

TE KARAKA

VOYAGE OF PROMISE

HAUNUI WAKA FULFILLS AN UNDERTAKING
MADE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN

KERI HULME
CLIFF WHITING
POSTCARD FROM AMERIKA



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Renowned artist Cliff Whiting had a huge influence on Ngā Tahu, says Tā Tipene O'Regan, who tells the story of how Cliff came to work for the tribe.



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Today Takahanga Marae stands proudly overlooking the ocean on an historic pā that has been occupied for generations. Kaituhi Tony Bridge reports on how the long-standing vision for the marae was finally realised.



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NGĀ HAU
E WHĀ
FROM THE
EDITOR

Sometimes connections are obvious, at other times they unfold unexpectedly. In this issue, Tā Tipene O'Regan talks about his relationship with Dr Cliff Whiting who was recently honoured at the Arts Foundation Icon Awards. The awards recognise New Zealand artists who have made a significant contribution to the country and their art form. There are only 20 Icons at any time.

Cliff received an Icon Award, alongside Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, filmmaker Geoff Murphy, architect Ian Athfield and artist and author Jacqueline Fahey, for "an outstanding contribution to New Zealand art and culture over a career spanning more than 50 years, in the field of art education, art administration, marae building and renovation, and also as an individual artist".

Down here he is known, not only for his stunning individual works, but for his efforts in reviving Ngā Tahu culture at Takahanga Marae in Kaikōura and Te Rau Aroha Marae in Bluff. However, as Tā Tipene notes, Cliff's most powerful contribution to Ngā Tahu was in the way he pushed the tribe's kōrero and whakapapa "back to the forefront of our being – there is simply so much discussion and debate about the traditions themselves - their meaning and their significance".

Also in this issue, carver Rongomai-Tawhiti Parata-Taiapa talks about the legacy of his grandfather, Hone (John) Te Kaura, who was the younger brother of Pine Taiapa. The Ngāti Porou siblings were instrumental in reviving traditional Maori carving and established the carving school at the New Zealand Maori Arts and Crafts Institute in Rotorua where Rongomai-Tawhiti is a student. The brothers also carved a number of wharenuia and other buildings throughout the country.

And we feature the astonishing voyage of *Haunui Waka*, based on a promise made somewhere in the Pacific between a captain and his crew.

nā MARK REVINGTON

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CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER,
TE RŪNANGA O NGĀI TAHU,
ARIHIA BENNETT

Whanaungatanga in action

Twenty years ago our whānau made a deliberate move from the city to create an intergenerational home in Tuahiwi. We have seen three generations and now a fourth spending time together in the family home. As well as sharing all the living costs, the practical benefits are numerous as there are cooks, gardeners, housekeepers, babysitters, dogsitters, caregivers, drivers, te reo translators, teachers, rugby/league analysts, and health advisors – all on tap. Creating this type of shared whānau environment is a no-brainer, and on top of that, there is always someone at home to get the washing in when it rains!

As changes occur in our household I have been looking at this living arrangement through another lens. After long working careers, both my parents have retired. Their focus now is on quality of life in their retirement years ahead, and this means ensuring they maintain good health, remain socially engaged, and adjust financially. These well-being goals are not new to any of us, but I do believe it is made easier when you have the generational support within the home.

Recently my father experienced a health emergency. Navigating our way through the hospital system was a daunting experience with specialists, consultants, and doctors all doing their clinical rounds at different times throughout the day. The health services received were outstanding, but it was important to stay well informed on progress and to ask the probing questions so our whānau clearly understood the support steps needed at home.

It's no secret that our population is aging, and health services will need to pivot so that they become more community and prevention oriented. As an iwi we should be planning ahead – inviting our rūnanga and kāika to think about the future and how we will support our kaumātua during their retirement years. Do we see this as a tribal or whānau responsibility? Does this mean creating a shared living kaumātua environment, similar to that of kaumātua cottages or a retirement village setting connected to the marae? Or does it mean creating communities where intergenerational whānau can either live together or live close by in a cluster-like village setting?

I'm in favour of this being a whānau responsibility – perhaps developing the cluster-like setting, as this lends itself to a mixture of generational interaction and reinforces the important relationships that pōua and tāua have with their mokopuna. Knowledge transfer is bound to be experiential, and this will happen seamlessly without effort. There is richness in this approach, as kawa can be passed on through practical rituals that will then remain in the whānau.

Our intergenerational whānau household has already created kawa that is unique and specific to our extended whānau. If you haven't already done this, maybe it's time to take stock and create a cluster setting of your own – you won't regret it!

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FRONT COVER

The image of Haunui Waka slipping into the Otago Harbour past Taiaroa Head at dawn was taken by Katherine Greer.

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Dangerous *stuff*

I once read a story – based on reality – about two brothers who were hoarders. They hoarded all kinds of stuff, including vast numbers of newspapers stacked in teetering towers. One brother was crippled and confined to a wheel chair. The other took care of him. You just know the story didn't end well...

I've been thinking about stuff – material possessions – a lot lately. For the past year plus I've been shifting things out of my house at Ōkarito into family homes and paid storage. Despite the fact that several thousand books and quite a bit of furniture has gone from Big O, the place seems as full as ever.

Since I was a small child, I've collected things; books majorly, but also edged weapons and seashells, music (as in 78s and LPs as well as tapes and CDs) and artworks... not paintings or drawings (I enjoy making my own) but furniture and work by skilled wood-turners. Some jewellery, primarily pounamu. And, also since I was a kid, I've made survival kits.

I don't know why. I don't feel especially threatened by the world in general. I just like to have a preparedness for some possible situations, so I generally have on my person – or carry in a shoulder-bag when I travel – a knife, matches, notebook and pen, tissues, and a torch. At home the knife/knives are a Schrade folder and/or a little black Swiss Army multi-tool; the torches are tiny button numbers attached to my keyrings. Normally, the Schrade stays home, but I discovered I still had it in my pocket when I was on the train headed for Auckland. It seemed a leetle inadvisable to be packing the thing in a city so I put it in the front pocket of my shoulder-bag.

That shoulder-bag and myself have been travelling – round the world as well as within the shining bright land – for well over two decades. It is ordinary-looking – tough black cloth, with numerous compartments. There's a couple of external ones, and several internal pockets and – because it's also a survival kit – there were several pouches attached to it. It only stands out because there is a rather beautiful embroidery of a yellow angelfish glued to the front flap...

Somewhere, somehow, I've mislaid it. It may have been at the Aotea Centre in Auckland, where I read, and then signed books for over half an hour. It may have been in a taxi travelling backwards and forwards to the hotel we stayed in ("we" being whānau and self). I don't know, but it was mislaid on the 18th and it hasn't turned up yet. And today is the 2nd of June...

There are several things in it – or on it – that are literally irreplaceable. A miniature of my mother, Mary Miller, painted for me by a member of the English Society of Miniaturists. A bone kōauau carved by Brian Flintoff and given to me by Richard Nuns. A unique ring I had made, of pounamu and opal. And a little Olympus camera in a blue and black neoprene case, which contained the last photographs I'll ever take of my late friend and neighbour, Judith Maloney...

There's other stuff I'll miss, but can substitute for – but those things, if lost forever, cannot be – yes, there is an ID on it, in it, but it is not conspicuous. My name and Ōkarito in black felt tip on the inside of my Kai Tahu cap. One of my address stickers inside the Lotto folders.

That is the danger of being attached to stuff. Not only can losing it be painful, but also memories go when the stuff goes out



of your reach (well, that's what happens with me anyway). If that shoulder-bag – and contents – doesn't get back to me, I will grieve for it for the rest of my life.

I am aware that, with death, we lose all our stuff – and that is inevitable. Other civilisations believed that you can take it with you into a hereafter (the ancient Egyptians are the classic example) but I neither believe in a hereafter or that somehow my property will turn up there...

...but I anchor my memories in the land and in family, on beaches and with trees and in – stuff...

I am thus lessened until that shoulderbag returns, intact, to me... IK

Writer Keri Hulme is southern Kāi Tahu but lives in "Big O" – Ōkarito. Among her passions are whitebait and family history. In 1985 Keri's novel *The Bone People* won the Booker Prize.

Whenua

TAKAPŌ Takapō was a traditional mahika kai site used by Ngāi Tahu hapū on their seasonal mahika kai expeditions to Te Manahuna (McKenzie Basin).

PHOTOGRAPH: TONY BRIDGE







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Enduring values

Taiaha wānanga have been run at Awhitu Estate, on the edge of Te Waihora/Lake Ellesmere for the past 25 years. The wānanga are open to boys and men who want to learn the ancient art of mau rākau, not for combat, but to carry traditional knowledge forward into the changing world. The three-day workshops have a drug, alcohol, and tobacco-free policy, as well as a strict zero tolerance approach to violence.

For Te Mairiki Williams (Ngāi Tahu, Kāti Māmoe, Ngāti Tūwharetoa, Te Āihaunui-a-Pāpārangi, Ngāti Hauiti ki Rata) the wānanga are about holistic wellbeing.

"It's about returning to values that our ancestors lived by. Growing up with an open heart and open mind, showing empathy, and living with dignity."

Some struggle with authority and discipline. "The best way to tackle that is to simply lead by example, be a good role model," says Te Mairiki. "Some boys leave and set goals of coming back to be a kaiako or a kaiwero. There are also opportunities for them to learn and perform whaikōrero – setting goals and assuming leadership roles is very empowering."

In Canterbury, taiaha wānanga are only open to men, but entire families benefit from the values that are carried forward from the wānanga.

Te Matatini 2015 will be a busy time for Te Mairiki and his kaiako, who will be part of the official opening ceremony. Many consider the event to be the pinnacle of Māori culture, but long after the show has moved on, taiaha wānanga at Awhitu Estate will continue to pass on Māori values and traditions to tomorrow's leaders.

Nā Sampson Karst

See video at ngaitahu.iwi.nz

Increased protection for ancestral lands and waters

Three recent judgments from three different courts have had lawyers talking in the last few weeks. The first two made national headlines. The third was not so widely reported, but may prove to be the most important in terms of protection of ancestral lands and waters.

In March 2014, the Māori Land Court recommended that 5.77 hectares of Māori land near Waikanae should be declared a Māori reservation, “as a place of cultural and historic significance and a wāhi tapu, being a place of special significance according to tikanga Māori”. This is not an unusual occurrence in itself, but the land is owned by author Patricia Grace, a descendant of the noted politician Wi Parata Te Kākākura, and it sits in the path of an expressway that the New Zealand Transport Agency intends to build as part of the government’s “roads of national significance”. The recommendation of the Māori Land Court means that the land becomes inalienable.

Several days after the Māori Land Court decision, the Environment Court decided that there is no power under the Resource Management Act or Public Works Act for the Transport Agency to compulsorily purchase land protected as inalienable by Te Ture Whenua Māori Act 1993. The Environment Court also noted a decision of the Privy Council in 2002 that “if an alternative route not significantly affecting Māori land... were reasonably acceptable, even if not ideal, it would accord with the spirit of the [RMA] to prefer that route” *McGuire v Hastings District Council [2002] 2 NZLR 577 (PC)*. It considered that it was not reasonably necessary to take the land. A small adjustment to the expressway to avoid the land would cost

The outcome is that land held as a Māori reservation simply cannot be taken under the RMA and Public Work Act for road building or any other public work.

around \$2.3 million. Nor would it be fair to take the land, since the land held all of the cultural values that the Māori Land Court had noted.

The Environment Court was critical of the Transport Agency for saying the land was needed for a cycleway, when its main purpose was for earth batters to support the expressway, and for saying that alternative routes could cost \$16 million, when a \$2.3 million alternative was available. The outcome is that land held as a Māori reservation simply cannot be taken under the RMA and Public Work Act for road building or any other public work.

The third decision was made by the Supreme Court and concerned salmon farm sites in the Marlborough Sounds, which were sought by a private company, King Salmon Limited, also as a matter of “national significance”. The Supreme Court has essentially ruled that, under the RMA, if a planning document such as the New Zealand Coastal Policy Statement or a regional policy statement provides that certain activities should be “avoided”, that is an environmental bottom line that cannot be breached.

So, for example, where the New Zealand Coastal Policy Statement says that people must “avoid adverse effects of activities on outstanding natural features and outstanding natural landscapes in the coastal environment”, that absolutely prevents a marine farm locating in an area of outstanding natural landscape, no matter what its claimed benefits. Similarly, there may be regional policy statements that require authorities to “avoid” the destruction of, or damage to, wāhi tapu or other features of potential historical, spiritual, or cultural significance. Lawyers are still teasing through all the implications of the Supreme Court decision, but it is likely to have a significant impact on RMA law in coming months and years.

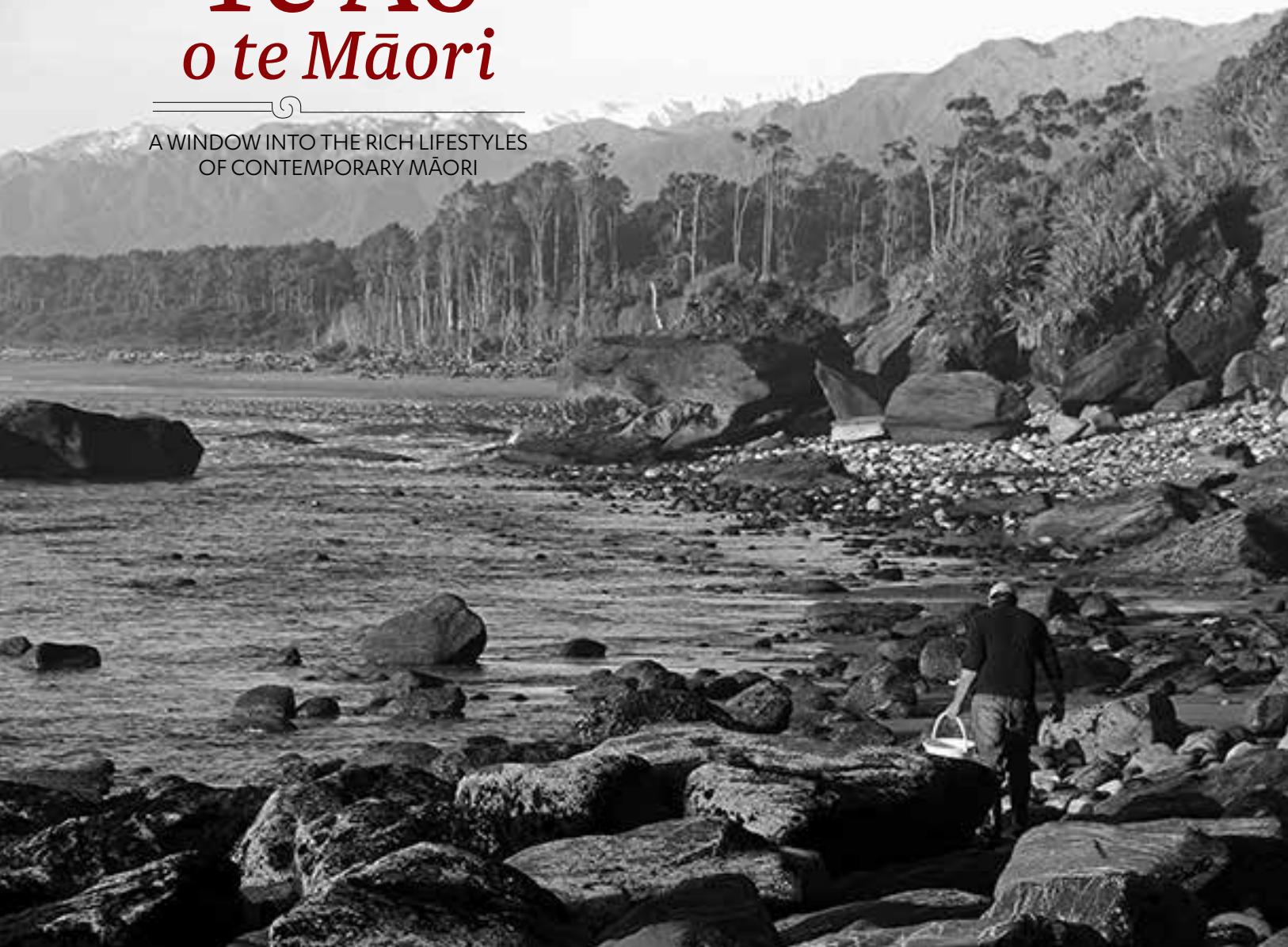


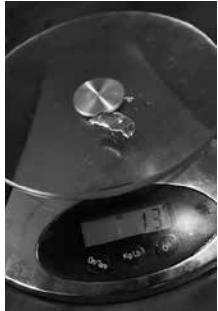
Tom Bennion is a Wellington lawyer specialising in resource management and Māori land claim and Treaty issues. Formerly a solicitor at the Waitangi Tribunal, he is the editor of the Māori Law Review. He recently wrote a book titled *Making Sense of the Foreshore and Seabed*.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND WORDS nā PHIL TUMATAROA

Te Ao *o te Māori*

A WINDOW INTO THE RICH LIFESTYLES
OF CONTEMPORARY MĀORI







The shifting sands of Hunts Beach on the wild Tai Poutini coastline have provided for the Wilson whānau for generations.

