

TE KARAKA

THE ART ISSUE



He Ngākau Aroha

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NGĀ HAU
E WHĀ
FROM THE
EDITOR

The invitation to be the guest editor for this issue of TE KARAKA was an opportunity that allowed me to make a contribution to the tribe in a way that I could. It enabled me to draw on some of the expertise I have developed as an art curator of 26 years, a curator particularly concerned with modern and contemporary Māori and indigenous art.

Through the Paemanu rōpū the invitation was extended and the opportunity gracefully facilitated by editor Mark Revington. Being able to make a contribution to the tribe is deeply felt and really is a joy. I now live outside the takiwā of Ngāi Tahu. I do not get much time to be with the iwi or in the cultural and spiritual landscape of Ngāi Tahu and I miss it.

The work as guest editor is a bit like curating an exhibition. Although not working three-dimensionally with taonga, artworks, and space, you are working with people and culture, with images and ideas. Artists have been described as social barometers with the ability to measure, reveal, and reflect what is important and valued by the community that they are associated with. They are also often regarded as the shapers or shifters of culture, as visionaries able to create new templates for new and imagined worlds.

Vision is what binds TE KARAKA 65 – *The Art Issue*. It starts on the front cover with an image taken by leading New Zealand photographer Mark Adams. The image is of the stained glass window depicting Matiaha Tiramorehu from the Kotahitanga Church in Moeraki. Tiramorehu and other rangatira played a crucial role in determining our future. Vision is also embodied by the artists, performers, musicians, and writers featured in this edition.

I want to end with a mihi to Tahu Pōtiki to acknowledge the role he has played for me and others within the tribe. Tahu has been an anchor. The person able to provide the cultural knowledge and understanding needed, to both reach back and to move things forward.

nā MEGAN TAMATI-QUENNEL

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

The year began with a festival of Māori performing arts as Christchurch hosted Te Matatini Kapa Haka Aotearoa. Leading up to the event I watched exponents weave the traditional stories of whakapapa and kōrero into an eloquent demonstration of kapa haka during practice sessions.

Our artistic talent may be of right brain origin. However, my recent introduction to Ngāi Tahu waiata (while attempting to adopt the infamous Ngāti Porou swing) for the pōwhiri practice for Te Matatini certainly drew out the left brain requirements, as kaiako promptly advised me on the correct articulation.

Artistic expression is alive and well in each of us, and any opportunity to demonstrate this should be celebrated. I once entered a karaoke competition and was embarrassingly reminded it was quite different from singing along to the car radio. Nevertheless, I was willing to have a go. I now know that my dream of being a Gladys Knight clone will probably not come to fruition and I will stick with my day job.

They say that art is in the eye of the beholder and that we all have an opinion. Whether it is visual, cultural, dance, music, or drama, enabling artists to bring their talent to the fore requires an open mind; and we need to put our old-fashioned judgments aside so that we can harness the creative talent that is right in front of us. You only have to look at *The X Factor* for buckets of talent with no boundaries. It may be edgy and disruptive, but stretching beyond the norm is what will enable a culture of innovative art to develop. So don't be afraid, but instead embrace it.

In the months to come following Te Matatini we will see many forms of dynamic art expression on display. One example of a young Ngāi Tahu leader in art and culture is Charisma Rangipunga, who as an accomplished children's book author has been chosen as guest of honour at the Taipei International Book Exhibition. Another is James Buchanan, who has just been offered a place in the exclusive Professional Music Theatre at the Arts Educational School in London. This school has produced such legends as Sir Ian McKellen and Dame Judi Dench.

There are artists amongst us, and the best talent scouts are often in our own whānau. They are mainly our tāua and pōua, as they proudly form the cheerleading committees for their mokopuna for first drawings, sports events, school plays, and music festivals. You never know, this could be the beginning of a special journey that sets a unique career pathway. For me, I will keep to my knitting and continue to practice the art of being an effective tribal CEO.

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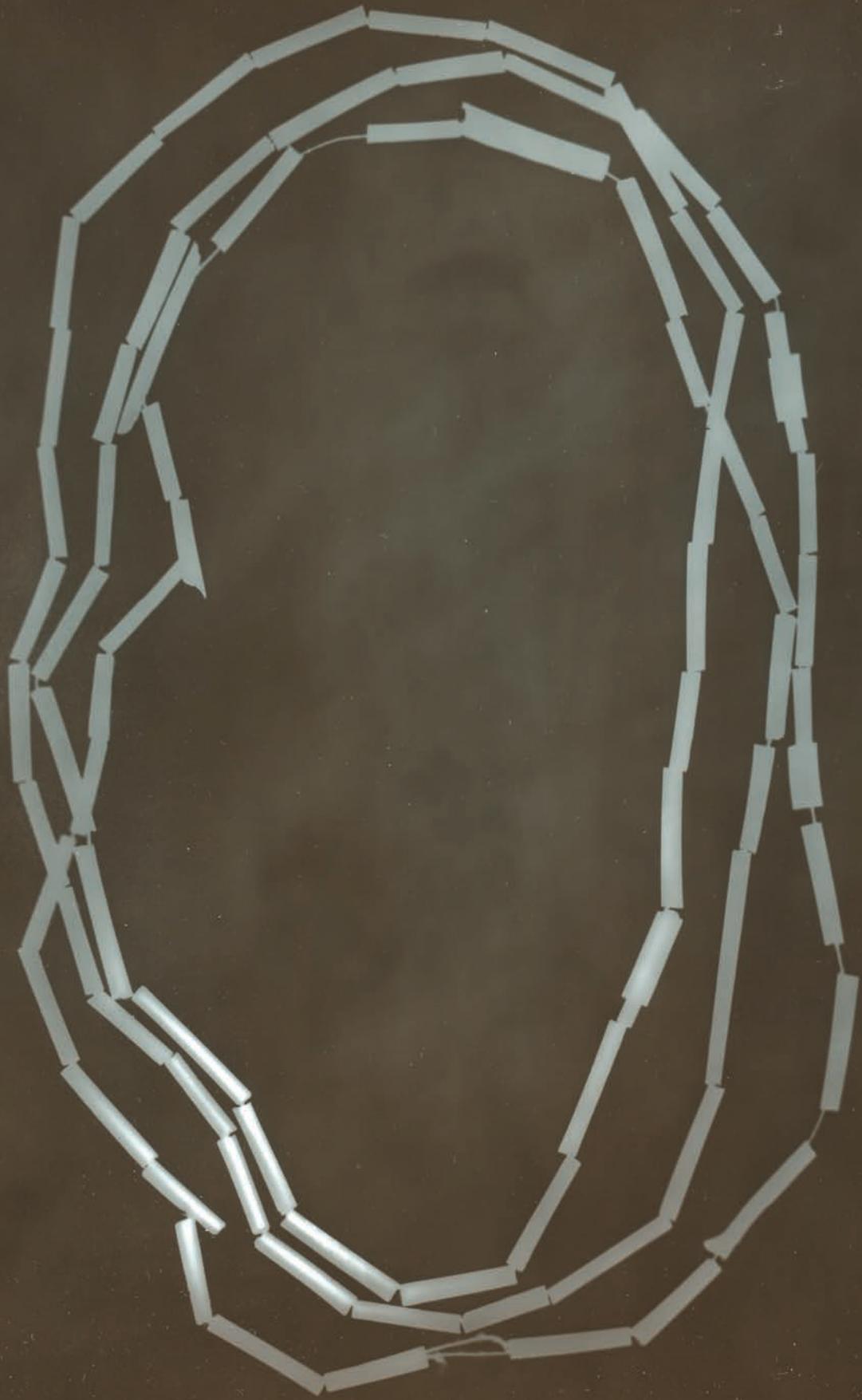


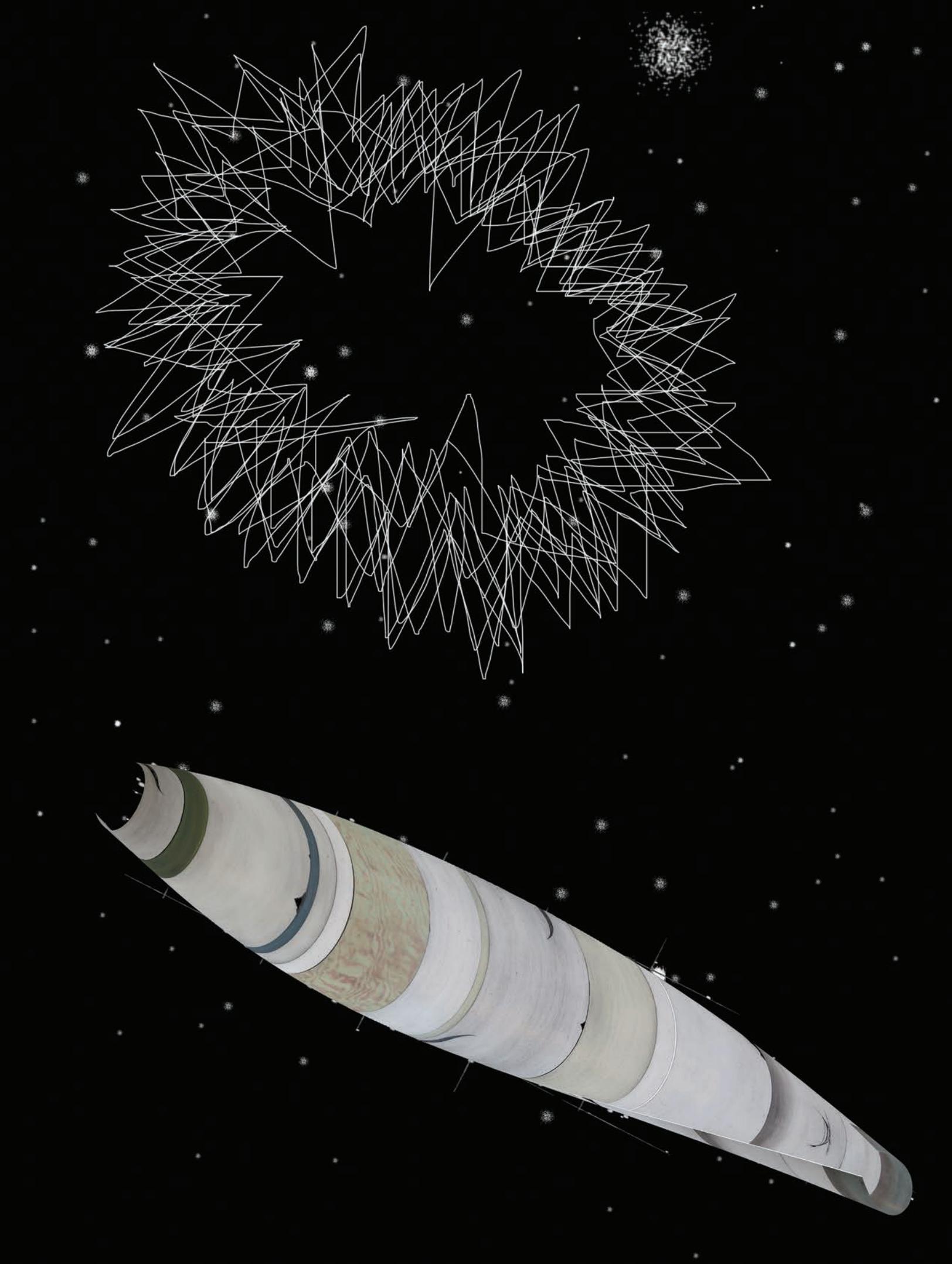
FRONT COVER

1991. Matiaha Tiramorehu. Kotahitanga Church. Moeraki. North Otago.

Mark Adams

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Te Matatini 2015

Kaituhi Nic Low reports.



My house is full of aunties. Suitcases in the hallway, laughter in the kitchen, too much kai, a barrage of questions. It's like someone's turned up the world's volume. *How are you? What have you been up to? Hungry? Sit down! Anyway, but he's married to... yeah, but she's one of ours, right? Right!* They've come all the way from Murihiku. They're excited. Must be time for Te Matatini.





HAGLEY PARK IS FULL OF AUNTIES. THERE'S A huge eddying river of people hugging and kissing, young and old, waving and looking. Grass-covered schoolboys jostle in for a look at the trophies. Everyone photographs everyone else.

I'll say. Never seen so many hot Māori boys in my life!

The pōwhiri is about to begin. Two great encampments stand before the mānuka palisades, Ngāi Tahu to the east, the motu to the west. The Rātana band lines up. Warriors pad through the crowd to take their place out front, patu pounamu cradled in their arms. One breaks away to greet a kaumātua. They grasp shoulders in a quick fierce hongī, voices quiet.

Tēnā koe.

Tēnā koe, boy.

From somewhere, everywhere, the sound of pounamu. A resonant underwater clang echoes from all sides. Clang. It's a pahū pounamu, a greenstone gong, struck once, twice, three times; then comes the deep fluttering sigh of the porotiti. Eyes up. Ethereal calls fill the paepae. Pūtōrino and pūmotomoto in surround sound. Karanga weka. The puru gourd booming like kākāpō. Then comes ororuarangi, the two-voiced flute, the human world. Conversation dies away. Only yesterday I saw these traditional instruments behind glass in a museum. It's great to hear them full of life. There's a blast of tētere, flax trumpets seven-strong, calling the people on. The Rātana marching band starts marching. It begins.

Awesome.

The morning air is full of aunties. Their karanga rise one after the other, calling the thousands onto Ngā Pākihi Whakatekateka o Waitaha: the proud, strutting plains of Waitaha, named for Rākahautū and Rākihōiua's joyous reunion. The river of teams and their whānau flow past the kaikaranga to pay their respects and receive gifts of pounamu. They're in tracksuits and piupiu, scarves and korowai, sunglasses and suits. It's (one of) the biggest gatherings of Māori in the south since Te Matatini (then known as the Polynesian Festival) was here in '86. Last time we hosted was before cellphones, laptops, Māori TV, nek minnit. Before the earthquakes. Before the Settlement. There's tears galore out here. Pride and tears.

Tahu Pōtiki!

Maraka, maraka!

Tahu Pōtiki!

Rise up! Rise up!

Three hundred of the 30,000 faces of Te Matatini surge forward with "Tēnei te Ruru". There's warmth and fire in the welcome. The kaupapa of this year's festival is "He Ngākau Aroha". Ngākau is the heart. It's also a token sent to friendly tribes asking for aid in troubled times. He Ngākau Aroha: a loving heart, and gratitude to all these northern iwi who sent help when the city was crushed.

PHOTOGRAPHS SHARDEVINE



Left: Te Mairiki Williams and the Rātana band; above left: Ngā kaikaranga; above right: Ngā manuhiri tūārangi; previous pages: Te Pao a Tahu.

The chairs around me are full of aunties. They fan themselves in the heat or work at their smart-phones. Up on the paepae speeches pass back and forth. The first three waiata tautoko from the manuhiri are all old mōteatea chants, the voices and bodies standing and speaking as one. Heads nod in appreciation.

Get that, all 16 verses of “Pinepine te Kura”. First time in my life I’ve heard the full version done.

There’s a cocoon of focused attention around the kaumātua and kuia under their white shade marquees. Over distance and time, concentration spreads and relaxes at the margins of sprawled schoolkids, gossips and catch-ups, breast-feeding and sun-screening.

Nice taonga, bro. You look like you’re gonna catch a taniwha with that thing.

It’s hot. A camera drone fizzles overhead. A young performer in piupiu strides through the crowd with his shaved head held high, expression fierce, hand resting on the patu in his belt. An auntie grabs him and kisses him and points to his wrist. They crack up. He’s forgotten to take off his watch. In the front row, Deputy Prime Minister Bill English blinks in the sunlight. The latest waiata tautoko from the manuhiri begins, and ends.

Oh, that was quick. Next!

How many more? Six?

Nah. One, two, three; three more. Better hurry up or we’ll be all Matatini’d out!



The kai tent is full of Aussies. Three teams of our relations who live in Australia made it into this year’s finals.

Yeah, she’s from Aussie, but she knows all the words.

Along with the other kaumātua, their elders are stocking up on kōura, tītī, tuna and kina. Everyone else gets a feed too. It’s the first time they’ve had a hākari at a Te Matatini pōwhiri. Dozens of volunteers hand out thousands of bento boxes full of delicacies from the south. It’s all traditionally harvested, or donated by Ngāi Tahu businesses. Feasting people fill every inch of shade.

