked the horizon, and off to my left I had a beautiful view of the heiau. I started thinking about what this place was to Hawaiians and how law breakers could be forgiven with no questions asked.

Of course those who broke the kapu had to survive people chasing them with spears, but when they made it to this place, the slate for them was wiped clean. I sat for three hours crying.

I began my slow journey back. On the house steps I found my mom was waiting for me. I slowly approached her with my head hung low. I didn’t expect her to talk to me, but she asked me to sit with her and we had a much needed long heart to heart. I asked for her forgiveness, which she gave me and we called it an evening.

As I laid in my own bed, I realized that I did have a place of refuge to go to whenever I needed protection or forgiveness. Just as my ancestors all those years before me had run to Pu‘uhonua O Hōnaunau, I could always return home.
Kealopiko: “Koa’e [pictured right]—
Me he ‘upa’i na koa’e lā—like the
flapping of the koa’e’s wings. This is
a line from a chant uttered by Hi’iaka
on her epic journey from Hawai‘i to
Kaua‘i to fetch Lohi‘au ipo. She
reaches the Wai‘anae district on O‘ahu
and sees Ka‘ena “like a bird poised in
the calm.” She chants to honor this
beautiful place before descending into
it to find a wa’a and continue her jour-
ney. Koa’e, koa’e kea, and koa’e ula
are the names of three types of Koas’,
or tropic birds, found in Hawai‘i.
These graceful seabirds nest high up
in cliffs. They are found on other
pacific islands and link us, through
story and tradition, to some of our
polynesian cousins.”

Kealopiko: “Hānai [front design on top right, back design on
bottom right]—From the Hawaiian dictionary by Pukui and
Elbert: hānai 2. v.: To raise, feed, nourish, sustain; provider,
caretaker. Fishponds are one of the main sources of food for
Hawaiians, and represent sustenance and sustainability. As
such, they are a way for all the people in Hawai‘i to become
more self-reliant, one ahupua‘a at a time. He pōhaku ka ‘ai,
ka‘a i ka lawa means that stones for food will suffice. This
ʻōlelo is inspired by ‘Mele ‘Ai Pōhaku’ (a.k.a. ‘Kaulana Nā
Pua’), a national song that is a testament to the Hawaiian
people’s love of country and their resistance to the false
annexation of Hawai‘i into the U.S. (there is no document in
existence to prove this merger). This metaphor of eating
stones (rather than relying on government money) is con-
trasted against the image of thriving land (Ola ka ‘āina)
where an abundance of food is produced in fishponds and
taro patches (both built out of pōhaku). We could eat stones
if we needed to, but because of our expert technology we
don’t have to. Pu‘u Mā‘elī‘eli, illustrated on the front of the
shirt, is one of the legendary places where Hina lep to the
moon in effort to escape her cruel husband.”

Kealopiko: “Loulu palms [pictured above]—
The 22 species of Pritchardia palms endemic
to Hawai‘i are variously distributed on
Nihoa and the main islands. Approximately
half of these species are threatened, rare, or
endangered. Considered a delicacy,
Hawaiians ate the nuts of the Loulu which
they called Hāwane. Nā ‘ēheu o Kana (the
wings of Kana) is a reference to a legend
about a man named by this name who
strapped the leaves of the loulu palm to his
arms and flew to Huelo, an islet off of
Moloka‘i. There, he dropped his wings
(‘ēheu) and the Loulu forests grew up.”
Kealopiko: Hawaiian Fashion 101
by Barbi Hanohano-Medeiros

In December 2007, three hapa wahine from Hawai‘i, Jamie Makasobe-31, Hina Kneubuhl-29, and Jaime Makasobe-25, founded Kealopiko, “Hawaiian Wearable Art - Fashion With Mana‘o.” Using natural, cultural, and historical traditions of Hawai‘i, they create clothing that informs and inspires others while bringing honor to their kūpuna.

They search out elements from the past and present to help connect to this place, Hawai‘i. Along with creating clothing that is truly representative of Hawai‘i, they have designed beautiful works of art that not only honor this place but are comfortable to wear. Kealopiko mission statement: “E ‘a‘ahu mai a ho‘ohanohano i ka ‘āina nei! ‘Ware it and honor this place!”

