

16 Kotahitanga



Karakia Tīmatanga

Tūtawa mai i runga
Tūtawa mai i raro
Tūtawa mai i roto
Tūtawa mai i waho
Kia mau ai
Te mauri tū, te mauri ora
Hi te katoa
Haumi e, Hui e, Tāiki e!

Mihi

Ko tēnei te mihi ki a Rangi rāua ko Papa, tēnā kōrua.
Me mihi ano ki a Te Ātiawa me Taranaki ki Te Upoko o Te Ika.
Nei rā te mihi ki ngā tini mate ahakoa ko wai, ahakoa nohea. Hoki atu rā kei
tua i te arai, ki te kainga o ō tātou tupuna.
Moe mai rā, mai moe mai.
Me mihi ano hoki ki a koe Shannon Te Ao ki a koe te rangatira, koutou ko te
whānau o Te whare toi Pōneke.
Nō reira tēnā koutou, tēnā koutou, tēnā koutou katoa.

Foreword

Hana Pera Aoake & Morgan Godfery

Newspapers are one of the richest sources of information and insight into Māori lives and history in the 19th century. From 1842 to the early 20th century more than 40 newspapers, whether iwi-run, church-run, or government-run, appeared in print. Over the century thousands of Māori would use that print platform to document their social lives, debate government policies, and imagine the future of their country.

This newspaper does not form part of that whakapapa, but in its modest way it hopes to capture some of the spirit of the print tradition. Come the mid-20th century, newspapers for or by Māori had more or less disappeared. Magazines were doing better, like the Department of Māori Affairs' quarterly *Te Ao Hou*, and then later *Mana Magazine*, but the newspaper with its combination of short and long form writing, its letters, and its documentation of everyday life was gone.

This one-off newspaper, *Te Kotahitanga*, takes as its starting point the writers and the writing of the mid-to-late 20th century. It features pioneering poets and essayists like J.C. Sturm and Arapera Blank, who were regular contributors to *Te Ao Hou* and some of the first Māori women to achieve—to use a very Pākehā turn of phrase—a literary prominence. Their achievements continue to inspire writers today, and their political edge still resonates in Māori communities decades on. This one-off issue also features

Keri Hulme who, after winning the world's most prestigious prize in fiction, the Pākehā establishment could not ignore. Hulme's writing is quintessentially Kāi Tahu and Kāti Mamoe. She can capture in a short poem the kind of force and meaning that it takes other writers many years and many books to capture.

In many ways this newspaper is a document of Māori women. Roma Potiki, who is a poet, playwright, artist, performer, curator and director, can be found in these pages. So, too, can Rachel Buchanan, who is part of this long whakapapa of Māori women in writing, and Alice Te Punga Somerville who has done so much to research and understand this whakapapa. For much of the 20th century and into this century it was chiefly Māori women who were documenting our society's social and political life, capturing what it was like as a Māori person on Māori land.

Of the writers in this newspaper, we are lucky that many are still with us. Apirana Taylor, of the talented Taylor whānau, is still writing and cutting through to various truths. But, sadly, many have also passed on. Keri Hulme this year, but also Ranginui Walker and Rowley Habib in the last decade. Walker and Habib write movingly about activism and land in this newspaper, bringing the political struggles of the last half century to life.

Lastly, you will find an interview with the artist and activist Emily Karaka, who features in *Matarau*, and who represents a living connection with the social and political times that are documented in this newspaper—including the activism and land struggles Walker and Habib describe. Karaka's painting, *Matarau* (2022) also features as an image, representing the various whakapapa connections between today and times' past, between the different writers and their various intersections, and between you as readers.

Before you read any further, we must ask that you pause and acknowledge every writer who features in this newspaper. We mihi to each writer and, of course, we mihi to their whānau thanking them for their generosity and grace in sharing. We also acknowledge and thank the guardians of their estates and their publishers. Without their guardians and their publishers, none of this would have been possible. It's humbling, and a great privilege, to reprint the writing that features here. Part of Kei te pai's kaupapa as a Māori-led press is to ensure that history is accessible for Māori readers. This newspaper is a modest part of that kaupapa. We hope that you sit with it, enjoy it, and let it energise you.

At the Museum on Puke-ahu

He waiata mō ngā taonga

J.C. Sturm

It was too special an occasion
For anonymity.
Nothing less
Than a public show
Of origin and identity
Belonging and commitment
Would do
For the job to be done:
The lifting of a tapu
The launching of a new taonga
'Ngā Tāngata Taumata Rau'
Into the world of books

With
Karakia
Haka
Whaikōrero
Waiata.

The tohunga led
The tangata whenua
Kaumātua
Manuhiri
From foyer to echoing hall
Pākehā present to Māori past
One kind of knowing and feeling
To another way of being.

We laid down
Our personal taonga
Of individuality
As koha on the marae
And made the perilous passage
From one world to another

Diminished and dependent
On a strength
Other than our own

Becoming no more than
A likeness to a faded photo
The bearer of another's name

The end of a line
On a whakapapa
A mark on a page
A notch on a stick
A mere speck
Of historical dust.

Our shadows on
The polished floor
Kept us company
Like secret allies
As we moved toward
The whare whakairo
Te Hau-ki-Tūranga
In the great hall
Where Tāwhirimitea
Shattered the air
Around the high dome
Above us

And all the old taonga
Moved restlessly
In their glass-caged sleep
Dreaming of their prime
Of release and being
Taken home—
'Awhinatia mai Arohata rā'—
Sharing with us
The painful truth
Of irretrievable loss.

Earth Mother

Hinewirangi Kohu-Morgan

I am earth mother,
Papatūānuku,
greed sticks its pegs
across me,
ripping out my heart,
burying it
beneath slabs of stone
—the time of my death
is written across the sky.

In a time beyond
I was free.

I am imprisoned.
My children grieve.
I am
Gate Pā
Takaparawhā
Āwhitu
Waitangi
Aotearoa
I am the whole land

—that has been confiscated
—that has had waste pushed into it
—that is dying

set me free—restore my korowai.

My body was once beautiful,
adorned with pōhutukawa
—the scent of kōwhai
clothed me.



Papatūānuku

Roma Potiki

i am Papatūānuku
giving completely i hold strength in its
upright form—

my base maps the pattern of mottled life,
rain and rivers.

when the rest is gone
you will know me—

you who press on my skin
tread the body you do not recognise.
with my face made of bones
my stomach eternally stretching
i need no definition

i am Papatūānuku, the land.

Myth, Omen, Ghost and Dream

Keri Hulme

Let us begin at the ending, the ending of us all; begin with Hinenuitēpō, the Great Lady of the Night, Mother Death. She is a fearsome lady, her private parts bladed with flakes of obsidian, her eyes of dark green jade, her hair the long black tendrils of kelp. And her skin-clear, red, glowing palely! Because the Great Lady of the Night began as the Girl of Dawn.

Her mother was the first created being, Hine-ahu-one, the Woman of Clay; her father, the god Tāne. She was born suffused with beauty and called Hineūtama, the Girl of Dawn. Tāne begot more daughters from her. When she discovered he was also her father, she fled from the world of the living into the night. There, as Hinenuitēpō, she waits for all souls.

Her privates, they say, are bladed with flakes of
blackstone sharper
than grief
her eyes, they say, are blank and jade
her skin still skin of the Girl Dawn but intruded on
by shadows
and such careless shapes as the body assumes on
dying
her hair, they say, flowing tangling as seaweed
closing over your head

after Rerenga-wairua
they say

From the Lady of Clay the Girl Dawn first
wakened red and smiling

nobody asks to be born
nobody asks to be born

You've heard of Māui, trickster hero and demi-god? His last exploit was to try and conquer Death that all humankind might be immortal. His way? Surrounded by his friends of the bird kingdom, he attempted to murder the sleeping Hinenuitēpō by entering her vagina and—reversing birth—making his way to her heart to stop it. Unfortunately for him, Pīwakawaka the fantail found the sight of Māui's legs wriggling round so funny that he burst out laughing. Hinenuitēpō woke, squashed her legs together, and that was the end of Māui.

Which brings us to omens of death.

Not unnaturally (in view of Māui's end) a fantail in our house isn't considered lucky. The gecko, the green lizard kākārīki, is also looked upon with horror as being innately evil and a harbinger of death. (Incidentally, people who practised māku—black magic—were initiated by eating human excrement and a live gecko, among other rites.) The call of the morepork, ruru, can bring a tremor to the heart—war-parties knew this, and used it for a signalling call. And huhu beetles or moths,

tapping on the window, mean someone is dying.

Moths are interesting. It is thought that when someone dies, they make their way down to the far northern tip of New Zealand, to Te Rerenga Wairua, at Cape Te Reinga. As they go, they leave signs of their passage; northern tribes believe that if you are from an inland area you will leave bracken or nīkau—from a coastal area, seaweed. Other tribes believe that you tie knots in the grasses. Whichever, eventually the spirits arrive at Te Rerenga Wairua, slide down the roots of the last pōhutukawa tree in the land, into a kelp-fringed hole in the sea, and make their way to the borders of the night.

Some myths tell of a progression of deaths within Hinenuitēpō's kingdom. Each time, the Soul is whittled away, a little more, a little more, until there is just enough left to enliven the body of a moth, which returns to the world of the living, the world of light, for one last spin.

So we began, dreaming swimmers on inward seas,
and live and die
and live again
Why? why death after being why being? why death?
Come! let us go and ask our mother together
hand in hand to the door
ask Her poised in Her shadow, Hinenuitēpō

Did you not often ask
the unanswerable questions of your mother?
And did she not answer you?
The end:
a moth
caught in the crack of the tree
drowned by hard rain...

There are other, much more hopeful, myths—but we won't go into those here.

Omens can be other things than moths and beetles and birds. Lightning, particularly wildfire (rua kanapu) or any kind of lightning unaccompanied by thunder, is regarded as a messenger—bad news is on its way to you!

Getting up shivering in the night,
wrapping myself in the canvas-backed blanket
like it's a cloak and pākehās
haven't been invented, going outside to
watch for shooting stars or the greenghost
flicker of wildfire that is never where
my eyes expect it, or anything

E tangi ana moana...

Sea, weeping: o yes.

Dreams are messengers, messages—we, as a people, the Māori people, set great store by our dreams, whether they be ridiculous (as for a cousin of mine who, dreaming of a red coat, stuck the family fortune on a bay mare called Red Jacket; a gelding called Katipō won the race) or sublime (as in dreaming of relations who are well and happy after dying of a long and painful illness—some would say that was wish fulfilment; I prefer the idea that the dead relation set you back a comfort).

Which brings us to ghosts, kēhua.

To understand kēhua, you need an idea of how we thought—and think—of the human body and soul.

You are made up of several bodies. There is your body of flesh. This is rendered alive by the impersonal vital force, hau—which is mostly translated as 'breath' or 'essence'. Your emotions and affections reside in the liver; te ate (old people will still pat their stomachs and say things like, 'That really touched my heart, dear'). You have a personal power or property called mana, which is partly inherited, partly decreased or increased by your own actions. Your mana cloaks and shields you, and can ward off bad influences. It can, however, be affected by other people's actions.

Then, you have a wairua—an unseen double, a soul-shadow, your own spirit. This is absolutely personal to you: it is your spiritual essence. Now, we think your wairua can detach itself while you sleep, and go visiting. It can go to the realm of the dead and return with news (provided it doesn't eat anything the dead offer it). It can go among the living (some people are said to be able to do this consciously). It can even make itself known while you're conscious—sometimes you are attracted to someone you don't know, who later turns out to be whanauka (part of your relation-group), and then you say, 'My wairua knew you before I did'. If your wairua, through natural death or a too-sudden waking, becomes detached from your body, it can then be thought of as a kēhua, a ghost.

Some kēhua are kindly: some are indifferent: some are malevolent. Against the malevolent, there is, fortunately, a surefire protection. Cooked food.

I carry my ghosts on my shoulders
wet-eyed and tight with teeth:
I am immune to cooked charms.

Why it has to be cooked food brings us to one of our major religious concepts—the idea of tapu and noa.

Tapu can mean any, and all of these: sacred, reserved, forbidden, holy, dangerous (positively dangerous) or restricted. Noa is generally translated as 'common'. It is anything that is free from tapu. It is the

Now, your head is very tapu (you don't touch Māori heads, you don't put hats on tables, you don't burn hair in cooking fires, and some people will not wash pillowcases or sheets with teatowels lest pollution result). If you're a highborn man (or very highborn woman) your back is tapu (thus freeing you from any carrying jobs, eh?). Incidentally, you can see why early Pākehā in New Zealand ran into trouble. All they needed to do was pat somebody on the head, borrow feather plumes used as adornment and stick it on their own heads—or flog a chief who'd signed on as a crewmember on a whaler, and massacre resulted...

You can spread tapu by naming, for instance, something you covet as your 'head' or 'backbone'. It then takes on the tapu qualities of yourself (the higher the person, the greater the tapu). You can be in a state of tapu whereby you cannot touch food, having to be fed like a baby (this would happen to someone engaged in giving a moko, for example).

Food is noa. Anything to do with cooking is noa—pots, firewood, the oven, the cooks (it always used to be a job for slaves or women of low rank). Anything cooked is totally without tapu (hence the worst insult, the only swearword, the most terrible thing you can say when you're serious!—is 'Upokokohua': 'Cooked-head!'—Aue! These degenerate days somebody can be named a pokokohua and by that is merely meant a scallywag, or a lout. But notice the discreet losing of a vowel, just in case ...). I know people, mainly old people now, who always carry a bit of bread about their person when they travel at night, or when they travel out of their own area. The cooked food will negate any tapu they might unwittingly encounter.

Curiously, latrines (which must be the ultimate in cooked food, nei?) were, in the old days, highly tapu. This was mainly because human excrement was used in black magic (and, like nail clippings, could hurt the person from whence it was obtained) but it was also for health reasons—tapu could act as a quite practical 'keep away' sign.

A sidelight: tapu also acted as a conservation measure. Part of a shoreline could be placed under a rāhui (a kind of interdict) and made tapu for part of the year. This would, for instance, give a certain variety of shellfish a breathing-space.

There's a little of this mix of noa and tapu, this feeling of danger, in the following poem. (Tū, incidentally, is the short name for the god of war, Tūmataenga—Tū, eater of the hearts of men, and can also mean a messenger, or to be hurt or wounded.)

'You digging another hole for the dunny?'
Yeah, breathing hard and stabbing the earth
on the safe fringes
sand and more sand and shovel and aching
and suddenly soot
calcined shells and broken fishbones browned
by hundred on hundred still years
underground and on the iron edge
a flake of flint chipped in small deliberate
notches
long as my finger
Don't touch!
'Hey it's sharp!
grinning at my white eyes
grinning and carving the air
hoping for bloodbeads
'Tū! Tū! Tū!'
shrill above the sea
'E, who taught you that?
'Nobody...'

Men are, in general, tapu. Women are, in general, noa. (For example, you are not supposed, on a marae in

some areas, to step over a man's legs, or hang your clothes higher than his. On most marae, women cannot whaikōrero, the most public and splendid way of acquiring mana—because the marae is tapu.) The most noa thing in all creation is a woman's private parts. 'There', said the old men, thinking of Māui, 'was Death.' 'From there', some of the old women have been known to retort, 'comes Life.'

A small but important illustration tying all this together: my tribe is Kāi Tahu, my canoe is Takitimu, but I am also intimately connected with the canoe Te Araiteuru. Two years ago, there was a truly fascinating and horrendous moment at the opening of Te Araiteuru urban marae in Dunedin (an urban marae is a town meeting place, learning place, grieving place, celebration place, place of mana). Kāi Tahu's arikinui-upoki is Ricky Ellison, a direct descendant of a famous fighting rangatira of last century, including such famous names (in the South Island of New Zealand) as Taiaroa and Tuawhaiki. Another man thought he was senior, elder, to Ricky, and usurped his place in the order of speaking on the new marae. And he would not shut up. Other elders stood and really insulted him, called him all kinds of dog, ordered him off, even went to strike him (some of those old men carry very heavy walking sticks too). Nothing worked. So, eventually, the kuia were called on. And if you can imagine a line of immensely dignified old ladies, highly respected in every way, mainly clad in black and in long skirts and headscarves, marching in silence onto the new marae and turning round and flipping up their skirts and presenting their backsides to this interloper! Well! He slunk off. This made the marae noa—cleansed—and enabled everything to start again. (And afterwards everybody thought the whole incident magnificent, because it was all done in Māori fashion, and it ended well, and so it added to the mana of the new Te Araiteuru marae.)

So noa has its positive side—its ability to disperse dangerous tapu. (A meeting house on a marae, the whare-rūnanga, whare-puni, or whare-moe, cannot be used until a woman has stepped over the threshold—all that dangerous tapu engendered while the men were carving and painting must be dispersed.) And it is thought that the most noa of all times—menstruation—is both dangerous (you are not supposed to weave, or gather certain dyes for flax, or go into certain places, for example) and immensely powerful. You are then at one with, and at the hub of the turning earth. You are at the hinge of the worlds of life and death, the worlds of light and dark:

It is a cliché that once a month, the moon stalks
through my body,
rendering me frail and still more susceptible to
brain spin;
it is truth that cramp and clot and tender breast
beset—but then it is the tide of potency, another
chance to walk through the crack
between worlds

What shall I do when I dry, when there is no
more turning
with the circling moon?
Ah suck tears from the wind, close the world's
eye; papatūānuku still hums.

Māori cosmology opposes the world of the dark, the night, the place of the Great Lady of Death, with the world of Dawn, of the light, of the living—Te Ao Hou, Te Ao Mārama—part of the invitation to a newborn child is, 'Haere mai ki te ao hou!', welcome to the world of light (or, 'Come here to the new world').

This has been a rough, shallow, colloquial introduction to Māori ideas of afterlife, of the numinous, of the sacred and the profane, and the links and messengers between. I could direct you to much more scholarly and authoritative articles, but may I leave you with another extract from a poem?

there is silence,
there is quiet
no ghosts intrude—
watching the kūmara grow
I sit;
ovens are grown cold.

In the light, star
light open night
I watch my nails
there is no fire—
newly hatched from fertile soil
the moth explores
a finger.

She is silent,
she is quiet,
about, the world is still
perhaps tonight
new and old
we together
moth and me
will dream tomorrow.



(Extract from) Ka wharehai tonu mātou:

Struggle without end

Ranginui Walker

The Struggle Against Hegemony

The Māori struggle against Pākehā domination was taken up in the post-war years of the modern era by Māori women. From the time of the First World War, Te Puea had led the fight seeking compensation for the unjust confiscation of Waikato land. The matter had dragged on for years, despite a recommendation by the Sim Commission in 1928 that it be settled. In 1945 Te Puea reopened negotiations with the Government and concluded a settlement the following year. It provided for an annuity of £6,000, which is administered on behalf of the Waikato tribes by the Tainui Trust Board.

Te Puea's leadership grew out of the tribal struggle of the Waikato people to recover their mana from the trauma of colonisation. She was followed by a new wave of Māori women, who, in 1951, established the first national Māori organisation, the Māori Women's Welfare League. The experience of these women in the Māori committees of the Country Women's Institute and the Māori Health League, combined with growing urbanisation, motivated Māori women to establish a forum of their own to articulate Māori needs outside and across the tribal arena. Educated women in particular, like Mira Petricevich, felt constrained by the male prerogative which in some tribes prohibited women from speaking on the marae. With the assistance of Rangī Royal, a Māori welfare officer, the league was launched at a conference in Wellington. A Dominion council was elected with Whina Cooper as president and Mira Petricevich secretary. The first task of the president was to visit all parts of the country to establish branches and district councils. With its foundation established, the league then undertook a survey of Māori housing needs in Auckland. The league's report of overcrowding, and insanitary slum conditions in which migrants were living, put pressure on the Māori Affairs Department to step up its housing programme. The Housing Corporation also had to expedite its plans for the new housing estate in Ōtara to relieve the pressure in the inner city.

For the next ten years, the annual conferences of the league became an important forum for the expression of Māori views on housing, health, education, welfare, crime, and discrimination in employment and accommodation. The league's resolutions and submissions to Government were taken seriously by government departments. At the parochial level, the league branches assisted needy families with provisions from a 'distress cupboard' when a breadwinner was unemployed, or a father neglected his family. In some cases the league provided clothing, school uniforms and stationery for children of poor families. Members of the league also gave the Housing Corporation advice on setting priorities in the allocation of state houses to the mounting list of applicants seeking relief from overcrowded accommodation. Individual members of the league also budgeted families who got into debt as a consequence of overcommitment to hire purchase and time-payment agreements. In these transactions the

league played a vital role in helping people who were not coping well with the adjustment to urban life.

In 1962, when the playcentre movement as an alternative to kindergarten was launched in Māori communities by Lex Grey and Roy Saunders, the league branches helped establish playcentres on marae all around the country, in public halls and even in their own homes. Prior to this, few Māori received pre-school education because mothers were too shy to participate in kindergarten education, which was seen as the domain of the Pākehā middle class. Playcentre appealed to the Māori because of its philosophy of self-help, parental involvement, and parental participation in control and management. Furthermore, playcentres were touted as analogous to the American 'headstart' programme and would help Māori children bridge the gap in educational achievement between Māori and Pākehā that was identified by the Hunn Report. The report noted there was a 'statistical blackout' of Māori at the higher levels of education where only 0.5 per cent of Māori secondary students made it to the seventh form compared with 3.78 per cent of Pākehā. But without adducing any evidence, the report blamed parental apathy for the situation. Māori commitment to the playcentre movement contradicted that widely held view in educational circles. Furthermore, one of the Hunn Report's recommendations for resolving the problem, which was partly attributed to low income and large families, was the establishment of a Māori Education Foundation. The Māori Women's Welfare League, in its commitment to education, put its full weight behind the fund-raising activities that launched the foundation.

The Māori Council

In the next decade the initiative in Māori leadership was taken over by the Māori Council. The council had its genesis in the Māori Social and Economic Advancement Act 1945, which gave statutory recognition to the tribal committees. The committees were so successful in supporting the war effort that the Government felt they would have an important role in assisting the Māori adjust to the anticipated changes after the war. Under the provisions of the Act, the committees were expected to promote the social, spiritual, cultural, educational and economic advancement of the Māori. In following this wide-ranging brief, the committees were expected to cooperate with government departments, educational authorities and other agencies of the state. There was provision in the Act for committees to appoint Māori wardens, who were charged with supervision of Māori people in public places, halls, bars and on marae so as to ensure the promotion of harmony between Māori and Pākehā. The wardens had no power of arrest but could confiscate alcohol in the possession of anyone in the vicinity of a marae or dance hall. In public bars they could ask the barman to stop serving alcohol to any individual who in their opinion was drunk, and they could confiscate the keys of such a person

attempting to drive his car. The wardens were issued with a warrant from the Minister of Māori Affairs and a small, undistinguished badge of office. They wore civilian clothing in conducting their duties, but that did not matter; because since they were operating in the context of their hapu or iwi, they were known to the people. They were invariably known by the young as 'Uncle' or 'Aunty' and their word was law. No one, for instance, queried their right to quell unruly and noisy fans in a picture theatre with a cuff over the ear as the cheering reached a crescendo when the cavalry arrived to relieve a besieged fortress. The tribal committees were the base of the structure under the 1945 legislation. Above them were tribal executives and district councils.

