



Kamehameha Lua Training with Kekūhaupi'o

NIUHI-SHARK

Honoring Kamehameha The Great in Paint & Prose

April 6th - April 26th 2019
The East Hawai'i Cultural Center/HMOCA
141 Kalakaua St. Hilo HI 96720

Artist's Statement by Carl F. K. Pao

Roughly three months ago, Kāwika Eyre and I were talking story and Kāwika said to me that we should do something for the upcoming 200th anniversary of Kamehameha's passing. I responded with an enthusiastic "Yes!" Little did I know that it would lead to this exhibit of paintings and prose.

The body of work reflects my personal inspiration gathered from reading Kāwika's book "Kamehameha—The Rise of a King." While reading, I pulled from the chapters images or scenes that I believed to be significant for that specific moment in the story or of a deeper meaning that would have importance later in Kamehameha's life. To help me and to have an idea of what Kāwika thought to be significant, he also provided his selection of text from each chapter to accompany my visual interpretations.

The works themselves consist of several layers of information and are of a limited palette. The paintings are executed on builders paper—a sort of industrial felted kapa—with acrylic paints and finished with a clear shellac. Throughout the collection, Kamehameha is always depicted in a red-orange color. The repeated organized geometric shapes under the compositions are my signature—which I begin all of my paintings with as opposed to a western practice of signing the works last.

Author's Statement by David Kāwika Eyre

Why, you might ask, use paint and prose to honor Kamehameha the Great? Carl and I will answer in a heartbeat: Because paint and prose are the pillars of our stories!

When I started teaching at Kamehameha in 1989, I was stunned to learn that my students knew next to nothing of the chief whose very name his great-granddaughter Pauahi had bestowed upon our school, and whose great feats had provided the economic basis for their education. This was, of course, no fault of theirs. It is the responsibility of teachers and school administrators to provide appropriate curriculum. As I now review that experience, I am reminded of quotes that later came my way and confirmed that all schools in occupied Hawai'i were, and still are, teaching colonized content:

Herb Kāne in phone conversation with me in 2005: "When I went to Kamehameha in the late 30s we read "Goldilocks" and "Little Red Riding Hood." Nothing Hawaiian. I wasn't in those pictures. I never knew who I was as a Hawaiian until much, much later."

Sam Ka'ai in *Hawaiki Rising*: "Hawaiians knew something was wrong. They knew that Hawaiian kids were okay until the third grade and all of a sudden in the fourth grade when they started to teach them social history and they started to collapse and not make it. Because some guy in a silk stocking and powdered wig is not the father of OUR country. Because Daniel Boone is not OUR hero. We had our heroes, but nobody was singing about Hawaiian heroes. Everybody was singing of some other hero."

So I began to write, joining with many other practitioners: navigators, dancers, chanters, farmers, speakers of Hawaiian, artists, paddlers, kumu of our keiki, and more—all working to reclaim Hawaiian knowledge and the stories of this land. Increasingly, our children reflect this renewal of knowledge. Now, in most classrooms, our haumāna know what a kōlea is. They know the names of our ali'i, the stories of our wahi pana, our sacred places. They are growing kalo and learning to ku'i. They are singing the songs of this place and these heroes, often in the first language of the land, including all three verses of Hawai'i Pono'i, whose refrain reminds us to defend Kamehameha "me ka ihe"—with the spear.

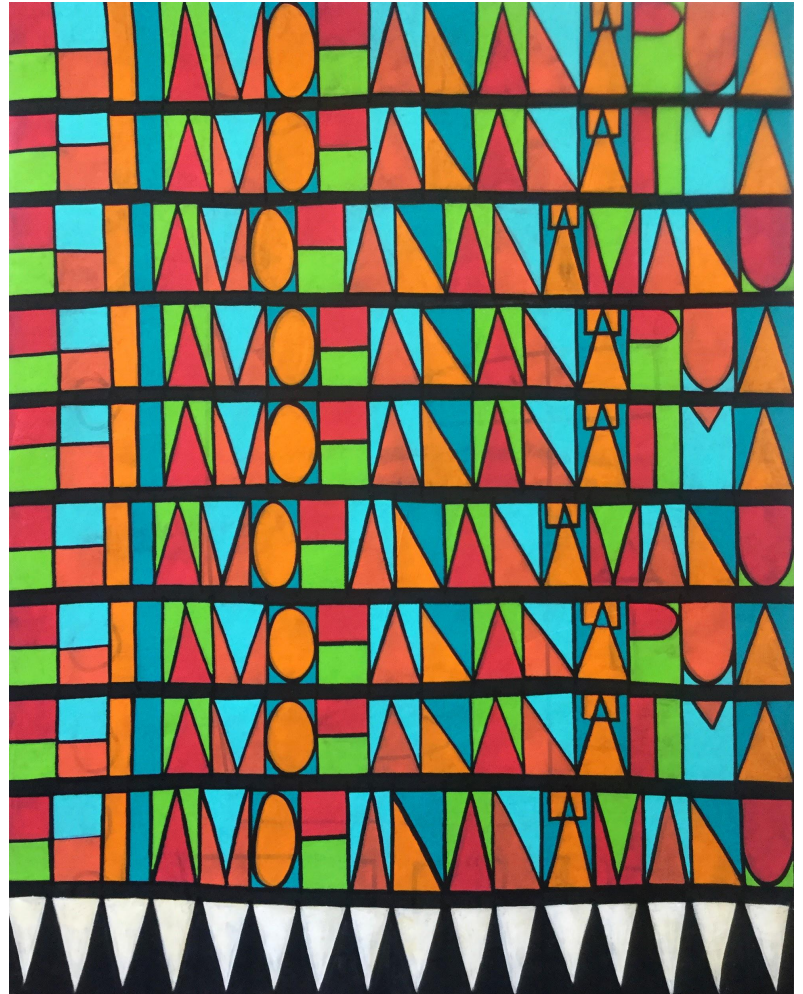
The spear of paint and prose.