As the tide rises and falls, the ocean moves the black sands up and down the beach and with it deposits of gold concealed within its grains. Nathan Wilson (Ngati Māhaki), with help from his whānau, makes a living from mining the fine gold dust using long-handled shovels, a home-made sluice box, and water pumped from a nearby river.

The technology is rudimentary and the principles are easy to understand. Gold is heavier than sand, water flushes it out, and the sluice box catches it. A few hours of shoveling each day yields on average two ounces of the precious metal a week. Currently gold prices sit at around \$1300 an ounce, but can fetch over \$2000 at times.

For 10 generations the Wilson whānau have occupied this coastline, and they have a long history of gold mining. With the rising price of gold, Nathan reinvigorated the trade about four years ago, acquiring a mining license and the necessary permits to prospect on the beach. His mother Maree is regularly on the end of a shovel, and younger brother William, home for a time after living overseas, also lends a hand. Father Paul is an engineering consultant who works from home, and across the gravel road lives daughter Nicky and her whānau. Eldest sibling Robert is dairy farming up the road in Hari Hari.

“My granddad showed me how to prospect for gold when I was real young – it’s definitely a passion, you definitely get into it – it’s a pretty cool colour,” says Nathan.

The Wilsons own 48.5 hectares of rugged farmland and bush which borders the beach, and lease a further 809 hectares. The property supports about 100 head of cattle, has two rivers, and is perfect for living off the land. They also offer accommodation with three self-contained units on the farm: www.huntsbeach.com

Depending on the season, whitebait, trout, red deer, duck, or possum (for fur) are often on the Wilsons’ dinner table or within the cross hairs of Nathan’s sights. The sea not only provides gold, but snapper and rig caught on lines, and mussels, pipi, pāua, and kōura harvested from the reefs at the southern end of the beach.

“Sometimes you don’t realise how lucky you are, living over here,” says Nathan.



PHOTOGRAPH TONY BRIDGE





A VIBRANT PRESENCE

Renowned artist Cliff Whiting had a huge influence on Ngāi Tahu, says Tā Tipene O'Regan, who tells the story of how Cliff came to work for the tribe.

ONE OF MY EARLIER INCARNATIONS WAS AS A LECTURER IN MĀORI Studies and New Zealand History at the then Wellington Teachers College, to which I was appointed in 1968. Not long before that my wife Sandra and I had been “mature students” in the college, and during a studentship of abundant revelation and new experiences, we’d been hugely engaged by a remarkable breed of teachers and innovative thinkers.

One of those was the creative art educator Gordon Tovey, who had already had a profound influence on the development of a whole new generation of Māori artists and art educators. What Tovey, and those he’d influenced, had released into New Zealand culture was a whole new pulse of dynamic innovation in the way Māori culture and tradition could be manifested through the arts.

They’d challenged the very concept of tradition itself, and, in so doing, had moved Māori artistic expression beyond the protective cocoon of museum-enshrouded, static, and repetitive forms into a bold new artistic language. However novel though, it was utterly and unmistakeably Māori in its form and in what it represented. One of the frequently-quoted figures at the heart of this process was Cliff Whiting of Te Whānau ā Apanui – commonly in tandem with another artist from Te Kaha coast, Para Matchitt.

I was not then (and neither am I now) an artistically informed or enlightened person. What appealed to me was the dynamism of the process, the vigour, and the life that it was breathing into the very sense of what “Māori Art” was. I could see it flowing on out into contemporary Māoridom. I recognised it all as a manifestation of something I was myself becoming deeply interested in within my own corner of Māori Studies. This was the notion that the dominating and distinguishing characteristic of Māori culture was its old heritage, of what I had begun to call in my writing, “Dynamic Adaptation”. I was looking through the glorious turbulence surrounding me to a cultural characteristic that goes back to the foundations of Polynesian and Māori culture.

I was seeing this notion everywhere I looked – in Polynesian archaeology, prehistory, and ethnology; in te reo, and, most evidently of all, in the way our own tūpuna had managed their 18th and 19th century experiences of cultural contact in Aotearoa. What the Pākehā scholars were calling Māori “folk art”, the museum fish hooks the ethnologists were describing as “European-style Māori”. Sir Āpirana Ngata’s adaptations of lyrics from *The Desert Song* and other musicals, the Māori newspapers of the 19th century – all of these things were not manifestations of cultural decline or “Europeanisation” unless, of course, that was the way one wanted to view them!

What I began to realise was this whole creative phenomenon exploding around me was an absolute assertion of my emerging Dynamic Adaptation thesis. These were all expressions of Māori culture reshaping and evolving itself. It was our own process. We owned it. Pākehā culture was not shaping and controlling Māori culture. Our Māoritanga was going to be what we wanted it to be – shaped and coloured by us. We were not going to be victims of cultural division – we were the new ethnic multiplication sum!

Of course, these emergent ideas were not taking place in a vacuum. These were the early days of what was already being called “the Māori Renaissance”. The Māori post-war demographic tide had already turned – although it would still be a while before the Power Culture recognised it. The great urban migration was well under way. The

“It was our own process. We owned it. Pākehā culture was not shaping and controlling Māori culture. Our Māoritanga was going to be what we wanted it to be – shaped and coloured by us. We were not going to be victims of cultural division – we were the new ethnic multiplication sum!”

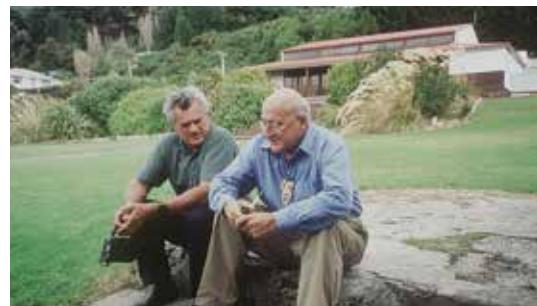
TĀ TIPENE O'REGAN

Māori world was alive with growth and change, and beginning to flex its political muscle in the world of New Zealand life and politics. We were all getting excited about race relations theory and the 1961 Hunn Report, rugby relationships with South Africa, Māori education policy, and so on. Visiting American scholars were writing books about us (with a somewhat pungent level of accuracy) and enraging our politicians; and the “Februarys of our discontent” were beginning to wind up at Waitangi. The disgrace of Bastion Point in 1977-78 and the wrenching social and political experience of the 1981 Springbok Tour were still to come. It was a vibrant, disputatious, creative national culture being powerfully impacted by external events from oil shocks to Vietnam. It was all on!

Back in my early lecturing days we developed the practice of taking our largely middle-class students out on field trips to rural marae to expose them to some degree of Māori life and culture, a world from which they were almost completely insulated. The marae communities of that period were almost devoid of younger people as a result of urbanisation, so we would work with our students on various community projects and the kaumātua would come into the wharenu and engage with the students in the evenings.

It was in about 1970, in the course of one such exercise at Korinini on the Whanganui River, that I first became associated with Cliff Whiting, of whom I'd heard so much – largely from mutual friends. He had just started teaching at the Palmerston North Teachers College. We had our students working under his direction on the redecoration of the wharenu, Te Waiherehere, on the Korinini Marae. He was exploring the idea, which was to become a trademark of his practice, of actively involving the community in marae restoration and thus reinvigorating the local culture through the arts. The kaumātua of that marae, Te Rangi Pokiha of Te Ati Haunui-a-Pāpārangi, was to become a treasured family friend and a profoundly supportive pou whakakaha for both Cliff and myself.

Although our friendship ripened from that point, it was only in 1976 when Api Mahuika of Ngāti Porou enticed me on to the Māori Advisory Committee of the New Zealand Historic Places Trust that Cliff and I began to grow an active working relationship. He was leading the trust's programme of restoration of marae around the country, and we were all heavily engaged in the wider protection of Māori heritage – the archaeological as well as the built heritage. It was archaeological site protection that brought Atholl Anderson of Ngāti Tahu onto that advisory committee, shortly followed by Te Aue Davis of Ngāti Maniapoto – both of whom were to later play a major part in the subsequent Ngāti Tahu Claim and cultural development. We were to work together in that context for the next 14 years, and the relationships we forged were both powerful and productive. Te Aue was already a noted weaver, and was now emerging as a distin-



Left: Cliff and Tā Tipene on the day Tā Tipene was made Ūpoko Rūnaka o Awara.

Below left: Cliff and his wife Heather working on the Law Courts mural.

guished student of traditional history. That was later to evolve into her work with the Dictionary of New Zealand Biography and for the New Zealand Geographic Board, of which I was a member. Cliff used his creative skills to work with us both on the 1990 Māori Map Project and the publication of the Māori Oral Maps Atlas, and other projects of that kind.

In the late 1970s, Bill Solomon, Te Rakihia Tau, and myself were attempting to turn the attention of the Ngā Tahu Māori Trust Board back towards the cultural revitalisation of Ngā Tahu. I had been strongly influenced by my association with the resurgent Māori renaissance and was beginning to articulate the idea that if our generation was to successfully “relight” Te Kerēme o Ngā Tahu, we needed to rebuild our own cultural strength to go with it. We initiated policies to support our marae and begin a process of revitalisation of te reo. Our efforts were – compared to the Ngā Tahu effort of today – very modest. There was virtually no money and, after all, in terms of cultural competence, we weren't that hot ourselves! We did, though, have the unwavering support of our kaumātua – both those on our trust board and those beyond it in our rūnanga. Most of them, although confident in their identity as Ngā Tahu, were culturally deficient themselves, and they knew it. That was, however, no deterrent to their tautoko!

My first major effort was to persuade Cliff to come south with me to a hui at Tuahiwi in 1982. From this hui was born the trust board tukutuku project – six panels for the Ngā Tahu Trust Board board-rooms. At the conclusion of that hui, tasks were being assigned to prepare materials and equipment, and Cliff asked who was going to find and prepare the kiekie for the tukutuku. Rakihia Tau leapt up and volunteered, “Ngā Tūhuriri will get the kiekie, two truckloads – what's it look like?” And, in due course, he delivered! Those panels involved a whole lot of kōrero about the traditions being depicted, and a reworking of tribal memory by the people involved – all of whom were learning the skills from scratch. They took the panels away to work on in their respective communities from Kaikōura to Awara, and the interest percolated through the tribe. The panels were completed and erected in 1983.

My own creativity was limited. I was just the “go-to man” – organising materials, preparing the frames for building the panels, applying the primer, securing the tools, boiling the water for the kiekie, and so on. That pattern was to be repeated later with both the Takahanga and Awara projects – particularly with Takahanga.

Once the long battle for the recovery of the Takahanga land was finished following the death of kaumātua Rangi Solomon, Bill Solomon and his sister, Wharetutu Stirling, approached me to

discuss the development of the marae itself. We first had to get an archaeological clearance from the Historic Places Trust – a major project in itself. With that done, I asked Cliff to come and run a wānanga based on his work on marae restoration in the North Island. I knew he had an amazing slide show record of the projects I referred to earlier. I said to him, “Just come and talk about marae – what they look like, how they work – all that!” That was the beginning of a whole series of preparatory wānanga, largely at Ōaro, learning kōwhaiwhai and tukutuku, with lots of work on te reo and waiaita thrown in.

Cliff and I took a minibus full of Kaikōura people, together with a couple of packed cars, on a heke through the lower North Island and up the Whanganui River inspecting marae – everything from wharepaku to kitchen design arrangements. We were discussing the practicalities of marae layout and design, but essentially trying to expand the people’s confidence in making decisions about what they were building. It worked.

Cliff brought the great Ngāti Porou kuia, Ngoi Pēwhairangi, to teach te reo using her rākau method, and that started off a whole new dimension in our lives. We drew in our soulmate from the Historic Places committee, Te Aue Davis, and she brought her weaving skills to the task. As well, she began working with Bill and me on Kāti Kuri manuscripts and traditional history also. All this was being melded into the design and decoration of the marae. Cliff, Bill Solomon, and Te Aue formed a great affection for each other. The community adopted Cliff and his late wife, Heather, as their own, and he was completely hooked, intellectually and emotionally, on the project.

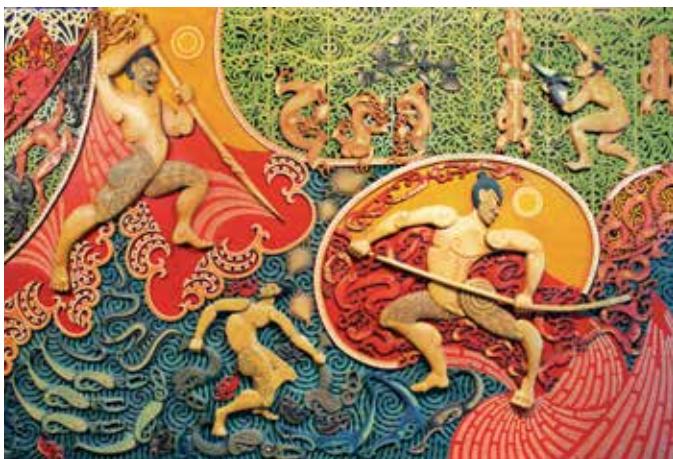
Most of the other papatipū rūnanga of Ngāi Tahu became involved, especially Awarua. Ngāi Tahu’s human capital in Māori artistic and cultural competency became expanded and enlarged. When Takahanga wharenu i Maru Kaitātea was opened in 1992, it was a revolutionary advance in marae design, and greatly and widely admired.

Following the Takahanga project, Cliff secured a commission from the Museum of Ethnology in Berlin. He took the project to Kāti Kuri at Kaikōura, and led the project of building a large tomokanga (gateway portal) there. This was a further extension of his practice of community involvement – he never stopped being an educator. By the time it was finished, Wharetutu Stirling, Bill Solomon’s sister, had died. In 1994, a team of us travelled to Berlin for the installation and whakatūwhera. Te Aue Davis came with us as our kaikaraka. It was a very stimulating but emotional experience. I will never forget the memory of watching our little ope wandering through the great art galleries and museums of Berlin, looking in wonder at the treasures hanging there. We named the tomokanga, gateway, in Wharetutu’s memory, Te Kūwhā o Te Wharetutu. It stands there today – a dominating feature of one of the world’s great art museums; a symbol of the Ngāi Tahu renaissance.

From 1984 to 1994 I was a trustee of the then National Museum of New Zealand, and had become quite involved in the debates and the planning for what was to become Te Papa Tongarewa. In 1993, Cliff was appointed as kaihautū of the new museum, and he and Heather moved to Wellington. There was much talk about the evolution of a “truly national bicultural institution” – that was the notion that had been sold to us at the Ngāi Tahu Māori Trust Board when the then Minister of Internal Affairs, Hon Peter Tapsell of Te Arawa, came seeking our support.

