



Sent to Hawai'i by the Sierra Club in 1969, John Wehrheim did a series of articles entitled "Paradise Lost" and then never went back to the mainland.

He began photographing Taylor Camp in 1971, then in 1975, after two years living with both refugees and villagers in Asia, John began to seriously document this tree house community, seeing it as both a traditional village and refugee settlement—a "hippie" refugee camp next to a crystalline stream in a tropical forest along a beach in paradise.

Photographer, writer and filmmaker, John lives on Kauai with his wife JoAnn Yukimura and their daughter Maile. His most recent film is also titled TAYLOR CAMP.



In 1969, Howard Taylor, brother of actress Elizabeth, bailed out a rag-tag band of thirteen young Mainlanders jailed on Kauai for vagrancy and invited them to camp on his oceanfront land. Soon waves of hippies, surfers and troubled Vietnam vets found their way to Taylor Camp and built a clothing-optional, pot-friendly tree house village at the end of the road on the island's north shore. In 1977, after condemning the village to make way for a State park, government officials torched the camp—leaving little but ashes and memories of "the best days of our lives."

Powerfully evocative photos from the seventies reveal a community that rejected consumerism for the healing power of nature while the story of Taylor Camp's seven-year existence is documented through interviews made thirty years later with the campers, their neighbors and the Kauai officials who finally got rid of them.



Taylor Camp

John Wehrheim



Taylor Camp

In the spring of 1969 every kid's Tarzan and Jane dream of tree houses on a tropical beach came true at Kauai's Taylor Camp, a clothing-optional, grow-your-own community of hippies governed only by "vibes." There were no rules, nothing to sign as you walked into camp. There were no elections; it wasn't a democracy. These refugees from the straight world built their homes with the same materials as poor Third World squatters throughout the tropics—bamboo, scrap lumber, rough logs and branches, salvaged tin roofing, plastic sheeting and screens, flimsy mosquito netting, and cheap printed fabric. Guided by the spirit of whimsical creativity, this "refugee camp" followed the aesthetic principle that drives the most humble builders: no form without function, a natural perfection, order without rules. This story, in photos, maps, news clips and oral history reveals an experiment in benign anarchy, a community of young people from across the country and the world that came together and tried to live by the unwritten ideals of the 60s.



Taylor Camp

John Wehrheim
Serindia Contemporary, Chicago

One should be guided only by nature
and no other rules.

—Rembrandt

Introduction

Rising on the stone terraces of an ancient Hawaiian village at the western mouth of Limahuli Stream, the tree house community of Taylor Camp may not have heralded the Age of Aquarius, but many of Kauai's young visitors in the late sixties and seventies, baby boom "generation-gappers" from around the globe, remember Taylor Camp as "the best days of our lives." Rejecting the values of their parents, then restructuring them with long hair, marijuana and a vegetarian "clothing-optional" lifestyle, the flower-power campers developed a whimsical experiment in living ostensibly supported with the back-to-the-land ethos of fishing and farming (while actually propped up with food stamps and welfare). The camp soon took on some attributes of the lives the campers left behind. They formed a food co-op, enacted zoning and building guidelines, built a public water system with communal toilet and sauna, and excavated a landfill. They secured stops on the county school bus and garbage truck routes, recruited a mid-wife and a Vietnam medic, established several churches and formed a *de facto* government with unwritten codes enforced by common consent, power politics and "vibes". But Taylor Camp wasn't a commune. It had no guru, no clearly defined leadership and never had a single voice. It had no written ordinances. It wasn't a democracy. It was much more than that. A spirit that brought forth order without rules guided the community.

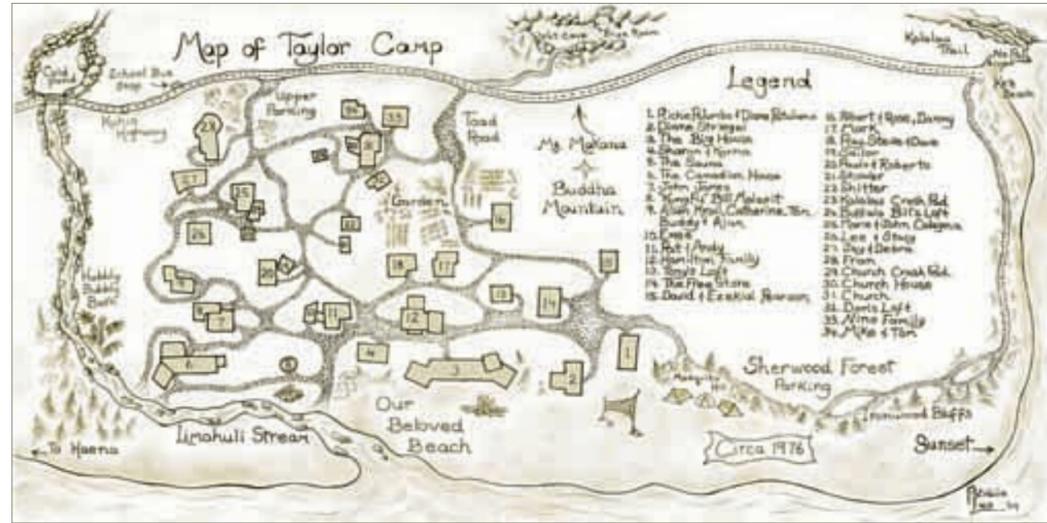
The sixties youth culture of Taylor Camp represented the emerging environmental movement, the civil rights movement, the peace movement and, supposedly, a great awakening in American consciousness. But look at where we are now...

We threw the baby out with the bathwater.

It was all over as soon as the counter-culture idealism and art of the sixties was packaged and marketed as a billion-dollar entertainment industry and our heroes and idols changed from barefoot gurus with begging bowls and chillums to rock stars in limousines chugging Dom Perignon and hoovering coke. In 1969, when the original campers, thirteen men women and children, were arrested and sentenced to ninety days hard labor because they had no money, the prison population on Kauai consisted of one old Filipino man who had nowhere else to live. Now Kauai's new jail is packed to more than twice its design capacity and the area at the end of the road that was once Taylor Camp crawls with tourists' rental cars, unspeakably filthy toilets and wind-blown trash.

As Paul Theroux (who gave me the concept for this book) wrote at the end of *Ghost Train to the Eastern Star*, "Most of the world is worsening, shrinking to a ball of bungled desolation. Only the old can see how gracefully the world is aging and all that we have lost... Is there hope? Yes." In this case, the hope consists of telling the story of Taylor Camp before it's completely forgotten. Admittedly, there are many interpretations of history, some of them true and all of them incomplete and oversimplified. That understood, here's the history of the Taylor Campers—the unwitting shock troops of Kauai's cultural invasion.

Taylor Camp started in the spring of 1969 when Howard Taylor, brother of actress Elizabeth, bailed out a rag-tag band of young mainlanders jailed for vagrancy—some



Notes on the Map

Former Taylor Camp resident, now Big Island artist, Patricia Leo, originally created this map in 1976. A snapshot of the village in its last years, the map captures the time that I made the photographs in this book. The authenticity of Pat’s village map, combined with the historic record of the photos, gives us a minds-eye walking tour of Taylor Camp.

Pat drew the map “Island style” with the ocean to the bottom of the page and the top toward the mountains. Island people don’t orient to north, south, east and west. Traditional Hawaiian directions are *mauka* [toward the mountains] and *makai* [toward the sea]. Directions around the ever-turning coastline are called out by the nearest landmarks up and down the coast, which for Taylor Campers were *Ke’e* [west] and *Ha’ena* [east]. The camp’s beachfront houses faced due north looking out over the ocean so Pat’s map has north [*makai*] to the bottom and south [*mauka*] to the top. The due north exposure to the towering cumulous clouds marching across the ocean’s horizon, combined with sun filtered through a high forest canopy then diffused with translucent plastic roofing and walls, gave the whole of Taylor Camp perfect lighting for photography.

Every neighborhood has its “better” section; its prime real estate. Taylor Camp was no exception. Like ocean communities everywhere, beachfront was prime. So let’s enter from the ocean as traditional voyagers, come in across the sand and start with the beachfront houses.

Starting at the shore with the sun rising over the sea, all the landscape and exterior portrait photos follow the same sequence as those images that include architectural features of a particular structure, as numbered on the map and legend. The buildings and other images proceed throughout the book in the numerical order of the map. The photos include most but not all of the buildings in the village. Those images that do not have an architectural element bracket and relate to the order of the architectural photos by appearing before or after the closest buildings in the sequence.

Fold out map

Limahuli Morning

My family sailed over from O'ahu in August of 1968. That first morning we came down here in an old Valiant station wagon. We looked around and ate our lunch on one of the flat rocks that are still over there by the stream. My parents fell in love with this place, went back to our house on O'ahu and sold that place. They sold the boat, sold the house, sold everything and moved to Kauai.