It’s a mystery how they all eventually ended up together to do fashion. After all, none of them were fashion majors in college. Their areas of study during the course of their higher education were seemingly disparate—Botany, Hawaiian Language, and Media. “Hina and I met through family friends,” Ane recalls, “and from being friends with her sister, and then we met up again while going to the University of Hawai‘i. Jaime and I met through friends.” What drew them to one another was their unhappiness with the way non-native imagery was being used to market Hawai‘i to tourists. The idea of what to do about it, of what would eventually become Kealopiko, had been brewing for a while. Ane reports, “It has been incubating for many years in my head and over a year with the three of us.” When they did come together, they found that their different backgrounds were an asset. Jamie explains, “We all work together with the designs. One of us might have an idea and then we talk about it together, and develop it.” The results are designs that deal with native plants and animals, ʻōlelo Hawai‘i, and mo‘olelo.

Kealopiko believes their primary purpose is education. Each garment comes with a tag that explains the mana‘o behind each design. Hina stresses the importance of teaching, “We wanted to represent our kūpuna in a way that made us proud of who we are as Hawaiians. To highlight how amazing our ancestors are, to provide something cool and useful for the current generation. Designing clothing is something we all need and want and something Ane has a great interest in. We all agreed that we should wear what we are, represent our culture, and help to educate others about the many Hawaiian things that are being lost or forgotten today.”

At the heart of their designs is their belief that people in Hawai‘i need to connect to this place, Hawai‘i. Ane believes, “Place is very important to Hawaiians. The first question you ask anyone you meet for the first time is where are you from? Place names and places themselves are wahi pana or sacred places. They hold stories of old and provide knowledge of how to behave. We want to honor our islands and places in our designs.” She adds that place has a special meaning in their hearts because, “I think we all agree that our homes, where we grew up, are special places in our hearts. To see them change because of development and over population is heart breaking for us.”

When asked if they’ll continue to have more designs with place in mind, Hina responds, “We will continue to do so since there is so much history and so many places to honor.”

Who Dem?

(Left) Jamie Makasobe was born on O‘ahu. Her mom’s family is from Kāne‘ohoe and her dad’s family is from Wai‘anae. She was raised in Kāne‘ohoe and all over the US. She went to schools all over the US and graduated from the U of Oregon at Portland with a degree in Media.

(Middle) Hina Kneubuhl was born on Maui. Her mom’s family is from O‘ahu and her dad’s family is from O‘ahu and Samoa. She was raised and attended school in Kula. She graduated from Maui High then the University of Hawai‘i in Botany and Hawaiian Language. She is currently at the University of Hawai‘i working on her Master’s in Hawaiian Language.

(Right) Ane Bakutis was born on O‘ahu. Her mom’s family is from San Francisco and her dad’s family is from Wai‘anae. She was raised and attended school in Wai‘anae, went to Punahou, took Botany and Hawaiian Studies at the University of Hawai‘i, where she went on to get her Master’s in Botany.
Artist Statement:
Hina the moon goddess of Polynesians made her home in the cave under Rainbow Falls. The water for Rainbow Falls comes from the Wailuku River. This river came from the mountains of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, where the water flows down old lava eruption flows, opening toward the sea. It’s also said that Hina hides in Pe‘epe‘e also known as Boiling Pots, where Kuna (eel) once tried to destroy her. The water from Wailuku River was used for sugar plantations. There is currently a hydroelectric plant that sits aside from the river. It is used for power for part of the island. The plant has been there since I was a small kid, but I’m concerned about the future. As energy needs grow, I worry if more hydroelectric plants are built, will they begin blocking off access to the river I’ve loved since I was a child.

Hina’s House
Get Electricity Series
Kristen Hoota
b&w Photographs.

Kristen Hoota: I was born and raised in Hilo on the Big Island. I’m currently attending Kapi‘olani Community College where I’m majoring in Radiology. I love to take landscape and abstract pictures. I have learned a lot from the experience of moving away from home—it has taught me about responsibility, independence, and decision making. Moving away was one of my best decisions that I’ve made in life. I highly recommend it to others.
As I gaze through my window in the heart of Maui I see the ‘lao needle, framed beautiful like a painted image. It is said that long ago there lived a demi-god named Maui who had a daughter named ‘lao. Maui had plans on who she would marry, but instead she fell in love with a merman, Pu’uokamoa and kept secret their relationship. When Maui discovered the truth, he was furious. She pleaded for her father not to kill him. Feeling compassion, Maui knew his daughter would be unhappy if she could no longer see Pu’uokamoa, yet he knew he could not allow the romance to continue. Maui decided to transform the merman into stone, turning him into the needle of ‘lao valley, for everyone to gaze upon as a reminder of daughters who disobey.