*The following are excerpts from
Kamehameha—The Rise of a King*

1. White Rainbow Black Curse—Kamehameha’s Birth

It was a time of many prayers, some of life, some of death. Kokoiki at Kohala was the place, and the month was ‘Ikuwā. Men’s thoughts were of war and sea and storm. An astonishing star streamed across the northern sky. People pointed and exclaimed, “A white rainbow!” It was the unmistakable sign of a great chief’s birth.

At Kokoiki that night, in the rounded body of his mother Keku‘iapoīwa, was the unborn chief Kamehameha, he who would one day be the greatest ali‘i of all. As her body grew bulky with baby, Keku‘iapoīwa had craved the eye of the frightful niuhi shark, the chief of the deep ocean. This craving was a sign: her baby was a boy. He would be fierce, and grow up to be a slayer of chiefs. Alapa‘inui, the ruling chief, knew this, for there were many stories of the niuhi shark that thrashed through the water, grabbed a man, and shook him up and down in the sea. The boy must be killed before he could kill and conquer others. But Keku‘iapoīwa had other plans for her son. In the shadows behind the thatched house a dark, kneeling figure was listening for the baby to be born. It was Nae‘ole, a young chief of Kohala, a man loyal to this mother and her unborn child. His fingers worked quickly to loosen several sheaves of pili thatch. He crouched, glancing from the corners of his eyes. Without a word, the kahuna passed the bundle through the opening to Nae‘ole. His back to the rain Nae‘ole pulled the kapa around the child and vanished into the dark. This was his land: his feet knew the path like eyes.



1. MELE HO‘OHIA MOE (LULLABY)—Chapter 1
20hx16w
Acrylic and shellac on builders paper
2019
\$500

WHITE RAINBOW, BLACK CURSE—Chapter 1
60hx40w
Acrylic and shellac on builders paper
2019
\$3,200

2. Lumpy Poi and Twisting Eels—Kamehameha's Early Childhood

It was a time when the land of Hālawā on the island of Hawai'i hid the high-ranking child Kamehameha. The people of Hālawā held this secret in their eyes.

Kamehameha was expected to be one of them and to work alongside his people. His kahu Nae'ole taught Kamehameha how to paddle a canoe and to fish for aku. The sea shivered with fish. "These are the days of rain," Nae'ole said. "The lehua flowers bloom in the sea." He spoke few words and did not call the fish by name. "The fish have ears," he would say. Speaking of fishing was bad luck. Instead of aku, he spoke of lehua flowers blooming in the sea. Much of what Kamehameha learned in Hālawā would make him the chief he later became. That night, as every night, Kamehameha snuggled down in his kapa. A kapa white as moonlight. And the lullaby he loved could be heard from his hale:

E hiamoe ana nā manu The birds are going to sleep

E hiamoe ana nā i'a The fish are going to sleep

E hiamoe ana nā pua The flowers are going to sleep

ū...ū...ū.... mm...mm...mm....



When Kamehameha was of an age to carry a child on his back, Nae'ole told him he had to leave Hālawā. "You must go to the court of Alapa'inui in Hilo. He no longer wants your death." Kamehameha rested his hand on Nae'ole's arm and searched his face. "But why must I go? This is where I want to be." Nae'ole could not look down. He gazed beyond the boy to where a cloud lay smooth over the mountains. "You must go where the kōlea calls," he said. "You must know your relatives. They are your bone and blood."

A double canoe was made ready for the journey to Hilo. Kamehameha stepped onto the canoe and stood by his kahu. He dropped his eyes and waited. The afternoon light glared off the lifting paddles.

2. BOYHOOD IN HĀLAWA—Chapter 2

20hx16w

Acrylic and shellac on builders paper

2019

\$500

3. Blazing Stars and Shark Eyes—Kamehameha’s Training as a Warrior

It was a time when Kamehameha trained with Kekūhaupi‘o, the famous warrior chief of Ke‘ei. As Kamehameha grew in skill, he also grew in size. Soon he was taller and broader than his kumu. The day came when, wrestling, Kamehameha rolled over onto Kekūhaupi‘o, pulled back his arms and clasped both wrists in his huge fist. With his other arm he seized Kekūhaupi‘o’s legs and locked them to his chest. Kekūhaupi‘o could not move. The skills of the kumu now lived in Kamehameha. That evening he asked, “Am I ready for battle?” Kekūhaupi‘o’s voice was grave. “You must kill the niuhi shark and eat its eye, the eye that blazes green in the night. The eye your mother craved before your birth. Only then will you be the niuhi shark of the battlefield.”

