

## ***Living the Dream?***

***There are some places on this planet that are truly unreal. Hana, Maui is one of them. It's isolated from the rest of the world by a long, sometimes one lane, road that twist through the pristine Hawaiian rain forest. The road forces you to slow down from Maui time to Hana time where days and years mean nothing. The four tales and photos in this chapter come from my life in Hana from the mid 1970's to early 80's. I continued living there off and on until 1989 as my Hana dream slowly died. But this chapter is about living that dream in Hana for many years.***

***"Life On the Hana Side" is about reinventing myself in the wild, remote, pristine Nahiku jungle.***

***"The Other Side" Some crazy rock star tales of life in the fast lane on the other side of Maui.***

***"High Fashion, Hana Style" chronicles my photography of a Hana fashion designers success.***

***"The Hamoa Dream" tells of building my dream farm in the peaceful, spectacular hills above Hamoa.***

***During this time, Hana change very quickly from a relatively unknown place with no TV, modern school or jobs, to the e-ticket ride of Maui. Today, even Oprah has a house in Hana. I had bought land above Hamoa, just out side of Hana before the prices skyrocketed and built the first house above the Hana Hwy. I thought I could peacefully hideout there for a long time. I was wrong.***

***But, for a few years I lived in the most awesome place on the planet. My house was totally off the grid using a wind generator and batteries for electricity long before it was cool. The nearest neighbor was a mile away, the weather was perfect, and the view was beyond spectacular.***

***This was a very mixed up time in my life as I played many roles trying to find my place in the world again. Sometimes I didn't see people for weeks, other times it was a rock star life. Being suddenly single brought a bevy of exquisite women through my crazy world, but I wasn't ready to settle down again. From drugs to religion, I was searching for answers in a reality that needed none. This chapter, and the next two on Maui Wowie and Moonlight photography happened around the same time and blend together. They are all about experimentation and pushing the limits outside the box.***

***Remember, this all happened a long time ago in a different life time for everyone in these tales. For a short time we had a fairytale existents that few can imagine. While the rest of the world went insane we lived free and peacefully by our own rules in one of the most magical places on the planet.***



# Life On the Hana Side

In 1975, I was given a free place to live in Nahiku outside of Hana. The rustic cabin was located on a isolated, 115 acre, piece of stunning Nakihi coastline down two miles of a locked 4x4 road that use to be the ancient Hawaiian Piilani trail. I was the only one that live on that muddy road. It was a perfect place to grow some pot to finance "our" dream of developing the Hana family property. At least I thought it was our dream. I wanted to find a way to build a farm for our family on our isolated land above Hamoa.

While I worked hard on "our" dream, my wife was living with my mother in the Haiku house and having a wild affair that I knew nothing about. She was my first love and a really nice person who I trusted. Finally, I returned from Hana to find a note in our Haiku bedroom saying she didn't love me anymore, and wanted a divorce. I was totally surprised, heartbroken and devastated. I almost jumped off the Nahiku cliff. She left me with no money so I picked guavas until my first weed crop came in.

It is amazing how absolutely depressed you can be surrounded by such stunning beauty. So I reinvented myself as part of the wild, renegade community of crazy gorillas that lived in the jungles of Nahiku as a distraction from the heartbreak. It was a good excuse to surf, do drugs and chase chicks. I was growing lots of weed and eventually had plenty of money and drugs to party with.

I had to move to upper Nahiku after George Harrison, the Beatle, bought my coastline hideout and kicked me out. Hana was becoming the status place to be for the newly rich and famous. Old money like the Melons and Rockefellers had homes in Hana for a long time.

Now Richard Prior was standing in front of me at Hasagawa store with a fishing pole as the lightening cracked outside or Kristofferson was in my way on a boogie board at Hamoa Beach. Just more people moving here to hassle with. It was the beginning of the end of the easy life in Hana.

Hana was a real exotic paradise that, for a few years, was the best kept secret on Maui. These were high times. We all hung out at one of the many Hana beaches or jungle ponds during the day, and got together to party at night. The air and water were 80 degrees. There was no TV in Hana back then so we found other fun ways to entertain ourselves. We took care of our jungle grows when they needed it and harvested the gold for money. It was a great free, peaceful life. There were unreal parties and luaus every weekend that could go on for days. I got a new Brewer surfboard and surfed my brains out at the killer, empty breaks between Wailua and Hamoa. Hana's isolation meant that you had to live there to know about our Garden of Eden. But it seems everyone wanted a piece of paradise until it wasn't paradise anymore.