As the urban migration gathered momentum, the Government recognised the changing circumstances of the Māori, and abolished tribal committees, replacing them with Māori committees under the Māori Welfare Act 1962. This Act also brought into being the Māori Council, the top tier of a cumbersome four-tiered structure modelled on Pākehā bureaucratic systems. At the parochial level were the Māori committees with defined areas in a town, region or suburb of a city. Committees were grouped into executive areas, and executives were subject to district councils, of which there were eight covering the country. The district councils were based on the boundaries of the Māori Land Court, namely Taitokerau, Waikato, Waiariki, Aotea, Tairāwhiti, Ikaroa and Te Waipounamu. The eighth one was the Auckland District Māori Council, which served the urban Māori population. All levels of the structure held triennial elections, culminating in the district councils sending three delegates to the national council, which elects a president. The weakness of the system is that Māori committees are an artificial construct of the bureaucratic mind and did not fit the authentic Māori systems of mobilising people through whanau, hapu, iwi and marae committees. Despite this blemish, with the assistance of Māori welfare officers, the committees were elected, and the Māori Council brought into being. Marae committees generally designated themselves Māori committees to qualify for membership in the council structure. The one incentive to do so was the role assigned to district councils of allocating priority disbursement of government subsidies to marae-building projects. When projects proliferated as a consequence of urbanisation, a distinction had to be made between rural and urban subsidies. A larger amount of money was allocated to urban subsidies because of the greater need, and the fact that most rural areas already had marae to serve what was in effect a dwindling population.

Although the rural districts of the Māori Council were inherently tribal, with some paying their levies to the national council out of tribal monies, some tribes were suspicious of the council as a creature of Government. Others suspected the council as a National Party ploy because it was established during the reign of a National Government, to counterbalance

the four Māori seats held by Labour. At the inaugural meeting of the council in June 1962, Ralph Hanan, Minister of Māori Affairs, gave some credence to that view when he said that as a Pākehā unlearned in Māori ways, he found it difficult to tell Māori people under his portfolio what to do. Although the four Māori members of Parliament offered guidance when he sought it, a bipartisan approach was not possible when the issues were political in nature. Therefore he felt the need for some assistance. For this reason he responded to the request from Reiwahāi Vercoe of the Waiariki District Council to establish the national body. The Minister wondered why it had not been done fifty years previously, which is one of the ironies of history, considering that the chiefs had pressed for such a council for more than a century. In any case, as subsequent events unfolded, Hanan was not at all averse to deciding unilaterally what was good for the Māori, and proceeding to enforce his will against their protestations.

The identification of the Māori Council with the National Government was deepened by the election of its leaders. Its first president, Sir Turi Carroll, the secretary, Hēnare Ngata, and succeeding presidents, Pei Te Hurinui Jones and the present incumbent Sir Graham Latimer, were all publicly identified members of the National Party. For this reason, the council was jokingly dubbed by one wag as 'Uncle Tom's cabinet'. Although the council hierarchy was of conservative persuasion, it was leavened by members belonging to the Labour Party, and in recent years one Social Crediter. Despite its origins and the differing political affiliations of its members, the deliberations of the council were driven by the same Māori agenda that drove the Welfare League, Rātana, Ngata and his colleagues, the Māori Parliament, Kauhanganui, and the chiefs: the struggle of Māori leaders for the good of the people against the forces of colonisation. Only time would prove how far the council was prepared to push that agenda against the Government.

The Māori Council addressed the same concerns identified by the league, such as the welfare of girls arriving by boat in Lyttelton, the appointment of teachers in Māori culture, migrant youths getting in trouble with the law, rising crime among Māori, the appointment of Māori to government-appointed bodies, and social problems among urban migrants. But where the council differed from the league was its use by Government as a sounding board for pending legislation such as the Adoption Amendment Bill, Juries Amendment Bill, Māori Purposes Bill and Māori Welfare Bill. None of these were particularly contentious and so support was given to the Minister of Māori Affairs. But when it came to land, the council dug in and opposed the Minister when he proposed to lift the restriction of the term of leases on Māori land from fifty to a hundred years. Sir Turi Carroll likened the move to a 'confiscation of a sort'. Hēnare Ngata said that the council had no intention of being obstructive to proposed legislative changes for Māori land. He reiterated the sentiments of his father, saying change in legislation was not what was needed, but rather a policy of land development and utilisation with a training programme for young Māori with the aim of Māori occupation of Māori land. The main problem was difficulty in raising loans to finance the development of Māori land. The Māori Council would be greatly pleased, said Ngata, if he could help the Minister see Māori land problems through Māori eyes by conducting him on a tour of the East Coast.

Despite the position staked out by the Māori Council, the Government went ahead with its plan to bring 'idle Māori land' into production by rationalising in an authoritarian way the difficulties of dealing with Māori land because of multiple ownership and fragmentation of land holdings into uneconomic units. The Government's solution was set out in the

Pritchard-Waetford Report 1965, which proposed raising the classification of 'uneconomic' shares in land from £25 to £100, with the Crown taking over from the Māori Trustee the power of compulsory purchase of such lands and their disposal. To meet the anticipated workload of acquiring Māori land, there was to be an increase in the parliamentary vote to the conversion fund. The report also proposed to change the designation of Māori land held by fewer than four owners to European land. The administration of such lands would pass from the Māori Land Court to the Land Transfer Office.

The Māori Council made two responses to the Pritchard-Waetford Report. In May 1966, under the auspices of the University of Auckland Extension Department, it convened a conference of academics, fifty-four district council delegates, representatives from five Māori trust boards, the Māori Women's Welfare League, the Federation of Māori Students and the Māori Graduates' Association to consider the report. The result was a thoroughly professional critique, which opposed the £100 conversion proposal and the Crown being the conversion agent. The proposed compulsory change in status of Māori land to European was also opposed. Instead, it was suggested that such a change should be optional.

In March 1967 the Māori Council itself responded strongly to the Pritchard-Waetford Report in a letter to the Minister. It pointed out the difficulties of Māori land titles were caused by a one-sided (Pākehā) interpretation of Māori custom, which the Māori Land Court set aside in carving up tribal land into a multiplicity of partitions. A five-point proposal was put forward to retrieve the situation. These included an information service on Māori land, guidance on use through trusts, incorporations and other cooperative organisations (which would be better than conversion), advice on farming, a training scheme and, above all, financial provision at reasonable rates to enable Māori use of their own land. The council concluded by condemning the Government's plan as discriminatory against Māori. By cutting across basic property rights, the report departed from the British rules of property applicable to British citizens. Tribal leaders around the country joined with the Māori Council in opposing the incorporation of the Pritchard-Waetford proposals into legislation, but to little effect.

The Government, driven still by the colonising ethos of its predecessors, hardly heeded the sage advice of the wise leaders of the Māori world. It introduced the Māori Affairs Amendment Act 1967 at the end of the parliamentary session. Although the Māori Council and tribal leaders had succeeded in pegging the conversion limit at \$50, the basic thrust of the Pritchard-Waetford Report remained: commodification of land, facilitating its acquisition for sale to others who would make it productive, and assimilation. Europeanisation of Māori land, which is the basis of identity as tangata whenua, would resolve once and for all the Māori problem by conjuring it away, and so realise the Pākehā dream of 'one people'. For Māori people, the Act was seen as the 'last land grab' by the Pākehā. In the next decade it triggered the Māori land rights movement, a movement that was to expose to the world at large the inherent contradictions between the colonised and the coloniser in New Zealand society.

Although land was the primary focus of the Māori Council, it was also concerned with problems arising out of urbanisation, particularly educational failure, juvenile delinquency and rising crime. Over 85 per cent of Māori children left secondary school in 1965 without any recognised qualifications. In 1970, there were 9,094 young Māori offenders before the Children's Court. The following year there was an increase to 10,750. The offending rate of Māori boys under sixteen years was 5.1 times the rate of their Pākehā cohorts. For

Māori girls, the rate was even higher at 7.4. While these negative statistics were symptoms of family breakdown, loss of traditional constraints of the tribal elders, and alienation as a consequence of colonisation, the end product was the 1970s phenomenon of 'street kids' and urban gangs. Early in 1970 there was a street battle in South Auckland between the Stormtroopers and a Pākehā group, which did not bode well for the future.

The Māori Council became concerned at these manifestations of social breakdown as a consequence of social dislocation and urbanisation. It convened a Young Māori Leaders Conference at Auckland University on the theme of urbanisation. This conference generated over ninety recommendations directed at conserving Māori language and culture, providing assistance to Māori in making adjustment to urban life, educating the Pākehā to become culturally sensitive, and social transformation towards a more equitable relationship between Māori and Pākehā. Suggested transformations included encouraging Māori to stand in local body elections, training for secondary school principals in cultural sensitivity, discontinuance of exploitive and derogatory use of Māori culture in television and other media, revision of history teaching that promulgated bias and stereotypes against Māori, an increase in Māori Studies lecturers at teachers' colleges, the promotion of Māori welfare officers into administration and posts of responsibility, and an increase of Māori representation in Parliament on the same basis as European seats. A workshop devoted solely to Māori language recommended language teaching and maintenance programmes at primary and secondary schools for children whose first language is Māori. It was also recommended that all children who wished should be given the opportunity to study Māori language at secondary school. In effect, the conference provided a unique opportunity for dialogue involving elders, delegates from the Māori Council, the Māori Women's Welfare League, the Māori Health League, Māori incorporations, tribal trust boards, labour unions, students, the Stormtroopers and Māori sections of orthodox churches.

It helped to define in the urban situation the common lot of the Māori as a subject people. Yet dialogue alone is not sufficient to implement the decisions arrived at, for there is no transformation without action. One action was the submission of the report to the Government. But past experience had shown that governments seldom heeded the considered deliberations of responsible Māori leaders. Young people felt a standing group from the conference was needed to sustain on-going action. Out of their discussions emerged Ngā Tamatoa, the young warriors, who were prepared to challenge the conventional wisdom of the Pākehā establishment.

Where the mānuka hounds

Paddling back and forth (1974)

Arapera Blank

A, kei muri i taku tuarā
e pākākō mai ana
nga kōiwi o aku tīpuna,
Kei mua e tū mai ana
he kēhua kē, kino kē atu,
Nā te mea he kēhua hou,
Whakaatu mai ana i a au
he kūare ...

And at my back
Crackle
the bones of my ancestors
In front of me stand
other ghosts more dreadful
because they are new,
Letting me know
that I am ignorant ...

Whatever there is left to be said about Māori society must be said about its women, and their contribution to a new way of life thrust upon Māori society by the Pākehā. It was one thing to survive as a member of a group in which three or more generations of an extended family nurtured the strong and the weak, as was the custom; it is another and more exacting task to manage as a small unit of father, mother, and children, where the sole responsibility of satisfying its physical needs is that of the parents. And how much Māori mothers contribute to the physical and mental growth of their children in a European orientated world is interesting to speculate on.

It is only since World War II that the living conditions of Māori families have improved, though by European standards, I suppose, these could be better. Where the women of my mother's generation had some European education in matters of health and hygiene, and knowledge of good dietary habits, they had an advantage over those women whose background of education was almost wholly Māori. Since most families were large it was necessary that the mother had some knowledge of good housekeeping. Versatility in all spheres of catering for physical needs, particularly since the incomes were in the main at a subsistence level, was vital if the children were to be successful socially and academically.

I maintain that, at that stage of weaning into a dual society, all that the women of my mother's generation needed to do was to care for their children physically; and the other agencies for developing the mental growth of their children would take care of the rest. Attention to physical needs was crucial. To my knowledge, even the best of those mothers had not participated in schooling of their children, but had contributed to the well-being of their children from home. Where mothers were competent cooks, dressmakers, gardeners, and sent their children to school neat and tidy, many of the children's school problems were solved. But where there was a physical imbalance, there was often a socio-academic imbalance also.

From the village experience of families in close proximity, I never knew of mothers who concerned themselves with what was actually going on at school. Discussions about school were fairly superficial, and in the main limited to the private lives of teachers or the academic success or failure of a child. No-one seemed to think that she could help by an interview with the teachers as to ways and means of improving a child's progress at school. However, I often heard mothers mention that intelligence was hereditary, and that where one spouse was an outsider, that is, from another tribe or race, the chances of improving the 'stock' were greater. 'I mean, just look at the Pākehā. They're the biggest mongrels out, but plenty of brains!' The criterion for successful family upbringing to them—good housekeeping.

In my village most parents overworked their children. Mothers too suffered the same fate. It was nothing to see women as farmers and housewives. And what was more, having babies year after year made them lose their bloom in no time. They were usually overweight, suffering from dental decay, and down at heel. It's a miracle that half of them didn't sue for divorce on the grounds of maltreatment. A Pākehā woman certainly would have. But it was stoically accepted that once you married that was that. I knew of only three cases at that time of spouses having defected and finally having been divorced.

Where the parents were keen to see a child progress well in secondary education, sending them to a reputable but inexpensive boarding school was advisable. Farm chores and gardening, as well as inadequate study facilities due to overcrowded living conditions, made it necessary to send a child to school where there was ample opportunity to fulfil the demands of higher education. Of those children who attended the local high school, it was due mainly to the teachers and often only to a little cooperation from the parents that a child passed a public examination such as School Certificate. I consider it a miracle that such a child succeeded, in view of the inadequate home study opportunities. Provided, however, that parents, in spite of unfamiliarity

with study habits, made some effort to cooperate with the school by simply insisting that home assignments be completed, as asked for by the teacher, there was usually hope for some success, even if the parents knew little about the subject in hand.

Where the mother played a vital part was in her preparation of the children for entry into school education. Simple precautions such as ensuring that the children had three good meals a day, plenty of sleep, adequate clothing, and prompt action regarding skin, ear, nose and throat complaints worked wonders on children, in that such care gave them enormous confidence when entering a strange, new, but exciting world. Where the mother neglected these precautions, a history of problems faced many a child. Good social relationships suffered as children's characters were often measured in terms of the clothing they wore, whether they had clear skins or not, and whether they had decent school lunches or not. A reluctance to go to school was often caused by the neglect of such parental duties.

I remember one headmaster of our village school bemoaning the fact that too many children were inarticulate in English, and that the way to remedy this was to encourage the speaking of English in the homes and to forbid Māori conversation therefore. But the secretary of the school committee disagreed on the grounds that teachers would have twice the amount of work to do in trying to get rid of 'broken' English, since the majority of the parents were inadequate English speakers, though extremely fluent in their own tongue.

I am not sure either, that bilingualism was, or is, a problem for Māori children and a hindrance, therefore, in achievement in a European type education. What has been the problem has been that of getting parents to face up to the sole responsibility of catering for a child's physical needs. Spiritually of course, the denial of the Māori child's mother-tongue as an avenue of communication with the Pākehā world hasn't helped, except as a reinforcement of the superiority of Pākehā culture, and conversely, the inferiority of his

own. Parents too, if they are not strong enough and proud enough of their own heritage, get an inferiority complex. This hasn't helped the schools much over the years; for both parents and children, feeling inadequate in an alien tongue, are not going to be regular school attenders unless the head-teacher is a dynamic personality who makes it his or her business to be part of the community in rural areas.

The breakdown of the kinship system from a job-sharing, authority-sharing basis to an individualistic small family unit posed quite a problem for Māori families. Social control imposed by the group for the group lost its mana. The major part of the burden of complying with the expectations of this new, now multiracial society, falls on the mother whether she knows it or not. Even the majority of the Māori mothers of my generation are unaware of how much more society demands of them in child-rearing, since my mother's generation. Most teachers are reluctant to visit their domains, but on the other hand they would welcome more cooperation by the voluntary visiting of Māori mothers at schools. These, so far, are too infrequent for adequate communication between home and school.

It seems an almost fatalistic attitude to suggest that, perhaps at this stage of the civilising process of the Māori, it is probably a more realistic approach for schools to take the overload both by establishing a kind of society in miniature which fosters in pupils confidence in and respect for the society outside, and by a perpetuation and reinforcement of the values of this society in a multiracial context, to give Māori parents a feeling of confidence in this new education. Ngā Tamatoa is not entirely without foundation when it protests that the values of this country's multiracial society have been preponderantly those of the European. For too long educationists have been too slow in fostering a comparative type education which highlights values shared by all races, even though approached by different means. I see no harm in educating children above the norms of a community. Admittedly children should not be made to feel superior to their parents, but should be encouraged to appreciate that, above the mundane tasks of getting a living, are ideals of what a society should be, if they are not to be creatures who just eat, sleep and do not know how to fulfill a vital spiritual need—the need for leisure. This is so important in a society such as ours over-weighted with materialistic goals and suffering because of too speedy a pace in achieving these.

Where Māori mothers of my generation are guilty of neglect is in lack of communication with their children. Those of my mother's generation are to be excused if such was the case, for it was a time of material poverty largely due to enormous families and subsistence incomes. Mothers were either too tired or too busy or inadequate in a European type education to give time for relaxed communication. But now with the growing affluence of New Zealand society, it has become extremely important that Māori mothers concentrate less on joining the race for material wealth and more on showing some interest in the socio-academic progress of their children. I would not insist that they do this by familiarising themselves with the school curriculum, but advocate rather that they view school as a society in miniature and that their children are, therefore, major citizens of tomorrow. Sympathetic understanding of learning situations—which should be a major platform of Parent Teacher Associations—encouraging an interest in literary and recreational pursuits, a knowledge of the valuable attributes of their own heritage such as the importance of their kinship ties, and an interest in their own tongue and the high artistic achievement of primitive Māori society should go a long way in developing the confidence of their children. Mothers of my generation are the true beneficiaries of

both worlds and should therefore be able to help. The tendency, however, of the present Māori mothers is to go too far in one direction by denying their children their own heritage in the belief that this is the key to progress. They also mistake a successful citizen to be one who is an academic giant. Māori Welfare Officers too are guilty of fostering this notion by canvassing for higher and yet even higher academic qualifications. Really the most important achievement of any parent for her child should be that of social ease in any cultural situation. There are also passive mothers. These are those who never come to parent-teacher interviews, so that teachers do not get a whole picture of their children.

If the Māori people are to be a major contributing force in quality living then they must perform a kind of back and forth paddling movement—back to their own culture for inspiration and forth to that of the Pākehā for confirmation that the valuable things in that society are no different from their own. And Māori society, being in the main still a patriarchal one, needs the sympathetic understanding of the mother. She is the homemaker and the peacemaker between father and children, and society. Unless she fulfils her role, the future of Māori children in a fast moving world will be rather bleak.

*And new ghosts may
never grow old.*



(Extract from)

Death of the Land

Rore Hapipi

The Māori Land Court of New Zealand. TUTA, ROSIE, WEHI, ATKINSON, MAUD, CHARLES, JUDGE, COURT CLERK, WARDEN and several others are already seated attentively. The JUDGE can be heard mumbling. With the full lighting of the stage his voice becomes audible.

NARRATOR: (off stage) Two months later in a courtroom in yet another part of the country. A Māori Land Court of New Zealand.

JUDGE: The question of consideration is important in this case; I will therefore reserve my decision on the matter before me, till I have heard further evidence from those opposing the Resolution. The date for the next hearing will be on (pause while he consults his timetable) ... on the 5th of August. Hearing closed.

He puts aside the papers pertaining to that case and takes up the papers pertaining to Rangimoe 10. Three or four people involved in the hearing just ended rise and leave the courtroom.

JUDGE: The next case before the court is Application Number 326 for confirmation of a Resolution of owners of Rangimoe 10. The court is asked to confirm a Resolution of assembled owners of Rangimoe 10 to sell the land to Michael David Atkinson for \$7,000. The applicant is a New Zealand citizen by birth. The meeting was held at Matua on 7th of April of this year. Fourteen owners, including the applicant and his wife and William Tahuna King, who was representing two others, were at the meeting. A majority opposed the Resolution and signed memorials of dissent. Nevertheless, the applicant and his wife together with the two owners represented by Mr King have sufficient shares to carry the Resolution. The ground on which the opposition replied were that the owners were loathe to see Māori land pass out of the hands of Māori owners.

RONGO enters. Freeze.

RONGO: E koro. E Wehi. Kōrero. Whakapuaki. Tell them about the land.

WEHI, *who up till now has been sitting apparently in a semi-trance, suddenly snaps his head up as though for the first time aware that he has been directly addressed. Gathers up his tokotoko and slowly rises to his feet. Everyone's attention for the first time is riveted on the old man. He clears his throat and begins to semi-chant.*

WEHI: Ko Te Hiko, ko Rangipuke, ko Rangiwheua, Kuranui, Tangikahu, Moananui, Moanaroa, Moanapāmao, Tangatoa, Awatakumu, Matiti Rangimoe. (pause) That is the man who the land is named after. He was our first tupuna to settle the land. (pause) Waikawa, Te Parereka, Rereahau, Moemoe, Te Kōpua, Whenaparekura, Taumata, Poroporo. (pause) Ahau, ko Wehiwehi Kakati Poroporo. (he indicates **ROSIE** and **TUTA**) These are my whanaunga. That is their whakapapa. That is how they come to be the owners of

Rangimoe. (pause) I was born on that land.

MAUD ATKINSON, *who up to now has been aloof throughout the entire hearing, begins for the first time to look uneasy. She is seen to move away from her husband. ATKINSON looks at her a little bewildered.*

RONGO: Of course you were, e Wehi. None of these people realise this. They think you're just a senile old man who doesn't know what you're talking about.

WEHI: I was born on that land.

RONGO: And you were moved to Matua as a young boy.

WEHI: My eldest brother is buried on that land. There is a big urupā there but nobody knows where it is now.

RONGO: Your brother was among many who died during the time of the flu epidemic. Many people died then.

WEHI: Āe. Many people died. Plenty of people. They just dug open graves and put them all in together. After that the urupā was never used again. After that many of the people began to leave the pā. There were too many bad memories.

RONGO: Yes. I sorrowed for our people at that time too, e Wehi.

WEHI: I don't remember the pā very well. I was only a young boy when my parents moved. Some Pākehā built a mill on Taihape and our people, the young men especially, began to move there because of the work.

RONGO: But tell us more about Rangimoe, e koro. Tell us about that land.