— Tommy Taylor



Limahuli Stream sunrise



Ka'ilio Point, Ha'ena



Limahuli Valley and Mount Makana



Richie and Diane in the living room



Diane upstairs in the bedroom

Diane Striegle

We purchased an old Kilauea plantation camp house that was going to be torn down and with that lumber, we built our tree house in Taylor Camp. It cost us \$100 to tear the plantation house down and if you cleaned the whole lot, they would give you \$50 back. So, we had a nice home made of tin, glass, wood siding, a little bit of plastic, nice floor boards. The floor was the old Hanalei bridge deck, real thick timbers, and the house was built in the ironwood trees right up by the beach in front of Taylor Camp.

— Diane (Striegle) Daniels



Diane's house

Some people around Camp

We were all searching for something that wasn't quite what our families were offering, even though we had so much in America. We were still looking for something different and we were very lucky because we found it. Taylor Camp is a ripple in the water of our lives still reverberating with what we found there. It was a wild serendipity experience and we're still here, thirty-five years later. I came all the way from Miami, Florida. A lot of the people came from California and New York, some from Canada and Europe and we all were just satellited into Taylor Camp – a lot of different people from different places. It was just a constant barrage of experiences and none of it was TV. It was all real.

— Cherry Hamilton



Cherry

The Big House

Richard and Doug built the Big House and then left for India. They built it to be a party house. It was seventy-five feet across. I moved into Doug's room and Teri moved upstairs. We had an empty bedroom in the front and a fourth bedroom, which Teri and I promptly painted lavender and called the yoga room. So now we had an empty room and that was an issue. "Not only are you hogging the house, but you have an empty room which you call your yoga room and an empty bedroom." Then we put a door on the house, which raised a lot of contention with a lot of people. We were kind of loud and kind of active—proactive organizers. The party house wasn't supposed to have a door. It slammed and banged all night long. I attributed that to the night-walkers—Hawaiian ghosts. I said to Teri, "Do you think we should take the door off the house, it doesn't seem like the house wants the door." "No!" she said, "we are leaving the door on." She did not want just anybody coming in. It was one of the unwritten rules of the camp but we did not like people sitting naked on our furniture. There were scabies and crabs and all that stuff and we did not want people just popping over and just planting themselves uninvited. We were a little different than what was going on there.

— Debi Green



Dana and Karma at the door of the Big House



Teri and Rosey



Roger and Debi



Jesse below Pat n' Andy's house with Eme'e's house behind



Andy and Pat



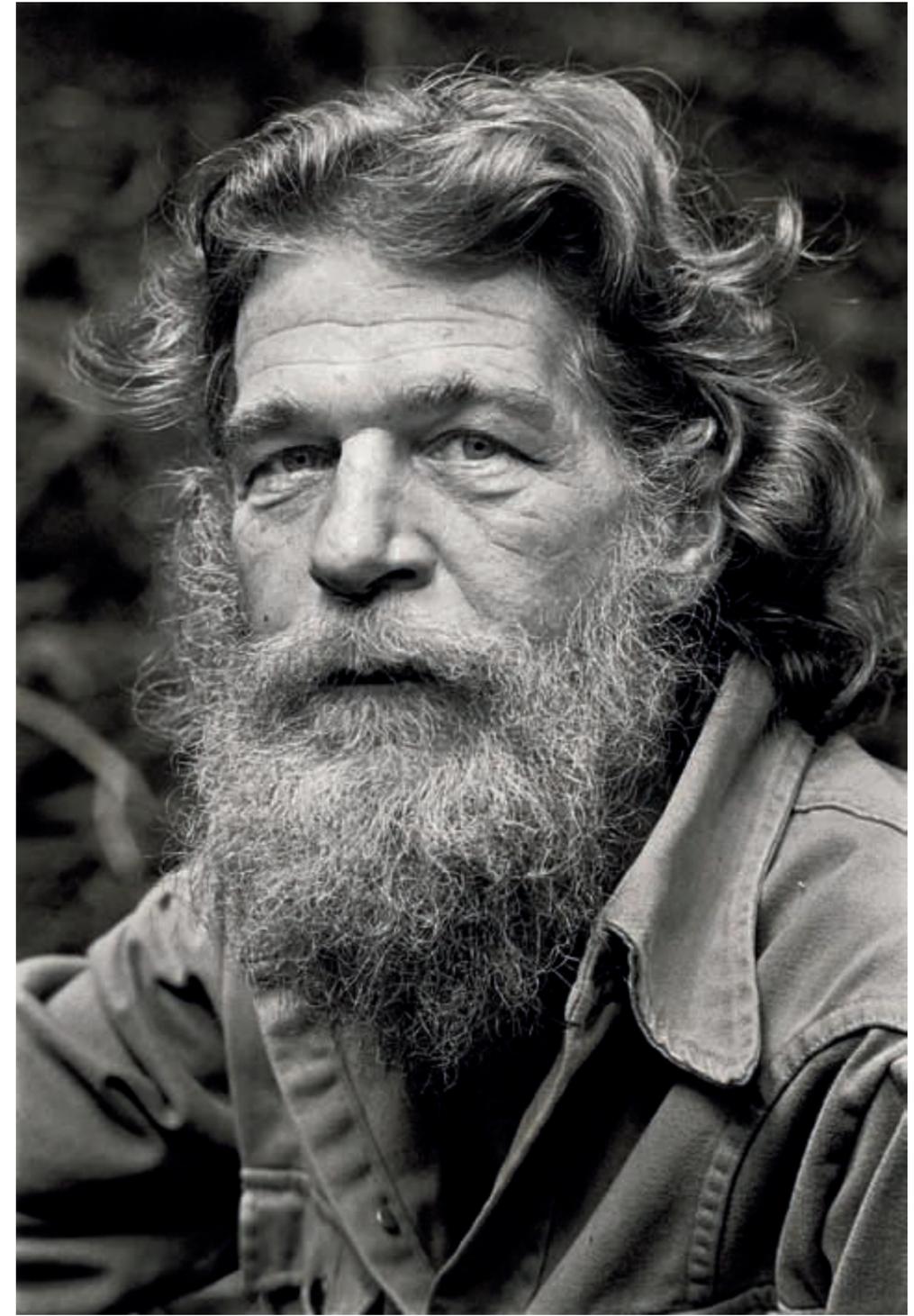
Alpin and Minka at the door to their room



Minka and Alpin in their room



Buffalo Bill's loft above John and Marie's house



Buffalo Bill



Jeannie's sunset dance



Bok, Jeannie and Gary



Limahuli Stream sunset



Hawk, Cherry and Moses



Interviews

Ernest Renan, the nineteenth century French philosopher, believed that people are bound not by their real past but by the stories they tell themselves: by what they remember and what they forget. Though filtered through the politics of small town papers, the headlines on the opposite page bring the past into sharp focus and it may seem that little has changed. But the following interviews reveal a significant change in life's path for many of the folks who found their way to Taylor Camp. They tell of much simpler times on Kauai's North Shore, before TV and tourism, when dogs slept on the main highway and a small band of hippies established a community that rejected consumerism for the healing power of nature. These always frank and often humorous stories—some filled with painful memories—pay homage to a past that continues to live through their days.

Sondra Schaub, Carol & Webb Ford, John Becker

Victor Schaub, the “founding father” of Taylor Camp, drowned on Kauai in 2004 saving his grandchildren off the coast of Anahola. Victor had been Mayor of Arcata California from 1990 to 1995. His wife Sondra, a mediator and educator, flew down from Northern California to join us for lunch at Carol and Webb’s home in Vista, a shady Southern California suburb of wide streets and solid ranch houses. John drove over from San Diego. Webb and John are building contractors and Carol a project manager.

Sondra Schaub: I arrived on Kauai from Berkeley with my husband Victor and our three-year-old daughter Heidi in August 1968. We were involved in the anti-war movement and Berkeley was ready to explode. It was either pick up a gun or leave. So we decided to leave for Europe and went, “Oh what the heck, we’ve never been to Hawai’i; we’ll just go to Hawai’i and on to Asia and Europe.” We had no idea what we were doing.

We landed in Lihu’e. A surfer said we should go to the North Shore and gave us a ride to Hanalei Beach Park where we pitched our tent. There we met John Kai, the park caretaker, a beautiful old Hawaiian man who befriended us.

It was a solid month of rain with heavy wind. We had a funky little tent that couldn’t handle the storms. So we huddled up, shivering in the park pavilion, and John Kai had a friend with an empty shack up the valley—a tin roof shack without walls. That was the beginning—that little shack two miles away from any place. We didn’t know why we were there. Victor was in his third year at UC Berkeley Law School and we had a student loan and that’s how we got



our tickets to Kauai. Now the thought of Europe just sort of disappeared. We were dealing with day-to-day living, dealing with the elements and trying to figure out what to do and where to go with a three-year-old child.