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## **Nahiku Hideaway**





**Sunset Over the Outhouse**





**Pristine Nahiku Coastline**





## **Unreal Nahiku Coast Sunset**





## **George Harrison's Point**





## Stormy Times





**Life Goes On**





## **Back to the Roots**





***Long gone Hana Bay Break***





## Halloween in Nahiku





## Wizard and Friends





***Crusin at Blue Pond***





## *Seven Pools by Moonlight*



# **The Other Side**

***I still had many friends outside of Hana, on "the other side". Since I had a place in both Hana and Haiku, I had the best of both worlds. Maui was a happening place for a 25 year old surfer with plenty money and drugs to party down. Being a Hana grower was considered very cool, almost respectable, at the time. Having killer buds to share got me invited to the hottest happenings on both sides of Maui, the other islands, and even the Mainland. These are tales from the Blue Max, Peruvian Flake, era of take it to da max living. One of my new friends had the highest house in Kula, literally. The party clown had many things to offer, and I wanted a taste of everything. It was the time of excess after the free love of the 1960's and before the HIV of the 1980's.***

***I was filling a safety deposit box with cash, there were stone fox chicks everywhere, and Maui was rapidly becoming the new "in" place to be. It was the perfect storm for a good time and I had nothing to hold me back. I thought if I had enough money, fame and success my X would regret she'd ever left me. Sounds stupid and sure didn't work, but seemed like a good idea at the time. I had been set free in a hedonistic world with no rules, how cool. It seemed that the lifestyle that many others were dreaming of at the time just fell in my lap. I'd live in Hana during the week and party on the other side on the weekends, surfing whenever the surf was good.***

***There were legendary parties all the time on the other side that sometimes went on for days, especially after harvest season. Really hot local bands like MU, Emua, Space Patrol, Dancer, Joe Cano, and The Guise fueled the revelry and kept the Blue Max and Kula Lodge rocking past 1:00 every weekend. Elton John or Stevie Nicks at the Blue Max, David Crosby and Graham Nash playing on a friend's front porch. It seemed there was always a famous musician jamming somewhere. I even jammed slack key in a Hawaiian band on Sunday afternoons at the Kula Lodge. These were the golden years before Maui lost its mojo and joined the rat race.***

***I was living two lives, one on the Hana side, and a different one on the other side. My friends on each side didn't really hang out together so I would slide back and forth between the two different worlds becoming who ever I wanted to be. It was pretty wild, and a complete change from being married that happened literally overnight. The girls I hung with were gorgeous, wild and cool with no strings attached. I became a player in today's language. But the fast life took its toll and by the mid 80's Maui and I were burnt out. Young people on Maui are still trying to live the myth we created, but there are too many people, not enough land, and no one wants to just jam.***