Imagine if you got this on Air New Zealand flights! Instead of some pasta and a bread roll, you got tītī and pāua.

Dream on!

I get two trays and sit chatting with North Island visitors while waiting for Dad. He’s nowhere to be found. Sadly it’s not safe to hang onto his kai for too long in the heat. Can’t let it go to waste.

The lawn in front of the stage is full of aunties. It’s Te Ihu, day one of the competition, and they’ve come early to stake out their turf. The ground’s covered with blankets and tarps in a giant patchwork quilt that looks like the Canterbury Plains. They’ve brought water, sunscreen, cushions, and kai, though most have left their cameras at home.

No filming please, or you will be tasered.

The MCs are in good form. They ask how many Te Matatini first-timers are in the crowd. About a third raise their hands.

Ka pai! We’ve just heard that this is officially the most brown people ever in Christchurch. At least since the opening of McDonald’s.

The third act is local kapa Te Pao a Tahu. Their teal blue costumes gleam like Aoraki’s glacier lakes. When they emerge onto the vast stage they’re greeted by name.

Go Corban! C’mon Ana!





Left: Te Ahikomau Hamoterangi;
 top: Te Pao a Tahu; above: pou
 designed by Ephraim Russell;
 right: Ngā Manu a Tāne; far right:
 Justine Pahau of Nga Manu a Tane.





A young conductor in a tailcoat leads their opening chorale. He flourishes his baton. It's a striking sight, this slight figure in formal black and white against the body of traditional cloaks. After the final waiata there's warm applause, but at Te Matatini applause doesn't matter so much. It's when a good chunk of the crowd rises to its feet to haka that you know they like what they see.

He pō! He pō!

Ka awatea.

Next is Te Waka Huia from Tāmaki Makarau. A buzz runs through the crowd. They won at the last Te Matatini in Rotorua, and they won in Christchurch in '86. You know they're good, from the flash of red beneath their cloaks when they turn, or the full-body quiver of their haka.

It's the same with Te Ahikōmau a Hamoterangi, the next Waitaha kapa. The men begin in circle formation facing inwards, kaitātaki tāne in the centre. The pulse is slow, sustained, intense. Piupiu swish and crack. Two policemen stand to my left. One grins with pleasure. The other, plainclothed, watches stone-faced. The judges' heads dip and write, rise and watch. A guy up the back turns to his wide-eyed kids.

Pretty wicked, aye?

Solid.

On Saturday, Ngā Manu a Tāne, who won the Waitaha senior kapa haka regional competition, stand with a solid performance that earns them the highest place of the three Waitaha rōpū here.



The kai tent is full of aunties. The Māori Women's Welfare League are hard at it making chicken baps. There are kai-babs, cuzzy pies, titi kai, and whitebait sammies. The whitebait queue is massive. The man on the till makes chit-chat to distract bored customers. At his back the kitchen is frantic, except for one auntie standing still as a tōtara. There's no rushing her. She whisks eggs to perfection with steely concentration.

As well as traditional kai there's plenty of evidence of a changing food culture. There are heaps of salads, homemade aioli, slow-cooked pork belly, marinated chicken tenderloins, pulled pork baps.

What's a bap?

Maybe they couldn't spell bun!

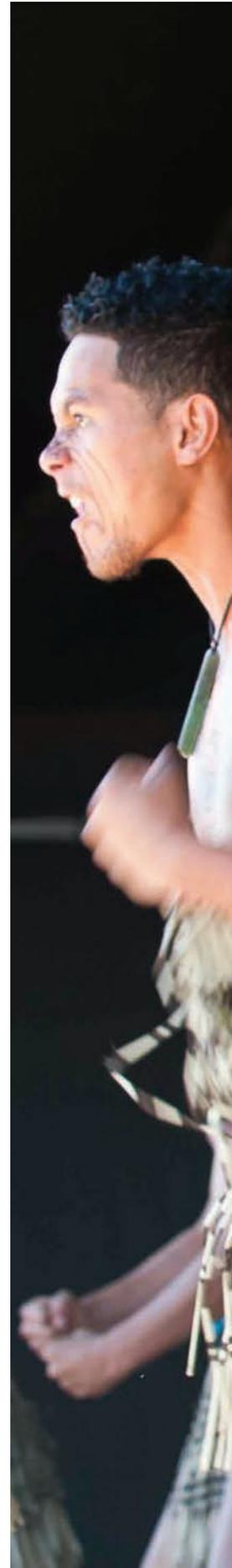
Most of the food's healthy. Then there's fried bread. I resist buying any, but later in the media tent there's a big crispy, golden-brown pile. I take a slice, then a second. There's nothing on earth like that sweet, heart-stopping crunch. I try not to think about Elvis Presley, and go back for a third.

I start seeing Te Matatini people everywhere around the streets of Christchurch. At the lights on Bealey Ave, one group's elegant black and gold scarves catch my eye.

Where are you guys from?

Rotorua! Here for a big kapa haka competition. You should go!

Above left: hinaki by Rewi Couch; above right: sails by Priscilla Cowie; right: Te Pao a Tahu; previous pages: whānau tautoko.







Top: Ngā Manu a Tāne; above: Te Ahikomau Hamoterangi;
right: Te Pao a Tahu.





Days two and three roll by. We're in and out of the venue by day, and watching reruns by night. By now it feels normal to watch kapa haka and hear te reo 24/7. There's humour, there's drama, there's kai. Te Iti Kahurangi use their haka to challenge Māori Television, right down to the actions of switching the TV off.

*My anger hisses in me like a distorted television
You focus on negativity and sensationalism
I reach for my remote...*

The sun burns down and the crowds pour in. Rain pours down and the crowds flood in. By the time the judges assemble on stage to announce the finalists the grass has turned to dirt, but no one seems to care. They're too busy picking winners. Te Waka Huia are up there. Te Whānau a Apanui, Waihirere, Te Mātārae I Ōrehu... Everyone's got a favourite kapa, which just happens to be full of their relations.

*Shush, here we go.
And the finalists are, in no particular order...*

Finals day is full of – everyone. The place is rammed.

*Not just Māori here, aye? I was in Rotorua and it was just brown folk.
Yeah, good to see so many Pākehā.*

I hear Māori, English, French, Cantonese, and German. There are curious toddlers everywhere. A girl of about seven wins the pūkana comp with a hardcore face that makes the crowd holler in delight. Heaps of tourists are told off for photographing the stage.

*Can I just take photos of the big screen instead?
No.*

Up on stage, everyone's lifted their game. There's an intensity to the performances that at times brings tears. For the first time, I pop on headphones and listen to the live translation on Hakarongo Mai. It's like the world leaps into full-colour HD. The haka we're watching is not just powerful rhythm and sound. It's about Te Kooti.

*(Where are the monuments to the women and children
Stripped and executed by musket?)*

Only it's not about Te Kooti, it's a full-body enactment of his life. The deep space of history opens around us.

*(Oh you detestable Governor and your drunken soldiers,
Attack...)*

Every gesture is charged. Every song speaks to the next. The mōteatea which follows is Te Kooti's response to the soldiers. Then Ōpōtiki Mai Tawhiti enact the hanging of Mokomoko for the murder of Reverend Völkner – a crime he didn't commit.

*Take this rope from round my neck
That I may sing my song*

The poi swing gently, like a body from the gallows. Mokomoko was pardoned, but confiscated land never returned. It's 1865 as if yesterday. Or earlier. Te Mātārae I Ōrehu tell an old tale of love, betrayal, loss, and revenge. There's a white dolphin, a silver pathway over the ocean, omens of adultery, and chants to Tangaroa to send a tidal wave to drown an unfaithful lover. The wāhine reach forward, stabbing the air with their fingers:

Serves! You! Right!

A visiting American nails it: it's Māori opera. The crowd goes wild.



Te Kapa Haka o Te Whānau a Apanui from the Eastern Bay of Plenty region – were judged outright winners of Te Matatini National Kapa Haka Festival 2015.

Their overall aggregate points (Te Toa Whakaihuwaka) earned them the Duncan McIntyre Trophy.

Te Mātārae I Ōrehu from Te Arawa, Rotorua and Ōpōtiki Mai Tawhiti from the Eastern Bay of Plenty – were joint runners-up.

Of the 45 groups that performed at the festival, nine teams made it to the finals.

A PUZZLING ABSENCE

There is little evidence to support a sophisticated carving culture during the early centuries of Māori occupation of Te Waipounamu, says Tahu Potiki.

THE EAST COAST TRADITION OF RUATEPUPUKE BRINGING carving to the world from the House of Tangaroa was not familiar to the people of Ngāi Tahu. In fact the closest to a carving origin story one is likely to find in Ngāi Tahu tradition is that of Tama who encountered the gods and their full face moko. He demanded the same decoration, in order to become handsome and win his wife back.

Although not a carving that one might associate with a chiselled piece of wood, all the iconography and patterning is of a similar style. But rather than explaining the origins of carving it describes how, and why, moko came to be.

That said, we know that wood carving, as a concept, was included in the story of creation. Tāne takes Hine-ahuone as a wife, and they have a daughter, Hine-titama. Tane then sleeps with his daughter, but she has not seen him as he only visits at night. Hine-titama becomes inquisitive and she begins to question the carvings of the house. As they have the power of speech and they are referred to as ancestors, the story implies the pou are carved images; although considering the mythological context they could also have actually been the ancestors.

This same pattern of behaviour is repeated in the story of Paikea when his father is trying to determine the identity of the individual who desecrated a sacred object.

*Āe ui rā ki te pou pou o te whare, kāore te kī mai te waha;
Āe ui rā ki te maihi o te whare, kāore te kī mai te waha;
Āe ui rā ki te tuarongo o te whare, kāore te kī mai te waha.*

*He questioned the carved posts of the house, there was no reply;
He questioned the front gable of the house, there was no reply;
He questioned the rear panels of the house, there was no reply.*

He receives no reply until he queries the carved tiki of the house,

which is the tekoteko on the apex of the roof that represents an ancestor.

Āe ui rā ki te tiki nei, kia Kahutiaterangi.

*He questioned the carved ancestor of the house,
Kahutiaterangi.*

There are other mythological references to elaborate carvings, but there is little evidence to support a sophisticated carving culture during the early centuries of Māori occupation.

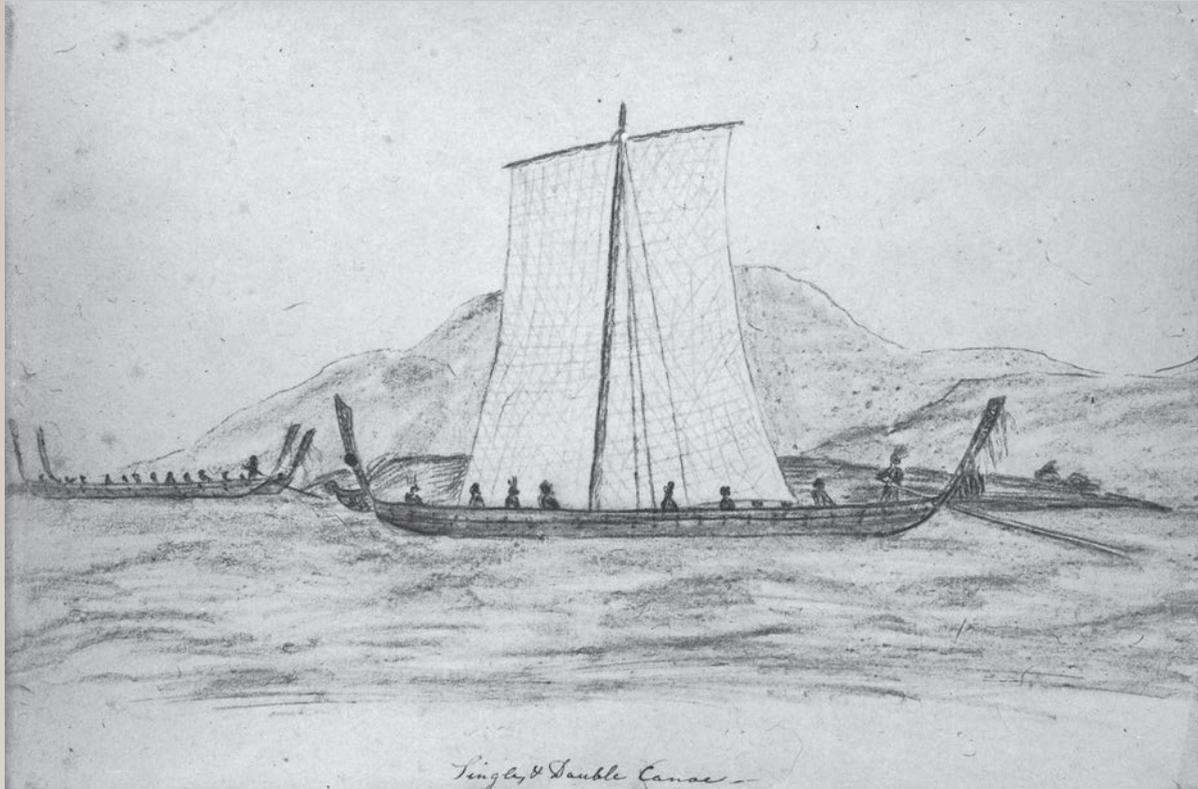
The shaping of wood and stone was fundamental to the material culture of early Māori, and this included rude instruments for everyday usage. Objects such as bowls, fish hooks, canoes, cooking and gardening implements, and hunting equipment all required a carved component. We can trace the progression of the tools, implements, and jewellery that the original Polynesian migrants brought to these shores through the different periods of occupation as Māori adapted to the unique environment they had found themselves in. This adaptation was critical for survival, but it also reflected an intimate understanding of local flora and fauna.

By the time Europeans arrived, the entire forest and all the myriad species had been named, and their qualities were known. Some were ideal for canoes, some for carved pou, and others had the hard toughness required for military style weapons.

We know that Ngāi Tahu used a number of wooden weapons, as the story of the tuku whenua with Te Rerewa tells us that Ngāti Kuri originally offered weapons for land.

Ka a utua ki ngā taiaha me ngā huata me ngā tokoto me ka paiaka me ērā rākau patu takata a te Māori.

They offered taiaha, huata, tokoto, paiaka, and other fighting instruments of the Māori.



Pencil sketch of single and double hulled canoe. Boulton, John 1799-1854: *Journal of a Rambler with a Sketch of his Life from 1817 to 1834, including a Narrative of 3 Years' Residence in New Zealand*. Ref: qMS-0257-01. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, New Zealand. <http://natlib.govt.nz/records/22782017>

This shows there was knowledge of carving as well as a unique understanding of the qualities in one piece of wood. The paiaka was a type of tewhatewha where the blade was formed from the hard, knotty base of a tree where it becomes the root. In fact, paiaka actually means “the root of a tree”.

Another early story, that of the battles of Rakawahakura, recounts how, following an insult to his sister, an invitation is sent out to Raka's enemy to help with an ohu, or working project, to prepare a garden. The sister, Te Ahu, said, “*Haere ka tarai mai i te tahi kāheru māku,*” – “Go and make a digging spade for me.”

All of her brothers went to the forest to gather the appropriated wood. They used this karakia:

*He tomo whaka a Nuku,
He tomo whaka a Rangi,
He putanga,
He reanga,
Kei te reanga nui nō Rangi.*

They selected maire, an extremely hard wood, took it back to the village, and in the morning performed rituals. They made a māipi, or taiaha, and named it Pai-okaoka. The whole village then proceeded to create kāheru, or spades, that had sharp blades. Once the work began, Raka's party turned on the enemy and used the kāheru as weapons.

There are several different types and styles of southern weapons

to be found in family collections and museums. All have been fashioned in one way or another, and some are decorated with elaborate carvings. On a small scale, they represent the classic recognised stylised imagery of the whākana and the whātero, the wide pāua shell eyes and protruding tongue.

Larger carved structures were less common. However, large canoes with carved decorations were evident in the later periods of pre-European Māori culture. Captain Cook and his crew observed many large canoes off the Kaikōura coast and around Banks Peninsula.

Whilst in Dusky Sound on their 1773 journey, the naturalist Forster noted these details of a canoe:

“...which appeared to be old and in bad order, consisted of two troughs or boats joined together with sticks tied across the gunwales with strings of the New Zealand flax-plant. Each part consisted of planks sewed together with ropes made of flax-plant, and had a carved head coarsely representing a human face, with eyes made of round pieces of fear-shell [pāua].”