There weren’t a lot of white people on the island. Hanalei was only Ching Young Store, a laundromat, an opium den, a post office and a liquor store. So we were really in an isolated third world country. The weather was horrible, terrible—nothing but days of rain, storm, and wind. Then

another young hippie couple appeared at the Hanalei Pavilion with an infant.

Carol Ford: That’s when we met Sandy and Vic—November of ’68. We also knew John Kai. He was the sweetest man and let us stay at the pavilion. There wasn’t any other place to stay. All the white people, the haoles back then, were either surfers or rich. We were neither and so even the haoles thought, “Who are these people?” So finding work and housing was hard and we didn’t have much money. We weren’t interested in any kind of standard lifestyle. We were dropping out of mainland society because we were searching for something better.

We hooked up with Vic and Sandy because they didn’t have much money either. We were surviving together.

Sondra: Carol and Webb got this little shack near us up Hanalei Valley. After we got kicked out of our shack, they took us in during the bad weather—Heidi, Victor and myself. It was like a big tent—a one-room tin roof tent.

Carol: It was two by fours on a platform holding up a tin roof—just a roof, sides and a floor—no electricity, a sink but no running water. But we all stayed in the shack through



the torrential winter rains. We’d be in bed by dusk, lying in bed listening to the rain pounding the tin roof and all the rats and huge cane spiders racing over the ceiling. That was it. That was what you did. So we felt very protected and very rich because we had a roof over our heads.

Webb Ford: John Kai was a very kind man. The horizontal rain and wind came off Hanalei Bay, our poles snapped and “boom” our tent was gone. They had a little storage room at the pavilion with a concrete floor and with Carol pregnant, John Kai let us sleep on the floor on his roll-up mattress.

Then we moved into the shack near Vic and Sondra’s and met them walking out of the valley. Then they got kicked out and moved in with us. Then we got kicked out. Then they got a ’54 Ford station wagon. We didn’t have wheels; they had wheels. So we decided, “Let’s pool what we’ve got.” We found out that we could get a month-to-month camping permit to pitch tents in the beach parks like the locals did. We set up at Lydgate Park on the East Side, since it was drier there than the North Shore, and that’s when our problems began. That’s where we first heard the word *haole* used like a swear word.



Mayor Eduardo Malapit

Eduardo Malapit, former Mayor of Kauai, invited us to his new house in a recently built retirement community on the outskirts of Puhī, Kauai. He controlled the interview from his easy chair like the savvy politician and island boss that he was, providing candid and politically incorrect answers to questions we hadn't asked. I was surprised and delighted when he graciously agreed to be interviewed. Former Mayor Malapit and my wife, former Mayor JoAnn Yukimura, had been bitter political rivals on this small island. But she is a Stanford alumna and Mayor Malapit and I both graduated from Notre Dame, so I think he gave me the benefit of the doubt.

I was Mayor of Kauai from 1974 to 1982. Lot of changes, all good. Before that, I was on the county council, and before that I was the prosecutor when the first hippies came. They started hitchhiking and they started to camp here and there, sleep down at the beach. That was the beginning of it all. We had a plantation economy at that time then the plantations closed down, so when I was a council member they opened up Princeville. When I became Mayor I began to build up the economy, build up hotels—that is where JoAnn and I disagreed. All she wanted was farming. But we needed hotels, we needed jobs, we needed homes.

Then you had Taylor Camp. They liked the name Taylor Camp because that was Elizabeth Taylor's brother. One day the hippies went to the pineapple fields and filled their truck with pineapples and the cops caught them. Two of them were Elizabeth Taylor's boys. The cops caught them and then they let them out, but they were under surveillance. So I wrote to Elizabeth Taylor, I told her to come to Kauai. She never did come but she sent her two boys back to the mainland.



At that time Taylor let the hippies stay in Taylor Camp, which was okay but when you know Hanalei and Ha'ena back then, everybody was everybody's friend. Nobody locked the door. You had a party, you did not send out invitations, you just talked, and everybody came. Then Taylor Campers started taking the large bamboos to make their homes. They started taking coconuts and the leaves to make hats. They started picking the fruit. On the way to the end of the road there is a little stream, they used to bathe

in there and people started to complain about Taylor Camp. They told me that those people are dirty in Taylor Camp—lots of fleas. They had dogs. They were defecating all over the place. The guys fishing, they did not go there because it was not clean. So I went to visit the place, it looked okay but little bit dirty. I did not see any fleas, but it's a real homeless place. I do not know if Taylor himself went there, because Taylor he is a real nice man, good looking guy.

People just did not like Taylor Camp, because it was different. Like you have homeless in Honolulu living on the beach—that was Taylor Camp. We did not have homeless people because you lived on Kauai, you always had a shack and water, and you could always eat. I do not know why they stayed in Taylor Camp, maybe because it was free. Some of them had cars but quite a few were hitchhiking, and I think we passed a law against hitchhiking. I do not think the local people were afraid of the campers, but people living near Taylor Camp started to lock the door. I do not know what that means.

I got complaints about Taylor Camp. People just did not like hippies. They weren't wearing clothes and they were planting marijuana all over the place. They were throwing marijuana seeds in the river, then the marijuana would be growing on the side. I did not like it too. I did a big marijuana plan with the police department; it was getting quite big back then. But I closed it up, not because of marijuana—that was already on going before they got here—but it was dirty, it was filthy. They did not have any bathrooms. People stopped going at the end of the road to swim. It hurt the tourist economy. Sugar plantations was closing so we needed a new economy and we needed hotels. Taylor Camp did not help anything with that. It was on state land

so I talked to the state and they said they didn't have any time for Taylor Camp. So I talked to the county police and the Engineering Department and we closed down Taylor Camp. These homes were not homes. You need building permits. Even if you are going to put up a tent you need a permit. Taylor Camp didn't have any permits.

The key to the whole thing is, I am a plantation boy and I think that I made life good on Kauai. I did what I wanted to do and I did it. That is the difference between the politicians and me—all they do is talk, talk.

What about your brother Bill? Didn't he live at Taylor Camp?

William Malapit*, no he was not there in Taylor Camp. But he wasn't really my brother. Early one morning, one old man came to our house and brought this baby, it was William. Because the mother and the father were fighting, the old man brought the baby to our house. When the fight stopped, the mother ran away. So my mother took him home to stay with us. She started to take care of the baby. Then my father adopted him. I was about maybe kindergarten, first grade. The last time I saw William was about five or ten years ago on Maui. He washes dishes someplace there.

* See pages 60 and 61 for photos of Bill "Kung Fu" Malapit

D. Keakealani Ham Young

D. K. Ham Young—musician, landscaper and lu‘au chef—has gone by the name of “Bobo” since small kid time. But there can be only one “Bobo” in this story and that will be the *haole wahine* from Taylor Camp that you’ll hear about in the next interview. So we will refer to this “Bobo,” who had a reputation as a local tough guy and all around hell-raiser back in the day, as son of Cathy Ham Young and grand-son of Tai Hook. He is now highly respected in the community for his knowledge of culture and history. After weeks of chasing, we finally found him early one morning in the back yard of his Ha‘ena home.

The Taylor family was really nice. Howard was my granddad Tai Hook’s good friend. Tommy Taylor, he was one of the first *haole* that went to Kapa‘a High School and he had a tough time too. But when we became friends, everything was good. Tommy handled himself, he was not a pushover. We all hung out together.

Ha‘ena and Hanalei were pristine in those days. Lots of fish and lots of everything. The onslaught started in the seventies—a long time ago. The first wave of hippies... it’s okay to say hippies huh?... these flower kind guys, peace and love and all that; that first group of people were okay, they took care of themselves, they took care of the *‘aina* (land) and they were clean. They were going naked but that never bother us guys; and long hair, we never mind because we had long hair too. So we left them alone. We didn’t want them, but we never bothered them.

Then a new wave started coming—people you could tell from a distance were not clean. They did not have the mind-set for the beauty of this place. We’d see piles of rubbish. We used hassle them—kind of abusive. The *mana* (spirit) was gone, the *aloha* (love) was gone—we were mad inside.



You cannot talk to them because they have fresh mouth; they know everything, more than us guys living here all our lives. That really sparked a lot of discrimination. This is our island; they forgetting about the local people. I’d see a hippie on the side of the road and I’d have violent reactions. They’d make my mind sick. We started seeing disease, diseases we never had before, we never had polluted waters. We did not want to jump in the Limahuli Stream anymore, where we used to go down as kids and play. The first group of people was sanitary; they’d dig a hole. The next wave

screwed up everything. They started doing it right there and leaving their shit and we’d see it just like that. I was a young kid—a real hyper guy. I never really liked seeing this ugliness come.