WEHI: I don't remember much about it myself. I was too young at the time. But my mother said it was a big place once, the pā. The biggest in the district. Hundreds of people. All gone now. Nobody there. She said that once the people from the coast—relatives used to come there to get their kai manu—they used to bring the kai moana and exchange. Many birds in the bush those days at the back of Rangimoe. But all gone now, ever since the Pākehā cut the bush down.

MAUD ATKINSON *wipes tears from her eyes discreetly with her handkerchief.*

RONGO: Kōrero, e Wehi, whakapuaki ki a rātou.

WEHI: The times they have changed things. The Pākehā. They say that swamp is useless land. But in the old days, when my people lived there, they looked on that swamp as sacred. It saved them many times. No taua ever captured Rangimoe. There was their sacred swamp to the front and behind them the sacred cliff

of Tamahine. Nobody ever got past them. Once, Te Raureka, with an army of six hundred men, tried to take the pā. But half of his men drowned in the swamp and the other half were easily picked off... Te Raureka's life was spared only because he was a relative of my great grandfather, Whenuaparekura. *(turning to MAUD ATKINSON and addressing her)* They say you are not one of us, girl, but you are. Your tūpuna and my tūpuna fought shoulder to shoulder that day, Ana. *(he sits down)*

JUDGE: *(looking directly at audience, remarks somewhat off-handedly)* I don't know why these people still persist in wasting their time and everybody else's with their mumbo jumbo. It does their cause no good. Of course, it is absolutely irrelevant to the case before the court. If you ask me it's what helps to hold them back. They should forget all that stuff and get on with the business of learning what is important for them for today.

RONGO: How can you win against arrogance like that eh? White is right.

Lights and sound down, though the lighting continues to indicate RONGO's presence.

JUDGE: *(looking back at his notes)* Now where was I? Oh yes. *(he takes an official air once again)* It is now settled law that the court has limited discretion in applications of this nature—

RONGO: Yes, it would—

JUDGE: If it is satisfied (a) That the meeting of assembled owners has been called and conducted in a proper manner—

RONGO: Oh yes, all the formalities were adhered to—more or less—

JUDGE: —and (b) That the transaction will not result in the undue aggregation of land; and (c) That the consideration is adequate. It must, in my view, confirm the Resolution.

RONGO: *(yawning)* I suppose I ought to be angry over this whole thing, really. Yet I find myself always wanting to go to sleep around about this stage of proceedings, bored stiff. You can't follow what that Pākehā is saying, anyway. And listen to him. Listen to that voice of his. Dry as a tekoteko. *(aside)* Just quietly, between you and me and that tekoteko, the hardest thing that judge finds about his job is hiding the empty whisky bottles out the back—

JUDGE: No suggestion has been made that either of the first grounds are applicable. The consideration referred to in the Resolution represents 15 per cent above the special Government Valuation of \$6,330. Section 318 (6) of the Māori Affairs Act 1953 is therefore relevant—

RONGO: Here we go again. *(pause)* Well, for my money, there's little doubt which way the verdict's going. The Pākehā'll get the land. Or, more specifical the Māori will lose it. You can put the ring around that. That Judge can carry on for all he's worth, mouthing off about the rights for my people—justice this and injustice that. But it's only a formality. *(aside, cynical)* Hah! I remember an old wag, Te Pure from Kahungumu, saying once, after he lost his land, 'The Māori always get the justice, but the Pākehā always gets the land.' He might've only been joking that time, but by the balls of Tū, there's a lot of truth in that statement, otherwise how is it that my people only have a couple of million acres of their land left today? Give or take a million either way. What's the difference? Tānemahuta, they had six hundred million acres once—

JUDGE: —That section reads—'(6) In the case of a Resolution for the alienation of any land by way of transfer, the consideration shall, for the purpose of subsection (1) of this section, be deemed to be adequate if the purchase money stipulated in the Resolution is not less than the amount of the capital value of the land as disclosed by the special valuation, with the addition of 15 per cent thereof—'

RONGO: *(looking noticeably agitated)* Listen to that crap.

JUDGE: '—provided that this subsection shall not apply where this court has reason to believe that there is upon the land to be alienated any millable timber—'

RONGO: And it's always around about here that I begin to get my Te Kooti up. You'd think I'd be used to it by now. Tāne knows, I've heard enough of the shit over the years. But still it gets me here. *(thumps his guts)* How is any sane person supposed to understand that gibberish, I ask you—

JUDGE: '—minerals, or other valuable thing, or in any case where the special valuation of the land disclosed a value greater than \$10,000.' *(slight pause)* The court is therefore bound to accept the consideration in this case as adequate—

RONGO: Here comes the crunch. 'In this case,' he says. In every bloody case, if you ask me. Sorry, I know I've caught some bad habits lately. But do you blame me? And anyway, nobody's asking me. And did you see how everyone went all sappy after I woke the old koroua up and got him to tell us about the land. About Rangimoe. Everyone was on the brink of tears at the end of it—I saw Maud wiping her eyes. Even the Pakehā's in the room gritted their teeth over the injustice, sympathising for the old man and what he stands for. But nevertheless the land will still go under the hammer. Justice for the Māori and land for the Pākehā.

JUDGE: The Government valuation of \$6,330 for more than 16,000 acres would appear to be low, but the evidence of the Applicant, which was not seriously contested, was that the land was largely swamp and very difficult to access. In fact, he said to get on the property required a two-day ride on horseback from the nearest spot where a motor vehicle can travel. The land is situated to the east of the Tamawahine mountains at an altitude of 3 000 feet, and appears to be in wild and inhospitable country.

RONGO: And yet once that was its very strength!

JUDGE: As a matter of interest, in 1955 it was leased for an annual rental of less than \$400. The lessee did not appear to have succeeded in his project as the lease was eventually cancelled for non-payment of rent—

RONGO: Ever since that piece of toilet paper, *(sneeringly)* Te Tiriti o Waitangi, was drawn up and

signed by my people it's been the case. Always talk of justice for the Māori. Yet everything they've done, the Pākehā, has been exactly the opposite to that. Nice noble sounding sentiments, but not so noble looking deeds. E Tangaroa, why do I eat my heart out. Of course the Pākehā came here to one day own all the land. I mean, by what right did a people of savages have heritage to such a place?

JUDGE: A suggestion was made that the land had a potential value for forestry, but this was denied by that Applicant who had enquired into the matter with the proper authorities. And an advisor for the dissentients who was supposed to have appeared before the court to present evidence that the land was in fact suitable for forestry did not make an appearance.

RONGO: Oh Tāne, give me the strength to contain myself. I feel like grabbing someone by the throat and throttling them. Yet I'm not sure whether it ought to be Atkinson or that Judge or one of my own people. Someone like that Mr King or the court clerk or even Rosie's husband, for instance. I've become more and more confused as time has passed. Nothing is clear cut anymore. *(distraught)* I mean, how many Māoris like that husband of Rosie's do you see around nowadays? Couldn't care less, until it's too late? And then they make a song and dance. Boy, do they ever. Excuses, excuses. What has happened to my people? Where's that kaha we used to have once? It's as if they've been administered an overdose of sleeping pills.

JUDGE: —In any event I do not think a possible potential value is enough to bring the Application within the orbit of the proviso to subsection (6) quoted above. The Court must be sympathetic to Māoris who wish to retain and use Maori land but the facts are that the land has not been used at all for many years—

ROSIE: And why should it be?

TUTA: Yeah, why should it be?

JUDGE: —and that enough owners had sold their shares to give the applicant and his wife sufficient interest to enable them to dominate the meeting held at Matua on the 14th of May of this year.

RONGO: And that about sums it up in a pipi shell. Of course the land was lost long before that meeting in the classroom in Matua. It was a foregone conclusion when the first share-holder sold out his interest to Atkinson three years ago. All the rest in between has been mere formality.

JUDGE: Even since the hearing at Taihape, three dissenting owners have withdrawn and sold their shares to the wife of the Applicant, who is of Māori descent. *(slight pause)* The decision of the court therefore is (a) the Resolution of assembled owners passed at a meeting held at Matua on the 14th of May of this year that the Block of land known as Rangimoe 10 be sold to Michael David Atkinson is confirmed absolutely, and (b) the settlement is to be effected within two months after the date of the promulgation of this decision. Hearing closed.

The JUDGE stamps the paper before him with an official finality. As he does so a shriek goes up and a loud wailing is sustained. It is as though, with the down-thrust of the stamp, the JUDGE has plunged a knife into something living and killed it. With the shriek, the rest of the cast are jolted back to life.

ROSIE: *(emotional)* I'm not taking any of that woman's filthy money. I'd rather die first.

ROSIE, TUTA and WEHI sit bewildered for a while.

RONGO: *(addressing MAUD)* There you are, e hine, you've got the land for your husband. So what are you

sitting there looking like a bag of spuds for. Is it that at last you realise what you helped do to some of these people? Did you hear that scream when the judge plunged the stamp onto the paper? It was the scream of these people's tūpuna, your ancestors also, for you and your husband have severed their roots from their descendants, cut the umbilical cord attaching them to their heritage, their history. You have killed that land. Oh yes, you may weep away for all you're worth now. Yours are not the first tears that have been shed over this land, you know. It is said that after one battle, when many warriors were slain, the women wept so many tears for the dead that it created the swamps of that area. And there were more than mere tears spilled over Rangimoe, e hine, but blood as well. Much blood was lost for this land. Ae, blood of your ancestors, also. Yes, e hine, you have gained the land, but you have lost your soul.

RONGO exits. *Normal lights.* **MAUD** sits seeming not to know what to do. She expects to be despised by the others of her race and has her head hanging in shame and sorrow. Instead, old man **WEHI** rises slowly and makes his way to her. At first it seems as though he is going to bypass her and continue to the exit but then he stops and extends a friendly hand to the woman. **MAUD** can't take it quickly and gratefully enough.

WEHI: E tu, e hine. Hōmai te hongī.

WEHI leans forward to offer his nose. **MAUD** rises, the two hongī, and hold it for a long spell. Then **MAUD**, completely broken down now, puts her head on the old man's shoulder and sobs her heart out. The old man comforts her; puts his arm around her. The two embrace one another. In the meantime **ATKINSON**, who at first had looked slightly embarrassed over his wife's behaviour, turns and consults with **CHARLES**. The two, **ATKINSON** and **CHARLES**, move up to the **COURT CLERK's** desk to try to obtain the papers giving **ATKINSON** legal ownership of the land. It can be seen that his prime interest is in this and not the emotional state of his wife. **WEHI** exits. **MAUD**, a lonely and pathetic figure just off centre stage, looks across at **ROSIE** and **TUTA**. She moves towards them.

MAUD: I'm sorry, Rosie. I'm sorry, Tuta. Forgive me.

She moves up to ROSIE hesitantly, arms held out to embrace the other. ROSIE ignores her, turns to TUTA and takes his arm.

ROSIE: Come on, e Tuta, haere atu.

She and TUTA walk straight past MAUD. Exit. For a while MAUD stands desolate then she slowly moves to the seat Rosie has just vacated and sits, head in hands, sobbing. Light slowly goes down until only MAUD is held in a spot. Then the stage is thrown into complete darkness. Low wailing is heard off-stage rising to a crescendo. Exit MAUD. Spot suddenly comes up on JUDGE who is shuffling through his papers. Pause.

JUDGE: The next case before the court is in the matter of an application under Part 23 of the Māori Affairs Act of 1953 for the confirmation of a proposal to sell a block of land known as—

Blackout.

Whānaungatanga will restore you:

An Interview with Emily Karakā

Hana Pera Aoake, Morgan Godfery & Emily Karaka

MORGAN GODFERY: Kia ora Emily, I don't think I've introduced myself yet. I've been distracted by the baby.

EMILY KARAKA: Yeah, I know your face, Morgan. Are you on TV or something?

MG: Yeah. (Laughs.) But like Hana said earlier, I'm from Te Teko, so I grew up in Kamokamo kingdom. So I can't stand it.

ALL: (Laugh.)

MG: So we have been in Ōtepoti for two years now and running Kei te pai press for about the same amount of time.

EK: How did you end up there?

HANA PERA AOAKE: My parents were living here. When I came back from overseas, as Covid hit, I moved in with them.

MG: I thought we would talk about your practice and your work. I think it's important for what we are doing, for Shannon [Te Ao] and for *Matarau*, which is looking back at Māori activism and writing of the 70s, 80s, and 90s. We're republishing writing from that period, including by people who've passed on like Ranginui Walker and Keri Hulme. This is why we wanted to speak to you—as an artist and activist who was there. But to start: can you tell us about what you've been working on recently?

EK: We've got this wahine activist art exhibition that I'm in called *Wahine Māori: The Art of Resistance*. As part of it I sent you a video that Chelsea [Winstanley] made that has a bit of a background about my painting. The painting in this exhibition is called *DNA* because activism is in your DNA. Being a Māori, you are an activist. You're going up against the norm and, even today, things are getting worse, not better. The poverty line, the hospital line, it's not changing. And even artists are up against it, especially in other parts of the world. So much art has been hidden, stolen and just taken, particularly in times of war, which is what we are in right now. At the Govett-Brewster there's an exhibition of war mats [Khadim Ali's tapestries in the exhibition *There Is No Other Home But This*, curated by Dr Zara Stanhope], which are amazing, absolutely amazing. They were hidden from the Taliban. They were smuggled out. When you have that level of art that is at last coming out, of course you are going to have it come out in this country too. I just wonder, how often

are young contemporary Māori artists going to push that barrel?

HPA: I thought that I would begin by speaking about your work *The Treaties* (1984). One thing I really love about that work is not only is it speaking to the Treaty of Waitangi (1840), ANZUS (1951) [a collective security agreement between Australia, New Zealand and the US] and the Gleneagles agreement (1977) [opposing sporting contacts with apartheid-era South Africa], but what I really love about that particular triptych—and the triptych is a form you have used a lot in your practice—is that it uses that quote by Rewi Maniapoto, “Ka Whawhai tonu matou. Ake ake ake.” That work was from 1984 and it is still relevant now. It's still present in our minds and I wondered if you had any reflections on that work—especially if you wanted to speak to that Maniapoto quote. It was shocking to read recently about the Covid-19 rollout for Māori in *Haumarū: The COVID-19 Priority Report* by The Waitangi Tribunal.

EK: That shows systemic racism in the health system. The rollout and the report just pulled the lid off it. The fact that we have to go to the Waitangi Tribunal to get information and to get services delivered to Māori in the time of Covid, well, that highlights that our system is racist and we need to have our own Māori system. The mainstream health system doesn't know how to reach our people out in the rural areas, some of whom don't come out for months. It'll be interesting to see whether the [new Māori Health Authority] will get the funding and the resources it needs. But going back to *The Treaties*, that work came from moemoea—from a very profound dream. It was the first time I had colour in a dream. A bright green island. It was not long after I had met Phil [Philip] Clairmont. He came over to visit me and after he left and I went to bed I had this dream. It was very profound. There was this bright green island and something was chasing me. It was really scary and there was no image of whatever this thing chasing me was, but it was the imminent feeling of being caught or of being in a place that wasn't safe for me. When it went to get me there was this big rock slab that appeared and I penetrated that rock and became part of that rock... So, I started going around rubbing rocks and, after a while, I had to go and see Colin [McCahon] about it. That painting came from that dream. It's attached to things that really matter. The first panel of that triptych was the Waitangi one. I'd become involved with understanding the misgivings and misinterpretations of the Treaty. My then-husband and the father of my children was British, so there was a big cultural clash. This was also after the time of the

Land March in 1975, after the Point [Bastion Point or Takaparawhau occupation, 1977–78] and after Eva Rickard [the Raglan land occupation, 1978]. It was a pretty hard time. The dream came at the end of those struggles.

HPA: I guess that speaks to the *Settlement* series [first shown at Orexart in Tāmaki Makaurau] you did in 2015.

EK: My cousin Te Warena Taua and I were the claimants for the Ngāi Tai ki Tāmaki claims [Wai 423, Wai 357], which cover much of Auckland. We presented fully researched evidence about our history and proved our historical interest and claims. The Crown didn't ask any questions about our evidence. We had done such a brilliant job that the Crown couldn't turn it over. So, that *Settlement* series came out of that. I know the background of all these areas. So, I'll paint them like a little movie. Funny thing is that they are the smallest works, but the heaviest, because they are on a kauri board and frame. One of them was bought by Margaret Kāwharu [Sir Hugh Kāwharu's daughter]. One of them was about Snakes and Ladders, because that's what Treaty settlement work is like. Dealing with the Crown is like going up and down the snakes and ladders board. Another one was in the net. The *Settlement* series is about going through the claims we prosecuted against the Crown. But, unfortunately, the Crown's response is to construct a Treaty trough. My cousin went and helped out with our other claim [Te Kawerau ā Maki] and left me to carry our bag. Being a woman, alone, without our reo, man did I get attacked. It was vicious. They put me through court and tried to run me out. All the principles of tikanga and kaitiakitanga... all gone. I think if I'm strong enough I might go through a period of sustaining my own ihi and wehi by painting tiki and getting myself rested, recovering a bit in my health. I'm shifting down by our awa [the Tāmaki River], which will be nice, because I can walk and be healthy. I might start exposing some things about what happened with our Treaty settlements. I think someone has to tell the truth about what's happened. The crumbs that there are should not be left to feed some at the Treaty trough. I never got paid and yet I was a negotiator from 2009 through to 2014. All those years of meetings... I was locked out, because I was trying to save a block of land. It's still there. The wāhi tapu site at Maungarei, which I landbanked. It's one of the last bits of Māori land the Crown still has under Treaty negotiations in Tāmaki. That's why I'm painting about the fourteen Tūpuna Maunga for my Matariki show [at Te Uru Waitākere Contemporary Gallery]. I want to put down

the whakapapa on the maunga with the stars and the connection, in particular, to the Kiingitanga. I'm looking at Te Ata's [Te Atairangikaahu] flag, Mahuta's [Kiingi Mahuta Taawhiao Pootatau Te Wherowhero] flag and Te Paki-o-Matariki [the coat of arms of the Kiingitanga]. I'm focusing on those two flags, the coat of arms, and the fourteen maunga. So, it doesn't stop. Activism doesn't stop.

HPA: I love the *Settlement* series, especially the Snakes and Ladders painting, I love that they are on kauri.

EK: Yes. Margaret Kāwharu invited me to a talk with some students at Massey University in Māori studies and I was talking about my work and showing slides, then I put up a photo of that one and Margaret told me to stop. She said, "Stop, stop, I've got to have it." She ended up buying it and it's on the mantlepiece at Sir Hugh Kāwharu's house. Isn't that funny. I fought with him within Treaty domains, but he really respected the mural painting I did [*Planting, Searching, Rising: Taupiri Is the Mountain, Waikato Is the River*, 1983]. He actually got on his knees and raised a glass of drink to it. We went across the road after the opening and he said it was "brilliant work". I actually did that work during a residency in a hall where Unitec is now. Paintings are different things, they take you all over the place. They've got their own story attached.

HPA: I really like the relation between those *Settlement* works and the *Rāhui* series [made during a residency at McCahon House in 2021 and later shown at Visions].

EK: Well, I had to paint those *Settlement* works on kauri. I wasn't going to have canvas, or any other board. I *had* to have kauri. I wanted them to be really strong, so they last forever. The story is a long story.

HPA: But thinking again about that relation between kauri and kauri dieback and Covid and how those overlaps are still present. Lots of our other trees are suffering from, for instance, myrtle rust.

HPA and EK: Pöhutukawa.

EK: Pöhutukawa are totally at risk now with myrtle rust. It's an invasion. The taiao is out of balance, just like we are. We generate these substances and practices that are causing this. We did that. We are far away from our roots, our people have been displaced from their roots, from their Indigeneity, that's what's caused all this, I believe. That's why when you go into a forest you have to wipe your feet. We used to go into the forest with bare feet. We weren't carrying pathogens and other things from other places. You can walk through the forest with bare feet. We should really take our shoes off. And... what does that align with? With our meeting house. The similarity in practice—he tapu tēnei. Simple learning messages. We should follow children. Children naturally know that you shouldn't have your shoes on. When you put your shoes on, what's on your shoes? You walk through the city and it's full of poisons.

HPA: All of those pūrākau have meanings that last through millennia. They are everlasting. They are things we need to be constantly thinking about and contextualising. I think another thing I found interesting too, was, looking at those *Settlement* works, but then also looking at this new work you have made for *Matarau*. My understanding is that matarau were fishing spears and in your work there are these nets and bulbous forms that look like a virus or Covid... I find that these pūrākau that are in your work always circle back. I wonder if you could speak about this new triptych that you have made.

EK: It's a tapestry, isn't it? We live in a tapestry. The work generates while you're painting. I don't work from working drawings, I work from my ideas. Once I'm in, painting, they develop. It's my mātauranga. I didn't know exactly what I would paint, but I knew there would be three pieces. The curator initially asked for works on paper. I decided to use canvas, so the works would last longer. I pinned them evenly at the top and found the bottom edges were uneven. I thought, "Yes,

it's moving down, a graduation down at the bottom." For the first piece, I went back to the 80s, dealing with the protests in Molesworth Street in Wellington during the Springbok Tour [where the Police used batons to beat participants]. I thought, "Let's go back to the beginning of your painting and activism together and make a statement." We are also not going to get out of this pandemic for another year or two, if ever. This disease is across the whole planet. The war that is now coming. So, the work asks am I fishing or am I defending? It's a spear in a space where you're trying to defend your whānau. It's why I put the babies back in. I've had three children. If you are trying to defend your whānau, then you will use both hands and you will hold your whānau, hold your weapon and you will also attack. So, the top little spear is attacking. On the bottom of the first panel you will see the tiki dissolving and you will see the imagery of pou dissolving. Is it a waka? Is it a broken waka? In Auckland right now there are art trails that are fashionable, with these whale tails. So, I thought it would be a whale. Tūpuna tohorā. They are at risk. I will put them at the centre because they are us. Then you have the link back to the kauri you see. Then there's Covid in the last panel. It just became a big ball.

HPA: I was thinking, too, about the use of the tuatara and how they are seen as kaitiaki. My understanding is that for certain hapū, they used to put tuatara in front of burial caves to guard them and there was this fear of them because they were related to Whiro (god of darkness, evil and death). They came from the sea, a grandchild of Tangaroa. It's interesting when you look at a lot of pou, because they kind of look like taniwha, but also kind of like tuatara.

EK: I love tuataras. They are so ancient. They take us right back. They are Ngāi Tai ki Tāmaki's kaitiaki out on the islands, as well as stingrays. I'm sitting here with a painting... I should show you it. Actually, yes, I will show you, so you can see. [Moves the camera to show HPA and MG the painting.] This is one of my *Ihumaatao* paintings [the *Ihumaatao* series, shown at the 22nd Biennial of Sydney, NIRIN, 2020], which shows the stingray. This is *Whakakaiwhare Kaitiaki*. There are the tents [at Ihumaatao] at the bottom. I just love painting.