Some of the earliest known images of canoes within Ngāi Tahu were drawn in approximately 1827 by sealer and diarist John Boulton whilst he was living in Murihiku. He witnessed a canoe-borne war party quite possibly heading to Canterbury during the Kai Huanga war, and captured an image of what he saw. Although crude, the illustration clearly shows a carved tauihu and taurapa. Boulton described them as follows:



Le Breton, Louis Auguste Marie, 1818-1866. Le Breton, Louis Auguste Marie, 1818-1866: Mouillage d'Otago. Nouvelle Zélande. Dessiné par L. Le Breton. Lith. par P. Blanchard. Lith. de Thierry freres, Paris. Gide Editeur. Paris, 1846.. Dumont d'Urville, Jules Sebastien Cesar, 1790-1842: Voyage au Pole Sud et dans l'Océanie ... 1838 - 1842. Atlas pittoresque. Paris, A. Gide, 1846.. Ref: PUBL-0028-181. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, New Zealand. <http://natlib.govt.nz/records/23133411>

“Some of their canoes were 80 feet long, these canoes have no outriggers and are about 3 feet wide; the lower part is one solid piece hollowed out and risen upon by a plank of 8 inches wide; at the stem and the stem are high pieces of carved wood.”

Le Breton, d’Urville’s official illustrator on the Astrolabe, captured an image of the Ōtākou settlement and shows what appears to be a double hulled canoe pulled up on the beach. It has a stylised prow, albeit much plainer than the elaborate carvings drawn by Boulton. It is much more reminiscent of the prow structure discovered at Long Beach, which is on loan to Otago from the Auckland Museum.

This is a much more modest depiction of a koruru-type figure with a protruding tongue, without the body or the stretched back arms and the decorative spiral.

Of interest is also the discovery of a tauihu at Mason Bay, Rakiura, which fits the Forster and Boulton descriptions. It is an intricate prow decoration most likely carved using stone tools, which indicates a pre-European vessel.

The other large, carved structures generally associated with Māori culture are the ancestral meeting houses that were seen in abundance in the East Coast and Bay of Plenty areas by the earliest European visitors.

There are several oral traditions that refer to carved houses, such as Kura Mātakitaki, that was meant to have stood on Huriawa

Peninsula in Te Wera’s pā by the Waikouaiti River. Kaiapoi was also reputed to enjoy a number of chief’s houses such as Te Huinga, which was “carved on both sides from the top to the bottom; carved all over.” But due the destruction of the pā, actual material evidence has not been forthcoming.

There is archaeological research showing that large houses were built within many South Island fortified villages. At Pariwhakatau there are a number of house pits, the largest being 36 ft (11 m) long by 24.5 ft (7.5 m) wide. The tradition of the two houses Takutai-o-te-Raki and Te Tara-o-te-Marama being built by Tukiauau at Pariwhakatau to capture Manawa has some evidence to back it up when one considers the house positions and scale.

A 19th century account of the agricultural whare-kura at Kaiapoi, most likely provided by Natanahira Waruwarutu, provides an idea of the size of the houses used for communal purposes.

“Ko aua whare he kotahi kumi te roa, he mea anō kumi mā whā, a mā rima. Ko te whānui, e toru maaro, he mea anō e whā, a e rima maaro.”

“It was of considerable size – namely, from sixty to ninety feet long, and from eighteen to thirty feet broad.”

Despite these claims to houses of a grand scale, the earliest, recorded eye witness accounts, such as John Boulton’s diary, tend to



Tauihu discovered at Mason Bay, Rakiura.

PHOTOGRAPH SOUTH LAND MUSEUM & ART GALLERY NIHO O TE TANIWAHA

recall basic wooden structures, heavily thatched and of a modest size. He also describes the food storehouses at the chief Pahi's village at the southern end of Te Waewae Beach, which, he states, *"are usually stained with red ochre, as are also their houses: the pillars are ornamented with uncouth figures & faces of scarcely human aspect."* This certainly indicates that the ability to carve at this level existed amongst the people.

I am not aware of any eyewitness accounts of carved houses dating from early contact times, apart from the illustrated scene recorded by explorer and surveyor Charles Heaphy at the Taramakau pā site on Te Tai Poutini. The image shows at least one decorated house, although it is not clear whether the decorations are painted or carved. It is also a village that was heavily influenced by Niho and the invading North Island iwi who occupied the West Coast during the previous decades. It would not be surprising if the appearance of the village was influenced by northern styles.

Following European settlement we do see evidence of carved houses. The whareniui Tutekawa, carved by Patea Turi-Kautahi, possibly of Ngāi Tahu, was standing at Tuahiwi until it caught fire in

1879. According to the ethnologist Herries Beattie, in the early part of the 20th century several carved panels lay by the new whareniui. Beattie advised the Canterbury Museum, and the remaining panels and pou tokomanawa are held there today.

There may well be other examples of early carving, and we can see from images of the first and second Te Hapa o Niu Tirenī that there was a carved koruru over the maihi. The most elaborate house within Ngāi Tahu during the early years of the 20th century was Hohepa, which still stands at Mangamaunu. Despite it being a Catholic project and being decorated very much in the Rangitāne style, it was a Ngāi Tahu house used for Māori purposes.

The rest of the 20th century saw a number of carved houses emerge as part of southern Māori culture. Ōtākou Marae and its concreted exterior, Rehua Marae in Christchurch city, Te Rakitauneke at Waihōpai, Maru Kaitatea at Takahanga, and Karaweko at Ōnuku were all complete before the turn of the century.

The 21st century has already seen the emergence of new houses and a modern waka culture that will no doubt lead to further evolution of Ngāi Tahu decorative arts.



MASTER CARVERS

REDEFINE THE FACES OF NGĀI TAHU

Ngāi Tahu does not have a recent history of whakairo rākau (wood carving), an art form that almost disappeared in Te Waipounamu about 150 years ago. Kaituhi Rob Tipa reports.

SOUTHERN MĀORI ETHNOGRAPHER HERRIES BEATTIE INTERVIEWED dozens of Ngāi Tahu kaumātua throughout Te Waipounamu as part of the Otago University Museum's ethnological project in 1920, and noted that most of his informants had never seen master carvers at work in their lives.

One Kaiapoi informant told him he could remember seeing whakairo on the tauihu (figurehead) of waka still in use in his lifetime. Beattie found some ancient carved amo (bargeboards) exposed to the weather alongside the Tuahiwi Hall and estimated the last carvings in that district were probably done in the 1860s or 1870s.

“Most of the whakairo here was done with the matā (flint), but it was so long ago we cannot describe it,” one of his primary sources from Puketeraki told him. Another elderly matua from Colac Bay said he had never seen local carvers at work.

When waka with ornately carved tauihu and tauripa (stern posts) were lost at sea or destroyed by fire, when whare tipuna (carved meeting houses) were burnt to the ground or disintegrated through decay, all traces of Ngāi Tahu whakairo rākau vanished with them.

Their loss poses a dilemma for today's master carvers, because they have few surviving examples or patterns of traditional tribal carvings on which to base their designs. They rely on archaeological detective work to interpret patterns preserved in taonga such as hei tiki recovered from old pā sites.

With the revival of Ngāi Tahu language and culture and the reconstruction of whare tipuna throughout the motu in recent years, these craftsmen have been given artistic license to express themselves through a combination of historical research and contemporary design.

As West Coast master carver Fayne Robinson explains it, “Today's contemporary is tomorrow's tradition.”

Both Fayne and fellow West Coaster Riki Manuel have carved successful international careers for themselves as contemporary artists, but it is their collaborative work bringing the faces of Ngāi Tahu's ancestors to life on meeting houses throughout Te Waipounamu that is really turning heads.

Both artists regard carved meeting houses as important visual aids for whānau, hapū and iwi to reconnect with their tikanga and whakapapa. As images of Ngāi Tahu's ancestors come to life on the



faces of their marae, they see a real sense of pride return as people re-establish their whakapapa links with their tipuna.

Today people put up photographs of their tipuna, but Riki says there were no cameras or photographers around 300 years ago, so carvers created that imagery through whakairo as a visual aid for storytellers to recount their histories.

“For so long we as Ngāi Tahu were heard but we were never seen; so this huge renaissance of whakairo within the whare means we have finally been given an opportunity to reveal our face, so to speak,” Fayne says. “That's just a matter of progression of who we are and where we are. People are proud to be Ngāi Tahu.”

“One of the biggest pleasures I get out of doing such projects is seeing the looks on people's faces when we finally unveil it. It's quite rewarding to know you have had a little bit of an influence on people and on their well-being.”

Both carvers grew up on the West Coast – Riki Manuel in Māwhera

PHOTOGRAPHS: SHAR DEVINE

(Greymouth) and Fayne in Hokitika – and they have followed similar paths since they developed an early interest in Māori arts and crafts.

Riki (Ngāti Porou) and two of his brothers were introduced to carving through a Māwhera cultural group, Mātauranga. He went on to begin a three-year carving apprenticeship at the New Zealand Māori Arts and Crafts Institute in Rotorua in 1977, under the strict disciplines of the late tohunga whakairo John Taiapa, head of the institute's carving school at Whakarewarewa.

“It was a complete change of lifestyle after the West Coast,” he says. “I was pretty nervous when I first got there, but I enjoyed it a lot. I’ve been carving ever since, so it must have been a good course.”

He graduated in 1979 and went on to further study at the Wellington Business School. He established Te Toi Mana Māori Art Gallery in Ōtautahi in 1985 and has lectured and tutored at many academic institutions throughout New Zealand.

These days Riki works as a Māori arts consultant and tā moko artist in Christchurch and is regarded as one of New Zealand's leading master carvers in wood, pounamu, stone, and clay. He has completed many commissioned works for public display in Christchurch and has exhibited and sold his works widely internationally.

Fayne Robinson (Ngāi Tahu/Ngāti Apa ki te Rā Tō/Ngāti Porou) followed in Riki's footsteps as a graduate of the New Zealand Māori Arts and Crafts Institute in Rotorua in 1984.

“I always had an interest in carving,” he says. “We used to host the head weaver from the institute (Emily Schuster) when she came over to the West Coast for wānanga,” he says. “She was a major influence on my decision to go north, and encouraged my interest in Māori arts.”

After graduating, Fayne worked for four years as a graduate carver. He tutored in Hokitika, and these days is based at Tuahiwi. He has established a successful international reputation for his contemporary style of carving and, like Riki, has also exhibited and sold works widely overseas.

Fayne has contributed carvings to nine whare whakairo (carved meeting houses), including overseeing the design and carvings of Te Rūnanga o Makaawhio's Te Tauraka Waka a Māui marae at Mahitahi (Bruce Bay) in 2005, the first new meeting house built on Te Tai Poutini in 140 years, and a fine new whare tipuna, Tūhuru, at Arahura last year.

Both carvers believe their training at the Whakarewarewa wānanga gave them a good basic grounding in the disciplines of their art form, but say their styles are constantly evolving, so no two commissions are ever quite the same.

“We've all got a style that is recognisable because it's clean, it's well balanced, and then when you leave school each carver's own artistic license starts kicking in, so your style starts to evolve,” Riki says. “We are influenced by our environment, where we are living, and what the demand is; and that's where our artistic license comes in.”

The pair worked together on the design of carvings for the new Te Wheke marae at Rāpaki on the shores of Whakaraupō (Lyttelton Harbour), and say the inspiration for those carvings came from the jagged hills surrounding the marae.

“We're like amateur archaeologists and anthropologists in



that we have an interest in Māori art history and we study it a lot,” Riki says.

“We had a look at the environment and stole Mother Nature's blueprint and put it into the carving,” he says. “We also decided to adopt the hei tiki when we were looking at the particular body form of the poupou. It is the most common figure archaeologists found in that area, so we adopted the forms from that influence.”

Despite their success in turning carving into careers, both artists say they have to be versatile and businesslike to make a living from their craft.

In New Zealand Māori carving is taken for granted, so their work is more highly valued overseas. Both carvers have exhibited and sold work in Canada, where it may fetch four or five times the price it sells for here.

“Working in Māori arts is a hard profession to be consistently employed in, so if you put all your eggs in one basket you're going to be unemployed most of the time,” Riki says. The more versatile the artist, the more work they are likely to get.

“Wood is still my passion,” he says, but tā moko has become a big part of his business. “Wood doesn't cry; you don't need to negotiate with it. The biggest difference between tā moko and carving is health and hygiene; looking after the health of the client.”

Some of the biggest challenges the pair have is working with bureaucrats, tight budget restraints, understanding contracts, sourcing timber, and dealing with unreasonable attitudes that could compromise the integrity of the finished work.

“When you go on to a marae you're employed as a master carver with the responsibility of designing a carving that is done to a standard, and are then left alone to do that,” Riki says. Once a contract is signed, both parties need to show flexibility to allow for adjustments.

“Many people don't understand the process and intricacies we go through,” Fayne says. “People see the end result but don't see the process.”

TK

Above: Riki Manuel; left: Fayne Robinson.

KEEPING THE WELL FILLED

LOUISE PŌTIKI BRYANT (KĀI TAHU – KĀTI TAOKA) IS INVARIABLY described as one of New Zealand's most exciting Māori choreographers. Her biography describes her as a choreographer, dancer, and video artist. Since graduating from the Unitec Department of Performing and Screen Arts with a degree majoring in Contemporary Dance, she has amassed an astonishing body of work, including choreography with Atamira Dance Company, the dance group she founded with Unitec colleagues in 2000; dance works for groups such as Black Grace and Curve, and award-winning solo works like *Nohopuku – dreams of space shifting*.

A favourite is *Ngāi Tahu 32*, created for Atamira and based on her tipuna, Wiremu Pōtiki, whose kaumātua number in the Blue Book is 32.

An ongoing collaboration with Professor Te Ahukaramū Charles Royal, director of Ngā Pae o Te Māramatanga and Professor of Indigenous Development at the University of Auckland has produced a community project; *Whakaahua: coming to form* which draws on Charles' research into whare tapere or traditional houses of entertainment

When TE KARAKA caught up with her, Louise was on her way to Te Ana Māori Rock Art Centre in Timaru to perform her work *Te Motutapu-o-Tinirau*. The work is based on a Ngāi Tahu version of the story of Tinirau and Kae, a very old story with links back to Polynesia.

Te Motutapu-o-Tinirau is 40 minutes long and features 20 performers of all ages, with music by Louise's husband and collaborator, Paddy Free. Louise developed the work in collaboration with Rua McCallum while based in Dunedin as the Caroline Plummer Fellow in Community Dance at the University of Otago. It was first performed at Toitū Otago Settlers Museum during the *Puaka Matariki* midwinter festival, and features a video, *Whakakā Nei*, made in collaboration with Jeremy Mayall. The work developed during her time in Dunedin, drawing on the idea of whare tapere. "For that time as the Fellow I developed a community dance project and worked with my whānau here. The idea is to try and engage people of all ages in this type of dance, so the main aspect is the idea of bringing people together.

"We portray the story through haka and dance and a bit of story-

telling, trying to make it accessible for people. I wanted to bring what I learned through working with Charles Royal back home to Otago and create a southern whare tapere.

"There are some differences and the idea in taking the work to Timaru is to create a whare karioi, or a traveling troupe."

In 2016 Louise will travel to New York as the result of winning the Harriet Friedlander residency at the 2014 New Zealand Art Awards. The prize of \$80,000 will enable her to be fully absorbed in dance in New York.

"The plan is to go from April to October next year but we will stay there as long as we can make the money last. It is an amazing place to go as a choreographer and dancer because there is so much going on. At the moment I am really excited by the prospect.

"I will be trying to make connections before I go and lots of people have told me about their contacts. The last person who got the award warned me to expect the unexpected. It will be the complete opposite of what we are used to."

Louise grew up in Dunedin, where she identified as Ngāi Tahu and learnt kapa haka. The passion for choreography came later. She completed a Bachelor of Arts at Otago University, majoring in Māori Studies, and then moved to Auckland to complete her dance degree at Unitec. Home now is Piha, the wild beach west of Auckland.

Louise is also prolific in video and has a long association with Ngāi Tahu singer and songwriter Ariana Tikao. Her video for Ariana's single, *TUIA*, was named Best Music Video at the imagineNATIVE film festival in Toronto, Canada. She has made three dance films, *Whakaruruahu*, *Aoraki* and *Nohopuku*.

She has collaborated with other artists, including Rachael Rakena. She teaches yoga and dance. In short, she is amazingly productive, and humble. Retaining that passion is paramount, she says.

