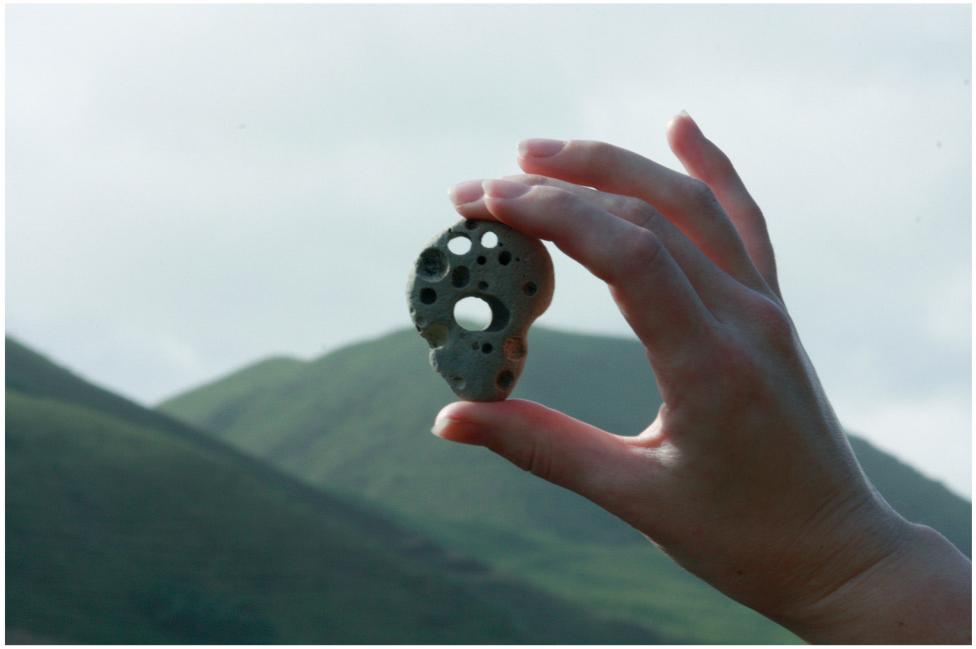
Folding Time :
an exploration of family stories through experiential research





Makyla Anne Curtis

Exegesis in support of practice-led thesis
Master of Visual Arts, 2021
Auckland University of Technology

for my family

in memory of James Glover Curtis
19.09.72 – 30.06.18

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.

Makyla Anne Curtis
21 May 2021

ethics approval and consents

This research received approval from the AUT University Ethics Committee (AUTEC) on the 24th September 2020.

Ethics approval number: 20/251.

All research was conducted in keeping with the regulations and guidelines of the approval.

abstract

Folding Time is a journey to better understand how I might belong in Aotearoa New Zealand as a Pākehā settler descendant. It is a process of disentangling my sense of self and identity from the myths of Pākehā homecoming and active ignorance of our history. Through an experiential research approach based on the whakataukī 'ka mua, ka muri,' (looking back in order to look forward), and embodied presence and subjective experience, I explore my family's history and our marks on this land.

Searching through family repositories and stories and institutional archives I seek out opportunities for field trips and site visits to engage with a folding of time in which I might be present with my ancestors. I may not find answers in these sources but I build experiences with my family, particularly my father, on these journeys into the past in order to understand our present.

Discovery, record-keeping, writing, and poetry form a strong thread of wayfinding throughout the project in which events, imagined and experienced, are re-viewed and re-enacted. Time is folded in the reliving. The project culminates in a print, poetry, and book collection that reflects and reactivates the experiential research that takes place in the field trip and site visits.

te mihi

He tauiwi ahau i ēnei motu o Aotearoa.

I te taha o tōku Māmā,
Ko North sea te moana.
Ko Tay, ko Forth ngā awa.
Ko Cairngorms ngā maunga.
Ko Kōtarana te iwi.
Ko McIver te hapū.
Ko Captain Cook (1957) te waka.

