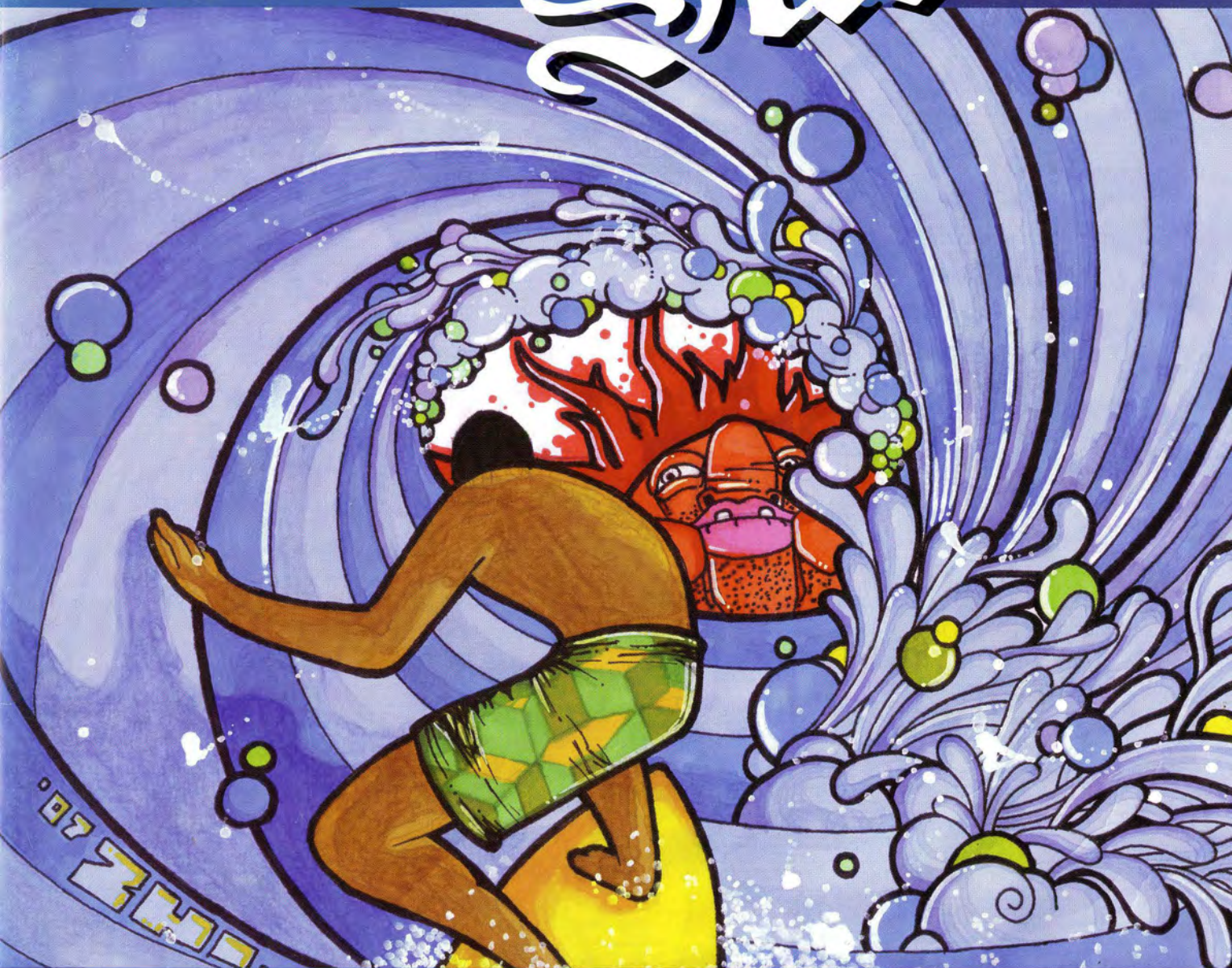


**KA  
NANI**

PRESENTS

# Get Surf?



**THOMAS "PŌHAKU" STONE, III:  
SURFING AND THE HAWAIIAN CULTURE**

**DREW IRONS: UP-AND-COMING IRONS COUSIN**

**DEEP ROOTS FASHION AND STATEMENT**

**WORLD SURF REPORT**

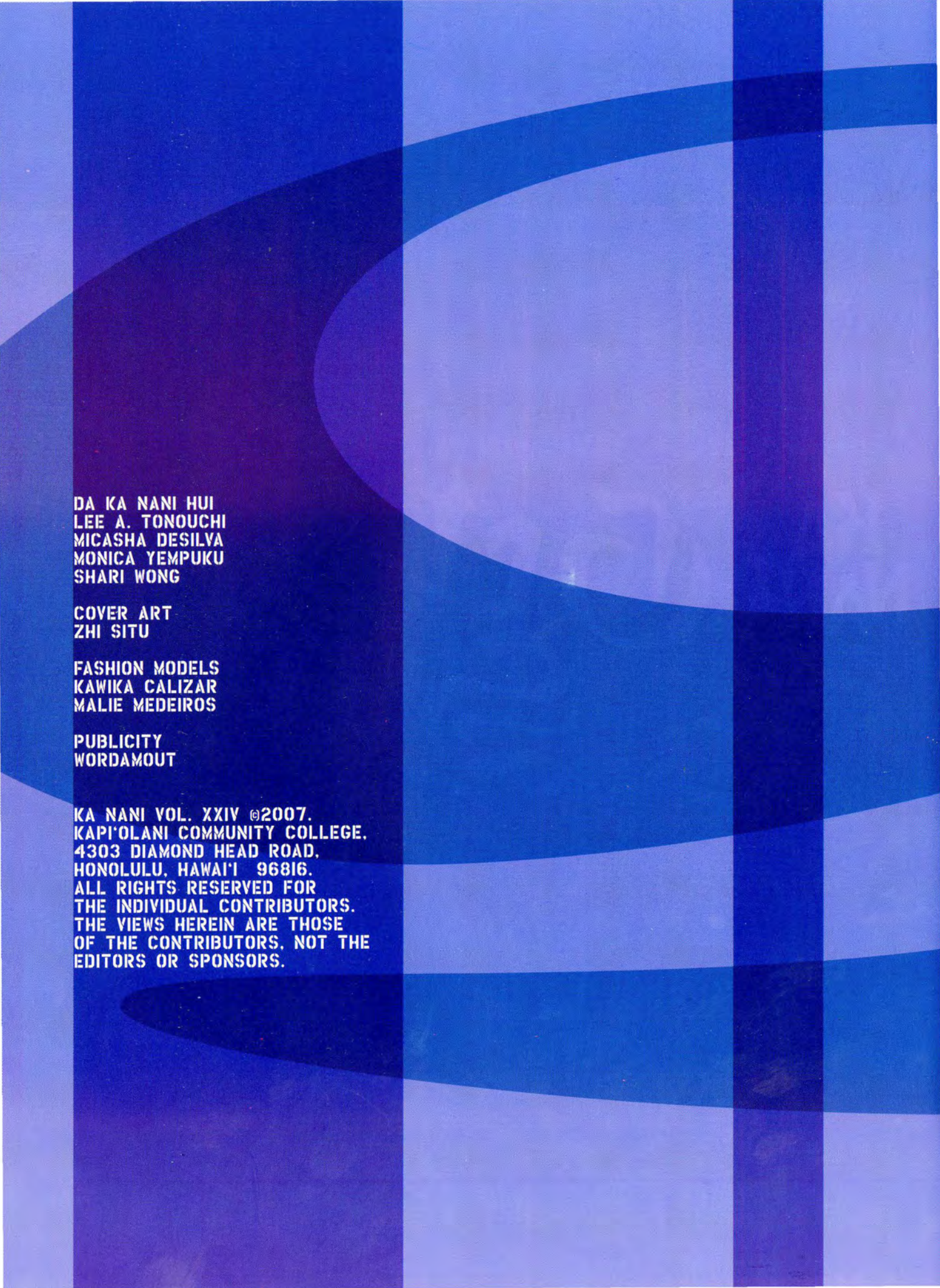
**SURF-INSPIRED POETRY, PROSE, AND ARTWORK**



**KA  
NANI**  
PRESENTS

**Get  
Surf?**





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# Get Surf?

## KA NANI

PRESENTS

### Introduction

Cuz Hawai'i stay surrounded by water, I suppose it's not one surprise dat in da college-level classes I teach I get planny students, both Local and non-Local, who surf. But, wot does surprise me is I often come across planny Local students who surf dat tink surfing originated. . . in. . . California! So I always ask these students, "Oh, how come you tink dat?" And dey tell stuff like, "'Cause everything comes from the mainland" or "We always copy."

So I make it one point for interrogate 'em small kine, for try see how dey got dis notion. I ask 'em, "How much wuz Hawai'i part of your education prior to coming college?" Some of dem remembah learning da Hawaiian counting song in elementary. Some of dem remembah going neighbor island field trip one time, couple days for visit some cultural sites. Some of dem remembah dey took one or two semestah courses on Hawaiian history maybe in middle school or high school. And one small numbah of dem said dat their schools wuz lucky enough for have Hawaiian kupuna dat would come down regularly for talk about da Hawaiian culture. But by-and-large most of 'em wen agree dat Hawai'i wuz nevah really significantly integrated across their schools' curriculums wen dey wuz growing up.

So I guess we cannot fault those Local students who tink dat surfing came from da "mainland." If you went school your whole life, and you wuz taught dat all da tings of lasting impact and all da people who made one great difference in da world, all came from places elsewhere, den I guess would be one logical assumption for tink dat surfing too must be from someplace beyond these shores.

For set da record straight on da Hawaiian origins of surfing and Hawai'i's role in its global spread, we wen talk to kumu Thomas "Pōhaku" Stone, III who created one unique college-level Hawaiian Studies: History of Surfing course dedicated to studying da cultural aspects of surfing.



Also insai dis magazine we get one interview wit up-and-coming surf sensation and former Kaua'i resident Drew Irons, cousin of da famous Andy and Bruce Irons, who talks about da difficulties of balancing school and surf, and how he dealt wit being labeled one "Haole" wen he wuz growing up hea and surfing in Hawai'i.

Be sure for check out da World Surf Report wea we ask amateur surfers from around da globe about surfing's popularity in their native countries, wea's good for surf o'dea, and how come dey like for surf. And den, as if das no nuff, try spahk our Deep Roots surf brand fashion shoot as dey spread da message of unity. Plus it too, we wen collect some pretty mean, surfing-theme, poetry, prose, and artwork, all from Hawai'i college students as we celebrate togeddahs da culture of surf.

We would like for dedicate *Ka Nani Presents: Get Surf?* to Hawai'i's youth so dey no get low Hawai'i self-esteem. Cuz Hawai'i no need only be da immitator, Hawai'i can be da innovator.

Hawai'i nō ka 'oi,  
Lee A. Tonouchi





# Grounded in Water:

Interview with Thomas “Pohaku” Stone, III  
on the Cultural Importance of Surfing

## BACKGROUND

### Where you from? Wot school you went and wot year you grad?

I am from Hawai'i—I was hānai to my entire 'ohana and was raised on all the islands. Hāwi [on Hawai'i Island], Maui, Ho'olehua on Moloka'i, all of O'ahu, and Kaua'i. I did the backdoor route for school—GED—and wen grad from McKinley.

### High school time, wot wuz your school teachers' attitudes toward surfing?

Dey thought it was stupid. I thought it was important to who we are. Y'know, dey didn't understand, ah. Dey thought [surfing] was all drugs, sex, rock-n-roll.

### Wea you went college and wot kine degrees you get?

All my schooling is with the University of Hawai'i. So I did Windward Community College '93-'95 for my AA. Den I did Mānoa from '95 and still there. I got my Bachelor's in Hawaiian Studies, my MA in Pacific Island Studies, completing

my second MA in American Studies and preparing for my PhD, not sure if it's gonna be American Studies, but more than likely. And den do one in Cultural Studies out of Australia cause you can only do one PhD at a time in the United States, or the United States Territories as I put it.

### When were you first introduced to surfing and who introduced you?

I was born to surf and was introduced at around four years. But neva actually surfed alone until I was six years.