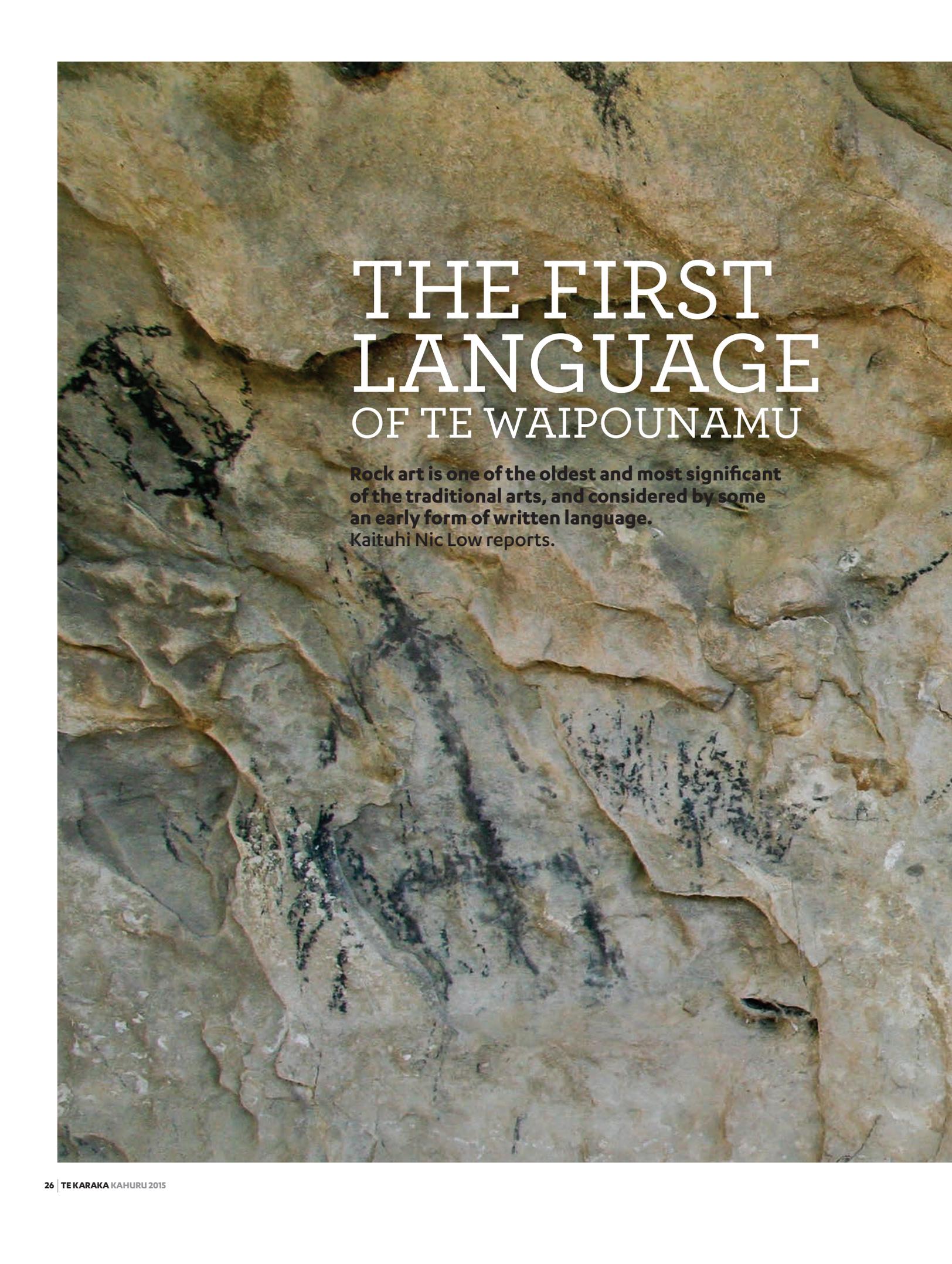
"I have been quite prolific. I'm never short of ideas and it is good to keep creative, to keep the well filled."

Nā Mark Revington

Right: Te Motutapu-o-Tinirau

TK
PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED





THE FIRST LANGUAGE OF TE WAIPOUNAMU

Rock art is one of the oldest and most significant of the traditional arts, and considered by some an early form of written language.
Kaituhi Nic Low reports.



PHOTOGRAPHS TE ANA NGAI TAHU MAORI ROCK ART CENTRE



ARCHAEOLOGISTS BRIAN ALLINGHAM AND JULIE BROWN HAVE A GREAT COMMUTE TO WORK. They leave Timaru for the winding river gorges of Ōpihi and Pareora, travelling inland, westwards, on routes once walked by foot. It is ancestral country out here. Moa bones turn up in the swamps. Shoals of limestone rise from pastureland on all sides. The stone is soft, receptive to water and wind, and riddled with caves. It's home to the most intriguing of Ngāi Tahu taonga. Almost every outcrop around here is marked with priceless rock art.

At Hanging Rock bridge someone has sprayed the sign with buckshot. We go from tar-seal to dirt track to a field of head-high corn. The Ngāi Tahu Māori Rock Art Trust truck pushes through like a miniature combine harvester.

"This is nothing," Brian laughs. "First time we came here it was generations of blackberry. Took hours to slash our way through."

We're at location S102/38. The old name of this place is lost, and there are so many sites where the ancestors made their mark – 600 found so far – that plenty are known only by a number.

We leave the truck and descend into a small gully dotted with tī trees. A deep overhanging ledge of limestone cuts back into the hillside. It faces south, sheltered from the nor'west wind and rain. A small stream runs through the centre of the gully. It's a perfect campsite.

Beneath the overhang, our eyes take a while to adjust. Then, like a Magic-Eye picture coming into focus, it's right there: a vast fresco of tiki, kuri, manu, spirit creatures, and koru forms; all rendered by careful hands in charcoal blacks and ochre reds. A man holds a kuri high above his head. Other dogs stand alert. Their heads and tails curve like the prow of waka. I lie back on the earthen floor and take it in. Stunning.

"It's genius art," Brian says. After 25 years working in the field he has intimate knowledge of the broad districts, the individual caves, the specific figures. His tanned, grinning face is filled with love for the form. "It's a huge story, with this enormous scale and complexity."

Rock art is one of the oldest and most significant of the traditional arts, and considered by some an early form of written language: meaningful marks left for others to read. Some of those marks offer a glimpse of the world in the time of moa and pouākai (Haast's eagle). Earlier that morning I'd witnessed a drawing of the giant eagle soaring across a cave roof at Frenchman's Gully. In this landscape of hawks and falcons, it's easy to imagine the artist looking up to see that vast shadow pass above.



***“It’s genius art.
It’s a huge
story, with this
enormous scale
and complexity.”***

BRIAN ALLINGHAM
Archaeologist



“It puts real ancestral meaning into decorative art. All those patterns, they’re all people, they’re all whakapapa.”

BRIAN ALLINGHAM Archaeologist

Then there are taniwha and manaia, sailing ships and Roman script. Most intriguing of all are the bird-people. They have human bodies, their arms outstretched like wings, with lines of small birds perched upon their shoulders. They survey their brothers and sisters with the enigmatic faces of birds. Who or what are these creatures? Who drew them – Rapuwai, Waitaha, Ngāti Māmoe, Ngāi Tahu? How long ago? What do they mean?

“It’s like an ink-blot test,” says Amanda Symon, archaeologist and curator at Te Ana Ngāi Tahu Māori Rock Art Centre. “What you see says more about you than the work.”

A reluctance to offer interpretation is understandable. Since the mid-19th century, surveyors, ethnographers, and archaeologists have all offered opinions as facts.

“Every time you think you’ve got a pattern, you find something that contradicts it,” Brian says.

Even questions about the exact age of the drawings come up cold. Radiocarbon dating on charcoal pigment pinpoints when the original tree died, but not when it was burned, and certainly not when it was employed as an art material. Some tests return ages of 4000-6000 years, suggesting not antiquity but contamination: in the 1940s artist Theo Schoon notoriously touched up many drawings with crayon.

What about oral histories passed down within the tribe? Last century, amateur historian James Herries Beattie asked Ngāi Tahu elders about the rock art traditions. He was told: “We don’t know what they mean.” Brian smiles at me.

“What that could mean is, ‘We’re not telling you.’”

So is it possible we’ll never know what our ancestors intended? Or could there be Rosetta Stones, key pieces of buried evidence that translate between their world and ours? Julie’s face lights up.

“Absolutely! There have already been a few.”

A SENSE OF CONNECTION

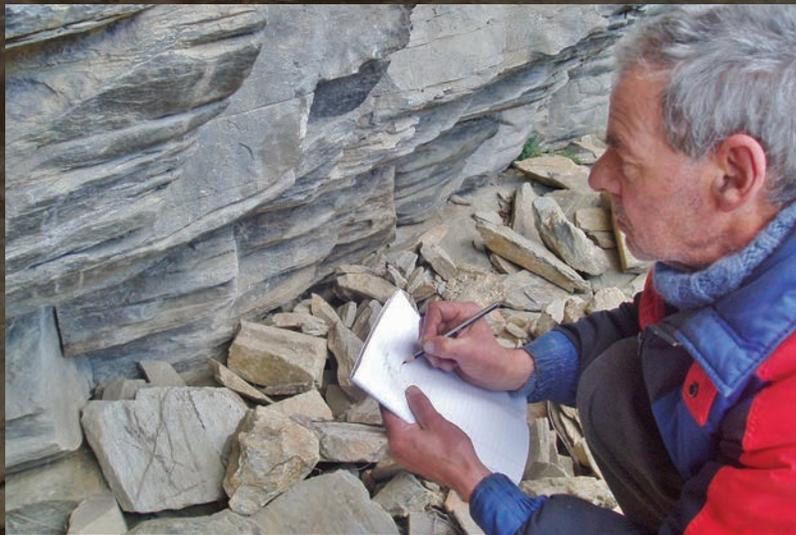
When Brian Allingham began his training in archaeology, he wasn't particularly interested in rock art. He'd seen a few 2D tracings of the designs, but what were they compared to dreams of digging up ancient pounamu mere? Then, as a young field worker, he found himself helping out on a rock art field survey. The work came to life. He saw the drawings as their creators had: inscribed on stone in caves and shelters among the hills of Te Waipounamu. Brian has been working with rock art ever since, leading archaeological digs, liaising with local rūnanga, publishing articles, and most of all, spending more than two decades working with rock art in its natural element.

In the early 1990s Brian, Atholl Anderson and Gerard O'Regan launched the South Island Māori Rock Art Project (SIMRAP). The Ngāi Tahu rohe was divided into blocks based on river catchments. Then, each and every limestone formation was investigated on foot, kilometre by kilometre. The number of known sites jumped by 300%, with much work still left to do.

As well as documenting the art, a key goal was to bring it into the lives of tribal members. A pivotal moment was when several vanloads of Ngāi Tahu whānui visited places no Ngāi Tahu had seen in more than a hundred years.

"I could see people moving from a theoretical valuing of the art to an actual experience of it and feeling empowered by this," writes Gerard in *Being and Becoming Indigenous Archaeologists* (edited by George Nicholas). "It crystallised my thoughts that in order for people to meaningfully assert authority over our treasures, they first had to know what and where those treasures are, and also to actually experience them."

It was this experience of witnessing the art in situ that first moved Wendy Heath, Te Rūnanga o Waihao representative on



the Ngāi Tahu Māori Rock Art Trust. "The first time I saw rock art in the field it was at Takiroa in the Waitaki Valley. I was struck by a sense of connection to the place and the art. The evocative nature of these figures and symbols call to us all in different ways, but for me it was the sure knowledge that our tīpuna walked these sites and left these stunning, complex, and powerful reminders of their presence."

The trust was formed to support papatipu rūnanga and their communities in the care, management, and interpretation of rock art. Protection is particularly important, given the work's fragile nature and constant exposure to the elements. Only a handful of the 600 known sites are actively managed and protected.

"The Rock Art Trust aims to protect the art through recording, photographing, and detailing their whereabouts," says Jill Kitto.

"Along with preservation, in some areas [our work is] fencing, liaising with private landowners on the significance of these

pieces of art, and encouraging their involvement by keeping stock and stock feed out of these areas. Irrigation has become an increasing problem with the over-irrigation of land for dairy."

The trust also works hard on engaging both Ngāi Tahu and the general public. School and marae programmes teach kids about their local heritage, while the landmark Te Ana Māori Rock Art Centre is a tourist attraction of national significance. Interactive exhibitions, hands-on drawing activities, and virtual tours sit alongside tribal traditions, mahinga kai, and introductions to the complex relationship between land, colonisation, farming, and the loss of access to rock art sites. For those wanting to experience the art on its natural canvas, Te Ana offers rock art tours with local Ngāi Tahu guides. There's a discount for Ngāi Tahu members, and proceeds go towards preserving rock art for future generations.

A SENSE OF TIME, PLACE AND PEOPLE. HOW THE PASSION TO PRESERVE ROCK ART GATHERED MOMENTUM.

Kaituhi David Slack reports.

"People were out there in the shelters looking at the rock art with Brian Allingham," says Gerard O'Regan, "and his contagious enthusiasm just rubbed off. It got those folk really excited."

He's speaking, over coffee in an art gallery, of an exciting time. Ngāi Tahu was taking a claim to the Waitangi Tribunal. Gallery visitors across the world had recently been enthralled by Te Māori.

It was a time of reclaiming cultural authority over taonga. Now Ngāi Tahu was about to take an active role in recording, preserving and managing rock art.

The Canterbury Museum had for a long time been the focal point of rock art research. Former director Roger Duff had been involved with surveys by the artists Theo Schoon and Tony Fomison. Another former director, Michael Trotter, along with Beverley McCulloch published what is still the most authoritative text on the subject, *Prehistoric Rock Art in New Zealand*.

However, Gerard says it was generally accepted that South Island rock art was incompletely recorded, and much of it unprotected. "People recognised that we really need to go back and revisit a lot of the sites."

Brian Allingham and Atholl Anderson picked up that challenge. Brian had been active in archaeology in Otago and Canterbury, working with rock art. Atholl (Ngāi Tahu) lectured in archaeology at the University of Otago.

Brian Allingham did a pilot survey. The results showed there was much more rock art out there – in some places three times more than had previously been known of.

"When he got those results there was absolute recognition – by the Historic Places Trust [now Heritage New Zealand] – by all the archaeological fraternity involved in rock art – that we needed to do a separate survey again. But of course everyone was too busy and no-one had the time to do it."

A hui of tribal representatives was called, convened by Atholl Anderson. And that was how they came to be out there in the shelters that day, looking at the rock art with Brian Allingham.

"We convened back for a cuppa at the Duntroon pub," Gerard remembers. The hui had the effect of galvanising "the enthusiasm that Brian had imparted for the rock art, the recognition of how fast this stuff was deteriorating, and just what was

actually there and the kinds of questions we could ask about rock art."

And here, Gerard became involved.

"I'd just gone along for the field trip, and to enjoy the scenery and the discussion and the whanaungatanga. When the question came up who would manage the project in Atholl's absence [he was leaving for Australia], Atholl kindly volunteered me for it, and it was all – in typical Māori fashion – approved and accepted, signed and sealed without really asking. I wasn't in a position to say no."

The first steps were small. "The Historic Places Trust put funding into it which allowed Brian to keep a little bit of petrol in his truck for a while. At times we had no money and Brian would go and do a contract job, and make a little bit of money, which gave him enough petrol to go and do another couple of weeks in the field. He lived on a shoestring, and a lot of that earlier work was really voluntary."

Momentum gathered. "Rock art is incredibly visual. On tribal hui, we could actually take people to visit them. It provides that wonderful sense of connection with a place. Whānau who were on those visits became quite strong advocates for the rock art kaupapa back on their marae."

Brian and Gerard developed a full project proposal, and presented it to the Ngāi Tahu Māori Trust Board, Te Rūnanga o Ngāi Tahu, and to a tribal hui-ā-tau.

"I remember one kaumātua standing up and saying, 'I think this is a great job. We ought to do it and we ought to pay for it.'" The chief executive looked aghast, he remembers, but it was adopted.

It was proper funding bolstered greatly by ECNZ (now Meridian) and the Lotteries Commission that enabled them to undertake the long-term project that SIMRAP has become. The project is ongoing.

