THE OCEAN IS CALLING ME HOME

SETTLER-INDIGENOUS RELATIONSHIPS OF TE MOANANUI A KIWA

2020

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EXEGESIS IN SUPPORT OF PRACTICE-BASED THESIS

MASTER OF VISUAL ARTS

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY OF TECHNOLOGY

ATTESTATION OF AUTHORSHIP

I hereby declare that this submission is my own work and that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, it contains no material previously published or written by another person (except where explicitly defined in the Acknowledgements), nor material which to a substantial extent has been submitted for the award of any other degree or diploma of a university or other institution of higher learning.

EMILY PARR

29th of September 2020

ABSTRACT

The ocean is calling me home: settler-indigenous relationships of Te Moananui a Kiwa seeks to understand whose waters I come from, what my waka look like, and how I might come to know my stories. Through looking to specific settler-indigenous relationships I descend from, my moving-image research project considers the macrocosm – the web of relationships we are all a part of – and the microcosm – my own relationships with whakapapa, ancestral stories and homelands. Within a paradigm of relationality, my research is guided by whakapapa and storying methodologies emerging from indigenous worldviews. Whakapapa – the placing in layers – offers a filmic language through which to connect relational fragments, while storying is a framework through which to weave these layers together into living narratives.

Seeking stories in mountains, burial places, archives, museums, and waters, this research journeys to three ancestral homelands: Tauranga Moana in Aotearoa, Upolu in the Sāmoan Islands, and Tongatapu and Vava'u in the Kingdom of Tonga. Moving-image works traverse seven generations, from Europe to Oceania, through layering video, sound, drawings, and narrative voiceover. Stories unfold across a series of six works, and act as portals to an additional two works. The camera is relational, connecting my ancestors and I through time, as we are tethered by place. Each story links to another, threading loops through space and time, spinning the web of relationships. Against a backdrop of expanding empires, this research untangles questions: How have colonial logics of blood quantum become tools for the dispossession of identity? Who is missing from the archive, and how might I connect more deeply with my ancestors through ritual and ceremony? Whispers, traces, and stories of my tīpuna wāhine coalesce: in gathering and braiding these threads with my own, I honour their lives and strengthen our collective story through moving-image practice. This transformational research project is a haerenga – a journey – of reconnection with whakapapa, with ancestral relationships, and with Te Moananui a Kiwa: the ocean and her islands from which these relationships emerged.

FIGURE 2

Tuhua, Tauranga Moana. 35mm photograph (2019).

KO MĀTAATUA TE WAKA
KO TE AWANUI TE MOANA
KO MAUAO TE MAUNGA
KO NGĀI TE RANGI TE IWI
KO NGĀI TUKAIRANGI TE HAPŪ
KO HUNGAHUNGATOROA TE MARAE

HE URI ANŌ HOKI AU NGĀ IWI
PĀKEHĀ ME NGĀ IWI O NGĀ
MOUTERE O TE MOANANUI A KIWA

FIGURE 3

Mauao from Port Sulphur Point. 35mm photograph (2019).

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I owe thanks to all those who have researched my family histories before me, taping the accounts of our elders, compiling chronicles and exhibitions, publishing theses and papers. I hope to have made a useful contribution to this collective knowledge for those yet to come.

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The ocean *did* call me home, but I wish to acknowledge several people who helped me return to Aotearoa: Allie, Sophie, and Tremé for being a constant in the unsteadiness; Stephanie, for readying me to come home; Mum and Dad, for always keeping a place for me to land.

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Finally, I dedicate this thesis to my family. These are your stories too.

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CHAPTER 1

WHAT DO MY WAKA LOOK LIKE?

AN OPENING

> Conquerors come, conquerors go, the ocean remains, mother only to her children. This mother has a big heart though; she adopts anyone who loves her.[1]
>
> We sweat and cry salt water, so we know that the ocean is really in our blood.[2]

My ancestors have traversed Te Moananui a Kiwa since ancient times. I descend from so many lands that my sense of belonging oscillates between everywhere and nowhere, but I have always felt at home in the ocean. I am constantly aware of my proximity to her. Years ago, my kaiako reo[3] asked, “ko wai koe? Who are you?” Not, “what is your name,” but who are you? Whose waters do you come from? Later, I attended a wānanga[4] that divided us into two groups: Māori and people of colour, and Pākehā. I sat with the Pākehā. My kaiako was there and asked what I was doing sitting with that group. I did not know how to categorise myself – I did not know who I was. The question still floats around: whose waters do I come from?

In June 2019, I attended the Native American and Indigenous Studies Association (NAISA) conference in Waikato, ready to gather knowledge of my core interests: settler-indigenous relationships, colonial capitalism, and the ocean. During a few research (and life) altering days at NAISA, the realisation dawned on me that my key interests emerge from my own ancestral stories. I left with the sense that in order to undertake harmonious research,[5] I need to know who I am and what relationships I bring to my research. Weaver and Kaupapa Māori education researcher, Hinekura Smith (Te Rarawa, Ngāpuhi, Te Ati Awa), framed this as

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[1] Epeli Hau’ofa, "Our Sea of Islands," in *A New Oceania: Rediscovering Our Sea of Islands* (Suva: School of Social and Economic Development,The University of the South Pacific, 1993), 156.

[2] "Teresia Teaiwa: “We Sweat and Cry Salt Water, So We Know That the Ocean Is Really in Our Blood.”," *International Feminist Journal of Politics* 19, no. 2 (2017), http://dx.doi.org/10.1080/14616742.2017.1323707.

[3] kaiako reo: Māori language teacher

[4] wānanga: educational forum

[5] Shawn Wilson, "Research as Reconciliation? Unsettling Truths About How We Know and Relate #Itscomplicated" (paper presented at the Native American and Indigenous Studies Association, The University of Waikato, June 29, 2019).

'knowing your waka'[6]: she considers research a "revoyaging of ancient relationships."[7] Rather than leaving my ancestors at the threshold of my research, I had to find out: what do my waka look like?

In late July 2019, police evicted Kaitiaki Village residents on behalf of Fletcher Building Limited. I learned about the Crown's confiscation of Ihumātao through working bees and wānanga at Kaitiaki Village, a site established by land protectors from which to resist a housing development.[8] As the occupation swelled, hundreds of people experienced Māori ways of relating to each other and whenua,[9] and glimpsed what a decolonised Aotearoa could look like. Every day for the first fortnight, I made videos documenting activities on the whenua.[10] My practice spans documentary, video essays, and moving-image artworks to explore relationships — between people, whenua, and political frameworks — weaving peoples' stories with moving-images. In reflecting on these expressions of my practice, and through the events at Ihumātao, I realised my research project required a shift: rather than sharing other people's stories, I needed to know my own. The idea that my own ancestral stories could speak to the histories of Aotearoa was first sparked at Ihumātao. How, then, might I come to know my stories?

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[6] waka: canoe, vehicle

[7] Hinekura Smith, Dr. 'Ema Wolfgramm-Foliaki, "Igniting the Vā: Vā-Kā Methodology in a Māori Pasifika Research Fellowship" (paper presented at the Native American and Indigenous Studies Association, The University of Waikato, June 29, 2019).

[8] For more information on Kaitiaki Village, refer to Rebecca Ann Hobbs, "Ngā Puia o Ihumātao (the Volcanoes of Ihumātao)" (The University of Auckland, 2017), 4, https://researchspace.auckland.ac.nz/handle/2292/37033.

[9] whenua: land, afterbirth

[10] Refer to Accompany Collective's YouTube channel.

Through looking to specific early settler-indigenous relationships in my ancestry, my research project considers the macrocosm: the complex web of relationships we are all a part of. Indigenous knowledge keeper and seeker, Shawn Wilson (Opaskwayak Cree), describes "a huge knot – a point where thousands and millions of relationships come together. These relationships come to you from the past, from the present and from your future. This is what surrounds us, and what forms us, our world, our cosmos and our reality. We could not *be* without *being in relationship* with everything that surrounds us and is within us."[11] I descend from three pivotal marriages between ancestors who were Māori and Pākehā, Sāmoan and Jewish, Tongan and German. They form the part of the knot my project centres on, located in Te Moananui a Kiwa: the ocean and her islands from which these relationships emerged. By looking to these settler-indigenous relationships, my research project also considers the microcosm: my own relationships with whakapapa, ancestral stories and homelands. In attempting to take on a singular position through casting aside whakapapa lines, writer and art theorist Cassandra Barnett (Ngāti Raukawa) felt her "soul splitting, multiplying, fracturing, fragmenting," and recognised the need to move "beyond a binary fracturing to … newfound multiplicity."[12] I, too, wish to move beyond fragmentation – towards reconciling settler-indigenous relationships, both macro and microcosmically.

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[11] Shawn Wilson, *Research Is Ceremony: Indigenous Research Methods* (Halifax & Winnipeg: Fernwood Publishing, 2008), 76.

[12] Cassandra Barnett, "Kei Roto I Te Whare / on Housing," in *St Paul St 2015 Curatorial Symposium: Practice, Place, Research* (2015), 19.

Stemming from both my whakapapa[13] and home country (a settler-colonial state), a desire for good settler-indigenous relationships motivates my research. Kaupapa Māori scholar and educator, Linda Tuhiwai Smith (Ngāti Porou, Ngāti Awa), argues that "decolonisation must offer a language of possibility, a way out of colonialism … reimagining the world, is a way into theorising the reasons why the world we experience is unjust, and posing alternatives to such a world from within our own world views."[14] Further, Barnett suggests "this question of how to dwell together is in a way a quest for shared, nuanced, sensitively adaptable practices – practices designed to regularly bring us into embodied respectful connection with each other."[15] Moving-image practice is my way of knowing and reimagining these relationships.

This exegesis is the story of how I found the many threads I weave together in my eight moving-image works, which are discussed throughout the following chapters. 'The Ama'[16] outlines the moving-image practices and research frameworks supporting my project, which was guided by a paradigm of relationality and methodologies emerging from indigenous worldviews, whakapapa and storying. 'The Cross-Currents' parts one and two contextualise my practice over the chapters 'Expanding the Empire' and 'Restoring the Relations'. Firstly, I discuss expressions of fragmentation through colonialism, religion, and imperialism within my family lines. Secondly, I consider the tensions of museums and archives, and the restorative potential of ceremony. Throughout this exegesis, I explore how moving-image practice might connect the fragments – enabling me to see them in relationship with one another, as a woven whole. But first, let me begin with whakawhanaungatanga, the process of establishing relationships, through knowing my waka.

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[13] whakapapa: genealogy, lineage, to place in layers

[14] Linda Tuhiwai Smith, *Decolonizing Methodologies: Research and Indigenous Peoples*, 2 ed. (Dunedin: Otago University Press, 2012), 204.

[15] Barnett, in *St Paul St 2015 Curatorial Symposium: Practice, Place, Research*, 26.

[16] ama: outrigger (of a canoe). Natalie Robertson offered this metaphor during a supervision conversation.

WHAKA-WHANAUNGATANGA

The *Mātaatua* voyaged from Hawaiki,[17] coming ashore at Whakatāne. The waka was captained by Toroa and Puhi, who journeyed north while Toroa remained in Te Moana ā Toi.[18] Toroa's descendant, Te Awanui a Rangi, married Te Uiraroa – a descendant of the *Takitimu*. Ngāi Te Rangi (my iwi), Ngāi Tukairangi (my hapū), Ruawahine (my tipuna wahine),[19] and I descend from them.

The *Princess Royal* arrived in New South Wales in 1823, carrying 156 convicts including John Lees Faulkner. He was arrested in Nottingham as a young teenager, sentenced for seven years for being in the company of a pickpocket, and sent across the ocean. After gaining freedom and learning boatbuilding, he left Australia for Kororāreka, where he married Ruawahine. John and Ruawahine returned to her home of Tauranga Moana, raising thirteen children, building ships, and trading on Ōtūmoetai Pā. I descend from them.

Ships arrived in Auckland in 1845 carrying the 58th Rutlandshire Regiment of Foot, including Thomas Finch of Suffolk, England. He fought for the Crown in the New Zealand Land Wars. Thomas married the daughter of other colonists, Jane Smythe, and they raised the first Pākehā children in Pirongia. I descend from them.

The *Sam Mendel* sailed from London to Auckland in 1877, with John Cresswell Grierson on-board. The name Grierson derives from Clan MacGregor of the Scottish Highlands. John married Susan Finch, daughter of Thomas and Jane. Their son, Reginald, married Ruawahine and John's great-granddaughter, Mārama. My grandma Barbara and I descend from them.

A ship brought James Stephen Benyon, of English and Welsh origin, to the West Coast of New Zealand in search of gold. He lived in Kūmara with his wife Flora Meiklejohn, whose

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[17] Hawaiki: the ancient homeland from where the Māori people migrated to Aotearoa

[18] Named 'The Bay of Plenty' by Captain Cook.

[19] iwi: extended kinship group | hapū: kinship group | tipuna wahine: female ancestor

forebears hailed from Thurso in the Scottish Highlands. Their granddaughter married an Irishman, whose son (my grandpa John) married Mārama's daughter (my grandma Barbara). My mum Jane and I descend from them.

A whaling ship brought Augustino Silveira, a sailor and Catholic priest from the Portuguese Island of Faial, to Sāmoa. He jumped ship on Upolu, marrying the daughter of High Chief Fiamē of 'Āiga Sā Levālasi in Lotofaga. Augustino and Malaisala's youngest daughter was Louisa. I descend from them.

Born to a Jewish family in the medieval Prussian town of Thorn, Gustav Kronfeld sailed to Sāmoa as a young man in 1876. He met Louisa in Āpia and they eloped to Vava'u, Tonga, where my great-grandfather, Samuel, was born. Gustav, Louisa, and the first five of their ten children travelled by ship to Tāmaki Makaurau in 1890. The Kronfelds lived downtown, on Eden Crescent. I descend from them.

Among the first German men to sail for Tonga was Gustav (Lui) Wolfgramm. His forebears were the Heidemann, Sanft, and Klix families of Pomeranian villages near the shore of the Baltic Sea. Lui married 'Ilaisaane of the 'Uhi family in Kolomotu'a, Nuku'alofa, and raised a family on Vava'u. Their daughter Anna Bertha married Alfred Schultz, Gustav Kronfeld's German colleague and fellow prisoner of war. Anna and Alfred's daughter, Clara, married Gustav and Louisa's son, Samuel. My nana Tui and I descend from them.

My grandfather's Irish family came by ship from China to New Zealand. The Parrs lived in County Meath for several generations, but among their Irish forebears were Wauchopes of the Scottish Lowlands and an English family. Both lines settled in County Cavan circa 1600, at the onset of the Plantation of Ulster. My granta[20] Patrick met my nana Tui on the ship Rangitāne. My dad David and I descend from them.

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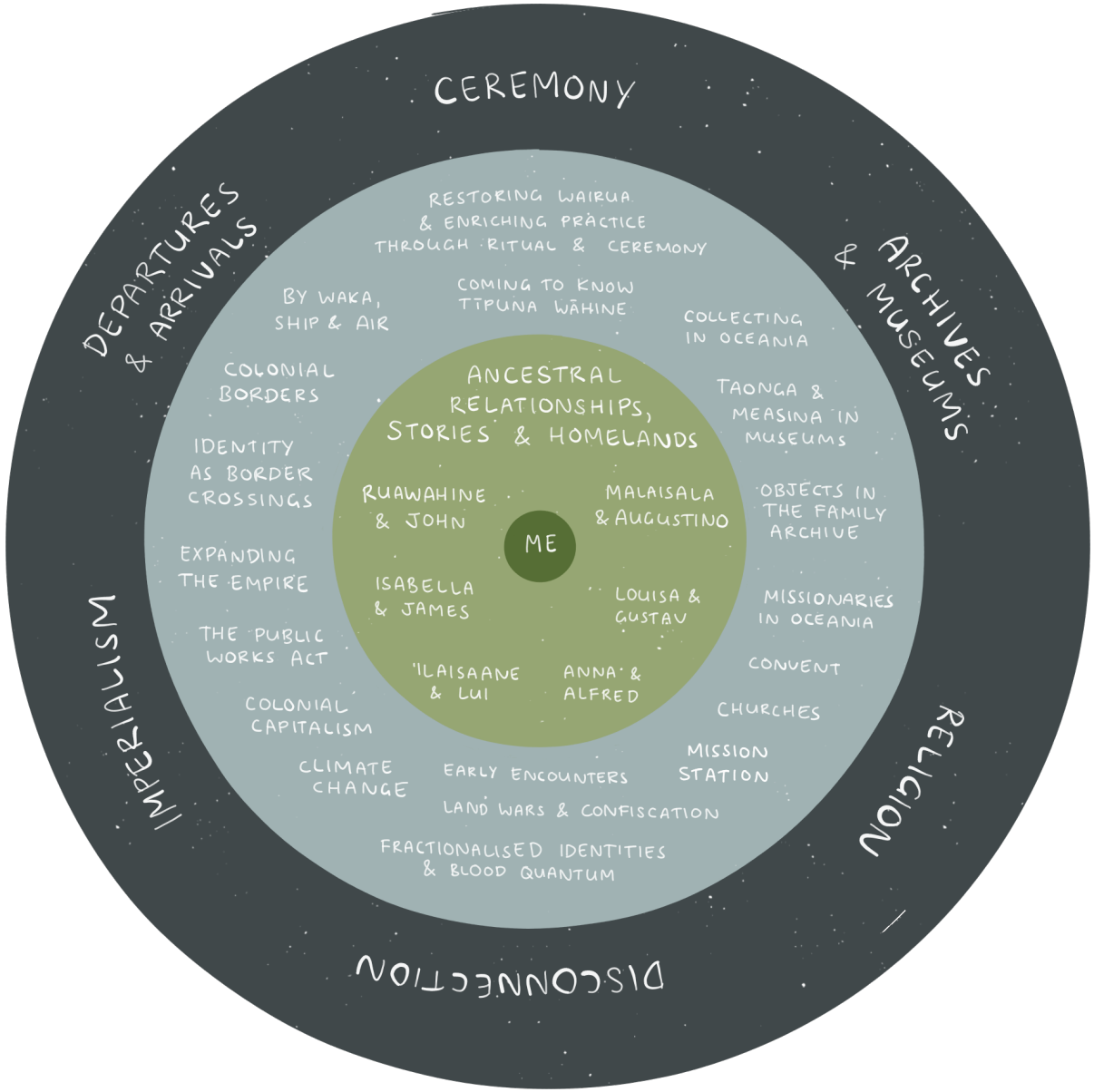
[20] My grandfather's name for his grandfather, and mine for him.

FIGURE 5

'Ripple map' of the thesis.



NOTES ON LANGUAGE

'New Zealand' is the anglicised version of a name imposed in 1642 by a Dutch explorer who never made it ashore. Prior to the arrival of colonialists, a singular name for these six hundred or so islands was not needed by tangata whenua.[21] The largest two, north and south, are Te Ika-a-Māui and Te Waipounamu. The collective name 'Aotearoa' emerged in the late nineteenth century. Throughout my thesis, I use 'Aotearoa' and 'New Zealand' differentially. Generally, I refer to place – including all lands and waters, both Māori and tauiwi[22] histories – with 'Aotearoa', and the settler-colonial state built upon it as 'New Zealand'.

I write in first person to position myself in the research and establish my role as storyteller, for "we cannot remove ourselves from our world in order to examine it."[23] Sections of this exegesis alternate between past, present, and future tense, reflecting the non-linear process of both learning and writing. I refer to Aotearoa, Sāmoa, and Tonga collectively as 'Oceania'. The order of their listing reflects the sequence of my haerenga[24] and familiarity with each homeland. I write 'settler-indigenous' rather than 'indigenous-settler' not to suggest a hierarchy, but for ease of articulation. I include the 'greats' when speaking of grandparents because that is how my family expresses these relationships, and also to indicate era and the layering of generations.

Words from the Māori, Sāmoan, or Tongan languages are not italicised, as a reflection of their interspersion in my own vocabulary (that of a learner, to varying degrees). Where dialects vary in te reo Māori, I reflect my whakapapa in using the eastern version. Contextual translations appear in the footnotes at a term's first mention. Please refer to the glossary thereafter, where more expansive definitions are held. Macrons have been added to Māori words quoted from

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[21] tangata whenua: indigenous people – people born of the whenua | whenua: land, placenta

[22] tauiwi: non-Māori people

[23] Wilson, *Research Is Ceremony: Indigenous Research Methods*, 14.

[24] haerenga: journey, trip

original sources, but Sāmoan words follow the individual author's spelling. This follows the differing approaches outlined by the editors of *Te Ao Mārama: Regaining Aotearoa: Māori Writers Speak Out* (1993)[25] and *Su'esu'e Manogi: In Search of Fragrance: Tui Atua Tupua Tamasese Ta'isi and the Samoan Indigenous Reference* (2009).[26]

[25] *Te Ao Mārama: Regaining Aotearoa: Māori Writers Speak Out*, vol. 2 (Auckland: Reed Books, 1993), 6.

[26] Tui Atua Tupua Tamasese Ta'isi Efi, *Su'esu'e Manogi: In Search of Fragrance: Tui Atua Tupua Tamasese Ta'isi and the Samoan Indigenous Reference*, ed. T.M. Suaalii-Sauni et al. (Lepapaigalagala, Samoa: The Centre for Samoan Studies, National University of Samoa, 2009), xi.