### Tell us about the experience.

Surfing had already moved into da modern age, but when I surfed, actually surfed, it was when I could carry the heavy wood board from the old lockers dat were on the beach at Waikiki to the kai. The old time beach boyz would tell when I could hāpai the papa he'e nalu den I surf, so I would try everyday until I wen hāpai da board and start to carry it to the kai. When dey wen 'ike dat I can hāpai dey wen kokua and hāpai da papa to the kai fo me. So I guess my first real



experience surfing was on the wood board wit no fins. Cause I was one poor Hawaiian boy and could not afford new glass boards like the kids whose 'ohana had kālā.

**How has surfing or surf culture played an important role in your life?**

I got to live the life in the fast lane from when I was eleven years old—doing drugs and all dat, but it was surfing dat gave me purpose. Traditional Hawaiian sports wit surfing as the foundation, dat has kept me grounded. Surf culture for me and what it is today is two different things. If it was not for being poor and having to ride the wood boards first, I would neva have known the cultural importance surfing had and does have for me and us as native peoples.

**Try expand. How you wen discover da cultural importance of surfing?**

I knew it was important from little kid time, always. Y'know, my mom always encouraged me to go surfing. My dad, even though he was nuts about me going surfing, don't go y'know. But what I learned about my dad was dat das what he did when he was young, surf. And so, it was just natural. I was just raised dat way and I knew it was important to who we are, but the real revelation about sports and culture and its significance didn't come until '93. Dat was my turning point. I realized y'know F everybody. I gotta go where I gotta go. I decided I wanted to experience the old things, right, about my ancestors, my kūpuna. So I started to cross the channels on windsurfers by myself in the 80s. So I started wandering around going visiting from island to island on my windsurfer and I realized dat y'know there's a lot more going on about the ocean and the knowledge of the ocean and I knew I had more knowledge about the ocean than anybody else in Hawai'i. Cause people cross on boats or stuff like dat. Real different wen you cross on one surfboard.

**What you believe is da essence of surfing?**

Everyday is a wave. Some are big and some are small, but it is the rider dat makes the best of what dey have. I ride my waves everyday the best I can and for the love of it all first.

**Do you see one spiritual side to surfing?**

It is the connection to my spiritual life and dat of my kūpuna—the kai and I am one and the kai is my home.

**Do you prefer longboarding? If so why is that?**

I live longboarding, but I ride anything. If this question has any point, I ride longboards cause dey keep me in touch with the origins of surfing. Don't get me wrong; I have a quiver of short and longboards.

**Tell us about your background with carving wood longboards using traditional Hawaiian techniques.**

I just started carving woodboards in 2000. There's no templates to it. There's neva a board das identical. I don't replicate boards. Das a word dat just kills me. I don't take measurements off of boards dat were made 200 years ago, 500 years ago and reproduce them. Everything I do is based on the knowledge provided by my family. But the thing is, it was my dad dat made me my first surfboard out of wood dat I hated, right. And I toll 'em, "I hate the board!" So he burned it. It's dat kinda thing dat comes back to haunt you later on in life, y'know. You regret. Das the real history, k. Y'know, I watched him carve this entire board and das what I base everything I do [today on], this knowledge he gave me.

**So you remembered techniques from watching your father?**

He was using modern tools, but the tools he was using was all hand tools. He neva use any power tools, all hand. So he carved 'em wit knife, carved 'em wit y'know hand saw, wit small Japanese block plane, the best plane in world is dat thing. So anyway, when we talk about traditional techniques all of dat just comes from. . . from. . . you know. . . I don't know where it came from. [laughing] It just is. I just know what to do.

**Besides your interest in surfing, you're also responsible for revitalizing interest in the Hawaiian sport of he'e holua, or sledding. Please share how your passionate interest in traditional Hawaiian sports and recreational activities originated.**

From my grandfadda and the rest of my family dat encouraged me to practice these things. Like using ti leaves to go down the mountains, jumping off of high cliffs, stuff like dat. Interest in the cultural sports was from day one. In terms of revitalizing interest, actually I wasn't intending to share it. It just happened. My personal cultural interest became my academic research and das how it just evolved from there. My whole master's thesis is on surfing and sledding. And [from there] it caught the interest of the surfing world first, den everybody else.

**Is there a dormant Hawaiian sport that you're currently researching more about?**

Diving off of cliffs into the ground. Lele Kawa.

**Is that head first or feet first?**

Lele Kawa is feet first into water, but head first on land.

**Tell us more about it.**

It's history is actually very old. It goes back to Vanuatu and places like dat. Cause Vanuatu I believe is still the only ones in the Pacific doing diving off of huge platforms but wit the vine attached to their leg, and das where bungee diving comes from. And so das actually where this idea of diving off into the



ground comes from. But when it gets to Hawai'i, we gave up y'know the vine and we just dived. No need the vine. The vine is for keeds. [laughing]



#### THE CLASS

**Was your idea for start up da Hawaiian Studies History of Surfing class?**

Was right.

**How long did it take to get the class approved?**

Two semesters.

**When did your Hawaiian Studies 216: History of Surfing class start?**

Oh shit. Dat was like chree years ago. I think it was 2005, somewhere around there. The course began wit experimental

and den came part of the offered curriculum . [ed. note—We checked and the course was initially offered as HWST 297H in the Summer of 2005, then it became HWST 216 in the Fall of 2005.]

**Is this KCC college-level course the first of its kind in the world?**

No. [pause] Well. . . y'know what. It is! Cause it's culturally based. There's Cornwall University in the UK and I'm not sure the exact university in Australia, dey actually have degrees in surfing. See, but dey teach business aspects, science, right. Whereas here in Hawai'i we don't have anything like dat, period. There's no interest in surfing where there should be; we should actually have a degree dat focuses on surfing. And the degree should start wit the cultural base and work its way up. I already wrote the whole thing. [The difficulty is] getting the university to realize how important it is.

**Why did you find surfing important enough to be considered a college credit? And why is it so important to teach a course on the History of Surfing, especially here in Hawai'i?**

Well, because surfing begins in Hawai'i. Its origin is Hawaiian. It's the only place in the world where stand up surfing was occurring. People might claim dat it was out of Africa, out of South America, but das all crap. Why? Because, one, dey don't have the artifact; dey don't have the physical evidence to prove [it]. Okay, so dey doing stand up surfing using reed boats in Peru. Big deal. We do stand up surfing riding canoes. We've been doing dat for thousands of years, but dat doesn't make it surfing on a wood board das one, two hundred pounds. Das something else. You riding one boat. So das what's important; it comes from Hawai'i. Two, I think, I believe dat because of its cultural grounding here in Hawai'i and there's so much interest in surfing worldwide dat you gotta be nuts [not to teach it]. Hawai'i should be the center of this surfing education. Everything in the world today, fashion, design, everything is connected to surfing. So it has a California tweak on it, right, an American tweak on it, but das a pop culture thing. We're talking about the origins of it. So if you build dat, you're already gonna build a huge student base if you develop it properly so it becomes a degree offering. So the individual students who wants a bachelor's in surfing, dey can pick venues, right. One is business or PR marketing, whateva it may be, or in general just history of surfing and being able to teach it on the beaches, whereva. It's a huge, huge market. We'd be making a killing. Hawai'i'd be making a killing. But the reality is, it's white American mindset dat is close minded to it here in Hawai'i. And das funny because white American mindset is open elsewhere in the world. It's just here in Hawai'i it's very closed. It's like the missionary thing still involved dat wants to disassociate the people from the cultural practice and where it originates from. Das what



the missionaries did, right. So it kinda continues here in Hawai'i. Is dat too heavy? Sorry, I'm a straight speaker.

**What does da surfing class cover?**

It actually covers traditional histories and stories about surfing. Language, which involves chants, interpretation of words and phrases. Understanding protocols and pageantry dat go with surfing and their significance. Gender issues in surfing. Meteorology, Oceanography so [students] learn how waves are generated. And construction of a board or two, depending on the size of the class and availability of resources, because I have to go out and get all the resources for the students, and das hard work. Because it's not the school dat supplies the resources. I supply it on my own. [But] I'm not teaching the course anymore. Malia Kaaihue is now teaching it [as of Spring 2007]. I trained her to do it and she does a good job.

**Is most of da learning done insai or outsai da classroom?  
How come?**

The first two weeks are in class. Afta dat the classroom is mobile cause we radda take 'em to the places where there's surfing history or archeological sites where the pageantry of surfing was celebrated. And hopefully, the surfing class is gonna go study abroad summer of 2008.

**What's da main ting you hope students come away wit aftah taking the course?**

How important surfing was to a people culturally. Dat it's not just fun; there's a lotta significance to the cultural itself. I think people forget how significant sports were to a people and their way of life.

**Do you see dis History of Surfing course as part of one greater goal? If so, wot's your vision?**

Yeah, I do see a greater goal. It's the reinstitution of anodda component of our culture. Das really why I do it more than anything else. I actually do it because all we have is hula and language as the base, but you can't have just two pieces of a culture. You have to have a culture in its entirety. For me, the whole thing is to ground sports back into the mindset of the people today.

**SURFING**

**Dea seems for be some contentions as to where surfing comes from. Can you try tell us some of da theories and try tell wea you tink surfing wuz born?**

I have a lot of heated discussions with mostly Californians who've been in the surfing business for a long time or they're journalists who all of a sudden decide they're historians because dey traveled the world hearing stories about surfing adventures and things like dat. So a lot of them theorize dat surfing began in Africa now. Today, das the new one. Because these guys went to Africa and dey saw a wood board there and dey heard a little story about it. But das all. One board doesn't say anything. Especially when this particular area dey went to, a lot of Californians have passed through in search of these great waves of Africa. And so dey probably left behind dat mindset and so [the African natives] went out and found some wood and made a board. Das what people do. But it doesn't say anything. Just like Felipe Pomare who says oh surfing comes from Peru because dey ride the waves in to shore standing in reed boats. Dat doesn't mean crap. You always have these people who are not from the culture who are trying to claim expertise to this knowledge. So this whole thing is all about knowledge and who possesses this knowledge. So this whole concept is based on the fact dat it's the white surfing world dat needs to maintain power over the knowledge. So [they believe] anyone coming out of Hawai'i, if you haven't been part of the great know, all these Californians, right, you technically don't know anything about surfing and history because nobody was surfing here when dey arrived. Which is bullshit. Everybody was surfing. Just because dey didn't see 'em doesn't mean a thing. It originates here in Hawai'i. And people can throw all their theories around and my point to them is you show me the artifact. And not just one. Show me an abundance of it. Cause we have collections. A lot of our artifacts still remain hidden in caves that are known to a few families, but dey are also in Peabody Museum, Bishop Museum [as part of the] Forbes collection, the guy wen 'aihue da stuff from da caves, as well as odda places. So you tell me how many you found.

**What was the function of surfing in traditional Hawaiian culture?**

To have sex. Seriously. It was the sharing of aloha, the coming togedda of men and women. If you read all the ancient stories and chants it's all about how the female entices the male to come into the ocean. And den you have the great competitions between chiefs. Self empowerment in a sense using traditional sports. Challenges were important. Sexual interludes were important because we're a people about procreation. So procreation was important as well this idea of genealogical dominance. Cause the majority of our



battles and wars fought in Hawai'i was not about land, it was about genealogy. So surfing was a way to prove one's virility and one's ability to lead or govern during dat period of time.

**What's the historical role of Hawai'i in influencing the development of surfing as we know it today?**

Duke Kahanamoku. Duke played a huge role in dat. But it isn't Duke per say, only because he just happened to be in this particular era. [During this time] even though we were surfing as Native Peoples, it wasn't anything important. But Duke's in this period of time when Alexander Hume Ford, a wealthy, well-connected, white guy moves to Hawai'i and

wanna experience and what dey wanna experience is surfing, right. So the social elites of America are coming to Hawai'i, but dey wanna experience it from the Hawaiian [perspective]. So Ford brings this whole idea of providing this service to the visitor using the Hawaiians, which is Duke, Rabbit Kekai, Scooter-Boy, and the bruddas of Duke, so dey become the foundation on which [Ford] builds this image of what surfing and the lifestyle is all about. Ford builds the image around it and promotes it using Duke cause all the women love him, right. And it's true of women all ova the world, women talk to each odda, right. And the word spreads. Das how surfing becomes part of the American mindset ova time. And den America is going through their depression years following dat in the 30s, right, The Great Depression so to kickstart America, what the government of America does is look back at history and dey wanna re-empower the people, right. And so the way dey re-empower people is dey embrace sports. Dey start to build sports because of the idea of manly strength and everything else. And surfing becomes entrenched in America in dat period of time.