## Looking for Whales





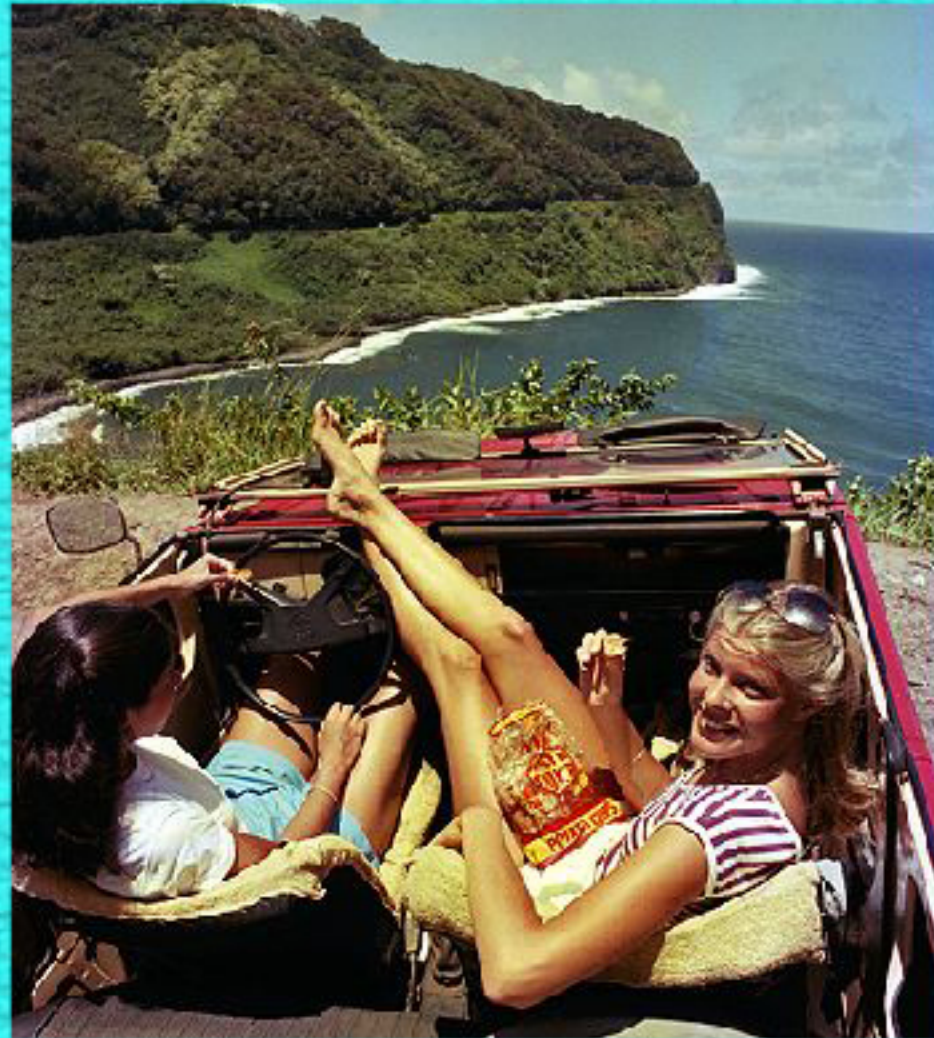
***Tourist Girl***





## A Sailors Dream





*Enjoying the View*





***Old Pioneer Inn***





## ***Seawind Concert***





## Elton John At the Blue Max





**Mahalos Elton**





## ***Lahaina Nights***





***No Static At All***





**Lahaina Ghost Ship**





## Pirates of Lahaina Town





## ***The Conquer's Treasure***





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## **The Party Clown**





**Kalua Turkey for Thanksgiving**





## Windward Oahu Jam



## **High Fashion Hana Style**

***This tale tells how a new fashion style came out of the Nahiku jungle. It shows we were not just a bunch of stoners sitting around the jungle getting high, thought we did that too.***

***Because my agricultural endeavors were doing so well at that time, I could afford to really pursue my passion for photography. I spent over three grand on a new Pentax 6x7cm camera with four lens, a professions tripod and lighting. That was a lot of money back then. Add to that the fact that it cost over a buck to buy and develop every single 120mm slide or negative I shot.***

***Making a living in Hana required a lot of creative imagination. There were very few jobs other than the Hotel Hana and government work. The construction boom had not yet begun. When I moved to upper Nahiku I met a local lady who was hand dyeing and painting Hawaiian flowers on island style clothing she made in the jungle. No one else was doing this yet.***

***Her Hana style caught on and people like Stevie Nicks and Pauline Wilson began wearing her designs on stage. She and her husband were good friends of mine and I began shooting her designs in 1977. As her fashion line grew it became very hard to for her to meet the demand working in a rain forest, especially with three young kids. So they moved to the other side, and eventually Oahu, chasing their dreams. She became a successful artist and he got into religion.***

***Back then we all helped each other out. Her husband helped me build my house in Hamoa and I did fashion photography for his wife. No one kept track of who did what for who. It was known as "Aloha kokua, mahalo bumbai" or "help me now, it will come back to you later". We had some great times and did some interesting things, at least that's my fuzzy memory of it.***