HPA: Going back to *Matarau*, I also did notice the Twitter symbol.

EK: I put the social media, Twitter and Facebook symbols. Social media is like the wire that connects everyone. Those protests [the occupation at Parliament, 2022] started as a group with 700 members and then it became 7000 and then it became this convoy. So, I wanted to put in all the connections for how people came together. When they [the so-called protestors who occupied Parliament grounds earlier this year] went to Pipitea Marae and broke windows and threw things on the marae, that was ugly, that was the confronting, the beginning of this ugly counterculture inside the protest. That was a danger point, a real flash point in this country. It will go on enough of a roll going on now, spreading racism all over the place. It didn't stop when they moved on. When the King [Te Arikini Tuuheitia Paki] became involved, he had to become involved to put pressure on the Crown to pull that protest out. His son, Whatumoana, had to go down to the marae to represent the Kiingitanga and stand in solidarity with Te Āti Awa and to say, "No we are not going to have that." I'm Ngāti Koata, too, so it was pretty horrible to sit and watch. The police had to do what they had to do. I thought they handled it very well. They didn't handle it how we were handled at the Point or the Springbok Tour. I got knocked out during the Springbok Tour. So, it was handled completely differently and anyone who says, "They didn't handle it right", well, excuse me... You went past your use by date down there and you were asked to leave by mana whenua and you didn't leave. You were told it was your time to go home and you didn't want to, you wanted to hang people. Who are you? They spat, with Covid in the community, into the faces of mana whenua. That is the beginning of fascism and racism coming straight at

you. Now, during that time, I was painting the *Matarau* painting, so it involves all of that mamae. I think I have portrayed it pretty well. At the bottom left hand on the first panel there's the bright mouth and that's opposite the three feathers in the top right corner of the third panel. There are things I do deliberately while I paint.

MG: I was really fascinated earlier when you were talking about the dreams that you have had. I wonder if when you are painting, if that's how it unfolds for you.

EK: Yeah, it does. I'm in a different space then. Some of my most special moments in my life have been in that space. Going back to Colin [McCahon] and Phil [Clairmont], I was painting, really painting one night, early, in the middle of the night, and I was doing this self-portrait. Then I got really upset and I looked at it and I just broke down crying. I had a fire going, so I went and sat down in my lounge by the fire. I looked into the fire and I saw Phil's *Scarred couch* [*The scarred couch: the Auckland experience*, 1978] and I knew then that he was going to die. This was actually a year before he died. I got so, so upset. Paintings can tell you these things. I phoned Colin early in the morning, and he said, "Don't worry." I was so upset, I had to phone him at about six o'clock in the morning and he said, "Two tōtara trees have sprouted in my garden." His words about tōtara trees stopped me. Suddenly, all that anguish went. Why did that happen? What was that synergy there? I took that to mean he was talking about me and Phil being two painters. Another time, I was doing a painting and it ended up with a judge. It was [around the time] my ex-husband and I had broken up. I was painting very early in the morning, because I brought the kids up during the day. Some magical painting came out of that time and a judge in Wellington bought it. At that time, [while painting], you are in an exquisite state, because you're in union with the Creator. It's not just you. It's a spiritual space that you make from. When I get into that space, it keeps me going, it gives me the kaha to keep going. When I went down to Napier with the *Settlement* series, Sandy [Adsett] brought all these school children out to see it. I thought "Oh, what an honour." It looked like a movie set. It was a long space. When I went down, I saw how they had installed it. It was like a movie of the settlement, so it was quite well done. Then we went out for dinner and Para [Paratene Matchitt] came out. I hadn't seen him for years. It was the last time I saw him before he died. He kept on saying "you've gotta come and see my workshop" and I still never did, sadly.

MG: I'm interested in your relationship with Colin [McCahon], who must have been quite a spiritual man as well. It might strike people, who aren't familiar with the times as being a little bit unusual that you had this professional and quite a wairua relationship with him.

EK: Well, he looked like my grandfather. I was whāngai to my grandparents, so I could go to Auckland Girls [Grammar School] for a better arts education. After my father and grandfather had passed away, Colin became this father figure. And Greer Twiss. Greer was really the one who triggered my interest as a young person, at intermediate school, he was my teacher. He was doing a television series with puppets. I used to watch him at lunchtime making these exquisite puppets. He always left his art room open for me and I was so fascinated by this man's talent for making things. He said also to go to the library and find books about artists that I liked and really study them. At that time, I had fallen in love with painting, especially *Guernica* [by Pablo Picasso, 1937]. Having these people that are so dedicated to form telling you these simple things was so important. Liz [Elizabeth] Ellis who came out of art school and taught me at Auckland Girls, she said, "Remember your culture and come from your heart." Really important stuff to hear when you're so vulnerable and it's so different from normal students. I just felt like I had to follow their advice. But Colin was something different. He came to my first exhibition, because he happened to be teaching at Outreach [now Studio One Toi Tū], which was where my exhibition was. He was teaching painting. He and Anne, [his wife] had moved in from Titirangi to town. They were living on Crummer

Road, which is just around the corner. Anne was doing pottery. I had a cell out the back, which I used as a studio. Even though I had a great three-storey mansion with my European husband, he wouldn't let me paint anywhere, even though we had a great big basement. He just somehow knew that my painting would take me from him. It did. And Colin was adamant that I not go to art school. I said to him, "I just want to go to art school like my friends." He said, "You just keep doing what you are doing. Keep visiting the studios. Your art school is the school of life." And that has been really, really true. His silence was his Christianity. When you sat with him you knew you were in a space of genius and profound knowledge. He had a very dear friend who was a Māori painter from Tūhoe, Buster Black, and that's why he painted the Urewera triptych [*Urewera mural*, 1975]. The police blamed me for the [1997] theft of that triptych. Graham Bell, the policeman from *Police Ten 7*, he held out the warrants issued to search my place, which said 'Operation Art'. I was living with my brother Dilworth, from Herbs, we were living together. They searched through our home for six hours, looking for the McCahon triptych. Dilworth was locked outside the gate and not allowed in. I found it totally offensive. I said to Graham Bell, "Do you know the pacifist that Colin was? If he were here, I imagine he'd knock you one. I'm a painter. I paint paintings. I'd never steal another painter's paintings. I had utter respect for him and his painting." So, I've been put through a lot. Chelsea [Winstanley] and I thought we might do a film one day called *Operation Art*. They came in and of course they didn't find the triptych, but what they came in for and what they did walk off with was the agreement Ngāi Tai ki Tāmaki had entered into with Auckland Regional Services Trust to redevelop the Viaduct Basin for Auckland to host the America's Cup. I wouldn't sign away Ngāi Tai ki Tāmaki's interests in the waterway. How about that, eh? Actually, there's another thing Colin told me when I went to see him about my dream, which was really profound. He told me not to tell anyone about the dream. He was sitting there, and he had his cross over his mantelpiece, and he was next to me on the couch and he looked at me and said, "They will throw stones." When I think about it, they have been throwing boulders at me. That's what he meant, you have to be careful. They will throw stones. That's why he didn't want me to tell people what I'd been to see him about when I dreamed I was being chased. I was on the police radar. Merata [Mita] even told me, during the Springbok Tour, that I might want to think about getting out of the country, because the police asked her about me. They had a sheet of paper and they wanted to identify different people protesting during the Springbok Tour. I was in the frontline. I was locked up when I was an artist in residence in Whanganui. I was bashed up, locked up, and so I left town pretty quickly. That's where they train a lot of the real racists in the police. It's a pretty dark city, Whanganui.

MG: Thank you for sharing that with us. That is very profound and that is a real struggle. I think if the film went ahead with Chelsea [Winstanley] that would go down like a bomb. I think it would be quite amazing.

EK: I think people need to know the reality of what goes on. I can authenticate a lot of this. I don't know what I did with the warrant, but it's all sourceable. We will get it all. I went under the Official Information Act when the police left, because Dilworth [Karaka] was shut out and he was really worried. They locked me down for six hours. They even went looking through my knickers drawer looking for the Urewera triptych. That would really break his [Colin's] heart. It's terrible.

HPA: It must have been interesting for you watching the "protests" in Wellington that ended last week, because I have had pretty terrible experiences with the police and I don't really know many people who have had good experiences with them. It was interesting to feel relieved that they were there and removing those "protestors".

EK: I think everyone was, because it had started to bring a psychological pressure to all of us. We were all

checking online to see everything was all right, because that is our space. That's our national space. There have been protests there, but people have left when they've been asked to and they've respected mana whenua. Whenever mana whenua have asked people to leave, they leave. Even the original tent town [Tent Embassy, 1975]. There was an original tent town, don't forget, with the land march. It wasn't the first, but they left when mana whenua asked them to. This is driven by something else, it's certainly an offshore force, a counterculture force. We have got a good culture here and it's going to tip the balance. I'll tell you what you might like actually, because you are both readers, is Angela Davis's book *Abolition. Feminism. Now*. The very basis of her book is, first, defund the police. When a man runs riot, so do the police. That's how it will be. Who copped the most and who were pushed forward? Brown faces. Those ones who did all the stirring, they weren't on the front line. The cops pulled them out one by one and knew who they were, because they had CCTV and were watching them. The second part of her [Davis's] book is to defund the military. And the third part is to halt prison construction. What a good basis for a book, but that's a master of activism. I wrote that down though to tell you, because I thought you'd like that.

MG: That applies here too, especially the prisons.

EK: Look at us building prisons. Why keep building prisons when we know they are not working? Most of our boys who are in prison, are back in there from trying to feed their families. So, if you just concentrate on the white shit that's coming through the country, through the big boys, and let them all go and become green workers. It's amazing how with cannabis oil they aren't Māori companies. Well there's one Māori company out of the three. It costs a lot to get and our people can't afford medicine. It would help a lot for a lot of pain and ailments, like osteoarthritis—a lot of people have that. It would improve the quality and equity of life? Small things, but big issues eh? They are spiritual issues.

MG: I really want to ask you when you go through these activism struggles, where is your place of refuge? Is it a physical place? Is it going home to special places for your iwi? Or is it your physical home where you are now? Where do you find that place to just be you and decompress and get your head out of that activism?

EK: You wouldn't believe it, but, right now, it's my home and *Shortland Street*.

ALL: (Laugh.)

EK: It's actually just so brainless, but you know I'll sit down for half an hour at night and have a kai and watch that. Where do I go? It's my ngākau. It's built from your whakapapa. I've got a pretty staunch whakapapa obviously, direct lines from ariki lines and that's why I have so many iwi that I belong to. It's in-built. When I feel upset, of course, it's your tūpuna. I look at photos that I've got. I've got Taawhiao [Taawhiao, Tuukaaroto Matutaera Pootatau Te Wherowhero, second Māori King] on the wall. Photos of my father, mother and my nanny, who I'm named after. I just look at photos of them. Also, Riria, daughter of Hori Te Whetuki, who was from Ngāi Tai ki Tāmaki. She married Pepa Tauke from Taranaki and from them descend the Kirkwood and Karaka and Hall whānau from our Taranaki side.

HPA: You have your children and grandchildren too.

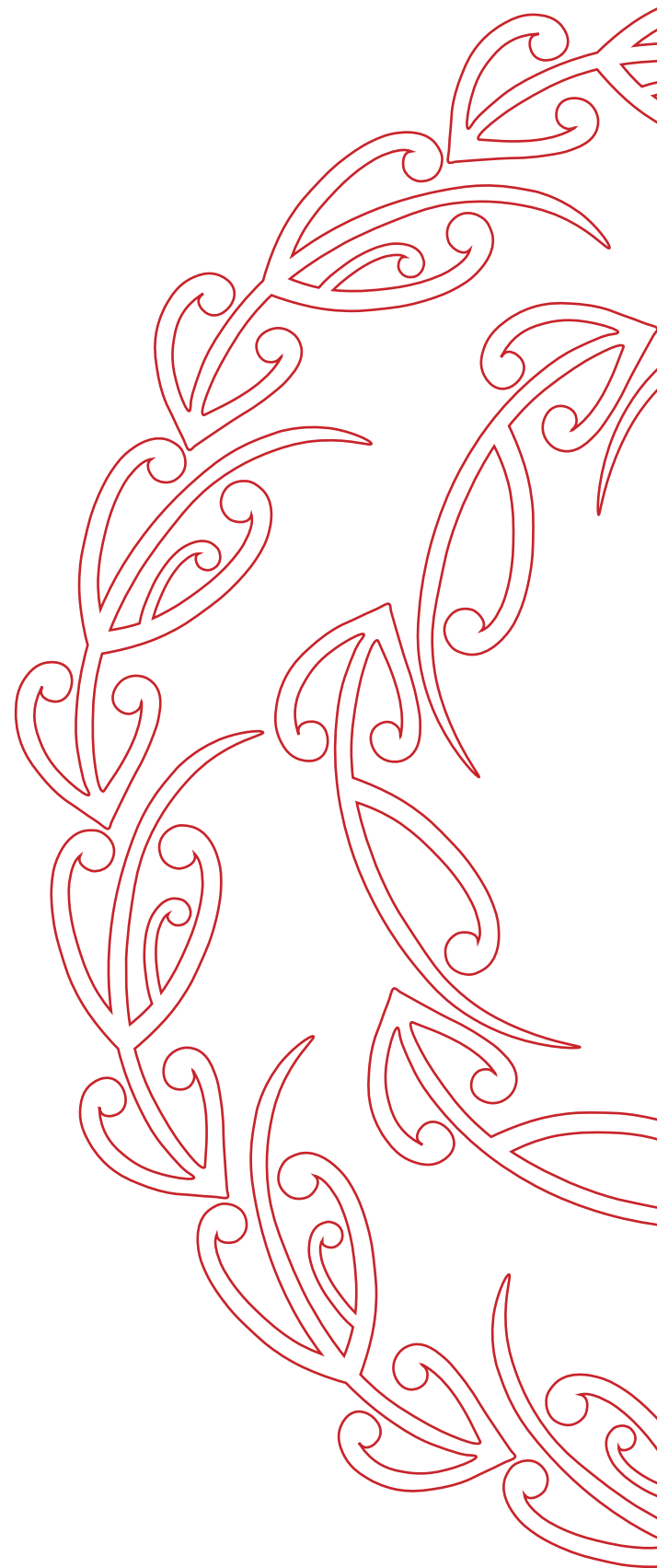
EK: Yes, my great moko turned nine this week. I'll show you her photo. (Goes to get a photograph.) Here she is at two.

HPA & MG: Awwwww.

EK: Blonde hair and blue eyes. She's my boss and she's nine now. So, I bought her the latest Apple computer. She's always drawing and creating. Of course, she knows I've had heart problems and she heard the other

night on TV about this guy who had an enlarged heart and she said to my daughter, who's bringing her up, "Can Gran get a pig's heart?" So, I said to her, "Emily Rose, the man who got a pig's heart passed away." "Oh no," she said, and I told her, "Darling, Gran doesn't need a piggy's heart—if I needed a piggy's heart, I'd have one." "Well, okay, but I'll have a look, because science is changing, Gran." That's what keeps me going. She brought us all together. She changed my daughter's life and then her daughter's life. She restored the whānau unit. So, there's hope in all of our whānau.

*Whanaungatanga
will restore you.*



Composed on a summer's evening

Rore Hapipi

Have you ever stood and listened to the bees working amongst the wild
flowers
and wondered at the way their tone changed as they flitted from flower
to flower
their drone high pitched then suddenly changing low,
caught in a pocket vacuum of air. Or brought in on a sudden change of
wind?

And have you listened to the thrush, working in the bushes
close to the ground. Finding its way through the thick undergrowth
noisily fussing, to where its young lay?
Or listened to the last rhapsody of sparrows
as they gather in the street to chat, noisy and restless, before the night
falls?

And have you heard the blackbird's frightened cry
as it starts up from a hedge and wings away swiftly into the distance
Or listened while a lone starling sings. Its song clear and languid, spearing into the still night
falling?

And have you heard the hush of trees
brought by a sudden rise of wind. That just as suddenly dies?
Leaving you stilled inside and listening. And full of wonderment.
Trying to grasp something that eludes, just out of reach.
While somewhere a bird sings to that, to you, is unknown.

And all the while the warm scents of evening lay heavy on the air
and the peace that comes with the falling darkness is deep-rooted within
you.



and my heart goes swimming

Roma Potiki

and my heart goes swimming

back

wet and liquid it hangs between waves of
salt.

to the sea

a warm heart in cold green waters

my heart goes swimming

deep

wave after wave

to the bottom.

no cold fish could swim like my heart

goes swimming

wave after wave washing the little skin
saline.

and my heart goes swimming

a fisherman scoops the sea,

finds a heart in his hand.

no cold fish warm red blood black hair
blonde.

a night of swimming

open eyes laugh

see us

love

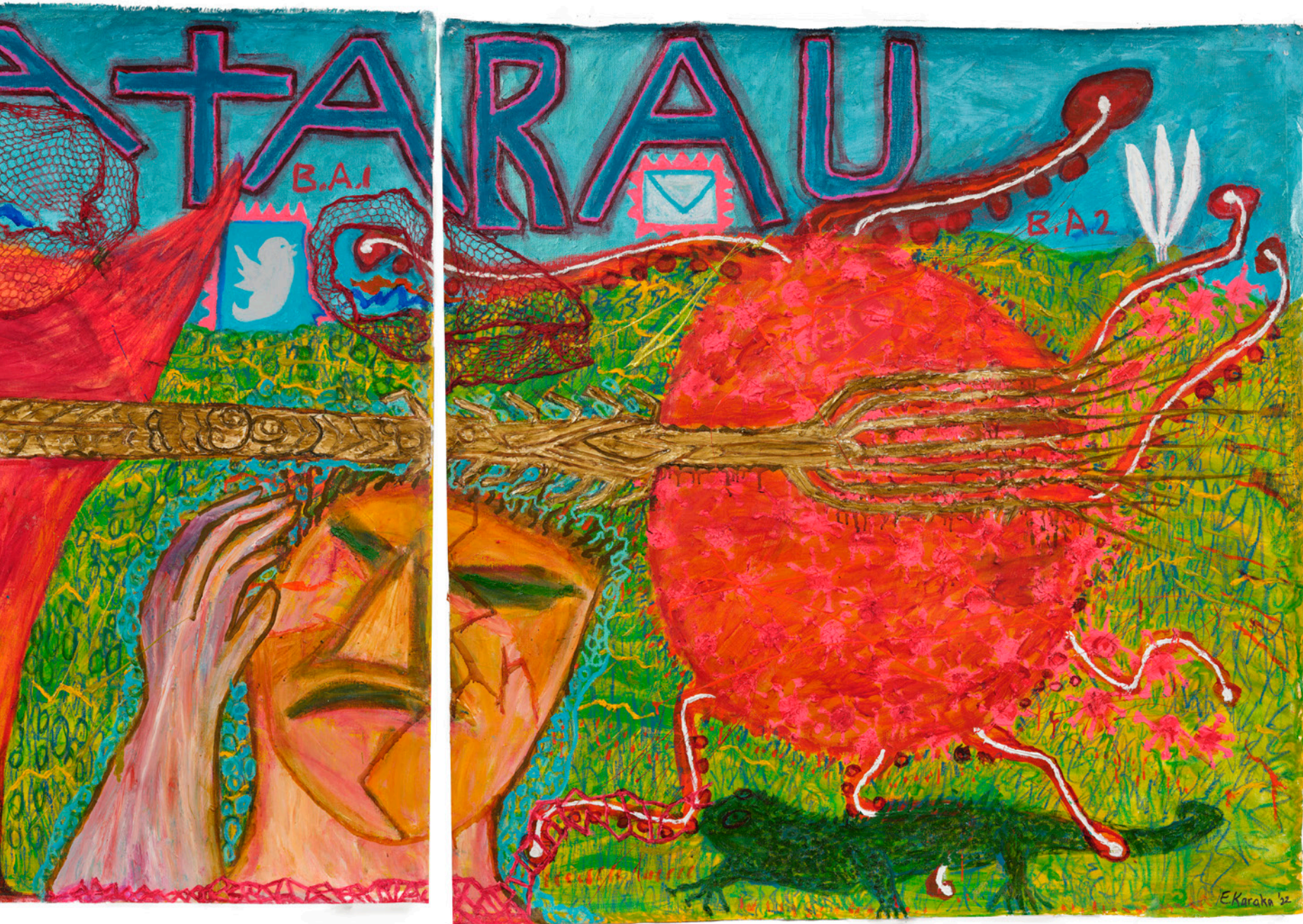
the man and my heart celebrate

and in the morning warm water from a
tap.

but now the fisherman has fish to catch

see, he has a net, and sinkers.





Emily Karaka, Matarau, 2022, 1050 x 3150mm, mixed media on canvas. Courtesy the artist.

I wrote this essay in 2009 for a special edition of *Journal of Social History*, an international academic journal published by George Mason University in the United States. The theme of the issue, edited by Dr Maria Tumarkin and Associate Professor Chris Healy, was ‘Social Memory and Historical Justice’ and my essay sat alongside the work of leading historians from the Ukraine, Germany, Argentina, Australia and England. We’d all met at a two-day symposium in Melbourne and I consider that event to be one of the highlights of my former life as an academic. When the essay was finally published, I felt proud to be in the company of those other scholars, proud that histories of Aotearoa New Zealand and of Taranaki were part of an intellectual conversation that included an analysis of the history of Australia’s Stolen Generations, of the aftermath of Stalinism and of the forced disappearances of thousands of people after the 1976 coup in Argentina.

Now this essay is part of a different conversation – a lineage of Māori writers and intellectuals – and its inclusion in a free newspaper distributed at an art gallery means the research can find new audiences outside of the gated communities of academia.

I want to thank Hana Pera Aoake and Morgan Godfrey of Kei te pai press for this wonderful opportunity.

Some readers may know that City Gallery sits on land that is part of the rohe of Te Aro Pā. After viewing Matarau, I invite visitors to walk up Taranaki Street and visit the Pā, which exists in physical form still via three punga whare preserved at the base of Bellagio Ataahua Apartments.

My tūpuna lived there. Ate, slept, fought, fished and fell in love.

In 1848, the year an enormous earthquake shook the harbour for three days, my Koro, Taare Warahi (Charles Wallace) was born. His sister Turia came along a few years later. These siblings, both uri of Te Aro Pā, survived natural disasters, pandemics, wars and the ongoing catastrophe of muru me te raupatu.