**Why do you think surfing has become so popular?**

Because people love the image of who we are, the native ability to ride these great waves of the ocean. So dey all want the same image [for themselves]. Dey see it as man conquering nature, but das not how we see it. As Hawaiians, das not our thing. Our thing is about our connection to it.

**How do you feel about the current surfing programs starting up in Hawai'i's public schools?**

Now the DOE [Department of Education] has embraced surfing, right, as an intramural sport, but it's all about competition, radda than knowledge of what surfing is really all about and its histories dat come with it. I think the DOE is missing the point. Every kid who wants to be competitive, who wants to be involved in the modern world of surfing today should be going through courses to teach them the significance of surfing on a cultural base before dey get involved in coached competitions.

**In your opinion, has modern surfing culture influenced Hawai'i in a negative or positive way?**

I don't think it influenced it. I think dey stole it. Because the idea is dey stole the image to provide for themselves with minimum returns. For example, look at the Vans Triple Crown, [they] make big big bucks, and so you give a jet ski to a lifeguard, I mean yippee doo. Did you know Quicksilver today owns almost the entire North Shore? All the land, dey own it all. If you look, there's no more native people. Native people are the laborers. Dey don't even live on the North Shore.

is taken by surfing. Ford is part of the white elite in Hawai'i and in America and he was the guy who actually started the Outrigger Canoe Club with a couple odda guys. In this period of time, we're building tourism, right, this is afta 1895, afta 1898, and now we've moved into the 20<sup>th</sup> century, so everybody's looking at tourism, [Ford] and the white oligarchy, the individuals dat took our country and empowered themselves now are looking at economic self sufficiency. So tourism comes to mind, because dey realize it's the elite dat comes to Hawai'i. Edison has come, all these great writers, artists have passed through, these wealthy individuals. So what dey start to do is stop and look at what these people





Can't afford it. So no, nothing returned to us. It's taken.

**How you feel about da commercialism aspect of surfing?**

It was inevitable. I live in the 21<sup>st</sup> century. I'm all good with dat. Because I have to look at it from couple points [of view], right. As a native dat complicity has helped me get out my native work culturally. Dat wouldn't happen if I wasn't connected, if I wasn't sponsored by Surftex for example. Dey make most innovative surfboards today, using advanced materials and technology. Das my surf sponsor. I got all the boards in the world, neva have to worry about it. And my clothes sponsors have gone from Rusty, Quicksilver, Billabong, Hurley, Local Motion, I haven't really had to buy clothes since I was twenty-nine. I have Spy, Kaenon sunglasses. It's dat kinda thing. If I wasn't connected to this modern industry today, there's no way I'd have an opportunity to get this cultural identity and image out there. So I have to support it, but up to a point.

**Is surfing today mo' about competing wit each oddahs or mo' about building community togeddahs?**

I think it's more about competing against one anodda and there's a lot of fallen stars as I call 'em. I think the way they've structured surfing today has created a problem for a lot of our young people because the kids get thrust into this stardom image at a very young age and they're not ready for it. And what it really is is their parents trying to live their dream. Yeah, a lot of parents might come back and argue with me about dat, but you know what, das my belief, my opinion. The thing is I've been in the industry for so long, I've had a second chance, I've been down the drug road at a young age and realized it just screwed me up. And das what happens to these kids. The industry uses them. If dey don't produce competitively they're out, right. And when the kid is out, afta making \$30,000 at eleven years old, with all the surfboard, clothes, and everything he wants, den all of a sudden it ends, dat kid's traumatized. He's not prepared for it. Nobody prepared him for it. My oldest son has been in the windsurfing world. He's been world champion three times. Den one day he was just, "I'm done, what else do I have to do?" Den my second son, when he left the windsurfing world, he was fifth in the world and he was beating all the best in the world, den one day he just said, "Dad, I'm over it. I can beat them all. I can win the world title, but what good is that? That's not where I wanna be, what I wanna do. I just rather have fun." To me das what these sports, something like surfing should be about first. You wanna do it because you love to do it. So all my children surf and dey do almost everything in the ocean because dey love to do it. Not because they're making money off of it or they're getting this recognition. Das all crap. Cause das short lived, right. I think das the downfall for the entire industry.

**Today surfing is transnational. Do you think it can continue to unite cultures while preserving its Hawaiian roots?**

Yeah. I believe it can. But it has to be not just Hawaiians, but people from Hawai'i dat have had roots here dat understand the significance of surfing dat should be the ambassadors. It shouldn't be the Californians dat are ambassadors cause dey don't know shit about it really; historically dey know crap. And there's this whole idea of the spreading of aloha dat dey don't even understand so it shouldn't be them. The idea of spreading this camaraderie, it has to begin here. Because today if you look at the surfing world and the industry, a lot of what dey write, what dey film is all based on localism, this whole idea of clashing with one anodda, which is really stupid. If you go back in the past, I'm a member of Da Hui, I've been a member of Da Hui from day one. The thing is what we did den, when Da Hui started was resistance to a lot of what's happening today. [Our belief has always been] just give respect to the people and place you go. This concept of aloha begins in the water. And here today in the water dat doesn't exist no matter what people say. Everybody's yelling, fighting. I always have to remind people, if you ain't happy don't go in cause you're just making the water crap for everybody. Das what I tell 'em. No go to the beach and be all upset. Go home!

[This interview was conducted in person and via e-mail.]



# Daniel Carlson

I grew up in Hilo and North Dakota. You can't get more backwoods than either of those two places. But that's how I like it. I think this lack of desire to be the hippest scenester keeps my head clear and lets me realize what people have been enjoying since the days before Myspace and Counterstrike on the computer, before *Leave it to Beaver* on television, and even before *War of the Worlds* on the radio. Yes, I wasn't born with my clock turned back, but with it turned waaay back. I think if you can just take all the advertisements, *American Idol*, Chem. homework, and job work, and condense it to it's most valid essence, you'd have senryū. Because it's kind of twisted in a casual way, and it shows life as an entrapment of the ridiculous. When you're doing what you do best, whether it's surfing, dancing, or whatevah, there's a moment when time stands still and everything is just perfect. That oneness can be captured in haiku. There was a poet who likened pondering a haiku to eating the perfect grape over and over again. I'm amazed that I can enjoy sitting under the same stars as Abraham Lincoln, or hearing the same plopping frog as Bashō. They were thousands of miles away and lived hundreds of years ago, yet through a shared moment of oneness and insight, we come to one and the same place, where there is a fullness yet still defined by an emptiness. Or maybe I just like perfect grapes. . . yeah, maybe that's it.





A Tourist's Senryū  
Daniel Carlson

surfing  
twenty dark  
one white

first contact  
water wall hidden behind  
a wall of water

north shore swells  
a thousand people swallow  
one chokes

counting past twenty  
is just too long to wait  
when up is unknown

a big wave smile  
scrubbed off with reef  
dental insurance?





Courtesy Photo

# Drew Who?: Talking Story with Up-and-Coming Surfer/Student Drew Irons

**What school you went? What year you grad?**

I grew up on the island of Kaua'i, and I graduated from a small private school called Kula High in 2004.

**Are you an amateur or pro? Tell us about some of your surfing accolades?**

I am considered an Amateur Surfer due to the fact that I do not make the big bucks from my sponsors. Growing up, I did amateur contests throughout the state, qualifying for the state championships, and the nationals championships held in California.

**How did you get into surfing?**

I think I got into surfing because it is something my whole family does. At young age I saw my cousins, my brother, my dad and uncles surfing so I wanted to surf too.

**How come you surf?**

I guess because it just makes me feel good, it is just you and Mother Nature out in the water; you tend to forget about everything else. It eases my mind.

**For surfing do you do planny traveling? Do you feel like you get many homes or do you have jus one place you consider for be your home?**

I do a bit of traveling not as much as I would like; going to school makes traveling hard. Throughout my travels I still consider only one place to be my home, and that's Kaua'i.

**Tell us what surfing was like for you growing up on Kaua'i. How often did you go and where were some of your favorite spots?**

You couldn't ask for a better place for a surfer to grow up than on Kaua'i. The water is warm and there are lots of good waves; it's just perfect. I probably surfed just about every day; I lived on a bay so I could just walk out front, or drive ten





minuets to Pine Trees, one of my favorite [spots] where I have probably surfed more than anywhere else throughout my entire life.

**In Hawaii, do Local surfers judge you based on your being of Haole ancestry?**

Not necessarily, growing up there you become friends with everybody and just become part of the everyday crowd in the water.

**You wen eva experience any prejudicial incidents when surfing on Kaua'i?**

I can't say I ever have; at least none that I can think of.

**Did they distinguish Local Haole from haole Haole?**

I think that there is a difference which has a lot to do with why I have never really had any issues in the water. Since I grew up there, it's like you know everybody, and everybody knows you. Everybody I surfed with were my friends since I was little so there was never really an acceptance issue.

**In your travels, do you find that generally there's a reluctance to embrace outsider surfers who are not from the area?**

I think it is true that generally there is a reluctance to accept surfers not from the area. But if someone knows how to surf and are mellow, it's not like they will be sent [back] in.

**Why did you move to O'ahu after high school?**

I came over to attend KCC, and experience something new and different.

**Was it hard to balance trying to move up in the surfing world while going to school at KCC?**

I think so. It's just a choice made—if you want to surf or continue your education. Because you can't travel and be where the surf's good if you got class to go to.

**How old were you when the famous Irons brothers started to make names for themselves and what's it like being the cousin of the famous Andy Irons and Bruce Irons?**

I am not exactly sure; I am about six years younger than Bruce. So I was young, since they were young when their names started to become known worldwide.

**Are expectations higher for you because you're an Irons? If so, who's placing these expectations on you? Your family? The media?**

I think people see the name and figure "he must be a good surfer too," so maybe there are some expectations. But I don't really think about it, because I am just doing my own thing.

**Why did you move to California? What are you doing now?**

I guess I moved to California to see what I was missing out on. I figured I could always go back to Hawai'i, if I don't like it. So I moved over and picked up where I left off by enrolling at community college in San Diego.

**Why did you decide to focus more on school?**

I just see it as something that is only a [commitment of a] few years, and after you're done you still have a chance to go pro. And later, if surfing doesn't work out, you now have a back up plan, because you can only surf professionally for so long. [After your surfing career is over] then what?

**What are some of your current life goals?**

I would have to say my biggest current life goal is just to be happy.

**Will surfing always be a part of your life?**

I think so. I don't think the feeling that I get from surfing will ever get old.

**Do you have any advice for young people who are trying to balance school and surf?**

There is a balance between the two. You just have to have priorities and remember if there's a will, there's a way.

[This interview was conducted primarily via e-mail.]