Though the image in my window reminds me daily, I do not know why I did not listen to my father during my junior year in high school. My parents were strict and my father did not allow me to date. He said, “You are too young. Relationships at such a young age are only a waste of time.” What he didn’t know was that I was already in a secret romantic relationship with Luke, who was a recent transfer student from Oakland, California. We would mostly associate at school and walk around the campus holding hands, while we laughed and talked stories. If we were to go to places like the county fair or the shopping mall we couldn’t hang out together unless we had our friends there with us.

When Junior Prom came around my dad wasn’t as excited about the event as much as I was. My parents wanted to meet my date so on the day of the prom Luke and his parents came over. His parents helped him get ready in my room, while my parents helped me get dressed in their bedroom. Later on, my mother overheard Luke’s mother telling me how grateful she was that Luke had a girlfriend like me and because of me Luke started getting more into his schoolwork.

My parents confronted me about this and said I could go to the prom, but after prom I was never to see him again. I explained to them the difficulty of their request, because Luke and I went to the same school and I couldn’t help but see him everyday. But they stood strong.

The next day at school I tried to tell Luke what my parents had said, but whenever I wanted to say something it seemed our friends were always around. Luke was supposed to meet me at lunch behind the cafeteria building, but when he didn’t show up I went inside to look for him. That’s when I heard a voice that sounded familiar coming from the direction of a huge crowd of students gathered silent around a table. I walked toward the sound of the voice and in the middle of the crowd I saw Luke holding his cellphone. My father was on the speaker yelling at Luke, “Don’t you ever come to our house or call my daughter again. Do you understand me?!” I cried and I wondered why I ignored the warning in my window. Because of me, Luke was forced to stand frozen and be made a spectacle of for all to see.
The Night I Cried

Toni Machara

I'm in high school when these Saint Louis boys take me up to Blackpoint Road. They promise me an experience I will never forget.

We walk down a private street and I question where can they possibly be taking me. Aren't we trespassing I wonder as we pass an old fence with a graffitied face then march through bushes full of pricklies. I can't see anything ahead of me and the seclusion feels very eerie. "Guys, this isn't fun anymore," I say, and I beg them if we can turn back. But they reassure me if I stick it out I will be in for a treat.

My instinct tells me it isn't worth it, but they block the direction heading back so I have no choice; I have to keep walking until finally, we reach the end of the narrow path, a cliff where the waves are breaking high.

Why did I ever agree to this I ask myself. I want to just shut my eyes and make the feeling all go away. That's when they surround me.

I can hear them everywhere. They're in front of me, in back, and even up above.

It sounds as if there are babies crying all around me. I want to scream and run back to the car, but I all I can do is stand there and weep.

The Saint Louis boys explain this place is called Cry Babies or Babies Cry. They say the place is where there once was a hospital. Supposedly during an earthquake the pediatric ward broke off and fell into the ocean and that's why on some nights you can still hear the babies crying.

The Saint Louis boys giggle like schoolgirls when they point out the noises of shuffling in the nearby bushes. Teary-eyed I look at the birds in the bushes and the birds all around.

Are they the real culprits? Was it the sound of these birds that I heard? Can birds sound like crying babies? Were they the ones crying, getting ready to attack us for getting too near?

Or did I really hear the sound of the babies crying from so long ago?

Regardless, I realize the place name is still very fitting because there is a crying baby... me.
When I was young, my parents said I had to go to a small private school because I had a disability and I would not be able to keep up in the public school system. I did not like my new school, but I had no choice; I had to make it through the six years of schooling I had left. I felt stifled because the school had no band, which I was interested in taking. There was art, but if we wanted to take it we would be integrated with the kiddie students from the elementary classes. They had dance classes, but it was only on Wednesdays for about seventeen weeks, so it only lasted seventeen days. The writing classes I was in focused on reading books and watching videos, then comparing the similarities and differences between the book and the video. After awhile that got tiresome. School felt very boring for me.

During my mid-senior year I started to work in the yard a lot because I had so much free time at home. I could see the Ko‘olau Mountains from where I sat. Most of the time I would plant small things like nasubi, cucumber, green onions, and hyotan. One day, while out in my yard I heard a whistling. It was probably the wind, but it reminded me about a story I heard. I don’t know the origin of the story; I just remember it was about the Bamboo Man who lives in the forests of the Kane‘ohe hills. The legend says that in ancient times it was basically set how you would live your life; you would either become a farmer or a fisherman. According to the story, two children, wander off to play in the forest where they meet the Bamboo Man playing his flute. He teaches them with the help of nature, they can become poets and musicians. He tells them, “People will often lose their creativity if they don’t seek it.”