Koro—who features in this Gandhi essay—made his living as a translator. He was so skilled in Māori and English that he even worked as a translator before his uncle, Te Whiti o Rongomai, at Parihaka and readers can find out more about that in my 2018 book *Ko Taranaki Te Maunga* (BWB Texts).

Koro and his wife Margaret O’Toole had 13 children; they lived on Taylor Terrace in Johnsonville, the next street across from the Catholic church. My great-grandmother, Hannah (born in 1893), was the ninth one. Hannah told her mokos that there used to be gardens where Parliament House now stands. She told them about growing kumara and other native vegetables there. She remembered that as a child. She remembered gardens all round there.

One of my uncles passed on this information about the gardens in February 2022, when protesters were occupying land at the base of Ahumairangi–Parliament House gardens and surrounds. The anti-vaccine mandate protestors stayed at the site even though our leaders had specifically asked them to leave.

They claimed their actions were non-violent.

They invoked Parihaka. Perhaps Gandhi too! Aue!

As this essay explores, there are many forms of violence and some of them are very quiet. By sharing a little of the whakapapa of Te Aro Pā here, I am inviting you to end the violence of erasure and step out into a different capital city, one that respects its Māori past and present.

Rachel Buchanan, Naarm (Melbourne), Poutūterangi 2022.

Te mauri tū, te mauri ora

Hi te katoa

Haumi e, Hui e, Tāiki e!



Why Gandhi doesn't belong at Wellington Railway Station

Rachel Buchanan

Kupe used to be at Wellington Railway Station.¹ The discoverer of Aotearoa stood in the corner of the gusty, grotty entrance hall of the 1937 red-brick box on Bunny Street. He was enormous and dusty, a towering seven metres of plaster, a shirtless, graffitied man, left hand clasping a taiaha, right resting on a rock. At one foot stood his wife Hine Te Aparangi, her left hand pointing towards the platforms where rattling red trains took people away from the city. Aparangi, apparently, was the one who named this place her husband had found, Aotearoa. Next to her, at Kupe's other foot was the tohunga (healer) Pekaourangi, 'who vanquished monsters on this epic voyage of discovery.'² The *Coming of the Māori* was sculpted by William Trethewey for the 1939-40 Centennial Exhibition in Wellington. It arrived at the station in 1940 and departed in 1986 after being attacked and vandalised. In 2000, the sculpture, now weatherproofed with a skin of real bronze, reappeared at Taranaki Wharf, an appropriate destination for such a romantic, seafaring and dramatic foundational trio.

The railway station was included in the long-standing Treaty of Waitangi claim—lodged in 1987 and settled in 2009—but Kupe and his crew have not been replaced by other Māori forebears at this busy, central site that sits between the harbour and the national Parliament.³ Instead, on 2 October 2007, Wellington mayor Kerry Prendergast unveiled a larger-than-life bronze statue of Indian politician and activist, Gandhi, in the forecourt outside the station. The Gandhi, a 'Mahatma of Peace and Non-Violence' was gifted to Wellington by the people of India. The statue was unveiled on the anniversary of Gandhi's (1869) birthday, a national holiday in India. I saw it a month later. In front of me was Gandhi, frowning, bald, brown with a bare bony chest, a loin cloth, a walking stick and sturdy sandals. At his feet a plaque said: 'We must become the change we want to see.' Behind him, members of New Zealand's new peacekeeping army, all muscles, buzz-cuts and fatigues, burst down the station steps. 'Today is the celebration of the life of a great man,' the mayor had told an audience of diplomats at the unveiling. 'There is no question Gandhi was a great man, a man of peace, a man of compassion, a man of love. He achieved so much. Gandhi showed the world that you can achieve social and political progress through peace and brotherhood. That is a valuable lesson to us all.'⁴

Statues matter. They are powerful public mnemonic objects. Erecting one spurs memory, removing one negates or suppresses it. Barbie Zelizer argues, for instance, that toppling statues has become a key way of representing the toppling of regimes.⁵ News photographs of listing greats, shoulders about to crash in public squares around the world, have represented revolution, collapse, overthrow or revenge for at least 50 years now, from a toppling Stalin in 1956 Hungary to multiple topplings in 2004 (Saddam Hussein in Iraq, Christopher Columbus in Venezuela, a cardboard cut-out George Bush in Canada).⁶ Gandhi is a thoroughly inspirational figure who shares nothing with the abhorrent Stalin and Hussein, yet he does not belong at Wellington Railway Station. This essay argues that Gandhi's arrival—a case, seemingly, of happenstance in and of itself, a gift offered and received—exposes the deeply flawed regimes of collective memory that exist in Aotearoa New Zealand.⁷ These regimes continue to marginalise, elide or silence public memories about Māori people and places. As such, they need to be toppled, and Gandhi's arrival is a welcome prompt for this work. The essay begins by exploring the contradictions involved in the civic embrace of the statue and it then constructs some family, local and national histories of indigenous non-violent resistance that offer lessons that are perhaps more meaningful than the easy, ahistorical peace and love evoked by Gandhi in Wellington.

So, what was Gandhi doing in the capital? During the unveiling, three reasons emerged. Gandhi belonged at the station because he was a man of the people, someone who travelled with them on trains and other public transport; Gandhi belonged at the station because the statue acknowledged the contribution of the Indian community to multicultural Wellington; and Gandhi belonged at the station because he was a sign of the importance of tolerance and non-violence. At the launch, Indian high commissioner KP Ernest said the statue acknowledged 'the commitment of the people of New Zealand for setting an example to the world of a tolerant, open and inclusive society.'⁸ This statement was challenged only a few weeks later when 300 paramilitary police invaded Tūhoe country (a remote, mountainous part of the central North Island) and arrested members of the Tūhoe iwi (tribe) on charges initially laid under the Terror Suppression Act (2002). The charges were eventually downgraded to carrying unlicensed arms.⁹ As cultural theorist Stephen Turner has argued, 'the real basis

for this strongly overdetermined reaction to Tūhoe activities in the Urewera ranges would appear to be their long-standing claim to be independent of the settler nation-state.'¹⁰ The raids suggested that New Zealand was 'tolerant, open and inclusive' only towards those who accepted the legitimacy of the nation-state that was imposed—and continues to be imposed in a thousand little ways—upon formerly independent iwi (tribes). The settler nation-state was entitled to respond with swift, overwhelming force to crush any group that challenged its self-proclaimed authority. This excessive 21st century show of military might was an uncanny echo of nineteenth and twentieth-century settler violence against various Māori communities who were audacious enough to challenge the rule of the Crown.¹¹

One of these communities was Parihaka, a village established in 1866 (three years before Gandhi's birth) by two spiritual and political leaders, Te Whiti o Rongomai and Tohu Kākahi. Parihaka is in the centre of the province of Taranaki, and it provided a refuge for Māori who had lost everything in the brutal land confiscation enacted by the colonial government in 1865 to punish Māori for their rebellion against the Crown in the wars of the early 1860s. Although Māori enjoy a contemporary reputation as 'warriors', our past also includes many examples of strategic use of non-violence as a form of protest. At Parihaka, non-violence was the rule and the non-violent or 'passive' protests of the residents—such as ploughing Māori land occupied by white settlers—needed, rattled and then finally enraged the government. Between 1879 and 1880, police arrested more than 400 Parihaka men for ploughing or fencing.¹² The prisoners were sentenced, without trial, to hard labour in the South Island. In 1881 in an episode that has been replayed many times in New Zealand books, paintings, plays, films, poetry, songs, hearings, documentaries and exhibitions, 1589 soldiers invaded Parihaka. About 2000 people, all dressed in their best clothes, sat on the marae waiting for them. Singing children greeted the soldiers.¹³ Under the watch of an Armstrong canon mounted on Purepo (Mt Rolleston), the soldiers arrested and exiled Parihaka leaders, they raped women and stole treasures, they evicted most of the 2000 residents and ransacked buildings and crops. Many historians describe the invasion as the final act in the New Zealand wars, and three government commissions have acknowledged that the arrests and invasion were a great wrong, a 'heinous crime'.¹⁴

The year 2007 was the 100th anniversary of the deaths of Parihaka leaders Te Whiti and Tohu but there is no memorial to either man outside the remote community of Parihaka itself. The community remains poor and divided, left alone with the burdens of remembrance and restoration.¹⁵ Gandhi's bronzed permanence—in Wellington and in Canberra and in many, many other cities in India and elsewhere—may be contrasted with the impermanence of his non-violent Māori forerunners. A global non-violent superstar is so much easier to accommodate, recall and unveil than a couple of difficult little indigenous nobodies and their white-feathered followers. Gandhi appeals because, to quote Wellington's mayor, 'he achieved so much.' Gandhi's non-violent activism worked. India gained independence. If you overlook his death and the cataclysmic violence that followed with partition, Gandhi is a hero whose work was completed. Māori political and spiritual leaders are not so simple. Their stories defy conclusion because their descendants are still waiting for their prophecies to be fulfilled.¹⁶ There is neither a happily ever after nor a never again nor even a lest we forget. There is no straightforward, truthful enough, dominant narrative that the public can grasp, and perhaps that is why in the case of Parihaka an excess of storytelling has provided no protection against public extinction. Quite the opposite. It's as if the more that is said about Parihaka, the less people can hear. Parihaka leaders are still dangerous, threatening figures whose actions continue to make demands on the nation-state, whose protests and teachings destabilised and continue to destabilise cherished stories of New Zealand as a 'tolerant, open and inclusive society' where peace and non-violence are the rule.

Māori radicals, such as the Parihaka leaders, need to be kept in their place and that place is history (meaning both the past itself and official narratives constructed about that completed past). In describing the work of memory studies pioneer Maurice Halbwachs, Jeffery Olick writes that: 'History is the remembered past to which we no longer have an "organic" relation—the past that is no longer important in our lives—whereas collective memory is the active past the forms our identities.'¹⁷ Māori at Parihaka (and elsewhere) are stuck in a short history, one that tends to begin around the time of the 1840 signing of the Treaty of Waitangi, and no matter what they do, they can't get out of it.¹⁸ Gandhi, in contrast, is free. He can be both in history and out of it. He can transcend his time and his place and stand in global collective memory as an icon of peace, doing whatever work we require of him.

The ongoing public invisibility of Aotearoa New Zealand's own heroes of peace and brotherhood suggests that there are unresolved (and perhaps unresolvable) historical and contemporary battles over the meanings of the words violence and non-violence, victim and perpetrator, justice and injustice in settler societies like Aotearoa New Zealand, a country with a double-barrelled name that does not signal a loving union between equals but, rather, a constantly threatened coupling. There is a fault-line or chasm in public and private collective remembrance in my homeland, a fault that reveals a persistent, endemic inability to acknowledge the twin forces of violence and non-violence that have shaped the nation's messy past and continue to shape it still. The arrival of Gandhi demonstrates that although much work has been put into remembering places like Parihaka, even more has gone into forgetting them. As Elizabeth Jelin has observed, in relation to Argentina's military junta in the 1970s, societies have to work hard to forget, they have to decide not to pass on stories from one generation to the next, decide not to acknowledge a person or event as meaningful. But forgetting is not a void or a vacuum. It is 'the presence of an absence,' 'the representation of what was once there and no longer is, the representation of something that has been erased, silenced or denied.'¹⁹

One of the things that the statue of Gandhi 'forgets' is the simple, cruel mathematics of settlement. Gandhi's non-violent protests helped achieve Indian

independence and freedom from British colonial rule, a feat that was only possible because British people were never more than a tiny minority in the vastness of India. In New Zealand, of course, the handful of early white arrivals—pets, allies, lovers, enemies, friends—whom Māori were prepared to host, quickly became the majority. By 1840, just before my white ancestors started to arrive, there were 100,000 Māori and about 2000 non-Māori. By 1860, New Zealand was inhabited by 79,000 Pākehā and up to 62,000 Māori. Less than twenty years later, Pākehā outnumbered Māori 10 to 1.²⁰ The odds, as they say, were against us. Luisa Passerini has argued that researchers need to recover lost connections between events and memories and to do this we need to 'break institutionalised links in order to establish risky ones.'²¹ In responding to Passerini's challenge, this essay now moves to the end of the line and then shunts backwards and forwards to uncover what Passerini calls the 'memories between silence and oblivion,' the unlikely connections between traces (or absences) of the violent past in the seemingly bloodless present.

The Pacifier

My great-grandmother's father was Taare Warahi (Charlie Wallace). I never knew him, of course, but I have talked with old people who did. And I've seen a photo. There he is, above the landing, on the stairs, big black beard, thick hair, black eyes, a suit, two small children in white frilly Victorian dresses at his feet and a wicker pram with those enormous Victorian wheels. Charlie grew up in a coaching hotel in the Ngahauranga gorge just outside Wellington. His dad William ran it. Charlie was born in 1848. He had a Māori mother, Arapera, and a Pākehā father, a man who had arrived in 1840 on the Glenbervie, one of the 'first ships' in Wellington. The pub he grew up in was on a busy route, a road well travelled by his Māori relatives, a hitching post on the long journey from Wellington to Taranaki, two places twinned in the Māori world by at least 200 years of departure and return.

Charlie, apparently, was well known around the Thorndon streets that go up the hill from the railway station. Later in his life, he used to drink at the Thistle Inn near Parliament, a rickety wooden pub that is still there, renovated now and extended, available for corporate functions. Charlie was, apparently, a bit of a character. He used to carry a couple of bottles of beer around with him in his kete, a basket woven from flax, and he used to wear a straw hat, something a little less smart than a Panama. My aunt, Agnes 'Bubs' Broughton (nee Wallace), told me those things about Charlie at my dad's 60th. Agnes gave dad a kete for his birthday. She thought it was a great joke. Dad turned 60 the year I started my Phd research on Parihaka. I explained my plans to Agnes, especially my interest in non-violence, and she started to tell me a story about how Charlie Wallace had stopped a battle up in Taranaki, some fight or other that was connected with a train. Agnes had a soft voice and it was hard to hear above all the noise of a party. Not long after the party, Agnes died so I never got to hear her story. A newspaper obituary sketches some details. When Charlie died in October 1932, The Evening Post said his death removed 'one of the very last links in the relations of Pākehā and Māori in early Wellington.'²² It said Charlie had not taken part in the 'Māori Wars', meaning the wars in Taranaki between 1860 and 1868, because he was very young then but also because his relatives on his mother's side were fighting against the Pākehā. It said that after the war, he joined the armed constabulary in Taranaki and had helped maintain order in that still turbulent district. Charlie had also acted as Native interpreter to the Hon John Sheehan, Native Minister in the Grey Government. Around this time, about 1879, he had been involved in an affair at Waitara.

The newspaper reported that the railway between Waitara and New Plymouth was to be opened by the Premier, Sir George Grey, and there was a great

gathering of several thousand Māori at Waitara. A gale arose and blew down one of the structures, injuring a Māori boy. 'Instantly the Natives were up in arms, and there were all sorts of threats. To pacify them Sir George Grey called on Charles Wallace to explain, and after a long kōrero the effort was successful,' the newspaper said. Māori were then taken for a trip to New Plymouth in the first train, which they crowded all over, hanging on the sides and the roofs. 'The occasion of the first train duly celebrated in festivities in which all joined,' the obituary noted.²³

Charlie's railway opened in the 1870s, a decade after the last war in Taranaki. The 18-kilometre track linked the settler colony of New Plymouth with the deep-water, sheltered port of Waitara, the place where the Taranaki War began in 1860. The New Plymouth railyards were built by the sea on reclaimed land. Settlers levelled the massive, towering bulk of Puke Ariki—the hill of chiefs, a former pa site—to obtain the soil they needed to make the train yards. Despite all these efforts, by 1884, the Waitara-New Plymouth line was almost obsolete. A new breakwater in New Plymouth meant people, mail and goods could safely land there. Only the 1885 opening of the Waitara freezing works saved the line and the port from becoming totally useless. Charlie married (Margaret O'Toole) and lived up and down the West Coast. He was an interpreter for the Native Land Court, an institution that later became known, with great contempt, as the land-taking court.

Roads to Non-Violence

In his fascinating examination of histories made about a riot at Chauri Chaura, a small market town in India where peace-loving Gandhian volunteers destroyed a police-station and killed the 23 police officers inside, Shahid Amin argues that master narratives about nationalist struggles rely on the retelling of famous or memorable events. These tellings are distinguished by what Amin describes as an excess of 'stereotypical description', a 'slow accretion of meaning' that forms around 'the event, like a cell inexorably multiplying.'²⁴ One of the key meanings in such nationalist stories is the elaborate and heroic triumph of good over evil. The story of Parihaka has become an emblematic, if provisional, site in New Zealand history, a story in which good triumphs over evil. In the nineteenth century settlers were the force for good and Māori were the opposite. By the late twentieth century, these roles had been inverted, although the narrative and moral victory Māori came to enjoy was lacking in some of the material and capital gains acquired by Pākehā in the 1860s (through confiscation of land) and never surrendered. The Parihaka story serves a powerful purpose: for Māori and for Pākehā, it is a story that can both acknowledge and elide the violence of New Zealand's many wars of foundation. Soldiers invaded Parihaka but no shots were fired. Parihaka was a village of peace surrounded by blockhouses and redoubts. Māori waited, seemingly passively, on the marae, sending children forward to greet the armed oppressors with singing, dancing and food. To contemporary eyes, it appears that Parihaka residents were the ultimate righteous victims and the invaders (Pākehā soldiers and their Māori allies) were greedy colonisers.

And of course this is true, but such a fixed story hides the intense nineteenth-century debates about the morality, or otherwise, of Māori and Pākehā actions in Taranaki and at Parihaka and also assumes that the identities of Māori and Pākehā were fixed, when patently they often were not. Even more disturbing is the way that the focus on the violence (or not) of the November 1881 invasion discourages reflection on the civilising violence that preceded the invasion and followed it, in the long decades of the twentieth century when Māori loss of land, language and culture continued, indeed accelerated. The longer colonisation went on, the more skilfully the violence was hidden beneath a story of harmony and peace. As Gyanendra Pandey notes in his histories of the partition of India, modern nationhood is characterised by an absence of

violence, “a state of non-violence, where mature, adult human beings negotiate with one another to determine their rights and duties.”²⁵ War was negative and primitive. Peace progressive and civilising. In the 1870s, 1880s and beyond, Māori and Pākehā wanted to claim the title of non-violent, civilising, peacemaker. Leading figures in the Parihaka story were aware of themselves as historical actors. They were very sensitive to the way history—meaning accounts of their actions to be told in the future—would judge them. Appearances were all.

Although it did not describe it as such, the government’s military campaign on Parihaka began with the forcible surveying and installation of the West Coast road, then the construction of a web of telegraph lines (between 1879 and 1881 six military and press-only telegraph offices were opened around Parihaka and then closed as troops advanced) and finally a lighthouse on the nub of land settlers called Cape Egmont. Soldiers advanced towards Parihaka on the road they were building. The installation of these technologies and infrastructure was an essential part of the invasion, but they also served a symbolic purpose as a show of settler power, progressiveness and ownership. The Native Minister, John Bryce, was quite explicit about the literal and symbolic triumph these public works would bring. As another show of justice, the government in 1880 established a commission to inquire into Māori grievances about confiscated land. In August 1880, Bruce told this commission,

‘Your excellency will perhaps remember that when the survey of the Waimate Plains was about to be commenced it was agreed at Parihaka that the lighthouse ought not to be opposed, though the site will hardly be six miles from Te Whiti’s village. A very great political effect would now be produced upon the Natives throughout the coast if they saw the three things for which the government have so long contended, being done together; the road, the telegraph line, and the lighthouse.’²⁶

To settle Taranaki, to produce the Taranaki that exists today, the government had to assert the full range of its bureaucratic, military and domestic power over Māori. The ‘trouble on the plains’ could only be ended by the erasure of independent and stubbornly Māori forms of life there. But this erasure was not to be represented as an act of war but as one of peace. In its third report, the commission said: ‘As on the Plains, even more so certainly at the doors of Parihaka, the establishment of English homesteads and the fencing and cultivation of the land, will be a guarantee of peace.’²⁷

However, this constant talk of peace failed to fool Māori who were kept busy repairing the fences around their own cultivations. The archive bristles with Māori disgust at the veiled violence behind so many Pākehā things and symbols. Surveying was one of them. In 1878, Te Whiti explained this to McKay, a government representative who had come to see him at Parihaka. ‘I told Brown, the Commissioner, to take his guns away,’ he said. Brown ‘said he had none there. He misunderstood me. He thought I meant firearms. The surveyors themselves are guns; that is, they will cause the guns to be used.’²⁸

Māori at Parihaka flagged their intentions with the raukura, white albatross feathers worn in their hair to symbolise their adherence to the pacifist teachings of Te Whiti and Tohu. They wore raukura when they were sent out to repair fences that soldier road-builders had torn down. The first group of them were arrested in July 1880 for repairing fences near the Waitōtara footbridge, an area close to Parihaka that surveyor Newall noted had ‘extensive cultivations’. Even as their own food sources were being destroyed, Parihaka residents continued to fulfil their obligations as generous hosts, a role that asserted tribal mana, ownership and control. Before the invasion Māori gave the interlopers pigs and potatoes, fowls and peaches. On the day the pā was invaded 500 loaves of bread were baked for them. Sacks of potatoes were offered the next day, gifts that soldiers refused. They preferred to steal vegetables

instead. Still, Māori clung to the role of host. On New Year’s Day 1882, they cooked a hangi for soldiers. By their non-violent responses to settler incursions, Māori wanted to demonstrate the violence of the colonists’ actions and the peaceable intentions of their own.

Like many other Māori leaders of the mid to late nineteenth century, Te Whiti and Tohu were millennial prophets, and their teachings blended Māori and Christian ideas. Both men were talented orators and on the 18th of each month thousands of people travelled to Parihaka to hear oratory that was soaked in Biblical references. Te Whiti, for example, sometimes called himself the King of Peace, a reference to the Old Testament character, Melchisedec, King of Salem.²⁹ Many songs composed at this time show that residents believed that these non-violent teachings elevated the community to a divine level that transcended the laws that oppressed them.³⁰ Although Te Whiti and Tohu were opposed to guns and physical violence, they both repeatedly referred to their words as weapons, their tongues as swords. In an 1879 speech, Te Whiti said: ‘In the olden days laws were given to the prophets but I have only my tongue which is sharp on both edges.’ These words, like the words of the Biblical prophets, would have a global reach, speaking to present and future generations around the world. The translation of a song composed by Tonga Awhikau, a ploughman, ends: ‘The land continues to depart / To ridicule the work / Of Te Whiti, he will have the final word.’ In a speech at Parihaka, Tohu said: ‘The very extremity of my tongue is at battle as a treasure for the generations / Which continue on after us / They will establish the self-determination / Forever.’³¹

Māori outside of Taranaki understood the meanings of this wordy battle. In a speech to Parliament opposing the Māori Prisoner’s Bill as a document as slippery and slimey as an eel, Māori MP Henare Tomoana said: ‘Te Whiti has always said he cares not to fight. His only weapon is his tongue ... He has no firearms, no gunpowder. His tongue and his voice are all he uses.’³²

A Railway Survey Party

In 1883, Charles Hursthouse and his team started a reconnaissance survey on the portion of the 680-kilometre main trunk line that would run through the King Country down to Taranaki. The line had been mooted since 1870 but it was not until 1882 that Māori leaders, including Rewi Maniopotō, had agreed to its construction. Even so, problems arose.