CHAPTER 2: SUPPORTING PRACTICES & RESEARCH FRAMEWORKS

THE AMA

A WHAKAPAPA OF MOVING-IMAGE PRACTICE

My practice surfaced in the wake of Māori and Moana artists whose work has shaped and re-energised my love for moving-image. Notable artists who utilise narrative voiceover to story, remember, and form relationships between people, land, and waters include Natalie Robertson (Ngāti Porou, Clann Dhònnchaidh), *Kawerau Drive Through* (2006); Jeremy Leatinu'u (Ngāti Maniapoto, Sāmoa), *Mai i te kei o te waka ki te ihu o te waka* (2018), and *When the Moon Sees the Sun* (2019). My works share qualities with Leatinu'u's narrative voiceover and pacing of still, environmental, moving-images. Curator and artist, Maree Mills (Ngāti Tūwharetoa), argues that video practice enables Māori artists "to engage with and express inseparable aspects of Māori philosophy and cosmology" and "explore non-linear time, physical space, emotion, spirituality and symbolism concurrently or in specific relationships."[27] Significant moving-image artists who explore such relationships through Māori worldviews include Mills, *Pourewa: The Quest for Balance* (2006); Robertson, *Uncle Tasman: The Trembling Current that Scars the Earth* (2007); Shannon Te Ao (Ngāti Tūwharetoa, Ngāti Wairangi, Te Papaka o Maui), *A torch and a light (cover)* (2015), *With the sun aglow, I have my pensive moods* (2017). These artists evoke mana and mauri through filmic language embedded in te ao Māori,[28] weaving tauparapara, haka, mōteatea, waiata, and whakataukī with place.[29] Finally, no moving-image project on settler-indigenous relationships can look past the mesmerising panoramic work of Lisa Reihana (Ngāpuhi, Ngāti Hine, Ngāi Tū), *in Pursuit of Venus [infected]* (2015); nor can one so consumed by waters ignore the transcendent work of Rachael Rakena (Ngāi Tahu, Ngāpuhi) and Brett Graham (Ngāti Korokī Kahukura), *Āniwaniwa* (2007).

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[27] Maree Mills, "Pou Rewa: The Liquid Post, Māori Go Digital?," *Third Text* 23, no. 3 (May 2009): 244, http://dx.doi.org/10.1080/09528820902954879.

[28] mana: supernatural force in a person, place or object | mauri: essential quality and vitality of a being or entity | te ao Māori: the Māori world

[29] tauparapara: incantation to begin a speech | haka: posture dance | mōteatea: lament, traditional chant, sung poetry | waiata: song, chant | whakataukī: proverb

RESEARCH PARADIGM: RELATIONALITY

To safely guide my research, I sought a paradigm that draws on connections between my inherited indigenous worldviews, without homogenising them or prioritising one over another. Further, in focussing on the commonality I hoped to balance the many ways of being and knowing with the scope of a Masters level research project. Sāmoan academic, Tamasailau Suaalii-Sauni, calls for "a process of decolonisation and de-hegemonisation of the kind that enables Kaupapa Māori[30] and the va to flourish through knowing and doing 'indigenous epistemology', individually and together."[31] While leaving space for their differences, I focus on what Māori, Sāmoan, and Tongan worldviews hold in common: the importance of relationships in the vā and wā. Scholar, Carl Te Hira Mika (Tūhourangi/Ngaati Whanaunga), observes that "the Maori term for both space and time – wā – is intimately connected with the notion of 'whakapapa'."[32] Te Ahukaramū Charles Royal (Marutūahu, Ngāti Raukawa, Ngāpuhi), academic, elaborates on whakapapa:

> In traditional Māori knowledge, as in many cultures, everything in the world is believed to be related. People, birds, fish, trees, weather patterns – they are all members of a cosmic family … Experts recited [whakapapa] to explain the relationships between all things and thus to place themselves within the world.[33]

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[30] Kaupapa Māori has been well defined and reinforced in notable scholarship, including: Graham Hingangaroa Smith, "The Development of Kaupapa Māori: Theory and Praxis" (The University of Auckland, 1997), http://hdl.handle.net/2292/623.; Linda Tuhiwai Smith, Decolonizing Methodologies: Research and Indigenous Peoples, 2 ed. (Dunedin: Otago University Press, 2012).; Leonie Pihama, "Tīhei Mauri Ora: Honouring Our Voices: Mana Wahine as a Kaupapa Māori Theoretical Framework" (The University of Auckland, 2001), http://hdl.handle.net/2292/1119.

[31] Tamasailau Suaalii-Sauni, "The Va and Kaupapa Māori," in *Critical Conversations in Kaupapa Māori*, ed. Te Kawehau Hoskins, Alison Jones (Wellington: Huia, 2017), 174.

[32] Carl Mika, "Counter-Colonial and Philosophical Claims: An Indigenous Observation of Western Philosophy," *Educational Philosophy and Theory* 47, no. 11 (January 2015): 1138, http://dx.doi.org/https://doi.org/10.1080/00131857.2014.991498.

[33] Te Ahukaramū Charles Royal, "Te Ao Mārama – the Natural World," *Te Ara - the Encyclopedia of New Zealand*, September 24, 2007. https://teara.govt.nz/en/te-ao-marama-the-natural-world/print.

And Sāmoan writer, Maualaivao Albert Wendt, describes the vā:

> Va is the space between, the betweenness, not empty space, not space that separates but space that relates, that holds separate entities and things together in the Unity-that-is-All, the space that is context, giving meaning to things. The meanings change as the relationships/the contexts change.[34]

Suaalii-Sauni notes that while Sāmoan and Tongan conceptualisations of the vā vary, both "assume the attachment of the concept of care. Hence the coupling of the terms tauhi va (in Tongan) or tausi va (in Samoan). Tauhi and tausi both mean 'to care, look after, tend, or nurture'."[35] Similarly, Wendt asserts that caring "for the va, the relationships" is intrinsic to cultures in which individuals are understood relationally.[36] It is reassuring to find that the way in which I naturally approach moving-image practice – with care and as relational – aligns with the worldviews of my Māori, Sāmoan, and Tongan ancestors; the worldviews I seek a deeper understanding of. To begin, I chose relationality as my paradigm.

Shawn Wilson developed a shared indigenous paradigm through "searching out the similarities in the beliefs underlying the research of Indigenous scholars,"[37] in response to wondering "how Indigenous peoples from opposite sides of the earth could have values that are so alike."[38] In *Research is Ceremony* (2008), Wilson determines that "an Indigenous research paradigm is relational and maintains relational accountability.[39] In framing my research as relational, it is necessary to ask, who am I accountable to? Who am I in relationship

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[34] Maualaivao Albert Wendt, "Tatauing the Post-Colonial Body," *Span* 42-43 (April–October 1996), accessed April 21, 2020, http://www.nzepc.auckland.ac.nz/authors/wendt/tatauing.asp.

[35] Suaalii-Sauni, in *Critical Conversations in Kaupapa Māori*, 165.

[36] Wendt.

[37] Wilson, *Research Is Ceremony: Indigenous Research Methods*, 21.

[38] Ibid., 32.

[39] Ibid., 70-71.

with? Firstly, I am accountable to myself: in my moving-image artworks, I am at the centre of the knot. Not the most important part, nor the origin of its knowledge, but the works reflect my experience of the world and the stories I feel compelled to share. Trusting my own voice is "honouring the lessons [I've] learned through saying that [the stories] have become a part of who [I am]."[40] Secondly, I am accountable to my family and our ancestors who have passed: I build my relationship with them through relating our stories. Following the assertion of Reverend Māori Marsden, tohunga[41] and scholar, that "we the living are the seeing eyes of our ancestors, ngā whatu-ora,"[42] Robertson suggests that "we see for those who no longer dwell on the physical plane. We are the eyes for those who came before. We tell the stories they cannot tell."[43] My responsibility as storyteller is to ensure my ancestral stories are "shared in an appropriate way, at the right place and time."[44] Reciprocally, you (the audience) are accountable to me, the ancestral stories I share, and all the relations that connect us. I echo Wilson's address to the readers of his book:

> In receiving the story, you as an active listener are responsible for putting the story into a relational context that makes sense for you and for listening with an open heart and open mind. If you choose to pass along the story or my words, you also take on the responsibilities of the storyteller yourself.[45]

Through sharing my moving-image works with you, I hope to grow (or strengthen) the relations between us.

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[40] Ibid., 123.

[41] tohunga: skilled person, chosen expert, priest, healer

[42] Natalie Robertson, "Nga Whatu-Ora: We the Living Are the Seeing Eyes of Our Sleeping Ancestors," *Public* 27, no. 54 (December 2016): 141, http://dx.doi.org/10.1386/public.27.54.132_1.

[43] Ibid., 135.

[44] Wilson, *Research Is Ceremony: Indigenous Research Methods*, 126.

[45] Ibid., 126-27.

METHODOLOGIES: WHAKAPAPA & STORYING

WHAKAPAPA

I began my research project by tracing my family lines. Utilising whakapapa as a methodology enables me to undertake genealogically-driven research within a Māori framework of ancestry. "The Terminology of Whakapapa" is a publication of texts written nearly a century ago by leader and scholar, Āpirana Ngata (Ngāti Porou). Ngata's texts, recently discovered and published for the first time in 2019, are introduced as an exploration of "whakapapa as practical ontology."[46] Ngata outlines how different genealogical terms reflect two worldviews: a European approach is vertical and terminology is relative to the direct line, engendered by "inherent individualism and [systems] of inheritance and succession to property"; a Māori approach is horizontal and terminology encompasses "all on that plane in relation to the common ancestor and to one another."[47] One conception is fragmentary in nature, veering toward "exclusiveness and rapid lopping off of receding relatives"[48]; whereas the other upholds the importance of relationships through "the tendency of [Māori] to embrace rather than exclude those related by blood."[49] Ngata likens genealogy to aho ("literally a line, string or cord"), noting this framework "would naturally occur to a weaving, cord-making, net-making, fishing people."[50] The aho affirms my conception of whakapapa as "something continuous, unbroken"[51]: I imagine it as an umbilical cord connecting me to Papatūānuku and Ranginui, through all of my tīpuna. The act of tracing along this cord, a line of descent, was takiaho.[52] In ""Images Still Live and Are Very Much Alive": Whakapapa and the 1923 Dominion

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[46] Āpirana Ngata, Wayne Ngata, "The Terminology of Whakapapa," *The Journal of the Polynesian Society* 128, no. 1 (April 2019): 20, http://dx.doi.org/https://doi.org/10.15286/jps.128.1.19-42.

[47] Ibid., 34.

[48] Ibid.

[49] Ibid.

[50] Ibid., 24.

[51] Ibid.

[52] Ibid., 22.

Museum Ethnological Expedition" (2019), Robertson suggests that "as a practical method, whakapapa offers a way to make connections in the knots along the takiaho cord."[53] Drawing from Ngata's scholarship and foresight of the camera's potential in cultural reinvigoration, Robertson establishes whakapapa as a conceptual framework in moving-image.[54]

Whakapapa can also mean "to place in layers or lay upon one another."[55] When considered in the context of practice-oriented research, this understanding of whakapapa generates the potential of layering as a method for constructing moving-image works. The layering of visual and aural elements is fundamental to moving-image works by Rakena, *... as an individual and not under the name of Ngāi Tahu* (2001); and Nova Paul (Te Uriroroi/Te Parawhau, Ngāpuhi), *Pink and White Terraces* (2006), *This is not Dying* (2010). The mother of Māori cinema, Merata Mita (Ngāti Pikiao, Ngāi Te Rangi), creates layers of meaning in her film *Mauri* (1988). Understanding these layers relies on knowledge of te ao Māori, such as tohu and tikanga.[56] During their 1988 kōrero,[57] art writer Cushla Parekowhai (Ngā Ariki, Te Aitanga a Māhaki, Rongowhakaata) asked Mita whether she thought "moving pictures could be seen as a form of whakapapa or genealogy able to connect generations."[58] Pointing to the rich origins of

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[53] Natalie Robertson, ""Images Still Live and Are Very Much Alive": Whakapapa and the 1923 Dominion Museum Ethnological Expedition," *The Journal of the Polynesian Society* 128, no. 1 (April 2019): 82, http://dx.doi.org/https://doi.org/10.15286/jps.128.1.65-86.

[54] Further scholarship on whakapapa as a framework in film includes Angela Moewaka Barnes, "Ngā Kai Para i te Kahikātoa: Māori Filmmaking, Forging a Path" (The University of Auckland, 2011), 161-63, https://www.massey.ac.nz/massey/fms/Colleges/College%20of%20Humanities%20and%20Social%20Sciences/Shore/reports/Angela%20Moewaka%20Barnes%20PHD.pdf?90DE8E3A5821A39E2866481980CC946D.; Kahurangi Waititi, "Māori Documentary Film: Interiority and Exteriority," *MAI Review*, no. 1 (2008), http://www.review.mai.ac.nz/mrindex/MR/article/download/116/116-584-1-PB.pdf.

[55] Ngata, 25.

[56] tohu: sign | tikanga: protocol

[57] kōrero: conversation

[58] Cushla Parekowhai, "Kōrero Ki Taku Tuakana: Conversation with My Big Sister - Merata Mita and Mauri," (13 March 2016), accessed 22 May 2019, https://medium.com/spiral-collectives/kōrero-ki-taku-tuakana-conversation-with-my-big-sister-d17c22fcf3fe.

Māori oral tradition, Mita describes her directing process: "I pull back layer after layer until more and more of the story is revealed. That's how narrative in oral tradition works. Each layer adds new dimension and depth to the story."[59]

Resembling Mita's process, my moving-image works relate stories in layers: I describe my present-tense experience of place, relationship with material held in archives, and nineteenth century accounts of my ancestors. The stories unfold across a series of six works, and specific lines extend to connected works: *Tending to the Roots* (2020) and *Whatuora* (2020)[60] engage more deeply with their subjects, climate change and weaving. As stories are layered, so too are my works: I assemble video, sound, voice and drawings in relation to one another. Through layering, one sequence can cross oceans and centuries, living and spirit worlds, relinquishing the grip on a story being held in one time, or a place holding only one story.[61] Mills asserts that moving-image has the potential to "[bind] together places and people separated by geography and time, but whose collective memory of the crossing of water and settling of land create a new kind of space."[62] Arising from a Māori worldview, layering provides a filmic language through which to connect fragments and traverse seven generations, from Europe to Oceania, in my moving-image works.

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[59] Ibid.

[60] Emily Parr, Arielle Walker, *Whatuora*, 2020, HD video.

[61] In their feature-length film, *INAATE/SE/ [it shines a certain way. to a certain place./it flies. falls./]*. (2016), brothers Adam and Zach Khalil utilise temporal displacements to articulate their Ojibwe perspective, in which actions are considered "within a continuum of seven generations into the past and seven into the future." Adam and Zach Khalil, interview by Suzy Halajian, 2019, accessed April 3, 2019, http://www.vdrome.org/adam-zack-khalil/.

[62] Mills, 249.

STORYING

Pūrākau are stories that emerge from Māori oral traditions.[63] In her 2005 paper on pūrākau as pedagogy, scholar Jenny Lee-Morgan (Ngāti Māhuta) explains that "pūrākau preserved ancestral knowledge, reflected our worldviews and portrayed the lives of our tupuna (ancestors) in creative, diverse and engaging ways. Narrating pūrākau is not limited to traditional stories, but includes storying in our contemporary contexts."[64] The methodology of storying upholds the multi-faceted forms of knowledge woven into my moving-image works. Lee-Morgan writes that "a pūrākau approach enables elements such as emotion, wairua and tension to be written into the text in appropriate and interesting ways. A pūrākau approach does not force an either-or response."[65] Rather than being dichotomous, storying is a layered and relational methodology. Robert Marunui Iki Pouwhare (Ngāi Tūhoe) reveals the pūrākau of Māui through his 2006 video, *He iti te manu he nui te kōrero*, layering visual and aural elements to reflect that "pūrākau [are] invariably made up of whakapapa (layers of meaning)."[66] The relationality of pūrākau is revealed in metaphor. Lee-Morgan posits that "it is not coincidental that the word pūrākau literally refers to the roots or the base (pū) of the tree (rākau) … the imagery of trees often reflect our cultural understandings of social relationships, our inter-connectedness with each other and the natural environment."[67] Here lies a tension in my practice: my stories are not told in a communal arena where people have the opportunity to correct them synchronistically, but in moving-image artworks. My values align with Lee-

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[63] Jenny Lee, "Māori Cultural Regeneration: Pūrākau as Pedagogy" (paper presented at the Centre for Research in Lifelong learning International Conference, Stirling, Scotland, June 24, 2005), 7, accessed June 17, 2019, http://www.rangahau.co.nz/assets/lee_J/purakau%20as%20pedagogy.pdf.

[64] Ibid., 2.

[65] Ibid., 9.

[66] Robert Marunui Iki Pouwhare, "He Iti Te Manu He Nui Te Kōrero: The Bird Is Small - the Story Is Epic" (The Auckland University of Technology, 2016), 42, http://hdl.handle.net/10292/9776.

[67] Lee, 7.

Morgan's description of traditional storytelling, in which "the storyteller was conscious that stories [they were] telling or retelling were not their own … or in isolation to other people or their environment. Rather the stories belonged collectively."[68] I story with the cognisance that I am accountable to all the relationships forming, and that I *retell and make* stories rather than *own* them.

Tracey Bunda (Ngugi, Wakka Wakka) and Louise Gwenneth Phillips, Australian educators and researchers, assert that for indigenous peoples, connecting through sharing stories "draws on the traditions of responsibilities and reciprocities inherent in relationalities that tie back into kinship systems."[69] They define storying as "the act of making and remaking meaning through stories. The [verbification] of story is purposeful to reflect that it is living and active rather than fixed, archived products. Stories are in constant unfolding."[70] As a methodology, storying accounts for the living nature of stories. I gather them from archives and family tales, often altering, disproving, or growing the stories as I research further. At a certain point, my moving-image works will fix an *iteration* of the stories in place, but not the stories themselves – they have a life of their own. Pūrākau, too, acknowledge fluidity: "the metaphoric interpretation of pūrākau as trees demonstrates a Māori understanding of stories, that while there is a base there may be many branches, versions or interpretations."[71] Indigenous stories have been suppressed, stolen, and then retold through a colonising lens. Settler and indigenous worlds both collide and coalesce in my moving-image works. As a methodology firmly rooted in indigenous worldviews, storying provides an appropriate framework through which to share these layered, relational, living stories.

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[68] Ibid., 10.

[69] Louise Gwenneth Phillips and Tracey Bunda, *Research through, with and as Storying* (Milton: Taylor & Francis Group, 2018), 9.

[70] Ibid., 7.

[71] Lee, 8.

STRINGING THE FLOWERS / WEAVING THE THREADS

FIGURE 7

Drawing of the ‘oli flower for *Whakapaparanga* (2019).

Wilson notes that “methodology [in an indigenous research paradigm] is simply the building of more relations.”[72] Making connections and forming relationships are inherent to both of my methodologies, whakapapa and storying, which embrace many forms of knowledge (intuitive, embodied, archival, observed, ancient…). I gather knowledge through my research methods: activating the archive, going on haerenga **(FIG. 10-16)** visiting burial places, recording with a camera, writing stories, and editing video, voice, and drawings in layers. I connect this knowledge through my methodologies, forming “a bundle of relationships that were previously invisible”[73] in my moving-image works. The process can be illustrated by two metaphorical frameworks: su’ifefiloi and whatuora. Su’ifefiloi is the Sāmoan tradition of making flower garlands, in which a mixture of flowers are sewn together and strung into a necklace, an ula.[74] Pacific spatial researcher, Albert L. Refiti, describes how narratives can be assembled akin to su’ifefiloi, “in which diverse elements are brought together to construct a sequence or build a surface area from many pieces, [establishing] an order without denying heterogeneity and discontinuity.”[75] The metaphor of making flower garlands permeates my project: I create works from fragments of stories and moving-images (the flowers), and string them together to form the series (the necklace). My work *Oli Ula* (2019–2020) is named for my great-great-grandparents’ house, in turn named for a garland strung with the fragrant red flower of the now-rare Sāmoan ‘oli tree.[76]

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[72] Wilson, *Research Is Ceremony: Indigenous Research Methods*, 79.

[73] Ibid., 111.

[74] ula: a necklace of flowers

[75] Albert L. Refiti, “Mavae and Tofiga: Spatial Exposition of the Samoan Cosmogony and Architecture” (The Auckland University of Technology, 2014), 38, https://openrepository.aut.ac.nz/handle/10292/9248.

[76] W. Arthur Whistler, "Annotated List of Samoan Plant Names," *Economic Botany* 38, no. 4 (1984): 471, www.jstor.org/stable/4254688.; Efi, 2.

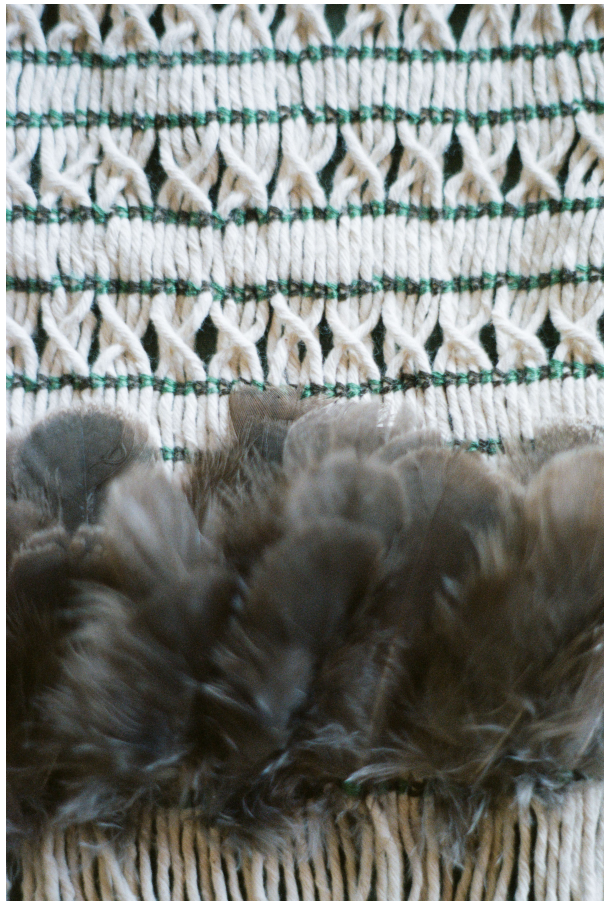

FIGURE 8

My first whatu sampler, a work in progress. Whaea Rose Greaves (Ngāti Kahu, Ngāpuhi) is my kaiako (of many things). 35mm photograph (2020).