In his new job, Cliff got stuck with giving substance to the kaupapa

in Māori terms. I worked with him on developing an articulation of biculturalism. The difficulty was that there was practically no agreement about what “bicultural” meant in that context. I recall turning up with Cliff to present our policy documents to Te Papa’s board, chaired at that time by Sir Wallace (Bill) Rowling. We said, “Well, here’s our view of the Māori dimension of biculturalism; who’s going to write up the Pākehā view?”. Of course, they hadn’t thought of that! There was a terrible argument. Bill Rowling became enraged. He said that it was not his job to define or describe Pākehā culture. Cliff was sensibly silent. I, somewhat rashly, took up the cudgels. “Well, you’ve been the bloody Prime Minister of the country, and now you’re leading the biggest single exercise in national identity we’ve ever attempted. If you can’t say who and what you are, who the hell can?” The poor man went off his head and the meeting was adjourned.



Above: Te Ao o ngā Atua at CPIT.

The “Pākehā Establishment” still can’t articulate with any confidence or clarity what New Zealand Pākehā culture is – what it comprises, its variety and diversity, and all the commonalities within it.

To be fair, they’re pretty good at articulating what Pākehātanga is not – at defining it in the negative. The problem is that this is not much of a basis for articulating either the Te Papa vision or any half-decent national identity. It remains a challenge. Anyhow, at Te Papa, they stopped discussing the question, and Cliff turned to designing and building the extraordinary marae for Te Papa, Te Hono ki Hawaiki, which was opened in 1997. I turned my efforts back to the Ngāi Tahu Claim.

In 1999 I was invited to become Ūpoko Rūnaka for Awarua and found myself once again associated with Cliff and Heather. Cliff was in the process of extracting himself from Te Papa and before long, he and Heather moved to Bluff and set out on the huge task of decorating and adorning both our existing wharekai and the striking new wharerāu, Tahu Pōtiki. It was Takahanga all over again – only more so. By this time Cliff’s professional practice had been hugely extended both in concepts and materials, and the Awarua project was to benefit hugely from that. The wharekai at Te Rau Aroha Marae is a riot of exuberant colour and innovative design that owes much to the great

experiment that is Te Hono ki Hawaiki in Te Papa.

The most powerful effect of Cliff's practice amongst us, though, is not so much the art itself, for all its imposing and vibrant presence. It is much more the way he pushes our kōrero and our whakapapa back to the forefront of our being. There is simply so much discussion and debate about the traditions themselves, their meaning, and their significance. That kōrero is translated into the art and invests it with meaning – with life. Cliff has the knack, as well, of picking up on the day-to-day mahika kai values in our lives, and pumping new meaning and significance into them – fish and birds, titi and pōhā, appear in tukutuku panels alongside the poutama symbols and other traditional forms of spiritual significance. The treasures that our Awarua haukāika know about and are known for are seen right up there with all the “heavy Māori stuff” – our world and who we are is strengthened and affirmed.

Long before the great marae projects, Cliff completed his first commissioned work, the maihi for the Ōtākou Māori School, in 1964. It was a project he undertook with Para Matchitt. Later, in 1988 during his major mural phase, there was Te Ao o Ngā Atua at the Christchurch Polytechnic Institute of Technology (CPIT), featuring Rākaihautū. Then, in 1990, three great works: the tomokanga at the Otago Museum, Ngā Kete Wānanga; the six powerful pou standing in the foyer of the Christchurch Law Courts building; and the two great carved pou standing in the Albatross Centre at Pukekura, Ōtākou.

In 1991, the Aoraki mural was completed and installed in the Visitor Centre at Aoraki, Mt Cook. This mural tells the oldest of our creation stories and was based on the karakia recorded from Matiaha Tiramorehu – the founder of Te Kerēme o Ngāi Tahu, the Ngāi Tahu Claim. The early morning dedication karakia was performed by our Arowhenua Rūnanga and I hold a vivid, life-long memory of the whakeke led by Sir Paul Reeves being called in through the gently falling snow to the karaka of Aunty Kera and Irihapeti Murchie. Standing sheltered in the grey early morning light, we were moved by the magic of the event and filled with admiration of our bare-chested and bare-legged toa, who were poised in the snow for their wero to the Governor General and his ope.

Ngāi Tahu is extraordinarily privileged to have such a huge proportion of Cliff's prodigious output standing within our takiwā. We are even more privileged to have had his input into a number of major Ngāi Tahu development projects, each of which has fired and rekindled our cultural life as a people.

My role in our relationship with Cliff Whiting has been limited to that of facilitator, organiser and occasional producer of whakapapa and pūrākau. My job has been to recover land, find money, and argue with politicians local and national; as well as driving trucks and laying priming paint, drilling holes, and sanding. In our relationship beyond Ngāi Tahu, I negotiated the acquisition of his great signature mural, Te Wehenga, for the National Library, and dealt with the officials installing Tawhirimatea in the Wellington Meteorological Office. My task has been – from time to time – to service his vision.

Our relationship has not always been easy. At times it has manifested some extremely “dynamic adaptation”, but we have been linked together in a common cause – the refreshing of our culture and the expansion of our identity as Māori in the fabric of our society.

He hoa tūturu o te takata nei, ekari he hoa tūturu o te whakaari o Kāi Tahu!



CLIFF
WHITING
HE TOI NUKU
HE TOI RANGI

This essay was sparked by a stunning book on Cliff Whiting and his work, published in November last year by He Kupenga Hao i te Reo, a Māori language education and research organisation based in Palmerston North.

Cliff Whiting: He Toi Nuku, He Toi Rangi, written by Ian Christensen, has both English and Māori texts and carries insights into the work of an artist who has made a remarkable contribution to Māori art over a career spanning more than 50 years.

Born in 1936, in a whare raupō beside the Kereu River, inland from Te Kaha on the East Coast of the North Island, Cliff has developed a recognisable style of contemporary Māori art, based firmly on his Te Whānau-a-Apanui tribal traditions, which can be seen in his marae building, and the public and individual art works he has completed. He has contributed his expertise and time to a large number of marae renovation projects, and was also the first Kaihautū of Te Papa Tongarewa Museum of New Zealand. He has received many awards in recognition of his contributions, including New Zealand's highest honour, the Order of New Zealand (1998), and Te Tohu Tiketike a Te Waka Toi (2003).



The struggle for TAKAHANGA

Today Takahanga Marae stands proudly overlooking the ocean on an historic pā that has been occupied for generations. Kaituhi Tony Bridge reports on how the long-standing vision for the marae was finally realised.





HARIATA MANAWATU, OF KĀTI KURĪ, VIVIDLY remembers those early fundraising days for Takahanga Marae. "You know, we must have been fundraising since I was at primary school, and I am 80 now. That is more than 60 years ago. There was the Māori committee and we used to do raffles. We formed a kapa haka group and we used to give performances. We even went in and did cabarets at Heathcote in Christchurch with seafood suppers that we used to make and take down in the car."

The Kaikōura Māori Committee used to meet wherever it could; much of the time in the local RSA building, which eventually became too expensive and difficult to use. Tangi were held in whānau houses or at the old primary school in Ōaro, and so too were Christmas

parties. "It was very hard renting anything in Kaikōura, like the Memorial Centre. You weren't allowed to sleep anyone and you sort of paid the earth for it. There was nowhere if you had a tangi where you could sleep visitors," recalls Hariata.

Although the marae fundraising went on for many years, it was Hariata's father, Rangi Solomon, who aspired to having a marae on the historic site of Takahanga Pā, in the middle of Kaikōura. At the time he was chair of the Kaikōura Tribal Committee and the Kaikōura representative on the Ngāi Tahu Māori Trust Board. Tā Tipene O'Regan had only just been appointed on the trust board and began spending a lot of time with Rangi, staying in Ōaro and travelling together to Christchurch for board meetings.

"On one of those visits I was down at Ōaro and I hopped into the little blue Austin Cambridge truck. Johnny Solomon had put the fish ashore and Rangi was delivering the fish to the factory. We came up, delivered the fish and did the necessary transactions. We drove up on the little road by the old mortuary. It was raining and cold so we sat in the truck while he told me about his dream for the site. It seemed a somewhat unpromising place. It was just a big paddock that had ponies and horses grazing on it. It was there he told me that he wanted me to help get the land back," recalls Tā Tipene.

In 1977 Rangi Solomon sadly passed away, just when momentum was starting to build. However, his aspirations for Takahanga were well entrenched throughout the whānau, and it was his son Bill Solomon who was to lead the kaupapa which Tā Tipene described from Rangi's aspirations as, "to build the future of our people on the bones of our past".

"Beverley McCulloch came up with a suggestion that we ... ask volunteers to help. Not only did we carry out the [archaeological] dig with untrained people, it was done to perfection." MICHAEL TROTTER

Under the Kaikōura Deed of Purchase of 1859, Takahanga was set aside as a Māori Reserve, before the Kaikōura County Council orchestrated the swapping of the Takahanga Reserve for Crown land in the Hāpuku Valley, commonly known as the Kaiwhare Swap. The land exchange was acted upon, and the council soon established the Kaikōura Hospital and the Takahanga Sports Domain.

In 1975, whatever land was left over from the original Takahanga Māori Reserve that the council didn't take for the sports domain or other council facilities was incorporated into the Takahanga Historic Reserve, managed by the Kaikōura County Council, as recommended by the Lands & Survey Department a few years earlier.

By the time Tā Tipene O'Regan became involved, he quickly discovered that changing the use of the reserve would not be easy. "Rangi wasn't very clear on who owned the land but to my horror I found out it was a National Historic Reserve. Its legal status was roughly that of the Cenotaph in Wellington. When I started looking into it I could see the shutters going up through the Wellington bureaucratic system. You just didn't touch National Historic Reserves!"

He recruited Wellington-based lawyer (now Sir) David Gascoigne, who subsequently recruited Tony Ellis. Both worked pro bono. The Ngāi Tahu Māori Trust Board agreed that the Kaikōura Māori Council could use the trust board's letterhead for the upcoming challenge. "At the time that was the only contribution our trust board could afford," says Tā Tipene.

In 1977 the Kaikōura Māori Committee began meeting with the Historic Places Trust, the Kaikōura County Council, and the Lands & Survey Department about their future aspirations for Takahanga. This eventually led to the Takahanga Historic Reserve being altered to allow for a marae to be managed by the Takahanga Pā Trust Board, which was to include both Crown and local Māori representatives.

The first issue facing the newly-created board was that the Historic Places Trust instructed that an extensive archaeological investigation be carried out before any construction could occur. At this time Michael Trotter was Director of the Canterbury Museum, and had previously worked with Rangi Solomon on the archaeological dig on the foreshore below Takahanga for the proposed Kaikōura Post Office.

"Archaeological investigations are very expensive and the sort of money we were talking about was between \$20,000 and \$30,000, and that was about the money that the local people had raised for their marae buildings," says Michael Trotter. "So Beverley McCulloch came up with a suggestion that we get the local people to do all the work and we would supervise it. We would ask volunteers to help, and everything could be done that way with no cost going towards the local people."

In February 1980, Michael took annual leave from his position at the Canterbury Museum, and along with Beverley McCulloch, supervised the initial two-week excavation. While Michael stayed on site in his campervan, volunteers from Christchurch were billeted with local Māori families.

Hariata Manawatu fondly remembers the archaeological dig. "Spencer Kahu and John Stirling used to do it on the weekends because they worked during the week. We used to take a pot luck dinner. So we would take a pot of food every day to feed everybody that was digging. We did all the digging and scratching during the week before the men took over on the weekend. The kids would come up after school to help."

This was the first time that a local Māori community had been used in an archaeological dig, and although there were concerns raised in the archaeological fraternity, it turned out to be a huge success. It was also of major public interest, with visitor and school groups coming on guided tours of the site.

"It was the most marvelous experience from our point of view," Michael Trotter says. "Not only did we carry out the dig with untrained people, it was done to perfection."

"What was most amazing was the enthusiasm from everybody. In those days, you would have student groups

who would do the work and go home. Here we would say knock off time would be about 4pm so people could go home and cook a meal, but we would have people working through to 7 o'clock at night. This was unheard of.

"It was all a great success. The local people were so happy that we were invited back in 1982 to have another dig, not where any building was planned, but down at the gateway of where the wall (the maero) goes across. So we came back and did it all over again."

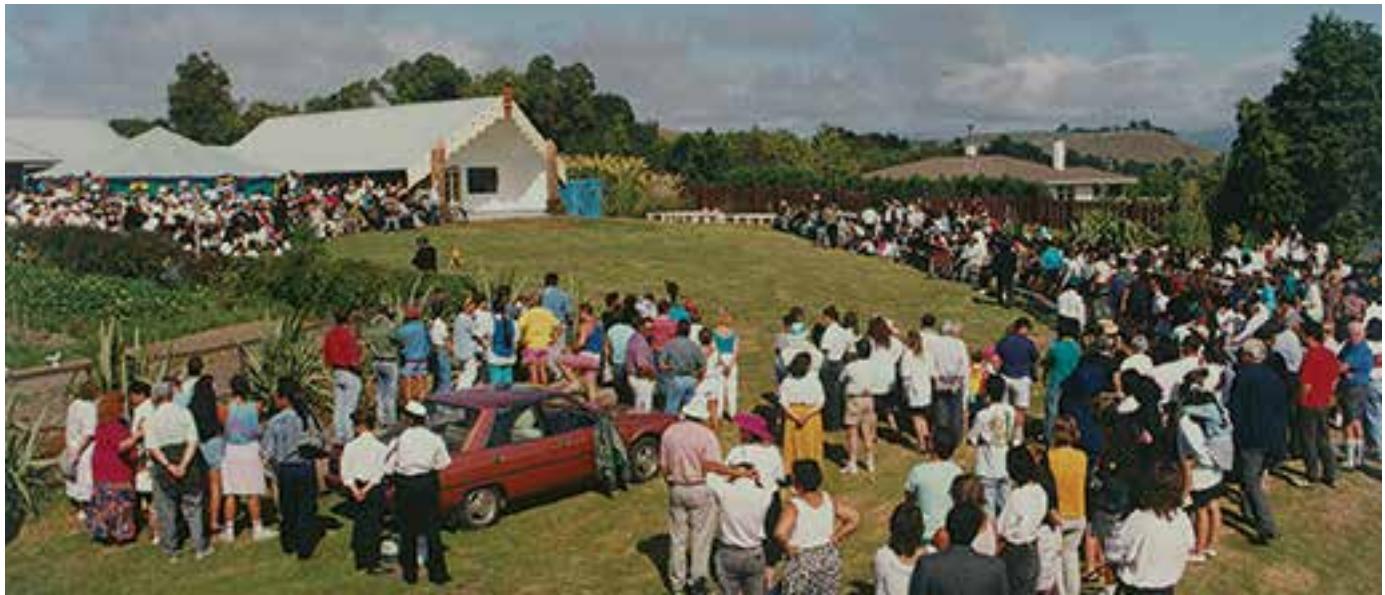
With the archaeological excavation under control, the focus shifted towards obtaining the necessary building permits from the Kaikōura County Council. This led to a series of public hearings that showcased a nasty side of the local community, with submitters opposing the marae due to fears of "drunken parties, foul cooking odours and a place for gangs to hang out."

"When they had the objections, Bill in his wisdom sent two people who he thought would be cool and calm. That was Hilla King and Ngiō Pēwhairangi. Well, they lost it at the objections," says Reo Solomon.

Gascoigne and the Lands & Survey Department staff were also shocked by the community's response. Gascoigne's solution was to have the development of the Takahanga Marae declared a public work under the Public Works Act. By using the political support of Ngāi Tahu MPs Rex Austin and Ben Couch, and the support of Lands & Survey Department staff, the then Minister of Works Bill Young agreed with Gascoigne's recommendation, which resulted in the



Above: Bill Solomon and Wharetu Stirling during the archaeological excavation of Takahanga in 1980; right: the opening of Takahanga Marae in 1992.



construction of the marae falling outside the council's jurisdiction.