After the invasion of Parihaka, Māori were evicted and ordered to return to the areas they came from. One of them was Te Mahuki Manukura, a Ngāti Maniopotō follower of Te Whiti and Tohu who had built a replica of Parihaka village in the King Country and established his own community there. Te Mahuki’s followers called themselves Tekau-mā-rua, the sacred Twelve, a reference to Christ’s twelve disciples or the twelve tribes of Israel.³³ In March 1883 at Te Uira, Te Mahuki and his men attacked and robbed Hursthouse’s railway survey party. The surveyors were bound with chains and ropes for 40 hours. The men were rescued by the most unlikely of heroes—the notorious former East Coast rebel leader Te Kooti. Te Mahuki and twenty-two of his followers were arrested, tried and imprisoned for their crime. The case displayed what one newspaper called ‘the impotent, but violent fanaticism which has sprung up, through the demoralisation of the barbarous remnant of the Māori people.’³⁴

Most settlers had supported the invasion of Parihaka. The wars of the 1860s were a recent memory, and Pākehā feared that Parihaka Māori were preparing for another battle. But a vocal, prominent minority—including the Governor of New Zealand Arthur Gordon, Australian historian and writer George Rusden and Irish immigrants who saw many parallels between their own battles against the English and those being fought by Māori—had opposed it. Not long after the invasion, Christchurch newspapers had published satirical ballads the lampooned Bryce and his men as ‘the noble 1200’ and asked whether ‘each doughty soul

/ Paid for the pigs he stole.’³⁵

The kidnapping of Hursthouse’s party by some of Te Whiti’s ‘disciples’ seemed to prove, retrospectively at least, the wisdom of the government’s actions at Parihaka two years earlier. For instance, The New Zealand Herald reported that:

‘The natives were spoken of as peaceful, dignified and calm, while Mr Bryce and the other Ministers were accused of getting up a vulgar, useless and expensive show. But there can be no doubt now that the natives assembled at Parihaka were a most dangerous lot of men, and it may fairly be concluded that but for the display of overwhelming force that was made, there would have been a very different result.’³⁶

How quickly non-violence can become violence, the peace-lovers the warmongers. Meanwhile, there was a railway line to build. It was backbreaking. The first sod of the Main Trunk Line was turned in April 1885 just south of Te Awamutu. Contractors had to pierce a one-kilometre tunnel through Poro-o-Tarao near Mokau. Six years later the tunnel was finished and seventeen years after that, on 8 August 1908, VIPs got on an eleven-car train in Wellington and made a twenty-hour journey to Auckland. Thirty-eight years after it had been mooted, the main trunk line was complete.

A Murderer Goes to Court

Two weeks before Parihaka was invaded, George Rusden, a retired senior public servant in the colony of Victoria, wrote a letter to the just-resigned Native Minister William Rolleston. From the comfort of the Melbourne Club on Collins Street, Rusden expressed his concern that Rolleston had been succeeded by Bryce and asked Rolleston to consider ‘the judgment of posterity if the marauding schemes of the New Zealand company—the robbery of Waitara ... the confessed broken promises on the West Coast—are wound up by an attack upon Te Whiti’.³⁷ His letter to Rolleston finished with a request for any archival material relating to the West Coast difficulty and Parihaka. Such material would help him with a history of New Zealand he was writing. Rusden wrote his books and the three-volume history, published in 1883, was the subject of one of the nineteenth-century’s biggest libel cases, after Bryce sued the author for defamation. Drawing on Māori memories of Bryce’s behaviour during an encounter between his troops and Māori children on a Taranaki farm in 1868 and on his role at the head of the invading troops at Parihaka in 1881, Māori had given the Native Minister a nickname: Bryce—kōhuru (Bryce, the murderer).

According to volume II of Rusden’s history, Bryce earned this nickname because he murdered women and children at ‘Handley’s Woolshed’ during the war with Titokowaru.³⁸ This accusation was the basis for Bryce’s libel case. In evidence tendered during an eight-day hearing at the Supreme Court in London, Māori testified that members of the Ka Iwi cavalry, not Bryce himself, killed children at the woolshed. Baron Huddleston and the Supreme Court jury found that Rusden’s accusation was baseless, and the historian was ordered to pay Bryce £5000 damages, an enormous sum for the day. All remaining copies of his history were withdrawn from sale. Kōhuru is a word that has many dictionary meanings, including to ‘kill by stealth’, to ‘ill-treat grievously’ or to ‘deal treacherously’.³⁹ In these more subtle meanings of the word, rather than the literal description of a man who takes another’s life in an act of murder, Māori expressed their responses to the supposedly non-violent colonisation of Taranaki.

The testimony of statesman and former MP Wi Parata, of Waikanae, exposes the different interpretive strategies at work when settlers and Māori described colonisation.⁴⁰ Māori witnesses were questioned at a court in Wanganui, and their testimony was tabled in London. Parata began his testimony by talking about the fighting that had occurred in Taranaki in 1881. He said when people carried arms, Māori ‘speak of it as fighting’ (even if no shots were fired). He explained that Bryce was known as a ‘tangata kohuru’, ‘he was a

murderer, a man that murdered.⁴⁴ Parata, who was at Parihaka during the invasion, said he first heard that description of Bryce then.

‘Q: Did you ever hear it said that the action of Mr Bryce or the soldiers was murder at that time?’

A: Yes, Mr Bryce went there with his guns and the Maori had no guns. That was a murderous action.

Q: You said that the term “kohuru” you heard applied to Mr Bryce at Parihaka; do I understand that it was a consequence of something that had taken place at Nukumarū [Handley’s Woolshed] or something that happened at Parihaka?

A: For both. They were coupled together.⁴²

Bryce’s libel case was concerned with two lines in volume two of Rusden’s history that related to events in 1867, but as Parata’s testimony suggests, most of this famous case was concerned with what happened at Parihaka in 1881. For eight days, an often rather puzzled London court became a stage on which Māori and Pākehā and their supporters or detractors could narrate alternative versions of the history of the place that was now called New Zealand. ‘The trial has laid bare, here before the English public, the history of the struggle between the colonists and the Māories [sic],’ the Times reported on 13 March 1886. In this history, the invasion of Parihaka functioned as a test case for the morality or otherwise of British colonisation of New Zealand. Had colonists behaved like gentlemen or not?⁴³

Each side tried to claim the title of most civilised (and least violent). This meant that Bryce, like his Māori opponents, could find violence in episodes where there had been no bloodshed. Consider this exchange between Bryce and counsel for Rusden, Sir John Gorst.

‘Gorst asked: In the fanatical movement of Te Whiti from the first to the last there was the most absolute submission on the part of the natives to the executive government?’

Bryce responded: Not at all; there was absolute defiance of the government.

Gorst: Not by violence?

Bryce: Not by bloodshed.

Gorst: Only by passive resistance.

Bryce: I should not like to say that. I am quite willing to say not by bloodshed.⁴⁴

Nineteenth-century Parihaka narratives are knotted up in exchanges such as this. What Māori and their supporters might label as ‘absolute submission’, settlers chose to see as ‘absolute defiance’. The problem is one of definition. Who was violent? Who was peace-loving? What sort of resistance, if any, might be legitimate?

Histories emerge from these debates. As time passes and new events take place, reputations are reassessed, emphasis is changed, meanings are twisted. For Māori and the settlers who supported them, the bloodless installation of the lighthouse, the telegraph and the road and the bloodless invasion of Parihaka did not mask the government’s violent intentions. ‘It was suggested by Mr Bryce that it was necessary to do something which had the appearance of war in order to avoid war,’ said Sir Richard Webster, another member of Rusden’s defence team. ‘That it was necessary to take up an armed force, an Armstrong six-pounder—to seize guns and pull down houses and to take people’s property, to avoid war.’⁴⁵ This kind of thinking—that war is necessary for peace—is common. In Wellington a 1932 war memorial sculpture depicts a naked youth riding Pegasus, a boy ascending towards ‘the great spiritual assurance of peace.’⁴⁶

Māori narrators sought to broaden the definition of violence beyond the firing of cannons and into a more subtle domain that included the installation of technologies like roads and telegraphs and the unjust imprisonment of peaceful protestors. They did this through oratory, through song and in the evidence they offered at trials like Rusden’s. The violence of the arrests of Parihaka ploughmen was branded into families in a more secret way too. Māori

children were called Totoi (Toto) for short, which means dragging, a reference to the way a forbear was dragged around a paddock ‘because he wouldn’t stop ploughing.’ Other children were named Te Iwi Herehere (literally imprisoned people), Te Kirihāehae (lashing), Matengaro (lost death or hidden death) and Ngarukeruke (discarded body).⁴⁷ In Taranaki, there are marae (meeting places) called Te Aroha (literally the love) but there are others named Muru Raupatu (confiscation and marginalisation).

But Māori efforts failed to convince those who saw the settlement of Taranaki as an event that was, ultimately, non-violent. In 1886, after eight days of evidence, the English jury took just fifteen minutes to decide that the history of New Zealand constructed by Rusden, a history that displayed a strident sympathy with Māori, was libellous. Bryce’s reputation had been vindicated. One newspaper noted that Rusden’s history had argued that the government had been brutal and treacherous towards Māori, but it believed the native policy in New Zealand had been ‘at once patriotic and forbearing to the point of generosity.’⁴⁸ As for Bryce, he was ‘one of those honest, energetic and straightforward persons of whom England produces so many for the conduct of affairs abroad and retains so few for the management of affairs at home.’⁴⁹ Patriotic, generous and honest, such was the judgment that the English justice system passed on Bryce and the colonisation of New Zealand.

A New Line for Gandhi

There is another way of looking at the bronze Gandhi at Wellington railway station. Rather than arguing he doesn’t belong there, I might choose to say the statue is proof of Gandhi’s long-standing presence in New Zealand histories. For at least three decades, the small, Indian non-violent global superstar has been invoked to encourage readers to elevate—or merely acknowledge—the teachings and actions of ‘our own Gandhi’s’, Te Whiti and Tohu. In *Ask That Mountain*, his 1975 bestseller about Parihaka, one-time Communist Dick Scott explained that Te Whiti was a figure of ‘international significance’ whose ‘finely-honed tactics anticipated those of Gandhi by a generation.’⁵⁰

Likewise, in the Waitangi Tribunal’s 1996 Taranaki Report, the work of Parihaka’s leaders is compared with the work of the best leaders of the twentieth century, Gandhi and Martin Luther King. Te Whiti and Tohu, like Gandhi and King, were jurists who promoted ‘higher constitutional norms’ the report said.⁵¹ The residents of Parihaka, like the followers of Gandhi and King, were disciplined and organised and their actions were morally right. The tribunal report juxtaposes the words of Te Whiti with those of King, linking the ‘civil disobedience’ of Parihaka people with the civil disobedience of civil rights activists in 1960s America. The tribunal lamented,

‘For decades, the shameful history [of Parihaka] lay largely buried in obscurity. Young Māori were schooled to believe that those of their forebears, whose images should have been carved with pride, were simply rebels, savages or fanatics. The Government’s criminality was hidden. New Zealanders were not to know that forced removals, pass laws and other suspensions of civil liberties, so often criticised of governments elsewhere, had been applied here. We were not to know, when paying tribute to Gandhi and King, that their policies and practices had first been enunciated by Māori.’⁵²

Inspired by the tribunal, perhaps, Māori narrators have now identified the potential of the Parihaka story to resonate with global concerns—especially concerns about peace and war—and have used the Parihaka story to claim a place for Māori in global history.

At the City Gallery exhibition opening, two Parihaka kuia—Parekaitu Tito and Sadie Rukuwai—were presented with a UNESCO Peacebuilder Award. The year 2000 was the United Nation’s International Year for a Culture of Peace, so the award linked Parihaka with other iconic sites of peace around the world

and to New Zealand’s emerging role as a regional ‘peacekeeper’ through its increase in spending on UN peacekeeping missions and a decrease in spending on military equipment.⁵³ Pat Lynch, who coordinated New Zealand ‘culture of peace’ activities said an important theme of the year was conflict resolution. ‘And Parihaka provides an uplifting and enduring model of a peaceful approach to dispute resolution,’ Lynch said.⁵⁴ In the 1990s when the tribunal was conducting hearings at Parihaka, the place and its leaders were used as an example of unresolved foundational conflicts in New Zealand. But more recently, the village-of-peace narrative has gained greater valency for Māori and Pākehā. Since 2005, an annual peace festival has been held at Parihaka, for example. Many Māori are attracted to the peace angle because it invites a more positive story in which the invasion of Parihaka was the start of something (the global passive resistance movement) rather than the end of something (Māori autonomy and power in Taranaki).

In the past few years, Māori and Pākehā have made the link between Te Whiti and Gandhi specific. In 2003, Parihaka leader Te Miringa Hohaia told Puke Ariki museum and library that Gandhi had learned about Te Whiti ‘from an Irish delegation that visited Parihaka and then had a meeting with Gandhi. Although Gandhi was already committed to non-violence, the impact of finding out about Te Whiti must have been startling.’⁵⁵ In late 2009, Jim Holdom wrote to a national news magazine to explain that the nineteenth century Parihaka protests were well reported in English newspapers, ‘which Gandhi would have read.’ Holdom explained: ‘Gandhi’s grandson has recently confirmed what had often been wondered, that what Gandhi had learnt about Parihaka helped as he developed his pacifist understandings.’⁵⁶

By positioning Parihaka leaders as pioneers of a multinational line of great pacifists, Māori (and others) tell a Parihaka story in which the actions of Māori in a remote corner of New Zealand had ripples that spread to the other side of the world, concentric circles of influence that have continued to radiate from Parihaka in the decades following the prophets’ deaths and on into the present. This story inverts what Dipesh Chakrabarty has described as the ‘first in Europe, then elsewhere’ structure of ‘global historical time’, a historicist narrative in which ‘history’ is a story imported from Europe into New Zealand and featuring a cast of offshore figures, such as British generals, explorers and policemen or, in more recent times, famous non-white foreigners such as Gandhi and King.⁵⁷ In this storyline, the history of passive resistance begins with indigenous actors in Aotearoa, spreads to Ireland and then on to India before making its way across to the United States. It is an inventive whakapapa (genealogy) of non-violent protest in which the seeds of the family tree of passive resistance were planted by Tohu and Te Whiti at Parihaka. With this genealogy in mind, the arrival of Gandhi in Wellington makes perfect sense. He is paying homage to those who came before him, to the Māori leaders who are yet to be cast in either local, national or global memorial landscapes.

Endnotes

1 This essay is for Parihaka leader and historian, Te Miringa Hohaia. Moe mai Te Miringa. I also thank participants in the symposium on ‘Social Memory and Historical Justice’ at Swinburne University for their contributions to this work.

2 Roger Blackley, “Historical Wellington: The City’s First Public Sculptures,” Jenny Harper and Aaron Lister, eds., Wellington: A City for Sculpture, (Wellington, 2007), 58.

3 The Taranaki Whanui ki Te Upoko o Te Ika claim was settled in August 2009. The Port Nicholson Trust Block, which represents claimants, has new offices inside the Wellington Railway Station on Waterloo Quay. My family are part of this claimant group and in February 2010 my book, *The Parihaka Album: lest we forget* (Wellington, 2009) was launched there. The settlement package includes the first right of refusal to buy back “Wellington Railway Station and the land directly under it and the Social Hall and the land directly under it.” Other sites subject to this provision include Archives New Zealand, the National Library and the High Court. See “Summary of the Taranaki Whanui ki Te Upoko o Te Ika Deed of Settlement,” Office of Treaty Settlements, <http://www.ots.govt.nz/>, accessed 19 February 2009. Also, “Port Nicholson Block Claim Taranaki Whanui ki Te Upoko o Te Ika” Ratification Booklet, 25.

4. An address by the Mayor of Wellington Kerry Prendergast at the unveiling of the Gandhi Statue Wellington Railway Station, 2 October 2007, 3.

4 An address by the Mayor of Wellington Kerry Prendergast at the unveiling of the Gandhi Statue Wellington Railway Station, 2 October 2007, 3.

5 Barbie Zelizer, “Local memories—global news” (paper presented to “Journalism in the 21st Century: Between Globalization and National Identity,” University of Melbourne, 17 July 2009).

6 With thanks for Barbie Zelizer for these wonderful examples.

7 Linda Tuhiwai Smith, *Decolonizing Methodologies: Research and Indigenous Peoples* (London, New York and Dunedin, 1999). See also Aroha Harris, “Theorize This: We Are What We Write,” *Te Pouhere Korero 3 Maori History, Maori People* (2009): 83-89. On the transformative possibilities of Maori history-making see Nepia Mahuika, “Korero Tuku Iho: Our Gift and Our Responsibility,” *Te Pouhere Korero 4 Maori History, Maori People* (2010): 24-40 and Arini Loader, “Casting the Net Wider: Native American Literary Nationalism in Aotearoa,” also *Te Pouhere Korero 4* (2010): 51-57.

8 Statue of Mahatma Gandhi to be Unveiled in Wellington’, 1 October 2007, press release, Wellington City Council, <http://www.wellington.govt.nz/news/display-item.php?id=3027>, accessed 2 September 2010.

9 For a comprehensive exploration of the raids see Danny Keenan, ed., *Terror in Our Midst? Searching for Terror in Aotearoa New Zealand* (Wellington, 2008).

10 Stephen Turner, “Compulsory Nationalism,” *Moving Worlds 8.2* (2008): 7-19. It might also be argued that the Foreshore and Seabed Act 2004 is a more veiled but not less violent extinguishment or suppression of Maori expressions of independence. See Andrew Erueti and Claire Charters, eds., *Maori Property Rights and the Foreshore and Seabed: the last frontier* (Wellington, 2007).

11 For an exploration of how the wars of foundation are marginal—or erased all together—in national memorial sites, such as the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior, see Rachel Buchanan, “The Dementia Wing of History,” *Cultural Studies Review 1* (2007): 173-186 and “Dementia Wing,” *Parihaka Album*, 203-234.

12 For a comprehensive history of this event see Hazel Riseborough, *Days of Darkness: The Government and Parihaka Taranaki 1878-1884* (Auckland, 2002). A popular history of the invasion is Dick Scott’s *Ask That Mountain* (Auckland, 1975). The connection between Wellington, Taranaki and Parihaka is commemorated in the name of the Port Nicholson Block Settlement Trust newsletter. It is called “Te Ngonga o te Piukara” a reference to a song about the invasion of Parihaka.

13 I trace the production and reception of these stories in my doctorate, Rachel Buchanan “Village of peace, village of war: Parihaka stories 1881-2004,” Phd thesis, Monash University, 2005 and in my book, *The Parihaka Album: lest we forget* (2009).

14 Other historians argue that the final act of white military aggression against Maori took place in 1916 when the New Zealand Police invaded Tuhoē prophet Rua Kenana’s community at Maungapohatu in the Urewera mountains. See Keenan,

Terror in our midst? and Judith Binney, Gillian Chaplin and Craig Wallace, *Mihaia: the prophet Rua Kenana and his community at Maungapohatu* (Wellington, 1979). I’m referring here to the 1880 West Coast Commission, the 1927 Royal Commission into Confiscated Land and the Waitangi Tribunal’s Taranaki Report of 1996. The tribunal argued that the invasion and sacking of Parihaka “must rank with the most heinous action of any government, in any country, in the last century. For decades, even to this day, it has had devastating effects on race relations,” 309. See *The Taranaki Report: Kaupapa Tuatahi*, (Wellington, 1996.)

15 They have been very inventive. For instance, Te Miringa Hohaia was an instigator of the landmark 2001 City Gallery show and catalogue, *Parihaka: The Art of Passive Resistance*. In 2005, he set up the Parihaka Peace Festival, a weekend of music and culture.

16 The two tribes most closely associated with Parihaka, Taranaki and Te Ati Awa, are moving, only now, 14 years after the Waitangi Tribunal released its Taranaki report, towards a negotiated settlement of their Treaty of Waitangi Claims.

17 Jeffrey Olick, *The Politics of Regret: On Collective Memory and Historical Responsibility* (London, 2007), 20.

18 Stephen Turner, “‘Inclusive Exclusion’: Managing Identity for the Nation’s Sake in Aotearoa/New Zealand,” *Arena journal 28* (2007): 87-106. Danny Keenan also makes the point about short and long history in his evidence before the Waitangi Tribunal’s Taranaki inquiry. Keenan, “Ngati Te Whiti Muru me te Raupatu Waitangi Tribunal presentation,” Documents to the end of the fourth hearing, 12 April 1991, D14, Waitangi Tribunal Archive.

19 Elizabeth Jelin and Susan Kaufmann, “Layers of memories: Twenty years after in Argentina,” T.G. Ashplant, Graham Dawson and Michael Roper, eds., *The Politics of War and Commemoration*, (London and New York, 2006), 106.

20 For detailed population information see Philippa Mein Smith, *A Concise History of New Zealand* (Melbourne, 2005), 76-81.

21 Luisa Passerini, “Memories between silence and oblivion,” Katharine Hodgkin & Susannah Radstone, eds., *The Politics of Memory* (London and New York, 2003), 240

22 Undated clipping, Charlie Wallace obituary, *Evening Post*, October 1932?

23 Charlie Wallace obituary, *Evening Post*, October 1932?

24 Shahid Amin, *Event, Metaphor, Memory: Chauri Chaura 1922-1992* (Delhi, 1995), 52.

25 Gyanendra Pandey, *Remembering Partition* (Cambridge, 2001), 54.

26 West Coast Commission, August 1880, Appendices to the Journals of the House of Representatives (AJHR), G-2, 14.

27 West Coast Commission third report, AJHR, Vol II, G-2, lviii.

28 Reports of the Royal Commissions—The Confiscated Lands Inquiry and Maori Prisoners’ “Trials Act 1879,” Appendixes to the Journals of the House of Representatives AJHR, Vol II, 1880, G-2, 10.

29 Bronwyn Elmore, *Mana from Heaven: A Century of Maori Prophets in New Zealand* (Tauranga, 1989), 238-153.

30 For transcription and translation of songs and speeches composed at this time see Te Miringa Hohaia, “Ngaa Puutaketanga Koorero Moo Parihaka” in Hohaia, G O’Brien, L Strongman, eds., *Parihaka: The Art of Passive Resistance* (Wellington: 2000), 42-65. I also analyse these songs and sayings as sources in my book. See Buchanan, *Parihaka Album*, 24-35, 90-91.