Gerard is excited by the prospect that future generations will interpret the rock art, deal with it and incorporate it into their work – perhaps even reigniting the practice of traditionally marking the land.

"I look at it very much in the way te reo revitalisation has enriched Te Ao Māori. Or the taonga puoro that you hear all over the place now – that goes back to Richard Nunns and Hirini Melbourne doing research in the museum collections, seeing what sounds were potentially able



to be drawn out of these instruments, and researching to find what is within the reasonable scope and what isn't for Māori music. Undoubtedly they've stretched some boundaries, but we now have this re-emergence of those sounds in our contemporary world, enriching our contemporary lives, but with that there is also a sense of a connection back into the past.

"There's a long history of re-use of rock art. Different people in Ngāi Tahu have been re-using rock art imagery in other media. In the kōwhaiwhai panels in meeting houses, in the bodices of the historic Ārai Te Uru kapa haka group, and more recently, whānau who have incorporated rock art motifs in their tā moko.

"When discussions come up around rock art and its protection and care, because of the reuse, it's quite near to the discussion already."

People, when they talk about the rock art, will ask, "What does the rock art mean?" They are usually thinking about when the artist created it. What's equally important, Gerard argues, is how people over time have engaged with and responded to that rock art and its places, and how they are still doing so.

"There are multiple audiences engaging with the rock art in a whole variety of ways, some from an educational point of view, some others taking artistic inspiration, others – marae for example – relating to them in terms of a wider relationship back to the landscape and the mahinga kai and so on."

When we talk about rock art, Gerard says, place, time, and people matter just as much. "It's not just the art."

On the north bank of the Ōpihi River near Hanging Rock, there's a tiki figure which, within a single drawing, moves from a naturalistic depiction of a human figure into a series of abstract triangles and diamonds. It's the missing link between this ancient figurative art, and all the abstract shapes used in tā moko, tāniko, and tekoteko.

"It puts real ancestral meaning into decorative art," Brian says. "All those patterns, they're all people, they're all whakapapa."

While the Rock Art Trust team always emphasises questions over answers, there are other trends. The sites tend to be in sheltered gullies and caves. The ones I visited were cool, still, and silent. It's easy to imagine them as temples. But it seems they were very much living sites.

"You have sacred art, and the walls would have been tapu, and there would have been protocol around that – not leaning against it, or baring your buttocks – but the areas immediately adjacent were noa." Brian hands me an umu stone, blackened with charcoal, reddened by fire. "We open up the ground beneath the art and we find hearths, middens, bones, all the stuff of everyday life."

While we chat, Julie lays out a red and white tape, unfurls a sketch map and goes to work. Some of the figures before us are vivid, others ghostly. Here and there the story fades out entirely, lost to centuries of rain. At some sites graffiti artists, road workers, white supremacists, even the rasping tongues of livestock – licking salt from the limestone – have done irreparable damage. The Trust team's goal is to find and record the totality of rock art in Te Waipounamu before further harm is done. They photograph, map, sketch, and digitally analyse each drawing. In 2014 the importance of their work was recognised internationally, with one of the world's leading authorities on cave art, Dr Jean Clottes, visiting dozens of sites around the rohe.

"The rock art testifies to the beliefs, customs, and ceremonies of the Māori of old. As such it is an invaluable heritage," Dr Clottes said.

"Brian Allingham and his team guided us to a number of sites. They have done a great job at finding, surveying and protecting them."

Wendy Heath, Te Rūnanga o Waihao representative on the Ngāi Tahu Māori Rock Art Trust, was with Dr Clottes when he first saw the taniwha at Ōpihi. "When you stand alongside a rock art expert with a lifetime of experience, and watch his jaw drop in sheer wonder and hear his startled 'wow!', you know how truly amazing our tūpuna are."

It's not just European experts who come to appreciate the art. With the backing of Te Rūnanga o Ngāi Tahu, Te Ana Māori Rock Art Centre in Timaru lets tourists, locals, families, and farmers access these taonga without the need to hack through blackberry.

"We get quite a few farmers coming in," Amanda says. "The work's almost all on their land, and many of them feel a strong sense of guardianship for the rock art sites on their properties."

The other vital function of Te Ana is to let visitors see the art in the context of Ngāi Tahu tikan-ga, and through the eyes of the descendants of those who created it.

"Education has become a leading role for Te Ana and the Rock Art Trust," says Jill Kitto, trust chair and Te Rūnanga o Moeraki representative. "Feeding young minds is our way of getting a generation to grow up with this as part of their lives, as people who respect and appreciate the history we have in this art."

The guides at the centre are all young Ngāi Tahu. Wes Home has been at Te Ana since it opened. He talks us through the inland trails leading from the coast towards Aoraki, and some of the drawings along the way. One is a kiwi embryo, beautiful and ghostly as an ultrasound. Another from Maungatī shows a rare image of a tattooed face, meeting our gaze through the centuries. The original is so faint that it's only visible on damp, misty days. Like much surrounding rock art, the face is fascinating but ambiguous, glimpsed and then lost.

"Often we go to show people," Wes says, "and he's gone."



"Feeding young minds is our way of getting a generation to grow up with this as part of their lives, as people who respect and appreciate the history we have in this art."

JILL KITTO
Rock Art Trust chair and
Te Rūnanga o Moeraki
representative





This page:
White light I consider Te Pito O Te Ao
Nathan Pohio
Video still
2015

Facing page:
Sista Girl
Lonnie Hutchison
Black builders paper and metal pins
2004



BREAKING NEW GROUND

Contemporary multimedia artist Lonnie Hutchinson and carver Fayne Robinson have been commissioned to bring a Ngāi Tahu aesthetic to Te Manatū Ture me te Kāhui Whakamarumarū. Kaituhi Nicola Shepherd reports.

THE CURRENT COURTHOUSE IN ŌTAUTAHI IS HARDLY THE KIND of place you'd want to hang out in – a concrete tower block with the air of sternly rebuking passers-by. And there's no trace of Ngāi Tahu culture or sensibility. But the vision for Te Manatū Ture me te Kāhui Whakamarumarū, the new precinct, is that it will be not only a welcoming place but an inspiring one, with Ngāi Tahu tikanga embedded in its very bones.

Contemporary multimedia artist Lonnie Hutchinson (Ngāi Tahu, Ngāti Hāmoa) and carver Fayne Robinson have been commissioned to bring a Ngāi Tahu aesthetic to the \$350 million-plus precinct, which will house staff from the Ministry of Justice, Police, the Department of Corrections, the Fire Service, St John, and Civil Defence and Emergency Management agencies. But what does a Ngāi Tahu aesthetic look like? Lonnie explains that she's drawing on historic accounts of Ngāi Tūāhuriri, her own artistic practice and belief that whakapapa brings the past into the present.

Lonnie has exhibited in group and solo shows around Australasia and internationally. Her art, she says, has a feminist bent. "I make work about women's histories and the things that women do." She's known for her intricate, large-scale paper cut-outs, which she crafts by hand. Their lightweight composition and the old-fashioned idea of craft as feminine, decorative, and lightweight – therefore not "serious art" – contrasts with the heavyweight cultural and sexual politics and histories the cut-outs refer to. One project, the video installation *Black Pearl*, alluded to Polynesian women who were kept as sex slaves in the holds of pearl trading ships.

As well as cut-outs, video, and installations (arrangements of objects), Lonnie also works in sculpture and performance art. The Justice Precinct commission isn't her first public art work – if you visit the Auckland Art Gallery, you'll see her carving-like laser-cut designs on the American oak panels flanking corridors off the foyer (titled *Tupu Te Māramatanga*). The Justice Precinct project, however, is her largest to date.

Her starting point was a 100-page brief supplied by Matapopore, the Ngāi Tūāhuriri earthquake recovery steering group that is providing advice on the Christchurch Central Recovery Plan. The brief details the struggles of the hapū and its achievements and strong historic ties to Ratana and the Labour Party. She arrived at two concepts. One is a huia feather design printed in glass on both layers of five double-glazed windows, each measuring 10 m². Viewed across the windows, the feathers form a zigzag pattern, suggestive of the contemporary headband worn at kapa haka. The huia design was inspired by a lushly vivid 1857 description of chiefly ornamental dress. Huia feathers are black, but when mock-up prints in black were hung over the windows of architects Warren and Mahoney's Christchurch offices for a trial-run, they cut out too much light. Hutchinson hit upon the idea of using gold, which lets in more light



PHOTOGRAPH JOHN COLLIE

Lonnie Hutchinson
sista7, 2003
Black building paper
Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu

and alludes to taramea, the scented seagrass used for headbands worn by rangatira. She hopes to drop lights between the two window layers. The printed windows, called frits, will take a year to manufacture.

Her other structure is a 6 m high, 25 m long aluminium kākahu (traditional feather cloak) that will wrap around the car park's first floor. She studied photos of a kākahu made with kākāpō feathers housed in Scotland's Perth Museum and Art Gallery, and drew on the weaving expertise of Matapopore arts advisor Tui Falwasser.

"Below the kākahu I've designed a garden with landscape architects Boffa Miskel. It talks about the whāriki, or the mats on the ground that you can walk on. A tāniko pattern – the zig zag pattern on cloaks – emerges with the planting, which is all natives."

What does she hope people's reactions will be to her work, and the precinct itself? "First of all for everybody to feel, 'Wow, I like that.' Or, 'When I look at that I wouldn't think it was a courthouse or police station.' This is going to be an amazing experiment – they're going to have education tours for schools; they want it to be a social, hang-out place, there's going to be a central courtyard, ponds, designer furniture... So that's really exciting, because it's about new ways of working, of thinking."

Even more exciting is the role of Ngāi Tahu. "We should be really excited and proud, because this is never going to happen in another city. Ngāi Tahu is in a unique position to contribute to the city, to how it looks," she says. "This is amazing for an iwi to be able to work with Pākehā to make something together, rather than it being so Pākehā and there's no evidence of any Ngāi Tahu culture. And to make something contemporary as well, because after all it is 2015 and we are a contemporary people."



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THE ART OF WEAVING

Weaving is no longer a necessity of life yet it has survived and is undergoing a renaissance. Kaituhi Mark Revington reports.



THE FIRST ARRIVALS IN AOTEAROA FOUND A CLIMATE MUCH COOLER THAN THE ONE THEY had left behind in Te Ao Tawhito, or the old world. The new arrivals needed to adapt and create clothes and tools from the new plants they found here. Harakeke proved to be a strong, versatile mainstay for plaiting and weaving clothes, mats, kete, and tools for everyday life. Other plants for weaving included kiekie and pingao. Weaving was used not only to produce items of clothing but practical objects like whāriki (mats), kete (baskets) of all description, kūpenga (fishing nets and eel traps) and rongoā mats, baskets of all descriptions, fishing nets, and eel traps.

There is debate over the techniques used. Were they brought here as existing knowledge from elsewhere in the Pacific? Or did the necessity of adapting to new materials mean new techniques evolved?

The ethnographer Elsdon Best, in his book *Fishing Methods and Devices of the Māori*, quoted several early European visitors commenting on the quality of woven flax lines and nets. Sydney Parkinson, an artist on Captain James Cook's 1769 expedition, noted that "their cloth is white and glossy as silk".

With the arrival of Europeans and new materials and technology, weaving was no longer a mainstay of life. Yet it has survived and is thriving, undergoing a renaissance similar to that experienced by te reo Māori. And Ngāi Tahu weavers including Ranui Ngarimu, Reihana Parata (Aunty Doe), Morehu Flutey-Henare and others are recognised as some of the best weavers in Aotearoa.

Why do they weave, and why do they think weaving skills were lost? Aunty Morehu (Ngāi Tahu, Ngāti Kahungunu, Ngāti Porou, Ngāti Mahanga, Ngāti Ruanui, Ngāpuhi) and Aunty Doe (Ngāi Tahu) are expert weavers. Both began weaving when they were young. Both got started making kapa haka items. Why? "Because they were needed," says Aunty Morehu.

"In the olden times we had to weave," says Aunty Doe. "Now it isn't a necessity, so it is important we maintain and nourish and encourage weaving."

Both agree that weaving natural fibres like harakeke or flax faced obsolescence once new fibres like wool became available. But then weaving began a comeback. Its renaissance is secure.

"There seemed to be a common belief among [early European] writers," says Aunty Morehu. "It was along the lines of, 'Why bother when we can gather wool much more easily?'"

Aunty Doe believes some knowledge stayed with whānau. "I guess because a lot of those skills belonged within a whānau, and if whoever it was carried those skills, if they die or made a decision not to pass them on, then we didn't learn about them.

"Where did weaving really come from? How did it land in Aotearoa? Where did that knowledge of pattern and design come from? I think it is something that has travelled through time over





Aunty Morehu and Aunty Doe.

“In the olden times we had to weave. Now it isn’t a necessity so it is important we maintain and nourish and encourage weaving.”

AUNTY DOE (Ngāi Tahu)

thousands of years and landed with the knowledge keepers here. We need to pass on that knowledge.”

As a youngster, Ranui Ngarimu (Kāti Māmoe, Ngāi Tahu, Ngāti Mutunga) was known as an inveterate fiddler who liked playing with weaving taonga. “When we went to kapa haka lessons with the Pitama whānau, I used to fiddle with all the weaving taonga. And it’s come back to haunt me now – I have a mokopuna and she is four and she fiddles with all my stuff. So I understand now. She even tries to tell me when I’ve got the wrong harakeke for something.

“I never wove as a child. I was surrounded by people who wore kapa haka uniforms but I didn’t make the connection, not as a child.”

You could say Ranui has more than made up for that slow start. She is an expert weaver, winner of awards, and co-author, with her sister Miriama Evans, of a book on weaving – *The Eternal Thread /Te Aho Mutunga Kore*, based on an exhibition first realised at Pataka Museum in Porirua. She is a former chair of Te Roopu Raranga Whatu o Aotearoa, the Māori weavers collective. A cloak she made with the late Te Aue Davis and named Te Māhutonga (the Southern Cross) has since 2004 been worn by the flag bearer for New Zealand teams at the Olympic Games. Ranui didn’t embark on her own weaving journey until after she was married. Before that, she was living on the West Coast and tutoring a kapa haka group, “I made the regalia for that group out of things like tapestry cloth and wool. I just did it,” she says. At the time it did not occur to her to use traditional materials. That would come later.

When she did begin to weave, she learned from the best, at first with her husband’s family from Ruatoria. “Like all people going into weaving, I wanted to start with the big stuff. But the weaver that I came across to give me my first foundation was from my husband’s people, and I started at the bottom, preparing for them, and they were expert weavers. That’s where my weaving journey began.”

She then spent time with Diggeress Te Kanawa, the renowned weaver and teacher of weaving. The daughter of Dame Rangimārie Hetet, also a renowned weaver, Diggeress Te Kanawa was a founding member of Aotearoa Moananui a Kiwa Weavers, which later became Te Roopu Raranga Whatu o Aotearoa, or Māori Weavers New Zealand.

“I learned how to make a kete and all the basic utilities, and then I became a member of Te Roopu, or MASPAC as it was called at the time – the Māori and South Pacific Arts Council, which was an offshoot of the Queen Elizabeth Arts Council. That’s when I met other weavers and where my weaving career really started. I came in contact with icons like Te Aue Davis and Diggeress and Emily Schuster (who headed the first national weaving school, Te Rito, in Rotorua) and met weavers from all over the country which was just awe inspiring.



Ranui Ngarimu.

“I spent a lot of time with Diggeress and she always said, ‘You will have your own things down in Te Waipounamu’. The key weavers in the tribe for me at that time were Taua Magda Walscott in Ōtākou, Ruahine Crofts, and of course there was Cath Brown – she was the prominent weaver of Ngāi Tahu.”

Aunty Morehu and Aunty Doe both began early. Aunty Morehu began making kapa haka uniforms as a teenager. Aunty Doe started weaving while at Lyttelton West Primary School.

“At sewing time, we had to do pieces that the sewing teacher had asked us to do. I enjoyed it so was always finished very quickly. I went home one day and a bodice was sitting there. I thought, ‘I can do that once I have finished my sewing at school,’ so I asked the teacher and she said I could try making a kapa haka bodice.

“I think where it originally came from was both my parents. My mother in particular could make just about anything. She would go into Christchurch and see people wearing outfits she liked and she would go home and make them. She didn’t need patterns.”

Last year Aunty Morehu completed a master’s degree in Indigenous Knowledge Practice, based on raranga (weaving), through He Waka Hīringa at Te Wānanga o Aotearoa in Hamilton.