The sound of the whistling eventually took me to Na‘au school where we focus on the basics of writing essays along with lessons on how to find yourself through poetry. There, I’m learning from Lois-Ann Yamanaka who is one of Hawai‘i’s most brilliant creative writers. Miss Y believes in me.

Justin Nakazaki: I play ‘ukulele to enjoy the sounds of music. I play golf at Bayview and Olomana to relieve my stress from school. My goal is to become an electrician and go with the flow.
“State and local officials are meeting with senior members of the community as well as contacting military leaders to alert them to the recent ‘revival’ of the island’s oldest resident,” the voice over the loud speaker roared. “I repeat, there has not been an earthquake and there is no threat of a tsunami. However, due to the unusual circumstances responsible for the alarm, safety officials are asking that all non-essential personnel remain in their homes until further notice. Residents are to alert them to the recent ‘revival’ of the island’s oldest resident,” the voice added.

Nounou sat on the plateau that had been his bed for the last six centuries and tried to make sense of his unfamiliar surroundings. Only a moment earlier Nounou had been roused from his extended slumber by a most startling sound. A series of explosions had rocked him awake. Panting like a child escaped from a nightmare Nounou searched for the source of his alarm.

“Did Pele finally manage to build her fire pit to make her home on Kaua’i?” he thought as the blasts continued to rock his ears. His first smooth flows of lava.

“Pele must have been very angry at the chief while I slept,” he thought, looking at rivers of pahoehoe that criss-crossed and divided the land.

His new and terribly foreign surroundings began to overwhelm Nounou. Every new sight and sound brought him only greater confusion and unease.

“Aya!” He looked skyward and watched some birds approach the island. “These giant shiny birds have the most horrible cry and trail fumes worse than rotting mo‘i!” He thought as he looked wide eyed towards Lihu‘e. “And so many people climb out of their bellies, so many pale, strange looking people!”

Looking past the nesting ground of the giant birds, to the shoreline his amazement grew.

“What great Chief built his own stingray? What unusual blue and white dyes?” Nounou wondered, mouth agape as he watched it dock and spit out even more rolling hale.

“No wonder the land gets so full if villagers can move their homes so easily!” He thought. “They are like a tide flooding the ‘aina.”

Mesmerized, he continued to watch the bustling stream of tiny rolling hale creep inland and the strange, noisy giant. Nounou stood upright and brought his hand nearer his face.

“Aloha, Nounou,” the man said then continued in the Hawaiian language, “You have slept long my old friend, are you well rested?”

Nounou was excited to finally hear a familiar tongue and friendly voice but was still somewhat wary from his disorientation.

“Aloha, my friend,” Nounou cautiously answered. “What is your name?”

“I am Kainalu,” the man replied.

“Kainalu” Nounou spoke. “I feel so lost, I don’t know where to go! I know I should go and visit the chief but I can’t tell which, of all the giant hale that line the beach, is his dwelling. Can you help me?”

Kainalu nodded somberly, “Nounou, we no longer have our high chiefs any more,” he continued, “Those giant hale that crowd our shores are called hotels. They house wealthy travelers who come to visit our ‘aina and leave after just a few days.”

“But some of them must stay, yes?” Nounou asked. “The villages have grown so big since I was last awake!”

“Yes Nounou, many have stayed, and many more are coming every day,” Kainalu said with obvious disappointment in his voice.

Legend told of how the villagers had always provided food for Nounou in exchange for his help and labors. How was he going to arrange for his food? Costco quickly popped into Kainalu’s head, but how to afford it?

“Nounou, I’m sorry but I need you to be patient about eating; it isn’t like the old times where there was a chief and villagers to make arrangements for your meals.”


“Touche,” Kainalu said. “I’m sorry but I need you to be patient about eating; it isn’t like the old times where there was a chief and villagers to make arrangements for your meals.”


“Touche,” Kainalu said. “I’m sorry but I need you to be patient about eating; it isn’t like the old times where there was a chief and villagers to make arrangements for your meals.”


“Touche,” Kainalu said. “I’m sorry but I need you to be patient about eating; it isn’t like the old times where there was a chief and villagers to make arrangements for your meals.”


“Touche,” Kainalu said. “I’m sorry but I need you to be patient about eating; it isn’t like the old times where there was a chief and villagers to make arrangements for your meals.”

impulse was to run for safety but the scene before him froze him in place.