Kamehameha turned and saw a dark shape cutting through the water. Its head thrust up and thrashed at the surface. Kekūhaupi‘o cautioned. “Do not leap yet, Kamehameha! Watch your enemy! Take time! Do not stab the eye. Behind the gills at the place of the liver—that is where you kill him!” Kamehameha threw himself onto the shark’s side. He clung close to the glaring eye and gaping jaws, the mouth of slicing teeth that loves the taste of man. With all his strength he thrust again, driving the blade deeper into the meat of the liver. The shark shuddered and went still.

On shore, the shark was carried to a hālau where no one was allowed to approach.

Kamehameha sat down in front of the dark eye. He was alone. With a bit of breadfruit he ate the eye of the niuhi. The power of the shark smoldered deep within him.



(above) 3. HONI—Chapter 3

20hx16w

Acrylic and shellac on builders paper

2019

\$500

4. LUA—Chapter 3

20hx16w

Acrylic and shellac on builders paper

2019

\$500

5. MAKA NIUHI—Chapter 3

20hx16w

Acrylic and shellac on builders paper

2019

\$500

4. Breaking the Blood—Kamehameha Overturns the Naha Stone

It was a time when seers gathered, both the men and the women kāhuna, to look to the future and consider the fate of the young Kamehameha. The wisest seer was Kalaniwahine, a woman of the highest kapu, the prostrating kapu. She was famous for her words. When Kalaniwahine spoke, the eyes of the other chiefs turned to her:

“E Kalani ē, here are the flesh and bones of my words. Kamehameha will see the Naha Stone and he will know what he must do. If Kamehameha moves the stone, he will rule the island. If the pōhaku by his power is overturned, then he will fulfill the prophecy of his birth. All the islands will be moved by him.”

Kamehameha uttered no word. He stood before the stillness of the stone. He leaned and laid his huge chest against the flat of the stone and whispered: “O great stone, you are naha. The chief who frees your kapu is of naha rank. I am not naha! I am but a smoke arching in the darkness.” But his words were defiant.

He smelled the damp breath of morning in the rock, sweet of moss and earth. He clasped his arms around it and pressed his fingers into the roughness. His nostrils flared. The sun warmed and now the stone smelled of blood.



(left)

6. KULEANA (RESPONSIBILITY)—Chapter 4

20hx16w

Acrylic and shellac on builders paper

2019

\$500

7. NAHA—Chapter 4

20hx16w

Acrylic and shellac on builders paper

2019

\$500

8. KĀPENA KUKE—Chapter 5

20hx16w

Acrylic and shellac on builders paper

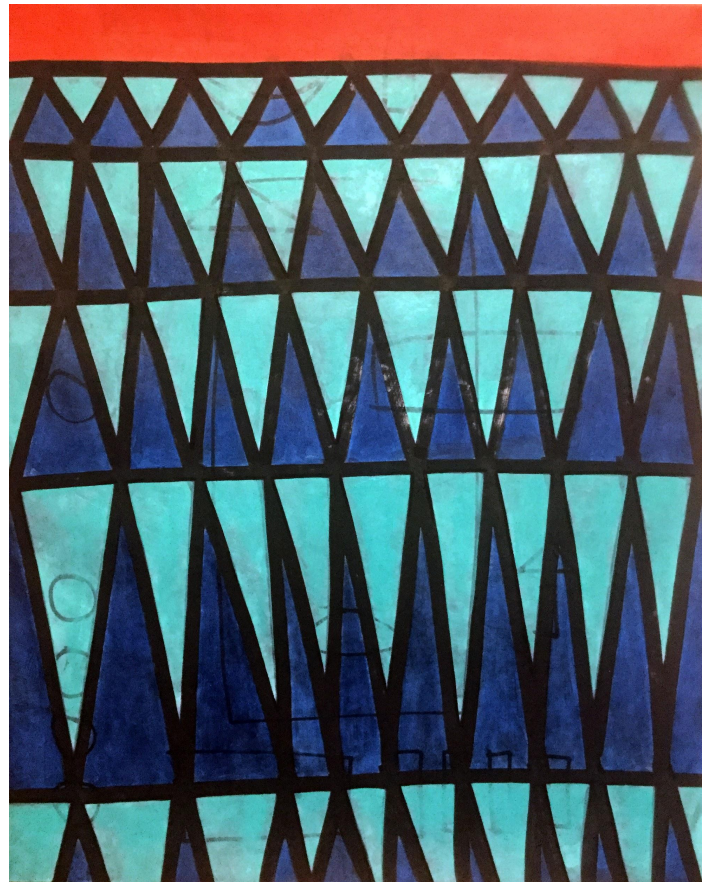
2019

\$500

5. Floating Islands—Kamehameha Meets Kāpena Kuke

It was a time when a kanaka named Moho arrived with startling news from Kaua‘i: The great god Lono had returned! The Hawai‘i Island chiefs Kalani‘ōpu‘u, Kekūhaupi‘o and Kamehameha listened: “Like a dream, they came at night, two floating islands! At first light we ran back and forth along the beach, staring at them. It was the time of Makahiki. Our people exclaimed, ‘Lono has returned!’ We climbed up the side of the floating islands and saw many others with Lono. They were pale. Their eyes glistened. Their mouths mumbled, but we could not make out their words. Fires in their throats made smoke come out!” Kalani‘ōpu‘u, wrinkled by years, hunched forward. “Are they gods or are they men?” Moho paused, shaking his head. “Some say their chief is Lono. Some say he is just a man. The voices are many on either side. We watched Lono closely. He is a tired and impatient chief. His moods change like the winds. We asked ourselves: Is he our god if he does not speak like us and knows nothing of our ways? The others with him are sickly and half-starved. Why are those who serve this Lono not clean? We have many questions.”