***Photographing beautiful models and hanging out at fashion shows was a cool bonus for me. It was another source of cute chicks and every once and a while I got lucky. This tale and photos show another dimension of my mixed up world back then. One day I'd be pounding nails in the remote jungle of Hana, the next day I'd be shooting a fashion show at a Kaanapali resort. The extreme lifestyle changes gave me a perspective very few people have experienced. All I can say is that it was way more fun than work and never boring.***





## **Hana Fashion Dream**





**Hana Style**





**Maui Girl**





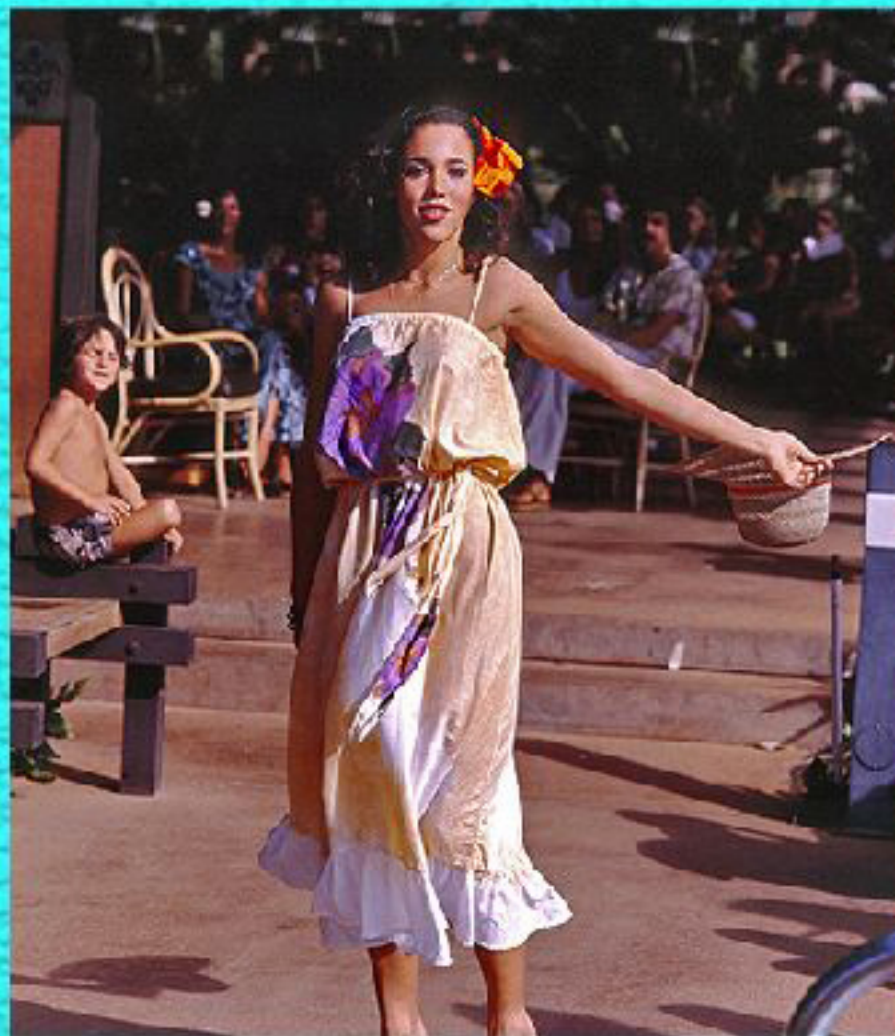
## Jungle Love





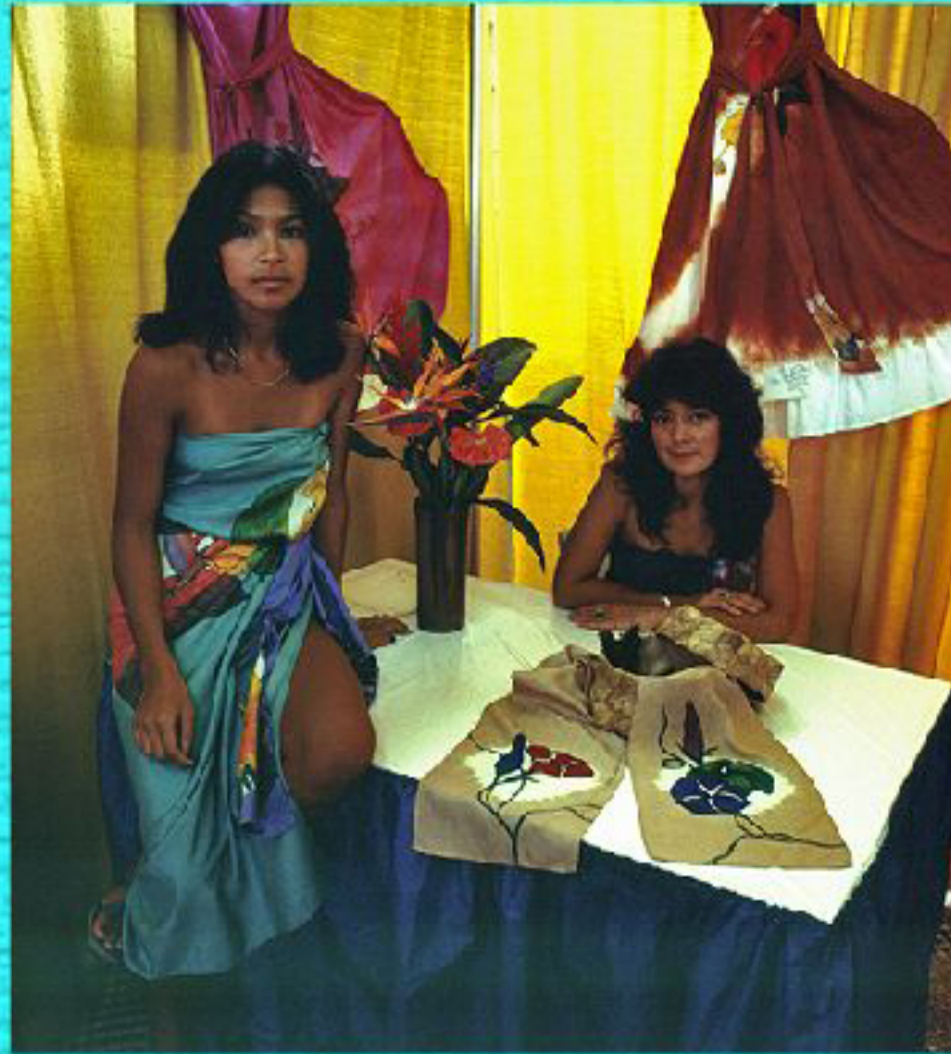
## **Kaanapali Fashion Show**





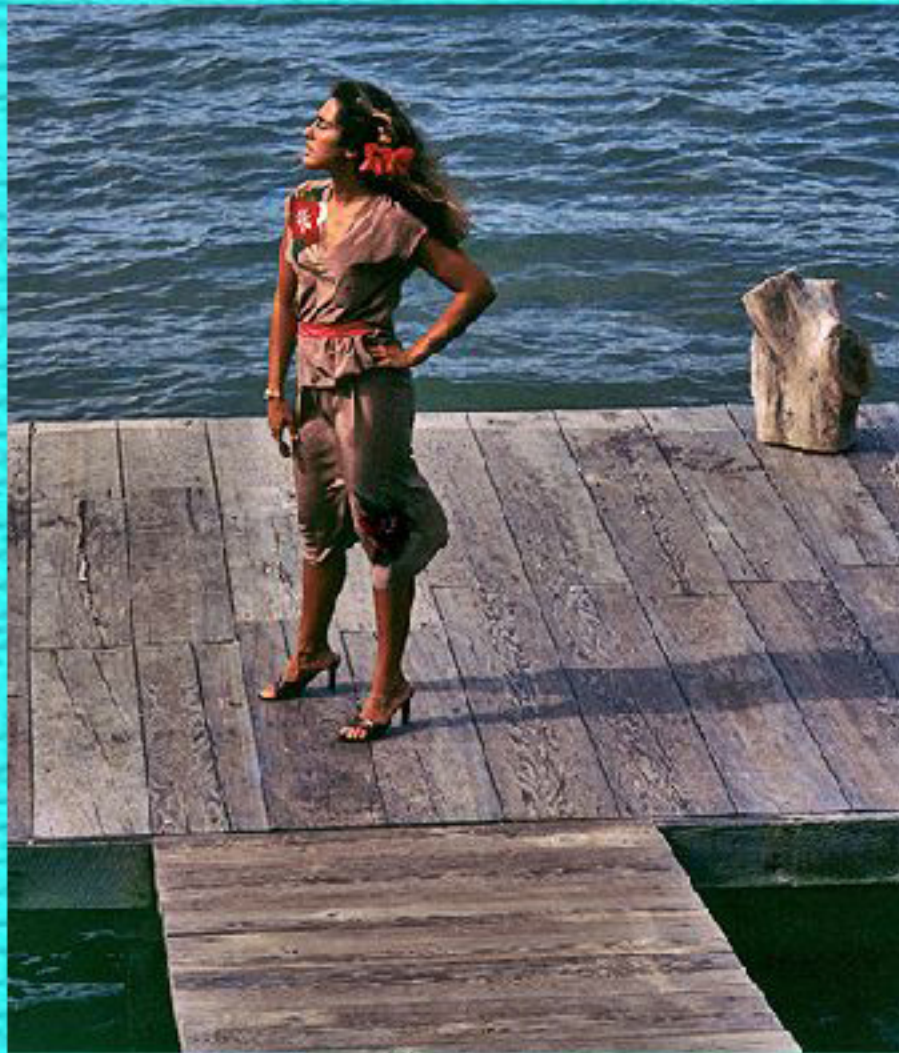
## Young Boys Dream





**Hand Made in Hawaii**





**Kaneohe Girl**





**Disco Dis Way, Disco Dat Way**





***Lei Ma, Chocolates For Breakfast***



# ***The Hamoa Dream***

***My dream was to build a farm on some remote family land just outside of Hana and raise a family. The dream changed dramatically after my divorce. Now I just wanted a bitchen place to live and play. Building this dream in the dense jungle was not easy. First I had to bulldoze a 3/4 mile road to the land and clear a house site. Then I had build a 2000 sq ft. self sufficient farm house, including hauling all the material up there from the other