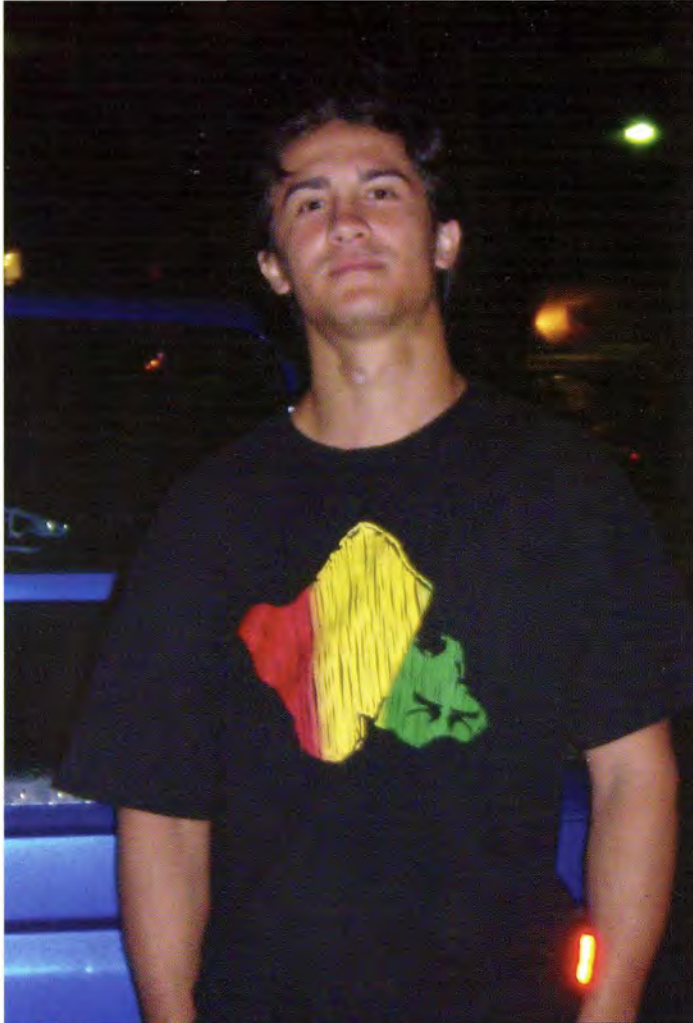


# Deep Roots:

The Message Behind the Fashion

**DeepRoots**  
CLOTHING COMPANY





"All throughout high school we always wanted to start our own business. We wanted to be able to create a business where we could get our beliefs across," reveals Deep Roots Clothing Company co-founder Gino Gosico while his business partner Aadam Wong nods in agreement.

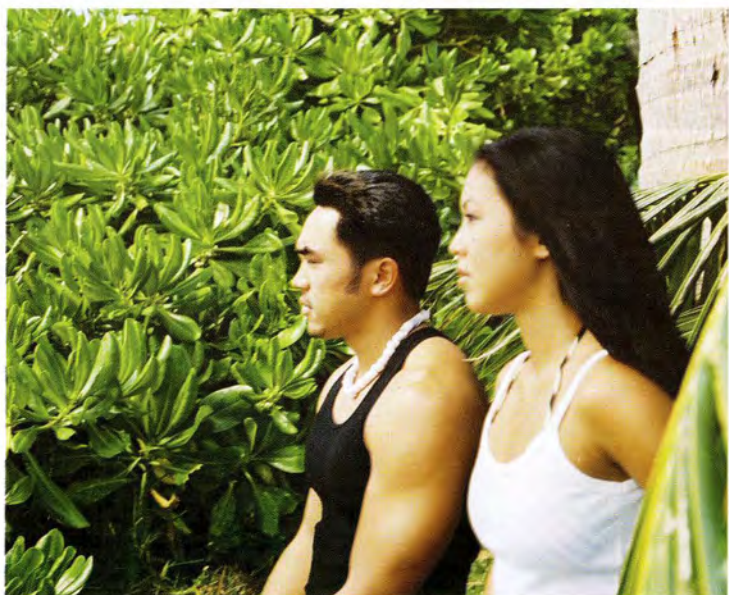
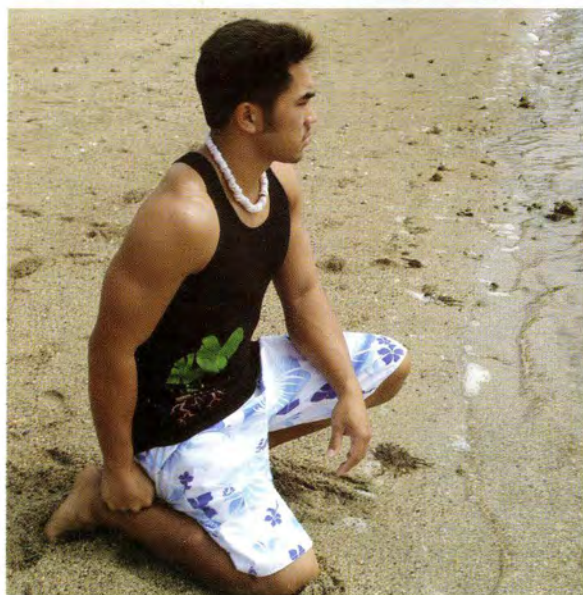
Originally in 2003, Deep Roots had quite a few members, most of whom attended Saint Louis School with Gosico and Wong. Eventually their group of eleven members was reduced to just the two of them. "Mainly everyone [else] was too busy working and stuff," informs Gosico. Together Gosico and Wong stuck it out and watched their clothing line slowly become established.

Together these two Kapi'olani Community College students compliment each other perfectly. Business major Gosico is known for his comical antics and neighborly personality, traits that are an asset in making sales. Wong, an Engineering major is the more relaxed and reserved of the two. As the artist for Deep Roots, his creative artwork is what draws people toward their clothing line.

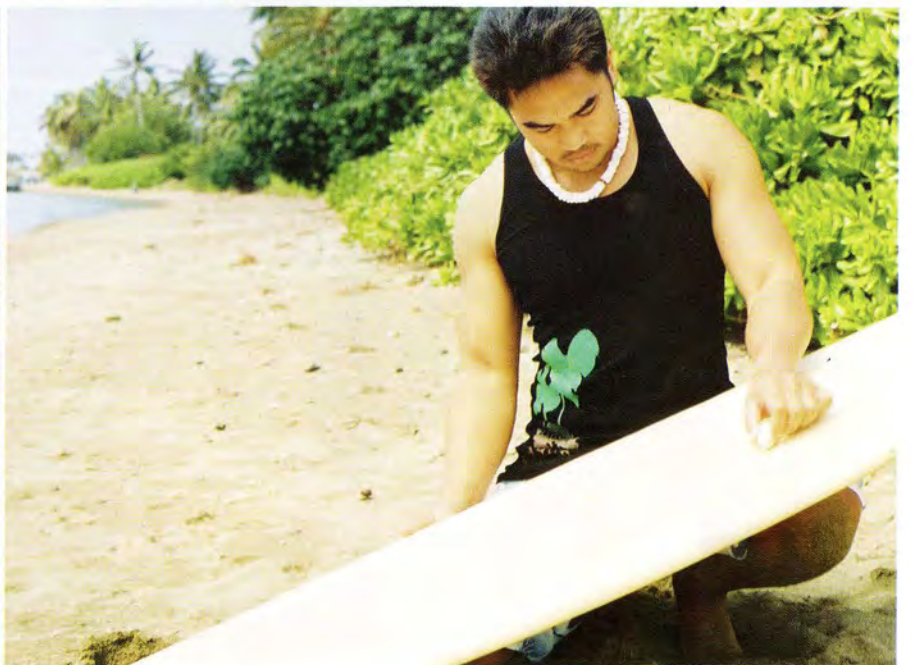
"Before, only our close friends had our clothes and our stickers. But now, I could be cruising at a concert and I see strangers sporting our clothes and I am like who are you? Every time I see other people wearing our stuff, I get excited," says an enthusiastic Gosico.

When asked where all the profits go, Wong seems confident that the future of the Deep Roots brand is bright. "The profit goes right back into our business. We want to do more things with our business. We want to expand. We want to expand into different countries and connect with different cultures, hopefully create an image for every country. We want to get to know other cultures and be able to connect with each other. We want everyone to understand that we are all one race."