As time went on, the violence got worse and worse; we started getting arrested because they go and press charge. Us local guys, we really do not believe in pressing charges; you take care of the problem right then and there and everything is fine. But they like bring the system inside, the law, and that was hurting us young local guys—we never had bad names before. Everybody worked together as *‘ohana* (family) and we survived through the land, worked doing taro, fishing. But nighttime come, you have a few beers and there’s a hippie, and that’s it. Knock the guy out and go away—it was more vigilante style.

The lasting effect for me was more fear in the mind. We used to drink right out of Limahuli Stream and then the scare came on. That was the first time I heard of yellow jaundice, hepatitis. And we started getting sick like when the first *haole* came, Captain Cook and them. Unless you are way up in the valley you cannot drink from the stream anymore. It was so scary jumping in the pond. You know nature kind of cleanses itself but yet you do not really trust nature anymore. Even our spring water, way past the Wickman’s, we used to drink from there, and all the local people used to go up there. Then all the hippie crowd started getting their drinking water there. And we stayed away because the hippies are there, you know once they are there it is polluted... that was our mindset.

My grand dad, Tai Hook, really took care of the first crew of hippies. They started farming taro with us—they were really helpful. Grandpa gave them a place to stay, even though

he had to put lumber together to build them a shack. He would feed them too. It was pretty cool. I was maybe about sixteen, now I am fifty-four, so it was quite a while ago.

On Saturday nights we’d go to the Anchorage bar after work—our whole clan, uncles, aunts, cousins, and grandpa. There was good music, dancing music. All these hippies came and started taking over the dance floor. And then the fights picking up. Because they never smelled real good. You know all the bumping and shoving and “tonk” you going to crack them already right on the dance floor.

Rosey, he had a big mouth. We actually became friends about ten years ago. He came up to me. I kind of let old things go by. He was a good baseball player and always used to come and see Dennis Wakumoto at the liquor store, because Dennis sponsored his baseball team. The Hanalei boys they were pretty hard, and Rosey was their coach. They used to call him the mayor over there... Taylor Camp. But at that time a hippie was a hippie. I don’t care what...

So this one night I was dancing with my sister-in-law and Rosey kept on bumping into her — dancing wild. He was not bumping me but he kept running into her, acting like it was his dance floor. My sister-in-law is really small, not that big a girl. If she was a *tita*,* 300 pounds, that *tita* would have pounded Rosey. The first time I go, “Hey Brah, take it easy; just dance around us. No need bump us.” But Rosey, he never stop, he’s dancing wild and hits my sister-in-law again and she fell into me, and I went, “Hey pal, take it easy.” Well, what? He was kind of fast mouth, a little bit too fast on his mouth kind of guy. So I went, “Okay, just take it easy, we are having fun over here, no need whack my sister-in-law.” Then it happened a third time and I am

* Hawaiian pidgin for a very large and tough “sister”.

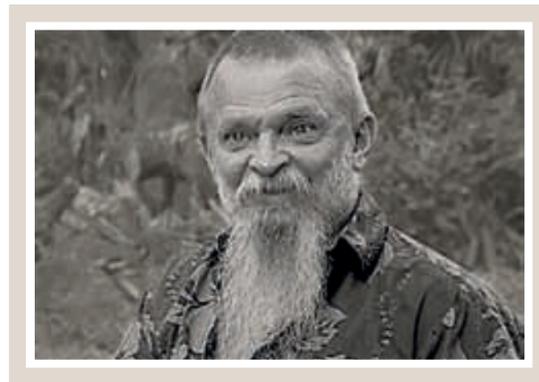
Hawk Hamilton

Hawk greeted us at his 'Ohana Plant Nursery in Kilauea, Kauai holding a bottle of beer. Throughout the interview he sipped and waved the bottle in the air to accent his stories, like a conductor with a baton. "I was fleeing the law. I had a phony name. I'd been in trouble in Puerto Rico!" began the overture.

I had a lot of personalities when I was young. Had a lot of different names. When I was about eleven or twelve "Hawk Hamilton" stuck on, at that time I had five or six different names. After a while I would not even recognize my real name "Brad" and would not answer to it so my mom finally called me Hawk, too. Because I was in trouble with probation, they made me take the Minnesota Personality Evaluation Test, and they told me I was schizophrenic, had psychotic deviations, same time they said you seem to be really aware of different facets of your personality. I said I am.

I'm from Ocean Beach near San Diego—a surfing ghetto. There were military bases nearby and we considered the military our enemy. They were the only people we would steal from. We'd rip 'em off, beat 'em, rob 'em and I finally got busted. Got six months in jail. When I got out of jail I moved to La Jolla and met Bobo. I was eighteen and she was fifteen. She was my best friend and could do anything a boy could do. I could surf with her, I could dive with her. I loved her. Then she got pregnant and we got married in Las Vegas.

A couple of years later we got busted, fled to Puerto Rico and then I got busted there. The cops were lying and it looked like six or seven years in a Puerto Rican prison for me so we were on the run again and headed to Hawai'i



with our two kids, Minka and Alpin... By the time we got to Kauai, my wife, Bobo, and I were being low key, hiding out from straight society with our kids. When we got to Kauai I felt, "Wow! This doesn't feel like America. This is another place and time." There was only one traffic light and it was in some cane field on the other side of the island. It was so mellow, so quiet and sweet and innocent with incredible diving, incredible surf, it was perfect. It felt like a safe haven, it felt like home. It was sweet and we lived there a long time. We'd fled the straight world.

I got food stamps and I laid a net to catch fish for a living and I gardened, I did not do very much except enjoy. It was really wonderful, we were not acquisitive, I was not ambitious and perhaps it hurt me not to go around hustling for

the big American dream, but really it was wonderful deep giant breath of life.

We lived there a long time—almost seven years. At first, the kids didn't go to school, but when Minka and then Alpin came of school age, we started sending them to Hanalei School. Nick Beck was the Principle and I got to be friends with him, he was a really strong open minded person, a really neat guy. At first the school bus only went to Ha'ena but Nick sent it down to Taylor Camp to pick up our kids.

Taylor Camp was pretty innocent but there was a rough element. We had to be on the ball—kind of protective. We called it the "End of the Road," the "Wild Wild West" and bad things happened there occasionally.

One time I found a dead man in a car—Round House John. The police came to investigate. One of the cops was my friend, Officer Joe Kaauiwai, a neat Hawaiian man, a beautiful man. Round House John's shirt and belt were bunched six inches above his pants like a big grip handle. Obviously someone had carried him to the car and I mentioned it to the police. They were going, "He died here; looks like overdosed." And I go, "Died here? Look at his belt, someone carried him here!" And Joe Kaauiwai took me to the side and said, "Hawk, don't do this; we're taking care of it." They wanted to make it simple. This was the Wild Wild West, a place where people could come and do bad things.

Another time, some guys came into Taylor Camp late at night; we were all asleep. All of a sudden, right outside my window a local guy says, "Hey braddah!" I could see the twin barrels of his shotgun stuck right up against the screen, "Hey braddah, you got any drugs..." Foolishly, I dropped to the ground and grabbed a big pillow, put the pillow in front of me as if it would protect me from a gun; then stood

up and grabbed a staple gun. In the dim light I raised the staple gun, waving around like it was a pistol, "I got a gun here, get the fuck out of here!" and sure enough the guy disappeared.

Another night, a shadowy figure walked towards me in the dark. People were yelling. I grabbed a fallen tree limb and called out to the silhouette, "Hey braddah, I have a club, don't come any closer." He kept coming. I smacked him over the head and the limb broke in half. He went to the ground. I jumped on him and I got my elbow in his eye socket to control him. Then Bobo came running up with her flashlight, "Oh Hawk, it is Jeff Paine, my good friend, oh poor Jeff." My wife would often save the rip-offs coming to hurt us. They were her drinking buddies.

We had the smack shack where the bad boys lived. One of the guys was named "Roger the Dodger," great nickname. The other guy was "Smiley," an ironic name. They were the bad boys. We kind of allowed them to be there, then got rid of them a year or two later. Taylor Camp had all kinds of people, but basically sweet people.

Officer Joe Kaauiwai was a beautiful man. He would come and visit us in uniform sometimes. He'd stand ten or twenty feet from my house and call out, "Hey Hawk, this is Officer Kaauiwai, Joe Kaauiwai. I'll wait out here till you get things straightened up." He'd sit outside while we got rid of the joints and ashtrays. Then Joe would come in and visit. He knew we smoked pot but he didn't want to see it. He was a kind, sweet soul, giant of a man, 250 pounds and gentle as a teddy bear. But Joe had plenty of respect from the tough guys too, the local bad boys. I always knew he was some kind of a hero. When I read his obituary, I learned he had been a big football star at Northwestern University.