"What are these eruptions that spit no flame or lava?" he wondered as he watched the bald patch of the valley at the edge of the village lift and settle below him.

His breathing slowly calmed but his mind continued to race. "So much has changed since I last went to sleep," he thought to himself. He was amazed to see that from his feet to the ocean the land had changed so drastically. Taking in the scene before him, he wondered what had happened. Wakea had always said the water of Kaua'i would always drown out Pele's attempts to build a fire pit.

Turning ma uka, readying to make his escape, Nounou paused having faintly heard something familiar. Turning back to seek the source he found a single man holding a curious shell.

"Nounou, while you slept so many things changed," Kainalu said. "None worse than the loss of our land. The villagers don't really work together, everybody works for themselves. That seems so sad," said Nounou.

Kainalu heard the military and news helicopters as they began to circle about. It wouldn't be long before military jets would be making fly bys as well.

"We must take great care in finding you your place Nounou," Kainalu warned. "There are many sharks dressed as men in these times and they will greedily feed on you if given the chance. To them, you will be just another attraction, Nounou. You'll be a thing to be marveled at, photographed and then a memory to take with you, your place," Kainalu explained. "Today the land is unfamiliar," Nounou said. "I cannot stay here," Nounou said sweeping his eyes from Kapa'a to Lihu'e. "It is far too loud, noisy and crowded for me." Continuing his gaze westward, "Maybe I could go and stay in Kekaha where I used to spend my time. The area looks spacious."

"No! I'm afraid that is impossible now Nounou," Kainalu said.

"Has it become sacred land since I've slept?"

"Nounou, while you slept so many things changed," Kainalu went on, "None worse than the loss of our land. The haole came and divided and traded our 'aina for paper and turned our land into vacation rentals and target ranges," he said bitterly. "You must never go to Kekaha!" Kainalu warned. "It is very dangerous; it's now the home of the Pacific Missile Range Facility."

"Missile Range...I don't understand?" Nounou questioned.

"Missiles, Nounou," Kainalu explained, "are the spears of today, but spears that can be thrown from horizon to horizon faster than you can cross this 'aina!"

Nounou's eyes widened in disbelief. "And the tips of these spears are so powerful," Kainalu paused, "that where they land, entire villages disappear and nothing grows for as long as you sleep!"

"So you must never go near this area," Kainalu warned. "You could get arrested for trespassing or you could be hurt or even worse, killed."

Nounou's sadness and confusion never a shortage of work to be done before.

"Things are so different now. When you were last awake Nounou you could trade your labor, your hard work and the village would provide food for you," Kainalu explained. "Today the villages don't really work together, everybody works for themselves."

"There are many," Kainalu replied, "even in today's world, who share your confusion."
The Man-Eater: Nanaue of Waipi'o

Aaron Gon
Digital Paint.

Artist Statement:
Hawai‘i and Hawaiian mythology and legend have always been just distant thoughts in my mind. I never was attached to the cultural scene here. Even though both my parents have strong connections with the Hawaiian culture (even if they are not ethnically Hawaiian) I never saw reason to study up on my Hawaiian history. While they practiced hula, 'oli, did blessings, or traveled to heiau, I was off somewhere else either on the computer or sitting with my sketchbook. This project was a chance for me to create a bridge between my anime world and my parents’ world of Hawaiian culture. I used what knowledge my parents have (which proved to be a great advantage) and rendered a piece in the anime style, tailored for a culturally distant person, such as myself, to still be able to enjoy a bit about Hawaiian mythology. In my research I found there are many stories that are quite interesting.

Aaron Gon: I was born and raised in Hawai‘i in the quiet neighborhood of ‘Alewa. I was a very timid child throughout grade school and in my 21 years, not much has changed. This is mainly the reason why I spend most of my time sitting behind a sketchpad or in front of a monitor. I was first introduced to the world of Japanese animation in the early 90s. Since then, I have adopted the “anime-style” as my primary method of drawing.
What role does place have in shaping a person's identity?

Place plays a major role in shaping a person's identity. If life is good in a place, it becomes home. Home is where you feel most comfortable in the world, where you feel centered and connected to everything around you—the land and sea, the people, the community, the cultural traditions. You are committed to contributing to family and community, taking care of the land and sea for future generations, perpetuating cultural traditions. Place becomes a part of our identity; we don't think about living elsewhere, for whatever reason. As the poet Wayne Westlake said, “I’d dig ditches to stay in Hawai‘i.”