In the Māori fibre weaving practice of whatu, the aho (the weft) weave across the whenu (the warp). As aho can also refer to ancestral lines, they "are understood as vital connectors to the past and the future."[77] Whatuora speaks to the process of weaving past, present, and future, forming a new whole in which story is embedded.[78] My editing process is akin to whatu: I weave stories, islands, and worldviews; video, voice, and drawings. Similarly, Mills' work *Pourewa* (2006) "weaves together sacred chants and iconic landscapes, using the tools of digital non-linear video editing as a new form of textile."[79] Robertson explains the power of entwining whatuora with moving-image practice:

> Māori … moving image artists may shift across multiple language spaces incorporating temporal, spatial, and historic references, locating their practices in a continuum of customary art forms … Interweaving a practice of the eye with one of the hands connects camera arts with weaving through Māori understandings of a woven cosmological universe.[80]

The word 'whatuora' is expansive: 'whatu' can mean "eyes, ways of seeing, ways to be seen, and the practice of finger twining", and 'ora' can refer to "being well, cured, healed".[81] Hinekura Smith articulates whatuora as "a bound together idea … through which Māori women's stories and experiences can be viewed."[82] She argues that "a Whatuora approach does not stop with simply "seeing" the damage caused by colonisation, but insists that we

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[77] Hinekura Smith, "Whatuora: Theorizing "New" Indigenous Methodology from "Old" Indigenous Weaving Practice," *Art/Research International: A Transdisciplinary Journal* 4, no. 1 (2019): 16, http://dx.doi.org/10.18432/ari29393.

[78] My kaiako whatu, Whaea (mother, aunty) Rose Greaves (Ngāti Kahu, Ngāpuhi), imparted the teaching that each piece holds the story of its weaving.

[79] Mills, 249.

[80] Robertson, "Nga Whatu-Ora: We the Living Are the Seeing Eyes of Our Sleeping Ancestors," 144.

[81] Smith, 16.

[82] Ibid.

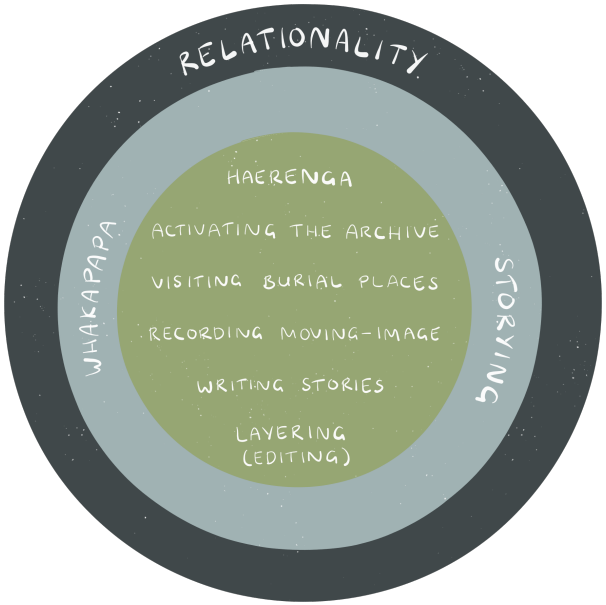

FIGURE 9

'Ripple map' of research paradigm, methodologies, methods.

actively reclaim and restore, unpick and re-weave, a culturally well and clear vision of our present realities and, importantly, create a vision for the future."[83] Descending from settler-indigenous relationships can make for a fragmented sense of self and belonging; a whatuora approach acknowledges that the whole is woven from many strands. In the process of untangling and re-weaving threads, there is potential for healing.

[83] Ibid., 21.

FIGURE 10

Timeline of haerenga, June 2019 – July 2020.

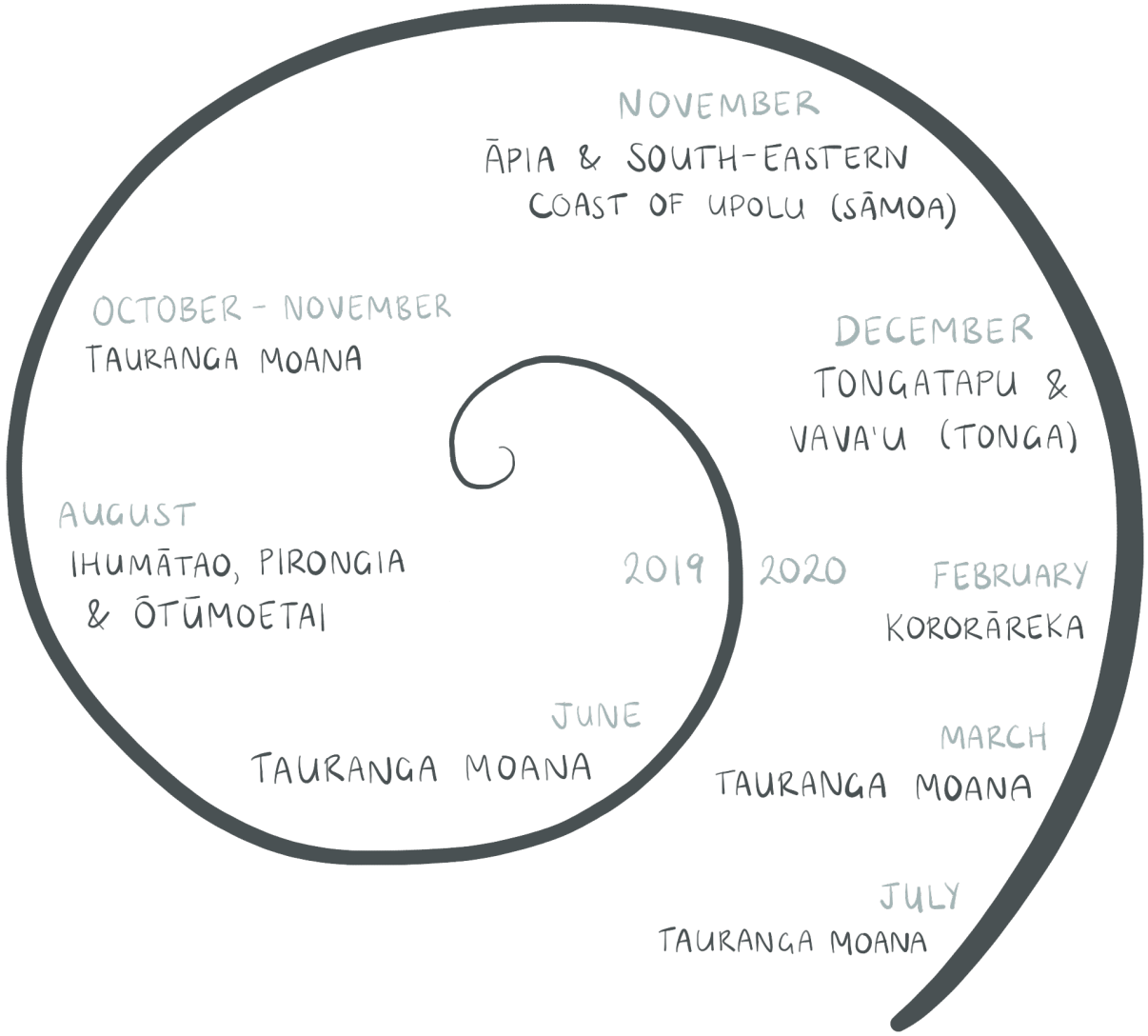

FIGURE 11: HAERENGA 1 & 2

Tauranga Moana. June 9–10, 2019.
Ihumātao, Pirongia & Ōtūmoetai. August 10, 2019.

Ōtūmoetai Pā from the shore. 35mm photograph (2019).

FIGURE 12: HAERENGA 3

Tauranga Moana. October 29 – November 8, 2019.

Mauao from Port Sulphur Point. 35mm photograph (2019).

FIGURE 13: HAERENGA 4

Āpia & south-eastern coast of Upolu (Sāmoa).
November 19–26, 2019.

Lotofaga. 35mm photograph (2019).

FIGURE 14: HAERENGA 5

Tongatapu & Vava'u (Tonga). December 11–18, 2019.

Port of Refuge, Neiafu. 35mm photograph (2019).

FIGURE 15: HAERENGA 6

Kororāreka. February 4–5, 2020.

Kororāreka. 35mm photograph (2020).

FIGURE 16: HAERENGA 7 & 8

Tauranga Moana. March 13–15, 2020.
Tauranga Moana. July 26–27, 2020.

Mauao from Hungahungatoroa marae. 35mm photograph (2020).

CHAPTER 3: THE CROSS-CURRENTS PART 1

EXPANDING THE EMPIRE

EXPANDING THE EMPIRE

The European colonial project spread throughout the world from the fifteenth century onwards, fragmenting thriving indigenous nations by tearing down existing forms of relation and erecting oppressive structures. Many colonial mechanisms have been used to sever the connection between people, land and kin, as discussed by Linda Tuhiwai Smith in *Decolonizing Methodologies: Research and Indigenous Peoples* (2012):

> After figures such as Columbus and Cook had long departed, there came a vast array of military personnel, imperial administrators, priests, explorers, missionaries, colonial officials, artists, entrepreneurs and settlers, who cut a devastating swathe, and left a permanent wound, on the societies and communities who occupied the lands named and claimed under imperialism.[84]

Exploring colonial strategies across multiple settler states can be useful in determining decolonial pathways, however a thorough analysis is beyond the scope of a creative practice-oriented project. Beginning in nineteenth century Oceania, this chapter will focus on prominent strands that surface throughout my moving-image works: disconnection, religion, imperialism, departures and arrivals. I investigate the context in which my ancestors' relationships occurred – the expansion of empire – and its aftermath: "for the reign of what has been dubbed 'the C-triumvirate of Colonialism, Christianity and Capitalism' has decimated many cultures, driven some underground, others into 'whispers' and yet others into extinction."[85] My project explores expressions of these overarching apparatuses within my family lines, grasping at the stories told in whispers and drawing them into Te Ao Mārama – the bright light of day.[86]

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[84] Smith, 22.

[85] Theophilus Okere, "Foreword," in *Whispers and Vanities: Samoan Indigenous Knowledge and Religion*, ed. Tamasailau M Suaalii-Sauni, Maualaivao Albert Wendt, Vitolia Mo'a, Naomi Fuamatu, Upolu Luma Va'ai, Reina Whaitiri, Stephen L Filipo (Wellington: Huia, 2014), xvi.

[86] Natalie Robertson, "Can I Take a Photo of the Marae? Dynamics of Photography in Te Ao Māori," in *Unfixed: Photography and Postcolonial Perspectives in Contemporary Art*, ed. Sara Blokland and Asmara Pelupessy (JAPSAM Books, 2012), 103.

3.1

DISCONNECTION

EARLY ENCOUNTERS IN AOTEAROA

DISPOSSESSION/DISCONNECTION

FRACTIONALISED IDENTITIES

FIGURE 18

Mauao from Ōtūmoetai Pā. 35mm photograph (2019).

EARLY ENCOUNTERS IN AOTEAROA

Early encounters between Māori and Pākehā set the tone of an ongoing settler-indigenous relationship. Collaborative researchers, Kuni Jenkins (Ngāti Porou) and Alison Jones (Pākehā), write about the 1814 arrival of a ship carrying settlers and Reverend Samuel Marsden. Pākehā historians designated the actions of Māori at the shore as a feigned fight to entertain the passengers, but Jenkins recognises the 'performance' as a pōwhiri:

> Suddenly, a bit of thrilling but trivial entertainment on the beach becomes a very significant mass ritual of encounter, by which the local people indicate their willingness to engage and negotiate with the new arrivals, as well as signal to them that they now have some obligatory connections to the tribes of the area.[87]

This encounter is emblematic: it holds the repercussions of mistranslation; interpretation of histories through a Pākehā lens; the Church Missionary Society's arrival; protocols for welcoming manuhiri that establish both mana whenua and manaakitanga.[88] These aspects of engagement contextualise the relationships of my ancestors, which I explore through creative practice.

In *Tūrangawaewae* (2019–2020), I connect the marriage between Ruawahine and John Lees Faulkner to pivotal historical events – the signing of *He Whakaputanga* (1835) and *Te Tiriti o Waitangi* (1840) **(FIG. 19)**. Ōtūmoetai was among the Ngāi Te Rangi lands confiscated by the Crown following their 1864 attack on Tauranga Moana. Most of the land was divided into blocks (fragmented), transferred into private ownership, and lost to the iwi. The Land Wars weave through my works: the confiscation of Ihumātao, King Tāwhiao laying down arms in Pirongia, the battles of Pukehinahina and Te Ranga and subsequent loss of Ngāi Te Rangi

FIGURE 19

Ruawahine and John's eldest child was baptised in Kororāreka in 1835, and they bought land near the deepwater anchorage of the Kawakawa rivermouth from the rangatira Kiwikiwi. He was a signatory of *He Whakaputanga*, signed at Waitangi that year, declaring the independence of the United Tribes of New Zealand. *Te Tiriti o Waitangi* was signed five years later, and in that year Ruawahine and John moved to Tauranga Moana. She was originally from Matapihi, but they made their home on her land near Ōtūmoetai Pā. The Ōtūmoetai rangatira did not sign Te Tiriti. Today, the pā is suburban, and a small reserve remains that runs from the road to the water, looking towards Mauao. Ōtūmoetai means 'place of the sleeping tides'.

Excerpt from *Tūrangawaewae* (2019-2020).

[87] Kuni Jenkins, Alison Jones, *Rethinking Collaboration: Working the Indigene-Colonizer Hyphen*, *Handbook of Critical and Indigenous Methodologies* (Thousand Oaks: SAGE Publications, Inc., 2014), 3.

[88] manuhiri: visitors | mana whenua: authority over land or territory | manaakitanga: hospitality

FIGURE 20

Remains of the homestead built on Ōtūmoetai Pā after its confiscation. 35mm photograph (2020).

lands. Learning of the Ngāi Te Rangi confiscation demonstrates my research methods in practice: I delved into the Tauranga Library **archives**; gained embodied knowledge on **haerenga** to the pā and burial places; video and audio **recorded** the pā as a base from which to narrate first-person **stories**; **layered** the moving-image with my **drawing** to show what is no longer there. Through my research I seek a deeper and more nuanced understanding of Māori-Pākehā relationships on multiple levels: between Ruawahine and John, tangata whenua and settlers, rangatira[89] and the Crown. On a governance level, this relationship was defined by *Te Tiriti o Waitangi* (1840). However, the Crown has never honoured *Te Tiriti* – observing the vastly different English version instead.[90]

DISPOSSESSION / DISCONNECTION

The Crown employed confiscation as a principal tactic to dispossess Māori of land, attempting to sever the connection between tangata and whenua. Hirini Moko Mead (Ngāti Awa, Ngāti Tūwharetoa, Tūhourangi), writer and scholar, explains the significance for Māori (echoed by other indigenous peoples) of removing people from their land:

> Together with other named features of the land – rivers, lakes, blocks of land, promontories, holes in the ground, fishing grounds, trees, burial places and islands – [mountains] form a cultural grid over the land which provides meaning, order and stability to human existence. Without the fixed grid of name features we would be total strangers on the land – lost souls with nowhere to attach ourselves.[91]

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[89] rangatira: chiefs, leaders

[90] Refer to The Independent Working Group on Constitutional Transformation Matike Mai Aotearoa, *He Whakaaro Here Whakaumu Mō Aotearoa* (2016), 50-57, accessed May 7, 2020, https://nwo.org.nz/wp-content/uploads/2018/06/MatikeMaiAotearoa25Jan16.pdf.

[91] Hirini Moko Mead, "Ngā Timunga Me Ngā Paringa o Te Mana Māori," in *Te Ao Mārama: Regaining Aotearoa: Māori Writers Speak Out*, ed. Witi Ihimaera (Auckland: Reed Books, 1993), 199-200.

FIGURE 21

Burial place of Augustino Silveira. Cemetery at Savalalo, Āpia. Detail of 35mm photograph (2019).

FIGURE 22

Possible burial place of 'Ilaisaane. Telekava, cemetery in Kolomotu'a. Detail of 35mm photograph (2019).

Through the colonisation of – and by – my ancestors, I have become one of these 'lost souls'. The British settled their own mapping system over Aotearoa: a system devoid of meaning and with markedly different, oppressive, forms of 'order'. Thankfully, Aotearoa is enduring, and many Māori have tended to the pathways on which I return home. Beyond Oceania, currents also lead me to Germany, Poland, Portugal, England, Scotland, and Ireland. My ancestors who left Europe for Te Moananui a Kiwa are buried in the homelands of their wives: Aotearoa, Sāmoa, and Tonga. Each of these islands experience colonialism or imperialism differently, therefore on each of my haerenga I sought reconnection differently.

One method remained the same on every haerenga: visiting burial places **(FIG. 21-30)**. The rationale wasn't clear, but intuition compelled me to find my ancestors' graves.[92] After reading the revelation Shawn Wilson's father, Stan, had while walking on the Saskatchewan prairie, I understood! Stan realised that their ancestors had lived, and likely died, in this place for centuries, and "their remains would have gone back into the land that became enriched by them." Our ancestors become part of an ecosystem, a community of both living and non-living elements: "Thus our ancestors ARE part of us in that way. We are all connected!"[93] Similarly, Paul Tapsell (Ngāti Whakaue, Ngāti Raukawa), academic, observes that "in time, our bones, like [our ancestors'] become the (is)landscape, reintegrating back into the womb of Earth Mother, Papatūānuku."[94] In *Port of Refuge* (2019–2020), I observe that "I'm not sure why I began this practice of searching for graves. Maybe it's because bones are the most enduring anchors I've got."[95] Burial places are, of course, one of the named features in Mead's cultural grid – places for us lost souls to attach ourselves, to begin our haerenga of reconnection.

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[92] That 'iwi' also means 'bones' should have been a clue.

[93] Wilson, *Research Is Ceremony: Indigenous Research Methods*, 96.

[94] Paul Tapsell, *The Art of Taonga* (Wellington: School of Art History, Classics and Religious Studies, Victoria University of Wellington, 2011), 21.

[95] Emily Parr, *Port of Refuge*, 2019-2020, unpublished.

NOTE

I observed tikanga when visiting burial grounds, and share these photographs after consideration and with care. It is my intention that they become part of the family archive.

FIGURE 23

Ruawahine & John Lees Faulkner, Tauranga Mission Cemetery, Otamataha Pā. 35mm photograph (2019).

FIGURE 24

View from Tauranga Mission Cemetery, towards the Tauranga Harbour. 35mm photograph (2020).

FIGURE 25

Isabella Faulkner & James Lovell Neighbour, Hillsborough Cemetery, Auckland. 35mm photograph (2019).

FIGURE 26

View from Hillsborough Cemetery, towards the Manukau Harbour. 35mm photograph (2019).

FIGURE 27

Louisa & Gustav Kronfeld and their ten children, Purewa Cemetery, Auckland. 35mm photograph (2020).

FIGURE 28

View from Purewa Cemetery, towards the Waitematā Harbour. 35mm photograph (2020).

FIGURE 29

Anna Bertha Wolfgramm, the European Cemetery, Neiafu. 35mm photograph (2019).

FIGURE 30

View from the European Cemetery, towards the Port of Refuge. 35mm photograph (2019).

FRACTIONALISED IDENTITIES

The marriages between my Māori and Pākehā, Sāmoan and Portuguese, Tongan and German ancestors were among the earliest settler-indigenous relationships of their respective islands. The children of these marriages were classified as 'half-castes'. Blood quantum is another colonial mechanism that fragments; a system designed to eventually erase indigenous peoples through fractionalising bloodlines and circumscribing a threshold for indigeneity.[96] Maualaivao Albert Wendt emphasises that Sāmoans have intermarried with other ethnic groups throughout history, and that "measuring one's authenticity by blood quantum came with the colonisers and their ideas about race."[97] Interestingly, if I mentioned my ancestry during my haerenga to Sāmoa in November 2019, people asked if I were afakasi. When I answered 'no', I was returned to being papālagi[98] – there seemed to be no other option.

I cannot know how the Faulkner, Silveira, or Wolfgramm children understood their identities, but through researching in the archive I can gain a clearer picture of how they were perceived by others. In *Port of Refuge* and *Tūrangawaewae* (2019–2020), I utilise historical accounts in my voiceovers. The journal of Emma Schober, a German woman living in Tonga, demonstrates early twentieth century views on miscegenation **(FIG. 31)**.[99] This sentiment of racial superiority was not limited to Schober's journal, pervading some of the relationships between Tongan women and their German husbands. The only account of my ancestors' marriage comes from

FIGURE 31

The children of these mixed marriages have to be objects of pity, because they are accepted nowhere, even when fine-looking and clever. The parents, particularly when German or other European, are usually kind and well-meaning, often sending them to Australia or New Zealand to secondary schools, where they study for many years. And the result? After years overseas the grown children return to their beloved South Seas homes, and it seems that their time away has raised them to different standards and Europeanised them. Yet the mother blood must be strong in them, because they slowly revert to the Tongan standards they left behind.

Excerpt from *Port of Refuge* (2019-2020).

[96] Refer to Evan S. Poata-Smith, "Emergent Identities: The Changing Contours of Indigenous Identities in Aotearoa/New Zealand," in *The Politics of Identity: Emerging Indigeneity*, ed. M. Nakata, M. Harris, B. Carlson (Sydney: University of Technology Sydney E-Press, 2013), 40-41.

[97] Albert Wendt, *Out of the Vaipe, the Deadwater: A Writer's Early Life*, ed. Geoff Walker (Wellington: Bridget Williams Books Limited, 2015), 46.

[98] afakasi: half-caste | papālagi: European

[99] Kasia Cook, "German-Tongan Diaspora: The Movement of German-Tongans to Europe from 1920," *New Zealand Journal of Research on Europe* 9 (2015): 117, https://cdn.auckland.ac.nz/assets/europe/EI%20Journals/ONLINE_COOK_German%20Tongan%20Diaspora.pdf.