Suzanne “Bobo” Bollin

Everyone gathered around the picnic tables at the old Taylor Camp site as we conducted interviews off to the side, out of earshot. Those waiting to be interviewed talked about what they should and shouldn't talk about. Some were worried and urged everyone to downplay the drugs, sex and nudity. Bobo said nothing. When it was her turn, she walked over to the clearing where we had the camera set up and took off her clothes. “I can't do an interview about Taylor Camp with my clothes on. It wouldn't be honest!” She's a sales clerk at Hanalei Surf Company.

I was one of the first people to show up at Taylor Camp with kids. I left San Diego running from the police. I had been arrested twice for smoking marijuana. When I got busted the third time, I jumped bail, I jumped probation, and I jumped the state. They were going to take my girls and put them in foster homes. I was going to be put into prison for smoking marijuana, so I ran and I hid and I changed my name.

I was searching to find a place for my kids where we would be safe. I didn't want the influences of society, all that materialism, the influence of television on my children. At Taylor Camp I felt safe. I was surrounded by other people that had the same goals as I did. We all wanted to get away from that crazy war, those crazy cops, that crazy society. I was surrounded by people that loved me and loved my children.

One of the most amazing things about Taylor Camp was the large variety of people. We had people born at Taylor Camp and we had Herbert, who was eighty years old. We had local people living here and there were people with regular jobs and there were dope dealers. It was a giant variety of people, all different walks of life, all different nationalities, all different religions. It was basically just like any community.



A lot of people were running when they got to Taylor Camp. Some of them were draft dodgers hiding from the war. Some were Vietnam vets just hiding from the world. The Vietnam War disillusioned me about America. I thought America was the most wonderful, beautiful place on earth, and then our government invaded a country and killed all those people. We were all trying to get far away from the Vietnam War. We didn't have television. We didn't have newspapers. We didn't want to see children blown up, children firebombed. It was horrifying. We didn't need TV; we

knew clearly what was going on. We had vets in camp. They had come back and they were damaged. You could tell the difference between the guys that had served and the guys that hadn't. The guys that hadn't been to Vietnam could still smile and the guys that had, we had to teach them how to smile again.

The Hawaiian people, the local people, were accepting of us in certain ways. I mean they hated Taylor Camp. They thought we were all crazy and they thought we were all on drugs and they thought we were all running around naked, having sex constantly. But some of them understood us and I think they admired us—what we were doing. The postmistress Clorinda—the FBI would go to the Hanalei post office and show her pictures of the draft dodgers—and Clorinda would say, “Oh no, I haven't seen them,” and then later those dodgers would walk in the post office and she would say, “They were looking for you.”

I think a lot of the local people were just afraid of us and that fear sometimes turns to hatred and violence—but it's still surprising to me how accepting they were of my behavior. I would get drunk and pass out at night in the middle of the highway and nobody would bother me. But today it's not like that. When I got here it was all local people and now the North Shore is a *haole* (Caucasian) village. I could walk through Hanalei naked then and the local people wouldn't call the police. Nobody called the police on me until Princeville got built, until a big *haole* community from the mainland moved over here, all these really rich people. That was the first time the police got called on me.

I came to Taylor Camp by myself; I got off the plane in Lihue with just my daughter Alpin. We were here for a few months before Hawk and Minka joined us. Hawk and I were

trying to make a family again, trying to work on our marriage but it wouldn't work; I would get discouraged. When we got married, I was sixteen and Hawk was nineteen. How could we blame each other for our marriage falling apart? We were children. So Hawk and I lived in the same house at Taylor Camp. I had my own bedroom and I had my boy-friends and he had his own bedroom and he had his girlfriends and we shared the house because we wanted to live with our children. Then Hawk met Cherry and she was the sweetest young thing. Cherry asked my permission to be with Hawk and I said, “Well sure, that's wonderful.” That's a lot more respectful than a lot of girls would be. Then Cherry got pregnant and we were all really looking forward to the birth of Moses.

When I look back on who I was then, I see myself as just the camp drunk. I spent most of my time at Taylor Camp loaded—partying. I haven't had a drink in eighteen years, but at that time I was dedicated to drinking, that's what I did. Anything I could do to show my disdain for society and society's rules. So I went about breaking all the rules and shocking them and waking them up and so I did a lot of crazy things that weren't socially acceptable. My whole attitude was, “This society is so fucked up, fuck them all.” I was very self-destructive.

I was way more crazy than anybody else at Taylor Camp, so I'm a little hesitant to talk about all this. I don't want people to think that everybody at Taylor Camp was like me because they weren't. They were much more peaceful, much more sane, much more family oriented and just really together. I feel like I was born to be an alcoholic; that I was going to become alcoholic regardless of where I lived, but the Taylor Camp community was there for my children,

John “Emee” Erson

Patricia and Andy Leo organized a reunion on the Big Island—a movable feast that spanned several days. Emee’s a partner in Dr. Drywall and a fiction writer on the Big Island. He came with his partner Mike to the big gathering at Pat and Andy’s. We interviewed him under a huge avocado tree. “I wasn’t called Emee when I got to camp. Amisi gave me the name. She had solar jets designed to mine this planet for platinum and diamonds so she could build an actual spaceship called Speedy Joy.”

I’d already run away from home and I was living in canyons and tack rooms up in Palos Verdes. I saw my friends Mike Buxton and Bob Putnam, and they say, “Hey, we’re going to Kauai. We’re leaving tomorrow,” and I’m like, “Wow, I’m just spinning my wheels here. That sounds awesome! Hey, I’ll meet you in one week on Kauai and we’ll hook up.” And Mike’s like, “Right on, fucking cool.” I was fifteen years old.

So I snuck back home and stole a blank check out of my mom’s purse, signed my dad’s name on it for \$162 bucks or whatever it was, and I bought a ticket to Kauai. I get there and I hitchhiked all the way to frickin’ Waimea and this guy picks me up. He goes, “You’re looking for friends of yours and they’re surfer dudes and hippie guys? You’re going the wrong way man.” I’m like, “Oh shit.” He’s like, “Yeah, North Shore. That’s where you’re going to find the hippies.” So I turn around, hitchhike all the way to Taylor Camp and land on the beach going, “Wow, my God.” There’s naked people all over and there’s this unbelievable paradise. And I meet this guy Swenson, and he says, “Hey, you want to buy some hash?” and I’m like, “Well, that’d be cool. Yeah.” So, I buy a little fifteen dollar chunk of hash and I’m grooving on the beach at Taylor Camp going, “Wow, this is unbelievable!”



That night, I’m sleeping in the Free Store and I’m getting chewed alive by mosquitoes. It’s raining like a pig dog and I’m getting eaten and Swenson comes over and—let’s paint this picture first. I mean, Taylor Camp was not exactly always a real bliss place. There was a lot of drug addicts, a lot of rip-offs, a lot of pretty sleazy, low-life people living there, just transients, and most of the people that you’re going to see in this book, the people in these interviews, they’re the ones that actually turned the camp into a place where you could live and be healthy, raise kids and not get ripped off or beat up or whatever. The bad elements just started going away, filtering out through the years; it just got cleaner and more

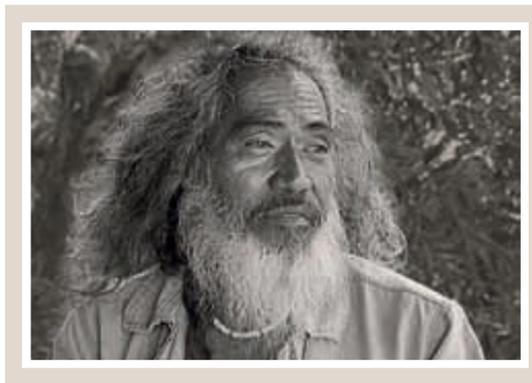
healthy, more a place where you could raise a family. It was a creative community. Anyways, back then—Swenson comes over to the Free Store. He says, “Hey, Bobo’s in the valley. Her house is wide open. You’re welcome to stay there under a mosquito net,” and I’m like, “Cool, I’m getting chewed alive. That’d be way sweet.” So I go to Bobo’s house and there’s a mattress and a mosquito net and I’m under the mosquito net thinkin’, “Wow, this is sweet.” The next morning Swenson’s gone. He rifled through my pockets and stole the last thirty-two bucks that I had to my name. I’m totally broke and he ripped off almost all the hash that he sold me but he left me a bowl, and I’m thinkin’, “Well, that’s kind of cool, I guess. At least he left me a bowl.”

So, the next day I’m thinking, well, I’m headed for Na Pali. Na Pali is what’s going on and that’s the sweet spot, so anyway, I leave camp and go to the cold pond for a bath. And I’m just sitting there, lovely—hubbly bubbly and this guy comes out of the woods. His name is Smiley. He’s got a beard down to his crotch and hair down to his butt and he’s a total hippie freak and I say, “Hey brother, how’s it? Do you want to smoke a bowl?” and he’s like, “Yeah, sure. I’ll smoke a bowl with you.” So, I whip out the last little bowl of hash that Swenson left me and we sit there. We smoked the bowl and I told him the story of meeting this Swenson character and the fact that he ripped me off for all my money and my hash. Well, it turns out that this hairy hippie dude was the guy that Swenson got the hash from. He goes, “Man, I’m really sorry about that. That sucks. First night on the island.” So, he gives me a quarter ounce of black primo and five hits of Orange Sunshine and he’s like, “Hey, welcome to Hawai’i, brother man. That’s not the way it works here.”