Kuke (Cook) held his ground at the water’s edge. Muskets fired from the boats. Bodies dropped around Kuke as he turned toward the water. A last marine dragged himself over the gunwale of the nearest boat. The oars dipped, and the boat pulled away. Kuke waved and shouted frantically, his hat falling to the ground. In desperation, he turned and struck the face of an ali‘i, slashing him from temple to cheek. The chief lashed back with his club. Then another club hit Kuke on the back. He sank to one knee, groaning. “Kāhāhā!” the warriors cried, “He moans! He bleeds! Surely he is not a god!” An iron dagger cut into Kuke’s neck. He fell forward. “Kāhāhā!” came the shout. “Ua make ‘o Lono! Lono is dead!” Kamehameha gazed in silence at the shallows. The body lay face down, wavering in the water like a kapa soaking. Kekūhaupi‘o grabbed the legs by the boots and twisted them like rope. The body rolled over, eyes staring at the sky.



(above)

9. RESTLESSNESS—Chapter 5

20hx16w

Acrylic and shellac on builders paper

2019

\$500

6. Sacred ‘Awa, Piercing Spears—Kamehameha’s Victory at Moku‘ōhai

It was a time when the ali‘i nui was old in his years. Kalani‘ōpu‘u knew he was soon to die and that the power of all things must pass on. He called his chiefs to Waipi‘o, the valley of dark cliffs. The ali‘i crowded to the heiau, their feathered ‘ahu‘ula blazing gold and red. Kalani‘ōpu‘u raised his arm. “O chiefs, hear these words that are mine. The land and the right to divide the land shall pass to my son Kīwala‘ō. To my nephew Kamehameha, I give the kapu of our god Kūkū‘ilimoku and the kuleana over his heiau. Kamehameha alone shall chew the sacred ‘awa that only his kinsmen may drink. The chiefs nodded, but their faces were somber. It was a world dangerously divided.



Kamehameha went to Ka‘awaloa and met with his kahuna Holo‘ae. For days Holo‘ae had watched the signs of the clouds, had heard the howl of the dog and the hoot of the owl in the hills. “E Kalani ē!” he said, “We are at war! Tomorrow the sun will rise, clear and cloudless. The sea tide will swell. The morning battle will be against Kīwala‘ī, and your enemy will be victorious. In the afternoon, the sea tide will fall. The battle will turn in your favor and by the dust of evening the victory will be yours! Kīwala‘ō will die, but your cousin Keōua will live!”

The prophecy of the kahuna Holo‘ae was fulfilled. On the plain of Moku‘ōhai, women bent over the dead and the dying, tending them with a weeping and a whispering. Not until the night did the wails of the women quiet. An owl, darker than dawn, sailed over the empty-eyed dead. Eyes blank like fingernails.

10. HALA (PASSAGE)—Chapter 6

20hx16w

Acrylic and shellac on builders paper

2019

\$500

(above)

11. AN AFFRONT—Chapter 6

20hx16w

Acrylic and shellac on builders paper

2019

\$500

Ka‘ahumanu went to the beach at Ke‘ei. Soon after, Kamehameha arrived. They sat on the shore. Kamehameha spoke quietly, as if to himself. “This is the first victory, but the battles will continue. My cousin Keōua has returned to Ka‘ū. From there he will wage war on us. There will be no peace. But for now we have this victory at Moku‘ōhai. Our nation begins in this place. The time will come when we will stand together, a people at peace, a lāhui of one land.” Through the colored water came the shape of a shark,

shadowing toward them, gliding back and forth from the sway of its tail. Ka‘ahumanu pointed with her chin. “Look at his niuhi eyes. He knows.”

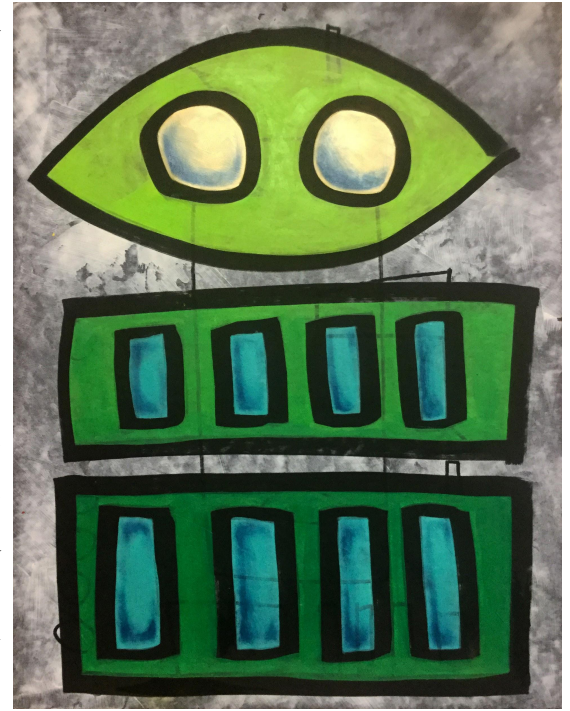
7. Stars and Stones—Kamehameha’s Famous Runner Makoa

It was a time when the stars of the sky glittered over a divided island. Three chiefs ruled Hawai‘i. An uneasy peace held the land like a hot, rustling wind. But Kamehameha’s thoughts were not of war. They were of fishing and farming. He commanded that taro patches be repaired and replanted, fishponds rebuilt and their waters stocked with fish. But this time of peace did not last.

