

Foreword

by Jean King

There is something compelling about an entity that is simultaneously changing and fixed, shifting and steady, altering shape yet retaining its basic form: candle flame, for example, or the flames in a fireplace, holding us transfixed. Clouds, too. And the sea. All shift, change, flicker, surge—yet remain continually, recognizably *there*. Is this attraction because the impermanence in apparent permanence is the intrinsic nature of all things—some, like rocks and hills, slower to change; others, like trees, swifter—including ourselves?

In his evocative black-and-white photographs of the Ka Iwi coast, Al Benedict has captured this sense of the ephemeral and the steadfast, the duality that so appeals to something deep within us. He gives us motion and stillness in nuances of black and white. He gives us bright light highlighting ridges and crevices, subtle shimmering light glimmering off still water, the magic of reflections—caught and held, just before change.

And he gives us people enjoying Ka Iwi. For this is another duality: the invitation of Ka Iwi to quiet contemplation or to satisfying activity. Two people gaze out to sea so motionless a bird remains, quiet, beside them. A surfer stands, lone and still, at water's edge. And, in contrast, a fisherman tenses in the split second before flinging his line forward into the surging sea. An *'opihī* picker, ankle deep in water, intent, moves along the shoreline.

Ka Iwi encompasses, too, changing moods of changing times, and Al has paid homage to this in his photograph "Abunai." All that remains there now is the slim concrete marker pictured, but I remember the Umi-Mamoru Jizo (guardian god of the sea) placed there, in memory of Zensaku Uchibori, himself swept out to sea while trying to place a memorial at the blowhole for the many fishermen who had drowned there. During the anti-Japanese sentiment of World War II, vandals damaged the image's head and hands. (Repaired by Mō'i'i'i mason Sentaru Otsubo, it is now at the Pālolo Kannon Temple.) A happier memory is when my dad and I would walk together from our home in Kaimukī out to the old Hind Dairy, where 'Āina Haina is now. Each of us would get a big cone filled with their rich, rich vanilla ice cream, then walk back home, content.

Over the eons, Ka Iwi has changed in some ways that are imperceptible in our human span. But as Sue Cowing's excellent, concise history in the Afterword underscores, development can change it before our eyes. Many and deep thanks to the people who are actively involved in preserving Ka Iwi, and to the individuals in government who are responding to their outcry. And a warm *mahalo* to Al Benedict for his compelling "See this" of so much of what Ka Iwi is. Let us keep its wildness, its beauty, its pleasures even unto the seventh generation. And beyond.



K A I W I

Survival of a Coast

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALBERT BENEDICT