The next morning I wake up, eat a tab of Orange Sunshine, hit the trail and head for Hanakapi’ai and run into this Swenson character. I just ate a hit of LSD, and he says, “Hey, brother, how’s it?” and I’m like, “Don’t brother me, man. You ripped me off, asshole. I don’t want nothing to do with you. Stay the fuck away from me.” Anyway, I’m in Hanakapi’ai. The waves are perfect and I’m in paradise—Alice in Wonderland. I’m awestruck. I can’t even say how beautiful, how gorgeous, how intense the vibe was. How beautiful it was. I’m body surfing and just laying in the sun and grooving on life and I notice this guy, Swenson, he’s starting to make a bunch of noise and he’s screaming and he’s yelling about getting ripped off and shit and he comes after me and he tells me I ripped him off for his silky *aloha* shirt, and I’m like, “Hey dude, no. You got it wrong. You ripped me off. I didn’t rip you off and I wouldn’t touch your fricking *aloha* shirt. You’re out of your mind.” Anyway, Swenson starts to snap and he’s going off and I’m coming on to this Sunshine acid. I’m going, “Okay, this is weird,” and he starts bouncing around, falling off cliffs and running into the river and he’s bleeding—he’s running through groups of tourists and campers and all these people are taking swings at him. He’s snapping, gets a hold of a machete and he’s running at people with this machete. So, all the guys that were there—none of us knew each other—we all get together and decide, “Hey, we’ve got to take this guy out because he’s going to hurt someone. He’s going to hurt someone bad.” We move everybody off the beach up onto the trail. Swenson’s just going nuts and he grabs this boulder the size of a basketball, lifts it up high and cracks it down on his head, splits his skull wide open, blood pouring out of the back of his head. He hits the beach like a fish and he’s flop-

Calvin Kuamo'o

Calvin has no phone but he breeds dogs, so I arranged a meeting through Paolo, who was getting a puppy from Calvin. Calvin arrived for breakfast the next morning; joints rolled, and pulled up to our studio in Kula with an old Corolla full of beautiful breeds. Calvin's a free spirit, floating across all the Hawaiian Islands but raising his dogs on Maui at the moment.



I went to Taylor Camp to escape my nightmares. In Vietnam I volunteered for the high risks, the Rangers—Charlie Company 75th. I landed on the fourth of July 1969 and walked into hell. As soon as the door opened you could smell death.

When our team jumped into Cambodia, we always get our ass kicked, but we all come home. We all walked away. Nobody got left behind. There's no dialogue between bullets, only more bullets and who will walk away. A lot of soldiers never walk away. I did. My first mission I told everybody, "I'm scared." They told me it is okay, it's normal to be scared, and I felt good because I was scared. Every time we jump in, it was hot. The enemy are everywhere—it's their

house, it is their place, and we are jumping in from the sky. There's times when we had to shoot our way down. It is not an everyday job. But our government went and put us in that position.

A lot of our missions are ambushes. We walked the whole mountain range, everything that is possible. The team was me, Johnny Joe the Chinese, Jim Snyder an Indian from Oklahoma and the *montagnard*. We called them "mountain yards" because they were people that lived in the mountains. We loved them, but nobody else did—especially the Vietnamese, because they were darker. We gave our mountain yard a Hawaiian name, *Kaleo*, because he looked like a Hawaiian. I looked like him and he looks like me. One mountain yard, one Chinese, one Indian and one Hawaiian—we'd make a trap. We'd play on the trail to draw the enemy to us; we'd play right in front of the enemy. Since Johnny Joe's Chinese the enemy will think we are his slaves because it's the same in Vietnam—whitey controls the darkies—and we carried the loads. We were playing. Johnny Joe is like a child. We called him GI Johnny Joe. He's a hundred and twenty pounds, just made nineteen. The mountain yard, he's just learning English.

Everybody knows hair. The enemy knows brown and blond hair is the other gang—black hair is their gang. We

got the black hair. We'd take off our shirts and we are all the same as them—normal. Local boys. The enemy always worked without their shirts and they'd come right up to us with their weapons, wave and move on. And we got to follow them because we need to know where they are at. They would see us following them but they would think nothing of it and that is how we would trick them. We were just like a bait out there and we felt we gotta do something, because we only can do so much, and we need to see the enemy because in those times they were looking for body counts and we had to make sure that a body is a body. We had to get real people involved in this and go out there and be high risk and be part of the scene out there and then count the bodies. Sometimes the enemy would think we were part of their team and we'd walk right into their camps and they wouldn't think anything. The enemy would welcome us guys—as if it is okay, come inside, and we would turn around and kill them. It is a hard way to understand but I did not know what else to do. I am in a foreign country, people walking by me doing nothing and I have to go kill them.

One mission, our team hit a battalion of NVA. It took fifteen hours to get us out. We fought hard. We ran out of ammunition twice and the helicopter pilots risked their lives to come in as low as possible to give us ammunition. Reinforcement didn't get to us until one o'clock or two o'clock in the morning. We stood off a battalion, and when it was done there were only five Americans left. Bodies all over. We are proud because we can walk away. But I carry those bodies wherever I go.

After each contact we had to search the bodies for information—where they come from, what equipment they car-

ry, all these small little things so we have to look inside their coats. Johnny Joe grabbed this guy and started searching his coat and the guy slapped him on the head. This guy is dead but he slapped Johnny Joe on the head anyway. After that, every mission we go out Johnny Joe will not touch any bodies. He is not going through that again. He would bring up that story every time we went out and that he does not search the bodies. He would be the guard and watch over us because somebody's got to do the job.

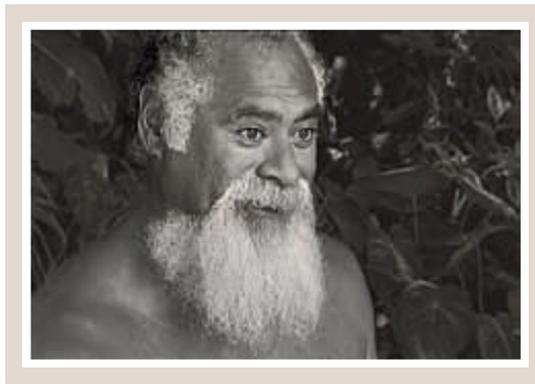
It was a hunt, the greatest hunt, another human being, because they can kill you too. That is how we had to do our mission—befriend them, kill them and take the information. On both sides—Cambodia and Vietnam.

So when I left Vietnam and got home on leave, I got a ride to go down to 'Ewa Beach where my family is located. I wanted nothing changed, everything as is. In my heart "as is" is home at 'Ewa Beach. I walked along the shoreline because I wanted to be comfortable with myself and I did not want anyone else to see me on the road walking. I walked until I came to the neighborhood. I saw my mom in the yard and asked if she could give me a ride to the airport because I had to leave—I could not go inside, I could not face the family. I told her I had to go to on to North Carolina. She says, "Come say hello." I could not. I just came home and I left. I came home and left. I couldn't even tell her why, and I could not tell my grandparents, because their whole life teaching me was about the Good News and I just went and broke every rule that they get in that Good News and that is shame for me because I was not taught to be like that.

After I was discharged, it was that great moment. I came home, said hello to Mom, to Dad. My dad was so proud of me—so proud. I only got a brown star—everybody gets

Billy Kaohelaulii

We went to Billy's in Poi'pu, the house he left thirty-five years ago when he went to Taylor Camp. We sat in a garden surrounded by thick vegetation. He told us about the stone structures hidden in the trees next to his garden: ancient house sites, irrigation ditches, trails and temples from before Cook's time. "The real reason why I went to Taylor Camp was to take LSD, because everybody was on LSD in those days." Billy is a sound and light engineer for conventions on Kauai.



I live on the South Side. I am a fisherman. It so happened in my young days I traveled Hanalei for the waves and I wanted to surf the big waves and somehow I ended up staying in Taylor Camp. I stayed there for a couple of years. Me and my friends would catch a lot of fish and feed the whole camp.

We used to walk to Kalalau and did our fishing out there too and we did lot of camping. I moved back and forth. If I felt I was going to get sick, I would move back South Side and get medical, take care of myself and then I would go back because I wanted to fish, I wanted to surf, I wanted to relax. It was the most peaceful place

I have been in, my place at Taylor Camp.