side of Maui. I went through five 4x4 trucks. Finally I had to clear and burn much of the 22 acre jungle and plant a farm. It was a big dream and I had not done anything like it before. I had to do it my self because we didn't have the money to hire people to do it. I drove the bulldozer, built the house and planted the farm. No one lived above Hana Highway when I built the house and I was literally king of the mountain. Now there are so many nice houses up there that It's hard to find mine with google map. But there's nothing like being the first.***

***Building the dream took many years and much of my money, but the unbelievable view from the 50 by 8ft covered front deck made all the hardship worth it. I could watch the sunrise out of the ocean every morning, see the snow capped Big Island, or check out the best surf breaks along the Hana coast from my living room.***

***My closest neighbor lived along the coast below so I never heard cars or people unless they were visiting me. In fact, one of the things I remember most about living there was the total peace and quiet. There was nothing to distract me from me in a reality that had little to do with other humans and their trips at first. After a few years I became much more aware of nature and my place in it.***

***The house had its own 5000 gal. water system, septic tank, wind and gas generator electricity, as well as gas appliances. When the great storm of 1980 knocked out power to Hana for a few weeks, friends came up to my house for a hot shower and cold beer. The Hana experience provided a stark contrast to the rest of my life working in media production on Maui, Oahu and in LA.***

***Creating this dream took a lot of "aloha kokua, mahalo bumbai" from many of my friends, but we had a lot of great times and parties up there. I was able to live my dream for a number of years in the most beautiful, peaceful, place on the planet until my mother moved out and ended the peace and quiet. I finally sold my land and left Hana in 1989 to chase other dreams. The house and farm are still there, but the kind of people I was trying to get away from have taken over. There are big homes along the now paved road that use to be my private 4x4 road. Living in Hana was not always "Heavenly" for me, yet I would not trade my time there for anything. These tales and photos are about building and living one of my dreams above Hamoa. When I left in 1989 I knew the Hana dream was over and it was time to chase a new one.***





**My Dream Place**





**The Dream is Up There, Somewhere**





## Building the Dream





## King of the Hill





**Beautiful View**





## Big Island Sunrise





**Aloha Kokua, Mahalo Bumbai**





**Totally Self Sufficient**





**Ready To Plant**





**Doesn't get Any Better**





**Time for another Dream**