With all the necessary building permits in place, Tā Tipene called in North Island artist Cliff Whiting (Te Whānau a Apanui) to help. "I asked Cliff to come and run a wānanga for us as I knew he had an amazing slide-show about marae, but our people were suspicious, saying, 'Who's this guy from the North Island? Who is this guy that Tipene is bringing?' So we had to go through all that, but I remember in a little dark RSA building in Kaikōura once Cliff finished his presentation, before the lights went out, a little voice at the back of the hall saying, 'When do we start?'"

Before anyone realised it, the Kaikōura Māori community was entrenched in a huge cultural revitalisation exercise. Regular wānanga on tukutuku panels and kōwhaiwhai, were taking place, with renowned experts such as Te Auē Davis and Ngoi Pēwhairangi, at places such as the Lincoln Field College in Ōaro, and the Ōaro Primary School.

There was still the problem of finding an architect, which Tā Tipene managed to solve. "During my wife's nurse training days she met a woman called Mary Jarman, whose husband Tom was an architect for the Housing Corporation. He was quite keen on the idea, and thrilled to bits to help out.

"Well, one day Cliff met me at DeBrett's bar in Wellington, and on a napkin he drew the proportions of the house modelled on the marae at Atene on the Whanganui River, based on its perfect proportions. I gave this table napkin to Jarman, who did the rest. By the time the marae was completed, Tom had passed away, but his wife and daughter were at the marae opening."

Local builder Peter Cormack was contracted to build the marae, and like the archaeological work, the decision was made to involve local people in the heart of the work. "We turned the meeting house into a workshop, and we turned the people into the resource that we needed to produce the works that went inside the meeting house. We cut across all the traditional conventions. However, it was a way of getting people involved in their art and bringing them into contact

with their histories," says Cliff Whiting.

A distinctive feature of Takahanga is the involvement of other Ngāi Tahu hapū. Reo Solomon can recall how both Bill Solomon and Aroha Poharama travelled around Te Waipounamu introducing the concept of what Bill wanted to see done, and inviting them to contribute by doing their own panel.

There was no money for the project, so funding was sought wherever available, including grants from Te Waka Toi and the Māori and South Pacific Arts Council. Labour was provided through Government work schemes. Materials were procured wherever they were available. Bill Solomon insisted there be no debt, and would not approve anything unless there was money to pay for it.

Things didn't go entirely to plan. The builders had material left over which Bill Solomon didn't want to waste so they raised the height of the building, making the walls higher than originally planned. When Cliff Whiting discovered what the builders had done, he went white but said nothing.

"He went into the wharenui and disappeared," says Tā Tipene. "After a time the others sent me across to see what was going on. I peered through the window and he was lying there on the floor, not moving. I went back and reported this to the others. They sent me back several times and still he hadn't moved. Finally, after a long time, he came out. 'I know what we will do,' he said. 'I have the answer.' His solution was the distinctive curved wave pattern which flows through all the panels and makes the interior seem lower than it actually is."

Takahanga Marae was officially opened in 1992. "It was a big effort," says Hariata Manawatu. "The kids had to learn all the songs and welcome everyone on. The men did all the cooking."

"It was our dream that we would have a marae, but at times it seemed a long way off. It was hard work fundraising. They just persevered. It was a bit of a shock when it all went up. Bill was very proud. It is somewhere for us to go."

The first in an on-going TE KARAKA series on Ngāi Tahu buildings.

WELCOMING HAUNUI

On a wet cold morning in May, *Haunui* sailed into Bluff Harbour. As the skies cleared, the crew of the waka hourua were greeted with a spirited haka pōwhiri from the tauira of Te Wharekura o Arowhenua and Bluff School. It was the first time in hundreds of years that a waka hourua or traditional double-hulled voyaging waka had been in those waters, and hundreds turned out.

For Hoturoa Barclay-Kerr (Tainui), the kaihautū or leader of *Haunui*, it was almost the final leg of a circumnavigation of New Zealand, and a voyage he had promised to Ngāi Tahu while sailing 25,000 nautical miles across the Pacific.

Haunui is one of seven waka hourua that crossed the Pacific in 2011 as part of the Te Mana o Te Moana voyage in 2011 and 2012 to San Francisco. The voyage was made to raise awareness of the marine environment and to teach a new generation about waka culture and knowledge.

A few days later, *Haunui* would head across Te Ara a Kiwa to Rakiura, before returning up the east coast of Te Waipounamu and on to Tūranganui-ā-Kiwa/ Poverty Bay and then Tāmaki Makarau/ Auckland and some much-needed maintenance, completing a circumnavigation of Aotearoa.

Brendan Flack from Puketeraki was among the Ngāi Tahu crew to join *Haunui* in the voyage across the Pacific. He recalls the promise made by Hoturoa, “a commitment to the crew who had sailed on *Haunui* that he would bring the waka to visit our shores and marae one day.”

Haunui, he says, will feed a fire sparked when kaumoana Kāi Tahu was launched several years ago to provide Kāi Tahu rangatahi with the opportunities to sail as their ancestors did.

The significance of *Haunui*'s voyage to Te Waipounamu waters may take some time to sink in, Hoturoa says.

“Having some of our whānau from down here on board is a very significant thing. As years go by I think people will come to understand that. I don't think that it has kicked into the mindsets and the thinking of many people that the arrival of a canoe like this is actually a huge event – something that hasn't been done for hundreds and hundreds of years.

“I'm not too sure yet if the significance of that effort – in trying to emulate what our ancestors did – is fully realised yet.”

AT SEA



Kaituhi Sampson Karst shares his insights into the skill of the traditional navigator, and reports on his experiences on board *Haunui*.

IN ANCIENT POLYNESIA MANY ROLES WERE HELD IN HIGH ESTEEM. THE CHIEF AND HIS COUNCILORS would govern and keep order. The shaman would act as a medium to the wisdom of the gods, and the warriors were expected to be ready to mobilise if the community was threatened. There was one role, however, that demanded a person of great wisdom who would routinely put his life at risk for the entire tribe. The role was that of the traditional navigator, handed down from father to son. A lifetime would be spent committing information to memory, starting even before birth. When a navigator's wife became pregnant, she would lower herself into the ocean, submerging her belly button to let the water wash over her belly so her child would be soothed by the rhythmic ocean currents.

Early Polynesian mariners were skilled celestial navigators who knew how to read the signs of the sun, stars, wind, ocean, and clouds. Over many generations they also honed their skills in marine architecture, despite the lack of resources available to them. They discovered that the waka hourua was well suited to navigate the world's largest ocean. These early navigators designed and engineered cone-shaped sails that allowed the top (with the largest surface area) to harness the wind if the rest of the waka was deep in the trough of a swell in heavy seas.

It is recorded that Tupaia of Ra'iātea (Society Islands) boarded Captain James Cook's *HMS Endeavor* in 1769. He was a traditional navigator who learned his skills from his father and grandfather. Tupaia was asked to draw a map of the area. Within a short time he presented Cook with a detailed map showing a 3200 kilometre radius that included 130 islands.

Waka traditions steadily declined with the onset of colonisation. Supplies were delivered to islands on a regular basis, and the need for the traditional navigator became redundant.

I was lucky enough to join *Haunui* in Nelson for the leg to Christchurch, along with Eruera Tarena (Ngāi Tahu – Ngāi Tuāhuriri, Ngāti Porou, Te Whānau a Apanui) and Georgia Rae Flack (Ngāi Tahu – Puketeraki). We all arrived in Nelson a few days before departure and were able to help take locals out on short sails in the harbour. It was a good opportunity to learn the classic sailing knots, and to gain an understanding of raising and dropping the sails and the basics of steering the waka.



In Nelson we took three groups of locals out every day. When we were out with tour groups, the waka became a sailing classroom. One of our navigators, Manihera Forbes (Tainui) took the lead and welcomed everyone on board. With diagrams in hand, he explained the basics of star navigation and various parts of the waka. He would raise his hand to the horizon to demonstrate how he uses his thumb and index finger to check his heading against the sun. Some of the tours were late in the day, and we would return to the harbour on sunset. Moving smoothly through the water while shades of crimson danced across the ocean below was a remarkable experience. The tours always ended with a karakia, a group photo, and then everyone was presented with a certificate so they could take something away to remember the experience.

Hoturoa Barclay-Kerr is the kaihautū (leader) of *Haunui*, and after a short journey home, he joined us in Nelson for the trip south. Hoturoa has been sailing the Pacific for 35 years, and he is a man of great mana and wisdom.

At a seminar on traditional navigation with Hoturoa at the local boat club, the function room was full. Hoturoa says occasionally his seminars attract a few people who are still skeptical about the facts of traditional navigation. This suggests there is still a belief amongst the sailing community that the settlement of the Pacific Ocean islands – and subsequently Aotearoa – was just a fortunate mistake of sailors who drifted about the world's biggest ocean aimlessly.

"There's this colonised thinking about us only being people who paddle huge carved canoes everywhere. Sometimes people come up to me and say, 'That's not a Māori canoe!' And I say, 'That's right, but our ancestors weren't Māori; they only became Māori after living here for a few hundred years. These are the canoes that brought our people here.'"

Hoturoa is thrilled that so many rangatahi are taking to the oceans to learn about traditional sailing. He also believes that waka hourua can be used to educate tamariki about their tūpuna.

"You can take rangatahi out and show them the bays that their tūpuna settled in. We can recover and reinvigorate stories of ancestors and tūpuna in a way that wins the hearts and minds of rangatahi."



SETTING SAIL

As Hoturoa and our captain Greg Gallop studied the weather patterns on the night before our scheduled departure date, they broke the good news that the winds were looking favourable, so we prepared for an early rise. In the morning we changed sails, loaded the food stores and farewelled our hosts. As we made our way out of the marina, we turned to our new whānau on shore and performed the *Haunui haka*. It was a stirring moment that I will never forget. As a first-time sailor I felt nervous about the journey, but any anxiety was outweighed by the sense of adventure and an opportunity to connect with my tūpuna.

The work on a voyaging waka is done in a shift or “watch”. We had a rotation of four hours on and eight hours off. My watch team had five people, and we were on watch from 6–10, morning and night. Our watch captain was the very experienced Emma Siope. My favorite part was the chance to see every sunrise and sunset.

The seas were very calm on the way out of Nelson, and at 9.30 pm we were almost at the end of a very uneventful watch. The relaxed atmosphere soon changed as we approached Te Aumiti (French Pass) and heard the roar of white water. Te Aumiti is a narrow passage of water in the Marlborough Sounds that can claim New Zealand’s strongest tidal flows. It is roughly 500 metres across, but powerful tidal currents mean that only one 100-metre stretch of water flanked by two lighthouses can be navigated. There are deep depressions in the ocean floor around the pass, including one which plunges more than 100 metres. Currents create whirlpools in these holes, adding to the difficulty for the navigator.

As we approached the pass we sailed close to the lighthouse on the mainland. In the darkness the lighthouse seemed to rise out of the ocean as it passed by our starboard side. During peak flow, water moves at four metres per second in the throat of the pass. It took two people to wrestle the steering hoe into submission as we made our way past the reef.

Hoturoa was happy that we sailed through the Pass because of its connection to Kupe and his voyages. “*Haunui* has sailed past Kupe’s homeland in Hawaiki, so knowing that we’ve sailed past where he came from and where Kupe traveled in Aotearoa is pretty cool.”

Every so often dolphins would appear and swim at the bow of the waka. Seabirds, including albatrosses, accompanied us for the entire journey to Christchurch.

We were expecting northerly winds coming out of Cook Strait, but the winds changed and a southerly started to build. As the watches changed over, we noticed a red moon rising on the horizon, and we were told that there would be a lunar eclipse. That night the southerly got stronger and before long the wind was gusting up to 20 knots. Visibility was poor, but I’ll never forget looking up at the moon while it was in half eclipse, before it was covered by cloud.

The last two days of the four-day voyage were in strong winds and rough seas – conditions which meant more work on deck, trimming sails and grappling with the steering hoe. It also changed our course slightly, and we had to sail east towards the Chatham Islands before cutting back towards Banks Peninsula.

We arrived in Lyttelton in the late afternoon of day four, in steady rainfall. Spending time at sea can change your frame of mind, and now I have a new level of respect and admiration for voyaging waka and traditional navigators. The experience offered me a whole new perspective on our relationships with our Polynesian cousins, and our shared waka traditions. The Pacific Ocean does not separate us – it connects us.





PHOTOGRAPH BY LUKEY

The lifeline

A simple introduction helped keep the Ngāi Tahu Claim on track in the 1990s. Kaituhi Mark Revington reports.





PHOTOGRAPH: TONY BRIDGE

THE OFFICE IS SMALL AND UNASSUMING. DOWN THE CORRIDOR, someone is conducting a conversation in Japanese. The business card simply says Dr Graham Kitson, Relationship Director. Nothing here to suggest that the man sitting in front of me helped kept Te Kerēme on track in the 1990s.

However it was Dr Graham Kitson's introduction of Tipene O'Regan to Japanese businessman and philanthropist Masashi Yamada that enabled a lifeline to be extended to Ngāi Tahu while the tribe waited for the result of its Waitangi Tribunal hearings. It came in the form of a series of loans which enabled the tribe to continue with Te Kerēme.

Following the settlement with the Crown, Mr Yamada would extend similar largesse in gifting a substantial fund which was used to set up the Ngāi Tahu Mātauranga Trust in 2001.

Graham, whose whakapapa is to Awarua through his father, John Clarence Kitson, says he didn't realise at the time how important that introduction would be.

He'd had a long association with Japan, and when Mr Yamada came to New Zealand in the 1990s to check out possible business investments, Graham spent some time with him.

"I had friends in the Japanese community in Christchurch and when some people from the Yamada group of companies came out, I was asked to assist because they were looking for land to invest in. I spent a few days with them in Wānaka, the Marlborough Sounds, and Auckland.

"They eventually decided to invest in a project in the Marlborough Sounds, but they struggled to get a resource consent. The chairman Mr Yamada himself came out – he came from a city in the north-east of Japan called Sendai and on his mother's side had an Ainu background, so he has a really strong understanding of issues for indigenous people.

"We got chatting and he asked me if I would make an introduction to Tipene, who I didn't know at that stage. This was 1990 and the claim process was a long way from being settled. I didn't know it at the time, but the tribe had no money at that stage. I flew to Wellington and went to see Tipene in Bidwill Street and we sat down for a chat."

Within three weeks, a couple of business class air tickets arrived and the pair were en route to Japan where they spent several days in Tokyo, visited Mr Yamada, and secured a loan. As a result of the trip, Mr Yamada set up a company in New Zealand

called Rimu Projects, with Graham Kitson as managing director.

One project was a joint fishing venture with Ngāi Tahu Fisheries which involved bringing a boat out from Alaska. Takaroa Fisheries, as the joint venture was called, ultimately wasn't successful.

In 2001, Graham returned to Japan with Tā Tipene and Mark Solomon to repay the balance of the tribe's debt to Mr Yamada, who insisted the money be used to set up an educational fund. The Ngāi Tahu Mātauranga Trust was established in 2001 to provide and promote educational opportunities for the benefit of Ngāi Tahu whānui, and supports the Yamada-O'Regan Scholarships.

Tā Tipene says the intervention of Mr Yamada thanks to that introduction was timely. "It's not widely understood just how pōhara we were getting through the latter part of the Tribunal hearings and in the early days of negotiations. Our bankers of many years were shutting the door on us and no other bankers would touch us. In those days there were none of the Treaty

funding structures that there are now. Until the fisheries income started flowing in the early 1990s, we were in a truly perilous position. The Yamada funding of our various ventures made it possible to continue the struggle. He made our future possible."

Graham Kitson was brought up in Invercargill, aware of his titi-harvester cousins, but kept firmly on a Pākehā track by his mother. That would change later in life.

"As a family we didn't have much to do with our Ngāi Tahu side. My cousins always went down to the Titī Islands and dad, who was brought up in Bluff, was always first on the wharf when they came back. But there was a dichotomy in my family relationships. My mother was a strait-laced Presbyterian, and from an early age I was taught to be embarrassed by my Māori side. That was something I later felt guilty about, and I think it was the stimulus for a lot of what I accomplished later on."