My house, I got it from this guy—Honeywagon. He had a nice A-frame house but I built another section on it, so I had two bedrooms instead of one. I made a kitchen under the house and had a three-burner kerosene stove and I would feed everybody there. All my friends would come and bring food and we would be cooking. We would be eating and cooking all day. The river passed my house. We would go out there and swim every time we wanted to cool off. Taylor Camp was good place to have music, peaceful and quiet. I played music all my life. I play the guitar, a little piano and a little flute. My favorite place was the wet cave—because of the sound. I brought a lot of bands in there to play music. It blew their mind.

My friends wanted to live out there but they could not because they had to do their things—jobs, family—but a lot of them came out there and a lot of them stayed for weeks. But a lot of locals were against that. The local people never liked them because they got medical and food stamps.

Now every time when I go back out there I just want to walk and look—such wonderful memories. The reef out there was our favorite fishing ground. We just tell people, you get the wine, we get the fish. Everything was cool, share

whatever you got, just share. We did a lot of farming, we had bathroom, regular running bathroom with water line, and that same water line went to water the garden, it was so cool, everything was so good even when the big waves came, because that place can change overnight, waves pounding right through, so you got to be always alert over there. When the waves would come, we would know so we would climb up in the houses—my house was about eight or ten feet high.

I think the local people got jealous because people in Taylor Camp was living free and they were doing their own thing. In those days, us young people just wanted to live the way we wanted to live. I had a house in Poi'pu and never needed to go to Taylor Camp but I wanted to live free like them. I just finished high school and we went to California because we wanted to see what was like, and... oh no, it was too much for us guys so we came back. We wanted to go and look for paradise; everybody was looking for paradise that year. I found it out there and made myself stay put for a while, just fishing, relaxing, helping people, doing all kinds of stuff to do with land.

I was a surfer and I won the surf meet way back at Hanalei Bay; it was about ten to fifteen feet and lot of surfers were scared of the waves. But me and my brother were not scared, that is why we had to go out there because we had to meet our challenge. We challenged a lot of good guys out there in Hanalei Bay. We challenged Joey Cabell, Jimmy Lucas and lot of local surfers out there. In fact Taylor Camp had a big surfing spot called Bobo's. Maybe because Bobo used to surf there. I do not know but my brother fell in love with that wave, so we always went out there and ride those waves when it was big.

Bobo, she was the only *wahine* (woman) who would swim naked every time she was going Kalalau. She was the only one and even today she still do that. She always do that. She is naked. Watch out something going grab you! I had my clothes on.

I used to fish with this guy Keola Kanehe from Ha'ena. He was my idol. This guy could catch fish morning, noon, night—whenever you wanted fish. We always use nets; I never did use poles or lines, that was kid stuff. In those days the Ha'ena guys had the fishing grounds to themselves. You got to ask those people who live out there to go catch a fish. You do not set your nets there, they will just grab them and they would do something to you too. But today everybody comes in and catch all the fish.

There was lot of places we couldn't swim. It was the old *konohiki* (resource management) laws to protect the breeding grounds, the water, the fishing. The *ahupua'a* (traditional Hawaiian geopolitical land division) goes from the ocean to the mountain, all one connected system, that is real important. The old Hawaiians, they used to manage all that and they fed a lot of people, today you can hardly find anything. Today is hard, we do not have that *ahupua'a* system where we can feed this whole island; we do not have that anymore. They took all our water rights, now they are selling our drinking water. They stopped all our rights of the land, the rights of water, the rights of the air, and fishing rights. In the coming years, we are not going to have so much fishing anymore and the land will be gone, they are going to develop and we are talking of commerce and money, taxes, everything. The living style is going to be hard. It is not going to be like Taylor Camp—simple. Simple living is real hard now.

Teri and Debi Green

We flew to San Francisco just to interview Debi and Teri. They missed the reunions in Hawai'i but were essential to our story—to everyone's story. Debi's a realtor and Teri's a personal assistant 'par excellence' in San Francisco. It was definitely a girl thing, so Margo conducted the interview. Teri started off. "We, as far as Taylor Camp went, were kind of straight."



What was your relationship like with Minka and Alpin?

Teri: We were from a family of all girls so it was just natural to have more girls around.

Debi: But it was mostly Minka, she'd come over to sleep in my bed occasionally in the middle of the night. Not so much Alpin, she was a little younger and they were two different personalities. Alpin had already forged a very strong relationship with Rose and Jan and they took care of her. Dana came along later and we welcomed her into our house and she ended up living with us for several years after we moved out of Taylor Camp. She was our mother's helper and was always cleaning. Dana was a good girl with a hard life. We always had a lot of food. John Wehrheim used to show up

every Saturday like a clockwork at about three, saying, "I'll be here twenty-four hours." Because he wanted the sunrise light, the sunset light... He slept over. Those dinners were fabulous. We always had a nice big dinner. We were pretty family oriented, maybe because we were sisters.

Teri: I think it was great having my sister there. I would not have had it any other way. We were really very complementary. It is funny though how a person's personality—though we were young and we were forming who we were, there were certain traits that stuck with us as we got older. So being outward and vivacious and enthusiastic and networking, social, and Debi is queen of that realm. That was not me. Though it threw everybody a curve, because people could not tell us apart for a long time. They thought we were twin sisters. They called us the Sin Twisters.

Debi: It was a blessing! I was living in Santa Barbara when I got a package from Teri, filled with sands, shells and dried up plumerias and a little shirt crocheted and a one-hundred dollar bill. It was ninety dollars round trip. So I sublet my apartment and just left. After my two-week stay, I said, "I am selling everything and going back." I left Santa Barbara with a Visine bottle full of Owsley liquid LSD. It was the most incredible medicinal tool that I ever experienced in my life. There is nothing like standing out on the Na Pali

Coast with all antennae up. It was about peeling back the layers of the onion, and what a great place to experience that. I asked Kate Pure; she said she took LSD at least three hundred times at Taylor Camp, and Kate is an attorney now. We still have our faculties. That is the other thing, as many brain cells that you think you have burned, you can regenerate through use of your mind and realization power.

Teri: You needed some kind of centered sanity, some kind of focus, not just running around and banging your bongos on the beach in the full moon. That worked for some people, that's true. But you have to start expanding your mind on your own and you can accelerate the expansion with LSD. For me—acid was a tool, it was a spiritual awakening, used with a focus and a purpose. It wasn't just, "Lets party, break out the acid!"

Debi: Remember the mango pies? On my birthday I would take a hit of LSD and go by myself down the Na Pali Coast. My birthday is mango season and Teri would make me the first mango pie of the season. I would spend that day by myself with my pie in that very naked state. It was a spiritual experience. Our life is our religion, it does not really matter what you say you believe; whatever you are living is your religion. And thanks for the pies, the pies were fabulous!

Teri: That was after I got married and got the oven as a wedding gift. Remember it went over the Coleman stove? Yes that Dutch oven—I asked for real practical things as gifts when I got married. I got the pie recipe out of the Tasajara Cookbook.

Debi: I still have my yoga natural cookbook. We were vegetarians. Fish was fine but there was no question about did you eat steak or where do you put your meat or what

did you do for refrigeration. We kept a clean kitchen and we didn't let just anybody into the house which didn't go down too well with some of the people in camp because it was one of the unwritten rules that everybody was welcome everywhere, but we didn't like people sitting on our cushions naked. Some people had scabies and crabs and all that stuff.

Teri: We went out to the beach naked but we were not strutters or flaunters. We internalized it, we were not external. I mean we were there for the nature experience but we took that nature experience and we brought it inside of ourselves.

Debi: The power of less is more. I loved riding my bike to Hanalei. The time I put my bathing suit on to ride my bike and I was riding through camp with my ten speed I got cat calls all the way up the trail from guys that have seen me naked day in and day out.

Teri: I have a deep regard for mother nature. I also have a pretty good idea about how things happen in life and how you have to be able to be an accepting person. And when you live in a place like Taylor Camp, you have to flow, there is no control. If you try to control things, you are up against even more than what you are trying to control. And there were people at camp that were controllers. So I think my nature now is just kind of evolved from that little seed of understanding that it does not always go the way you want it to but that is okay, and you can take a bad situation and turn it into something good.

Debi: Cosmic coincidence, which is a huge watchword for my life. I've turn my life into a series of cosmic coincidences. Living the experience of Taylor Camp was—outside of becoming a mother and losing my mother—probably the

Rosey Rosenthal

Rosey claims Kauai slowed him down, but we had to chase him from his ESPN radio show to a wrestling match and then a swim meet and finally the baseball diamond in Hilo where he answered our questions while pounding on his glove. Besides being the Big Island's leading sports show personality, he's special assistant to the mayor.



We were a Kauai community at the end of the road in the seventies living like some of our local neighbors were living. No electricity, no one had anything. It was outhouses; it was very, very simple, very, very slow. Even for a fast talking New Yorker, it slowed me down.

