Artist: Moses Goods

Titles:
1. ‘Āpapa Kūpikipiki‘ō
2. After the Birthday Party
3. The Children Beneath the Wall

Artwork Description
Within the Ottoman Gallery, Goods—one of Hawaii’s most gifted storytellers—recounts and dramatizes a series of captivating tales that came to him during his engagements with Shangri La, revealing the layered meanings of this place.

Artist Statement
We assign meaning to a place by giving it a name. Names are often connected to stories and they help us to remember what makes a place special and unique. But every place is layered with many stories and each is worthy of memory. Shangri La, Black Point, Ke‘ahamoe, Cromwell’s, The Home of Doris Duke and Kūpikipiki‘ō are all names associated with the same area but with different stories attached to them. When I first stepped foot onto these grounds only a few months ago I became the recipient of many of these stories all at once. Stories that were beautiful, painful, complicated, inspiring, and unfinished. That experience served as fodder for a series of in-depth conversations with two of my most esteemed creative partners which led to the creation of three separate pieces of theatrical art.

‘Āpapa Kūpikipiki‘ō juxtaposes an original mele composed by Kaha‘i‘ôlelo Sueoka, with fragmented visuals including replicated pieces from the collection as well as a pōhaku borrowed from the shore below. It is a deconstruction of the many layers and stories of this wahi pana.

After the Birthday Party written by Lokomaika‘i Lipscomb is an imaginary journey into the fascinating story of Doris Duke. It takes place during a very pivotal and formative time in her life and is meant to help us envision her not as an icon or a symbol but as a human being. Although this piece is based on real events and includes the names of actual people it is in fact an artistic creation and should not be mistaken for historical fact.

The Children Beneath the Wall is an artistic recount of the most poignant moment that I experienced during my first visit to Shangri La. It is a difficult story to tell. It involves change, erasure, and division. It is also the one story that I treasure above all others because to me it is the culmination of all the stories that this place holds.

Chant with translation.

‘Āpapa Kūpikipiki‘ō,
Hiolo ka maka iā Ka‘alāwai,
Upon the stratified layers of Kūpikipikiō,
The eyes tumble down on Kaʻalāwai,
Obstructed from view are the indigenous kīʻi pohaku, the lineages,
the beloved multitudes left below.
Heaped up above them are the travel-worn objects of the East artfully piled like mats.
The captured treasures of Morocco,
Which inspires internal conflict; highly-valued objects lost.
The admirers gawking at the genealogy of the prophet,
Standing stripped and alone for the world to see as a mere object d'art.
The footprints of this assembly of foreigners,
Trespassing, disturbing the dust and bits of crumbled marble.
Standing there are the jali, marble gates intricately carved and storied; placed to draw in profit,
The prying eye peers through ensnaring that which lies within; a victory.
Until a low roar issues forth from below the cries of a distant time.
Echoing the call of the loyalists.
Inciting the daring, defiant one to leap toward the promontory as an inspirational memory leaps on the forehead.
The 'alae raises its voice in protest on the stationary banks; a supposed permanent boundary.  
The fiery mass crowds in like a volcanic flow,  
Making a direct path for Ke'ahamoe.  
The stone cleaves, the 'ohā is separated from the kalo to engender new growth.  
Disturbed, the currents rise; the seas roil and crash.  
Perhaps if the 'ili 'ula were to return,  
Tranquility will ensue;  
The rightful state of the stone will be restored, it shall be decided,  
To serve as a staircase for the generations,  
For the generations who will shift the strata, who will overturn the status quo.

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