FIGURE 32

'Okorore', Faulkner house and trading post. Formerly at Ōtūmoetai, now in the Tauranga Historic Village. 35mm photographs (2019).

a personal history, in which it is said Lui Wolfgramm "ran away to Vaimalo to get away from his wife ['Ilaisaane]."[100] Their children in Vava'u were seen as neither German nor Tongan,[101] but instead combined their inherited cultural customs and ethos, forming a new German-Tongan identity that was carried into the diaspora.

In Tauranga Moana, the Faulkner children were caught between two worlds: their mother's hapū wanted to enfold the children; their father was determined to raise them as Pākehā. A missionary's 1849 diary entry states that John was "perpetually calling out – now children let me hear no Māori – for like all half-caste children they [spoke] half a dozen words of Māori to one of English."[102] Ruawahine died in 1855, five years after her youngest daughter, Isabella (my ancestor), was born, and nine years before the Battle of Pukehinahina. The tug of war over the children intensified as tensions rose between the Kīngitanga and the Crown. John took the children away from Tauranga Moana as a safety measure, but it seems to have also been tactical. According to a Resident Magistrate, the hapū "did intend to take his half-caste children away from him – this is well known, no secret is made of it by Rēweti's people."[103] Te Rēweti, a Ngāi Te Rangi rangatira aligned with the Kīngitanga, was killed at Pukehinahina. This story illustrates two worldviews in contradiction with one another. Jenkins, as quoted by scholar, Ani Mikaere (Ngāti Raukawa, Ngāti Porou), asserts that "grandmothers, aunts and other females and male elders were responsible for rearing the children of the kāinga.[104] The

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[100] Ludwig Wolfgramm, *A History of Ludwig Christian Herman Wolfgramm* (Mataika, Vava'u, Tonga: 1937), 3.

[101] Kasia Cook, "Sauerkraut and Salt Water: The German-Tongan Diaspora since 1932" (University of Auckland, 2017), 45, https://researchspace.auckland.ac.nz/handle/2292/32580.

[102] Excerpts from the diary of William Nihill, 1849. In a chronicle of John Lees Faulkner compiled by Lloyd Bush (1997), in the Tauranga City Library.

[103] Written by Mr. H. T. Clarke, Resident Magistrate of Tauranga, in a letter to the Civil Commissioner, on August 15, 1863. Ibid.

[104] kāinga: village, dwelling

natural parents were not the sole care-givers."[105] For Ngāi Tukairangi, the children were not to be rejected as 'half-castes', but embraced as birthright members of the hapū. However, John was determinedly loyal to his British heritage and opposed his children being raised as Māori.

At the core of my research project is a desire to know my ancestors, particularly in relation to the assimilation of my lines of descent. My relatives have considered themselves less and less Māori with each generation, until we became almost entirely disconnected from our whakapapa. As someone who does not experience racism, I place no judgement on them. Irihapeti Ramsden (Kāi Tahu, Rangitāne), nurse and writer, offers that "all Māori have ancestors, all have been subjected to the experience of colonisation, and each has reacted in their own way to the impact of the new culture."[106] In activating the archive and understanding my ancestors' historical contexts, I can discern where the process of assimilation into settler-colonial frameworks began: with the fragmenting of their cultural identities through the colonial logics of blood quantum.

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[105] Kuni Jenkins, "Domestic Violence: Legal Representation of Māori Women," (unpublished paper, 1994): 12, quoted in Annie Mikaere, "Māori Women: Caught in the Contradictions of a Colonised Reality," *Waikato Law Review* 2 (1994): 127, HeinOnline.

[106] Irihapeti Ramsden, "Borders and Frontiers," in *Te Ao Mārama: Regaining Aotearoa: Māori Writers Speak Out*, ed. Witi Ihimaera (Auckland: Reed Books, 1993), 349.

3.2

RELIGION

ARRIVALS OF MISSIONARIES & MY SETTLER ANCESTORS IN OCEANIA

DA SILVAS / KRONFELDS

WOLFGRAMMS

FAULKNERS

FIGURE 33

The school at Savalalo, Āpia. 35mm photograph (2019).

ARRIVALS OF MISSIONARIES & MY SETTLER ANCESTORS IN OCEANIA

In both Māori and Sāmoan cosmogonic creation stories, time can be divided in two: before the separation of Ranginui and Papatūānuku, of Lagi and Papa, and after.[107] This separation marked the transition from te pō (the dark) to te ao mārama (the light), or in Sāmoan cosmology, the birth of ao *and* po, "of complementary contrasts, all of which gave richness, colour, and also unity to life."[108] Epeli Hau'ofa, Tongan/Fijian writer and anthropologist, observes that for many Pacific peoples, the eras of darkness and light are now divided by Christianity:

> In Oceania, derogatory and belittling views of indigenous cultures are traceable to the early years of interactions with Europeans. The wholesale condemnation by Christian missionaries of Oceanic cultures as savage, lascivious, and barbaric has had a lasting and negative effect on people's views of their histories and traditions.[109]

From the onset of fifteenth century colonisation, missionaries flocked to imperial territories across the globe to convert 'uncivilised' indigenous peoples to Christianity. The Church[110] attempted to disintegrate ancient religions and worldviews in order to accelerate the colonial project. Christianity took hold in Aotearoa, Sāmoa, and Tonga in vastly different ways and magnitudes – this section is not a comparative analysis, nor a criticism of those who find religion to enrich their lives.[111] Religion is one pillar at the centre of my ancestral stories,

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[107] Ranginui, Lagi: sky father | Papatūānuku, Papa: earth mother

[108] Upolu Luma Va'ai, "The Prayer of a Fa'atosaga: Fa'aaloalo in Sāmoan Indigenous Religious Culture," in *Whispers and Vanities: Samoan Indigenous Knowledge and Religion*, ed. Tamasailau M Suaalii-Sauni, Maualaivao Albert Wendt, Vitolia Mo'a, Naomi Fuamatu, Upolu Luma Va'ai, Reina Whaitiri, Stephen L Filipo (Wellington: Huia, 2014), 107.

[109] Hau'ofa, in *A New Oceania: Rediscovering Our Sea of Islands*, 149.

[110] I use 'the Church' to refer to all branches of the Christian Church, focussing on institutional power rather than faith.

[111] I grew up Anglican, but as an adult realised I knew very little of the faith I had inherited rather than chosen (I mostly enjoyed singing hymns in beautiful chapels).

which I place in the context of Christianity in Oceania in order to tease out many entangled faiths. I am able to operate simultaneously across different time periods through my research methods, and my editing process allows me to build an intricate picture of how religion is woven into my family. Christianity has a complex, often tumultuous, legacy in colonised lands. Returning to when it took hold is key to discerning my ancestors' relationships with each other and their respective homes, both native and settled.

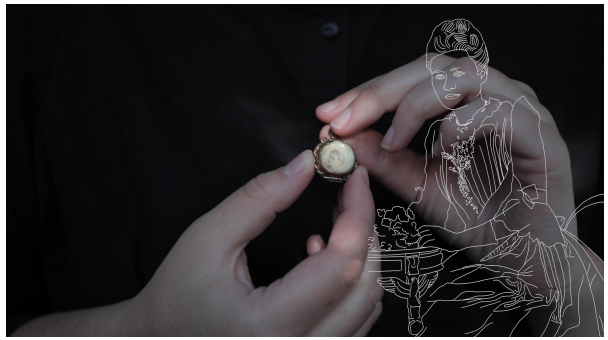

FIGURE 35

Oli Ula (2019-2020), HD video (still). Drawing of Louisa Kronfeld, video of a locket holding her photograph.

FIGURE 34

They met in Āpia and fell in love, but the nuns wouldn't marry Louisa to a Jew. She looked into converting to Judaism, but it seems she wasn't exactly welcomed. So, Gustav and Louisa eloped to Tonga, and were married by a Wesleyan Minister. Seven years later, in 1890, they moved to Auckland where they raised ten Anglican children.

Excerpt from *Oli Ula* (2019-2020).

DA SILVAS / KRONFELDS

In *Digging at the Roots* (2019–2020), I share the story of my Portuguese ancestor, Augustino Silveira, a Catholic Priest turned whaler.[112] Augustino's Will – found in a box serving as my family **archive** – bequeaths his land in Āpia, Savalalo, to the Sisters of Mercy and his eldest daughter. His youngest, Louisa, was placed in the Savalalo convent school at age two, after the death of her mother, Malaisala of the Fiamē family. Louisa was orphaned by nine. My **haerenga** to Sāmoa in November 2019 allowed her story to unfurl through my moving-image work. I visited the school and was invited in by a Sister for a conversation I will forever treasure. She allowed me to **video and audio record** outside,[113] including the old stone building that once housed the convent. Bizarrely, I was able to spend time inside – it is leased to a restaurant. I ate lunch in the building my great-great-grandmother was raised in 150 years ago! Before leaving Āpia, I wandered to the **cemetery** across the fence and (unsuccessfully) attempted to find Augustino's headstone. After returning home from my haerenga, I wrote these **stories** and **layered** them with my recordings to form a moving-image work. Louisa's story precedes in *Oli Ula* (2019–2020), when she meets Gustav Kronfeld **(FIG. 34)**. While my voiceover narrates their story, I show the camera (and audience) a locket holding their photographs **(FIG. 35)**. The video is layered with drawings I traced from archival images of Gustav, Louisa, and their house, 'Oli Ula'. Drawing is a method through which I can better know my ancestors, spend time with them, and wrap them into my present. By storying, filming, and drawing the past (or passed-on), I am able to follow the winding of multiple religions through six generations of my family.

[112] Augustino was likely struck from the priesthood in Portugal for fathering an 'illegitimate' child.

[113] The newer building houses a present day school, which was closed due to the measles outbreak.

FIGURES 36-39

Cloisters of the current school at Savalalo, the building that formerly housed the convent, and inside the restaurant. Āpia. 35mm photographs (2019).

FIGURE 40

St. Joseph's Cathedral, Neiafu. 35mm photograph (2019).

FIGURE 41

In 1839 imperialist powers were circling the Pacific like hawks. Rather than risk being colonised, King Tupou the First knelt down, gathered a handful of soil, and threw it to the sky. Thus he gave Tonga and all its forms of life to God, declaring "we are all under the protection of his hands." The emancipation of the people from bondage to chiefs followed the declaration.

Excerpt from *Port of Refuge* (2019-2020).

WOLFGRAMMS

The year after Gustav and Louisa wed in Vava'u, Tonga, another great-great-grandmother was born there: Anna, who I introduce in *Port of Refuge* (2019–2020). Her mother was 'Ilaisaane of the 'Uhi family. Her father, Gustav 'Lui' Wolfgramm was among the wave of twenty-five immigrants – mostly brothers and cousins, farmers by trade – who followed their uncle from Pyritz, Prussia, to Vava'u. The Pomeranians were Lutheran, but without a presence in Tonga they joined either the Catholic or Mormon Church. Lui was a missionary at some point.[114] During my December 2019 haerenga to Vava'u, I spent Sunday walking around Neiafu and came across Pouono, the site of Tuku Fonua **(FIG. 41)**. In Tonga, Christianity was a form of liberation from colonisation. Tuku Fonua and God are central to the identity of many Tongans.[115] As I wandered through town that morning, I could not bring myself to enter a church. I felt I had no place there. Instead, I listened to hymns from the steps. The distance between my ancestors and I felt immense, the space between us too fragmented. Later that afternoon, I fulfilled my long search for Anna's grave and the distance was momentarily closed. Her headstone revealed she died a fortnight before her twenty-ninth birthday. The untimely deaths of Anna, Malaisala, and Ruawahine meant their daughters, Clara, Louisa, and Isabella, were raised from early childhood by their settler fathers or respective churches. Jione Havea, Tongan researcher and Methodist pastor, determines that "if beauty is in the eyes of the beholder, so too is savagery. Europeans failed to see the intimate connection between our customs and bodies, and the ceremonial and pleasurable in our cultures and religions."[116]

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[114] Wolfgramm, 3.

[115] *Tuku Fonua,* directed by Gary B. Smith (2011), accessed January 9, 2020, https://www.thecoconet.tv/know-your-roots/pacific-history-legends/tuku-fonua/.

[116] Jione Havea, "Crossing Cultures in Oceania," in *Whispers and Vanities: Samoan Indigenous Knowledge and Religion*, ed. Tamasailau M Suaalii-Sauni, Maualaivao Albert Wendt, Vitolia Mo'a, Naomi Fuamatu, Upolu Luma Va'ai, Reina Whaitiri, Stephen L Filipo (Wellington: Huia, 2014), 97.

I tread carefully through a Christian Tonga and Sāmoa, so that I might know my grandmothers better and glimpse the ceremonial past of my ancestors.

FAULKNERS

I introduce Te Papa Mission Station, located in Tauranga, in *Sleeping Tides* (2019–2020). Otamataha pā was acquired for an Anglican Mission Station by the Christian Mission Society in 1838. The land was intended to benefit both Māori and the CMS, and returned when no longer needed. However, following the Battle of Pukehinahina, almost all of it was transferred from the CMS to the Crown.[117] The area has changed significantly, with roads and a motorway splitting the urupā[118] where John and Ruawahine are buried from the Mission Station, known today as 'The Elms'. In *Sleeping Tides*, I connect The Elms to Ihumātao, elucidating how the invasions of Tauranga Moana and Waikato were intertwined. While writing the work's voiceover, I read that blankets were traded (along with other items) for Otamataha pā.[119] I tied this history to the wool blanket I was sewing at Ihumātao. At the time, I was unaware of the significance of the Mission Station to both my family histories and the Land Wars.

On my October 2019 haerenga to Tauranga Moana, I took a guided tour through the house, library, church, and gardens of The Elms, and filmed for *Tūrangawaewae* (2019–2020) **(FIG. 42)**. In part, I was grasping for a sense of Isabella, my great-great-great-grandmother. She likely spent much of her childhood at the Mission Station given her father, John, was a frequenter and her mother, Ruawahine, died when she was four years old. Isabella married an Englishman and moved away from Tauranga Moana.[120] My visit to The Elms held an

FIGURE 42

The Reverend refused to baptise Ruawahine and John's children unless they were married, so they were wed in the winter of 1842 in a little chapel on the Mission Station. The paths are made of shell, and I'm told by my tour guide that all of Tauranga's roads once were. There are towering trees in the gardens, and it's strange to think they've been watching all that's happened from above. It's uncanny to walk the same paths, stand in the same rooms, sit under the same trees my ancestors did six generations ago. I keep waiting for them to appear.

Excerpt from *Tūrangawaewae* (2019-2020).

[117] Reverend Nesbitt was reluctant to sign the land over, but was ultimately forced to.

[118] urupā: burial ground

[119] Matt Shand, "Racist Undertones in Submissions on Prospect of Land Being Gifted Back to Tauranga Iwi," (August 7, 2019), accessed August 9, 2019, https://www.stuff.co.nz/bay-of-plenty/111255494/racist-undertones-in-submissions-on-prospect-of-land-being-gifted-back-to-tauranga-iwi.

[120] My line of descent from Isabella and James Lovell Neighbour has been in Auckland ever since.

FIGURE 43

The Elms, Te Papa Mission Station. 35mm photograph (2019).

underlying question: to what extent did John and the Mission Station influence Isabella's distance from her whānau, hapū, and ancestral home? It is unlikely I will ever know whether Isabella had agency in her marriage and relocation. Mead notes that "some European observers forecast the eventual destruction of Māori culture, implying that in the end the Māori would be completely assimilated into the dominant society of the Pākehā."[121] While this forecast ultimately proved incorrect, many whakapapa links have been lost to the tidal wave that is colonialism. Through my research I have gained a clearer understanding of the trajectory of my family's assimilation, and Te Papa Mission Station occupies a pā-sized space in it. Thankfully, Hinemoana[122] placed my whakapapa on the shore, where I could reclaim and nurture it.

[121] Mead, in *Te Ao Mārama: Regaining Aotearoa: Māori Writers Speak Out*, 209.

[122] Hinemoana: female atua of the sea | atua: god, deity

3.3

IMPERIALISM

TRADERS IN OCEANIA

THE PUBLIC WORKS ACT

COLONIAL CAPITALISM &
CLIMATE CHANGE

FIGURE 44

Port of Tauranga, from Mauao. 35mm photograph (2019).

TRADERS IN OCEANIA

Expansion of empire was the primary driver of colonisation, as established by Linda Tuhiwai Smith: "Imperialism was the system of control which secured the markets and capital investments. Colonialism facilitated this expansion by ensuring that there was European control, which necessarily meant securing and subjugating the indigenous populations."[123] Forms of subjugation differed, as "by the time contact was made in the South Pacific, Europeans … had learned from their previous encounters with indigenous peoples." The refining of colonial practices led to nuances "even within the story of one indigenous society."[124] In this section, I locate my settler ancestors in the context of expanding empires, discuss the transformation of my ancestral land through imperialism, and reflect on colonial capitalism in the present day. Evan Te Ahu Poata-Smith, Māori researcher, observes that in some regions, there were "mutually (although not equally) beneficial structures or accommodation and exchange which predominated for at least certain periods of time."[125] It is during these time periods that my first settler ancestors arrived in Oceania — not as missionaries, but as traders. They gained land and mana through marriages to women of chiefly or noble families, who deemed their unions beneficial.

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[123] Smith, 22.

[124] Ibid., 23.

[125] E.S. Te Ahu Poata-Smith, "The Political Economy of Māori Protest Politics 1968-1995: A Marxist Analysis of the Roots of Māori Oppression and the Politics of Resistance" (University of Otago, 2001), 54.

FIGURE 45

The port from Mt. Vaea, Āpia. 35mm photograph (2019).

Faulkner arrived in Aotearoa in 1832, eight years prior to *Te Tiriti o Waitangi*, establishing a trading and shipbuilding business. Kronfeld and Wolfgramm immigrated to the South Pacific around 1880, two decades before Sāmoa became a German colony and Tonga a British protectorate. Kronfeld was stationed in Āpia by a German trading firm,[126] and Wolfgramm was among the Vava'u Germans who "held the lion's share of the trade business in the northern Tongan Islands until 1914."[127] L. T. Smith suggests that "the imperial imagination enabled European nations to imagine the possibility that new worlds, new wealth, and new possessions existed that could be discovered and controlled."[128] Perhaps this imagination propelled my settler ancestors to leave their home countries for Oceania, where resources were abundant and trade networks had existed long before the onset of colonial capitalism.[129] My settler ancestors were able to tap into these networks through their relationships with my indigenous ancestors. The Kronfelds and Wolfgramms I descend from

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[126] The German trading firm, J.C. Godeffroy & Sohn (later D.H. & P.G.), had a strong foothold in Sāmoa during the second half of the nineteenth century. In the latter stages of my research I discovered the firm exploited local conflicts to gain land in Sāmoa, and food shortages on nearby islands to recruit plantation labourers. I am now confronted with the knowledge that an ancestor I have formed a relationship with either participated in or was aware of his firm's blackbirding. Gustav Kronfeld saw an advertisement for a clerical position with the firm. Having obtained the role, twenty year-old Gustav arrived in Āpia in 1876. I have gained an impression of Gustav as a charismatic, robust, avid collector of measina and taonga. His place in the South Pacific has always held contradictions: as a Jewish man who sought British Naturalisation as soon as he could, he was an outlier amongst the Germans who remained loyal to their home country. The Germans' racial superiority has always been an undercurrent in my research, particularly during their internment on Te Motu a Ihenga by the New Zealand Government during the First World War. That Gustav faced antisemitism from his fellow internees and was embedded in Oceanic cultures through his family and collecting does not negate the possibility of his involvement in blackbirding. Rather, it complicates my understanding of historical injustice, in which one can be both oppressed and an oppressor. The extent of Gustav's involvement (or views) may never be known, but I will continue searching for evidence in the archives. I do not symbolically relegate the history of blackbirding to the footnotes – it is a colossal subject that I cannot give due diligence at this point in the research. I include this footnote to acknowledge, rather than obscure, the traumatic legacy of blackbirding for the many Oceanic peoples whose ancestors were stolen or coerced from their homelands.

[127] Reinhard Wendt, "The Vava'u Germans: History and Identity Construction of a Transcultural Community with Tongan and Pomeranian Roots," in *Explorations and Entanglements: Germans in Pacific Worlds from the Early Modern Period to World War I*, ed. Hartmut Berghoff, Frank Biess, Ulrike Strasser (Washington DC: German Historical Institute, 2019), 297.

[128] Smith, 23.

[129] Hau'ofa, in *A New Oceania: Rediscovering Our Sea of Islands*, 155.

relocated to Tāmaki Makaurau long before the rise in migration from the Pacific Islands that followed World War Two. Hau'ofa describes such movement as an ancestral practice of ocean peoples, "enlarging their world as they go, on a scale not possible before … [Circulating] their stories all across their ocean, and the ocean is theirs because it has always been their home."[130] Through moving-image practice I can relate the complex and nuanced stories of my ancestors in the diaspora, with Te Moananui a Kiwa as their ever-present heart.

THE PUBLIC WORKS ACT

The Crown's justification for invading Tauranga Moana – quelling "rebellion" – barely disguised their desire for productive land and a property-less labour pool. The dispossession of Māori from whenua continued through the 1928 Public Works Act,[131] which Ngāi Te Rangi consider to have had "the same result as confiscation."[132] The impact of confiscation and the Public Works Act on present-day settler-indigenous relationships cannot be understated – as evidenced by the furore surrounding the return of a section adjacent to the Elms from the Council to Otamataha Trust.[133] After learning about the dispossession of land from Ngāi Te Rangi in the library archives, I utilised my writing practice (which becomes voiceover) to tease out the tensions around how I relate to present-day Tauranga **(FIG. 46)**. Land compulsorily acquired through the Act was used for infrastructure such as the airport, motorway, power lines, and the largest port in New Zealand. In the Ngāi Te Rangi and Ngā Pōtiki Claims Settlement Bill, the Crown acknowledges that their "actions and omissions have meant that today Ngāi Te Rangi are virtually landless, retaining only approximately two percent of their

FIGURE 46

For some, it is easier to imagine the end of the world than the end of colonial capitalism. For me, it is difficult to imagine a pre-industrial Tauranga. The land is flat and the sightline obstructed by silos and salt mountains, log stacks and bitumen plants, a shipping container city. I can more readily imagine it all decaying as the world crumbles around us, salt being reclaimed by mega waves, containers toppling like lego blocks in the wind.