31 Tohu Kakahi, 1895. Speech recorded by Te Kaahui Kararehe, Hohaia, “Koorero Moo Parihaka,” *Art of Passive Resistance*, 59.

32 Henare Tomoana, cited in G W Rusden, *History of New Zealand*, vol III (London, 1883), 321.

33 See Elmore, *Mana from Heaven*, 297-302. For an account of why Te Kooti freed Hursthouse see Judith Binney, *Redemption Songs: The Life of Te Kooti Arikirangi Te Turuki* (Auckland, 1995).

34 *New Zealand Herald*, 28 March 1883, File 23/5 Archives New Zealand. For a different perspective on Te Kooti see Binney, *Redemption Songs*, 311.

35 See Jessie Mackay, “The Charge at Parihaka,” cited in Jane Stafford, “To sing this Bryce and bunkum age” in *Passive resistance*, 179-185.

36 *New Zealand Herald*, 28 March 1883.

37 Rusden to Rolleston, 21 October 1881. Rolleston correspondence 1831-1903, 82-355-03/2, Alexander Turnbull Library (ATL).

38 See James Belich, *I shall not die: Titokowaru’s War, New Zealand 1868-69* (Wellington, 1989), 190-207.

39 See H. W. Williams, *Dictionary of the Maori Language*, seventh edition (Wellington, 2002), 127.

40 Wi Parata is a very significant figure in New Zealand tribal, political and legal history. In 1877 he took the Bishop of Wellington to court to demand an inquiry into whether Maori customary rights had been properly extinguished. He lost, and the controversial and still-debated decision means “the radical title of the Crown to all lands was emphasised.” For an excellent discussion see David V. Williams, “Wi Parata is Dead, Long Live Wi Parata” in Erueti and Charters eds, *Maori Property Rights* (2007), 31-58.

41 Wi Parata in *Bryce v. Rusden*, Queen’s Bench Division, High Court of Justice, (London, 1886), 625. The exact exchange is as follows. Q: Have you heard the natives apply any term of opprobrium to Mr Bryce. A. Yes I have. Q What was that term? A. It is said that he was a murderer: a man that murdered. Q Gives us the Maori expression? A. Tangata Kohuru. (The interpreter then explained that this expression means murderous man or murderer).

42 Wi Parata in *Bryce v. Rusden*, 622-626.

43 See *Bryce v Rusden*, 123-148 for exchanges that cover these questions.

44 *Bryce v Rusden*, 119.

45 *Bryce v Rusden*, 409.

46 Blackley, “Historical Wellington”, 55

47 See Amiria Matoe Rangi, “Living Legacy” in Parihaka: art of passive resistance, 69; “Nga Ana a Puketai: the Caves” text panel in Te Iwi Herehere exhibition: the story of Maori prisoners from Taranaki in Otago 1869-1882, Dunedin Public Art Gallery 2002; and Ngati Mutunga Deed of Settlement, Historical Account, Office of Treaty Settlements, 7.87, 2004.

48 *St James Gazette*, 13 March 1886, extract in *Bryce v Rusden*, 513.

49 *St James Gazette*, 13 March 1886, 513.

50 Dick Scott, *Ask that Mountain* (1975), 7.

51 “Chapter 8, Parihaka,” *The Taranaki Report Kaupapa Tuatahi, Legislation Direct: Waitangi Tribunal*, 1996. Available online at the Waitangi Tribunal, reports/, accessed 2 September 2010.

52 *The Taranaki Report Kaupapa Tuatahi, Legislation Direct: Waitangi Tribunal*, 1996, 209. For an exploration of history-making before the Waitangi Tribunal, see Rachel Buchanan, “Decolonizing the Archives: The Work of New Zealand’s Waitangi Tribunal,” *Public History Review*, vol 14 (2007): 44-63.

53 For information on New Zealand’s role in peacekeeping and humanitarian missions see www.army.mil.nz/army-overseas/default.htm. Accessed 5 February 2008.

54 “UNESCO Peacebuilder Award Honours Parihaka Legacy,” Press Release, 24 August 2000, www.scoop.co.nz/stories/CU0008/S00039/unesco-peacebuilder-award-honours-parihaka-legacy.htm, accessed 2 September 2010.

55 Te Miringa Hohaia, quoted in “Pacifist of Parihaka—Te Whiti o Rongomai” in *Puke Ariki Taranaki Stories Tangata Whenua*, <http://www.pukeariki.com/en/stories/tangatawhenua/pacifistofparihaka>, Accessed 23 July 2009. See also comments from Hohaia that “Parihaka’s leaders were important world leaders in terms of peace makers and peace advocates,” when Parihaka: The Struggle for Peace opened at Puke Ariki in September 2003, “Exhibition”, undated clipping, *Daily News*.

56 Jim Holdom, “Gandhi and Parihaka,” *Letters to the editor, The Listener*, 5 December 2009.

57 Dipesh Chakrabarty, *Provincializing Europe: Postcolonial Thought and Historical Difference* (Princeton, 2000), 7.

Splitting the Stone

J.C. Sturm

You brought back carefully, nervously
A heavy grey boulder
From that other beach
Up north—
The place I call home
When I feel inclined—
A narrow iron strip
Between land and sea
With several old battlefields
Close by
And a guardian mountain.

On a clear day
If you are lucky
And really quick
You may see him
Even from here,
A small opal cone
On a blue horizon
Northwest of Kāpiti.

And then
As I had dreamed
The night before,
You started to make
According to instructions
A flax pounder

Like the Old Ones
Used to use
(Some can still be found
With other missing things
In various museums)

Striking stone on stone
Carefully, patiently
While I kept away
As I knew I should
Waiting for the stone
To split
As I knew it would
And let the Mauri through.

And after
Your amazed silence
I watched you set to,
Forgetting the pounder
And all those
Sad museum pieces,
And make instead
Like the Old Ones used to
A stone dwelling
For the newcomer—
A place to call home
When he feels inclined—

Carving it
Steel on stone
Carefully, lovingly
In his image
So the world will know
It is meant for him
And him only.

And when it was finished
You stood there
In the small space between
The roses and the taupata,
Heavy grey rain
Soaking through your clothes
And the pores of your skin,
And looked in wonder
At what you had done,
Nursing a bruised hand.

(for John)

A Departure

Apirana Taylor

The sea lashed rocks
like broken teeth
where alone he stood
with waves crashing
the song of times whiplash tongue.

Alone on the beach
he watched the sun
plunge into the sea
and felt his life
like a river bleed dry

He saw a fish
stripped tossed and speared
by the beak
of a flesh-gobbling gull.

His mind snapped.
His heart thumped memories
from the spring of his days.

Then later in the morning light
With the sun flung skywards
From the sea
He visioned life and death
bodylocked like Siamese twins.

He saw an Island,
born to the storms' swirl and thrust
and felt the ocean suck the marrow
from his mountain bones.

And without fear
he released eighty years
to the outgoing tide
for he understood
his journey uncurled
The fish the sea the Island
and the sun.



English by name, English by nature?

Alice Te Punga Somerville

I lose faith in my discipline quite often. English has broken my own heart several times, and it has been used for generations to make our community feel small. It's awkward. 'English' is the name of my discipline, but it's also the name of a language (and, let's be clear: a language that has been shoved into our collective mouths in order to extinguish the language that has been ripped out of them) and the name of a nation (and, let's be clear: a colonising nation which has wrought incredible violence of all kinds all around the world). These two 'other' meanings of English are, I suspect, why an interface between English and mātauranga Māori might feel uncertain or tricky or, for some, impossible. And yet. In 'Education Week', a poem included in her 1979 collection *Opening Doors*, Evelyn Patuawa-Nathan writes about taking a group of school children to a 'local gaol' where, in an empty cell that surely brings to mind the violently imposed isolation and disconnection at the heart of colonialism, they 'reach among comments' on a wall covered in graffiti 'for names of cousins/and brothers/and fathers.'¹ I love this poem. It encapsulates just how entangled our communities are with colonialism, but also the capacity of writing—and reading—to challenge, undermine and reframe it. A class trip that was supposed to be about a colonial site turns into an opportunity through hopeful acts of writing by some Indigenous people—and critical acts of reading by other Indigenous people—for Indigenous (re) connection. On a good day, this is English.

Despite these good days where Indigenous peoples connect with writing by relatives, English the discipline cannot not be about the nation, people or culture we refer to as 'English'. I feel sheepish to admit how deeply affected I was when I encountered the research of Gauri Viswanathan, a professor in English at Columbia University in New York City. In *Masks of Conquest: Literary study and British rule in India*, she traces the history of English back to when it was first systematically taught as a secular discipline. I ask my students: where do you think English was first taught as a discipline? 'England?' someone will always guess, realising it seems so obvious there must be a trick. And yes, they're right. It's a trick. Viswanathan describes the development of English in India, where the subject was part of a deliberate colonial strategy to teach the Indian people how to be English and to sideline local literary traditions as an imperial bonus; during the same period, people in England were studying religious and 'classical' (Latin, Greek) texts rather than English literature.

The relief I felt when I first read this! It was no longer a coincidence that English felt so colonial. I was struck that English as a discipline is nowhere near as old (or politically neutral) as I assumed. So many of the disciplines we now take for granted in Western universities are barely a century old and surprisingly few

are older than the Treaty of Waitangi. With the possible exception of anthropology, which has to be upfront about its colonial roots because they're so difficult to obscure, most humanities and social science disciplines emerged in response to—or as a part of—European colonialism, and yet seldom admit the time and place of their origins. Many of the parts (and people) of the university that look down their noses at Māori studies, Indigenous studies, Pacific studies and at Indigenous scholars and students working in other disciplines, as if we were newcomers, latecomers, interlopers, marginal, or johnny-come-latelies, would benefit from reflecting on the history of their own disciplines.

As a student, I never considered that English as a discipline had not been around 'forever' because it seemed logical that it was as old as the canon. The English literary canon is the lineup of 'greats' we've been served up in so many ways. It's writing by mostly white men stretching back along a literary timeline from Ezra Pound and Virginia Woolf through to Victorians (like Dickens, Thackeray, Yeats and the Bronte sisters) and then to Romantics and next Shakespeare and his crew and finally back through to Chaucer and the Medievalists and so on. There's a way that English has of presenting this lineup of writers and texts as if the canon is based on an objective measure of literary merit; as if people raising questions about race or imperialism or gender or sexuality or class are somehow trying to add something that wasn't already there all along, or trying to make arguments for texts that might have political merit but dubious literary 'quality'. Canons make certain texts and writers feel familiar to people—*ah yes, I know that's an important text/writer*—even if they have never read any of them. Probably most people reading this chapter read the third sentence in this paragraph and nodded with recognition at these writers and literary periods regardless of whether they have read (let alone enjoyed) any of their literary works.

Canons—the idea that there are 'greats' and 'the rest'—don't only belong to English or to dead white men. We have a Māori canon too: Ihimaera, Grace, Hulme, Tuwhare. Maybe Duff. These are the Māori writers most people have heard of and that most teachers teach. The books most likely to be in your bookshop, your pub quiz, your kid's reading list at school. In 2012, the year my own literary studies book *One Were Pacific: Māori connections to Oceania* came out, three other books about Māori literature were published by non-Māori literary scholars based overseas, and they all focused on Grace and/or Ihimaera. There's nothing wrong with Grace and Ihimaera ('Baby No-Eyes' remains my personal favourite novel of all time), but what about everyone else? Who's going to write about them? Who's going to teach their books?

The point of challenging a canon isn't to take the

logic of the canon (that certain texts and writers are superior to any others) and put it in reverse. Flipping things on their head never undoes power structures—it just reinforces them! Ihimaera, Grace, Hulme and Tuwhare are amazing writers who have created many rich, thoughtful, engaging, gorgeous staunch texts and nothing would be gained by challenging the value or significance of their writing. Instead, we challenge canons by drawing attention to how they work. Canons steal the limelight from everyone else, implying they are not as deserving of attention and/or they simply do not exist, so we undermine canons by seeking out the other writers, trying to understand why other texts have been forgotten or ignored (whose purposes has it served to forget them?), and thinking about how this much fuller view of Māori self-representation enables a more expansive understanding of particular texts, or writers, or communities, or literary traditions.

Canons have real world effects. When I first talked about teaching Māori literature in an English department in New Zealand, a number of people questioned whether there would be enough writing to justify a whole course, let alone a whole job. This assumption is not accidental—it grows out of a colonial view that Indigenous cultures are non-literate (evidence of our inferiority), as well as a colonial presumption to know everything about Indigenous people ('if there were any other good Māori writers out there I would know about them, so I will assume they don't exist'), and is nourished by the overwhelming whiteness of New Zealand literary culture, publishing, cultural infrastructure and book prizes. There are subtle effects of canons too, which Nigerian writer Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie describes in her viral 2014 TED talk as the 'danger of a single story'². A narrow range of Māori representations can lead people to think that real Māori people look or act or feel a narrow range of ways. The colonial project wants us to believe we are not really Māori; once nineteenth century attempts to extinguish us physically failed, the twentieth century focused on extinguishing us culturally. We find ourselves speaking back to a million voices (including those in our own heads) that we are not *really* Māori because *real* Māori people XYZ. Once we are no longer *really* here our land and waters are available. This is part of the power and toolkit of the discipline of English: to understand representation, how it works, why it matters. To engage, and seek, and encourage a broader, deeper and wide range of Māori voices and perspectives.

My own research has focused on broadening our understanding of Māori worlds and experiences in two ways: new engagements with familiar Indigenous texts and seeking Indigenous texts with which we have become unfamiliar. What does that look like on the page? A master's thesis about Māori/Pākehā mixed race writing; a doctoral thesis about Māori texts in the

context of various comparative frames/relationships (Pacific, Indigenous, postcolonial, New Zealand); a published book about Māori connections to the Pacific region; book projects on unknown Māori writers and lesser known Māori written texts; and a current project looking at Indigenous published writing from 1900 to 1975 from New Zealand, Australia, Fiji and Hawai'i. Through articles and chapters, I have also written about my research on Māori diasporas (people living outside New Zealand), Indigenous biographies, Pacific literary anthologies, the ways that different Māori texts describe returning to one's marae, thinking about the Taranaki landscape as an 'actor' in *The Lord of the Rings* and *The Last Samurai* and so on. And, in my publications related to the other fields I work in (Indigenous studies and Pacific studies), I use Indigenous and Pacific writing to make arguments about things like genealogy, archives, Te Rangihoroa's (Sir Peter Buck's) failed application for US citizenship in the 1940s (yes really), how American Studies should engage with the Pacific, Indigenous ecological thought, and the politics of gardening (yes really).

English has given me the opportunity to ask questions, and to engage Indigenous texts, in order to contribute to the ongoing expansion of the way we think about who we are. Just as in other disciplines, in English the difference between Māori and non-Māori scholars (which can also be expressed as 'the reason to train, hire, support and retain Māori scholars') is less about the answers we find than the questions we ask in the first place. After all these years of reading Indigenous writing from all over the world, I still focus on Māori texts in most of my research, but instead of reading them as solitary or marginal brown voices in a white literary room (this is how it can feel when Māori are only understood as a 'subset' of New Zealand) I read them in the company of Indigenous voices from so many times and places. Expansion: the antidote to colonial contraction. English by name, sure, but it has enabled me to be anticolonial by nature.

Despite the 'good' days where Indigenous students connect with writing by relatives, English the discipline also cannot not be about the language we refer to as 'English'. In a 1991 chapter titled 'Whare Whakairo: Māori "literary" traditions': Hirini Melbourne points out that every word written in English by a Māori writer is one fewer word written in te reo Māori. This could be extended to scholarly work: every piece of writing in English by a Māori scholar (including this one) *could* (should?) have been a piece of scholarship written in te reo Māori, and so inadvertently contributes to the structural hierarchy of English over our own reo. On the one hand, I strongly agree with Melbourne. On the other hand, for reasons of capacity (or, more accurately, incapacity) in te reo Māori, if I did not write this in English there would be no article at all. And, even if I did write it in te reo Māori, that would shape its potential readership—including its potential Māori readership. We are constantly trying to balance on a precipice with a steep drop on either side. How does one align oneself to the project of revitalising the Māori language (a project that is surely demanded by an interest in mātauranga Māori) when one does not, in fact, have the ability to functionally read or write in that language? Certainly there are moments when silence—keeping the monolingual mouth shut—is the best form of solidarity one can show for te reo Māori. But how do we tell the difference between the mouth that is shut in solidarity with spaces (including literary and scholarly spaces) in which te reo Māori can flourish, and the mouth that is shut from the whakamā of not speaking one's own language?

There are only imperfect solutions to this predicament of (working with) writing in te reo or English, which is to be expected because living in colonialism is very much about living in imperfection. Something I have been thinking about a lot, though, is what can happen when we de-individuate our experiences as scholars. Melbourne's words hurt when I think he is talking about me when I think he is saying 'hey Alice, you should be quiet, because of your own flaws you are failing to speak your own language' (something I say

to myself quite often already, believe me). But when understood collectively, we can hear his injunction in a really different way. My work is not to be quiet for fear of speaking too much English, but to ensure I do what I can (yes, using English the language as well as English the discipline) to open up space for people who can do all kinds of things that are beyond my own abilities. I may not read or write in te reo Māori, but many of the students I have taught and supervised do.

After the passing of Tongan writer and scholar Epeli Hau'ofa, Banaban/African American writer and scholar Teresia Teaiwa—who has also since passed away—recalled a conversation she had with Hau'ofa about the purpose of working in tertiary institutions. Teaiwa said that it was a pivotal conversation for her own work, and I am grateful she wrote about it because Hau'ofa's words have, in turn, become pivotal, clarifying and encouraging for me. 'The thing about it is' Hau'ofa said, 'our job is to make way for people who are better than us'. I have worked with students and research assistants who move between English and Māori, Samoan, Palauan, Cook Islands Māori, Marshallese, Tokelauan, Niuean, Tongan, Hawaiian or Fijian. These researchers have had an inalienable advantage: the size of your bookshelf expands exponentially when you can read in another language. If I define my best research experiences as the ones I think I'll be proudest of when I look back from old age, they are when I work with students (many of whom become colleagues in the field) who can do work I don't have the skills to do. Often, because I'm functionally monolingual when it comes to the kind of facility you need to carefully analyse a written text, these skills are related to language.

I am not alone. In reality most of the Māori community speaks English as their everyday language. This means it's not as simple as saying that if I *could* work in te reo I *would*. I will continue to be conflicted and sad about not speaking te reo Māori, but there is plenty of work to be done in English. For two centuries, we have used this language to make sense of our lives including the world that accompanied the new language. The Australian literary scholar Penny van Toorn wrote a book called *Writing Never Arrive Naked: Early Aboriginal Cultures of Writing in Australia* that I love reading, sharing and teaching because she describes all the ways the English language didn't just arrive by itself ('naked'); it was brought by particular people, in particular contexts, in particular texts (the Bible, sure, but also on new commodities like flour bags and on currency), and was learned in particular places. Again, English is inextricable from colonialism, but van Toorn doesn't just leave us with the colonially clothed language: she seeks and emphasises the many ways that Indigenous peoples made use of this new language (and its accompanying technology of writing) within and between their own cultural contexts. Back in 1981, when I was still in my first year of primary school, the Acqumeh poet and scholar Simon Ortiz famously argued that we Indigenous people have made these colonial languages our own.

Certainly Māori writers working in English make incredible use of the language. Writers working in all genres and literary forms push at the different ways things can be said. The massive body of work in English by Māori writers, especially over the past five decades, is simply amazing. For some writers, their English has proximity to te reo: people have often commented on Tuwhare's poetry bearing a strong mark of the other language in his tongue. At a panel discussion on Indigenous publishing, I recall listening to a translator from Hula Publishers speak about translating Patricia Grace's novel 'Potiki' into te reo Māori. She marvelled at feeling like the novel—at the level of its metaphors and concepts, but also its words and sentences—was poised on the edge of English and all she had to do was nudge it to send it over into Māori. Although te reo Māori is a vital link in our connections to the complex multidimensional whakapapa networks of which we are a part (to tūpuna, to uri—descendants, to everything in between), however, the language cannot turn back time as if colonialism never

happened. I worry sometimes that we are too keen to claim a continuity with the past to the point that any evidence of the last 200 years—including the English language—is seen as a form of contamination. Some parts of the Māori world can only be accessed or spoken through te reo Māori, certainly, but that doesn't make English language a stain that indelibly marks ones distance from mātauranga Māori. (Some days of the week I am brave enough to argue the reverse, too: that speaking te reo Māori is not necessarily a guarantee of facility with, or commitment to, mātauranga Māori.)

I was tricked into English. I'd done okay in the subject at school but didn't like it enough to want to take it at uni. I was going to study law—you know, something *helpful* and *practical* that would get me a job—but alongside the LLB I did want to do a BA in History (because that seemed *useful* too), so in my first year of study I just needed to find some other papers to make up some points before getting into the Real Stuff. I knew I wanted to start the journey of te reo Māori so enrolled into a couple of language-acquisition papers, but I needed two more. My sister had started uni two years ahead of me, and I wasn't exactly rolling in money, so decided—reluctantly—to do English, because at least then I could use some of the books that she had bought when she had taken those papers. My first lecture at university back in 1994 was New Zealand literature, and I sat up the back of the lecture theatre under the Auckland Uni library with a group of others I'd met at the Māori student orientation the week before, and Witi Ihimaera stepped out and started to chant. Wow. English. This was a place I could be Māori.

This trick was played on me consistently while I was an undergrad student, mostly by the people teaching me: Ihimaera, but also Ngāti Kahungunu professor Terry Sturm, Kāi Tahu scholar Reina Whaitiri and Samoan writer and scholar Albert Wendt. (Wendt was a professor and Head of the English Department when I was an undergrad—years before I realised the significance of being able to take for granted that a Pacific person could hold such positions.) When these people are your teachers, you can't help but think (erroneously, as it turned out) that English in New Zealand is a really dynamic, political, culturally grounded, Indigenous-centred space. This was also a trick the texts kept playing on me too: I loved reading them, and talking about them in the way we talk about texts in English, and I loved being challenged and nurtured and devastated by them. That first NZ lit paper had a Māori-only tutorial, and this became a cherished weekly space for laughing and crying and learning flat out about everything—not just about English, but about being Māori, and (because it turned out that all the students in the tute were wāhine Māori) about being a Māori woman. (I realise that this part of my experience can feel at odds with many Māori conversations about learning or practising mātauranga at home and then experiencing the academy in terms of alienation and whiteness. While I do not look to the university to teach me how to be who I am in relation to iwi and hapū, and have all the same critiques to make in terms of its ongoing coloniality, I cannot bring myself to disavow the profound contribution that some university spaces have made to my understanding of Te Ao Māori and, indeed, to mātauranga Māori.) Several times that semester Witi was pretty direct: we have plenty of lawyers but need more literary scholars. He didn't exactly plead, but he talked about the study pathways we might have taken for granted and the benefit of asking questions about whether this was what we really wanted to do. I pulled out of law. My BA was in English and History. My MA was in English. By the time I started to see how English really worked disciplinarily—and institutionally—I had already fallen for this generous, lovely, life-expanding trick.