Graham became head prefect at Southland Boys' High School, while pursuing a passion for cricket. He must have been pretty handy – he played for the school's 1st XI for four years, and later represented Southland. That love of cricket took him to the University of Otago for a couple of years. "Then I decided there was probably a bit more to life than cricket," he says of that time. Next he went to Lincoln University, where he graduated in 1969 with a Master's Degree in Horticultural Science with Honours in Agricultural Economics.

It was around then that he began to pursue a passion in all

It was Dr Graham Kitson's introduction of Tipene O'Regan to Japanese businessman and philanthropist Masashi Yamada that enabled a lifeline to be extended to Ngāi Tahu while the tribe waited for the result of its Waitangi Tribunal hearings. It came in in the form of a series of loans which enabled the tribe to continue with Te Kerēme.

things Japanese, including learning the language and applying for jobs in Japan. It just seemed like the right time to develop an interest in Japan, given New Zealand's move away from the apron strings of Britain and increasing focus on Asia. Also, his brother Len was a doctor in Japan.

Graham eventually landed a placement for a year at Sophia University, a highly-regarded private university in Tokyo. With his wife Nui and three children, Michael, Gregory, and Andrew, he packed up and headed for Japan.

"It was 1971 and Andrew was six weeks old at the time. Gregory and Michael were four and six, or something like that. We lived in Yokohama and I commuted to the university where I taught economics. I used that period to study Japanese business systems, and to try to understand the trade relationship between New Zealand and Japan.

"The family stayed with me for about six months, and then I stayed on with a Japanese family. It was an amazing experience. I was partially funded by Lincoln University and when I got back here, I did a lot of Japan-related research projects for the Economic Research Unit, many of which involved further travel to Japan."

Graham would go on to run short courses at Lincoln for business people interested in trading in Japan. He returned with his family for another year in Japan in 1976, and spent two years with the Asian Development Bank in Manila before setting up his own consultancy in 1980 to facilitate trade in Japan for New Zealand companies.

Eventually an opportunity arose to set up a manufacturing company which made commercial quantities of roux – a mix of flour and butter used in various food preparations and restaurants. The product was sold to food manufacturers in Japan.

Graham has spent his working life mixing science and business, and believes New Zealand should add value to its food products to be successful trading on a world stage. He also believes Māori are New Zealand's greatest undervalued resource.

He was been involved with the former Foundation for Research, Science and Technology for many years, and chaired a committee set up to fund Māori collectives.

"I really loved that as I could get out and talk to people. That's where my views about the underutilisation of people as a resource were affirmed, through that experience."

Graham has until recently been a board member of the Lincoln

University-based National Centre for Advanced Bio-Protection Technologies.

He is a trustee of the Ngai Tahu Mātauranga Trust, and is heartened by the calibre of scholarship applicants over the years. "The thing that surprised me was the quality of people coming through. It was set up initially to provide assistance for underprivileged families, but it is hard to find them now. I've been encouraging them to set up an alumni group. This can become a self-supporting cycle of achievement, and I think we're making a bit of headway on that."

Graham sees the Māori economy continuing to grow and succeed, based on the inter-generational view of iwi.

"I think opportunities are happening and some of the business successes coming through the Māori economy are exciting."

However the Christchurch earthquakes derailed his own business. Hi Tech Foods had developed a profitable business making and exporting sauces and stock, but it came to a crashing halt after the September 2010 earthquake, and the company went into receivership.

The earthquake ruined a critical piece of plant used to make veal stock, which took out around one third of the company's revenue, Graham says. A major Japanese customer went elsewhere to source a similar product.

"We hoped insurance would get us through and we battled like hell to try to get through, but we just couldn't make it. The company was bought by a listed Japanese company, Kuze Co, through its subsidiary, Kisco Foods. Kisco had been a major customer of Hi Tech for around eight years, Graham says.

"Kisco showed great commitment by investing in this business two months after the February earthquake. They have really looked after me."

While Kisco now owns the business assets of the food manufacturing operation, Graham managed to hang on to the manufacturing site. However, he was forced to sell a retirement section at Wānaka and a lifestyle block near Lincoln, and he and his wife have lived in a caravan for the past two years while having a small house built on a son's lifestyle block.

Graham turns 77 this year, and this month will return to Tokyo with Tā Mark Solomon and Tā Tipene O'Regan, to call on Yamada. He seems remarkably sanguine about the turns his life has taken.

"Any experience has to be enriching," he says with a smile. ■■■

Graham believes Māori are New Zealand's greatest undervalued resource [and] sees the Māori economy continuing to grow and succeed, based on the inter-generational view of iwi.

"I think opportunities are happening and some of the business successes coming through the Māori economy are exciting."

Postcards from Amerika

Nā Charisma Rangipunga.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT SAID TO DO SOMETHING EVERY DAY THAT scares you. In my case it is do something every two years which freaks me out so much I break out in cold sweats, develop a stutter, lose sleep, and am left questioning my mental stability.

My something is the biennial journey of Te Panekiretanga o Te Reo Māori. For those who have not heard of Te Panekiretanga, it is the Institute for Excellence in Te Reo Māori, set up under the auspices of Professors Timoti Karetū, Wharehuia Milroy and Pou Temara via Te Wānanga o Aotearoa, and now in its 10th year. Te Panekiretanga aims to take advanced speakers of te reo Māori and whittle those language skills to a fine sharp point.

Every two years, alumni of Te Panekiretanga and current cohort members are invited to join in an overseas excursion led by Timoti Karetū, to work alongside other indigenous peoples and share ideas and experiences around language and cultural development. This year we travelled to the USA to meet with the Indian Nations in New Mexico and Oklahoma.

Now for most, this probably sounds really good. Amazing, in fact; a chance not to be missed, an opportunity like no other. Well, part of me would agree, but another part of me would yell and scream at the top of her lungs, "Don't do it!"

This is where the cold sweats, stuttering, sleepless nights, and fitting of the straitjacket come in.

Cold sweats knowing that for a full three weeks I am going to be immersed in te reo Māori and surrounded by exponents of the language from the wider Māori nation, who effortlessly drip our beautiful language (yes, there are such people) like a leaky tap.

The stutter comes when in conversation with these speakers, I stumble over whether my grammar is right, whether I am using the right adjective, or whether anything I am saying makes sense at all. I get into such a state that by the time I finally open my mouth, all that comes out is a lot of gobbledegook.

The loss of sleep is in knowing that this is going to happen. The cold sweats and stuttering come once I commit and convince myself that it's going to be good for me. Like winter, the pain is coming. I can only liken this suffering to going on the latest fad diet where you only get to eat things that are green, or things that end in the word "berry". You go along with it thinking, "It's good for me, it's good for me," despite salivating over every bit of food placed in front of you and your puku rumbling like Rūaumoko.

What the hell am I thinking? Three weeks of total immersion with the guns of te reo Māori. My 20-year investment in my language resulting in getting the basics all up the whoop, my self-confidence shot, and those hot shots of te reo no doubt going back over the records to find out how I managed to pass Te Panekiretanga in the first place. Mental stability gone out the door, straitjacket fitted snugly.

So what gets you through a situation like this? How does one survive? Why even put yourself through it in the first place? Well if I have managed to keep your attention this long, perhaps you will bear with me as I take you through some of the sights and experiences, as together we find the answers for ourselves.

POSTCARD ONE

Airport... plane... airport... plane..... airport..... plane..... Karanga mai Las Vegas. Stopover one.

Treated myself to a tour of the Grand Canyon. That's one for the bucket list. What a pleasant and unexpected surprise to find out that all the helicopters (I counted at least 15 from our company alone) land in the part of the Canyon which is on the Hualapai Indian Reservation. They have an agreement with the Hualapai to do this. Where the helicopters refuel during the trip is also on the reservation, and from my count our company was one of about four companies using the Reservation and its refuelling station. The Indian economy in action – \$\$ cha'ching \$\$.

POSTCARD TWO

Airport... plane... airport... plane... airport. Ngā mihi Albuquerque.

Our air hostess has been to New Zealand and is the BIGGEST fan of mar... nooo...car honey. She imports it to keep up her supplies. The drawl of southern American slang is really quite alluring, and my peers have decided to immerse themselves in it, throwing it around like locals. We are welcomed at the airport by the students and teachers of NACA – the Native American Community Academy, who are our hosts in New Mexico. Our formal first welcome to the United States however takes place at a cultural centre in Albuquerque. There is nothing quite like the bass of an Indian drum to stir the soul and awaken the spirit.



POSTCARD THREE

Motel... van... NACA graduation.

We are honored to be part of a graduation of senior students from NACA. It is a moving ceremony where parents, whānau, and the community come together to celebrate the achievements of their kids. The applause is loud and unrestrained, the hoots and shouts of pride reverberate around the room, the words from teachers and school staff are moving and genuine. The graduates stand tall and proud, their regalia decorated with emblems and colours of their tribes, of their identity. In comparison, and maybe as a result of being drummed with messages of "kāore te kūmara e kōrero mō tōna māngaro" and not blowing one's own trumpet, New Zealand celebrations of our kids' achievements seem tame (or do I mean lame) in comparison. A lesson perhaps for Māoridom – how to celebrate our kids and their achievements.

POSTCARD FOUR

Motel... van..... Mihi mai Santa Ana — the Tamaya Nation.

Motel... van..... kua tae atu ki te Jemez — the Walatowa Nation.

There are 19 pueblo (papa kāinga) in New Mexico, and five unique languages, some of which are shared between pueblo. We spent time with two while in Albuquerque – the Tamaya in Santa Ana, and the Walatowa in Jemez. Both of these experiences were surprisingly moving for me (my family would attest to me being a tangiweto) and I could talk at length as to why and how, but the space on my postcard is limited so here is a snapshot of one.

The Walatowa Nation in the Jemez is unique in that they are the only pueblo of the 19 to speak their language, Towa. Their community of nearly 3000 is isolated and some distance from a major centre. Seventy-five percent of their population are native speakers of Towa, and they are fortunate enough that many of their families still speak their language within the home. We were invited into their homes, we ate at their tables (a hākari in all but name), we listened to their stories, we helped celebrate their graduates, we sang, and we danced. Listening to their language leaders, it was hard to believe that there is an active movement to NOT write down the language, and for the language to NOT be taught in schools away from Walatowa, and certainly NOT to anyone who is not Walatowa. (My jaw certainly hit the ground). Those of us involved in language revitalisation are indoctrinated early into the school of thought that schools and literature and building a mass of speakers are key mechanisms to protect a language, to teach a language, to help normalise a language, and to ensure a language's survival. And here are the Jemez throwing the book out the door, literally. But respect has to be given to the Jemez for their decisions about their language. They have a strategy to protect their language, which for some goes against the grain. Who knows if it will succeed or not, but it is tino rangatiratanga in action, and has to be respected as such.

POSTCARD FIVE

Hei konei rā NACA, a school dedicated to empowering and enabling young Native American children to be strong, proud, confident Native American citizens. We were hosted by the students and staff and were given guided tours around their reclaimed boarding school. If you know anything of Native American history and the legacy of such schools, you would know that these are not places that most Indians have fond memories of, or want to be associated with. NACA is creating new memories though, and today the school oozes positivity and pride. The school teaches a number of different Indian languages, not just those from the Albuquerque area, alongside mainstream subjects, intermingled with traditional teachings.. What amazed me is that you can also take archery as a subject. Archery! I think I want to go back to school. It was an absolute privilege and very hard at the end of the day to leave the school and the staff who looked after us so well.

POSTCARD SIX

Airport... plane... airport... plane... airport. Kia ora Oklahoma City.

Motel... bus... E owha mai Sac and Fox Nation.

Motel... bus... Ngā mihi Chickasaw Nation.

Oklahoma City is famous of course for the one Kiwi that it boasts, Steven Adams, who plays basketball for the Oklahoma City Thunder. OKC gears on the shopping list — check. It was here that we spent time with a number

of Indian Nations at the University of Oklahoma, sharing ideas around the survival of our languages today. We also met with the Sac and Fox Nation and the Chickasaw Nation.

For the 21-strong group travelling from Aotearoa, all but two perhaps are not native speakers. We are second language learners who have committed to learning the language to a high level of fluency. It's an investment of a lot of time, and for some, thousands and thousands of dollars. Most of us are also involved within our hapū and iwi driving language revitalisation efforts. We pull on each other for support, for advice, for the sympathetic ear when things are not going so well, and for the templates of the newest and latest ideas to help motivate our people to take up their language.

For many of our Indian brothers and sisters the fact that we were primarily a group of second language learners who could actually speak and hold conversations (when we weren't stuttering) was one which shocked, and which perhaps is yet to be seen amongst Native Americans (outside of Hawai'i and Alaska). Many of these Indian Nations are equivalent in size to some of our larger iwi, some have a resource base which dwarfs anything available to Māori, but most are really struggling to revitalise their language, to get people to commit, to get traction, and to stop the slow decay of their voice.

It is sometimes hard for Māori to fathom is how difficult it must be for these Indian Nations to revitalise their languages when there is limited support from other tribes, because the language of one tribe is usually unique. There is no shared schooling system, and they don't have access to Indian radio and TV. It is a lesson for us as Māori to be grateful for our shared base language. Despite our many dialects, this does not prevent or impede us at all from working together collaboratively to drive our language forward.

POSTCARD SEVEN

Airport... Plane... airport... plane..... airport — Tuohu mai New York.

Airport...Plane..... airport — Aloha Honolulu.

Airport ... Plane..... airport — Kua tau ki te kāinga.

Homeward bound, and I have survived the cold sweats, the stuttering, the sleepless nights, and the mental angst. I still breathe, I still live. Whether it be a kura reo, Panekiretanga, or a KMK wānanga, after all these years of learning te reo, the freak-out still happens. I know this is true of other learners of te reo, and for some this stops them from learning. I had to take some time to debunk it and figure out why I still freak out, and the short end of it is – it happens because I care. I care that my language is the best that it can be; I care for those who have invested their time in my language to build it, to shape it, to sharpen it; I care for my language and want it to be around for my boys and beyond. I freak out because I care, and you know what? It's not such bad thing to freak out about. I look forward to the next Tira Haere and the expected freak-out that accompanies it, straitjacket and all.



Charisma Rangipunga (Ngāi Tahu, Taranaki, Ngāti Kahungunu) is the general manager of Te Taumatua (iwi engagement and identity) at Te Rūnanga o Ngāi Tahu. She is also a Māori language advocate and children's book writer.



CARVING OUT A LEGACY

Rongomai-Tawhiti Parata-Taiapa is following in the footsteps of his famous grandfather. Kaituhi Aaron Smale reports.

When Rongomai-Tawhiti Parata-Taiapa visited St Mary's Church in Tikitiki with his father and daughter, it was an occasion that had so many beginnings and endings. His daughter Hamoterangi was a newborn. His father Barney would pass away a short time later. And the church was where their whanaunga Pine Taiapa started his illustrious career as a carver.

"We went over to Tititiki and Papa blessed Hamoterangi in our church. It was good that he got to spend that time with her and meet my partner (Patricia Simon)."

Rongomai-Tawhiti's grandfather Hone Te Kauru, also known as

John, was Pine's younger brother and the Ngāti Porou siblings would be instrumental in reviving traditional Māori carving, with the encouragement of Sir Āpirana Ngata.

Not only did they carve a number of wharenui and other buildings throughout the country, they also established the carving school at Te Pūia New Zealand Māori Arts and Crafts Institute in Rotorua, where Rongomai-Tawhiti is a student.

Rongomai-Tawhiti (Ngāi Tahu – Kāti Huirapa ki Puketeraki; Ngāti Porou) finished his three-year diploma last year and has been invited to do a fourth year, which is like an honours year.



His study has been bracketed by life's major events.

His mother Ranui Parata died just before he started his study and his father Barney Taiapa passed away shortly after Rongomai-Tawhiti's graduation and the birth of his daughter.