Excerpt from *Tūrangawaewae* (2019-2020).

[130] Ibid.

[131] Aotearoa was colonised not only through confiscation, but also legislation. Refer to Network Waitangi, "Historical Events and Laws Which Breach Te Tiriti o Waitangi," in *Treaty of Waitangi: Questions and Answers* (Christchurch: Network Waitangi, 2018), 56-63.

[132] *Ngāi Te Rangi and Ngā Pōtiki Claims Settlement Bill* (2016), 9.

[133] Shand.

rohe,[134] and that their cultural landscapes and seascapes have been compromised and diminished."[135] While I am under no illusions about how land was acquired anywhere in New Zealand, driving through Tauranga with the understanding that the city's infrastructure was developed on my ancestral land was a profoundly different, mournful experience. I hope that in being vulnerable through my moving-image works, I might encourage others – particularly Pākehā – to adopt a similar vulnerability in reflecting on what it means to be bound by settler-indigenous relationships (including a Treaty relationship).

COLONIAL CAPITALISM & CLIMATE CHANGE

Imperialism and capitalism have led to the extraction and consumption of natural resources as though they are infinite, propelling us into an era of climate crisis. Mead observes that "although economic factors have helped to scatter the Māori people from their homelands, a majority of them see themselves as belonging to a tribe whose tūrangawaewae (place for the feet to stand) and whose ahi kā (burning fire) are located at specific regions."[136] The obligations of ahi kā and kaitiakitanga[137] are interwoven, and shared by many other indigenous peoples.[138] The return of stolen indigenous lands and recognition of sovereignty is no longer a matter of political will, but also necessary if humankind is to survive. Indigenous worldviews hold knowledge of how to be in harmonious relationship with the natural world, and the understanding that humans are *one part* of an ecosystem. As asserted by Hau'ofa, "there are no people on earth more suited to be guardians of the world's largest ocean than those for whom it has been home for generations."[139]

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[134] rohe: territory, region

[135] *Ngāi Te Rangi and Ngā Pōtiki Claims Settlement Bill* (2016), 9.

[136] Mead, in *Te Ao Mārama: Regaining Aotearoa: Māori Writers Speak Out*, 209.

[137] kaitiakitanga: guardianship

[138] Refer to Wilson, 32.

[139] Hau'ofa, in *A New Oceania: Rediscovering Our Sea of Islands*, 158-59.

FIGURE 47

'Yellow day', downtown Auckland. 35mm photograph (2020).

I was moved to make *Tending to the Roots* (2020) after bushfires engulfed Australia, in part due to the dismissal of Aboriginal fire management practices by the settler-colonial government. The work is split into four segments: Tāmaki Makaurau, Tauranga, Tonga, and Sāmoa. I began with writing in response to the 'yellow day', when smoke from the fires was carried to Aotearoa by the winds **(FIG. 47)**. The other three segments are excerpts relating to colonial capitalism and climate change pulled from the voiceovers of *Tūrangawaewae, Port of Refuge, and Digging at the Roots* (2019–2020). The final line of each segment is repeated as the first line of the next, acting as portals between the four places. In the video, also divided into four, I plant ferns that grow in the lands I descend from into a copper tub from the laundry of my mother's childhood home. Whether the ferns will survive alongside each other is an underlying tension. Making *Tending to the Roots* was cathartic, impulsive, and nurturing. The work considers reclaiming and tending to my ancestral roots as tied to throwing off the yoke of colonial capitalism. Intrinsic to healing both my relationship to whakapapa and the natural world is understanding our interconnectedness – our web of relationships.

3.4

DEPARTURES & ARRIVALS

FAKE LINES ON MAPS

IDENTITY AS BORDER CROSSINGS

FIGURE 48

Flying from Tongatapu to Vava'u. 35mm photograph (2019).

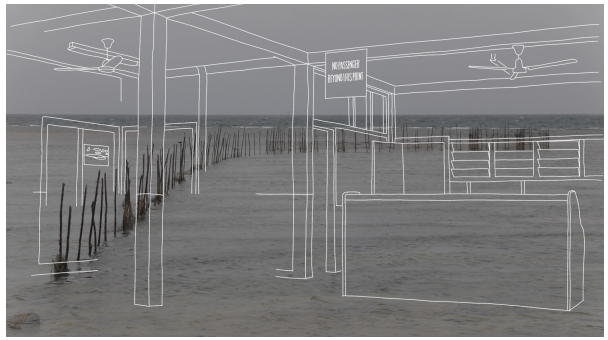

FIGURE 49

Port of Refuge (2019-2020), HD video (still). Drawing of Tongatapu's domestic airport terminal, video of the sea from Kolomotu'a.

FIGURE 50

Perhaps it is fitting I was held in this in between space of departures and arrivals, a not-quite-somewhere place. Perhaps this part of my history is too far out of reach now.

Excerpt from *Port of Refuge* (2019-2020).

FAKE LINES ON MAPS

Borders are an enduring form of fragmentation, across which commodities flow more freely than people. They guard imperial interests of settler states, where they have been framed as protective,[140] rational, as though the earth was born with them. But colonisers ruled straight lines across maps — flat representations of land and sea that are, without exception, undulating. Europeans have exploited Te Moananui a Kiwa, shifting the ocean from waters connecting us all to a barrier keeping us apart: "[they] drew imaginary lines across the sea, making the colonial boundaries that confined ocean peoples to tiny spaces for the first time … No longer could they travel freely to do what they had done for centuries."[141] My New Zealand passport and light skin give me the privilege of crossing international borders with ease, as I did during my 2019 haerenga. Points of departure and arrival run as a thread through my moving-image works. In *Port of Refuge* (2019–2020), I reflect on a different (metaphorical) kind of border from Tongatapu's domestic terminal, where I waited two days for a plane to Vava'u **(FIG. 49–50)**. Irihapeti Ramsden describes identity as "a constant series of borders, of crossings and recrossings. The distances, the no-oneslands, the number of borders which one is able to negotiate dictate the way we cope with our frontier life."[142] Initially, my experience in the terminal was upsetting and emphasised how very not-Tongan I am. However, the silver linings shone: I was given time to observe how people related to each other, the unspoken social and cultural etiquette. We settled into a warm camaraderie, and slowly I shifted from the no-oneslands to the Pālangi-reconnecting-with-ancestral-homeland.

[140] At the time of writing, New Zealand's borders are closed as a necessary (but not celebrated) protective measure against Covid-19. Further, some iwi have closed the borders of their rohe. Borders established by indigenous groups are not to be equated with those of settler states. There is a long history of Europeans introducing viruses to indigenous peoples with devastating consequences, and I support their rights to exercise sovereignty.

[141] Ibid., 153-55.

[142] Ramsden, in *Te Ao Mārama: Regaining Aotearoa: Māori Writers Speak Out*, 345.

FIGURE 51

Airport departure lounge, Vava'u. 35mm photograph (2019).

Both Ramsden and L. T. Smith assert that "some Māori people are able to 'choose' the margins by embracing their Māori identities."[143] Identifying as Māori is a choice for me (a privilege and responsibility that I do not take lightly). While the border crossings are still uneasy, I prefer this discomfort to that of "dwelling in the worlds of neither one nor the other. Neither fully comfortable in the tight world of the Pākehā nor in te ao Māori."[144] Further, I am learning to embody all of my whakapapa – Māori, English, Scottish, Sāmoan, Jewish, Portuguese, Tongan, German, Irish. Borders, both the metaphorical and the enforced, prevent movement and cultural exchange that has occurred for centuries. It was in my ancestors' blood to be mobile,[145] and they gifted me many stories through which I can find my way into their worlds. Referencing Maree Mills' video work *Pourewa* (2006), Natalie Robertson argues that indigenous peoples "are always on the move, engaging consciously and deliberately in creating new powerful stories of resilience. In being the living seeing eyes of our ancestors, we create new posts for the house, pou rewa, liquid posts, shimmering with these stories."[146] I will continue to be mobile, to choose the margins – where "meaningful, rich, diverse, interesting lives are lived"[147] – honouring the lives, stories and ancient practices of my ancestors.

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[143] Smith, 213.

[144] Ramsden, in *Te Ao Mārama: Regaining Aotearoa: Māori Writers Speak Out*, 345.

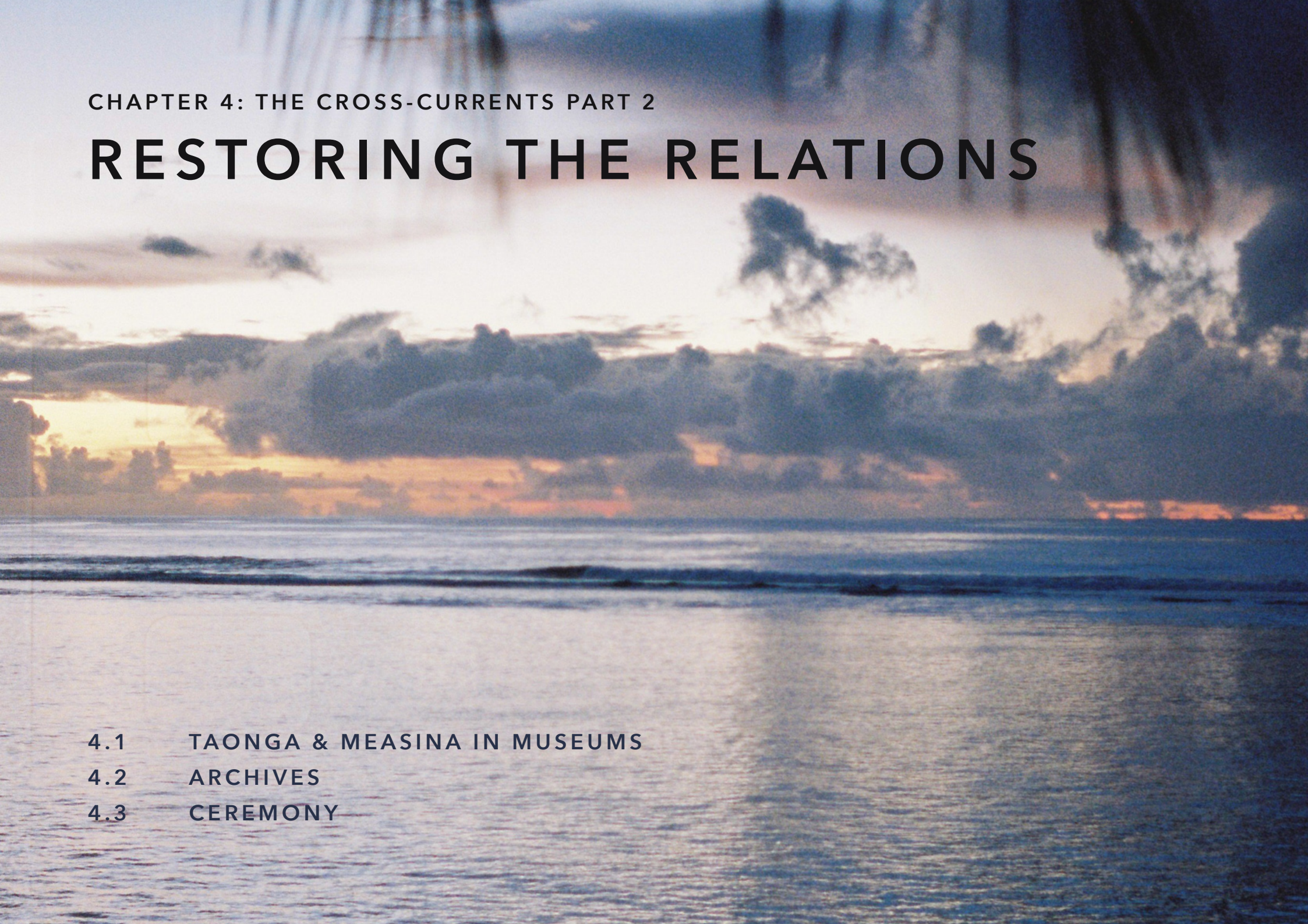
[145] Hau'ofa, in *A New Oceania: Rediscovering Our Sea of Islands*, 156.

[146] Robertson, "Nga Whatu-Ora: We the Living Are the Seeing Eyes of Our Sleeping Ancestors," 144.

[147] Smith, 205.

In this chapter, I have placed my ancestral stories in the context of nineteenth century empire expansion, demonstrating apparatuses used to fragment Oceanic indigenous societies. Paradoxically, I have also explored how burgeoning settler-indigenous relationships set in motion the marriages from which I descend. For, "our work as today's version of Māori [and ocean peoples] is the same as that of our tīpuna: to continue our story, to strengthen it according to our times and to add the next chapter."[148] Moving-image practice is my way of adding to the next chapter: I continue my tīpuna stories through intertwining them with my own.

[148] Ramsden, in *Te Ao Mārama: Regaining Aotearoa: Māori Writers Speak Out*, 351.



CHAPTER 4: THE CROSS-CURRENTS PART 2

RESTORING THE RELATIONS

RESTORING THE RELATIONS

Museums and archives are woven into my family stories; my family stories are woven into archives and museums.[149] There is a bittersweet irony in finding my history in them: I am grateful for access to their taonga,[150] but uneasy about the dubious practices that brought them there. Determining a way forward is for the many dedicated curators and caretakers, indigenous communities, and scholars in the vast field of museums.[151] In the first two sections of this chapter, I discuss these tensions as they relate to my research project. Many artists have responded to museums and archives throughout their careers, notably: Rosanna Raymond, of the Pacific Sisters and SaVAge K'lub, who in collaboration with Amiria Salmond, Pākehā anthropologist curator, generated the far-reaching project *Pasifika Styles* (2006-2007), in which New Zealand artists installed work among the Oceanic collections of Cambridge's Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology; Lisa Reihana, who created the phenomenal *Mai i te aroha, ko te aroha* (2008) for Te Ara ā Hine, the walkway leading to the marae Rongomaraeroa in Te Papa Tongarewa (Museum of New Zealand); Michel Tuffery (Sāmoa, Rarotonga, Mā'ohi) projected *First Contact* (2012) onto Te Papa's exterior; Ana Iti (Te Rarawa) responds to museum dioramas in *Treasures Left By Our Ancestors* (2017); Yuki Kihara (Sāmoa, Japan) pulls from Sāmoan colonial photographic archives in *Coconuts That Grew From Concrete* (2017); and Nikau Hindin (Te Rarawa, Ngāpuhi), who in reviving the practice of making aute, referenced the beaters in Auckland Museum to make her own.

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[149] My maternal great-great-uncle (Grierson) was an architect of the Auckland War Memorial Museum, a commanding neo-classical building atop Pukekawa. His brother married the great-grandaughter of Ruawahine and John Lees Faulkner, whose house 'Okorore' is conserved by the Tauranga Historic Village. The photographic archives of my paternal great-great-grandparents (Kronfeld) have been exhibited in both Auckland and Sāmoa's museums.

[150] taonga: treasures, culturally valuable objects

[151] Refer to Puawai Cairns, "'Museums Are Dangerous Places' – Challenging History," October 19, 2018, accessed April 27, 2020, https://blog.tepapa.govt.nz/2018/10/19/museums-are-dangerous-places-challenging-history/. Ngarino Ellis, "Te Ao Hurihuri O Ngā Taonga Tuku Iho: The Evolving Worlds of Our Ancestral Treasures," *Biography* 39, no. 3 (2016), http://dx.doi.org/10.1353/bio.2016.0053. Arapata Hakiwai, "Māori Taonga – Māori Identity," in *Art and Cultural Heritage: Law, Policy and Practice*, ed. Barbara T. Hoffman (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2006). Amy Lonetree, *Decolonizing Museums: Representing Native America in National and Tribal Museums*. (Chapel Hill: University of New Carolina Press, 2012).

In the third section of this chapter, I explore how I might connect with ancestors in the vā / wā through a kind of moving-image ceremony. Maree Mills observes that "the unifying element of water or navigating of space as digital art concepts is not unexpected in our island nation. The traversing of cyber-space outside the limitations of time is also metaphoric of the soul's journey to Hawaiiki (our homeland) or to the realms of Rangi (our sky father) where the departed may rest and sparkle as stars."[152] Importantly, it is my tīpuna *wāhine*[153] I am connecting with through ceremony. Artists who honour atua wāhine through digital practice include Reihana, whose significant body of work *Digital Marae* (2001) "creates a virtual wharenui[154] that suggests a shifting meeting place for Māori,"[155] in which ancestor forms, mostly women, can be revered; Kahurangiariki Smith, *MāoriGrl* (2017), who draws on the doctoral research of her mother, Aroha Yates-Smith (their waka are Te Arawa, Tainui, Takitimu, Horouta and Mātaatua), *'Hine! E Hine!: Rediscovering the feminine in Māori spirituality* (1998). Through moving-image practice, I am learning to navigate my own relationship with museums and archives, and beginning to explore the potential for ceremony to restore the relations.

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[152] Mills, 243-44.

[153] tīpuna wāhine: female ancestors, grandmothers (used here to refer collectively to my indigenous female ancestors)

[154] wharenui: Maōri meeting house

[155] Ibid., 243.

4.1

TAONGA & MEASINA IN MUSEUMS

THE KRONFELD COLLECTION

THE HOE PARĀOA

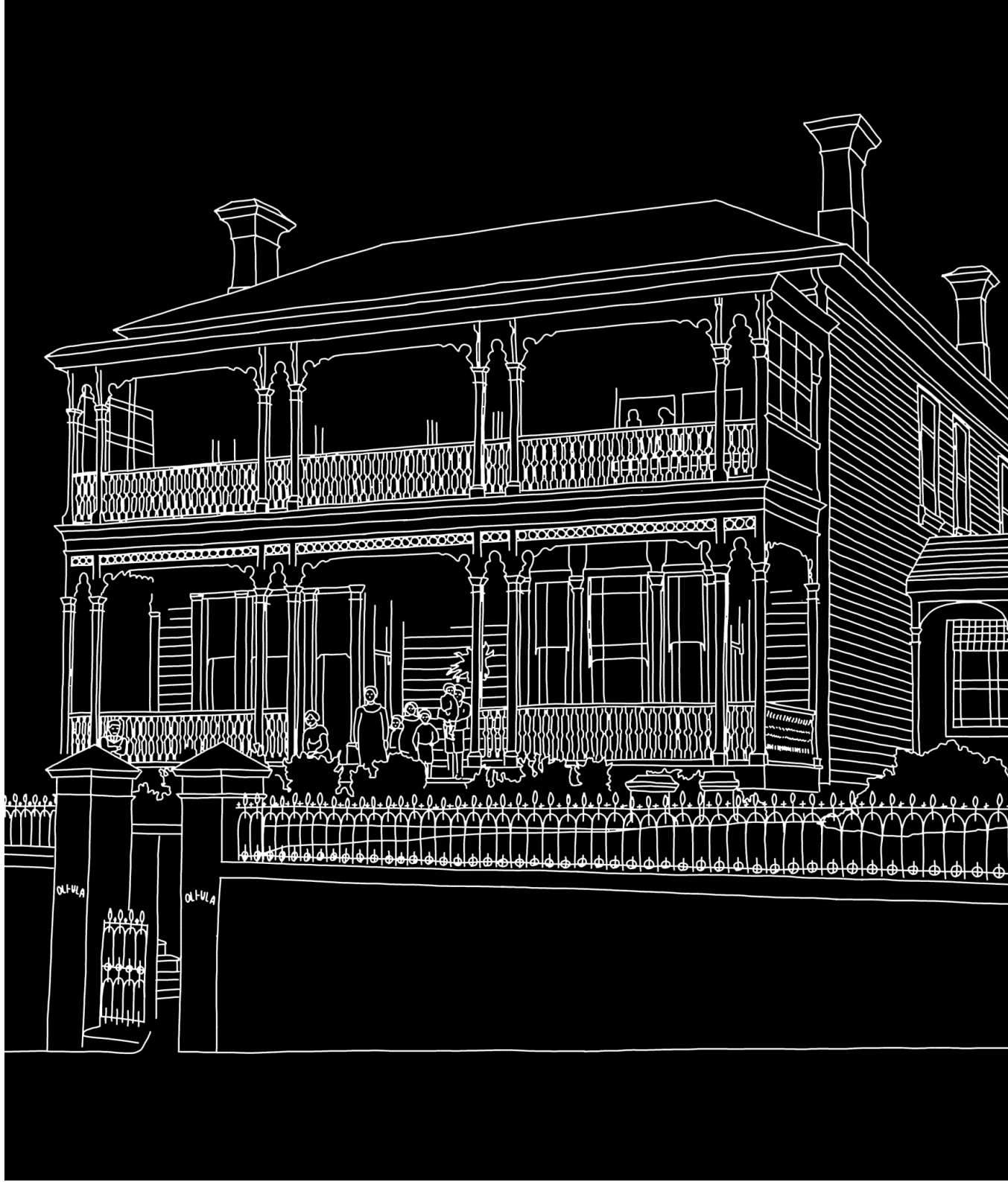


FIGURE 53

Drawing of 'Oli Ula' for *Oli Ula* (2019-2020).

FIGURE 54

Oli Ula (2019-2020), HD video (still). Drawing of the 'suspicious' telegram that precipitated Gustav Kronfeld's internment. Video of Te Motu a Ihenga from downtown Auckland.