Two other ali‘i ruled parts of Hawai‘i Island. They would not forget the prophecy of the Naha Stone, that Kamehameha would one day rule all the islands. And that he had inherited the fierce god Kūkā‘ilimoku, whose frequent wish was war. Nor had Kamehameha’s own chiefs forgotten. In time they tired of farming and fishing. They grew restless with peace. Kamehameha feared that if he wavered, his chiefs might turn against him. And so he called for his childhood friend Makoa, who was a kapu runner, unmatched throughout the land for his astonishing speed. When Makoa sprinted past, running his chief’s message, no one could speak to him or hinder his passage in any way, under penalty of death.

Kamehameha gave Makoa two stones, one black, one white. They were wrapped in kapa cloth. Among the ali‘i it was understood that these stones were like words: the white stone was a word of peace, the black one a word of war. “E Makoa, take these stones to the Hilo chief Keawema‘uhili. Return with the stone he has chosen and his voice upon your chest.” Makoa ran into the darkness. The path was marked on either side by pieces of white coral. The coral gleamed in the starlight and guided his feet. The next morning when Kamehameha opened the bundle, the white stone rolled out into his wide, cupped hand.

The war-loving chief Ke‘eaumoku stood up. He was the father of Ka‘ahumanu and a fierce and famous warrior. “E Kamehameha ē,” he said. “The white stone is not enough. The Hilo chief has not understood your true feelings. Ask again. This time demand the sweet-tasting ‘anae and the fat awa from the waters of Waiākea. Reluctantly Kamehameha told Makoa to return to Keawema‘uhili. “Tell him of my craving. Say that I will have only the succulent fish from the pond at Waiākea. The fish must be soft and alive when they are presented to me. Not stiff like the tusk of a boar.”



PA'I Ā PA'I (EQUAL)—Chapter 6

60hx40w

Acrylic and shellac on builders paper

2019

\$3,200

12. HO'ĀO (MARRIAGE)—Chapter 7

20hx16w

Acrylic and shellac on builders paper

2019

\$500

(above) 13. WHITE STONE

BLACK STONE—Chapter 7

20hx16w

Acrylic and shellac on builders paper

2019

\$500

8. Bitter Rain, Crusted Blood—Kamehameha's Law of the Splintered Paddle

It was a time of the white stone, but not of lasting peace. Kamehameha led ten thousand men over land from Kohala to Hilo. On those moonless nights, the land forces exchanged flickering messages with the canoes, torch to torch, across the dark water. For two days and nights the Battle of the Bitter Rain resounded in the hills above Hilo. On the third day the black-tattooed chief Kahekili arrived from Maui with 12,000 fresh fighters. Kamehameha's warriors suffered terrible losses. They retreated to the coastal town of Laupāhoehoe and the new heiau by the standing cliff. Kamehameha slept little, and only to receive a dream from Kūkā'ilimoku, his feathered war god. Finally the dream came. His words were for Kekūhaupi'o: "Finish the heiau built by this work of ours. I will return with a sacrifice from the rocks of Puna. We will sweeten the altar of Kū as we prepare revenge on Kahekili."



The canoe slid through the sea toward Puna with the strong and steady pull of paddles dipping at the water. It crunched up the stones of the beach. Kamehameha jumped out and ran across the lava, following two fleeing fishermen. "Here is the sacrifice from the rocks of Puna," he said to himself. The fishermen, carrying their paddles, took a side path across a field where the lava was thin like shell. They leaped over places where grass hid crevices that could grab a man's body and hold it like a shark. They heard a loud thud. Kamehameha had plunged into an unseen pit. His foot wedged into the rock. One of the fishermen clasped his paddle in both hands, swung it up, and brought it down hard. The blade shattered as it cut into Kamehameha's skull. The fishermen fled. Kamehameha's men found him surrounded by reddened rock and splinters of wood. The blood had begun to crust.

(above)

14. SPLINTERED PADDLE—Chapter 8

20hx16w

Acrylic and shellac on builders paper

2019

\$500

LAW OF THE SPLINTERED PADDLE—Chapter 8

60hx40w

Acrylic and shellac on builders paper

2019

\$3,200

For days Kamehameha lay between dreaming and waking in his fire of fever. Ka'ahumanu sat by him. She dripped cold spring water onto his lips and waved a small fan. The breath of the fan cooled him. Outside the many ali'i awaited his words. Finally, with great effort, he raised himself on his elbow and spoke slowly:

"The wrong is mine. You will not seek my revenge on the people of Puna. I sought their death. I am ali'i. My punishment came from a commoner. By right, I should be

punished. I am spared my own death to make right this wrong.” He could say no more. Months later, Kamehameha called his people together. The moon was young and there were many standing torches. He spoke to his people: “Tomorrow, Makoa will go forth with these words on his chest, the law of the ali‘i, the Law of the Splintered Paddle. By its power our people will have life.

E nā kānaka!

E mālama ‘oukou i ke akua!

E mālama ho‘i i ke kanaka nui

A me ke kanaka iki.