On the other hand, a person might hate a place he or she grew up in or spent time in, so that place would define for them where they don't want to live, and as soon as they are able, they move away. They might find another place more to their liking, maybe enough to call it home. Others might move not because they don't like a place, but they like change, so every few years they move, and each of these places can influence them somewhat, but nothing profound, nothing to commit them to one place as home. Some people never find anyplace they feel is home, so place is not important to them in terms of who they are.

Places also change—new people move in, bringing new cultural values, traditions, and ideas, population grows, the place gets more crowded, more developed, more expensive to live in. Some people who wouldn't have considered leaving before decide they might want to leave. Hawai‘i is a different place now than when I was growing up in the 1950's and 60's, which was different than it was in the early twentieth century, or in ancient times. We adapt to these changes if we want to stay in the same place, if the place still feels like home. It takes more effort and commitment to stay.

What was the turning point when you realized how significant Hawaiian culture was to you?

One turning point was meeting and working with Kiki Mookini. She was the first Hawaiian language teacher at [Kapi‘olani Community College]. We worked on translating Hawaiian stories into English. I helped her with English phrasing and she explained the Hawaiian to me. She introduced me to Hawaiian literature in the original language, and I found the stories way more interesting than the translations I had read when I was younger. Kiki was of Japanese ancestry, like me, and grew up in a plantation town on Maui near where my father grew up. She lived cross-culturally, marrying a Hawaiian and studying and teaching Hawaiian language. That was really unusual for a Japanese woman of her day. She was a pioneer and an inspiration.

Then there was John Dominis Holt, whom I met through my literary connections. He asked me to edit his autobiography, which is one of the most interesting books I've ever read because it taught me so much about the land and people in the generations previous to mine, and about the Hawaiian community in general. He was of the ali‘i class, though his family had been poor and lived in Kalihi for a while when he was growing up. His
Authenticity of Place

An Interview with Dennis Kawaharada

description of Kalihi blew me away. I could see how much of how we lived, how we behaved toward one another, what we valued came out of his era. While the community was becoming multicultural, what held it together was Hawaiian. Holt wrote stories about his ancestors who had helped shape Hawai‘i, and the stories were set in places that I had been to — Mākaha, Waialua, Kawela Bay, Wailuku. History came alive for me through his stories. Holt had a large and generous spirit, and a marvelous way of talking, which I can still hear whenever I think of him.

Finally, there was Nainoa Thompson, whom I met through Kiki. This was after I had lived on and off on the West Coast, in Seattle and San Francisco, for about a decade. I was looking for a way to get back into the ocean world of Hawai‘i that my father introduced me to as a child when he took me fishing and that I experienced through surfing in high school.

When I went to college on the mainland, I lost touch with that world and Hawai‘i in general. What got me back in touch with it was sailing with the Polynesian Voyaging Society as its education coordinator. I learned so much from Nainoa about how to read clouds and ocean swells, how to tell time and seasons by the stars, the sun, and the moon, how to navigate by these celestial bodies. I had the opportunity to sail between and around all the Hawaiian islands on Hokule‘a and become less controversial, I think. I thought I was just saying what was obvious. Literature associated with a place (e.g. a literature of Hawai‘i) should express the ethos (i.e. the values and traditions) unique to that place. So it made sense to me that such an ethos had to develop from the culture of the place and contain an intimate knowledge of the place, and only Hawaiian culture expressed that ethos and contained that knowledge. The other cultures we find here developed elsewhere. They may have the similar values, but not the intimate knowledge of place found in Hawaiian culture. So a writer of Hawai‘i had to know Hawaiian traditions, just as an American writer should know Faulkner, or an English writer should know Shakespeare. I wasn't saying that every writer of Hawai‘i had to write about Hawaiians or Hawaiian culture, only that we all had to be informed by Hawaiian culture enough to be able to embody some of its values, from a non-Hawaiian, but local perspective; that would allow us to contribute to the creation of a literature of Hawai‘i or an “authentic local literature,” by which I meant a literature of Hawai‘i that was informed by Hawaiian culture.

In 1982 you edited one special issue of Bamboo Ridge entitled bamboo shoots, stories and poems for kids. In em you get one short story entitled “Joey” written almost entirely in Pigidion dialogue with jus little bit, small kine English narration. Is this your only Pigidion work and do only short story that you wen publish? Did you abandon Pigidion because it seemed for go against da authenticity you wuz trying for head towards? Also, how come you wen gravitate to writing essays moreo than writing fiction or poetry?