"It's been a really, really rough ride. A month before I came up Mum passed away. That was really hard leaving Karitane and Dunedin to come up here and do my thing. I didn't really get home to see Papa. The birth of my daughter (Hamoterangi) was awesome."

In the time between he has been immersed not only in training to be a carver, but in absorbing stories about his koro, who had such a huge influence on the institute.

"Two of our tutors, James Rickard and Clive Fugill, were tutored under Koro. So they keep on telling the stories about how he was and how he taught, and how they moved around the country. You still feel his presence here in the mahi we do. The haka we do is in remembrance of him."



Below: Rongomai-Tawhiti Parata-Taiapa with his partner, Patricia Simon, and daughter Hamoterangi.



PHOTOGRAPHS MEAD NORTON

Bearing the Taiapa name has put more weight on the shoulders of the young carver.

"It's definitely had its pressure. People know straight away, 'Yep, you're a carver.' I just try and stay humble about it and keep doing the mahi, I guess. I'm trying not to get caught up in the legacy. It gets overbearing sometimes."

His last conversation with his father was about how proud he was that Rongomai-Tawhiti was carrying on the family tradition. There was almost an inevitability about it.

"We always knew whakairo was there. Papa didn't talk about it much. But me and my brother used to go into the mānuka forest and build these little whare, without knowing anything about whakairo. We just had a passion for kaupapa and tikanga Māori."

While his Ngāti Porou connections are strong, he grew up among his Ngāi Tahu whānau and regards the South Island as home.

"Mum and Papa decided to go back down to Karitane. We grew up amongst the Parata whānau there. That's home for us. It's a beautiful place, I love Karitane."

His tutelage has been heavily influenced by his grandfather, but there has been ongoing debate among carvers over the years about how far one should depart from the traditions he and his brother laid down.

"My tutor here, Clive, he strictly stays to the traditional style in what Koro had taught him. When you look at a lot of other fullas that have been through here, like Lyonel Grant, he has contemporised his mahi. It's still Māori, but it's his own style. It's up to the person how they see whakairo."

He sees himself taking his skills back home to make available to Ngāi Tahu.

"My short-term plan is about my reintegration into Ngāi Tahu and how I can help our people down there."

In the meantime, he is rounding out his training by delving more into whakapapa and honing his research skills. He has also added to his experience with being involved in teams that have tackled large projects, such as a 30 x 13 metre mahau (front porch), which was unveiled in 2013 at Te Matatini Kapa Haka Festival in Rotorua.

Our interview is accompanied by the constant tapping of mallets on chisels in the background, a reminder that all shaping of timber happens one tap at a time.

"Patience is definitely one of the skills you've got to have, because if you don't have patience it affects the quality of your work. If you rush things it's going to look rushed," Rongomai-Tawhiti says.

Carving has become more than just a skill or a trade – it's become a way of life.

"I'll continue in this kaupapa, I'll live in this kaupapa now." ■■■

Kā aratūpuna

Waitarakao to Wairewa: the Ninety Mile Beach

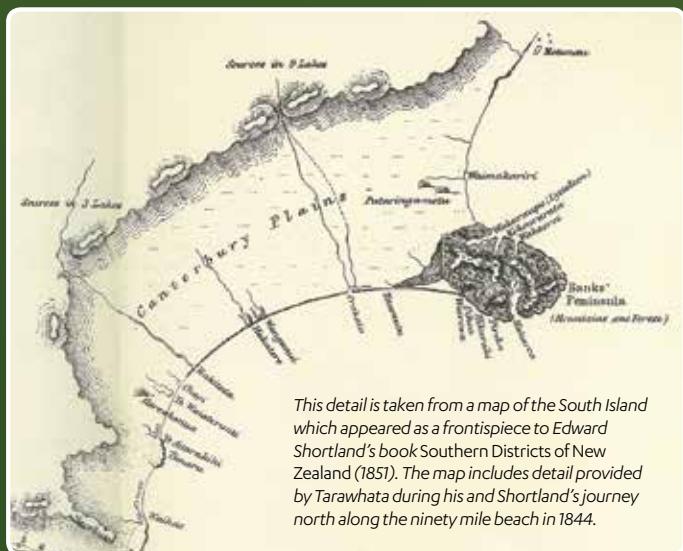
At sunset on 9 January 1844, Bishop George Augustus Selwyn stood atop the south eastern hills of Te Pātaka o Rākaihautū (Banks Peninsula) and gazed down upon the magnificent view of the vast plains to the south. He noted the apparently interminable line of the “ninety miles beach” which extended in a continuous line of uniform shingle, unbroken by headland or bay, all the way to the distant hills of Tīmaru in the south. As Selwyn and other nineteenth century Pākehā travellers learned, this ‘interminable line’ was part of a key travel route for Ngāi Tahu, a Māori ‘State Highway One’ that extended between lakes Wairewa in the north and Waitarakao in the south.

Named the ninety mile beach by Pākehā whalers, the route ran adjacent to the Canterbury sea-board, or Kā Poupo a Rakihouia (The Eel Weirs of Rakihouia). This traditional name refers to the posts or poupo put in by the Waitaha explorer Rakihouia when constructing eel weirs at the mouths of various rivers during his voyage along the eastern coastline of Te Waipounamu in the waka Uruao.

The apparent straight line of the beach was actually a great arc, uniformly shaped by the even, ceaseless pounding of the sea. Bookended at either extremity by the bluffs of Ōruaka and Te Aitarakihi, it typically took three to five days to travel its entire length and required numerous river crossings, and periodic deviations inland to avoid the hazards of cliffs, swamps and fissures in the coastline. Kāinga nohoanga (temporary campsites) punctuated the route at regular intervals.

Ngāi Tahu knowledge regarding this ara tūpuna is recorded in associated place names and tribal traditions. In his recollections of the Ngāi Tahu flight south following the fall of Kaiapoi Pā in 1832, Natanahira Waruwarutu described the typical pattern of walking, eating, river crossing and camping along this coastal travel route. Several highly descriptive nineteenth century accounts of Pākehā’ travelling the ‘ninety mile beach’ accompanied by Ngāi Tahu guides also exist. These include the journal entries of Bishop Selwyn (first Bishop of New Zealand) and Edward Shortland (Protector for the Aborigines) in 1844, Walter Mantell (Commissioner for Extinguishing Native Claims) in 1848 and Charles Torlesse (Surveyor, Canterbury Association) in 1849.

When early Pākehā explorers, surveyors and government agents arrived in Te Wai Pounamu, in the mid-nineteenth century, they struggled to negotiate the landscape alone, both in physical and cultural terms. Pākehā readily became lost, particularly when negotiating the vast swamplands that were a feature of the Canterbury landscape. River crossing was also particularly fraught and the myriad waterways in the area posed a very real threat of drowning. As a consequence, Pākehā travellers usually engaged Māori guides to assist them as not only navigators and porters but also as interpreters and cultural advisors. For Ngāi Tahu, these arrangements allowed a measure of control over where Pākehā travelled within their rohe (tribal area) and also availed them of the opportunity to be privy to Pākehā activities. Guides were often paid in either money or goods, but their assistance was sometimes provided voluntarily.



IN THE SUMMER OF 1843-44, EDWARD SHORTLAND (Protector for the Aborigines) travelled the length of the east coast of Te Wai Pounamu undertaking a census of the southern Māori population. Accompanied by two Māori guides from the North Island, Shortland's party was also joined by several different Ngāi Tahu guides on various legs of the journey. Among these guides were Poua and Tarawhata, the sons of the Kāti Huirapa rangatira (chief), Te Rehe.

Pōua escorted Shortland from Waikouaiti northward to the commencement of the ninety mile beach at Te Aitarakihi. From there, Te Rehe himself took over as guide, leading the party on to lake Waitarakao where his wife prepared them a meal of fish and potatoes before they proceeded inland to Te Waiateruati Pā on the Ōrakipaoa River for the night. In exchange for payment of a blanket, Tarawhata then assumed guiding duties for the remainder of the journey north.

Setting out from Te Waiateruati Pā, Tarawhata and Shortland travelled past the Ōhapi River where they feasted on tuna (eels) before camping at the Rangitata. The following evening an island in the middle of the seasonally dry bed of the Hakatere (Ashburton River) served as their campsite. On reaching the Whakanui, they filled water bottles left purposely on the banks for travellers as there was no fresh water between there and the Rakaia, a day's travel away. This 'desert' leg of the journey was best undertaken very early or late in the day to avoid the risk of dehydration.

As they travelled, Tarawhata shared his extensive knowledge of the geography of the area with Shortland who was surprised to find that there were Māori names given to many small streams and ravines which he perceived were scarcely worthy of notice. Tarawhata also described and named the interior sources of the Rangitata and Rakaia Rivers. On arrival at the Rakaia, Shortland noted the local method of river crossing:

"The natives use a pole to aid them in crossing these rapid rivers. Two or three persons hold this pole, which they call a "tūwhana", firmly about breast high, the strongest being stationed at the end pointing up the stem. Then they take advantage of the set of the current to get them from one shoal or shingle bank to another, always allowing it to carry them with it, while they strive to advance across it."

From the Rakaia to the kāinga of Taumutu, Shortland and his party sustained themselves solely on kāuru, a nutritious sweet food produced from the cooked stems and roots of the tī kōuka (cabbage tree). The final stretch of the journey took the party along Kaitōrete, the large shingle bank separating Te Waihora (Lake Ellesmere) from Te Moana-nui-a-Kiwa (the Pacific Ocean). The hard relatively barren surface of Kaitōrete made for easy travelling. Ahead rose the peaks of Te Pātaka o Rākaihautū with Wairewa (Lake Forsyth) at its base and thence, the cliffy terminus of the ninety mile beach. **TK**



Kai

A taste for pūtakitaki

Rewi Couch has revived and refined an annual duck hunt popular with his tūpuna.

Kaitihi Mark Revington reports.

PHOTOGRAPH KEREPETIPARAONE

The smell of duck cooking in Rewi Couch's small whare at Rāpaki is mouth-watering. Slow cooking is the answer, he says, as he serves up a plate of tasty dark meat. This is meat from a paradise duck or pūtakitaki.

"It took some time to figure out how to cook them," Rewi says. "I tried roasting them but they were just too tough. I eventually realised that they needed to be cooked really slowly."

Pūtakitaki or the paradise shelduck is New Zealand's only shelduck, and is usually seen in pairs, except in the moulting season (December to February). Their numbers have grown as forest has been turned into pasture, and they mainly graze on grass and weeds. They can flock in large numbers during the moult, when they have traditionally been taken for food and preserved in their fat in gourds or kelp bags.

Moulted shelducks become fat and flightless, and were traditionally driven from the open waters of lakes on to the shore, where they could be caught in large numbers. This got Rewi thinking – why not start a modern-day version? Armed with a temporary permit to hunt pūtakitaki, he went out on Waiwera/Lake Forsyth in his boat with his daughter Ila. Getting the birds off the water and onto land where they

could be caught was harder than he had realised.

"We learnt that the birds would dive underwater and swim away when they were chased. One ran ashore and stuck its head under a tussock."

Paradise ducks or pūtakitaki are often said to be New Zealand's most popular game bird, but Rewi, who has hunted geese in Arnhem Land and moose and elk out on the Canadian prairie, doesn't hunt ducks for the thrill. "I'm not interested in blasting ducks. This is a food resource. When you research our mahinga kai, you realise our food has often been turned into someone else's sport."

Year by year he has refined the culling methods, learning to drive the birds towards nets on shore while not rushing in. "The best push is a drive. You have to get them off the water and on to the shore. We used to run around and fall over each other trying to get the birds. Now we're far more relaxed and professional. We have learnt to sit back and not rush the birds."

But despite that acquired expertise in both catching and cooking pūtakitaki, Rewi says there is room for more people to take part in an annual hunt.

"We do a big sweep around the lake and we've been taking around





30 or 40 birds each year, although I have a permit to take up to 150 birds. The problem is getting a crew together to do the cull.”

Rewi, who is probably best known as a sculptor and photographer, was brought up at Rāpaki in a time when living off the land and the sea were more common.

“Living off the foreshore was an important part of feeding the family when I was growing up, and collecting pipi and cockles was a normal part of activity. There used to be kelp on racks and pāua in the rock pools and you could go round here, never leave the reserve, and get a couple of bags of mussels and a bag of pāua.”

The family moved, first to Christchurch, and then to south Auckland when Rewi’s father Moke followed a family tradition and became a Methodist minister. Not only that, but he was the first Methodist minister to take a mission to urban Māori.

“It was a culture shock for me,” says Rewi. “I’d never seen so many Māori in my life. I’d come from Thorington Primary into South Auckland and Manurewa High School because his rohe was from Māngere to Tuakau.”

On Sundays he would drive his father around to different services. When Rewi finished school, his mother and father moved to Taranaki,

“I’m not interested in blasting ducks. This is a food resource. When you research our mahinga kai, you realise our food has often been turned into someone else’s sport. The best push is a drive ... We have learnt to sit back and not rush the birds.”

but he stayed on in South Auckland and got a job at the local freezing works. Around the same time he bought a .303 rifle and got into hunting.

At 20, he became a father, got married, and moved back home to the family house at Rāpaki, before getting a job at the freezing works in Bluff. When his grandfather George had a heart attack, Rewi moved back to help on the family farm for a while.

Then it was back to the North Island, where he bought a house in Papakura. When the freezing works closed, he bought a lunch bar in Takanini. Somewhere along the way, the first marriage didn’t work out.

In Canada, while on a family visit, he met Marilyn Shirt, a First Nation Cree, who would become his second wife. Marilyn and her brother were funded by World Vision to set up a treatment centre for alcohol-related problems in Alice Springs. Rewi joined them. The plan was to spend a couple of months there while they set up the centre, says Rewi. They spent a couple of years there.

He became a Canadian citizen by marriage and in the mid-1990s he and Marilyn lived on the Saddle Lake First Nations Reserve in Alberta, Canada. The couple have a daughter, Nepeya.

There Rewi set up a café and pizza shop and helped Marilyn develop a Cree language curriculum and an immersion pre-school.

And he hunted moose, elk, deer. He was turned off by the meat available commercially, sourced from grain-fed animals.

“I hunted lots over there. We picked our own berries. Basically I took up their mahinga kai traditions.”

There was a dark side to the prairie beauty, says Rewi. “Here we were out on the prairie among cougars, bears, ducks, all sorts of wildlife. It’s an amazing, beautiful wilderness, but you can’t drink the rainwater because of the acid rain, and the groundwater has been polluted by farming. At one stage we were warned not to eat moose because there had been a spill from a toxic waste dump.”

Coming home to Rāpaki was in part prompted by the pollution he experienced in Canada. “I decided I would be better going home to Rāpaki where I could get water clean out of a tap and gather kaimoana.”

What he found was rather different to his childhood memories. He saw raw sewage spilling from a pipe, and since he has been back the cockle beds have died out. There has been a general degradation of the environment. After serving his time on various committees, he eventually had a meeting with Fish & Game New Zealand over his wish to hunt pūtakitaki.

“I fronted up and said, ‘I’ve always hunted, I want to get back into the tradition of hunting the ducks, and I’m coming to you for help because it has probably been at least 100 years since our people did this. You are the kaitiaki of these birds now.’”

Rewi got his test permit, and the annual cull began. “I tapped into Wairewa because I know the lake and the people, but Canterbury is riddled with small lakes where these ducks are a resource.

“In Alberta, farmers will call the reservation when they are inundated by herds of elk and ask the Cree and other First Nations iwi to go and shoot them. I can see the same kind of thing happening here.”

See video at ngaitahu.iwi.nz

Toxic legacy



The winter storms have arrived earlier than expected this season of Matariki for me and my whānau. We have recently been informed that the soil on our property has been found to contain lead at levels well over the residential limit. The only reason we found out was because of the rebuild of our new home, where apparently some bright spark figured out they could be liable for the health and safety of the workers.