In Ōtautahi, Aunty Morehu has been teaching weaving for Te Wānanga for six years.

She created a kaitaka, the cloaks once known as the fine flax cloaks of chiefs, made from muka or flax fibre and bordered with tāniko or geometric patterning. Only the best flax fibre would do, made from varieties that produce the finest fibre with a silk-like texture. She was inspired by a photo in the Mō Tātou exhibition of whānau all wearing the kaitaka cloaks. She downplays the achievement but is proud that her students in turn aspire to making a kaitaka. “I am happy to revive a Ngāi Tahu weaving art form utilising the non patu, non miro methodologies” she says.

It is about sharing the knowledge, she says. They saw how the art of weaving was lost over several generations, and they are keen to avoid a repeat. “We know the result of what happened,” says Aunty Morehu.

Both agree weaving is undergoing a renaissance and believe they should pass on their knowledge. Aunty Morehu taught in Auckland, including a stint lecturing at the Manukau Institute of Technology, while Aunty Doe was principal of Te Waipounamu College, where she picked up weaving skills from master weaver Emily Schuster.

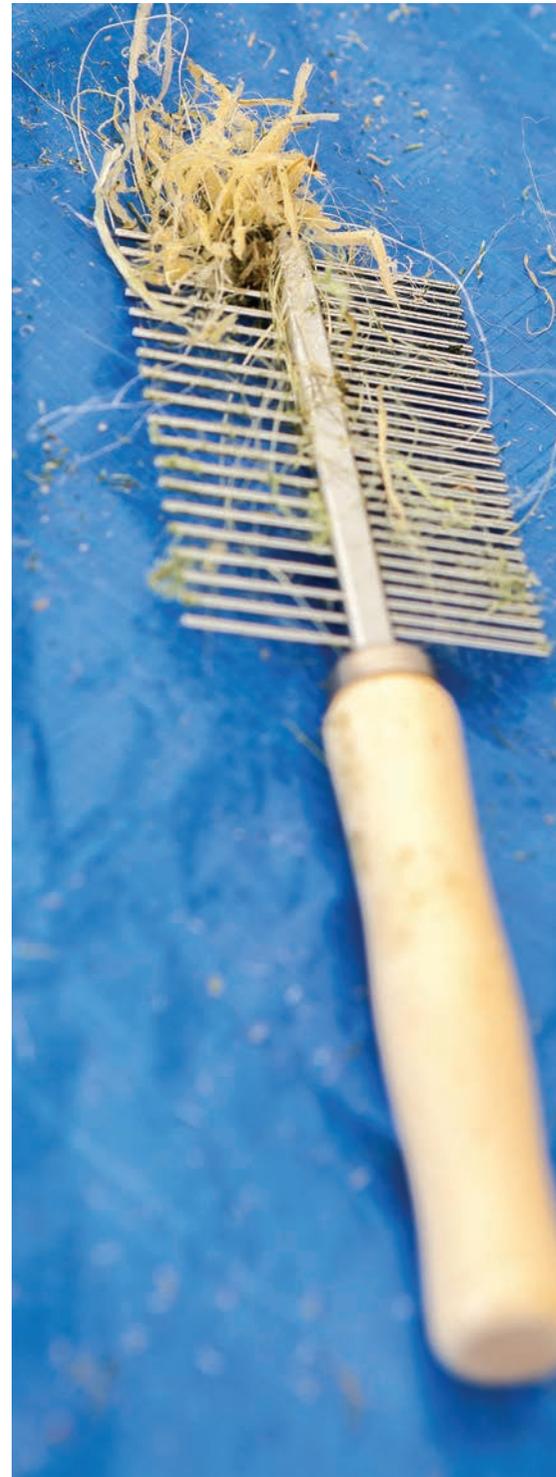
“Emily Schuster had come down to teach the girls how to make kākahu. They had to do little swatches. I found that a waste of time, so I asked Emily if she minded if I started on a kākahu, and she told me to get started.”

Both say they picked up skills all over the country. “My learning came through a lot of the hui we had,” says Aunty Doe. “We wove with top weavers and they selected who they would teach what to. We would be asked to come and sit beside them and learn.”

For them it is not about replicating traditional patterns. It is about taking that knowledge and skill and expanding it.

“I personally don’t believe in recreating what was there. They belonged to those generations,” says Aunty Doe. “I believe those designs belong to the whānau who designed that garment, and it is their personal taonga and that is where it should be left.

“Morehu and I, we create our own style, our own garments, even our own patterns. It’s not right for us as weavers to take those traditional designs and copy them. Both Morehu and I will change designs. It is never exact.”



MAKING THE PEN MIGHTIER THAN THE TAIAHA

Kaituhi Gerry Te Kapa Coates gives his thoughts on the state of Ngāi Tahu literary arts, following a recent wānanga for Ngāi Tahu writers.

NGĀI TAHU HAS GREAT ARTISTS – VISUAL, CARVERS, WEAVERS, kapa haka exponents – but writers don’t seem to feature prominently. In this hierarchy, Keri Hulme carved her own pou when she won the Booker Prize for her novel *The Bone People* and became part of literary history. But how many authors or writers have reached those heights since?

Six years ago Hikatea Bull, an Ōtautahi Ngāi Tahu lawyer – and writer – suggested to me at a hui-ā-tau at Ōraka Aparima that we start a group for Ngāi Tahu writers. After amassing a database of more than 40 potentially interested writers we started planning a hui combined with a workshop. Finally after several aborted attempts it came together in late January at Waihao, in a hui sponsored by the Ngāi Tahu Fund and facilitated by Janine Karetai.

Although Keri Hulme, one of our members, was unable due to illness to run the workshop as planned, the 10 writers who gathered at Waihao Marae made a commitment to meet at least once each year and to promote our own writers in print.

At our wānanga we all read excerpts from our work and shared our wisdom about where we had arrived at in our writing. For example, we talked about who owns other people’s stories, and whether we can use them in our own writing. Ultimately we agreed that while we should respect their privacy, we must also use our own integrity in the choices we make.

At the heart of the wānanga was the idea that we write because we must, and recognition isn’t the most important thing. Even so it is nice to be published, to be recognised as a writer, an indigenous writer, a Ngāi Tahu writer. Artists have their own group covering painting, sculpture, installation art and photography. Kapa haka practitioners gather for the biennial Te Matatini festival. Playwrights create plays that theatre directors bring life to. Are we now ready for a comprehensive artists’ group that includes writers? The thing is that all of the arts rely on writers to describe their work, to advertise them, and to review them; but ignore the issue that writing itself is an

art form in its own right. A work of art may exist without needing any explanation, relying on the interpretation of the viewer; but inevitably it is still described, analysed, praised, and criticised using written words.

Writing covers the gamut from poetry, drama, and creative fiction to the more workaday non-fiction of reports, journalism, and even copywriting. A poem is just a more obviously artistic work than say technical writing, or a policy report. Shakespeare is certainly an artist, but how about a person making a living writing technical articles? It can all be hard work, even for the seasoned writer, but is it art, or even approaching art? Of course when a writer is finally published and becomes an “author” – a cachet also extended to a director of art films as an “auteur” – there is a degree of recognition. Harper Lee, who won the Pulitzer Prize for her 1960 debut novel *To Kill a Mockingbird*, when asked about a sequel (finally published when she was 88) said, “When you’re at the top, there’s only one way to go.” Presumably she meant down. Certainly being published can satisfy the ego driving the quest for publication. But even writers who write for their own personal satisfaction can still benefit from exposure to an audience.

Perhaps the difference between writers, artists, playwrights, and composers as opposed to directors, conductors, and choreographers is that between the individual creative and the collective collaborations, with their individual audiences of readers or viewers compared with the larger auditorium of theatre or dance followers. But the essential difference is between artists – including writers – as generators of their own creations and ideas, and those merely manipulating pre-existing material or techniques into a composition. There is a personal myth that everyone thinks they “have a book in them,” until they find it is actually harder than they think to persevere and bring their book to fruition. This is what separates the artists from the wannabes.

There is some overlap between artists and writers, and not all writers are artists, just as not all craftspeople are artists. The line is often subjective, and can be argued. Are bad poets artists? Can a journalist or an exceptionally good technical writer create a work of art? If it’s just about status, then let’s stop the debate right there. But if it’s about writing even one work of art, isn’t that enough to deserve the sobriquet of artist? I believe it does, and that, including Ngāi Tahu writers under this description, will increase the appreciation of what is important in our indigenous art forms of all types. 



The visitors

Their ancient eyes gazed upon my mother as she lay there
in her coffin. I wondered if anyone else could see
these old ones who had just arrived.

The whānau drifted in and out all evening, crying and
laughing, telling the stories they had hoped to tell Mum
when she was still alive. The ones who said, 'No I won't,
I want to remember her the way she was', soon changed
their minds, touching Mum's cold folded hands, kissing her
each time they came to visit, and as they left again.

The youngest of the great granddaughters, Lexi, asked me,
'How did Granny get in there?', and as she asked I realised
she too could see the old ones, for she looked past me
smiling at the eldest woman, a regal hākui, who smiled
in return, her moko kauae on her chin glowing greenly.

The old ones began to chant. Their voices sounding like
the wind blowing through the bush, and a wonderful peace
filled the room.

I left Lexi with them and when I returned I could see she had
been given a moko kauae. She knew that I could see it.
She touched her chin then her lips, shssh.
I nodded my collusion.

As the farewell party drinks, songs, and tears continued
to flow, I saw the old ones bend and hongi with Mum
as they began to leave.

Lexi took my hand and whispered,
'Uncle, I think Granny's gone with them.'

Teoti Jardine

Rotarota

Ahakoia e kitea
Tōu kanohi e Pōua
Kāore au e kitea
Te moko o Te Koeti Turanga
Nā te aha
Nā tō pāhau mā

Kei te huna, i roto i
Te korowai kohō-a-huka
I runga i
Ngā Pakihiwi o Aoraki
Aoraki mā

Kei te huna, i roto i
Ngā ngaru huhuka mā
Anō nei he waka
Kei roto i
Te kauawhi a Tangaroa

Kei te huna, i roto i
Te haerenga hukahuka
O te kōtuku
Kia whakairohia
Te huarahi
Ki a koe anō
E Pōua

Although I can see
your face e Pōua
I cannot see
the moko o Te Koeti Turanga
the reason
because of your white beard

It is hidden, within
the cloak of mist and snow
upon
the shoulders of Aoraki
and his brothers

It is hidden, within
the white sea foam
just as the waka (Aotea Mai Rangī)
sits within
the embrace of Tangaroa

It is hidden, within
the white flurry
of the kōtuku
as it follows
the path
back to you e Pōu'

Bronwyn Te Koeti-James

A bach upon a beach



A long time ago – over half a century gone past – two friends built a crib. My uncle Bill Miller & Tui McNeil.

They were hunting & fishing mates and already had The Hill Hut, but the black crib became special to Uncle Bill's nevvies & nieces (as did the two further cribs Bill acquired on the same kaik' beach.)

We called the first one "The Black Bach" because it was black: two rooms, the living part with four bunks and a sofa, and a sink, and a boatshed, where the blue boat lived and the nets & fishing gear were kept.

You could see the place from quite a way out at sea, because the cliffs it was nestled into weren't at all dark and it, obviously, was.

The Black Bach had an especial smell: partly it was from the kerosene lamps and tiny cooker, and the candles we used. The occasional whiff from the dunny (tucked back by the boatshed) and, above all, the scent of the sea...

Sometimes, that could be overwhelming as when a high spring tide washed up the boat ramp and hammered on the front doors. Or when a lot of seaweed stranded on the beach, and didn't wash away for days. Those clumps and bundles of weed played host to kelp flies, and the bach windows would become a skittering tapping mass & the noise could keep us awake –

We kids roamed free during the day: we could float and dog-paddle, but we knew better than to chance our primitive swimming skills when adults weren't around. Besides, there was a spectacular blow-hole out on the southern reef and its sound and spout kept us well away when the seas were rough... but when they were calm, we fished off that south reef and collected stuff off the rocks... I became enamoured of tidal pools and tidelines at an early age. The inhabitants were wholly fascinating, especially tube-worms & sea-anemones & hermit crabs and the tiny shy fish that flicked out of sight into the weed at your looming shadow –

Most us learned to fish at that Moeraki kaik', and some of us learned to row the blue boat – indeed, that became my job when Tui

McNeil shifted north.

We fished, from the boat or reefs, every day we could, and wandered the beaches, and explored other parts of the place... there was a small abandoned church round on a paddock off the beach further south. Sheep used it as a shelter and there were hymnals – in Māori! – scattered on the floor.

And, associated with the church, there was a marvellous little cemetery – a lot of the inscriptions on the grave-stones had been eroded by time & the weather...

The dead had their place at the Moeraki kaiks: one of my brothers reburied a small skull that had fallen out of a cliff-top urupā several times, and we were warned not to go near certain places at night by older people. And, every so often, we'd find stuff on the beaches – a bit of a bone fish-hook, sharp little flint flakes, a pierced pumice-float? We knew in our bones that there'd been people living & fishing here long before us –

Over the years, we continued to return to the kaik' beach – but things were changing. People built places that could not be called cribs – or baches.

We stopped making the occasional fire on the beach. And the little boats that used to fish off the beach were replaced by much larger craft. And, once Uncle Bill died, there was no longer a resident caretaker for the cribs, and they began to deteriorate. I had shifted to Tai Poutini, and my siblings shifted much further afield. We kept checking the place out (there was a mammoth shovelling job that all available helped with when half the beach – it seemed! – came into the cribs). We won that round, but damage from natural forces continued. I went back one year to discover a large hunk of the cliff had fallen on the Black Bach's roof, smashing through some of the iron and leaving about a ton of clay still on top...

I realised, with despair, I no longer had the strength or stamina to do anything about it.

The last time I saw the Black Bach, I could see the sunlight inside.

The last time I saw it in a photograph, it was a pathetic wrecked shell of itself,

with most of it carried away by the tide.

...However, sometimes amazing things happen.

I was visited by two women whom I knew (though not very well).

They were the spokespeople for a group of seven women who had decided to donate money and organise repairs so the Black Bach would be made weather-proof! What self & family did with the inside was up to us.

I was truly stunned. Why were these women being so generous?

And the reason astonished me more, because I didn't think many people outside of family knew about it.

A long time ago, when I was in my mid & late teens, I had a series of odd dreams. I've mentioned the Motueka one to news media and at lit. fests. – but the earlier ones took place at Moeraki. In the Black Bach. And, while I've mentioned the fact in passing (and published a couple of poems about it) you'd have to pretty insightful to realise *that*.

I was looking at the south end of the beach, because something was glinting there. The glint was from hair, long hair. There was a child there, dancing. For himself, the waves maybe? I looked out the bach window. It was dark outside.

Bloody weird dream I thought, and went back to sleep. But I noted it down in my dream diary, and played with the idea...

The first drafts of an odd novel were begun at Moeraki. And that dream, and those first hundreds of words, were in the Black Bach.

And those wonderful women want to commemorate the fact in a very special way.

Thank you. 

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.



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN A'GOURT

BALANCING ACT



LATE LAST YEAR, AROUND 30,000 PEOPLE VOTED ON FACEBOOK and made Tanemahuta Gray (Ngāi Tahu) the first Māori winner of the AMP People's Choice Scholarship, which provides funding for turning a dream project into a reality.

The \$10,000 received was used in creating the aerial theatre production *Tiki Taane Mahuta*, which follows Tanemahuta's first aerial production, *Māui – One Man Against the Gods*. *Tiki Taane Mahuta* is smaller in scale than its predecessor, with nine dancers (including two aerial performers) on stage at any one time.

Tanemahuta will launch the show at the Isaac Theatre Royal in Ōtautahi in May.

Tiki Taane Mahuta is a blend of narratives and a fusion of Māori martial arts, contemporary dance, hip-hop, and aerial theatre, set to a soundtrack from Tiki Taane's albums *Past*, *Present*, *Future* and *In The World of Light*.

"In *Tiki Taane Mahuta*, I am trying to convey a sense of connecting to your whakapapa and your tūpuna lineage – there's a real power to be harnessed if you're open and willing to be connected to it," says Tanemahuta.

"Often you don't know where your ideas come from, but for me, they come from my tūpuna – I'm just a caretaker of the ideas and knowledge and it's my responsibility to try and do the best I can with it to honour it.