I wrote a couple of stories for kids in pigidion, based on the neighborhood gang I hung out with in elementary and intermediate school. To write about that world, for that audience, I had to use pigidion to be authentic. But I stopped writing stories after I decided I wasn’t very good at it. That’s the only one I published. I felt uncomfortable making things up. I like to stick to what really happened. So I began writing non-fiction, essays, with academic readers as my audience; pigidion doesn’t work for me with that audience, it feels fake. Not that pigidion can’t work in non-fiction: Lisa Kanae uses pigidion very effectively in her long autobiographical piece, Sista Tongue. I choose which stories they want to hear. I enjoy all good stories, and don’t limit myself to stories from any one group, or exclude any. I’ve heard some great Filipino ghost stories from my students. The Philippines is a place and a culture with a lot of ghosts, and some of them have been brought here.

In ‘Local Geography’ you criticize Hawai‘i’s public school system. You tell the story of how "public school graduates in my first- and second-year college classes, educated thirty years after me, tell me they acquired very little native, local, or Asian-Pacific knowledge in their publish
stories one part of da continuum of stories associated wit da larger Hawaiian history of do dey ignore and displace Hawaiian thoughts of genealogy, land, and history?

Obake stories were brought from Japan and relocated in Hawai‘i by Japanese immigrants. Glen Grant does a great job of searching out the roots of such spirits as the faceless woman and the dog spirit (inu-gami) in Japanese tradition. Similarly, many traditional Hawaiian stories were brought from Polynesia, and reset in Hawai‘i, and scholars like Katherine Luomala and Martha Beckwith have traced the variations across Polynesia. Then there are ghost stories that are unique to Hawai‘i because they occurred here, like the story of Pumaia, set in the Kona district of O‘ahu. Ghosts and spirits are found in all cultures—the souls of the deceased, like night marchers, who have unfinished business, good or bad, in this world. They won’t leave until that business is finished; and may never be finished, because there is some things that need to be perpetuated till the end of time.

Erasure is not a process that you can attribute to storytelling per se. Telling a story is not erasure. You are not excluding other stories, you are simply telling one of your own. Erasure belongs to social systems, when you construct an educational complex that deliberately promotes only a select group of stories and excludes other groups. The ideal, the richest of all possible school systems, is one in which all stories can be heard and read, and readers and listeners can read, and listeners can

But she was writing for a broader audience and with a different purpose than I was.

In Paul Lyons’ 1999 review of Storied Landscapes that was published in Marvels and Tales: Journal of Fairy-Tale Studies, he describes how your essays work: “Kawaharada layers his presentation of [his essays] with personal and general history, and blunt critiques of institutions that engineer cultural estrangement and forgetting . . . The concentration of detail makes the essays demanding, but their insights will travel well. This is in large part because Kawaharada’s interest in Storied Landscapes does not proceed from escapist geopiety or antiquarian folkloristics, but from an ethical dedication to the values traditional stories can perpetuate in the contemporary world.” Though you might not claim to, this book, which collects essays you had published over the years, does provide a sort of blueprint for the essay form on how Local essayists might aspire to write having the authenticity you described in your earlier treatise. Can you cite examples from other Local authors who write in other genres that have successfully managed to move toward the “authentic local” you’ve been advocating?

I let my students read one of the essays from Local Geography in a Creative Nonfiction class I was teaching, and one student commented that the essay “starts out interesting, and
I remember my teacher would always read to us for storytime. The story I remember most is the story about Chinaman’s Hat.

In China there was a boy who got a magic powder that made him grow into a giant. He went to the coast and fell asleep and was carried off by the tides. When he awoke he had made his way to the islands of Hawai’i. There he gave the chief his precious Chinaman’s hat. In return, the chief had a giant Chinaman’s hat made for the giant. One day however, the giant fell asleep and sunk into the water, only his gigantic hat was visible. He continued to sleep for months and all thought that he had died. Until one day the giant was washed back ashore, but in his original size. The Hawaiians rejoiced to see their friend was still alive. In the end, a Chinese trading boat returned the boy to China, but his giant hat still remained in Hawai’i.

Of all the stories we had in school, I remember this story the most. Maybe it’s because I am Chinese and in school we never had any stories about Chinese people.

It wasn’t until much later I learned there was a Hawaiian story about that same place and I wondered why no one ever taught that story to me.

Hawai’i nei is my home, my one hānau. You from Hawa‘e.

My island is O‘ahu or else called Moku o Kakuihewa. You live Owahoo.

I have friends and family from Wai‘anae to Ma‘ili. You forget which one comes first, “Whynye or Miley.”