This need to test was triggered by the regional council Environment Canterbury (ECAN) finalising its policies on identifying properties that may have had historical hazardous activities or industries on them. These Hazardous Activities and Industries List (HAIL) zone properties need to be tested to ensure the soil on them does not contain high levels of heavy metals and/or hazardous chemicals. By one estimate as many as 11,000 properties throughout Canterbury are at risk of having a toxic legacy from previous land uses. The main risk factors from historical land use are:

- orchards and market gardens pre-1975
- timber treatment sites
- oil/gas/petroleum storage tanks, service stations, vehicle workshops
- landfills.

If you live in Canterbury you can find out if your property is at risk by entering your address into ECAN's Listed Land Use Register : www.llur.ecan.govt.nz. However,

Apparently [ECAN] assumed that the majority of the public do not grow their own food and do not regularly come into contact with the soil, and therefore there was no need to inform people.

it turns out our property is not designated by ECAN as a HAIL site despite the fact that our area had been used until the mid-1940s as a market garden, with glasshouses and an orchard. This goes to show that ECAN, like other regional councils, may not always know exactly where historical toxic polluting activities have occurred. The rest of the country is not safe either, as this hazardous waste legacy is not just limited to Canterbury. Many more HAIL-type properties are spread throughout Aotearoa. My best recommendation is to check with your local regional council in the first instance. However, if you do grow a lot of your own food and are in any doubt at all as to the potential for previous hazardous toxic activities having been on your property, do test your soil to be on the safe side. Prior to this there had been no public notification of the potential health hazards of living permanently in these areas particularly for those who grow their own food.

The soil tests carried out so far on our property show that three out of four test sites have lead levels well over the legal limit for a residential area. There was also one high arsenic reading over the agricultural limit. The key term here is "residential area", because the health tolerance limits for heavy metals and chemicals in residential areas is significantly higher in many instances than for agricultural land. In other words, while our soil test results

show high lead readings over the residential area limit in comparison to the agricultural limit, the tests show that lead in our soil is over five times the legal limit, with one arsenic level above the allowable agricultural level. With heavy metal levels this high, we would never be allowed to commercially grow and sell food from this land.

In spite of this, ECAN, which has been developing this HAIL policy since the mid-1990s, has only made this information widely known to the public this year. Apparently their assumption has been that because the majority of the public do not grow their own food and do not regularly come into contact with the soil, there was therefore no need to inform the public at large.

It does not seem to have clicked with anybody in ECAN, the Christchurch City Council, or the Ministry for the Environment (who set the limits for toxins in soil) that a sizeable proportion of the public do like to grow their own food (vegetables, herbs, fruits, and chickens), have flower gardens, and have children who like nothing better than to get down and dirty, ending up covered in mud. It also does not seem to have occurred to anybody in positions of power that there is a reason why Christchurch is referred to as the "Garden City". While I don't need to be told to wash my vegetables before eating them, it is galling for me to now read that ECAN are



Above, left: overview of garden which may have everything removed, dug out and replaced; right: silver beet and spinach.

now stating: "Do not eat eggs from free range chickens unless confident there is no contamination." Due to my own health issues, I did some research and found that there is an established link between having contact with heavy metals like lead and arsenic and cancers, such as the type of pancreatic cancer I have been diagnosed with.

We have lived on and from our quarter acre section for nearly 20 years, growing most of our own vegetables and fruits. We have never had to buy eggs, as we had our own chooks at the back of the section. My wife and I have spent most weekends with our hands in the soil in one way or another. There wouldn't have been many days where our whānau didn't eat something out of our garden. The people living in and around these HAIL zones should have been warned of the risks in the 1990s so that they could assess the risks to themselves given their lifestyles, and had soil tests carried out if they deemed it necessary.

We have discovered that before our street was sub-divided in the 1940s it was a horticultural area with glass houses and orchards. A quick check found out that lead and arsenic were commonly-used ingredients in insecticides in those days. The toxic legacy of this period 70 years later is still posing a risk to the health and safety of those who live on this land. The earthquakes and liquefaction events of

2010 and 2011, which brought up subsoil silt from the underground layers in HAIL zones containing a toxic brew, probably only exacerbated this. And still the authorities at that time did not warn people living in HAIL zones or in close proximity to them to be careful as we cleared the silt from our properties, not to mention the need to have the garden soil we work with and grow our food in checked to find out if any toxic contaminants had come to the surface.

Our gardening plan of action to deal with this is to have further soil tests carried out to ascertain the extent and depth of the contamination across the whole of our property. The vegetables I had planted to last us through winter I will also have tested to see if there is any uptake of toxins, but for the time being we have stopped eating them. Normally heavy metals are not easily taken up into plants, particularly where compost and lime is used to maintain a high pH. However, root crops pose a particular risk, e.g. potatoes, carrots, leeks, parsnips, and radishes. Until we have those test results we will not consider eating anything out of our garden, let alone touching the soil with our bare hands.

After we have that information we will decide to what extent (and to what depth) the topsoil needs to be dug out and replaced with clean soil. In all likelihood, it will cost tens of thousands of dollars to remediate the site. The debate around who should carry this cost has begun between us, EQC,

the councils, and our insurer. We will also have our whānau members tested for heavy metal contamination, with apparently the most accurate results being obtained from hair and nails rather than just blood.

The challenge for this generation is simple – how do we protect ourselves from this toxic legacy? And how do we avoid creating a new toxic legacy with the toxins we use now, so that they are not passed on to our grandchildren because of our present practices?

WEBSITES

www.emaxhealth.com/1275/pancreatic-cancer-risk-rises-high-lead-arsenic-and-cadmium

www.mfe.govt.nz/publications/hazardous-contaminated-land-mgmt-guidelines-nos5/index.html

www.mfe.govt.nz/issues/managing-environmental-risks/contaminated-land/managing/evg-database.html

Tremane Barr is Ngāi Tahu/Kāti Māhaki Makaawhio. He has been gardening organically for more than 20 years. He currently works for Toitū Te Kāinga as the research leader for the He Whenua Whakatipu project, which is helping to develop the Ngāi Tahu Mahinga Kai brand system.

PHOTOGRAPHS TREMANE BARR



HE AITAKA A TĀNE
PLANTS nā ROB TIPI





Nikau

A taste of the tropics

The nikau palm looks like it belongs on a tropical island in the South Pacific, so its appearance as far south as Ōkarito or Akaroa is enough to stop you in your tracks.

In fact the nikau palm (*Rhopalostylis sapida*) is the only species of palm native to Aotearoa, and is the hardiest member of the palm family found anywhere in the world; with the southernmost specimens surviving on wind-lashed Chatham Island and Pitt Island.

Its natural habitat is in coastal lowland forest in Te Ika a Māui (the North Island), as far south as Banks Peninsula on the east coast of Te Waipounamu, and either Greymouth, Hokitika, or Ōkarito on Te Tai Poutini (the West Coast), depending on which reference books you read.

Naturally nikau, also known as the feather duster palm, prefers a mild, Mediterranean-type climate. It can survive a few degrees of frost, but may be damaged by sudden significant drops in temperature.

It is a long-lived species, taking 40 to 50 years just to get off the ground before its trunk begins to form, and 200 years to reach 10 metres in height. Mature specimens can reach 15 metres, with a stout green trunk topped by a bulbous crown shaft up to one metre long. Its graceful feather-like fronds grow up to three metres long.

Nikau palms flower between November and April with large clusters of sticky, sweet flowers that attract nectar-eating tūī, korimako (bellbirds), wax-eyes and honeybees. Flower colours range between lilac, pink, or mauve; again depending on which references you read.

The fruits ripen between February and November, taking almost a full year to mature. The berries are edible when they are young and green, with a slight nutty flavour, according to Andrew Crowe, author of *A Field Guide to the Native Edible Plants of New Zealand*.

Crowe says the bright red berries look edible but are extremely hard – so hard they were used as bird shot by early settlers when ammunition was scarce. Other sources suggest the berries made useful decorations as necklace beads.

Naturally, our Māori tūpuna used the only palm growing on these shores the same way as their Polynesian ancestors elsewhere in the Pacific.

The fronds were an ideal material for thatching the roof, walls, and partitions of a whare. Growing fronds could be harvested sustainably every eight months without killing the plant. They were cut when they were fresh and green; their long, narrow leaves neatly plaited to provide a waterproof canopy or inner roof lining before they dried to a dark brown colour.

According to the *Manaaki Whenua (Landcare Research) Māori Plant Use Database*, this style of roofing was commonly used by

Ngāpuhi in the north, but tōtara bark roofing was more commonly used in the south for construction purposes, probably because the nikau palm did not grow as far south as Murihiku.

Sometimes the leaves were used to make rough mats and baskets, similar to those made from coconut palms elsewhere in the South Pacific.

The tender rito or heart of the nikau was a much-favoured food either blanched or eaten raw for its succulent, nutty flavour. However, it was not commonly eaten, because harvesting this central growing tip meant killing the plant.

In his ethnobotanical reference book *Māori Healing and Herbal*, Murdoch Riley explains that the rito was known as “the guardian of Tāne” because harvesting the central shoot and its surrounding immature leaves killed the plant.

The following whakataukī hints at the plant’s vulnerability: “Mehemea ka koeretia te rau o te nikau, ka rara te waha,” which translates as: “When a leaf of the nikau is torn off, its voice shrieks.”

Pacific explorer Captain James Cook and his crew recorded eating this central shoot as a green vegetable on Cook’s first voyage to New Zealand in 1769, no doubt as part of his famous strategy to ward off the effects of scurvy for his crew on long ocean voyages. Some sources say the rito tasted like a mix of celery and coconut.

Early European settlers sometimes pickled this delicacy in vinegar. Other historical records show the bases of the inner leaves were stripped until the soft, white flesh was revealed, and that was the part they ate as a vegetable.

Nikau leaves were sometimes used to wrap food before it was cooked, and immature flower clusters were eaten like cauliflower.

Māori also made water storage containers and pots from the outer portion of the nikau trunk, and the stem of a frond proved to be a perfect fit as a splint for a broken or dislocated arm or leg, or even a full body splint.

Ethnographer Elsdon Best says the sap extracted by piercing the bulbous part of the nikau trunk was drunk by pregnant women to make their labour easier. Other references record that expectant mothers cooked and ate the pith for a few weeks before childbirth, because of its effects in slightly relaxing the bowels and pelvic ligaments.

Several sources say the pith was regarded as a laxative, which is consistent with similar properties shared by the seeds of another closely related palm, betel nut, found elsewhere in the South Pacific.

Considering its history and value as Aotearoa’s only native palm tree, it is hardly surprising that nikau holds such an important place in Māori traditions.

REVIEWS

BOOKS

KO TE WHENUA TE UTU – LAND IS THE PRICE: ESSAYS ON MĀORI HISTORY, LAND AND POLITICS

Nā M.P.K. Sorrenson
Publisher: Auckland University Press
RRP: \$49.99
Review nā Gerry Te Kapa Coates

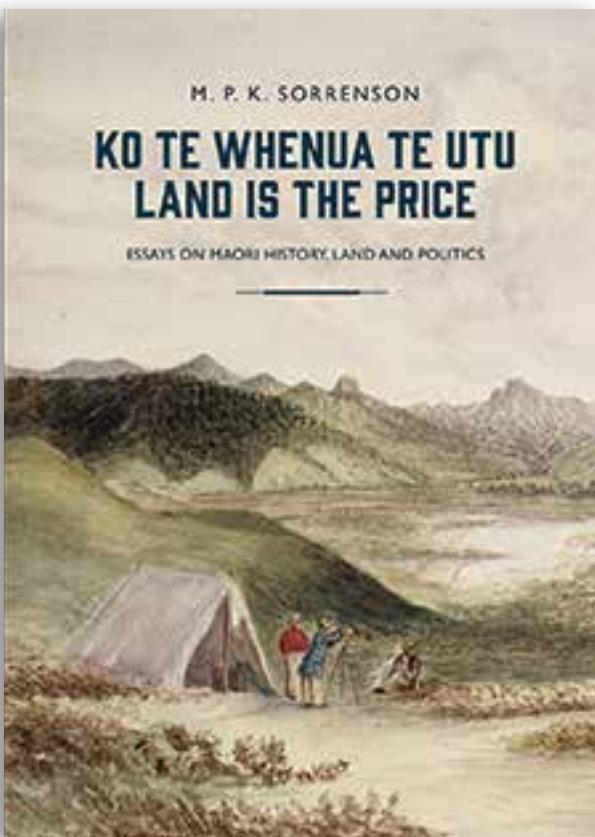
Professor Keith Sorrenson identifies himself as being of Ngāti Pūkenga and Pākehā descent. This book is a collection of his major writing of the past 56 years, and shows how good he is at explaining the complex ways Māori were colonised. For example, he uses his inside knowledge of the Waitangi Tribunal and his wide experience of African and American colonisation to highlight the parallels between what happened in Aotearoa and other casualties of the British Empire.

He says, “For me there was always the puzzle of why Native Americans got some 370 treaties, which were largely ignored during the European occupation of their continent.... whereas New Zealand’s single Treaty of Waitangi had been forever present, if not always observed.” Many of the words in these treaties are very similar to those used in the Treaty of Waitangi, and, he says, “...the three articles of the Treaty are deeply embedded in an older colonial policy, drawn from the various corners of the empire.” Busby of course knew about these American precedents, so it is not surprising that he made use of them in our Treaty, which Sorrenson calls “our enduring struggle.” His essays look at various aspects of how the British viewed New Zealand and the Māori, and how those views and attitudes changed over time, from assimilation to representation.

The alienation of land through the actions of settlers like lawyer F.D. Fenton are recounted in the essay “Folkland to Bookland”. Sorrenson points out the analogies between what happened under the

English enclosure movement that “completed the long transition from communal to individual property” in Britain, and what Fenton, who became the first chief judge of the Native Land Court, managed to achieve in New Zealand.

The decision not to update the essays for this publication is at times disconcerting, because they remain stuck in time. Treaty settlements now finalised may not have been at the time the essay was written. That aside, Sorrenson writes in a style which can enthral anyone with an interest in the big picture of why Māori are where we are, how it happened, and how it might play out in the



future. This is a very thoughtful and worthwhile book.

MARANGA MAI! TE REO AND MARAE IN CRISIS?

Editor: Merata Kawharu
Publisher: Auckland University Press
RRP \$45.00
Review nā Aaron Smale

Recently I was eavesdropping on a conversation between my eldest aunty and a younger man who is related to us by marriage. Both are fluent in te reo. Among other things they were discussing the merits of the taumata of a particular marae and the individual

who is the principal speaker. My aunty made allowances for this man because the senior kaumātua of the marae is in ill-health. But our whanaunga member was having none of it – he was appalled at the decline in abilities and mana that he believed this individual represented.

In many ways this book is about this very debate: how are marae coping with the changes happening in Māori society, and are they fulfilling their purpose of being a bastion of Māori language and tikanga?

The included essays are eclectic in the range of voices and topics they cover, from the deep reminiscences of kuia Merimeri Penfold approaching her 100th year, to academics from a range of disciplines. Each throws interesting light on a complex subject, and the book will engage different people on different levels



Gerry Te Kapa Coates (Ngāi Tahu) is a Wellington consultant and writer.



Aaron Smale was previously the associate editor of Mana magazine. He lives in Levin and is of Pākehā and Ngāti Porou whakapapa.



Tā Mark Solomon is Te Rūnanga o Ngāi Tahu Kaiwhakahaere.



for that reason. The essay by anthropologist Paul Tapsell, which gives an overview of the history of how marae have developed from their Pacific origins through to the present day, is quite amazing for the territory it covers in such a short space.