E hele ka ‘elemakule a moe i ke ala;

E hele ka luahine a moe i ke ala;

E hele ke kamaiki a moe i ke ala.

‘A‘ohe mea nāna e ho‘opilikia!

Hewa nō, make!

Oh, my people!

Your allegiance is to our god!

Respect alike both the chief

And the commoner.

Let the old man lie by the wayside;

Let the old woman lie by the wayside;

Let the child lie by the wayside.

Let nothing harm them!

Disobey, and die!

9. Water of Blood—Kamehameha Conquers Maui

It was a time when the stars still glittered over the many battlefields. Kamehameha fought against Keawema‘uhili, chief of Hilo, land of the Kanilehua rain. He fought against Keōua, chief of Ka‘ū, land of the shark, the caterpillar and the gourd. And he fought against Kahekili, the black-tattooed chief of Maui who had sided with Kamehameha’s enemies. The invasion of Maui began on the night of the Māhealani moon. The water was light and the canoes were dark. Swivel guns on four of the canoes glinted. Kamehameha’s two haole advisors, Isaac Davis and John Young, rode with him. Dawn on the sails, as the first canoes entered the bay at Hāna on Maui, the last canoes were still leaving Waipi‘o on Hawai‘i Island. Such was the fleet of Kamehameha and the lei of victory in Hāna was his.

The next night the canoes raced to Kahului. Kamehameha gazed at the beach and under his breath said to his trusted runner Makoa: “Untie and turn over all the canoes. There will be victory or there will be death.” The eyes of the young warriors rounded in fear. With heaving chest and full voice Kamehameha shouted: “I mua e nā pōki‘i a e inu i ka wai ‘awa‘awa! ‘A‘ohe hope e ho‘i mai ai! Forward, younger brothers and drink of the bitter waters! There is no turning back!”

Kamehameha and his warriors pushed into ‘Īao Valley by the sloped hillside at Pu‘ukāne. Young and Davis positioned their cannon where the valley narrowed and the stream cut against the cliff. The slaughter began. The booming of cannon caused terror. By the hundreds, the people of Maui fled

deeper into the valley, climbing the cliffs, clutching the rocks. The black mouths of the cannons burst again. Many let go, their fingernails scraping the rock as they slid down and dropped into the water below, blocking the flow and staining the stream.

By late afternoon the battle was over. The water of 'Īao flowed red for three days. Rumors of its redness went from mouth to mouth, island to island. The eyes of the land were wide. The battle was now twice named for its horror: Kepaniwai, The Damming of the Waters, and Ka Ua'upali, The Scraping of the Cliffs.

Kamehameha turned to Kekūhaupi'o and murmured: "There is no honor in our victory. The haole weapons, with all their power, have forever changed our warfare. We lie face down. All of us! In death or in shame we lie face down."



(left)
15. MAK'A'ALA (ALERT)—Chapter 9
20hx16w
Acrylic and shellac on builders paper
2019
\$500

16. "FORWARD, YOUNGER BROTHERS AND
DRINK OF THE BITTER WATERS.
THERE IS NO TURNING BACK!"—Chapter 9
20hx16w
Acrylic and shellac on builders paper
2019
\$500

10. Water of Moon—Kamehameha Builds Pu'ukoholā Heiau

It was a time of priestly words. The seer Kapoukahi had uttered his famous prophecy: "Kamehameha shall build a house for his god! The place is Pu'ukoholā at Kawaihae!" But the building of the heiau would have to wait. While Kamehameha was fighting on Maui, his cousin Keōua invaded Hilo. The great chief Keawema'uhili was killed and Keōua declared himself ruling chief. He took his warriors, their women and children, and went first to Kīlauea to honor Pele, for they were of rugged Ka'ū and they were Pele's people. By afternoon the ground began to shake and sway, heaving beneath them. A swirling column of black smoke spewed up and spread across the sky. Within the blackness there was

a glare that turned into a furious blaze, burning orange and red. “Look! It is Pele! She is sharp-lipped and she glowers down at us!” Everything went black. Some of Keōua’s people crouched. They clutched each other. Most died where they stood, fused to the lava, their footprints molded in a mud of melted rock that hardened around their feet, leaving each foot forever imprinted. When word of the eruption reached Kamehameha, his kahuna Holo‘ae exclaimed, “Pele has struck fierce Ka‘ū! She stands with you! Build the heiau at Pu‘ukoholā, Kamehameha! Build it now!”

And so the day was chosen and the building of the heiau on the hill began. Everyone helped, the kānaka nui and the kānaka iki, for the kapu were lifted, allowing chief and commoner to work side by side. In the final days, the priests decreed a silence. Children were hushed, dogs muzzled, chickens covered in dark baskets. At Pu‘ukoholā, there was the shuffle of feet, the thud of a boulder dropped into place, the smell of sandalwood smoldering in the rocks. During these days the kāhuna met in secret without the ali‘i. “This is the time of the kāhuna,” said Holo‘ae. The kapu of the ali‘i fade before those of the gods! The wars shall not cease until the body of a ruling chief sweetens the altar of Kū!” Holo‘ae paused, his eyes fixed in thought. “Kamehameha must bow to the kapu of the gods. The Law of the Splintered Paddle is a sail without wind. All power is now in the hands of the kāhuna. This is our command: Keōua will be brought from Ka‘ū. It is Ke‘eaumoku who will clutch the spear!”