I have spent many summer days bodysurfing at Keawa‘ula. You went boogie boarding a couple of times at “Yokes.”

I have fished in the shade of Mauna Lahi‘ahi. You picnic at “Shark Mountain.”

I spent summers playing sports at Pililā‘au Park. You once had a soccer game at “Piluu Park.”

I was raised in the ‘Ahupua‘a o Mākaha. You golf at “Makaha West” with your boss on occasion.

Tony Yip: I was born and raised in the islands. I’ve always enjoy writing. I must thank my older siblings for giving me many ideas and for helping me to improve my writing. They’ve always encouraged me to strive for my best and pushed me forward to strive for whatever my dreams may be.

As a child I gazed at the beauty of Mākua Valley from Kū La‘īla‘i beach. You watched Mākua Valley burn from “Pray for Sex” beach.

The names and pronunciations I use have meaning and have existed for century upon century.

You live here, right? Learn ‘em!

Tony Yip: I was born and raised in the islands. I’ve always enjoy writing. I must thank my older siblings for giving me many ideas and for helping me to improve my writing. They’ve always encouraged me to strive for my best and pushed me forward to strive for whatever my dreams may be.

Kanoe D.N. Enos is a senior in Hawaiian Studies at the University of Hawaii – Mānoa. Born and raised in Mākaha, he is a graduate of Wai‘anae High School. Kanoe is proud of his Hawaiian heritage and enjoys helping other Hawaiians take pride in their culture and history.
What the Critics Are Saying About Ka Nani

"More than two decades ago, us Locals in Hawai‘i started imitating urban styles from New York and Los Angeles. Now mixtapes and mix plates belong together. The young bruddahs and sistahs in Hip-Hop Hawai‘i show the islands have their own onolicious Local flavas."
Jeff Chang
author of Can’t Stop Won’t Stop: A History of the Hip-Hop Generation

“explores Hawai‘i’s hip-hop culture”
Gary C.W. Chun
Honolulu Star-Bulletin

“In the issue, Hawaiian Studies instructor Pohaku Stone writes on surfing and the Hawaiian culture... the Deep Roots clothing company gets a surf-inspired fashion spread and there are student entries in art, poetry and prose about riding the ocean blue.”
Honolulu Star-Bulletin

“It’s a Native thing.”
Honolulu Advertiser

“Just as impressive as the poems, prose and artwork are two interviews included in the anthology. The first is with Jonathan Kay Kamakawiwa‘ole Osorio... The second is... Gov. Linda Lingle.”
Ryan Senaga
Honolulu Weekly

Consider it a cautionary tale.”
A. Kam Napier
HONOLULU Magazine

“satirically designed”
Wanda A. Adams
Honolulu Advertiser

“provacative”
Gary C.W. Chun
Honolulu Star-Bulletin

Back Issues
These back issues and more coming soon to http://bosp.kcc.hawaii.edu/

Much Mahalos
Lee would like for tank Tracie, she da supahvisah’s supahvisah Special tanks to Kimo Armitage and Michael Puleloa for looking ova da manuscript for us. One big mahalo to Pohaku Stone, Lisa Kanae, Dustin McDunn, Mike Cueva, Gail Harada, and Leigh Dooley. Barbi would like for give one shout out to Donna Hanohano-Medeiros. An’den, all da appreciations to Michael McPherson a.k.a. Mikey Mac, who stay one bettah place now.
Wea: Da Land Get Stories showcases the variety, connections and tensions among different views of Hawai'i and mo'olelo, and it has much to teach us about the different ways people take responsibility for being here and the commitments we make to Hawai'i and its “storied places.”

Cristina Bacchilega, Legendary Hawai'i and the Politics of Place

Wea you stay from? Why I like know? Chicken why why, try catch one fly. Nah, nah, jus kidding, jus kidding. Das one joke from small kid time. I like know cuz I like know about you, what you connect to, das why. If I no ask, how I goin know? Make sense, yah? If you like connect wit da people ovah hea, you gotta connect wit da people ovah dea who wen write Wea: Da Land Get Stories.

John R.K. Clark, Hawai'i Place Names: Shores, Beaches, and Surf Sites

I have always been a fan of the yearly publications offered by Lee Tonouchi and his students. Wea: Da Land Get Stories spans time and place while beckoning us into stories of imagination, fantasy, and the intense trials of adolescence. I am so happy that I got a sneak preview!

Kimo Armitage, Akua Hawai'i: Hawaiian Gods and Their Stories