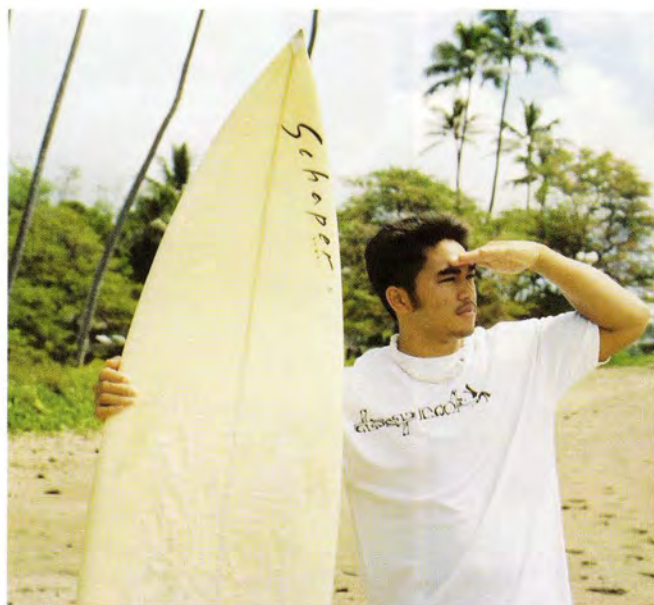




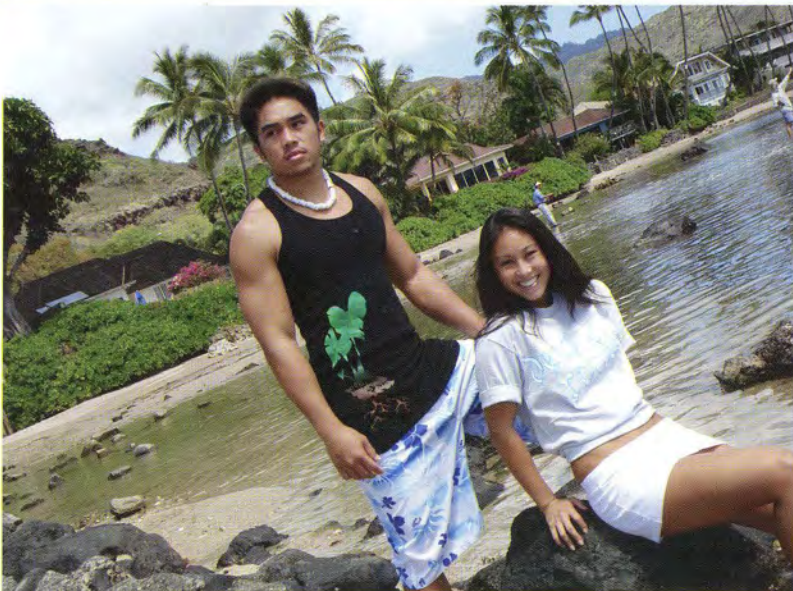














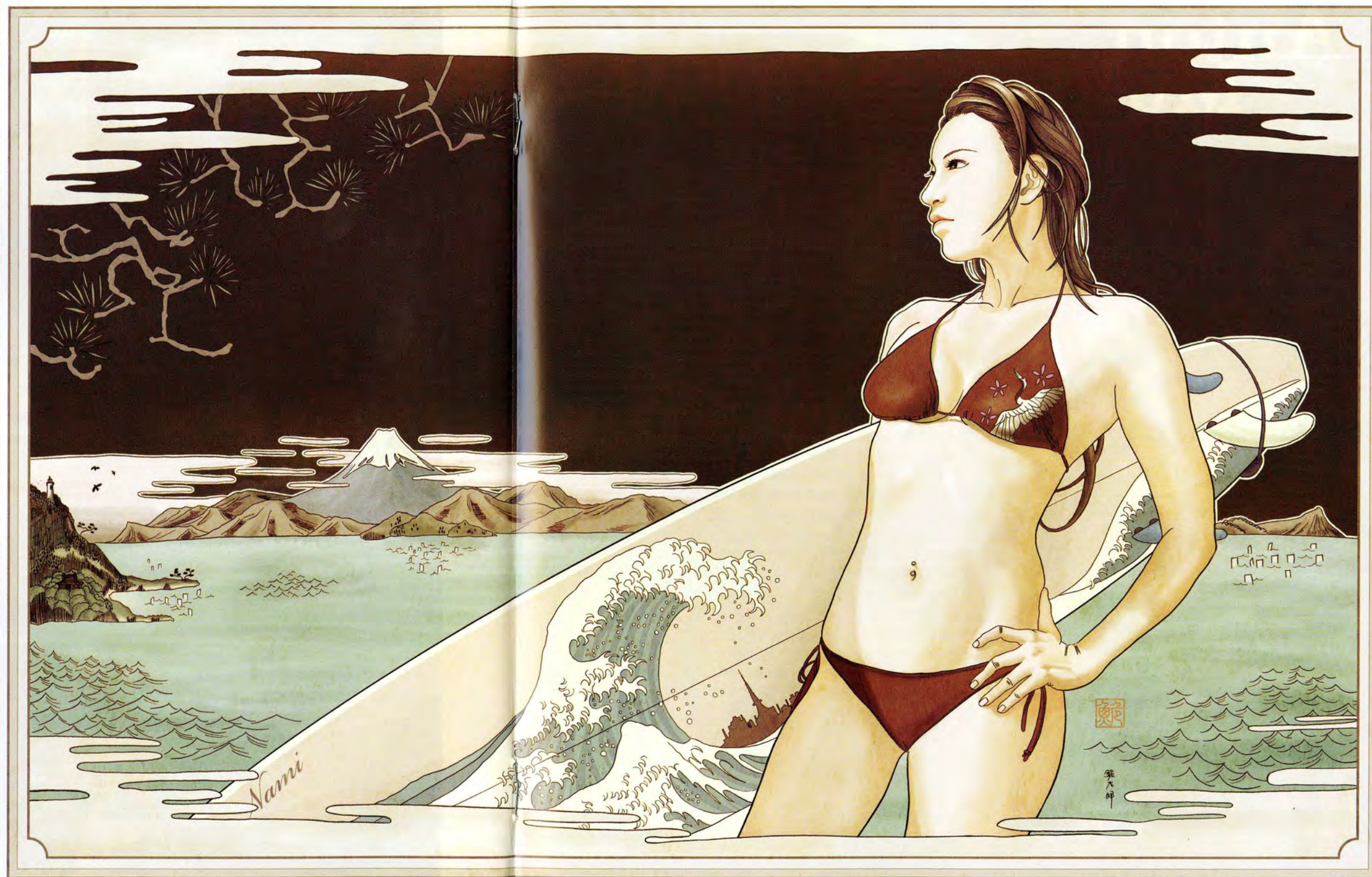
# Sakitsu Hayataro



Sakitsu Hayataro was born and raised in Kumamoto, Japan. As a child he loved drawing fish and cartoon characters. From the age of seven to the age of eight, he went to an art studio called The Art House, where he learned the joy of arts and crafts. In 1986, one of his woodcraft works entitled "Four Little Birds" won the first prize in the prefecture's annual pupil art and craft contest. However, for much of his younger years drawing was just one of his hobbies. Sakitsu studied economics in Kumamoto Gakuen University, Kumamoto. While in the college, he was deeply into music. He formed many bands as a guitarist and singer, playing at clubs in several cities.

Following his graduation in 2001, Sakitsu made his way to Hawai'i, where he has been greatly impressed by its culture and natural beauty. He initially planned to stay in Hawai'i for only six months just to attend an English course at the University of Hawai'i. As the months went by, however, he became a lover of the islands. He decided to stay a little longer and study graphic design and digital arts in KCC's New Media Arts program.

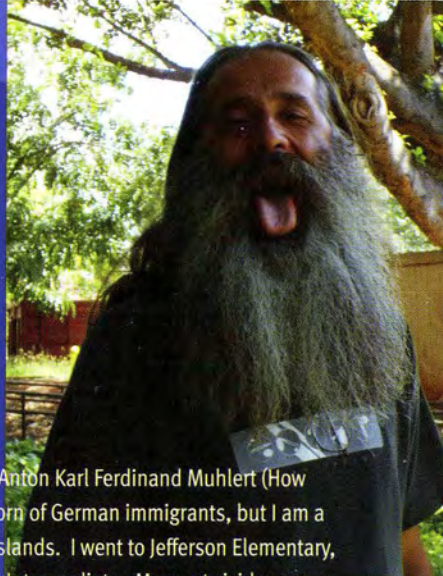
Sakitsu is strongly influenced by artworks from the Art Nouveau period. Alphonse Mucha is his definite favorite artist. Many of Sakitsu's artworks also show his keen interests in Hawai'i's flowers, birds, mythologies, and cultures, especially hula. He is currently making a series of illustrations and photographs for AlohaNavi.com, a Hawai'i portal website that introduces Hawai'i to Japanese tourists.



**Surfing Musume.**  
Sumi ink and Adobe Photoshop.

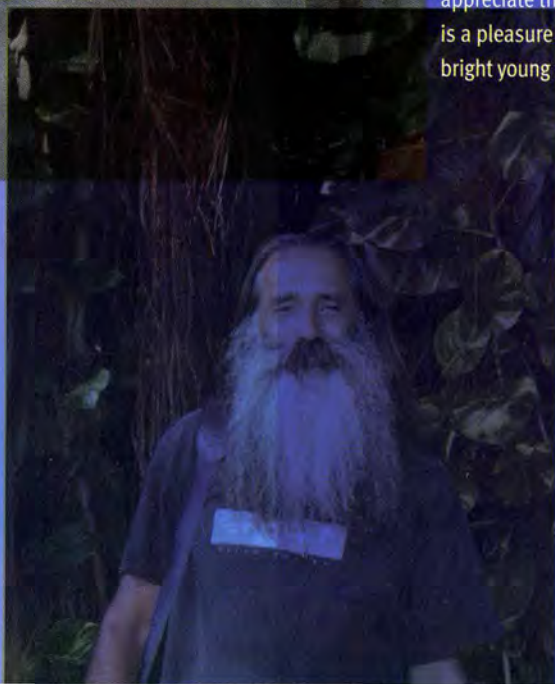
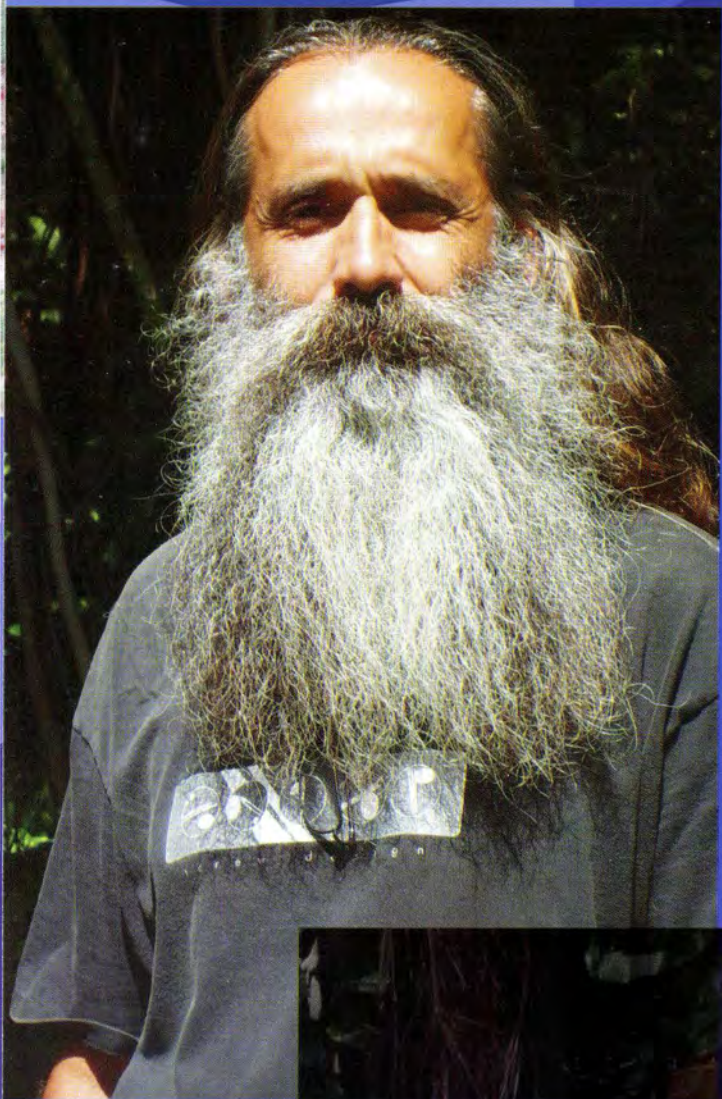


# Anton Muhlert



My name is Anton Karl Ferdinand Muhlert (How grand!). I am born of German immigrants, but I am a product of the islands. I went to Jefferson Elementary, then to Kaimuki Intermediate. My most vivid memory during my formative years is of my time spent bowling with my friends. My friends and I were arrested once for bowling. We were rolling bowling balls down the steep part of Kilauea Avenue by our school. Unfortunately, one ball took a mean bounce and hit a Toyota crossing the intersection at the base of the hill. After that fiasco, but not because of it, my family and I moved to Wahiawā where I continued my career as a juvenile delinquent at Leilehua High School. I did manage to graduate in 1974 by the skin of my teeth. I was a punk and a brat. I was clueless, but I thought I knew it all.

Since high school, I've had varying degrees of success in several different fields of endeavor. Some of the things I did to make a living were respectable and lucrative. Other things were illegal and immoral and almost destroyed my soul. I've had the good fortune to have been married three times to three outstanding women. The most recent of which passed away five years ago. She was a self-proclaimed "Surf Bunny" and my poem, "Surf Bunnies Rule" arises out of my memories of her. Her death was a turning point in my life and was the spark that brought me back to school at age fifty! I now appreciate the learning process like never before and it is a pleasure and an honor to be learning alongside the bright young minds of tomorrow.





# Surf Bunnies Rule

Anton Muhlert

Whenever the waves  
hit the reef,  
I see bunnies  
on the sand  
and in the surf.

Though at first blush  
they all seem the same,  
tanned and lithe  
in colorful bikinis,  
there are in essence  
two separate species  
who do not  
see eye to eye  
or intermingle.

Beach Bunnies  
lay on the sand  
to relax in the sun  
in two-pieces of string.  
Oiled to perfection  
in full makeup,  
peroxide prevails.  
They take a dip  
with hair up,  
cigarette in hand  
and sunglasses on,  
then head swiftly  
back to shore.  
They're here to score  
to find the man  
that will make them  
happy and whole.

Surf Bunnies  
are found  
beyond the reef.  
They scan the horizon  
in silent prayer  
for a wave  
to challenge  
and put their skills  
to use.  
Their hair sparkles  
with highlights

caressed by the sun,  
though their bikinis  
have seen better days.  
Their arms are strong,  
their legs are toned,  
their bellies  
are tight,  
and they'll kick your ass  
if you drop in  
at a bad time.  
They prefer to ride  
and are rarely  
ridden.

I'd like a bunny  
to call my own,  
but the Beach Bunny  
is much too soft,  
needs constant care,  
might tip over  
if I'm not there  
to prop her up  
and hold her hand.  
The Surf Bunny  
is the one for me.  
She stands on  
strong straight legs  
with the balance  
to dance  
by my side.  
She may leave  
me lonely  
when swells hit  
and conditions are good,  
but I am willing  
to wait  
for the calm  
and flat  
that will bring her  
back to me.



# Dennis Kaneko



Dennis M. Kaneko is an Art Director and Graphic Designer. He was born in 1977 in Torrance, California. In 1982 he returned to Japan with his family. He lived in Tokyo and grew up in the Japanese educational system. In 2002 he graduated from Seijo University. He then moved to Hawai'i and worked at graphic design for a local apparel company. In 2006 he established Kanetomi, a design company in Tokyo.





### **Back to the Roots**

Acrylic on skateboard deck.

Artist Commentary—I went back to skateboarding's roots and I cut up worn out skateboard decks into the shape the original form of the skateboard—a surfboard—and I painted over them. Although I was born in the US, I moved to Tokyo in my early childhood. Because of this I longed for the country where I considered my roots to be all the time. I was especially fascinated by the American skateboard and music cultures, which were invaluable to me. Because American music represents my roots, I painted three people who represented the American rock scene in the 1960s—they were Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin and Jim Morrison. All of them died at a young age of 27, but to me represented the free American spirit.



# Cheryl Chinaka



Cheryl Michiko Chinaka was born in Honolulu, Hawai'i on March 9<sup>th</sup>, 1989. Currently attending Kalani High School, she will be graduating this year. She hopes to go away to the mainland for college and study Electrical Engineering. She has a little brother, a mom, and a dad. Her awesome family supports her in everything. Cheryl enjoys reading manga, watching TV and anime, and surfing the web in her spare time. When she has the chance she hangs out with her friends. Her hobbies include writing, reading and practicing Kendo. She tries to draw, but usually isn't a very good artist. Currently Cheryl is working on learning how to do web design and working part time at Toys N Joys. Cheryl can usually be found in a bookstore, in a library reading, or in front of a computer chatting away with friends.