Kamehameha turned and looked up at the heiau of Pu‘ukoholā. Finally he spoke. “O Keōua, my cousin, my brother! Here we are, the two ali‘i of this land. For nine years we have fought each other. We have sailed the seas of our people’s dying. Now here you lie, stifled in the imu, your bones soon bundled. And I alone alive. I speak with no peace on my lips. Hear me, Keōua. I did not desire this death of yours. The kāhuna had their way. My hand faltered before a kapu that demanded its sweetening. The Law of the Splintered Paddle, the law of life, became a broken stick, a cracked rock. Oh pity for you, my cousin, my brother. Yours is the doom of death, mine the doom of life. There is a treachery here that will live down the ages! Far away in Ka‘ū an old woman, her hands on her face, moaned her chant:



(above)

17. E PELE Ē—Chapter 10

20hx16w

Acrylic and shellac on builders paper

2019

\$500

18. THE DEATH OF KEŌUA—Chapter 10

20hx16w

Acrylic and shellac on builders paper

2019

\$500

“Auē! Auē! Ua make ku‘u ali‘i! Alas! Alas! My chief is dead! My chief of the rain of Hā‘ao A rain drives down from the hills Tears for my chief drop down On the heads of the people! Auē! Auē!”

She lowered her hands and looked up. And oh, the sorrow of her star-filled eyes!

11. Battle of the Leaping Mullet—Kamehameha Conquers O‘ahu



(above)

19. THE JUMPING MULLET—Chapter 11

20hx16w

Acrylic and shellac on builders paper

2019

\$500

20. MALUHIA (PEACE)—Chapter 11

20hx16w

Acrylic and shellac on builders paper

2019

\$500

It was a time when the great Maui chief Kahekili lay dying. He was living out his days on O‘ahu at a place in Waikīkī called Ulukou. He soon went into the night. His son Kalanikūpule did not honor his father’s promise that O‘ahu would be Kamehameha’s without the piercing of the spear. And so again it was a time of war. The sails of a thousand canoes unfurled and filled. As the great god Kanaloa breathed in, the sea tide shrank away from the sands and the canoes left Moloka‘i. All eyes were on O‘ahu. When the sun was high and hard, the canoes glistened toward the beaches at Wailupe, Wai‘alae and Waikīkī. Conch shells sounded, announcing to the land that Kamehameha had arrived. Kanaloa breathed out and the sea tide swelled, lifting the canoes over the jaws of the reef. After three days, the armies of Hawai‘i were ready. Kamehameha, Kekūhaupi‘o and Makoa went to Kapālama. There, at the royal heiau, they met other chiefs for the pule kāhiu, the prayer for victory in battle. Kamehameha chewed and strained the ‘awa. He raised the kānoa bowl, dipped in his fingers, and flicked them upward. “Yours is the essence, O Kū! Ours is the substance! Today the ‘awa, tomorrow the blood!”

The next morning, the battle for O‘ahu began. Marching westward, Kamehameha first clashed with Kalanikūpule’s forces on the ma kai side of Pūowaina Crater (Punchbowl). His warriors were better armed and better trained. Quickly overwhelmed, Kalanikūpule’s men scattered into lower Nu‘uanu. Kamehameha

turned his attack up the valley. Musket locks clicked. Gunfire ripped the air. Spears and stones flew. Marksmen drove ramrods into the hot musket barrels, jerked the guns to their shoulders and fired again and again. From the hill above came the pounding of a cannon. It was Lopaka, the cannon of

John Young. Six times Lopaka pounded. Those who survived retreated deep into the valley where their wives and children waited, huddling in fear. Soon messengers arrived breathless: “Get over to Ko‘olau! Go quickly! Get over!” It was not far to the pali where a crooked path was their only way down.

Kalanikūpule’s people stumbled back toward the precipice. The first to fall were followed by more and more, plunging the far way down, over and over, down and down. Many turned and leapt, for in their courage and warrior pride they chose to take their own lives. They leapt far out like mullet over water. Soon the rocks below were piled with the broken dead. Kamehameha realized the battle was won. He called for an end to the slaughter. A silence fell upon the battleground. Kamehameha stood near the pali edge, his spear in his fist. His face was stern and fierce and running with sweat. A rustle of wind stirred. “Listen!” said Kekūhaupi‘o. “It is the breath of the gods! A whisper to the living. O Kamehameha, the great conqueror of the islands, your nation lives!”

12. “Your Nation Lives!”—The Last Years of Kamehameha

It was later that year that Kamehameha married the sacred chiefess Keōpūolani. Of Kamehameha’s many wives, Ka‘ahumanu was his beloved, and **Keōpūolani** his most sacred. She was of the Pi‘ilani line of Maui. She would bear Kamehameha children of the highest rank, which was the nī‘aupi‘o kapu of their mother. When their first child, Liholiho, was born, he was placed under the care of Kamehameha and Ka‘ahumanu. At the age of five, Liholiho was proclaimed heir to the kingdom by Kamehameha. The boy’s education in the world of men began. They moved to Kailua on the Island of Hawai‘i and lived at Kamakahonu, land of the ‘Eka wind, the smooth sea, and heaped fish. Kamehameha’s skin was dry and tough like an old hala leaf. His shadow was thin. His head was unbowed and his gaze clear. He was an old man with a young man’s eyes.