"When Tiki first gave me his music, I listened to it and realised there was a story there. It's about listening to these songs and giving them a fresh new narrative," he says.

Tanemahuta has been dancing for 36 years. From the age of four he and his siblings were immersed in kapa haka, and they belonged to the Ngāti Pōneke Kapa Haka group. When he was six he trained in classical ballet. At 18 he went on to study at the New Zealand School of Dance, and trained in both ballet and contemporary dance.

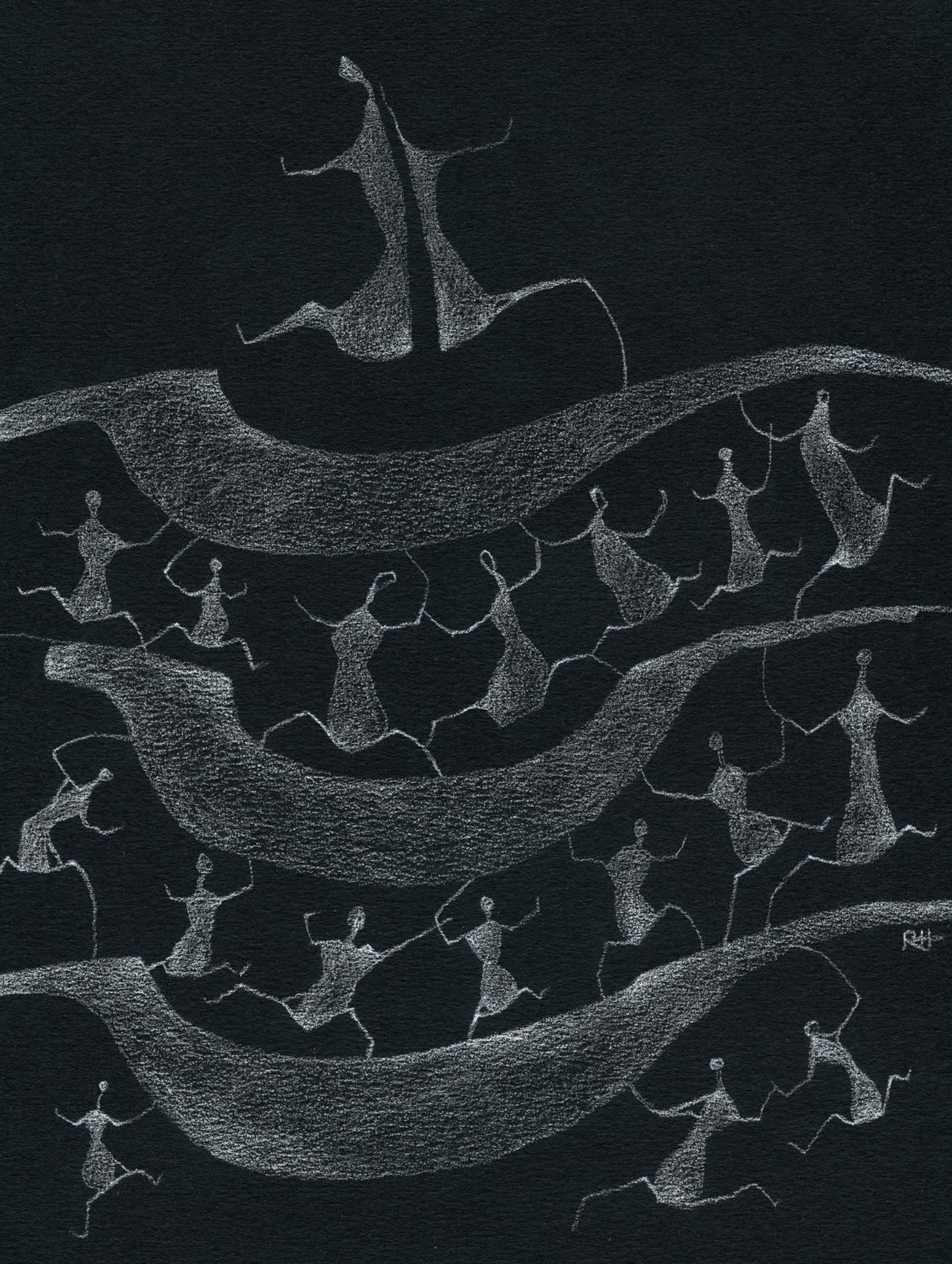
A highlight of his dancing career was joining Argentinian theatrical troupe, De La Guarda, considered to be one of the world's best aerial theatre companies. Tanemahuta spent five years working with De La Guarda on four continents. He currently lives in Waikanae with his wife Yumiko Olliver-Gray and their three tamariki, and still finds time to dance. His ambition is to continue teaching others while becoming a national and international artistic director of Māori and bicultural aerial theatre.

"It's really great to know that you're playing your part in the whakapapa of the arts, so the next generation is inspired to create its own dance styles."



Nā Morgan Lee

Left: Car crash scene.





Facing page:
Takata Waka
Ross Hemera
Chinagraphic pencil on black paper
2015

This page:
Toi poro rākau
Jennifer Rendall
Oil, acrylic and spray paint on canvas
2009

ONLY NATURAL

As he prepares to retire from his role as Professor of Māori Art and Design at Massey University's College of Creative Arts, Ross Hemera tells kaituhi Moerangi Vercoe why ancestral rock drawings have made such a lasting impact on his art.





IT'S A WELL-GROUNDED CHILDHOOD THAT ROSS HEMERA, NOW 65, recalls fondly. Good times, with five younger siblings, Mum and Dad, Ruth and Boko, who liked to take them all on little adventures.

"Dad would take us on day fishing trips and those trips were down the Ahuriri River, just a few kilometres from where we lived.

"I recall an introduction to those drawings along the Ahuriri River. The drawings we looked at are still really vivid to me. We had drawing paper and pencils and we sat there and copied them.

"But," says Ross with a wry smile, "to put it in context, Dad loved fishing. He was good at catching fish and eels. So he would set us up in the shelters with our pencils and pads, and then he would go off and fish for hours. Kind of like a little kāinga – he left us in these places and he knew we would be there when he returned.

"Although he was not a scholar I think it was because of his southern Ngāi Tahu upbringing and his own appreciation of history that he showed us the drawings.

"He was creative and a bit of an artist and good craftsman, and he could make anything. I remember him taking us fishing one day down to the beach at Kakanui. We were on the beach in the rocks and there were big pieces of bull kelp, and he made us shoes out of the bull kelp so we could wear them on the rocks and not hurt our feet. He knew how to do things like that."

With some of the rock art sites of his childhood now submerged by the Benmore Dam, Ross is thankful for the opportunity he had to make hand drawn copies of them. He still cherishes those childhood drawings.

His dad is an influence Ross clearly treasures deeply. Boko's father Tura Hemera, from Kahungunu ki Wairarapa, had disappeared from Boko's life quite early. Boko's mother Maggie had died when he was young. Boko and his sister were raised by their grandmother at Colac Bay, until the two young children became too difficult for her. They were put into state care with the Haberfield family. His great grandmother on his Ngāi Tahu side was the maternal tipuna Matoitoi, who is listed in the Blue Book (which contains the names of all Ngāi Tahu kaumātua alive in 1848 and 1849).

In his 20s, while rabbiting in rural Central Otago, Boko ended up in Dunedin hospital for treatment on a recurring leg injury. And in a classic romance story – he fell in love with his nurse.

Ruth Sim was the daughter of fourth generation Scottish immigrants and was from Tapanui, where her father owned a trucking business.

Boko and Ruth married and settled in Ōmarama, Boko working as a gardener and general-hand on a high country sheep station in the upper reaches of the Waitaki River.

Left: Whānau/Manu Whenua.



“A year later, Dad got a more permanent job with the Ministry of Works. He was a grader driver for all of his working life that I remember. We lived in a Ministry of Works house, and went to the local Ōmarama primary school. Then, when it was time to go to High School, we all shifted as a family down to Maheno, a little village on the outskirts of Oamaru.”

By then, there were six children: Ross, Teri, Louise, Taura, Peter, and Pania.

At Waitaki Boys High School, Ross and his brother Teri excelled at art. Art teacher Colin Wheeler was an extraordinary technician in pencil drawing and poster colour painting, and that’s mainly the art they did at high school.

“Both my brother Teri and I were always complimented on our art ability, so it was only natural that we would go on to art school.”

Still Ross had no inkling of the way he would one day be able to bring his Ngāi Tahu whakapapa into his art.

In the North Island, the innovative educationalist Gordon Tovey had inspired a generation of young Māori artists to draw on their Māori heritage, and a new contemporary Māori art genre was growing. The likes of Ralph Hotere, Para Matchitt, Sandy Adsett, and Cliff Whiting were making names for themselves.

But back in Dunedin, young Ross Hemera had no idea that this “renaissance” was happening.

“I thought there were only two Māori artists. One of them was my brother Teri, the other myself,” he says.

“Because we were isolated in the South Island. We didn’t know a lot

about what was happening in the north.”

Nor would he have considered that it was possible that his Ngāi Tahu heritage could ever have a place in his art practice.

It was not until he moved to Auckland to attend teachers’ training college that he had any notion of the movement that had developed over the previous decade.

Back in Dunedin, Ross and Teri had met and been nurtured by Malcolm and Elizabeth Murchie. Elizabeth went on to become a President of the Māori Women’s Welfare League. At the time Malcolm was a liberal studies lecturer at Otago Polytechnic. In a town where Māori students were still somewhat of a novelty, they took the Hemera brothers under their wing.

When Ross moved to Auckland, the kaitiaki role was taken up by Georgina Kirby, another well-respected female Māori leader.

“She was very much part of the art scene. At the time the New Zealand Māori Artists and Writers (later renamed Ngā Puna Waihanga) had their first hui in Te Kaha in 1972.

“Although I didn’t go to that first hui, it was through Georgina and Arnold Wilson that I met other Māori artists. I think I went to all subsequent hui bar one.”

To Ross, a whole new world had opened up. He quickly became aware that his Māori whakapapa and his work as an artist were not mutually exclusive.

“I found out that I wasn’t alone. There was amazing amount of stuff going on. There were artists and creative minds, writers – it was quite amazing.

“I recall an introduction (from Dad) to those drawings along the Ahuriri River. The drawings we looked at are still really vivid to me. We had drawing paper and pencils and we sat there and copied them.”



Above: Ross Hemera's father, Boko.
Left: Kauati Lights, Queenstown.

“I don't know what would have happened if I hadn't gone North. All our art schools then were very Eurocentric. So the great artists of the world are the ones you wanted to emulate and you held them in high esteem. From Rubens to the Cubists and Picasso – all figures of that European western tradition. You were drawn in towards them.”

The giant mural by Para Matchitt that adorns the wharekai Kimiora at Tūrangawaewae was one work that stood out to him.

“I was just so impressed. First with the aesthetic that he was using, and secondly, the expanse of it. I thought it was amazing. It was something that identified Māori. I thought, ‘Man, this is about me. This is something I can really identify with.’ From then on, I started developing my own work and things progressed to what they are now.

“I was so excited by the scale of the mural I looked for opportunities to do similar things. I did a mural for the library in my first teaching job at Glenfield College. From that point you could categorically classify my work as contemporary Māori art.”

Ross had long thought about the need for art educators to move away from the Eurocentric approach to teaching, and in 1983 he got the chance to put some of ideas to work.

His former mentor Malcolm Murchie was now the principal of Waiariki Community College in Rotorua and he employed Ross to help establish an art programme.

“I wanted a focus on kaupapa Māori within design. When I arrived there, there was nothing and I so started taking a number of night and community education classes. Then they were able to secure funding to set up craft design programmes around the country – at Waiariki

we called ours, ‘Craft Design Māori.’

“That was an amazing time. I felt that this was the purpose of my working life. This was a time that arts education was blossoming. There was enough pūtea. By the time I left in 1994 there was a full programme – a certificate and diploma in contemporary Māori design and really great Māori artists on the staff like Tina Wirihana, Lyonel Grant, and Bob Jahnke.

Some of the student graduates from that programme are high profile artists in their own right now, like June Grant, Simon Lardelli, Louise Purvis, Todd Couper, Wi Taepa, Kerry Thompson and Lewis Gardiner.

From Waiariki, Ross and his whānau moved to Wellington so he could take up a role at Wellington Polytechnic, which has since merged with Massey University.

In the past few years he has been Professor of Māori Art and Design, and the director of Māori development in the College of Creative Arts.

But while after 21 years he is retiring from the university, he will never retire as an artist. The “For Sale” sign outside the Whitby home he shares with his wife Julie indicates a new stage in his career. They'll be moving to Tauranga where Ross' first job will be to build a new studio, to carry on the creative art practice that he has successfully managed alongside his academic career.

Ross is primarily known for his mixed media sculptural work. He merges the artistic traditions of his tipuna with European forms and material. His works are creative expressions of contemporary

“Any chance I get to go home and visit the tīpuna, I will go. They are the biggest influence on my art. When I think about them I go right back to when we were kids and the strong impression they made. How they are drawn, the shapes, the forms, and motifs that have been created is something that is quite unique and something that I find absolutely fascinating.”



Above: Paemanu.

Māori pattern and design, referencing the ancient imagery of the Waitaha and Ngāi Māmoe within the context of taonga tuku iho. The expression of Ngāi Tahu cultural values and beliefs is the primary focus of his work, including such concepts as whakapapa, whenua, mana, taonga, and whānau.

The Eurocentric aesthetic that was drilled into him at art school guides his work, but the rock drawings of his childhood have become an intrinsic part of his practice.

“They’re imprinted on my mind and in my heart,” he explains.

“Their aesthetic is simply amazing. How they are drawn, the shapes, the forms, and motifs that have been created is something that is quite unique and something that I find absolutely fascinating. Any chance I get to go home and visit the tīpuna, I will go.

“They are the biggest influence on my art. When I think about them I go right back to when we were kids and the strong impression they made. From an artist’s point of view and a human point of view, there’s a strong connection I feel with them.”

The passion Ross feels for his Ngāi Tahu whakapapa has been put to good use.

He incorporated rock art images into the design for the first set of Aho brand shawls – a line of high-quality possum fur and merino wool shawls developed by Ngāi Tahu in conjunction with AgResearch.

He led the development of artwork in two Pou Whenua projects, embodying Ngāi Tahu Property’s policy of introducing Ngāi Tahu art into any new builds.

In the Post Office Precinct in Queenstown Ross created coloured glass windows, cut glass panels, and seven large light globes that interpret the narrative of the local tīpuna, Hakitekura. He was responsible for the full-scale Tuhituhi Whenua mural on the new civic buildings in Christchurch.

Ross is also part of Paemanu, the Ngāi Tahu contemporary Māori artists’ trust alongside artists including Areta Wilkinson, Rachael Rakena, Simon Kaan, Jon Tootill, Neil Pardington, and Priscilla Cowie. It aims to cultivate a vibrant Ngāi Tahu visual culture for future generations by exploring Ngāi Tahutanga through contemporary visual art.

The trust’s name, Paemanu, is taken from one of Ross’ earlier works, exhibited in the Ngāi Tahu *Mō Tātou* exhibition at Te Papa.

“One of our most famous images is of the birdman. Two outstretched wings with little birds perched on each, and that’s what I have been inspired by. That one image says so much about who and what we are.”

But as he builds his new workshop in Tauranga, Ross will be thinking about how he will undertake his vision for a new challenge – a project that looks to respond to the Ngāi Tahu aesthetic through art.

“Our writers are doing a good job in getting our history recorded in written form. I want to refer to our art and design, to our visual and material culture to tell our history and think about our future through making new art.”

PHOTOGRAPH MIKE HAYDON



EXPECTING TO FLY

The Paemanu rōpū brings together a diverse group of artists dedicated to the development of Ngāi Tahu through contemporary visual arts. Kaituhi Matt Philp reports.

IN 2006, A GROUP OF NGĀI TAHU CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS EXHIBITED in a group show at a cultural centre near Melbourne. For several of the 14 artists involved, it was the first time they'd met. "It seemed crazy that we had to go all the way to Melbourne to do that," says Dunedin-based painter Simon Kaan (Kāti Irakehu, Kāti Mako). "We began looking for a way to create a more cohesive voice."