I learned different things about my discipline when I studied for my PhD in the US, on Cayuga Nation territory, at Cornell University in New York State between 2000 and 2004. In North America, English is often one of the more radical, theory-driven, diverse sites on any campus. It was more like the English that my dear teachers had duped me into believing

it was in New Zealand. Actually, it was even better—because while there was only a small number of us Māori and Pacific students doing MAs in English at Auckland when I was there, my PhD cohort at Cornell was diverse in all kinds of ways. Cornell also had an American Indian Studies programme that offered a ‘graduate minor’ in American Indian studies, which brought me into a classroom, and more importantly a community, of Indigenous students from across the university and across so many Indigenous nations. It turned out that English has been central to the development of American Indian studies (or its equivalents, often now bundled into the helpful umbrella Native American and Indigenous studies) and most people in Indigenous studies in North America are familiar with the work of the major Indigenous literary scholars, as well as the creative work of key Indigenous writers. During my doctoral studies I also spent a year at the University of Hawai‘i-Mānoa where I got to connect with Hawaiian and other Pacific people who were working in literary studies and allied fields as students and scholars. After finishing my PhD, I moved to Victoria University of Wellington where I taught in English and then (less officially) Māori studies; after that I had a sabbatical at the Aboriginal Studies programme at the University of Toronto; after that I was based at the Department of English at the University of Hawai‘i-Mānoa where I was also an affiliate faculty member in Pacific studies; after that I taught in the Department of Indigenous Studies at Macquarie University in Sydney; then I moved to where I am now, at the University of Waikato.

Wait—how can going overseas to study and work have anything to do with mātauranga Māori?

People generally tend to give advice that would help you be more like them rather than more like yourself. Many of the helpful things well-meaning people told me when I decided to study overseas for my PhD were based on the assumption that Māori people doing Māori projects would need to be in Aotearoa to do them. This idea that Māori research is ideally conducted in New Zealand is tied, for most people, to ideas about location of expertise (this is where the experts would be) and location of subject (this is the research ‘field’). I continue to hear versions of this argument when people say, for example, ‘you need to do your PhD in Aotearoa if you’re doing a Māori topic’, or ‘Māori academics must work in New Zealand because this is where our research is based’. It also gives rise to the inverse assumption: if all Māori academics are in New Zealand, then there can’t be any overseas. This assumption takes the form of ‘Māori are disadvantaged by the need to have overseas examiners because what would someone overseas know about this topic?’ or the idea that the Māori people working at New Zealand universities (and perhaps wānanga) are the only Māori people in that field.

Literary scholarship both is and isn’t constrained by location. The portability of writing (especially, but not only, in the era of e-books and pdfs and online archives) is one of its central appeals, so there is no reason for a researcher to be tied to a particular location. For the purposes of my doctoral studies at Cornell, with an amazing library that has as many Māori books as any university Library in New Zealand, location of resources wasn’t a strong argument to stay in New Zealand. Of course this is only a partial answer, because while writing is portable in theory, in reality (as a lot of my research highlights) most writing travels along well-trodden and expected colonial networks, and most Māori writing (with a few notable exceptions) stays pretty close to home. But one of the key directions of my research, especially over the past decade, has been to go overseas because that is where our writers have gone. If you want to find the first published English language text by a Māori person, then Mowhee, the writer who learnt to read and write in Norfolk Island and Sydney and whose ‘Memoir of Mowhee’ was posthumously published in London in 1818, will drag you beyond our national borders. As will so many of our writers ever since. (First Māori woman to publish a book of poetry in English? Vernice Wincera in 1978,

based and published in Hawai‘i. Who was next after Vernice? Evelyn Patuawa-Nathan, who was living in Sydney and published in Fiji. Place where Witi Ihimaera wrote *The Whale Rider*? New York. Home of prolific and influential Samoan/Māori novelist Lani Young? Sāmoa.)

There were other reasons I wanted to study overseas: I had a strong sense that for my doctoral studies I wanted to understand how we can think about ourselves and our texts alongside other Indigenous peoples and their texts. While literary scholars were thin on the ground in the Māori scholarly community the comparatively large cohort of American Indian scholars had produced an impressive bookshelf of critical work and there were several overlapping networks of Indigenous scholars working with written texts. Being a part of these conversations has made my own work stronger, and reading Māori texts alongside other Indigenous texts can produce a whole lot of insights that are less visible when Māori are only considered within the nation state context of New Zealand. For example, Keri Hulme’s Booker prize winning novel *The Bone People* can be read as a New Zealand novel alongside other novels produced here, but we can see different things about the novel (and about New Zealand) when we read it alongside American Indian author Leslie Marmon Silko’s novel *The Almanac of the Dead* and Aboriginal writer Alexis Wright’s novel *Carpentaria*. If comparative Indigenous work involves travel beyond Aotearoa, is it somehow at odds with mātauranga Māori? I’ve never thought so. To me, approaches to Indigenous-Indigenous connections can be related to the tikanga of how we conduct our relationships with others. I strongly believe that relational, connecting, interlocking Indigenous-Indigenous work that moves across and beyond colonial nation-state borders can be grounded in, and indeed can be an exercise in practising, mātauranga Māori.

While the location of texts and Indigenous networks in my discipline encouraged me to leave New Zealand for my PhD, and to then pursue academic postings overseas, proximity to cultural expertise in Aotearoa is one good reason to stay or, at least, to maintain good connections with home. After all, we can think about Māori writing alongside *and through* other Māori cultural forms and concepts; we can derive structures of analysis from within the Māori world. This kind of scholarship assumes that there are appropriate tools for critical analysis and theory within our own knowledges. I am excited about the new generations of students and scholars whose proficiency in Māori language and culture means they have a much deeper well on which to draw for their thinking about Māori texts, and enjoy tracing the work of the people who have been doing this for a long time. To choose an example of what this approach to literary studies looks like, Melbourne’s aforementioned chapter on Māori literary traditions draws on the architecture of the whareniui in order to think about the relationship of Māori writing to New Zealand writing; this metaphor was engaged again, more recently, by Tina Makereti in her 2017 lecture ‘Poutokomanawa—The Heartpost’. We can find another iconic example in a book review in the *Listener* where Arapera Blank describes Keri Hulme’s *The Bone People* as ‘a piece of kuru pounamu’, a description that communicates something about the significance, value, complexity and beauty of the novel to people who understand that metaphor, who understand why pounamu is a particularly apt way to describe a novel by a Kāi Tahu writer. This latter example demonstrates one consequence of what could be described as drawing on mātauranga Māori to engage Māori texts: describing a novel as ‘kuru pounamu’ centres a particular readership (those who know or can guess at what it means), implying to any other readers (of the review or of the novel) that there may be elements of the text that they cannot know or appreciate. For readers of all kinds, suggesting there are limits to one’s engagement with a text is a radical move. Within colonial structures of knowledge, the reader has a right to know and understand everything. Knowledge is related to possession and privileged readers are used to knowing (and thus possessing) everything, while

marginalised readers are used to having the sense of reading over someone else’s shoulder. To choose an example related to gendered structures of power, the term ‘mankind’ can only mean ‘humankind’ when women are reading over the collective shoulders of men. Men are the real humans here, and women are conditioned to understanding that we are not as human as men to the extent that we can identify with ‘mankind’ as if it refers to us when it clearly does not. To return to our example of describing a novel as kuru pounamu, then, readers of the review who do not understand what that means are faced with the limits to their knowledge. Conversely, and unexpectedly (and happily), though, other readers—Māori readers—are suddenly thrust into the frame, holding a piece of paper that expects to be addressing them, that expects a Māori person to be a reader, as opposed to all the other bits of paper in their lives. Likewise, although Melbourne and Makereti provide helpful explanations for readers who are unfamiliar with whareniui (Melbourne even supplies a diagram), those of us who have spent time sitting, talking, listening, singing, learning and sleeping in many different whareniui will draw on all of that knowledge as we consider the claims they make about Māori literature. And, to take this argument on one more twist, spending time in so many whareniui trains one to feel comfortable with the idea that we as individuals do not need to know everything in the first place.

So, drawing on metaphors and aesthetic theories from mātauranga Māori can provide us with ways to engage with Māori texts that we might not have gotten to through other pathways. In addition, thinking about how we think about English language texts from within a Māori worldview also pushes back against the colonial story that says contemporary (or maybe post-contact) cultural production is a departure from, or proof of destruction of Māori worlds. This is important because a surprising number of literary critics spend a lot of time obsessing over how or whether Indigenous writers who write in English (or who write novels, short fiction, poetry, libretta etc) are even Indigenous any more; they come up with diagnoses of fatal Indigenous illnesses like ‘walking between two worlds’, ‘cultural loss’, ‘dislocation’, ‘urban Māori’ and so on. By contrast, I would argue that approaches that draw on mātauranga Māori confidently assume that texts written or composed in English are yet another extension of the longstanding, dynamic, rich legacy of Māori expression that reaches all the way back to Te Kore (the nothingness that existed before the world was created) and all the way forwards and outwards to forms our mokopuna will be using that we can’t even yet imagine.

It might be surprising that a chapter about English focuses so much on colonial power relations, and on te reo Māori, but these are important considerations both in relation to mātauranga Māori and in relation to where I currently work as a literary scholar. The discipline of English, as much as it has broken my heart, continues to sustain and inspire me, but I’m not currently in English. Or at least, that’s not the name over the door of the place where I work and it’s no longer anywhere in my email signature block. To be frank, the departments that represent my discipline in Aotearoa need some decolonisation work. I still teach Patuawa-Nathan’s poem, and teach students to ‘reach among comments’ for ‘names of cousins/of brother of fathers’, but I am doing this in a Faculty of Māori and Indigenous Studies where I teach into Māori and Indigenous studies as well as into Pacific and Indigenous studies. It feels important to distinguish between a discipline and a department (or programme or faculty or whatever): one is an intellectual thing and the other is an institution/organisation thing. I still write, and publish, and speak, and am included in literary studies conversations globally, even though people in English departments tend not to remember that one of ‘their own’ might be nearby—in another institutional unit just across campus. I still dream of many diverse Māori scholars in every English department in the country, and maybe one day I’ll be one of them again, but I am also suspicious about institutional dreams that are assimilationist—which is to say, institutional dreams that involve little structural change and a massive price to

be paid by Indigenous people. In Indigenous studies, I have colleagues, contexts, students, questions and tearoom conversations that nurture me and my work in ways that never happened in English. Here, I feel far away from English, like its out-of-place diplomat in a foreign country who hasn't been home for a while and isn't sure she'd fit in there again anyway.

At the same time, though, in Indigenous studies, and in dominant conversations about the nature and purpose of Māori research, including the conversation in this volume, I feel like the embodiment of that *Sesame Street* song, 'One of these things is not like the others'. Some of this anxiety is the nature of working anywhere in the humanities, especially in the era of STEM³ orthodoxies and popular ideas that university study should train students for a particular job, but this feels particularly sharp in the case of my discipline because of the sheer Englishness of English. It can seem that people working in other disciplinary spaces are busy working on really important kaupapa: Indigenous language revitalisation; demographics and statistics about who we are; health and well-being; reckoning with Māori economics, politics, history, sciences; Indigenous knowledges and climate change; and so on. Other people's research methodologies require them to rush out to our communities, ask questions and seek knowledge and

conduct interviews and engage with the knowledge held by elders and youth and everyone in between. Other people are doing things that address our suicide rates, our crime rates, the number of people who can serve on the pae at our marae, our constant struggle with the Crown in so many ways, our food sources, our traditional expressive forms, our healing.

Meanwhile, off goes Alice to the library to read some books. Or maybe to a classroom or a supervision meeting where we will talk about some poetry. Or perhaps to a café with her laptop to write an article that analyses a novel, or a chapter about the context of a literary journal, or a book about forgotten Māori writers, or a letter of support for a writer's application for funding. So much of the work I do feels at odds with the urgency and applicability of so much other Māori research. Sometimes I feel resigned: I am not doing *real* Māori research. Sometimes I feel defensive: I try to justify my discipline, but this can sound like! am throwing shade on others. Sometimes I feel guilty: I am swallowing up resources that could be used to save lives. But then I look at my students who are doing incredible things—in classrooms, on social media, in research projects—with texts written by Māori (and Pacific and Indigenous) people. I listen to the way they revolutionarily frame and reframe their world in

response to what they are reading and writing. I read the ways they are drawing on the depths and breadths of mātauranga Māori as they think about the nature of our collective literary legacy. I think about Mowhee writing his memoir in London, and Wineera writing her poems in Hawai'i, and Makereti writing her lecture about poutokomanawa, and Grace clearing the kitchen table to write her early fiction, and Patuawa-Nathan's students reaching among comments for names. I look at the incredibly diverse texts written by our own people: the texts and their writers standing in front of me, on my bookshelves, all around me. Something happens when we as *Māori* engage English—the language, the nation, the discipline—on our own terms. It's a trick, yes. And I am committed to doing what I can to play this trick on students, readers, thinkers and writers yet to come.

Endnotes:

1 Doors, (Laucala: South Pacific Creative Arts Society, 1979) 23.

2 Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, "The danger of a single story", TED Conferences. www.ted.com/talks/chimamanda_ngozi_adichie_the_danger_of_a_single_story

3 STEM is an acronym for Science, Technology, Engineering and Mathematics. The worldwide conversation about the urgent need for more students (and especially more marginalised students) in these disciplines is largely underpinned by ideas about job markets, 'the future' and economic benefits.

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Pā mai Tō Reo Aroha

Keri Hulme

Seaweed floats in a brown tangled rack, a
tack out from the rocks.

It falls and rises, breathing with the water.

On the beach, the apricot and gold gravel
turns rusty orange at wave-edge.

There is a long streak of iron-dark sand
where Matuatiki runs out to the sea.

There are shattered black rocks round all
the arc of bay.

The cliffs are made of claystone, greenish
and ochre, with odd intrusions of pink
melted rocks. The thornbushes along the
tops slant away from the sea. They are
shaved and trimmed and wounded by the
wind.

At each end of the kaik' bay the cliff goes
down in humps to stand blunt-nosed
against the sea. But the rocks creep further
out, black arms, reefs. They are full of
secret pools. The unblinking eyes of octopi
at night.

Today, a cloud of midges weaves and
dances through the evening sun.
There are mysterious glassy tracks on the
sea.

Thin waves hush in, pause, slide away.
Moeraki, calm as untroubled sleep...

At night, the penguins bray under the
cribs,

Sometimes the old ghosts from
Khipuku steal in, for warmth and
company.

The dog will prick his ears and growl,
the cat snarl a little, then both sigh
and stretch and settle again.

We eat and talk and read until the
lamps flicker. Then we go to sleep in
the narrow cupboard bunks, and the
sea has all our dreams.

Every morning the shags stretch their
necks and slip off Maukiekie. Every
evening they return in a wavering
line.

Sometimes we have seen the living
black wheels of caa'ing whales out in
the woman sea.

Once I found an earwig big as my
thumb in the cliffs, moulding her
body round her pale brood.

When the seaweed is thick onshore,
the kelp flies swarm in their
thousands, pattering like rain against
the lighted windows.

On another day, the sea smashes in
against twin-armed Tikoraki. The
blowhole booms.

The elephant-black rocks rumble back and
forward in a murderous herd.

The air is thick and salt and full of
roaring. Great waves, crests streaming
back in long white drifts, explode against
the little island. Maukiekie, kia
manawa-nui!

Yellow foam scums the beach. Rain drives
down, and Matuatiki swells, carving
curving braids in the sand.

Further south, out of the reach of the reef,
the rocks Totimakohu and Te Karipi stand
on tiptoe, each suffocating pillar dreading
high tide in this lash and swirl of storm-
driven sea.

I crouch against the claystone, like a child
huddling close to its mother.

I watch the waves wage their long war
against the land, the land her long
resistance.



Short acknowledgment:

The first acknowledgement is owed to the writers who appear in this newspaper, and to their whānau, publishers, and the guardians of their estate. It's a privilege to share their writing, and to be trusted enough to share it. We hope that we have done it justice. We also acknowledge the work you do, as whānau and publishers, to protect and uplift the mana of the writing and the mana of the writers in your care. The second acknowledgement must be made to Shannon Te Ao, the curator of Matarau, for his friendship and for inviting us into the show, and to Moya Lawson, curatorial assistant at City Gallery Te Whare Toi, for her endless assistance and insights. Without Moya, none of this would have been possible. Thank you, Shannon and Moya. The third acknowledgement is owed to City Gallery itself for supporting Matarau and this publication. Special thank you to Kimi Moana Whiting for your patience and ataahua design. We would like to thank Francis Mcwhannell for his support and encouragement. Lastly, we would finally like to personally thank Emily Karaka for her friendship, her insights, and her work.

Bios:

Arapera Hineira Kaa Blank (Ngāti Porou, Ngāti Kahungunu) was a writer of poetry, short stories and essays, and a teacher. For someone I love: a collection of writing by Arapera Blank was published in 2015 by her son Anton Blank. Blank was one of the first Māori to write and be published in English, and the first Māori writer to win the Katherine Mansfield Award.

Dr Rachel Buchanan (Te Āti Awa Taranaki) is a historian, curator, archivist and journalist. Buchanan is the author of *Ko Taranaki te Maunga* (2018), *The Parihaka Album: Lest We Forget* (2009) and *Stop Press: The Last Days of Newspapers* (2013)

Rowley Habib (Rore Hapipi) (Ngāti Tūwharetoa) was a playwright, poet, and writer of short stories and television scripts. Habib published an anthology of his poetry *The Raw Men* in 2006 and published many plays and film scripts throughout his life.

Emily Karaka (Waikato, Ngāpuhi, Ngāi Tai ki Tāmaki, Te Kawerau ā Maki, Ngāti Tamaoho, Te Ākitai, Waiohua, Te Ahi Waru, Ngāti Mahuta, Ngāti Tahinga, Ngāti Hine) is a senior Māori artist and activist.

Kei te pai press is an indigenous-led education and publishing initiative established in 2020 by Hana Pera Aoake (Ngāti Mahuta, Ngāti Hinerangi, Tainui/Waikato, Ngāti Waewae, Hurai) and Morgan Godfery (Te Pahipoto, Ngāti Manaipoto, Ngāi Tūhoe, Ngāti Tūwharetoa, Lalomanu).

Hinewirangi Kohu-Morgan (Ngāti Kahungunu, Ngāti Kahungunu, Tauranga Moana) is a teacher of Māori tikanga and kawa, an artist, poet, carver, healer and tohunga of Māori protocol and practise—and a qualified therapist. Kohu-Morgan has published two collections *Screaming Moko* (1986) and *Kanohi ki te Kanohi* (1991).

Keri Hulme (Kāti Mamoe, Kāi Tahu; hapū Ngāterangiamoa, Ngāiteruahikihiki) was a novelist, poet and short story writer. Hulme published a number of books, including *The Silences Between* (Moeraki Conversations) (1982), *The Bone People* (1984), *Lost Possessions* (1985), *Te Kaihau/The Windeater* (1986), *Strands* (1992) and *Stonefish* (2004). As well as *Homeplaces: Three coasts of the South Island of New Zealand* (1989) with photographs by Robin Morrison. Hulme was the first New Zealand writer to win the prestigious Booker Prize for *The Bone People* in 1985.

Roma Potiki (Te Aupōuri, Te Rarawa, Ngāi Rangitihī) is a poet, playwright, artist, performer, curator and director. Potiki published the books *Stones in her mouth* (1992), *Shaking the tree* (1998) and *Oriori: A child is born from conception to birth with Robyn Kahukiwa* (1999).

J.C. Sturm (Te Āti Awa, Te Pakakohi, Ngāti Ruanui, Te Whakatōhea) was a poet and short story writer. Sturm is the author of *The House of the talking cat* (1983), *Dedications* (2003), *Postscripts* (2006) and *The Glass House: Stories and poems* (2006). Sturm was one of the first Māori women to obtain a university degree.

Apirana Taylor (Te Whānau-ā-Apanui, Ngāti Porou, Ngāti Ruanui) is a poet, novelist, performer, story-teller, musician and painter. Taylor is the author of *Eyes of the Ruru* (1979), *Three Shades* (1981), *He Rau Aroha* (1982), *Ki Te Ao* (1985), *He Tangi Aroha* (1993), *Soft Leaf Falls of the Moon* (1996), *Iti Te Kopara* (2000), *Te Ata Kura* (2004), *A Canoe in Midstream* (2009), *The Breathing Tree* (2014) and *Five Strings* (2017).

Alice Te Punga Somerville (Te Āti Awa, Taranaki) is a scholar, poet and irredentist. Somerville is the author of *Once were Pacific: Māori connections to Oceania* (2012) and *Two Hundred and Fifty Ways to start a conversation about Captain Cook* (2020).

Ranginui Walker (Whakatōhea) was an academic, author, and activist. Walker was the author of *Struggle Without End: Ka Whawhai tonu matou* (1990), *Ngā Pepa a Ranginui: The Walker Papers* (1996), *He Tipua: The Life and Times of Sir Āpirana Ngata* (2001) and *Opotiki Mai Tawhiti—Capital of Whakatōhea: The Story of Whakatōhea's Struggle During the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries* (2007).

Kimi Moana Whiting (Te Whānau-ā-Apanui) is an illustrator and graphic designer from Te Whanganui-a-tara Wellington.

Te Kotahitanga

Kei te pai press
Ōtepoti, Dunedin

Published by Kei te pai press in association with City Gallery Wellington Te Whare Toi on the occasion of Matarau, curated by Shannon Te Ao, at City Gallery Wellington Te Whare Toi, 30 April – 14 August 2022.

Edited by Hana Pera Aoake and Morgan Godfery.
Designed by Kimi Moana Whiting, Te Whanganui-a-tara Wellington.
Typefaces are Churchwood Māori by Joseph Churchwood & Baskerville by John Baskerville.
Printed by Horton Media Australia Ltd, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland.

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Kei te pai press
Ōtepoti, Dunedin
Aotearoa, New Zealand
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City Gallery Wellington Te Whare Toi
Te Ngākau Civic Square
101 Wakefield Street
PO Box 893
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