The only reason that we were able to stay there for the seven, eight years that we there was because the local guys let us stay there, the Hawaiians. They let us poach on the most beautiful spot on the island. They let us—if they really didn't want us there, the nightwalkers would have gotten rid of us, drove us out.

We were naked. Everyone assumes naked means lascivious. They have all these things in their minds. They go,

"Ooh, ooh, ooh," right? But when you live naked and you see these girls naked every day they become your sisters. There's no prurient interest. It's like hanging out with your sisters every day. But when a new girl came onto the beach wearing a little bikini, you'd go, "Ooh, what's going on with that?" You know what I mean? And even beyond that, people think, "Oh, you were naked. You were hippies." I never knew about any orgies, and if I knew about them, I'd be there. You know what I mean? It wasn't like I was shy about that kind of thing. Right? It wasn't going on. It was mainly couples. Relationships. There was—I mean, maybe it was going on somewhere at sometime, but wild orgies weren't the prevalent thing. The relationships were like any middle class community.

I hear stories about the raping, the molesting. I don't deny that maybe some of that did happen, but we didn't know about it. Our daily lives—you would wake up in the morning and you'd look out on the beach; everyone would be doing whatever they did—sun salutations, tai chi, the yoga stuff, prayers. Everyone was trying to do good, whatever their good was, wherever they were from. Now not everyone's good was the same—some California surfer's good wasn't necessarily what a hippie from New York thought was good. So you had cultural divisions. It wasn't like every-

one agreed. But if you were doing bad, then you got wiped out, and all it took was vibes. It didn't take muscle, no one had a gun.

I take that back. Someone just told me that Hawk had a gun—a little pistol. Let's face it, being a *haole* on Kauai in the seventies... you walk very quietly, very respectfully. You don't want to make waves. You are very thankful that these people are sharing this incredible place with you. You knew where to go; you knew where not to go. You don't want to put yourself in situations where the local guys have been drinking all night and you show up at one in the morning, "Hi brothers!" No, you don't do that kind of stuff.

I was a softball pitcher, so I had lot of friends, local guys. I knew a lot of people in the government. Max Graham was one of the guys I played ball with. He was a great lawyer. He surfed Ha'ena. He was the Legal Aid guy, so who would a poor guy like me use as a lawyer? Legal Aid, right? We were covered by the Dislocated Person's Act. Howard Taylor's land was condemned by the state, so we qualified. The law said that if they wanted to get rid of us they had to find us a place to live, give us money to move, set us up with employment when we got there. We had all these services; we were covered. Max worked that for us for several years.

Even JoAnn Yukimura, she was my good friend. In fact, our band—we had a very good band, the THC band, which was obviously the island's most "out there" entertainment—we called it THC. Well, THC stands for two things; Taylor Hippie Camp, and also people thought that maybe it stood for the active quality in marijuana, which was also THC. But no no, it was Taylor Hippie Camp; we were innocent of that other charge.

We played a fundraiser for Mayor Yukimura when she first campaigned for council. I don't know if she wants to take credit for that, but that's among the highlights of THC's gigs. We had different events, the big fourth of July party at Kauai Resort, a Halloween party at the Coco Palms Hotel. So this band was playing to the whole public—locals, haoles. We were part of the fabric of this community—my team. But the interaction between us and the local community on a sexual level was very limited—very minor. There was not a lot of breeding going on between the Taylor Hippie Camp and the local community; not much at all.

The local guys were shy. And the local girls—I mean, it's one thing to smile, to say hi to us, but to be intimate on those levels, that wasn't happening in the seventies. Later on things changed, things opened up, but at that time, there really wasn't a lot of breeding at all going on between the local community and the hippies.

Our softball team played in the local league, with all the local guys. I had a lot of friends that were local guys that were playing on our team, because they liked hanging with us, because they liked the herb connection, because... they got fringe benefits. Outside of our immediate community, the one local guy that had the most affect on our reputation with the rest of the island was Dennis Wakumoto; Dennis of Hanalei Liquor Store. Everyone in the North Shore owed him money at one time or another. If you lived on the North Shore, you owed Dennis money, you were on his list. He only had a piece of cardboard, it was no big deal where he kept his list and stuff, but you owed him money... Dennis was the most classic guy, the most amazing guy. So he sponsored our team; bought us uniforms, he backed us up. We traveled Hanalei Liquor Store all over the state. We car-

Sam Lee

Surfer, diver and all-around waterman, famous as one of the big wave pioneers of Waimea Bay, Sam Lee was the state's land agent in charge of burning Taylor Camp. He was also involved with keeping Kalalau free of squatters and *pakalolo* gardens. "I suppose those of us who wear collared shirts, pants, socks and shoes to work every day probably felt a bit envious of those folks who lived such a life, such a great life." We interviewed Sam surrounded by *bonsai* plants in his Poi'pu garden.

I did not become involved with Taylor Camp until after the state acquired the property from Mr. Taylor for the Na Pali State Park. The state started legal proceedings but it took awhile to close the deal. Max Graham was the Legal Aid attorney representing the residents and there were protracted legal proceedings; so for me Taylor Camp became a matter of professional interest. I was the district land agent for the Department of Land and Natural Resources on Kauai and became involved with acquisition of the property and worked with State Parks to clear the camp for park development.

Notices were handed out to the residents, warning notices with the date people had to move out. Over time that turned into eviction. Some residents chose to relocate on their own and others did not. It was those people who remained to the bitter end that became the subjects of the eviction process. That involved the Kauai Police Department, state park personnel, people from the Attorney General's Office. It was a fairly large undertaking, equipment, laborers to actually carry out the demolition of houses, and to my recollection there was no violence, no confrontations. The people weren't happy to be taken out of their homes, but I do believe everyone was amply warned.



I was there during the burning of the camp. It was not a pleasant thing to do. However, you get caught with situations that are not to your liking but you proceed based on your orders. I do not believe there was any question of the legality of what the state did but it was not a happy experience for me. I did not enjoy doing it, but I was resigned to making it as painless as possible. There were relocation services offered by the state to soften the fall. I made a number of acquaintances there and I'm friends with some of them to this day. I think they understand that we had a job to do and unfortunately they happened to be the assignment. It certainly was not personal. It was the end of an era.

I visited the camp several times. I thought it was pretty remarkable. I marveled at the ingenuity of these folks in the things that they built, in the materials that they scrounged and used to build some very habitable and unique homes. We had to go down to inventory the houses and draw up maps. It was my job to go down there and take pictures and familiarize myself with the camp. I talked to quite a few people and was always greeted pleasantly.

I was invited into a number of those homes and I sat and talked with them. I think for a group of people just to come together from all over and create a little settlement there and live, is a commentary on that time—San Francisco, Haight Ashbury and free spirit. And what a great spot for a community, the ocean, the beach, the trees and the Na Pali Coast. It was paradise. Freedom—but yet I am sure they had their issues. Whenever you get more than two humans together, there is bound to be conflict sometime, but over quite a few years they managed to live happily and coexist.

Over the years I've come to really admire Bobo for what she has accomplished over her lifetime. I like her a lot. When we see each other it is a warm greeting; we are old friends. Bobo is the only Taylor Camper who is a constant in my life. And Rosey Rosenthal who was a young fiery guy who was going to put the state over a barrel, the mayor of Taylor Camp. I believe he is now assistant to the mayor of the County of Hawai'i and good for Rosey; he was always destined for great things. Heavens know where the winds have scattered the rest; I hope they are all well.

I retired four years ago. I am grateful I was able to work for the DLNR. That was how I moved to this beautiful island from O'ahu, earned a living and raised a family. But I am glad it is over, like any job there are tasks that I would

not like to do again and I would have to say Taylor Camp would be one of those. There was a perception back then that all these guys are hippies—they are all on welfare and hanging on the steps of Ching Young Store waiting for checks from Mom and Dad or from the government... they are dope dealers and bad people. But they really weren't. I know. They were good people. Taylor Camp prepared the local North Shore folks for Princeville; it was the first subdivision or housing development of people different than locals. Of course I am being partially facetious, but there was a strange little parallel there.

The reason that the state acquired the property was to create a state park for Kauai to enjoy. I have had cause to wonder about what happened to that plan. I firmly believe that acquiring coastal land from private interests before it is developed is always the best thing to do, and so for that reason I can say I believe in the process even though it involves difficult situations like Taylor Camp. However, I am disappointed that after more than thirty years the plan has not yet come to pass. I am sure there are fifty-million excuses for why I that has not happened. However, the natural beauty of that coast starting with Taylor Camp and going all the way down the length of the Na Pali is an incredible treasure. It is something that needs to be kept in the public domain and enjoyed by as many people as possible. I think Ha'ena and the Na Pali Coast are treasures that are amongst the most important in our country, in the world. I can remember days and many nights in that quiet beautiful place, just enthralled by the moon on the ocean, on that beach—and daytime up in the valley in the trees and the stream. It is just special, you see these kinds of things and it just blows your mind away.