# Surfin' Hawai'i

by Cheryl Chinaka

In Hawai'i  
everywhere I go  
surfboards are  
all over the island.  
They're on my backback,  
on my brother's bibadees.  
My mom has a nametag shaped like one  
and my dad has aloha shirts covered with them.  
Hey, there's even one on my McDonald's gift card!

My teachers are busy making surfboard  
wood carvings  
to be used as a trophies  
for this weekend's Women's Surfing Contest.  
And my cousin Stacey has the full assortment  
of surf-themed merchandise—she has  
shirts, shorts, slippers, charms and even  
a plastic surfboard with feathers(?)  
dangling from her car's  
rearview mirror.

In school, *North Shore* and *Blue Crush*  
are often the topic of discussion.  
And it seems everyone always circles around the kid  
who has the latest issue of *Surfing* magazine.  
Pretty much all everyone ever talks about, everyday,  
is the morning's surf report.

I hear my classmates say,  
“The waves are raging,” and  
“Let's hit the beach and catch some waves after school.”  
And when they look at me  
I just shrug my shoulders.  
Maybe, with all this surfing stuff around,  
I guess I better go learn  
how to surf.



# Kenneth Quilantang



I don't really know why I write. I think it has more to do with me finishing something rather than me initially having the desire to write in the first place. I always wrote, but being a guy from Wai'anāe it never really was instilled in me to write for anything other than for school.

I remember the first writing that I did that somebody liked. I was in third grade at Wai'anāe Elementary. We had an assignment that involved something to the effect of what we, the students did over our summer breaks. I wrote about my small circle of friends throwing cats across the canal to watch them swim out. I wrote about how the cats looked to me, about how they looked like furry helicopter blades landing in the water.

I guess what I wrote touched a nerve with my teachers because next thing I knew I was in a little chapbook put together by them. I had to draw a picture for them and it consisted of a cat flying through the air, limbs askew and bug eyed. I loved the little book with its shiny staples and my mom still has a copy of it tucked away in a shoebox.

A few years later in a high school English class, I was sitting, having nothing to write in my daily journal. I remembered my little adventure with the cats in elementary school and pretty much rewrote it for my journal. Understandably, my teacher was not amused about what I wrote and replied in red bold letters to never write about this kind of thing again. I wondered about this for a long time, past graduation, past my Army stint, until a few years ago when I decided to write for the hell of it. I realize now, that what I write may not be important to some people, but it is important to me and in the end that's what matters.





# Paipo

by Kenneth L. Quilantang Jr.

The mirror fogs up when I breathe.

I lean into it, to get a closer look at my teeth. I pull at my lower lip, yeah, that's what I thought, bottom tooth. Front. Missing. Sucking skinny Pōpolo guy hits harder than I thought. Two months in already, and I knew it from the start, he'd be problems. Now I really look like one con.

The cell is painted light blue on the inside; the bars are white with rusty specks. The water in the toilet runs clear; you can see your reflection in the bottom of it.

Head count for chow.

"What happened to your face," they ask when I stand in line.

"Nothing, I fell in the shower," I mutter.

"Yeah right," the pasty guard snaps. He looks at the others and giggles at the skinny Pōpolo guy.

I look down into the tiles of the floor; some of them are cracked and missing in places. The food tray feels heavy. Almost too heavy.

Next thing I know I'm sitting down, across some big, old, bald white guy. He is thick, not really the poke eating, the Heineken drinking, the no slipper wearing mope thick, the kind I'm used to. No, this guy is more like hillbilly thick, he eats grits I bet. I can see part of what looks like the British flag tattoo curled around one of his hairy built forearms. Fucking haole man, he's a bruiser.

"What?" He says, pieces of corn flinging out of his mouth.

Not again, two times in one day. I say nothing again. I can hear the familiar cackling of guards amidst the clinging of utensils.

I say nothing again.

"What, like go? Hah fucka," Hillbilly says again and now I'm confused.

I gotta chance 'em, "No braddah, I never mean for give you stink eye."

"Who da fuck said I was your braddah," baldy says, spraying me with more bits of corn when he yells.

I sigh and put my head down, not giving a shit whether he hits me or not.

He slides his tray forcefully into mine, spilling his food into it, "Next time you like give somebody stink eye, betta back it up. Lucky you from back home, I did worse for smaller things."

I start wiping the mess and glance at him walking away. I have time to read the tattoo inked across his forearm in old English underneath an image of the state flag.

*Wai'anae, Hawaii 96792*

The guards come to where I'm sitting, still separating the peas from the milk. The smart assed one, the one who laughed at my teeth, comes close to me saying, "You're the first asshole I seen not get knocked the fuck out by Big J for being a smartass." He turns to the others, "the new prick is lucky; I wanted to see Big J knock the shit out of him."

I put my head down and stare into the tray, rainbow colored oil floats on the milk. This is how I meet him, and I smile to myself scraping bits of milky mashed potatoes into my tray.

\*\*\*

*He liked the way the water splashed when he kicked it with his feet. The boy sat there, on the black boulders watching his father surf. Glistening a'ama crabs scuttled into dark crevices when each set slammed into their rocky home. He watched the spindly legged things reclaim their spots on the boulders when the waves dissipated into bubbly foam.*

*He wanted to. He really did. But his father said no. Cannot go out. Too big. The boy squinted towards the place where he last saw his dad paddle out to.*

*One. Two. Tree. Four. Fiiiive. Six. Six guys out and to the boy they all looked the same. Which one was dad?*

*He heard the quiet clicking of claws all around him.*

*A'ama crabs came out from hiding again. They reminded the boy of tiny robots, the kind he just saw at a movie at Kam Drive In, the one by Pearlridge. His folks would bring the car there to watch movies while farting and blaming each other. He forgot the title of the movie; he just remembered the motion, the jerky, twitchy motions of robot claws on asphalt. He couldn't sleep for a few days after the movie, his dreams infested with claws and carapaces.*

*"Get back inside," he snapped at the crustaceans, a big one took its time, so the boy kicked a torrent of saltwater towards it.*

*By this time the boy was impatient already. Another wave came in. Crabs hid.*

*"Daaaaaaaaaaaaaad," the boy called out to the figures sitting on their surfboards.*

*No reply.*

*"Daaaaaaaaaaaaaad," he yelled again, this time splashing water all around him to get their attention.*

*"Shh," someone said softly behind him. "They're coming in, in a little while," his mother stood above him, arms folded across her breasts, her 'ehu curly hair gliding slowly across her face. "Your dad guys are just waiting for their go home wave, so just wait."*

*"Yeah but I bored Ma," the boy said. "How come he make me sit here not doing anything? I can surf too you know."*

*"Yeah I know, but you have to learn to wait," she answered, squinting out towards her husband's silhouette.*

*"Why I have to learn that for," he asked, kicking water to the sky. "I know how for wait already, Dad just making trouble that's all, he just no like me surf, take all the waves."*



*Crabs hid.*

*"If that's what you think, then you should sit your little ass down on that rock some more," his mom snapped, turning towards the way she came.*

*Waves broke on the rocks near the boy.*

*Crabs hid.*

*"In fact, I think you should ask if you can get off that rock," she said pointing out to the surfers.*

*One of the figures was pointed in the boy's direction, getting closer with each splash of the ocean.*

\*\*\*

Sometimes, some guards, when they do nightly head counts, whack the bars of the cell just to fuck with some of the guys. If you don't know the drill and get your ass out off the bed, nobody can help what coming next.

So you gotta wait.

And wait.

And wait still yet.

Hard though, for wait sometimes, shit especially in the beginning. When you dreaming of home, about early morning surf session, cannot help ah, hard for get up I tell you. Feels like they know what you dreaming about, how you sometimes feel like you not even here. But you are, so cannot help ah.

Might not seem like it but you know what? On the outside I was one of the most patient guys. They took that too, my patience, but cannot help ah, what else was I going do? I had for sell. Cannot help. Cannot.

Maybe if I stayed home I would have had one good job and stuff, but sometimes, no matter how much you hear that little voice in your head tell you not for do something, you do em anyways. Hardhead so cannot help. I got bored on the rock. That's what I always say to people when they ask me why I left. Shit I wanted to do my own surf tour, go to the places and do the things just like I saw in the movie *Endless Summer*. I always had one copy of that with me, first was VHS tapes, then I wised up and had it on DVD. Never mind if I didn't have a VCR or DVD player, I just wanted to have it.

I graduated, Wai'anae Searider baby. Class of 1991. With about 350 other people who had no clue what to do about it. No school. For me, I could go to the beach as long as I wanted now. Hell I was doing that anyways, only now, the cops couldn't bust me for truancy. Some friends went to college, some joined the service and I know some still yet stay riding bike at three in the morning, all glassy eyed and naked.

I worked at Tamura's for cash back then, I was pretty much right on about saving money. I needed it for my plane tickets and car when I went mainland. I only spent for buy 20 cent bags from Rudy; I needed for blaze, which I couldn't give up.

Couldn't.

Early morning sessions, gave me the patience I think. It takes dedication you know, for get up that early, get everything ready, wax the boards, pack lunch, and small kine burn.

Cannot help. This is how it goes.

I leave at the time the sky still yet dark, but you can make out the shape of things when you look towards Mount Ka'ala. The silhouettes of the big banyan trees are still blended into the mountains. I usually get to the beach in about ten minutes, depends on if I see the tweakers riding bike so I can talk to them about what going on and if get trouble. Only two kine people I know that ride bike this early in the morning, rich people down Kāhala side in neon tights that might as well be naked, and the tweakers here in Wai'anae, who sometimes riding bike naked already. Only difference is that one guy stay pumped full of stuff to keep him going, and going, and going. Which guy? I like say the twaker but that's too easy. Try asking that guy who won that bicycle race in France? He was on something, they took away the win, I seen him on ESPN2 on the news that flash on the bottom of the TV screen when had the Triple Crown on. So no tell me who stay on what, I don't know because people with money just hide it better if you ask me.

Well anyways when I get to Ke'eaus, I turn off the radio, the thing no catch anyways, put the car in neutral and I listen to my tires crunch the thin layer of sand on the asphalt. I always do this. Sound mean.

Cannot help yeah?

By this time I blaze up, I gotta, cause if I don't, I know going be one shitty session, I might as well go home. I always park in the same spot, from September to March, an if get freak sets I extend it to April. I light up. I always sit on the hood of my car an look at the sets. I close my eyes, picturing myself sliding down the face of the wave tasting the saltiness at the back of my throat. This where it gets hard, the point that if I don't go in the water I never will. I feeling too good already. Plus too I get the munchies. I still get the stick of oily beef jerky in my mouth when I jump down from the grassy hill onto the wet sand, my board tucked under my arm.

Cannot help, I hungry.

\*\*\*

On the inside, we eat early. Hard enough they wake you up plenty at night, but they expect you to eat after that? I thought I would never



get used to it but you learn, live and learn.

At first, when I got in I was having small kine trouble. I knew was going be hard here, with all the Skinheads, the Pōpolo gangs, and everybody else, so I played dumb at first.

I caught him in the yard. Mount Rainer was clear, was pretty sunny, but patches of snow still covered the ground. He was benching when I found him. The same guy from the cafeteria that crazy, pale skinned, bolohead, moke had one tank top on and outside was like 40 degrees. I thought to myself, maybe he did have some hillbilly blood.

Our second meeting went almost the same as our first except there was no corn involved.

"What you fucka, you like me jack your jaws yeah," he snorted through clenched teeth.

"I-I sorry, I just wanted for talk," I stammered not sure if it was from the cold or because I was nervous.

"I spent five years hea. Five fucking yeas. An I neva once went whine about not talking to nobody," he said placing the bar on the rack with a loud clunk.

"I-I sorry, I no like bodda you," I said and stood up, ready for a hasty exit outta there.

"First you bodda me at lunch, den now? What your fucking problem?"

"I said sorry, I no like make humbug."

Mount Ranier's white cap seemed to dissolve into the whitish grey sky.

I made it almost halfway to the unit's doors when I heard him spit out, "Where you grad?"