Born from a 2012 hui at Rāpaki, the Paemanu rōpū brings together a diverse group of artists dedicated to the development of Ngāi Tahu through contemporary visual arts. Jeweller Areta Wilkinson (Ngāti Wheke, Ngāti Irakehu, Ngāti Tūāhuriri) is the chair and Simon is deputy. Other trustees include photographer Neil Pardington, video artists Rachael Rakena and Nathan Pohio, Priscilla Cowie, Jon Tootill, and artist-designer Ross Hemera.

Importantly, it is an artist-driven and independent group, albeit with much-appreciated support from the Ngāi Tahu Fund. Simon and Areta pay due credit to earlier efforts by Te Rūnanga o Ngāi Tahu to foster visual arts, citing Cath Brown, Moana Tipa and Megan Tamati-Quennell as important figures, with Moana and Megan employed by the tribe as arts development facilitators. Tahu Pōtiki and Suzanne Ellison provided support from a strong iwi base.

"These leaders have been proactive, and as a result we had a number of fantastic exhibitions. They were the reason why many artists from my peer group got picked up and shown by public institutions," Areta says.

The problem was that continued progress relied on the passions of a few individuals, and once visual arts advocates were no longer employed by the tribe, events and exhibitions ceased to happen. "So we thought we could take charge of it as artists – to strategise how we wanted Ngāi Tahu visual arts to look now and into the future," says Simon.

Paemanu rōpū has attracted ceramicists, video makers, designers, carvers, print makers, fashion designers, painters, sculptors, and jewellers. It has run the gamut from established international names to emerging talent. "We wanted to be inclusive; it's a key part of who we are," says Simon, who says anyone who identifies with the kaupapa is welcome to join.

The key to the vision lies in the name 'Paemanu' which translates as collarbone. It can also be looked at as 'pae', meaning "perch", and 'manu', meaning "bird". The name derives from imagery found in rock paintings throughout Te Waipounamu, in particular the well-known Frenchman's Gully image of a birdman figure with baby birds perched on outstretched wings.

It was Ross Hemera (Waitaha, Ngāti Māmoe, Ngāi Tahu) who brought the image to the attention of the group when they met that first time at Rāpaki. The quietly-spoken Professor of Māori Art and Design at Massey University is highly respected by the younger members of Paemanu, so when he spoke about the significance of the rock paintings, they listened. Specifically, he cited the "birdman" image that has become a motif in his art.

A bird's perch is a launching platform, and Paemanu's vision is to foster Ngāi Tahu artists by creating opportunities to soar through residencies, exhibitions, and the use of publications such as TE KARAKA. "But the image also encapsulates the notions of nurture and sanctuary, the idea of learning being passed from an older to a younger generation – in fact, the concept of whakapapa and whanaungatanga," says Ross, who stresses the significance of the group choosing a symbol from the art of their tipuna.

These are ideas that cut against the image of the artist as an autonomous renegade, Areta says. "The Ngāi Tahu worldview considers

collective responsibilities and values. That's part of our world."

"A fundamental part of being a Ngāi Tahu contemporary artist is being part of a community, responding to our stories, helping to visualise those stories," says Simon. "Our willingness to engage as artists with our whānau and community is key from my perspective."

For many of those involved in Paemanu, making art has been their "way in" to the Ngāi Tahu world – to stand up and say, "This is who we are; we are Ngāi Tahu."

That was certainly the case for Areta, who grew up in Kaitaia, outside the rohe. "Growing up in Northland I felt like a bit of an outsider, so a Ngāi Tahu art exhibition for me was a way to participate, to be seen, and to get to know people. Having benefited from those relationships, we're now creating spaces for other Ngāi Tahu artists to have similar whanaungatanga experiences.

"Art practice is another way to communicate world views, and also to experience the world. I'm learning about the world by responding to what's around me, learning about whakapapa as I go. That's the 'why' for me when it comes to forming Paemanu."

This eagerness to identify as specifically Ngāi Tahu artists is a relatively new thing, according to Ross, who began making art in the early 1970s. "Back then I wasn't aware of any other Ngāi Tahu artists apart from my brother. I thought, 'We're the only ones.' But during my career there has been a huge upsurge in the desire of Ngāi Tahu artists to identify that way. It coincided with Te Rūnanga o Ngāi Tahu development across a raft of different fields and areas of interest for Ngāi Tahu iwi, and [was fostered by] key Ngāi Tahu people such as Tā Tipene O'Regan, who could see the importance of the arts."

The younger generation of artists now driving Paemanu are "really stepping up and showing leadership", Ross says. "This is about our artists who have a real passion and dedication for the development of our arts."

Under this kaupapa, they're already making progress. Since Paemanu was granted charitable trust status in July 2013, the trustees have held several hui to build up a database of contemporary Ngāi Tahu artists. They recently produced a 20-year strategic plan. A website is now being built to better connect people and share information.

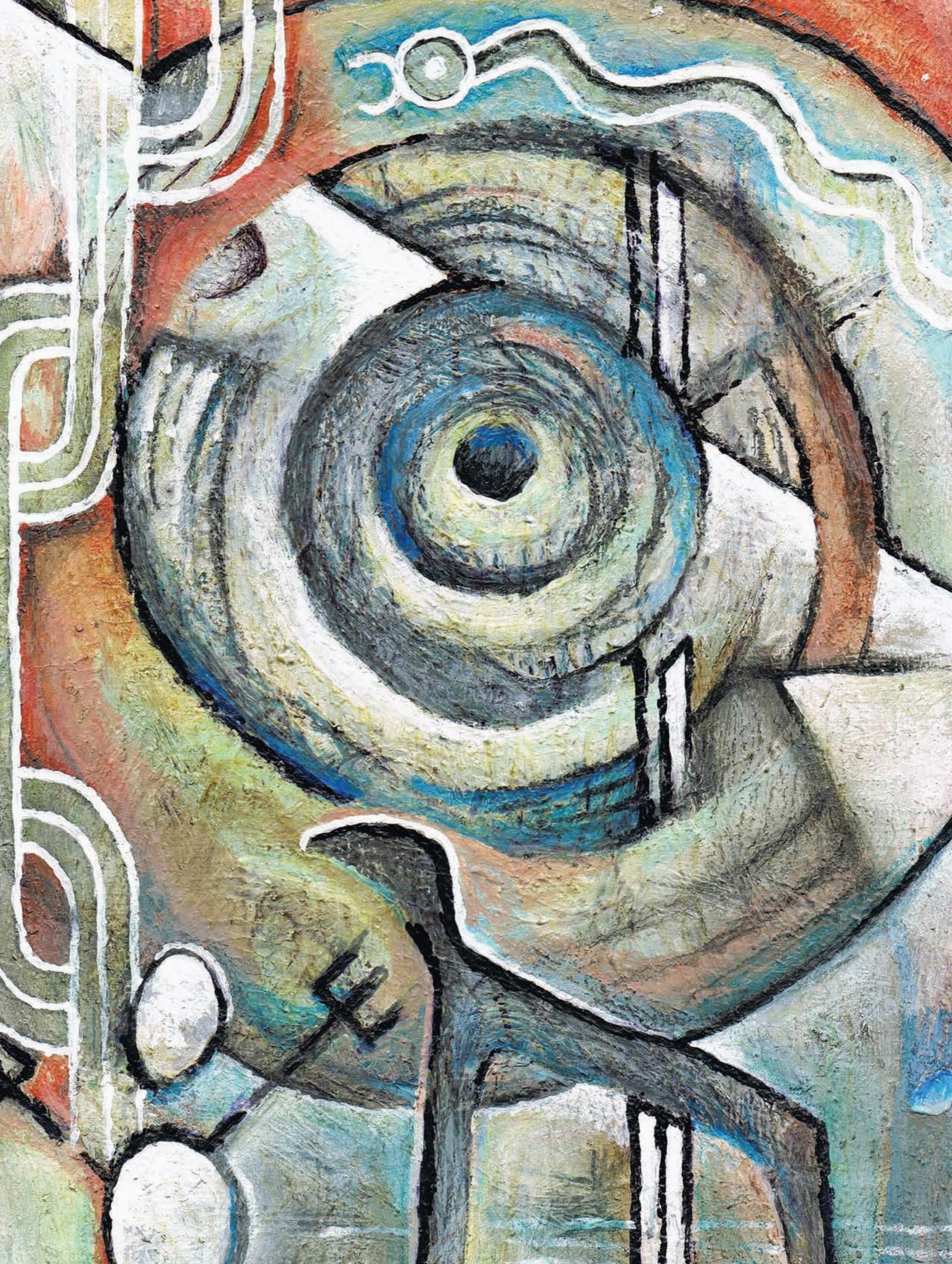
The trust was also heavily involved in preparations for Te Matatini, held in Christchurch from March 4–8. Coordinated by Areta and video artist Nathan Pohio, a team of Ngāi Tahu artists dressed the venue for the biennial kapa haka festival. The project He Ngākau Aroha puts contemporary artists together with traditional weavers. So what is the relationship between Paemanu and customary Ngāi Tahu art?

"We see ourselves as part of a bigger family all connected to the Ngāi Tahu creative spirit," says Ross. "We're visual artists who work in a contemporary manner, but we are also very aware of our whakapapa and of our relationships with the forms and practices of our weavers and carvers in particular."

Simon notes that a recent wānanga toi organised by the trust was attended by Ngāi Tahu weavers and carvers. "Over the years, the customary and the contemporary have always crossed over. Those collaborations are still happening and are an important part of Paemanu."

He believes that contemporary Ngāi Tahu visual art is in good heart. "Forming these bonds just strengthens us as artists and as a collective. Other Māori artists are taking note – they think Paemanu is a great initiative, and the fact we're such a strongly bonded group is looked up to by artists from other iwi."





PAGE WORK CONTRIBUTORS

We asked several artists to contribute a work especially for this issue of TE KARAKA and we asked them to say something about themselves.

This issue was curated by guest editor Megan Tamati-Quennell who is the curator of Contemporary Māori, Indigenous Art at the Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa, a position she has held since 2005.

ARTISTS

Areta Wilkinson

Ngāti Irakehu, Te Hapū o Ngāti Wheke, Ngāi Tūāhuriri

The artwork of Areta sits between traditional Māori adornment still produced in the present, and the histories and practices of New Zealand contemporary jewellery. Areta says her practice has developed into explorations of craft methodology forming out of collective Ngāi Tahu cultural values. Much of her current work involves collaborative processes from responding to narratives told and written, to working alongside and with other creative professionals. Her practice extends over 20 years, her work is seen in national public galleries and collections such as the third Auckland Triennial, City Gallery Wellington, Auckland Museum, Dowse Art Museum and Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa. Wilkinson has been a design lecturer in jewellery and currently lives in Oxford, New Zealand near the foothills of the Southern Alps. Areta recently completed a PhD in Fine Arts through Massey University Te Putahi-a-Toi School of Māori Studies, Palmerston North. Her PhD exhibition, held at Koukourārata Marae in 2014, was a first for Massey University.

Vallance Reihana Wrathall

Kāi Tahu, Te Atiawa, Ngāti Mutunga

Vallance is in his third year at the Western Institute of Technology in Taranaki, studying art and design. He aspires to a career in architecture and modern design technologies.

Jennifer Rendall

Since graduating with a Masters of Fine Arts from Canterbury University in 2010 there has been a shift in artist Jennifer Rendall's painting practice. Jennifer says she has been making paintings on a larger scale and has focused on "structures : a port /poro rākau/ logs series and recently a Whare rau series – finished in higher end /bright colours. My surfaces range from a dense canvas to the more recent works on heavy furnishing fabric." Nearly all her works are exhibited unstretched (without stretcher supports) with her paintings pinned directly to the wall.

Lonnie Hutchinson

Acknowledging and informed by the rich cultural resources of her Polynesian heritage (Māori – Ngāi Tahu, Samoan), Lonnie is a multi media, installation and performance artist who exhibits in New Zealand. Drawing lies at the base of Lonnie's practice which is as much influenced by contemporary, advertising, hip hop, graffiti art and popular culture as by Polynesian aesthetics and art forms, juxtaposing negative and positive elements. Public commissions include *'All that you breathe'*, Victoria University Wellington (x2, 14m vinyl-cut murals), 2013; *'Te Waharoa ki te ao Mārama'*, (a freestanding Corten steel sculpture), Hamilton Lake, 2013; and *'Honoa ki te Hono Tawhiti'*, 12 permanent wall works for the re-build of the Auckland Art Gallery, 2011. Lonnie's work can be found in The Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tamaki, The Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna O Waiwhetu, the Hocken Library Dunedin, the Queensland Art Gallery, the National Gallery of Australia, The Chartwell Collection and in private collections throughout New Zealand and abroad.

Nathan Pohio

Ngāi Tahu, Kāti Māmoe, Waitaha

Nathan is a conceptual artist working in video and other photo media producing minimal cinematic installations. He has exhibited nationally and internationally and his work combines Ngāi Tahu and contemporary Māori society histories with cinema history. Nathan is employed as an exhibition designer/assistant curator at Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna O Waiwhetu.

Simon Kaan

Kāi Tahu, Kāti Māmoe, Waitaha, Kāti Irakehu, Kāti Mako

Art's agency within cultural revival is central to Simon Kaan's understanding of his position as an artist. He possesses a refined visual language developed over decades, intrinsically tied to his sense of personal genealogy being of Ngāi Tahu and Chinese descent.

Ross Hemera

Ngāi Tahu, Ngāti Māmoe, Waitaha

Ross has just retired from his position as Professor of Māori Art and Design, College of Creative Arts, Massey University and holds the portfolio of Kaiwhakaahua Māori – Director For Māori Development.

He plans to relocate to Tauranga where he will concentrate on his creative practice. His work continues an ongoing contribution to the development of Māori art both as a practitioner and an art and design educator. Ross is primarily known for his mixed media sculptures. He has undertaken several significant public commissions, including the Whakamārama sculpture at the entrance to the Māori section of Te Papa Tongarewa, the Museum of New Zealand and the *'Tuhituhi Whenua'* mural at Te Hononga: Christchurch Civic Building. His work has been exhibited internationally including in the Māori exhibition at the British Museum in London.

Facing page:

Te Hononga

Vallance Wrathall

Mixed media on hardboard



MARLON WILLIAMS

Kāi Tahu, Ngāitai

HE TANGATA

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GOOD DAY?

Hanging out with loved ones with no fixed plans.

ONE THING YOU COULD NOT LIVE WITHOUT?

I guess I definitely couldn't live without a guitar. As in it's my only way of paying rent!

WHO OR WHAT INSPIRES YOU AND WHY?

Music of all kinds inspires me. I don't even have to like it and it'll still get my mind working in the way I need it to create.

HIGHLIGHT IN THE LAST YEAR AND WHY?

Playing a show at the Wunderbar back home in Lyttelton on a Friday night, then getting on a plane straight after the show and flying to Sydney to play at the Sydney Opera House the next morning was an insane but incredible experience.

WHAT IS YOUR GREATEST EXTRAVAGANCE?

Bluff oysters! If I had my way I'd spend the rest of my life listening to honky tonk music with a bottomless plate of the things.

FAVOURITE WAY TO CHILL OUT? FAVOURITE PLACE?

A glass of beer and a game of chess at a mate's house.

DANCE OR WALLFLOWER?

Usually wallflower, but in exceptional circumstances I can be known to flop my way around the d-floor like a semi-inflated balloon man.

WHAT FOOD COULD YOU NOT LIVE WITHOUT?

See above! I'm a pretty classic Kāi Tahu boy in that regard, anything that tastes like the ocean.

WHAT MEAL DO YOU COOK THE MOST?

I'm a pretty lazy cook, but I learned how to make ika mata recently and that's my go to on a hot Melbourne day.

GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT?

I've been recording music for a while now but only recently finished my debut solo album. It feels really good to have done something solely in my own name. It'll be out on April 24.

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

By 2025 I'd like to see te reo speaking (particularly Kāi Tahu dialect) back on the rise, myself included. The older I get, the more I believe the language is integral to understanding the tikanga.



PHOTOGRAPH NATHAN POHIO

Marlon Williams has been described as “the impossible love child of Elvis, Roy Orbison and Townes Van Zandt” which is pretty hard to top. He's a Lyttelton boy who made waves at 17 fronting acclaimed alt-country band The Unfaithful Ways who were nominated for the Critics Choice award at the 2011 New Zealand Music Awards.

Marlon then joined Delaney Davidson for a series of duet albums called *Sad But True – The Secret History Of Country Music Songwriting*, winning the New Zealand Country Album and Country Song of the Year in 2013.

He moved to Melbourne that year and quickly built a following through live performances. He releases his debut solo album in April.

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