Other chiefs and kāhuna helped with the training of Liholiho. On one occasion, Ka‘ahumanu, Liholiho and Kamehameha met with a kahuna whose name was Kapihe. He was famous for his prophecies. These were his words:

E hiolo ana nā kapu kahiko
E hina ana nā heiau me nā lele
E hui ana nā moku
He iho mai ana ka lani
A e pi‘i ana ka honua.

The ancient kapu will be abolished
The heiau and altars will fall
The islands will be united
The heavens (chiefs) will descend
And the earth (commoners) will ascend.

Ka‘ahumanu and Liholiho exchanged looks. A low fire showed their faces. As if to break the silence, Ka‘ahumanu lit her pipe. She took a few puffs. Her eyes were on Kamehameha. She held out the pipe. He shook his head. Finally, he spoke, his voice weak: “I do not doubt Kapihe’s words. I know

the world is changing. The ways of the haole stain us like the coloring of a kapa. It is the land's slow stain. Kekūhaupi'o said it long ago, 'They come and they take. They take like a fire that will never say it has had enough.' In time the haole will want our gods. Then our land. And then the very words from our mouths."



Kamehameha was dying slowly, like a great tree. Word came that the morning sea was red with 'āweoweo. It was a sign and the people wept. They knew it was the day of their chief's dying. All looked toward the hale at Kamakahonu. Children clung to their parents like bark to a tree.

The ali'i gathered around Kamehameha along with Keōpūolani and Ka'ahumanu. Liholiho and John Young stood by his side. Kamehameha gazed at them. The words came slowly: "E na'i wale nō 'oukou i ku'u pono. You have only to continue in my good works..." Kamehameha did not finish. He reached up for Young. Their cheeks came together. Kamehameha's mouth went still. He dropped to the mat. Kamehameha was dead.

(above)

21. 'ĀWEOWEO (BIG EYE)—Chapter 12
20hx16w
Acrylic and shellac on builders paper
2019
\$500

22. "E NA'I WALE NŌ 'OUKOU I KU'U PONO."—Chapter 12
20hx16w
Acrylic and shellac on builders paper
2019
\$500

Ka'ahumanu went to the beach. In a low voice she chanted her sorrow. Then she grew quiet. She could hear each sound of the sea. In the distance the surf was rinsing the rocks, rustling whitely. Looking over to the heiau where Kamehameha's body lay, she murmured: "E ku'u aloha lani ē! O my beloved chief! Hear the waves where they go white and whispering! It is the voice of the shark. Follow it! And see the stars, Kamehameha, bright and blazing! Follow them! They are your rainbow! The prophecy is fulfilled, your nation lives!

KAPIHE—Chapter 12
60hx40w
Acrylic and shellac on builders paper
2019
\$3,200

KUAMO'O
60hx40w
Acrylic and shellac on builders paper
2019
\$3,200

About the Author

David Kāwika Eyre has taught Hawaiian language at Kamehameha Schools for 23 years. His book *Kamehameha—The Rise of a King* won a Palapala Po‘okela Award for excellence in Hawaiian culture, a Nēnē Book Award, a Moonbeam Children’s Book Award, and a Read Aloud America selection award. Eyre is the author of 7 books, the most recent collection of haiku poems entitled *not a one*, published by Red Moon Press in 2018.

About the Artist

Born and raised on the island of O‘ahu, Carl Pao graduated from Kamehameha Schools in 1989. He earned a BFA at the University of Hawai‘i at Mānoa in 1994, with an emphasis in Ceramics (Outstanding Senior Ceramic Student Award). Carl received his MFA with first-class honors in 1999 from Elam School of Fine Arts at the University of Auckland, Aotearoa. He returned to Hawai‘i in 2000 to take his current full-time teaching position at the Kamehameha Schools High School in the Visual Arts. In January 2018, Carl transferred to the Kea‘au campus. Outside of his teaching schedule, Carl continues to create his own art.

About the Venues

Located across from Kalākaua Square in the old police station, The East Hawai‘i Cultural Center/HMOCA has been a feature of Downtown Hilo for 50 years. EHCC/HMOCA is a non-profit arts organization working almost entirely with volunteers to provide a platform for cultural expression by the diverse communities that make up Hawai‘i. The East Hawaii Cultural Center aspires to offer ongoing representation of our host culture, not just about Hawaiian culture, but also from Hawaiian cultural points of view. Visitors to EHCC/HMOCA will find exhibitions showcasing fine arts, as well as workshops and theatrical and musical productions that keep Downtown Hilo vital. Our recent programs include the Youth Arts Series, plays and musicals in Kahua ‘Elua Theatre, and Piko Press Print Studio. EHCC/HMOCA is also home to SPACE, a museum shop that offers curated fine art, craft and design from Hawai‘i-based artists.

Volcano Art Center (VAC) is a nonprofit art and educational organization founded in 1974, which operates both a gallery and an educational center. The highly-regarded Volcano Art Center Gallery, located within Hawai‘i Volcanoes National Park, is a fine art gallery representing the work of nearly 200 local artists. The Niaulani Campus in Volcano Village serves as the VAC’s educational campus where classes, workshops, performances and events occur. The Volcano Art Center Gallery is located in the historic 1877 Volcano House Hotel in Hawai‘i Volcanoes National Park. Sales of artwork in the gallery support gallery artists and the Volcano community, along with VAC’s cultural, arts education, forest restoration and professional artist development programs.

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