The cons in for non-violent offenses like me are kept in a separate module than the hard-core guys but we all meet in the yard when it's time to go out. Mud sloshes around my shoes, making a sucking sound when I walk towards the rusty weight benches where I saw him. I heard from Wilson, the skinny, ex-Skinhead that this guy who I would later call Uncle Jimbo, punched the guy who was screwing his wife and the guy fell, conking his head on the corner of their koa coffee table they brought with them from Hawai'i.

Make. Die. Dead.

Manslaughter. That's what he got. Fifteen years, he got that too. That was five years ago.

\* \* \* \*

For us non-violents, we get time to work in the shop making all kinds of stuff. Some guys even have their stuff on exhibition

someplace, kind of like a show and tell for convicts.

I asked him one day, "Eh Uncle Jimbo, you ever surf Mākaha?"

That's all I had to say.

"Of course, I used to know Rell Sunn," he said, looking at the grey clouds outside through the thick metal bars of the window.

"Oh wow, was hard for you to live over here or what? I mean when you first came over here?"

"Yeah of course was mento, everybody from Hawai'i get hard time adjusting at first."

His voice would soften when we talked of back home and for a moment it felt like we were just two mokes, just sitting on the rock wall at Tumbleland, drinking Heinekens and bullshitting.

"So what Uncle, what you ride?"

His ears perked up with that and he rubbed the dry skin on his elbow.

"Braddah, I ain't telling you, you gotta figure it out for yourself," he said.

"Okay, I bet you went ride one long board, nine feet four inches."

"Can tell you was born in the water," he smiled, showing the gap between his two front teeth. "What else?"

"Hmm. Tanker?"

"Ahh, loose money, well one out of two not bad," he said.

"What then, you used to ride? Boogie board? You lay down like one little boy instead of standing like a man?"

"Watch your mouth little boy, 'for I broke em," he snapped, catching me off guard. His fists were clenched, veins in his arms showing under the tattoos. The state of Hawai'i flag seemed to pulsate under his wiry haired arms.

"I sorry Uncle, I-I," I suddenly felt like I was five again, with tutu man snapping at me for dropping the wax in the sand.

"Paipo ain't boogie boarding dumb ass," he growled. "Fucking wise ah you sometimes?"

"Nah nah nah. I said sorry I was only playing," I shut my eyes.

"Go look in the corner and pull out the plywood," Uncle Jimbo commanded.

I didn't answer; I ran my finger along the top of the thick piece of plywood and pulled back from a splinter. Sucking on my injury, I gripped the side firmly and yanked it out.

Wood caught the corner of the steel frame the plywood was in and let out a loud screech that sounded like it broke.

"Watch out mento!"

The side that scraped against the shelving was marked with a light pencil sketch. My scrape went all the way through it, across the markings that read *Wai'anae, Hawai'i* almost like his tattoo.



"Fricka be more careful and I let you help me shape this," Uncle Jimbo said.

I couldn't find the words to answer him, I wanted to cry. But no can yeah? Crying would have been too panty and you cannot let people see you cry when you stay inside.

"What your finger sore?"

"Uh huh, little bit," I said staring at the outline of the paipo board.

"Good for you, I never feel em," he laughed. "Good thing I didn't cut it out yet or I would have made you look for another piece."

"No worry, Uncle I can cut straight."

He took the plywood and slid it slowly into the gap.

Lesson #1: Paipo boarding is not boogie boarding

\*\*\*\*

I hate when she visit. Every other month she fly over from back home. Always the same when she come. I ask how everything and she tells me its okay, that something's up with my brother. Like I can do anything for her out there yeah? She come about once every two months. No get me wrong, I love my mom but what I no love is what happen after she leave.

When you get strip search, the thing isn't like what you see in the movies at all. They make like you can resist and shit when they do it to you in the movies. The bad thing about being stripped search after a visit from mom isn't the shedding of the jumpsuits so that the guards can get a better look, it's not even when they tell you to squat in the case of hidden contraband stowed away in your ass. Cigarettes, the most popular, are what most new cons get busted for, it's a night in solitary if they find it. Weapons, the second biggest thing automatically gets a con busted for a month in solitary, that way should shit go down in the module he's taken away out of the prison pecking order. They took one guy to the infirmary; he put the shank the pointed end in himself first. Severe internal hemorrhaging.

So I was saying the worst part isn't taking off the orange scrubs, or when they make you squat above a mirror to peek inside your ass to find buried treasure, no the bad part is when the guards tell you to lift up your nuts so they can peek if anything's there.

That's how you know you don't have a choice to do so or not.

Real life is shitty that way.

Every time I see her, I see one more grey, one more wrinkle I never saw before. I trip out how much she aged since I been in.

So right about the time I tell her again how bad the food is here I

know we almost pau. It seems as if we just talking, but no more words coming out, just blabbering away the whole time.

"You being good," she asks.

The plastic partition is shiny. "Uh huh," I reply, staring at my reflection that's been imposed upon her face. People used to tell me I look like her and since I been in I can see why. We share some of the same wrinkles around the eyes, like sets breaking over bleached coral reef.

"Well your bradda going end up in jail if he no shape up," she say to me.

"Oh how come," I try for act like I interested but I really not.

"He just like you, you know."

"Hah? He more smarter than me," I say keeping up the act.

"Smarter no mean he get any sense."

My mom always trying for make me laugh so I smile at her joke. I can see her eyes when she mentions his name that this is killing her.

\*\*\*\*

"When you make one paipo board the most important thing is the bottom part, how the thing curves, yeah?"

I realized I was pretty good with one saw, but I awked when I heard what he wanted for do with the wood.

"For what uncle, why no leave um flat, not like you going ride um anytime soon, eh?"

He didn't answer, I'm not even sure if he heard me, his eye trailing the edge of the paipo board, muttering something I couldn't understand to himself.

"Fucking little kid, you need me for lick you eh?"

"I- I was just saying, shit uncle no need snap."

He let out a loud sigh and his broad shoulders slumped a little.

"You know what, no fucking ask me if you like help me you ungrateful bastard."

Uncle Jimbo's eyes never left the jagged, splintered, wood, and his eyes seemed to surf along the rough edge of pine.

We never talked about surfing again.

\*\*\*\*

*A long time ago, men slide down her face. In places where she smoothes out, they leave no mark. A patch of roughness. One is left*



now. He darts out of her closing mouth, she lapping up his movement with her curled lip. He vanishes. He is deep within her now, succumbed to her constantly quiet roar as she swallows him. In that instant she is done with him and now relaxes, spent. He glides out; slick with her moistness and with a flick of his head throws his locks away from his eyes, resolute to find another.

She is swelling again, her mounds of water climaxing when he makes it to the line up to where his brothers were waiting.

She's killed on lesser days and he knows this when an offshore wind chills his body causing him to fold in his arms and wreathe. He isn't supposed to get into the water today.

Keep it covered and lightly rub Vaseline on it. Don't let it get dry.

It stung when he first jumped in, but he got used to it.

Don't go in. The bandage fell away exposing the reddened tattoo.

The guy does good work he laughs to himself while rubbing the leftover balls of adhesive still stuck to his forearm.

The tattoo gleams bright when it's submerged in the ocean.

\*\*\*

He woke up gagging. The sweat on his forehead shone off the fluorescent lights that came in from the hallway outside his cell. Nothing but the light blue cell to stare at. There it was again, that pain in the chest that made him scared to tell the doctors. He sat on the edge of the bed rubbing the baldness of his head. Something was new. A new pain traveled up and down his left arm, a constricting ache that made him want to go bareballs while he slept. He giggled at the thought of sleeping naked, something he hadn't done for a while.

He got up and the pain was worse but he needed to spit the mucus that collected while he slept.

The water in the metallic toilet bowl was clear and you could see your reflection in it. The bloody mucus he spat into it slowly tinged the water red.

Nothing new he thought.

He needed to lie down, to sleep to the sound of rain starting to patter on the barred windowpane.

Sleep now.

She fades into a froth of bursting bubbles in salty white foam. His face stings, the brine finding its way into red eyes. He can hear his own breathing and it's louder than anything else, more audible than the rising mounds of water when she rushes towards the beach.

Heart pounds.

Heavy breathing.

In. Out.

Limbs reach out, muscles tighten. His lungs betray him and start to take her in. He could let go make it easy on himself and just give in to her dark saltiness. He wants to. The glass ceiling flashes above him and he wants to relax and let her have her way with him.

Legs find a way to kick towards the shimmering light above. He can almost touch it; feel the warm air above her moving walls.

His fingers curl in.

He withdraws his hand.

And his body goes limp, leaving a trail of bubbles that spiral towards the water's surface.

It was a hard fight.

Pau.

They found him in his cell naked and cold; toilet water tinged red with his blood.

\*\*\*\*

I went to the woodshop, making my way past the rusty bandsaws, past the gouged out counter where all the hammers were supposed to be hanging, to Uncle Jimbo's little corner. I pulled on the paipo board carefully.

It looked like it hadn't been touched since I last talked with Uncle Jimbo. The early morning sunlight reflected into my face. I tilted the piece back and forth admiring the lines, raised grain lines in the wood cast wave like shadows across its surface. I tucked the board under my arm and I felt small sharp splinters jab at me through my shirt. I took it to the gouged out counter that was graffitied with gang tags and swastikas. Found the grease pen.

It didn't take me long to get the right way to write the numbers under where he wrote Wai'anae, Hawai'i. They matched pretty good and I stepped back to admire what I added.

Uncle Jimbo was 53 when he died.

\*\*\*\*

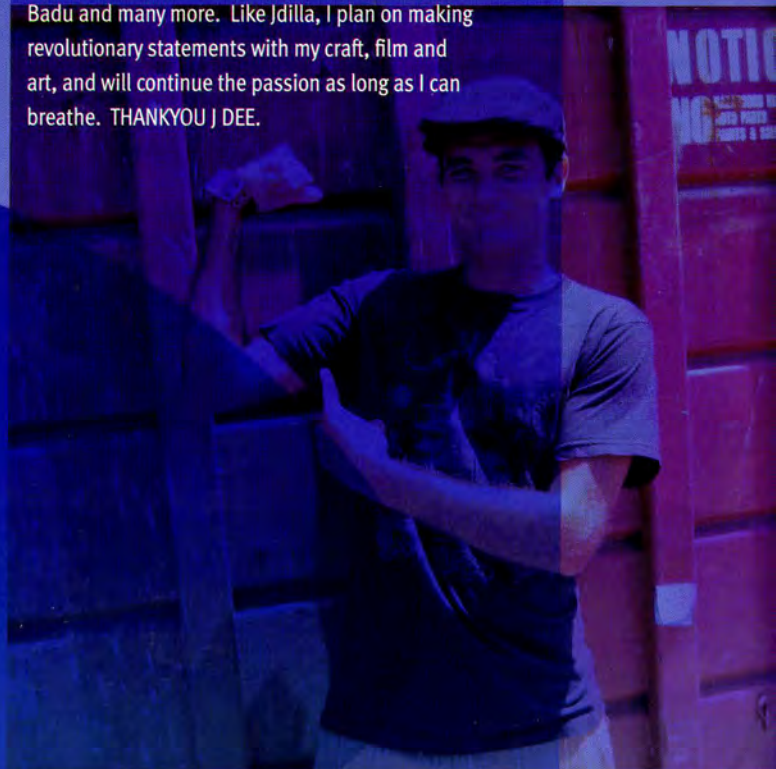
So I looking out the windows while sanding the rails of Uncle's paipo board and I see the ferries leaving downtown Seattle pointed in the direction of where I think is home. After I pau sand in the shop, I end up in my unit ready for jump on the top bunk, let my legs dangle off the side, and wait for my go home wave, just like mom said.



# Darius Legg



Darius Legg, 23 years old. I'm currently living a dream of working with film and sustaining a lifestyle that makes me grateful to wake up in the morning. networkPROJEX is my company name that I do all my artwork under. The website is networkprojex.com. I love school and think that going to college was the best decision I ever made. I love surfing and still continue to work very closely with the industry and my long time sponsor BILLABONGUSA. Music is also my passion and influences all my creative work. The most influential person in my artwork is Hip-hop producer Jdilla who was from Detroit. He passed away of lupus. His music changed my life and continues to inspire me. He's arguably the best there ever was. He loved all music especially jazz and Brazilian music and if everyone in the world could be as passionate about their artcraft as much as he was, we could all be Picasso's or Scorsese's or Emerson's. Jdilla worked with artists such as A Tribe Called Quest, Pharcyde, Common, Erykah Badu and many more. Like Jdilla, I plan on making revolutionary statements with my craft, film and art, and will continue the passion as long as I can breathe. THANKYOU J DEE.