FIGURE 55

Along with several other German businessmen, he was classed as an 'enemy alien' and interned on the island, despite having been a naturalised British subject for over twenty years. We have a box of letters from the family to the government, begging to be recognised as British subjects to dispel the shame and suspicion cast upon them. Envelopes holding white feathers and cruel letters were sent to the family even years after the war. Gustav faced anti-German sentiment in Auckland, as well as anti-Jewish sentiment amongst his fellow German prisoners.

Excerpt from *Oli Ula* (2019-2020).

THE KRONFELD COLLECTION

The Kronfeld Collection is significant to both my research project and Te Papa. Gustav Kronfeld began working for a German trading firm in Āpia at age twenty, giving rise to his family with Louisa Silveira and his "collecting fever."[156] The family archive gives me the impression that Gustav's collecting success was because "he learned local languages and went exploring beyond the copra sheds, so that chiefs began to present him with gifts."[157]; and "the people he traded with must have wanted what he traded and wanted him alive."[158] After four decades trading in the South Pacific and from downtown Auckland,[159] Gustav's collection held over 300 artefacts, 47 of which were Māori, by 1917. The taonga and measina[160] adorned the walls of the Kronfeld's family home, 'Oli Ula'. Gustav's trading ended with World War One – classed as an 'enemy alien', he was interned on Te Motu a Ihenga, a story I recount in *Oli Ula* (2019–2020) **(FIG. 54-55)**. Gustav was released in 1919, dying five years later. Louisa lived until 1939, gifting the collection to the Museum before her death.[161] The collection was moved into the Museum's basement shortly before the building was repurposed as headquarters of the Royal New Zealand Air Force. World War Two had broken: artefacts on display were stacked into the basement, in front of crates holding the Kronfeld Collection – where they remained, forgotten, until the 1970s.[162]

[156] Tony Kronfeld, *Gustav and Louisa Kronfeld: Some Notes Prepared by Their Grandson* (1992), 75.

[157] Margaret Hixon, "The Kronfelds," in *Sālote, Queen of Paradise* (Dunedin, N.Z.: University of Otago Press, 2000), 45.

[158] Letter from David Kronfeld to Tony Kronfeld, in Kronfeld, 6.

[159] Gustav operated as a general merchant, shipping food and other goods between Europe, New Zealand, and the South Pacific Islands. The original Kronfeld building still stands today, between Galway, Commerce, Customs, and Queen Streets.

[160] measina: treasures, culturally valuable objects

[161] By the time of its gifting, the collection held fewer artefacts than in the 1917 inventory. As many of the taonga and measina were gifted to Gustav from chiefs, and in acknowledgement of their cultural significance, Samuel Kronfeld (Gustav's son, my great-great-grandfather), returned many of the taonga to the Māori Queen at Ngāruawāhia during the 1950s. (Perhaps Te Arikinui Te Atairangikaahu (Tainui), Queen from 1966-2006.)

[162] Ibid., 7.

FIGURE 56

The amount of taonga systematised and filed away was overwhelming. I felt sad that they were not only far from their origins, but also inaccessible to those who might want to visit them.

Excerpt from *Oli Ula* (2019-2020).

FIGURE 57

Around 1910 artefact collectors in Auckland were told of a rare whalebone paddle. Gustav was approached by a Māori man with the paddle, asking for £500 – a price he refused. A rumour then began to circulate: a grave in Northland had been robbed, and the tohunga were on their way to Auckland in search of the thief, who was known to them. The man with the paddle returned to Gustav, far less confident, asking for half of the original amount. Again, Gustav refused him as he couldn't prove the ownership. The rumours continued, indicating the tohunga were nearing Auckland. The man with the paddle returned a third time with an asking price lowered to £100, increasingly desperate to get rid of it. Gustav refused him again, saying he wouldn't buy stolen goods. But as the man turned to run, Gustav laid £50 on the desk. The man exchanged the paddle for the cash, and fled.

Excerpt from *Oli Ula* (2019-2020).

THE HOE PARĀOA

Reading of the taonga and measina dwelling in a basement resonates with my experience of Te Papa's storage warehouse, which I recall in *Oli Ula* **(FIG. 56)**. In 2012, I travelled to Te Papa to meet the Kronfeld Collection – in particular, three artefacts introduced in *Oli Ula*: an 'ie tōga (fine mat) belonging to Queen Sālote,[163] the tanoa fai'ava ('ava cup) of Paramount Chief Matā'afa Iosefo,[164] and a hoe parāoa (whalebone paddle) **(FIG. 58)**. The last taonga could not be located, and I later found it was being exhibited in New York. In *Oli Ula*, I explain that sharing our family story of the hoe parāoa – passed down the generations – is uncomfortable, but an important step towards repair **(FIG. 57)**. I considered travelling to Te Papa again as part of my research project – to finally meet the hoe parāoa – but learnt it was coming to the Auckland Museum for an exhibition that includes the Kronfelds. I met with curator, Andrea Low (Hawaii, Fiji, Sāmoa, Saku), and told her our story of the hoe parāoa. We began considering how to proceed, carefully, without shying away from the discomfort. The mihi[165] for the taonga and measina was to take place in March 2020, shortly before New Zealand went into COVID-19 Alert Level 4.[166] I have waited eight years to meet the hoe parāoa – I can wait longer. I suspect I am still near the beginning of my journey with this taonga.

[163] Queen Sālote lived with the Kronfelds for three years while attending high school. Hixon writes that "in all of Auckland Louisa Kronfeld was the one person qualified by birth to look after the royal princess of Tonga, as she was the granddaughter of the Sāmoan High Chief Fiamē of Lotofaga, and thereby a member of one of Sāmoa's four great aristocratic lineages." Hixon, in *Sālote, Queen of Paradise*, 44.

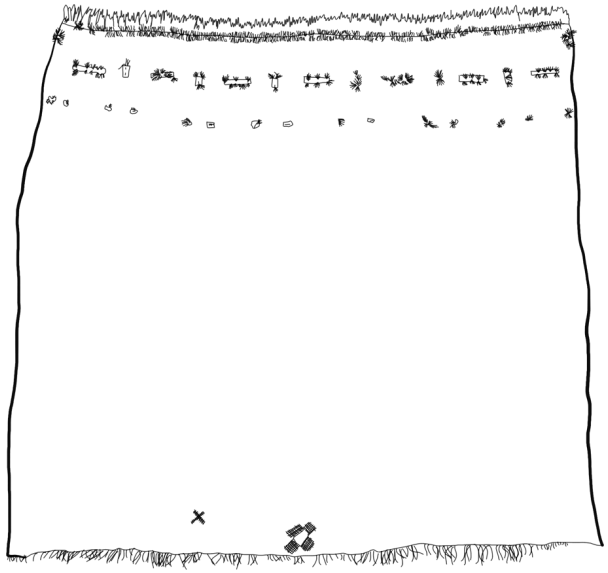
[164] Louisa's close relation.

[165] mihi: greeting, acknowledgement

[166] In response to the global coronavirus pandemic, New Zealand's COVID-19 Alert Level 4 nationwide lockdown was in place from 11:59 PM March 25th until 11:59 PM April 27th 2020.

FIGURE 58

Drawings of the ‘ie tōga, tanoa fai’ava, and hoe parāoa for *Oli Ula* (2019-2020).



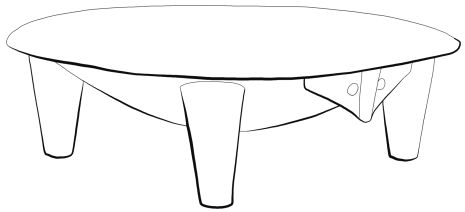


FIGURE 59

I am not sure whether it is possible for [the hoe parāoa] to be returned to its true home: the grave it was stolen from. But perhaps reattaching part of its kōrero can be begin some kind of restoration.

Excerpt from *Oli Ula* (2019-2020).

Through my project I have begun to tease out my thoughts on how I can best honour the taonga and measina going forward **(FIG. 59)**. The kōrero I refer to in *Oli Ula* is of course not the full story, which may never be known. As articulated by Hirini Moko Mead, "great age brings with it uncertainties about the nature of the kōrero, for who can possibly know what the tohunga of the early period said, what spells he recited, what curses he may have placed on certain items?" Mead suggests that rediscovering the kōrero is possible when the taonga is brought home, but when it "rests instead in some museum hundreds of miles away, the object and its associated kōrero remain lost to the owning group. Such objects are part of the wāhi ngaro (the lost portion) of Māori culture." I recently discovered that 2012 was not the first time the hoe parāoa was in New York: the taonga was in the world-altering *Te Māori* exhibition, which opened at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1984. Mead was co-curator – perhaps he selected the hoe parāoa himself? In her reflection on the closing of *Te Māori*, the late Māori Queen, Te Arikinui Te Atairangikaahu (Tainui), pays "tribute to those collectors of the past two centuries who, acting with honesty, integrity and foresight, saved our treasures from the ravages of time, weather and neglect by placing them in reputable institutions for posterity." I hold onto this sentiment and the spirit in which many of the taonga and measina were gifted to Gustav. I can honour the Kronfeld Collection (in my own small way) by reattaching their kōrero – restoring the relations; repairing the fragments – through moving-image practice.

4.2

ARCHIVES

DISCOVERING OBJECTS IN THE FAMILY ARCHIVE

WHO IS MISSING FROM THE ARCHIVE?

FIGURE 60

'Okorore', Faulkner house and trading post. Formerly at Ōtūmoetai, now in the Tauranga Historic Village. 35mm photograph (2019).

FIGURE 61

Sleeping Tides (2019-2020), HD video (stills 1-3).

DISCOVERING OBJECTS IN THE FAMILY ARCHIVE

> Our family archives are like maps that haunt and guide us toward paths past-travelled and directions unknown. We travel through these archives that offer new stories and collections of data … We gain insight into intimate conversations, letters, behaviours and movements, juxtaposed with categorisations of people, places, landscapes and objects … But our bodies too are archives where memories, stories, and lived experiences are stored, etched and anchored in our bloodlines deep. They ground our creativity in what become personal and political acts of remembering, identity making and speaking back to the State. Detective-like methods allow us to creatively re-map events and landscapes, piece together lives fragmented and heal our wounds.[167]

Writer, Natalie Harkin (Narungga), describes a journey – mapping, guiding, juxtaposing, remembering, piecing – through (and beyond) the family archive, a journey that mirrors my own. Early in my research, objects and stories began finding their way to me, opening a process of following hunches, picking up threads, and intertwining them before I was cognisant of why. It wasn't until making the first work of this series, *Sleeping Tides* (2019–2020), that I understood why these seemingly disparate stories had begun swirling together in my mind, and how they might be related. In combination, a sardine and raspberry jam sandwich, wool blanket, and my great grandmother's sewing basket speak to early settler-indigenous relationships in Aotearoa and their legacy with which we are still grappling today. The visual format of *Sleeping Tides* is object driven **(FIG. 61–62)**: I make the sandwich, it sits atop a fence post in Pirongia; I sew the blanket, it sits folded at Ihumātao; I hold the basket, it

[167] Natalie Harkin, "The Poetics of (Re)Mapping Archives: Memory in the Blood," *Journal of the Association for the Study of Australian Literature* 14, no. 3 (16 September 2014): 4, https://openjournals.library.sydney.edu.au/index.php/JASAL/article/view/9909/9798.

FIGURE 62

Sleeping Tides (2019-2020), HD video (stills 4-6).

sits on a hedge on Ōtūmoetai Pā. Each object anchors a story.[168] From this point, I was hooked on the promise of the archive. Echoing Harkin, "I longed to go right back to that beginning place … to those first colonial-readings of my family … and trace my blood from there. I gathered what I could. The hoarding had begun."[169]

[168] I recount my Pākehā ancestors' interactions with the Kīngitanga through the sandwich – King Tāwhiao's favourite, according to my grandmother. I make it in Pirongia where my ancestor made it for the King, and try to reconcile the surprising relationships that emerged. I contrast the colonial history of wool blankets with the act of sewing them to keep the kaitaiki of Ihumātao warm. I relate the confiscation of the whenua, where I take the blanket after sewing it into a cloak. I symbolise the loss of intergenerational knowledge transfer with my great-great-grandmother's sewing basket. I return the basket to her tūrangawaewae (did she ever go?) and commit to relearning what was lost through colonisation.

[169] Ibid., 3.

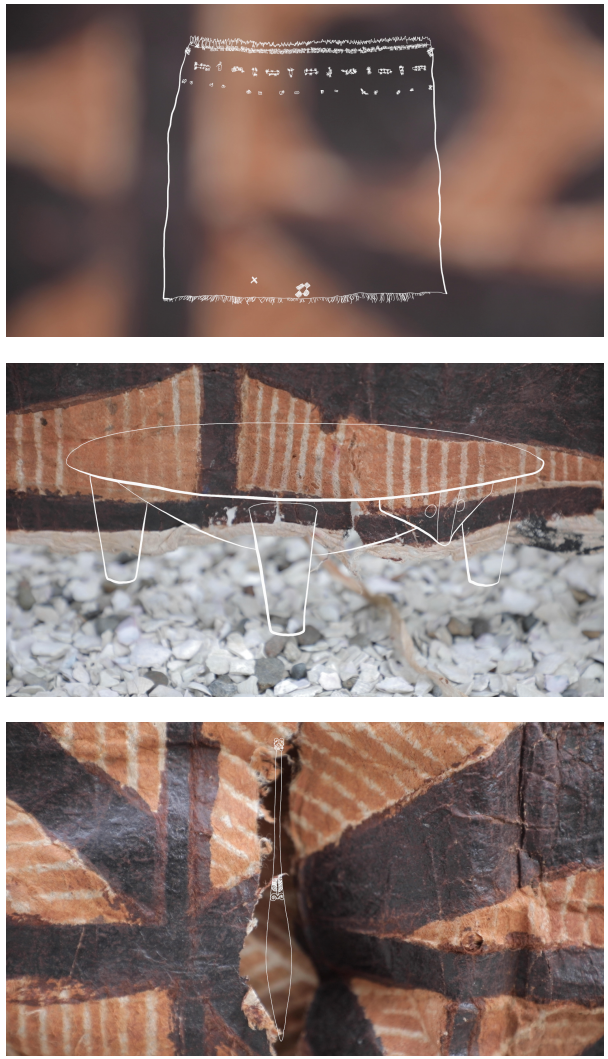


FIGURE 63

Oli Ula (2019-2020), HD video (stills). Drawings are the ʻie tōga, tanoa faiʻava, and hoe parāoa from the Kronfeld Collection.

Shortly after making *Sleeping Tides*, I discovered a treasure trove in a cupboard of my family home: a dilapidated box containing letters, official documents, photographs, and items belonging to the Kronfeld family. Crucial to my research, this family archive spans the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, with more recent annotations by my late nana, Tui. Also in the cupboard was an old hat box, which I use to introduce the Kronfelds in *Oli Ula* (2019–2020). I expand from the objects – that hold only personal significance – to the Kronfeld Collection held by Te Papa **(FIG. 63)**. Each layer of the work pulls from the family archive: my voiceover narrating their stories, drawings I trace from photographs and documents, video of tapa cloth hanging on our washing line ("another family heirloom tucked away because we don't know how to use it").[170] Harkin suggests that creative practitioners "dig up the archives and project them to reclaim places and voices, to invoke memory-in-our-blood, to reveal what is missing in all the gaps, cracks and in-between silences we can find."[171] Utilising archives in moving-image practice adds flesh to the bones of my ancestral stories. What forms in the shadows is imagined, remembered, speculated – my editing method accounts for these forms, too. In layering video, voice, and drawings, I can shift the modalities through which the stories are encountered.

[170] Emily Parr, *Oli Ula*, 2019-2020, unpublished.

[171] Harkin, 10.

FIGURES 64–65

Isabella (Faulkner/Neighbour), Louisa (Da Silva/Kronfeld), Anna Bertha (Wolfgramm/Schultz), daughters of the first settler-indigenous relationships in my family. The direct lines of descent connecting me with their mothers, Ruawahine, Malaisala, and ʻIlaisaane, are almost all matrilineal.

WHO IS MISSING FROM THE ARCHIVE?

While the archive – institutional, State, or public, a conceptual space – has been a site of joyful discovery during my research, it also records and perpetuates a skewed power dynamic. The dominant version of New Zealand's history has been manufactured by Pākehā, then warped by settler guilt and obfuscated by colonial amnesia. Reclaiming stories and histories from the dominant narrative is a vital aspect of decolonisation, both structurally and personally.[172] In forming and sharing video artworks imbued with Māori concepts, Maree Mills "seeks to contribute to the empowerment of Māori women who have been marginalised in the ethnocentric and patriarchal re-telling of their origins."[173] Similarly, I seek to empower my tīpuna wāhine through reclaiming their stories from the archive and activating them in moving-image works. I share their stories from my position as their descendant, the converging point of their bloodlines.

From the outset of my research project, I knew very little about my tīpuna wāhine in comparison to their settler husbands, whose stories are held in books, archives, and museums. Like Harkin, I returned to the beginning place[174] – the first marriages between my settler and indigenous ancestors – and searched for my grandmothers in the archive. But still they were missing, or mentioned only in relation to their husbands. The few descriptions of them I found mostly come from the diary entries of colonists and reflect their (biased) perspective. I voice these references throughout my moving-image works. Fragmenting carried out through colonisation is well documented in the archive, but the gaps, too, are resounding. They hold space and provoke questions: who is missing from the archive? Who

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[172] After "studying the historically destructive gaze of anthropology and documentary towards indigenous culture," the Khalil brothers authored *INAATE/SE/* "to reclaim narratives from local settler-colonial institutions who had monopolised them." Khalil, interview.

[173] Robertson, "Nga Whatu-Ora: We the Living Are the Seeing Eyes of Our Sleeping Ancestors," 250.

[174] Harkin, 3.

are the keepers of the archive(s), and what are their reverberations on our collective memory? Thankfully, what I do know of my tīpuna wāhine is their (our) whakapapa — I am eternally grateful to those who kept that knowledge safe. Harkin proposes that "we can choose to live beyond the genealogical scarring inflicted by colonisation. To do so, we need to be present in sites that disrupt colonial narratives beyond the old disciplines of knowledge production, and this includes the archives."[175] In order to shift beyond grieving what was lost to me through colonisation, I began to know my tīpuna wāhine through haerenga. I could hear their reo, swim in their seas, learn about their maunga, watch the sun rise and sink in their parts of the world. I began to know them through whispers, traces, and fragments. These ways of knowing take form in my moving-image works: recordings of our whenua, moana, and maunga[176] are the ground upon which I layer. I recover, retell, and remake stories, amplifying the voices of my tīpuna wāhine through unifying theirs with mine, connecting us across the vā / wā.

[175] Ibid., 6.

[176] moana: sea, ocean | maunga: mountain

FIGURE 67

Mauao at dawn, Tauranga Moana. 35mm photograph (2019).

FIGURE 68

View from Mauao at dusk, Tauranga Moana. 35mm photograph (2019).

FIGURE 69

From my bed to the sea. 35mm photograph (2019).

FIGURE 70

Sundown, south-east coast of Upolu. 35mm photograph (2019).

FIGURE 71

Dusk, Neiafu. 35mm photograph (2019).

FIGURE 72

Moonrise, Nuku'alofa. 35mm photograph (2019).

4.3

CEREMONY

RITUAL & CEREMONY

COMING TO KNOW MY TĪPUNA WĀHINE IN OTHER WAYS

FIGURE 73

Offering to Hinemoana. 35mm photograph made during Alvie Poata McKree's gathering, *Mahuru: E Hine E*, October 6, 2019, Karekare. For 'How to Live Together' (2019), a St Paul St Gallery exhibition curated by Balamohan Shingade.

FIGURE 74

35mm photograph made during Alvie Poata McKree's gathering, *Hereturikōkā: Women's wisdom*, August 25, 2019. For 'How to Live Together' (2019), a St Paul St Gallery exhibition curated by Balamohan Shingade. The photograph inside the photograph is of my great-great-grandmother, Louisa.

RITUAL & CEREMONY

After embarking on this whakapapa project, the heaviness of sifting through colonial records began to weigh on me – I felt my wairua diminishing, and struggled to care for it alongside the requirements of academic research. I began to consider how my wairua might be restored and moving-image practice enriched through ritual and ceremony. Shawn Wilson describes ceremony as "the knowing and respectful reinforcement that all things are related and connected. It is the voice from our ancestors that tell us when it is right and when it is not. Indigenous research *is* a life changing ceremony." Sāmoan scholar, Sister Vitolia Mo'a, elaborates that in pre-Christian Sāmoan worldviews, "kinship between all created things … the spirit world and the living, expresses an understanding of existence within a time-space continuum."[177] Through my research project, the camera has become an extension of the way I experience the world.[178] On haerenga, sharing place with my ancestors one hundred or so years later feels ceremonial. With each new story is a link to another, threading loops through space and time, spinning our web of relationships. The camera acts as a kind of conduit for my research ceremony: it is relational, connecting my ancestors and I across time as we are tethered by place.

During winter and spring of 2019, I attended three *Art as Medicine* gatherings for women held by artist, Poata Alvie McKree.[179] In a different kind of ceremony, we danced with our tīpuna wāhine, shared their stories alongside our own, held space for grief and revelled in our

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[177] Vitolia Mo'a, "Le Aso Ma Le Taeao – the Day and the Hour: Life or Demise for "Whispers and Vanities"?," in *Whispers and Vanities: Samoan Indigenous Knowledge and Religion*, ed. Tamasailau M Suaalii-Sauni, Maualaivao Albert Wendt, Vitolia Mo'a, Naomi Fuamatu, Upolu Luma Va'ai, Reina Whaitiri, Stephen L Filipo (Wellington: Huia, 2014), 52.

[178] In my documentary practice, I am conscious of making people aware of the camera. Refer to Robertson, "Can I Take a Photo of the Marae? Dynamics of Photography in Te Ao Māori," in *Unfixed: Photography and Postcolonial Perspectives in Contemporary Art*, 102.