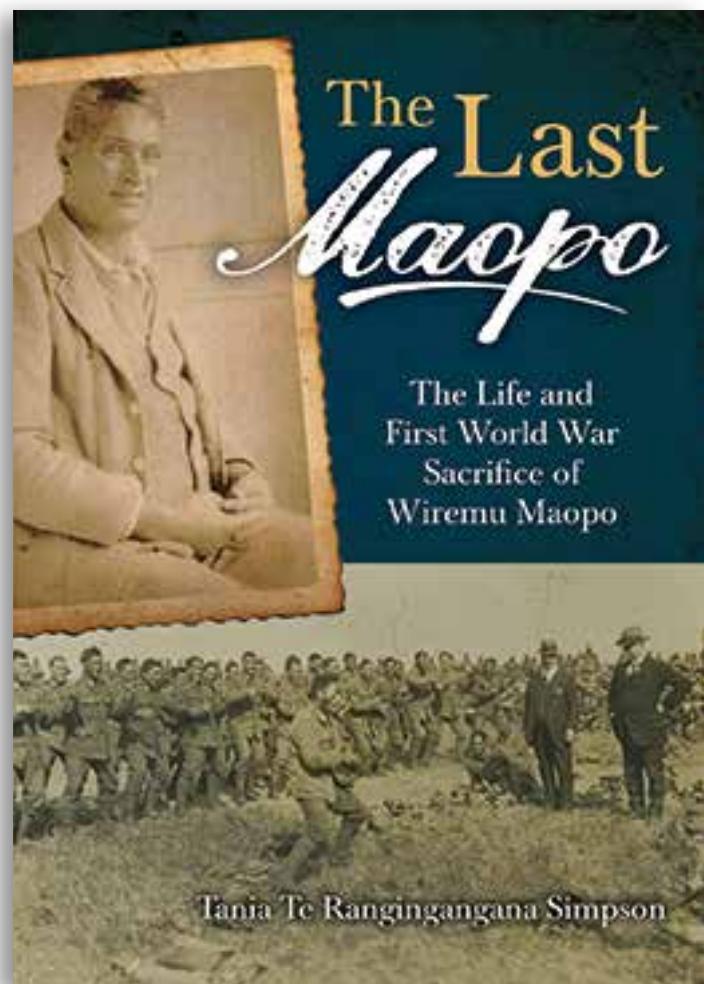
Although the book is focused on Tai Tokerau, the issues are common to Māori communities throughout the country, and anyone with a passing interest in their marae will recognise their own situation in these pages.

The picture the book paints is fairly ominous, with occasional flickers of hope. All of the essays note the devastating effects of urban drift on the fabric of once-thriving communities that had marae as a focal point. While the numbers of kaumātua and kuia are dwindling fast, those who should be stepping into their roles simply aren't there because economic imperatives have taken them to other parts of the country, or even further afield.

While the essays touch on the underlying economic reasons for these issues, many are addressing it on a purely cultural level. There is mention of economic renewal in some communities on the back of fibre-optic and mānuka honey businesses. Treaty settlements have helped and will help many iwi in developing an economic base. But the book's length and scope doesn't allow it to delve into these issues in any depth.

In the long-term, reviving the language

**MARANGA MAI!
TE REO AND MARAE
IN CRISIS?**
EDITED BY
MERATA KAWHARU



and the cultural sustenance of marae communities can only happen if there is an economic basis to that community. After all, it was often the resources of a location that gave rise to a pā or marae emerging there in the first place.

THE LAST MAOPO – THE LIFE AND FIRST WORLD WAR SACRIFICE OF WIREMU MAOP

Nā Tania Te Rangingangana Simpson
Publisher: Oratia Media
RRP: \$34.99
Review nā Tā Mark Solomon

The Last Maopo is the story of Wiremu Maopo, who joined the second Māori Contingent to fight in World War I, told mainly from his letters to his friend Virgie. It is also the story of the author's journey of discovery of her tūpuna.

Tania Simpson (Ngāi Tahu, Tainui, Ngāpuhi) is the great-granddaughter of Wiremu Maopo, from a line he didn't know existed. He came from a large family, one of 13 children born to Te Maiharanui Maopo and Ani Wira of Taumutu. The family

was decimated by disease and by the time he left for the war, only his father and a sister had survived. When he returned, he was the only one left. He didn't know that his girlfriend Phoebe had given birth to a daughter who would carry on his line.

It is an awesome book and I loved it. I could certainly understand the passion of the author striving to understand her family history, and I was in awe of the letters of Wiremu Maopo, who was obviously a real gentleman.

One thing that stands out was the closeness between him and the Pākehā community. And his letters are dignified – there is little indication of the bitterness and horror of the war until his third year over there when some despair at the conditions starts to creep in. But he doesn't shy away from the realities. In one letter he tells the story of returning from a mission when a shell lands next to him and his mate. When it explodes, he and his mate are showered in mud while four British soldiers and a horse right next to them are killed. Another time he writes of watching a soldier literally being blown apart by a shell.

It is also an incredibly sad story about Wiremu and his family and the fact that he went to his grave thinking he was the last of his line. It is a fascinating read on so many levels, I would recommend it to anyone.

Reviews continue over.

Opinions expressed in REVIEWS are those of the writers and are not necessarily endorsed by Te Rūnanga o Ngāi Tahu.

THE LUMINARIES

Nā Eleanor Catton
Publisher Victoria University Press
RRP \$55.00
Review nā Aaron Smale

It's somewhat daunting to try to review a novel that has won the 2013 Man Booker Prize and had great piles of praise already heaped on it from every quarter. What's left to say?

And where do you start? At over 800 pages just doing a précis is a mammoth injustice to the work itself. But tucked into its massive size is a unique character deserving of closer inspection. He is Te Rau Tauwhare, a character of Ngā Tahu descent and based on a real person.

In some ways it seems unfair to scrutinise one character in a novel that is teeming with them. It's almost akin to reviewing one of the violin players in an orchestra who only chips in now and again in a massive symphony. But then if you play violin, you would take more of an interest.

It takes around 100 pages for Te Rau to make a significant appearance. By this stage the reader has already been treated to a wholly formed world that is utterly convincing, with finely wrought details that transport the reader back to the West Coast in the 1860s.

At first the narrator gives a view of Te Rau through the eyes of another character, and this view is fraught with misunderstanding and prejudice. This is conveyed with a light touch, with the author not feeling the need to digress into a kind of an explanation for the tourists. The other character goes to pat Te Rau on the head while he is sitting on the ground and Te Rau flinches. This was a completely convincing reaction for a character who would have held a certain belief in the tapu of the head.

This reaction, although a seemingly minor detail, was the sort of reaction you'd expect from a character who was a Māori man of some standing during 1860s colonial New Zealand. There is no comment on the cultural reasons for this, as this would have been simply drawing attention to something innate to Te Rau and was beyond the comprehension of the character who is looking at him.

However, some of what follows didn't



feel so smooth (for this reader at least) or convincing.

When many of the characters are introduced the narrator will often pause to give a rather dense analysis of the character's personality before resuming the story. Although this pattern becomes somewhat predictable, the tone of the narrative voice seemed to fit this schema, and suited the characters who were, after-

all, Victorian men.

In the overall context of the novel this technique is almost necessary – with that many characters running around there really isn't the space to dawdle about reflecting on each character's psychology for any length of time. Particularly in the first half of the book, it feels like the characters are sketched in. The depth and detail comes later.



The portrayal of Te Rau followed this pattern to some degree. Some of the history of Māori on the West Coast is slipped in without feeling at all intrusive. I did wonder if a man like Te Rau would have thought of himself as Ngāi Tahu or Poutini Ngāi Tahu at that time. Although the land sales of this period would have used those terms, it's questionable whether it would have been common parlance among South Island Māori themselves. I certainly questioned the term "Ngāi Tahu allegiance" – I think allegiance is something you can give or withhold, whereas whakapapa is simply an inescapable fact.

You could say these details are minor, as we know from our vantage point what is being described. And they are details that would have passed most readers by. But it does raise questions about how accurate a writer of creative works needs to be when it comes to history or a culture other than their own – Shakespeare's histories are far from accurate, but this

certainly doesn't detract from the writing.

These are external details and something of a soft target. It's when the writing describes Te Rau's interior world that things get trickier.

One of the great strengths of the book is the highly ornate Victorian tone of the third-person narrator. This helps hold the book together, with its vivid descriptions of the world of the story and the characters who inhabit it. In many ways this tone suits the characters as they are Victorian men, even though their backgrounds are widely varied.

However, this narrative voice is sometimes overly dominant and in some of the sections about Te Rau it felt awkward at times. You could argue that Te Rau was also a Victorian man, but this doesn't quite explain it.

In this first encounter the narrator gives a summary of Te Rau's character and self-image.

In this instance we're told by the narra-

tor how Te Rau thinks about himself. There was a degree of confusion between the authority of the narrator and the thoughts of the character. The narrative voice seemed to obscure the character rather than revealing him.

This could be attributed to the narrator entering into the head of a character from another culture; however this doesn't entirely explain it. One of the most enjoyable characters in the book was Ah Sook, who was Chinese. Here I found myself utterly absorbed and convinced by the character.

In another section of the book there is a lovely passage where Te Rau is reflecting on his murdered friend. The shift into his thoughts was seamless, and gave a great insight into Te Rau as a human being.

But then there was a real clanger. While reflecting on where his friend should have been buried Te Rau runs through various options he thinks would have been preferable. One of the options he considers is "beside the plot of his tiny garden." At that point I reacted with a "Whoa! Hang on a minute!" I thought it highly unlikely that a Māori person would consider burying the dead right beside a source of food. I tried to think of an exception but couldn't.

My overall impression was that the character of Te Rau was treated with a little too much reverence to the point where it risked him becoming a caricature, almost a Noble Sage if not a Noble Savage. It wasn't that you wanted him to be a bad guy. It's just that many of his interactions are quite passive, and it was difficult to get a sense of who he was.

Again, this is a narrow assessment as the book is highly sophisticated in its structure and the way all the characters' lives are interlocked. Te Rau is but one character in a large orchestra. The symphony still soars.

Aaron Smale was previously the associate editor of Mana magazine and last year won a Canon Media Award for the best magazine feature on social issues. In 2010 he won the Cathay Pacific Travel Photographer of the Year and completed an MA in Creative Writing at Victoria University in the same year.

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How to invest on \$1 a day

Looking for financial security? Don't know where to start? Putting aside \$1 a day really is the answer. Bigger and better savings and investments come when you've mastered the basics.

Think "I can", not "I can't". It's a rare whānau that wastes no money at all. Be honest with yourself – there must be something that you could cut from your spending that would add up to \$1 a day – or more. It may be something you do daily, such as buying coffee or Coca-Cola, or eating lunch out instead of bringing it from home.

If nothing jumps out for daily savings, then look at less common but larger spending such as weekly takeaways, monthly magazines, clothes, shoes, and so on.

Don't get too excited and cut everything out in one fell swoop. That's a recipe for failure. Just limit them. Set rules. Buy coffee twice a week instead of daily, and take your lunch two days a week. You can always move on to bigger and better saving when you've conditioned yourself to your new spending plan.

Day-to-day spending isn't the only thing that holds you back from investing. There are other barriers such as:

The grey matter between our ears. We are socially and economically programmed to make spending decisions that may not be logical. What's more, we treat money from different sources such as wages and bonuses differently. Also, we are programmed to prefer smaller rewards now to a larger reward later. Tame that brain by learning about behavioural economics.

That naughty credit card. Every cent of interest you pay is a waste of savings. Advice from sorted.org.nz states that even if you pay your credit card balance in full every month, you spend as much as 30% more when you use a credit card than you would if you spent cash. It's more painful to hand over cash than to pay by plastic.

I don't know enough. That's easy to overcome. You can read books or online articles, and dip your toe in the water with small investments to start with.

Excusitis. Do you find yourself saying: "I don't earn enough", "I wasn't taught in school", "I don't have enough time", or "I want to wait until I get my next pay rise?" These are symptoms of the modern disease "excusitis". Stop these thoughts and ask yourself: "How can my whānau succeed?"

No support from the whānau. To really make a success of this, the entire whānau needs to sing from the same song sheet. Start by having a kōrero. Make joint financial goals and discuss how you're going to achieve them.

Investing \$1 a day over and above your KiwiSaver isn't going to make you rich. But it's a start, and small savings add up. If you're 25 years old now, your \$1 a day will be worth nearly \$30,800 by the time you retire. That's based on 4% interest, 17.5% tax, and 3% inflation. Give up a packet of cigarettes a day and put the money you would have spent in that same savings account, and you'll have nearly \$520,000 saved by the time you retire.

Make sure you open a fee-free savings account, and set up a regular transfer so that your savings are kept separate.

Ideally, whānau should build up three months of living expenses in an emergency fund. Once that's achieved, the next step is to graduate from "saving" to "investing". Saving is about keeping your money safe, and investing is about making it grow. The idea with investing is that you use the money you've saved to buy something such as a property, a business, shares, or funds that you think will grow your money over time.

You'll need to learn some investing basics such as the trade-off between risk and return. All investments have some risk. The lower the risk, the lower the return. And conversely, the higher the risk, the higher the return. Everyone's circumstances are different, and it's worth finding out more about your own risk tolerance.

If you need budgeting advice, see a budget adviser. SHARE NZ financial advisor Paul Cootes (Ngā Tahu) recommends consulting a financial adviser if you have reached the stage of investing.

Diana Clement is a freelance journalist who writes on personal finance, and property investing. She has worked in the UK and New Zealand, writing for the top personal finance publications for over 20 years. In 2006 and 2007 she was the overall winner of the New Zealand Property Media Awards.



LUCY CARTER

Ngāi Tahu - Ōraka-Aparima

HE TANGATA

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GOOD DAY?

Going for a walk around the Port Hills then meeting up with friends at a bar in Lyttelton for some good food and good beer – it doesn't get much better than that!

ONE THING YOU COULD NOT LIVE WITHOUT?

The SoHo channel on Sky – I'm addicted to so many TV shows on it.

WHO OR WHAT INSPIRES YOU AND WHY?

There are so many amazing projects happening around the world, especially in the urban planning space. I'm very inspired by projects going on in Christchurch where people are rethinking how to use urban spaces, and looking into agriculture in the city. It's a very exciting time in Christchurch, and it certainly gives me hope for the future.

HIGHLIGHT IN THE LAST YEAR AND WHY?

My sister's wedding in February. We had relatives come from as far away as the United Kingdom to celebrate. Everyone pitched in, and it was amazing to see the effort and love that went into such a beautiful and heartfelt event.

WHAT IS YOUR GREATEST EXTRAVAGANCE?

Shoes, shoes and more shoes. I have over 40 pairs at the moment and will need to have a serious sort through before moving to Colorado!

FAVOURITE WAY TO CHILL OUT? FAVOURITE PLACE?

Probably going to an acoustic music gig with a few friends and having a catch up at The Darkroom (where I'm found most weekends).

DANCE OR WALLFLOWER?

Definitely dancing!

WHAT FOOD COULD YOU NOT LIVE WITHOUT?

Texas BBQ-flavoured Pringles; I could eat my weight in them.



Lucy Carter (Ngāi Tahu - Ōraka-Aparima) was awarded the only Fulbright Science and Innovation Scholarship for 2013 and will fly to the United States in August to complete her Master's degree at Colorado State University, majoring in Environmental Sociology.

Lucy was born in Christchurch and finished her schooling at Christchurch Girls' High School before moving to Dunedin to attend the University of Otago for four years, graduating with a Bachelor of Arts with Honours in Sociology.

Lucy has been working for Te Rūnanga o Ngāi Tahu as project co-ordinator for Toitū te Kāinga for the past year-and-a-half, developing the pounamu industry through the Ngāi Tahu Pounamu brand.

WHAT MEAL DO YOU COOK THE MOST?

I love cooking curries. I did a cooking course in Vietnam and fell in love with all the intricate flavours utilised in them. Fish sauce is an absolute staple in my cooking.

GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT?

So far it would be graduating with a First Class Honours Degree in Sociology. It was a lot of work and a pretty painful process at some points, but definitely worth the effort.

DO YOU HAVE AN ASPIRATION FOR NGĀI TAHU TO ACHIEVE BY 2025?

I would love to see the continuing academic success of Ngāi Tahu iwi members and their unique research contributions in the future. It's great to see so much ambition being realised.



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