# A Sense of Home

by Darieus Legg

My journey to Durban, South Africa began in June in the summer of 2002. I was sent there to compete in the Mr. Price Pro, which is a World Qualifying Tour event for professional surfing. It took three days to get there from Honolulu, and I slept maybe twelve hours the whole time. Upon arriving in Durban, I was very exhausted and nervous. I had heard the crime rate was bad and the city was pretty dangerous. I was only eighteen at the time and I was scared. My stomach felt queasy as we were about to land.

Luckily, I had a close friend who was waiting for my arrival. After gathering my things at the terminal, my friend Simon Nicholson, a South African, picked me up and he drove me around showing me the sights. Simon was one of the few white South Africans living in Durban and I had met him through surfing contests in Hawai'i. As we drove into the city along a freeway that ran through the African wild, I started to notice the similarities between this place and my place of birth, Kingston, New York. Durban seemed to be a city that was out of place in the vast African plain. Having massive man made constructions in the middle of nature's finest creations reminded me of Kingston and the Catskill Mountains. To be able to see this same environmental contradiction in a country thousands of miles away was fascinating.

Simon finally took me to the place I had been waiting three days to get to, a warm bed. Simon was nice enough to let me stay at his house the whole month I was staying in South Africa. Simon took me all around to every surf break he knew of, and we even got to surf a spot that rarely broke. The waves were so good that the whole time I was there I never wanted to leave.

At nights Simon and his family recommended I not go out to the store or walk down the streets. But I told them they shouldn't worry about me. Strangely, the city seemed to give me a sense

of comfort. My willingness to mingle and explore completely shocked the other visiting surfing contestants staying in the area. They would occasionally see me talking to the locals at Petrol Station or just cruising down the street by myself and they would just look at me funny. They told me they would stay in at night and they rarely walked down the streets, even during the day. Because of Durban's reputation for racism towards white people, they said it was unthinkable to even think about just cruising around.

But for me I felt safe because it seemed so much like where I was brought up in New York. I was especially comforted by the old colonial stone style influence in the architecture of many of the homes in Durban. When I asked about this I found out that the Dutch East India Company had established its first small white settlement in South Africa in 1652. Recalling back to my childhood, I remembered my dad telling me Kingston was also settled by the Dutch. Durban's streets were even laid out in the same fashion. Like the neighborhood I grew up in, Durban was also a mainly black community with lotta hard working lower middle class people. No wonder why I felt so at ease. I would be so relaxed that I often found myself just going up to locals to start up conversations. We would just chill out and I would ask them about their feelings on Americans and democracy and they'd ask me about my feelings toward South Africa.

As comfortable as I felt on land, it was a different story in the water. The waves at the location for the Mr. Price Pro event were horrible, and as a result I finished last in my first round. But I left South Africa without any feelings of disappointment. I honestly enjoyed my stay there. It's funny how you can be thousands of miles away in a different hood and still feel as comfortable as you would in your own.



# THE WORLD

We interviewed amateur surfers from around the world and asked them about how popular surfing is in their country, where's the best spot to surf there, and why they like to surf. Here's what they had to say. . .



## Canada

Casey Gourlay

**Popular?** In Canada there are good waves if you are okay with the freezing "artic weather" and wearing a 5mil wetsuit.

**Best Spot?** Cox Bay, Canada.

**Why Surf?** I started surfing because I was drawn to do so. Then it became an obsession which lead me to Hawai'i, my home.



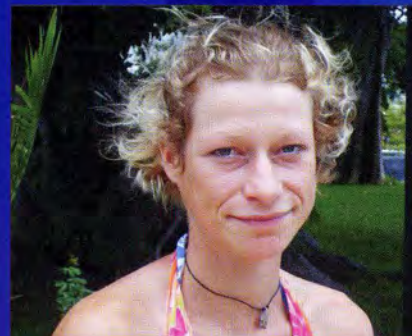
## East Timor

Helder Da Costa

**Popular?** No. Surfing has not been introduced yet.

**Best Spot?** Recently I met some people who went to my country to surf and they said there are potential good waves.

**Why Surf?** It's something I haven't done before and it's part of [my interest], the Hawaiian culture.



## Germany

Marion Summerer

**Popular?** In North Germany, but more wind surfing though.

**Best Spot?** The north shore of Germany.

**Why Surf?** I feel a connection to the bigger picture whenever I surf.



## Japan

Miki Moriyama

**Popular?** The young people think surfers are cool.

**Best Spot?** My hometown Fukuoka in the Kyūshū area is in the south part of Japan and does not have good waves, so we go to Miyazaki, which is in front of the Pacific Ocean.

**Why Surf?** When I surf my mind gets clear, peaceful, pure, and calm.



## Okinawa

Rob Carlile

**Popular?** It's really popular. It's grown a lot in the last five years. Definitely popular cause there's an ocean environment, and all water sports are big.

**Best Spot?** Kudaka Island. It's off the south coast of Okinawa.

**Why Surf?** I live around an ocean environment and it's something to do. Also for the exercise.



## Palau

Josh Dever

**Popular?** Not really. Surfing hasn't really been introduced out there, and nobody has the resources for it become popular.

**Best Spot?** The East Shore of Palau. It doesn't really have a name, but it's right outside the capitol beside a channel.

**Why Surf?** It's a lot of fun, and I get a good rush out of it. I like being in the water a lot.



# SURF REPORT



**Saudi Arabia**  
Nawaf Marghalani

**Popular?** No, because it's not part of our culture. It has not been a part of our tradition for generations like in Hawai'i. Also the waves in Saudi Arabia are not strong.

**Best Spot?** None in Saudi Arabia.

**Why Surf?** Before I used to see people surf and wish that I could surf. I wanted to experience it [in Hawai'i].



**Singapore**  
Darryl Tay

**Popular?** Not really no, there aren't any coasts exposed to oceans or seas. Despite Singapore being an island we are surrounded by Malaysia and Indonesia.

**Best Spot?** None in Singapore.

**Why Surf?** Because I'm fat and I need the work out. Ha-ha.



**South Korea**  
Yusung Kim

**Popular?** No. It's hard to get surf equipment and also the government controls a lot of the areas where you can surf.

**Best Spot?** Jeju Island is the best surf spot on the south.

**Why Surf?** Surfing is like human life—the waves are always different and like life, you don't know what the ocean will throw at you. You just have to keep paddling and never give up.



**Taiwan**  
Ting Yang Sung

**Popular?** It wasn't popular before. Now it's becoming popular like hip-hop and skateboarding. Surfing's the last to be introduced.

**Best Spot?** It's dangerous to surf in Taiwan because there are no lifeguards and the beaches are really rocky. There's also a lot of industrial pollution. The south part of Taiwan is the best part though.

**Why Surf?** I was scared of the water before. I overcame my fear and now I have fun in the water. Also I surf for health purposes; I wanna grow some muscles.



**Western Samoa**  
Alisa Small

**Popular?** People in Samoa don't surf, but lots of people come to my country to surf. There are big waves.

**Best Spot?** Salani. The Salani Surf Resort is right where the surfing spot is. Only people from other countries surf there. The best surfing spot in Samoa is where they built their resort for tourists. That's why I learned how to surf here in Hawai'i.

**Why Surf?** I love being in the water and looking at the waves. It just feels good.



**Zimbabwe**  
Dingilizwe Clarence Ncube

**Popular?** No, we're a land-locked country. The closest ocean is Mozambique or South Africa. We do have lakes and rivers where people river board, like the Great Fire Rapids.

**Best Spot?** Durban, South Africa.

**Why Surf?** I like to try something new and it's fun. I like to explore and be adventurous.



# Stacey Shimabukuro-Lui



Stacey Shimabukuro-Lui was born and raised in Honolulu, Hawai'i. She loves to spend her free time with family and close friends. She most especially enjoys being around positive people who look at the glass as being half-full instead of half-empty because they are a lot more fun to be with. She also enjoys creative projects which generate challenge and amusement. She also believes in the strength of families and in the strength of our communities and that the whole world is a better place because of kind and benevolent people who live among us.

Stacey works with children and youth through various organizations and she particularly takes pleasure in using storytelling as a means of educating. Her interests also lay in preserving the rich history of the beautiful people of Hawai'i. Writing has always been an outlet for her since the days her mother gave her the first of many journals which Stacey faithfully wrote in throughout her years. Some of her favorite books to read are children's stories since they entertain with a beginning, a middle, and an end, all in one sitting. She is now working on a few stories for children and for young adults. While she and her husband, Mr. Honey Bunny have no children of their own, they work very hard to be the best Aunty and Uncle to their nephews and nieces.





# In Honor: Duke Kahanamoku

Stacey Shimabukuro-Lui

Buzzing cars slow  
their pace for a glimpse  
of the guest of honor  
on this day long  
awaited  
while jaywalkers  
step deliberate  
to halt  
passing vehicles  
in bullying defiance  
of rights to the street.

A growing,  
magnetic mass pulls  
each passer-by  
into the huddle  
of coconut trees.  
Each spectator looks up  
in awe  
while the blue and white water  
background  
frames his stature.

A hat covered woman's  
mu'u mu'u flows  
as she fans her wrinkled face  
which barely glistens perspiration.  
Her white smile blends  
into her pearly complexion  
stopped only by a single  
red outline on her lips  
as she visualizes her tūtū kāne  
of old.

An excited photographer tips  
his brimmed hat and kneels  
despite his expensive suit;  
his mainland deadline  
keeps him too busy,  
too oblivious  
to his inappropriate lack  
of aloha wear.

Shirtless disciples  
head inland, summoned  
to the shade of guarding palms  
as they lick their lips  
of the salted water, dried  
after their early morning surf.  
They are too overcome

with admiration of the honored one  
than to let jealously rule their time.

Amidst the chatter  
about him  
he listens  
in silence.

His stately posture parallels  
the strength  
of his board of surf  
towering behind him.  
His outstretched arms motion aloha  
to the clicks of photos  
and aahs of women who stand  
hoping to capture his affections.

Coconut trees sway  
in the rhythm of the breeze  
and the rhythmic syncopation  
of ascending waves rise  
to grandiose attention  
then bow  
down to a crawl  
towards this regal figure.

In the angled spotlight of the overhead sun  
his browned eyes glisten  
a humble glance  
framed by the shades of his lids  
as if drawn to a dignified squint.  
His hips move in  
this midday tropical mirage  
to the strum  
of the 'ukulele strings.  
His manly kaholo in tune  
with his large hands  
extending aloha from his chest  
as a silkened voice accompanies  
the adlib choreography.

The mesmerized crowd whispers  
to one another,  
"The Duke... is dancing."



# Jennifer Yoko Thorbjornsen



Jennifer Yoko Thorbjornsen, 23, is an aspiring art student at the University of Hawai'i. Her work has been exhibited at Girl Fest Hawai'i, The ARTS at Marks Garage, KCC student shows, and at a WCC photography show. Jenn was the recipient of the John Young Scholarship and her work has been retained by KCC in their permanent collection. Outside of her academic projects, Island Energy, a local surfboard company has commissioned Jenn's artwork to go on their surfboards.



**Home One The Sea**  
Acrylic and ink on wood.



**MUCH MAHALOS TO**

**TRACIE DA SUPAHVISAH, MIKE CUEVA, LINDA FUJIKAWA,  
MITSUYO LANI SUZUKI, SHUZO UEMOTO, ANN CHING, GUY KELLOGG,  
JOSELYN YOSHIMURA, SHAROH MOORE, JODY YAMAMOTO, DAWN OSHIRO,  
DUSTIN MCDUNN, GAIL HARADA, LISA KANAE, CARL JENNINGS, KCCBOSP,  
KIMO ARMITAGE, AND ONE MAMBOOSA MAHALOS TO  
KENT "YODA" SAKODA.**





**KA  
NANI**  
PRESENTS

# Get Surf?