[179] 1: *Hōngongoi: Movement as Medicine*, July 25, 2019, St Paul St Gallery. 2: *Hereturikōkā: Women's wisdom*, August 25, 2019, St Paul St Gallery. 3: *Mahuru: E Hine E*, October 6, 2019, Karekare. For 'How to Live Together' (2019), a St Paul St Gallery exhibition curated by Balamohan Shingade.

FIGURE 75

I wonder sometimes if the women I descend from carried on their ancient practices, out of sight. In tracing the way religions criss-crossed through my family, I cannot feel any attachment to one. God is not the source of my hope or love. I mourn the loss of ceremony and rituals (outside of a church) that didn't make their way down to me. I've come to realise that it's not how you worship, but that you worship. We can perform ceremony in our own way, and grow rituals from the many intertwined roots that tether us.

Excerpt from *Tending to the Roots* (2020).

FIGURE 76

I've been using te whare pora as a space in which I can be with my ancestors. When I closed my whatu with karakia recently, tears ran down my face and my whole body began to tingle. That night in my dream Ruawahine's face began to take shape.

Excerpt from *Whatuora* (2020), Emily Parr & Arielle Walker.

FIGURE 77

Whether I'm really alone is not yet determined, but so far no ghosts have made an appearance. At some point I start talking to them, and imagine them with me on the beach. Nana, before her stroke. Sam, in top hat and coat. Louisa, older, in her dress she wore camping at Te Muri Bay. Malaisala, a shadow of a figure.

Excerpt from *Digging at the Roots* (2019-2020).

joy. Through the gatherings, I moved from mourning ancestral practices that were not passed down to me, to realising it's not necessarily *how* you worship, but *that* you worship.[180] I reflect on this shift in *Tending to the Roots* (2020), in a passage drawn from *Port of Refuge* (2019–2020) **(FIG. 75)**. In *Tending to the Roots,* I consider the planting ceremonial: for each fern, I karakia to acknowledge the relevant ancestral line. I recorded the planting in studio – an act of healing in the space I was grappling with my research. Beyond the moving-image work, the ferns offer me a ritualistic practice of caring for them and communing with my ancestors. The ferns allow me to tend to my roots.

COMING TO KNOW MY TĪPUNA WĀHINE IN OTHER WAYS

In our collaborative moving-image work *Whatuora* (2020), Arielle Walker and I "tease out the threads that brought us together, our connection to whenua as descendants of settler-indigenous relationships, and our belonging to place as women whose ancestors moved across oceans and brought – or left behind – their stories and traditions."[181] *Whatuora* was a natural collaboration for Arielle (Ngāruahine, Taranaki, Ngāpuhi, Pākehā) and me: as Master of Visual Arts peers, our practices grew alongside each other synergistically, spurred on by the synchronicities we encountered. We chose to film the work in Kororāreka because our tīpuna lived there simultaneously, two centuries before our meeting. For Arielle and me, "there is both tension and wonder in learning about oneself through museums and archives, which hold our ancestors' taonga but rarely their voices. We must come to know our tūpuna wāhine in other ways"[182] – one of which is learning to whatu.

[180] My family history affirms this. Catholicism was carried from Portugal to Sāmoa, meeting first with Sāmoan religion and then Judaism. Gustav and Louisa's love for each other and desire to be part of a church meant a Sāmoan-Portuguese Catholic was married to a Prussian Jew by a Wesleyan Minister. Rejected from an Auckland synagogue, their family joined St. Paul's Anglican Church (right down the street from my studio at AUT).

[181] Emily Parr, Arielle Walker, *Whatuora*, *Speaking Surfaces* (Auckland: ST PAUL St Gallery, AUT, 2020), 14.

[182] Ibid.

FIGURE 78

Beneath the Norfolk Pine, where Arielle and I filmed *Whatuora* (2020). Kororāreka. 35mm photograph (2020).

A significant gap in the archive is Ruawahine's image: there is no known painting or photograph of her. I share and elaborate on this in *Whatuora* **(FIG. 76)**. This was not the first time I have imagined my ancestors: in *Digging at the Roots* (2019–2020), I visualised my great-great-grandmother at the Savalalo school and on the beach **(FIG. 77)**. The images I conjured of her are strikingly similar to Kihara's photographs of a Sāmoan woman resurrected from the nineteenth century – at the same school, in *'Where do we come from? What are we? Where are we going?'* (2013); on the same coastline, in *After Tsunami Galu Afi, Lalomanu* (2013). I have gained an immense amount of knowledge and clarity on the relationships of my ancestors through archival research. Through haerenga and moving-image ceremony, I have moved towards healing the wounds of colonisation, standing firm in my whakapapa, and restoring the relations between myself and my ancestral legacies. "With the language of the archives in hand, and with my ancestors … beside me, I am compelled."[183]

[183] Harkin, 12.

CHAPTER 5: TO CLOSE

WEAVING THE AHO

Linda Tuhiwai Smith asserts that "there is a point in the politics of decolonisation where leaps of imagination are able to connect the disparate, fragmented pieces of a puzzle … and say that 'these pieces belong together'."[184] Through moving-image practice, I weave stories through time and space, with threads of disconnection, religion, imperialism, departures and arrivals, museums and archives winding through the works. In placing fragmented histories in their context and tying them to our political present, my research project explores the complexities of settler-indigenous relationships, both micro and macrocosmically.

Being a descendent of early settler-indigenous relationships is, at times, excruciatingly complex. As Hirini Moko Mead suggests, "paths of rediscovery can be long and torturous, but they are always revealing and rewarding."[185] I have ancestors who acted as the hands of the British and German empires, furthering their expansion in ways I find abhorrent. Rather than deny their place in my lineage and Oceania's histories, I acknowledge their legacy through a commitment to repairing the harm they contributed to. In mirror is the legacy of my Māori, Sāmoan, and Tongan ancestors, whom I commit to honouring through reclaiming their stories and cultural practices. My role is to not forget. From all of my ancestors, I inherit a responsibility to decolonise (and reindigenise) myself. Through these intertwined legacies, I might act as a bridge between worldviews as I work towards good settler-indigenous relationships – with urgency.

Centuries of imperialism have triggered an era of climate crisis, which disproportionally impacts indigenous peoples whose lands and waters are a site of resource extraction for imperialist powers. Life-sustaining ecosystems are collapsing or under threat, including the

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[184] Smith, 203.

[185] Mead, in *Te Ao Mārama: Regaining Aotearoa: Māori Writers Speak Out*, 208.

ocean that I love; that is a part of me.[186] Epeli Hau'ofa makes a resounding call: "We are the sea, we are the ocean, we must wake up to this ancient truth and together use it to overturn all hegemonic views that aim ultimately to confine us again."[187] The future of both our world and my research is uncertain, but the need for connecting systemic issues and building relationships is a surety. I hope to continue my haerenga to ancestral homelands, deepening my ties with Tauranga Moana, Sāmoa, and Tonga, and travelling to the remaining homelands I am yet to know. For now, I return to the struggle for indigenous sovereignty over their (our) own people, lands and waters with a more stable grounding.

The greatest personal challenge during my research has been finding the resolve to reject the colonial logics of blood quantum. In surrendering to them, I feel I would complete generations of assimilation by *becoming* Pākehā. Cassandra Barnett describes this unfolding realisation:

> It feels like a fiction to say there are two main lines of tupuna running through me, the Pākehā and the Māori, the coloniser and the indigene … There are many many lines, each with their own memories of domination or subjugation – and no one of them (as a body of mātauranga, or a way of looking) holds the single answer to all my questions … So I surrendered to the state of being multiple.[188]

Concealing both my Indigenous ancestors' existence and my European ancestors' arrival in Oceania would diminish my multiplicity and allow the colonial project to succeed. To ease my trepidation in claiming all aspects of my whakapapa, I began by answering the question, "ko wai koe? Who are you?" Or, "whose waters do you come from?" I made a moving-image

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[186] Refer to 'Aulani Wilhelm, "Indigeneity in a Changing Climate" (paper presented at the Ngā Pae o te Māramatanga 8th Biennial 2018 International Indigenous Conference, The University of Auckland, December 10, 2018), accessed July 19, 2019, http://mediacentre.maramatanga.ac.nz/content/aulani-wilhelm-hawaiian-indigeneity-changing-climate.

[187] Hau'ofa, in *A New Oceania: Rediscovering Our Sea of Islands*, 160.

[188] Barnett, in *St Paul St 2015 Curatorial Symposium: Practice, Place, Research*, 22.

FIGURE 80

My whatu sampler at Ōtūmoetai Pā. Still, a work in progress. 35mm photograph (2020).

pepeha, *Whakapaparanga* (2019–2020), that is both the precursor to my project and the final chapter in the series of works. Learning and retelling my ancestral stories is how I am bringing my integrated identity into being, or how I am braiding my whakapapa – because these fragmented strands, too, belong together. Jenny Lee-Morgan describes pūrākau as "stories that represent the experiences, knowledge and teachings that form the pu (base) from which the rākau need in order to grow, or even survive."[189] Deep roots have grown from the seeds planted early in my research. My project has formed the base: I now know whose waters I come from, what my waka look like, my stories. And through moving-image practice, I can not only connect, but *nurture* the fragments from which I grow.

Towards the end of my moving-image series, I conclude my journey across the vā / wā with a reflection on becoming whole – not through accounting for all the fractions, but "through the stories passed down to us and the mauri that connects us."[190] I still have a long way to go on my journeys home, but I have felt Barnett's "sense of embodied knowing … a moment's resonance in which the differences connect and fuse."[191] While we cannot return to a time untouched by colonisation, we can reignite the eternal ties that bind us, and realign the parts of ourselves and our worldviews that were fragmented. Here, I return to the aho: "the continuous binding weft"; the umbilical cord[192]; the line of descent.[193] In whatu, the aho are not singular, but a set of two – the woven piece is reliant on their relationship. *The ocean is calling me home: settler-indigenous relationships of Te Moananui a Kiwa* acknowledges that I, too, am woven from any pairs of aho. Becoming whole is in the weaving.

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[189] Lee, 7-8.

[190] Emily Parr, *Tūrangawaewae*, 2019-2020, unpublished.

[191] Barnett, in *St Paul St 2015 Curatorial Symposium: Practice, Place, Research*, 24.

[192] Smith, 16.

[193] Ngata, 22.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX 1

GLOSSARY

TE REO MĀORI

Sourced from Te Aka Online Māori Dictionary. Refer to www.maoridictionary.co.nz.

ahi kā

1. (noun) burning fires of occupation, continuous occupation - title to land through occupation by a group, generally over a long period of time. The group is able, through the use of *whakapapa*, to trace back to primary ancestors who lived on the land. They held influence over the land through their military strength and defended successfully against challenges, thereby keeping their fires burning.

aho

1. (noun) fishing line, cord, string, line, medium for an atua in divination.
2. (noun) weft, woof - cross-threads of weaving or a mat.
3. (noun) line of descent, genealogy.

ama

1. (noun) outrigger (of a canoe).

atua

1. (noun) ancestor with continuing influence, god, demon, supernatural being, deity … Many Māori trace their ancestry from atua in their whakapapa and they are regarded as ancestors with influence over particular domains …

haerenga

1. (noun) journey, trip, parting.

haka

3. (noun) performance of the haka, posture dance - vigorous dances with actions and rhythmically shouted words. A general term for several types of such dances.

hapū

1. (verb) to be pregnant, conceived in the womb.
3. (noun) kinship group, clan, tribe, subtribe - section of a large kinship group and the primary political unit in traditional Māori society. It consisted of a number of *whānau* sharing descent from a common ancestor, usually being named after the ancestor, but sometimes from an important event in the group's history. A number of related *hapū* usually shared adjacent territories forming a looser tribal federation (*iwi*).

Hawaiki

1. (location) ancient homeland - the places from which Māori migrated to Aotearoa/New Zealand … It is believed that the *wairua* returns to these places after death …

iwi

1. (noun) extended kinship group, tribe, nation, people, nationality, race - often refers to a large group of people descended from a common ancestor and associated with a distinct territory.
2. (noun) strength, bone.

kaiako

1. (noun) teacher, instructor.

kāinga

1. (noun) home, address, residence, village, settlement, habitation, habitat, dwelling.

kaitiakitanga

1. (noun) guardianship …

kaupapa

2. (noun) topic, policy, matter for discussion, plan, purpose, scheme, proposal, agenda, subject, programme, theme, issue, initiative.
3. (noun) raft.

kōrero

1. (verb) (-hia,-ngia,-tia) to tell, say, speak, read, talk, address.
2. (noun) speech, narrative, story, news, account, discussion, conversation, discourse, statement, information.

manuhiri

1. (noun) visitor, guest.

mana

2. (noun) prestige, authority, control, power, influence, status, spiritual power, charisma - mana is a supernatural force in a person, place or object.

mana whenua

1. (noun) territorial rights, power from the land, authority over land or territory, jurisdiction over land or territory - power associated with possession and occupation of tribal land. The tribe's history and legends are based in the lands they have occupied over generations and the land provides the sustenance for the people and to provide hospitality for guests.

manaakitanga

1. (noun) hospitality, kindness, generosity, support - the process of showing respect, generosity and care for others.

mauri

1. (noun) life principle, life force, vital essence, special nature, a material symbol of a life principle, source of emotions - the essential quality and vitality of a being or entity. Also used for a physical object, individual, ecosystem or social group in which this essence is located.

mihi

1. (verb) (-a,-ngia,-tia) to greet, pay tribute, acknowledge, thank.
3. (noun) speech of greeting, acknowledgement, tribute.

mōteatea

3. (noun) lament, traditional chant, sung poetry - a general term for songs sung in traditional mode.

ora

1. (verb) to be alive, well, safe, cured, recovered, healthy, fit, healed.

pā

2. (noun) fortified village, fort, stockade, screen, blockade, city (especially a fortified one).

Pākehā

3. (noun) New Zealander of European descent - probably originally applied to English-speaking Europeans living in Aotearoa/New Zealand …

Papatūānuku

1. (personal name) Earth, Earth mother and wife of Ranginui - all living things originate from them.

pōwhiri

2. (noun) invitation, rituals of encounter, welcome ceremony on a marae, welcome.

rangatira

3. (noun) chief (male or female) … qualities of a leader is a concern for the integrity and prosperity of the people, the land, the language and other cultural treasures (e.g. oratory and song poetry), and an aggressive and sustained response to outside forces that may threaten these.

Ranginui

1. (personal name) atua of the sky and husband of Papatūānuku, from which union originate all living things.

reo

2. (noun) language, dialect, tongue, speech.

rohe

2. (noun) boundary, district, region, territory, area, border (of land).

tangata whenua

3. (noun) local people, hosts, indigenous people - people born of the whenua, i.e. of the placenta and of the land where the people's ancestors have lived and where their placenta are buried.

taonga

2. (noun) treasure, anything prized - applied to anything considered to be of value including socially or culturally valuable objects, resources, phenomenon, ideas and techniques …

tauiwi

5. (noun) alien, stranger, foreigner, non-Māori.

tauparapara

2. (noun) incantation to begin a speech - the actual tauparapara used are a way that tangata whenua are able to identify a visiting group, as each tribe has tauparapara peculiar to them. Tauparapara are a type of karakia.

tikanga

1. (noun) correct procedure, custom, habit, lore, method, manner, rule, way, code, meaning, plan, practice, convention, protocol - the customary system of values and practices that have developed over time and are deeply embedded in the social context.

tīpuna

1. (noun) ancestors, grandparents - plural form of tipuna and the eastern dialect variation of tūpuna.

tipuna wahine

1. (noun) female ancestor, grandmother, great grandmother.

tohu

5. (noun) sign, mark, symbol …

tohunga

2. (noun) skilled person, chosen expert, priest, healer - a person chosen by the agent of an atua and the tribe as a leader in a particular field because of signs indicating talent for a particular vocation.

tūrangawaewae

1. (noun) domicile, standing, place where one has the right to stand - place where one has rights of residence and belonging through kinship and *whakapapa*.

urupā

1. (noun) burial ground, cemetery, graveyard.

waiata

1. (verb) (-hia,-tia) to sing.
2. (noun) song, chant, psalm.

wairua

1. (noun) spirit, soul - spirit of a person which exists beyond death. It is the non-physical spirit, distinct from the body and the mauri.

waka

1. (noun) canoe, vehicle, conveyance, spirit medium, medium (of an atua).
4. (noun) allied kinship groups descended from the crew of a canoe which migrated to New Zealand and occupying a set territory.

wānanga

2. (noun) seminar, conference, forum, educational seminar.
3. (noun) tribal knowledge, lore, learning - important traditional cultural, religious, historical, genealogical and philosophical knowledge.

whakapapa

2. (verb) (-hia,-tia) to place in layers, lay one upon another, stack flat.
4. (noun) genealogy, genealogical table, lineage, descent …

whakapaparanga

1. (noun) layer, series of layers, generation.

whakataukī

2. (noun) proverb, significant saying, formulaic saying, cryptic saying, aphorism.

whakawhanaungatanga

1. (noun) process of establishing relationships, relating well to others.

wharenui

1. (noun) meeting house, large house - main building of a marae where guests are accommodated.

whatu

1. (noun) eye, pupil of the eye, anchor …
2. (noun) finger-weaving, fibre-weaving.

whenu

2. (noun) strand (of a cord), warp - lengthwise threads of a woven flax garment.

whenua

1. (noun) land - often used in the plural.
5. (noun) placenta, afterbirth.

SĀMOAN

afakasi

half-caste

'ie tōga

fine mat

measina

treasures

papālagi

European

tanoa fai'ava

kava bowl

APPENDIX 2

TABLE OF WORKS

THESIS PROJECT: *MOANA CALLING ME HOME*

TITLE	DATE & RECORDING DETAILS	DUR.
Sleeping Tides	Aug. 2019 – Jul. 2020	08:35
	Pirongia, Ihumātao, Ōtūmoetai (Aotearoa)	
	Canon 6D, Zoom H2n	
Oli Ula	Oct. 2019 – Jul. 2020	12:28
	Tāmaki Makaurau, Te Muri Bay (Aotearoa)	
	Canon 5D Mark IV, Zoom H2n	
Digging at the Roots	Nov. 2019 – Jul. 2020	15:28
	Āpia, south-east coast of Upolu (Sāmoa)	
	Canon 5D Mark IV, Zoom H2n	
Port of Refuge	Dec. 2019 – Jul. 2020	11:00
	Tongatapu, Vava'u (Tonga)	
	Canon 5D Mark IV, Zoom H2n	
Tūrangawaewae	Oct. 2019 – Jul. 2020	21:42
	Tauranga Moana (Aotearoa)	
	Canon 5D Mark IV, Zoom H2n	
Whakapaparanga	Jun. 2019 – Jul. 2020	01:50
	Tauranga Moana (Aotearoa)	
	Canon 5D Mark IV, Zoom H2n	

NOTE

Moana Calling Me Home is one body of work formed by a series of six short moving-image works.

THESIS PROJECT: CONNECTED WORKS

TITLE	DATE	RECORDED	DUR.
Tending to the Roots	Feb. 2020	AUT visual arts studio	08:31
		Canon 5D Mark IV, Zoom H2n	
Whatuora	Feb. 2020	Kororāreka	12:00
Emily Parr & Arielle Walker		Canon 5D Mark IV, Zoom H2n	

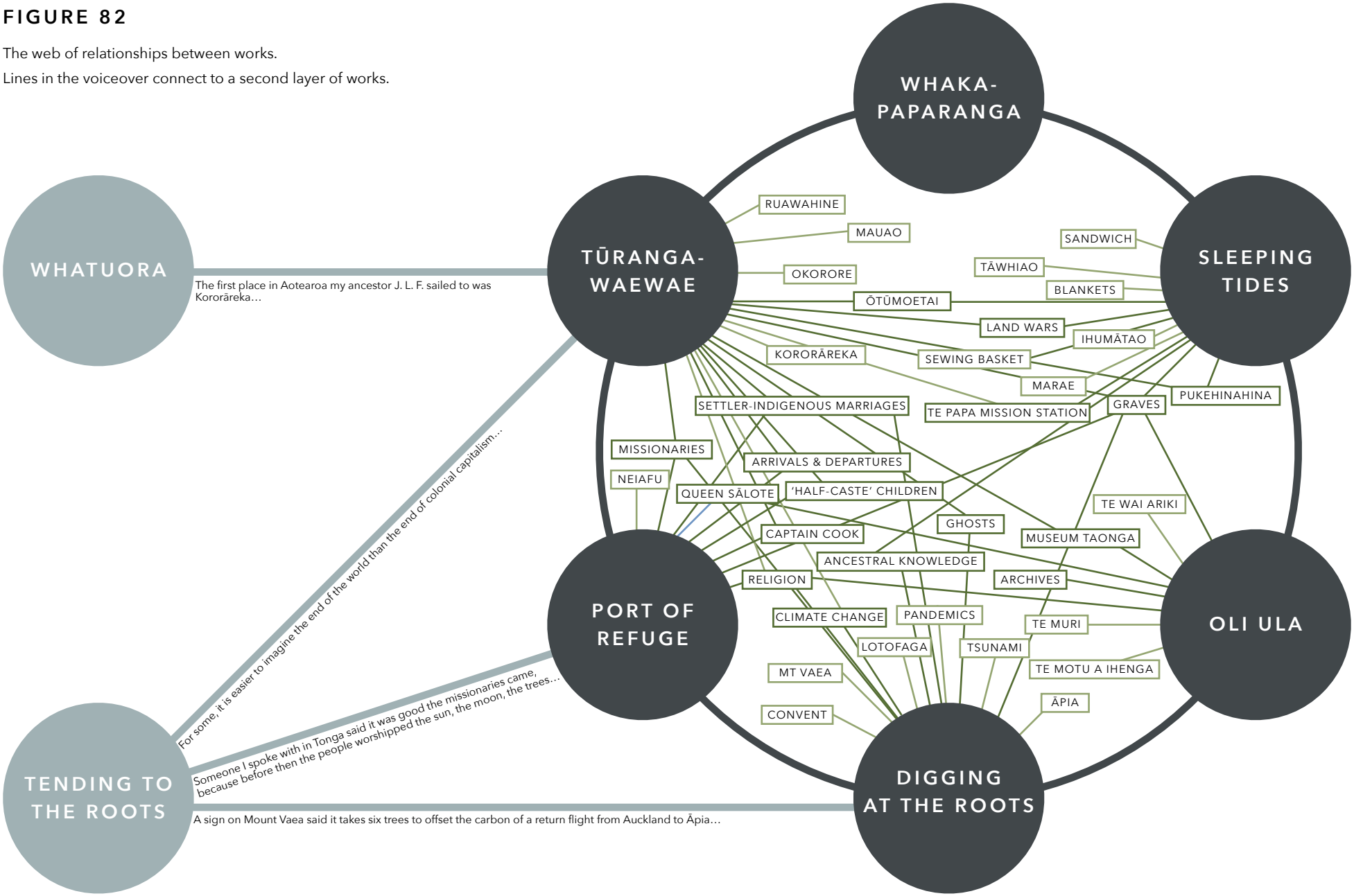
TESTS

TITLE	DATE	RECORDED		DUR.
Ngā Wai o Horotiu	Mar. 2019	Mar. 2019	Tāmaki Makaurau	05:00
Te Wao Nui a Tāne	Apr. 2019	2015-2017	Waipoua, Hokianga	06:17
Ngā Toru	May 2019	Apr. – May 2019	Tongaporutu, Galatea, Piriaka	06:00
To Place in Layers	Jun. 2019	Apr. – May 2019	Tongaporutu, Galatea, Piriaka	06:00
Karekare	Sep. 2019	Sep. 2019	Karekare	01:24
Sāmoa	Oct. 2019	Feb. 2016	Sāmoa	02:35
Whakapaparanga 1	Jun. 2019	Jun. 2019	Tāmaki Makaurau	02:40

FIGURE 82

The web of relationships between works.

Lines in the voiceover connect to a second layer of works.



APPENDIX 3

MOANA CALLING ME HOME (2019-2020)

FIGURE 83

Sleeping Tides (2019-2020). HD video (still).

In *Sleeping Tides*, a sardine and raspberry jam sandwich, wool blanket, and my great grandmother's sewing basket speak to the colonial past and present of New Zealand. Personal and historic stories emerge from the objects, finding connections in surprising places.

FIGURE 84

Oli Ula (2019-2020). HD video (still).

Oli Ula introduces my great-great-grandparents through passed-down objects tucked away in the cupboards of my childhood home. Stories of migration, internment, and collecting of measina and taonga are drawn from this family archive.

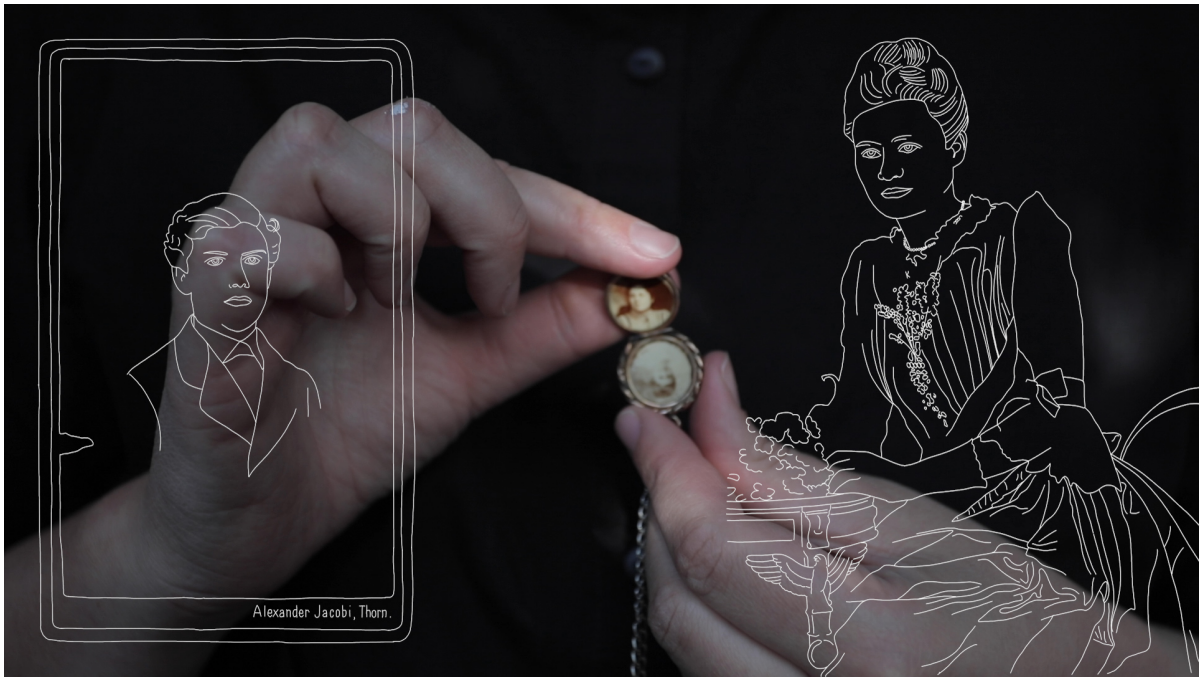


FIGURE 85

Digging at the Roots (2019-2020). HD video (still).

Digging at the Roots is a haerenga to Sāmoa. I recall stories of my ancestors in the islands they knew as home, while searching for their presence in a convent, along a coastline, and in a village I can only pass through.

FIGURE 86

Port of Refuge (2019-2020). HD video (still).

Port of Refuge is a haerenga permeated with stories of arrivals and departures in the Kingdom of Tonga. I search the islands of Tongatapu and Vava'u for the bones and traces of my ancestors who were caught between two worlds.

FIGURE 87

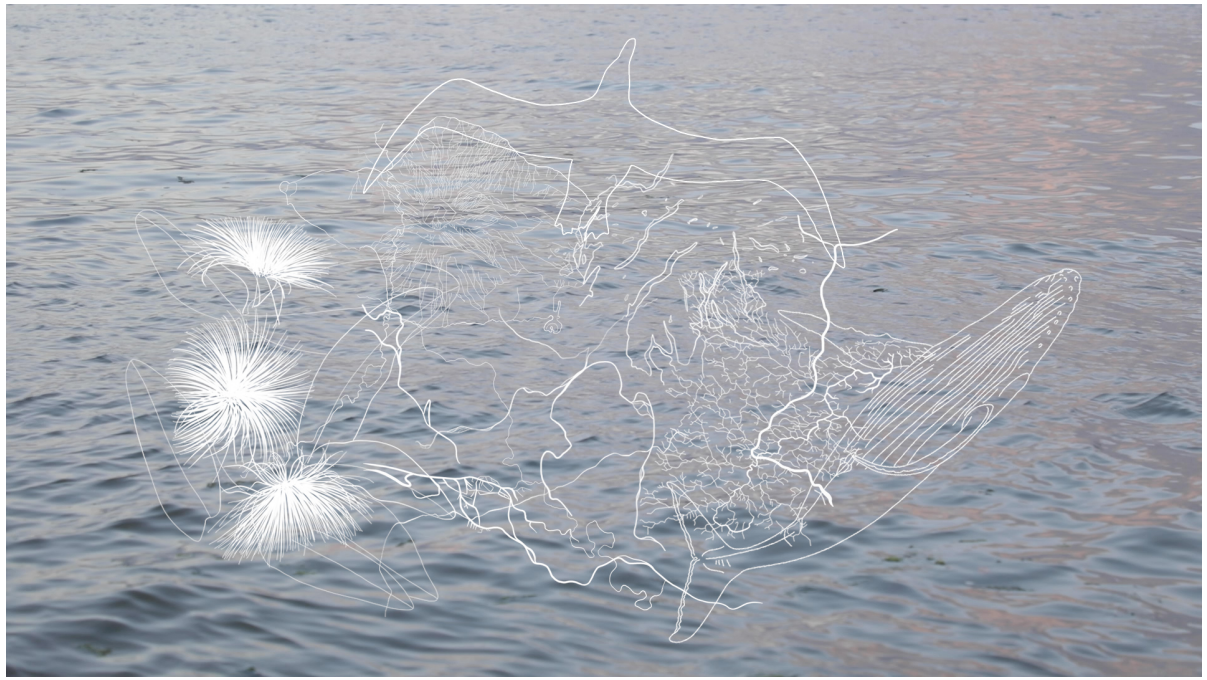
Tūrangawaewae (2019-2020). HD video (still).

In Tūrangawaewae I haerenga to Tauranga Moana, finding stories of my ancestors in the archives and imagining their home before the Land Wars and confiscations. I peel back layers of colonial capitalism stacked on the whenua, finding a place for my feet to stand.

FIGURE 88

Whakapaparanga (2019-2020). HD video (still).

Whakapaparanga is a moving-image pepeha bringing *Moana Calling Me Home* full circle.



APPENDIX 4

TENDING TO THE ROOTS (2020)

HD VIDEO | 8 MIN 31 SEC

FIGURE 89

Tending to the Roots (2020) in 'Groundwork', a group show with MVA peers Arielle Walker, Debbie Harris, Luca Nicholas, and Makyla Curtis. Installed at Corban Estate Arts Centre's Barrel Store from 12-16 February, 2020.

In *Tending to the Roots*, I plant ferns that grow in the lands I descend from in a copper tub from the laundry of my mother's childhood home. The work considers how we might understand our rootedness, our longing, and our interconnection amidst the climate crisis.

FIGURE 90

Tending to the Roots (2020). HD video (still 1/4).

FIGURE 91

The ocean connects us all, as does the atmosphere. For an afternoon, our world turned sepia. The trip across Waiheke to the ferry felt apocalyptic: I was waiting for zombies to run onto the streets, turning the island one flesh wound at a time. We drove past people queueing for gelato. It was dark and yellow at 3pm in the height of summer, and people were still eating ice cream. For us, the yellow was just an afternoon. A warning of what might be to come. Our neighbours were living the horror of the fires. The roar and heat coalescing, forming their own weather systems. Homes full with memories and beloved things burnt down. Cattle pushed up against fences with their dogs who refused to leave them. A billion animals perished and far less habitat for the survivors to return to. People gathered on beaches with horses and pets, planning how to keep children and the elderly safe if they need to get in the sea. I cannot fathom, nor is it my place to speak of, the pain of First Nations communities as their countries burn. After stealing and misgoverning the land, only now do the colonisers begin to recognise the wisdom of Aboriginal fire management practices and intimate knowledge of our place in the natural world. For some, it is easier to imagine the end of the world than the end of colonial capitalism.

Voiceover 1/4 from *Tending to the Roots* (2020).

FIGURE 92

Tending to the Roots (2020). HD video (still 2/4).

FIGURE 93

For some, it is easier to imagine the end of the world than the end of colonial capitalism. For me, it is difficult to imagine a pre-industrial Tauranga. The land is flat and the sightline obstructed by silos and salt mountains, log stacks and bitumen plants, a shipping container city. I can more readily imagine it all decaying as the world crumbles around us, salt being reclaimed by mega waves, containers toppling like lego blocks in the wind. Regardless, mauri runs through that I am beginning to know, and that I hope knows me. I finally understand what a tūrangawaewae feels like. A place to stand, to uplift and sustain. I have driven past the bones of my ancestors many times without realising. A collection of headstones and a grave for those who fell in the battle of Gate Pā, sheltered by Pōhutukawa. You wouldn't notice them from the highway unless you knew where to look. It's ironic that the biggest port in the country should be built over my ancestral whenua. If there's anything my forebears have in common it's their propensity to get on a ship or a waka. Every single one came to Aotearoa by the sea.

Voiceover 2/4 from *Tending to the Roots* (2020). Excerpt from *Tūrangawaewae* (2019-2020).

FIGURE 94

Tending to the Roots (2020). HD video (still 3/4).

FIGURE 95

If there's anything my forebears have in common it's their propensity to get on a ship or a waka. Every single one came to Aotearoa by the sea. Some came from Europe and others from the Islands. Someone I spoke with in Tonga said it was good the missionaries came, because before then the people worshipped the sun, the moon, the trees. I regret the missionaries' arrival, and my ancestors' part in spreading their message. Worshipping the natural world feels right to me. I wonder sometimes if the women I descend from carried on their ancient practices, out of sight. In tracing the way religions criss-crossed through my family, I cannot feel any attachment to one. God is not the source of my hope or love. I mourn the loss of ceremony and rituals (outside of a church) that didn't make their way down to me. I've come to realise that it's not how you worship, but that you worship. We can perform ceremony in our own way, and grow rituals from the many intertwined roots that tether us. I am coming to know my roots.

Voiceover 3/4 from *Tending to the Roots* (2020). Excerpt from *Port of Refuge* (2019-2020).

FIGURE 96

Tending to the Roots (2020). HD video (still 4/4).

FIGURE 97

I am coming to know my roots. I met a nun in Āpia who told me that Sāmoans love to dig at the them. She said trees have less roots than the Sāmoan people. A sign on Mount Vaea said it takes six trees to offset the carbon of a return flight from Auckland to Āpia. If only climate change could be resolved through easy trades. Dairy milk for almond, fossil fuels for lithium batteries, six trees for my flights. Someone is still harmed and it's usually Indigenous peoples. While some of us city-dwellers try and fail to live ethically under capitalism, petroleum is pumped from the ground and transported through unceded Indigenous territories in pipelines that inevitably malfunction and spill. Indigenous communities are forcibly removed from their ancestral lands so their mountains can be blown up and cut into. Water sources are drained and sold back to their custodians in plastic. Forests are burned and logged, ecosystems are thrown off balance, food sources wither away. Glaciers melt in one place and islands flood in another, because it is the ocean that collects the heat, and the ocean connects us all.

Voiceover 3/4 from *Tending to the Roots* (2020). Excerpt from *Digging at the Roots* (2019-2020).

APPENDIX 5

WHATUORA (2020)

EMILY PARR & ARIELLE WALKER

HD VIDEO | 12 MIN

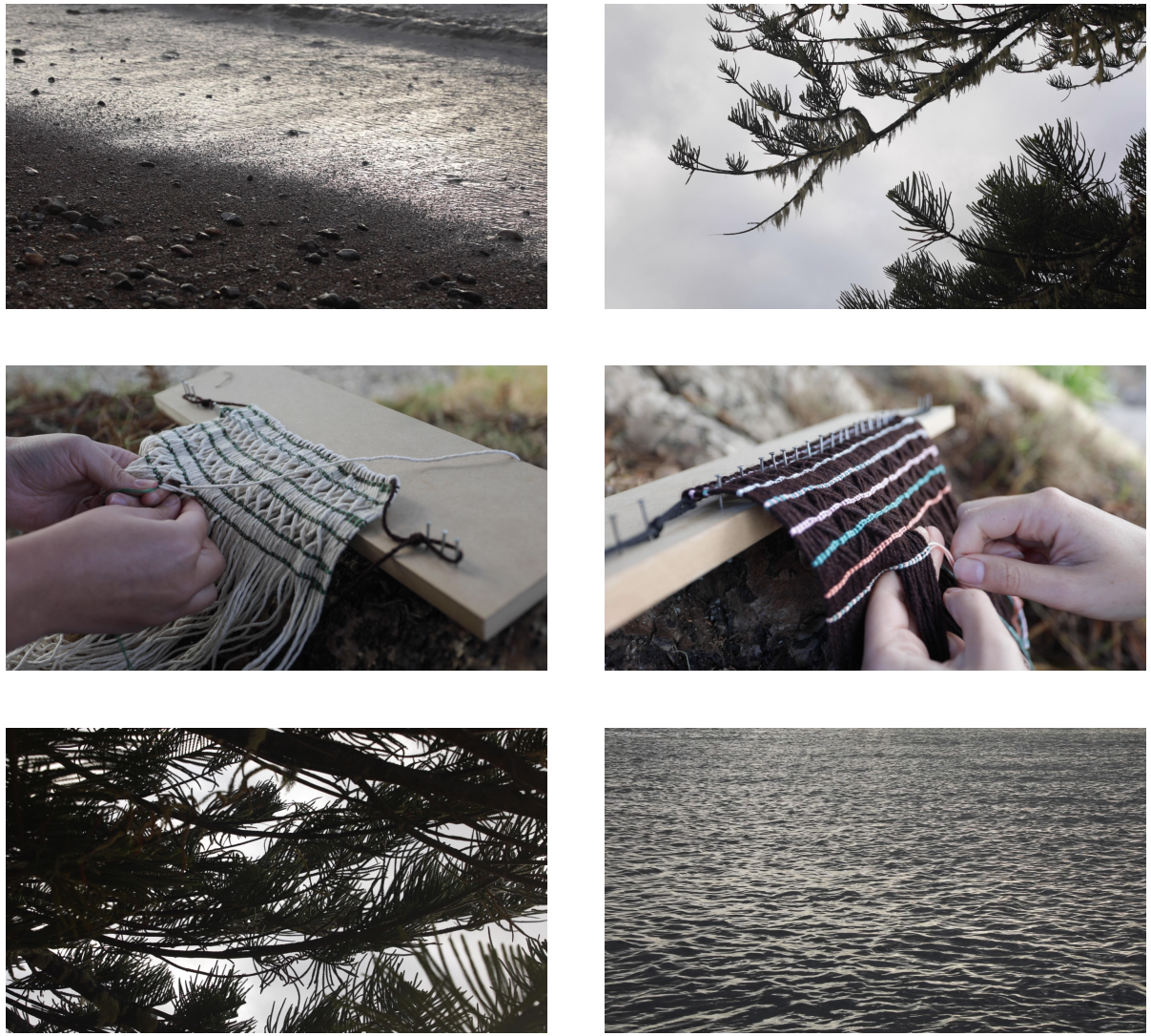
FIGURE 98

Whatuora (2020) in 'Speaking Surfaces'. Photographic documentation by Sam Hartnett, St Paul St Gallery, March 2020.

Whatuora is a collaborative work that emerged from a relationship formed in studio. Arielle and I went on a hīkoi to Kororāreka, filmed each other weaving, and recorded our conversation reflecting on the intertwined relationships between ourselves, our ancestors, and place. *Whatuora* is the first work in our ongoing project for St Paul St Gallery's Speaking Surfaces (2020).

FIGURE 99

Whatuora (2020), Emily Parr & Arielle Walker. HD video (stills).



APPENDIX 6

EXHIBITION DOCUMENTATION

FIGURE 100

Moana Calling Me Home (2019-2020), Emily Parr, installed in 'Matariki Master of Visual Art Graduate Show' alongside 'Speaking Surfaces'. Photographic documentation by Emily Parr, St Paul Street Gallery, 4-8 August 2020.

Artworks included in this image are by Nikau Hindin and Ben Thomason, Jen Bowmast, and Arielle Walker.

Moana Calling Me Home was shown both on a 40 inch TV screen and as a projection during the exhibition.

A shared screening was held in the gallery on Saturday 8th of August, during which family and friends sat within the VĀWĀ while watching the moving-image works on the projector and listening via speakers. VĀWĀ, conceptualised by Sapati Mossiah Avei Fina'i and realised for *Speaking Surfaces*, heightened the relationality of the installation.

Outside of the shared screening, the moving-image works played on the TV screen. This installation form was intended for an intimate viewing experience, during which one person watched from the bench (or a wheelchair with the bench pushed back into the platform) and listened with headphones.

A booklet containing the work stills and synopses found in Appendix 3 was placed next to the cushion with the following note: '*Moana Calling Me Home* has six chapters. While they are intended to be watched in order, you are welcome to navigate to the beginning or a particular chapter using the remote. If you would like assistance, please ask the gallery minder.'

FIGURE 101

Oli Ula | *Moana Calling Me Home* (2019-2020), Emily Parr, installed in 'Matariki Master of Visual Art Graduate Show' alongside 'Speaking Surfaces'. Photographic documentation by Emily Parr, St Paul Street Gallery, 4-8 August 2020.

Artworks included in this image are by Nikau Hindin, Ben Thomason, and Arielle Walker.

FIGURE 102

Tūrangawaewae | Moana Calling Me Home (2019-2020), Emily Parr, installed in 'Matariki Master of Visual Art Graduate Show' alongside 'Speaking Surfaces'. Photographic documentation by Emily Parr, St Paul Street Gallery, 4-8 August 2020.

FIGURE 103

Digging at the Roots | Moana Calling Me Home (2019-2020), Emily Parr, installed in 'Matariki Master of Visual Art Graduate Show' alongside 'Speaking Surfaces'. Photographic documentation by Emily Parr, St Paul Street Gallery, 4-8 August 2020.

FIGURE 104

Moana Calling Me Home (2019-2020), Emily Parr, installed in 'Matariki Master of Visual Art Graduate Show' alongside 'Speaking Surfaces'. Photographic documentation by Emily Parr, St Paul Street Gallery, 4-8 August 2020.

Artwork included in this image is by Arielle Walker.

FIGURE 105

Tūrangawaewae | Moana Calling Me Home (2019-2020), Emily Parr, installed in 'Matariki Master of Visual Art Graduate Show' alongside 'Speaking Surfaces'. Photographic documentation by Emily Parr, St Paul Street Gallery, 4-8 August 2020.

Artwork included in this image is by Jen Bowmast.

FIGURE 106

Oli Ula | *Moana Calling Me Home* (2019-2020), Emily Parr, installed in 'Matariki Master of Visual Art Graduate Show' alongside 'Speaking Surfaces'. Photographic documentation by Emily Parr, St Paul Street Gallery, 4-8 August 2020.

Artwork included in this image is by Jen Bowmast.

FIGURE 107

Tūrangawaewae | Moana Calling Me Home (2019-2020), Emily Parr, installed in 'Matariki Master of Visual Art Graduate Show' alongside 'Speaking Surfaces'. Photographic documentation by Emily Parr, St Paul Street Gallery, 4-8 August 2020.

Artworks included in this image are by Jen Bowmast and Arielle Walker.

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