I te taha o tōku Pāpā,
Ko Clyde, ko Dowr Koner Red River, ko Thames ngā awa.
Ko North sea, ko Celtic sea ngā moana.
Ko Kōtarana, ko Ingarani, ko Cornwall ngā iwi.
Ko Hamilton, ko Ireland, ko Kemp, ko Curtis, ko Riley, ko Coughlan, ngā hapū.
Ko Renfrewshire (1878), ko Ionic (1907), ko Wellington (1883), ko Ironsides (1864).
Ko Queen of Beauty (1863) ngā waka.

Ko Āwhitu, ko Onehunga, ko Heretaungā ngā whenua o ō mātou taenga i Aotearoa.

Ngā mihi nui ki ngā maunga o Rangitoto, Maunga Whau, Maungakiekie me te wai o Waitematā, ka kite ngā noho ora o tōku whanau i Tāmaki Makaurau, tēnā koutou.

Ngā mihi nui ki ngā iwi o Ngāti Te Ata, rātou ko Ngāti Whātua o Kaipara, ko Ngāti Whātua o Ōrākei, ko Ngāti Kahungunu ki Heretaungā, tēnā koutou.

kawe mate

In part, this project has been a kawe mate, a ceremony to carry the dead with me. I bring with me on this journey my brother James Glover Curtis, and my cousin (from my grandmother's generation) Shirley Doris Bury (née Hamilton), who both died in 2018. James's gravestone unveiling became the first event of this experiential-driven family research project. Throughout the project there are links to my brother; his presence has been keenly felt. Shirley's bequest to me of her family archive of photographs and books laid down a challenge to take over as a custodian of our family archives.

I greet my ancestors whose voices find their way here through the layers of story, place and objects. I hope I have created a safe space for their voices to land and be heard.



IMG2. James Glover Curtis



IMG3. Shirley Doris Bury

acknowledgements

Huge and heartfelt thanks to everyone who supported, encouraged and participated in this project:

to all those who have researched our family history before me

to my father who has, unbeknownst to me, been guiding me towards this family history journey my whole life

to all those in my family who have contributed and participated in this project, to my father Alan Curtis, to my sister Hannah Jane King, my brother Andy Curtis, my aunty Michelle McLuckie, my cousin Glen McLuckie, and great cousin Margaret Gleeson

to my parents, Alan and Liz Curtis and my nana, Shirley McIver, for their ongoing and boundless support

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to Boris Jančić for traipsing off to the ArchivesNZ Wellington branch to take photographs everytime I found something interesting online

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to Winnie Edgar-Booty for our te reo Māori email exchanges

to all those who joined in and participated in the in-studio ako te reo Māori workshops in 2019

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to Betty Davis for asking me to help print text onto fabric for her MA thesis that kicked off my love of printing with fabric and threads

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to Leanne Radojkovich at the Angela Morton room for all her support in bringing my project to the library

to the MOTAT Team, in particular Graham O'Keeffe and Willy Coenradi who were the machinists for the *Ka mua, ka muri* project; Freya Elmer at the Walsh memorial library whose close interest in the project has been a keen motivator; Tee Atiau and Simon Gould for exhibit signage and other practicalities; Emma de Hoog and Bailey Turia for organising the visit to Te Māhurehure Marae; and the Senior Management Team for supporting the project

to Te Māhurehure Marae for extending their warm manaakitangi to myself, to the MOTAT team and to the reprints of the founding documents

to János Panyoczki for working with me to interpret the documents describing William Colenso's case design and building the replica cases

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to Tony Frazer at *Shearsman Magazine* who published 'Groundwork' and 'Homecoming'

and to Tarei King, Clinton Povey, Julian Carr, Liam Mullins, Luca Nicholas, Lea Schlatter, and Libby Baker, who also found themselves involved in field trips and site visits

list of works

Ka mua ka muri: resetting the archive

the event
Live event on Sundays handsetting, preparing and printing Aotearoa New Zealand's founding documents, *He Whakaputanga* and *Te Tiriti o Waitangi,* September – December 2019.

the book
1st edition, 60 pages, 2019.
Reprint, pages tbc, 2021.

the installation
Installation of type trays with, final print of *He Whakaputanga*, process prints, alongside the *Ka mua ka muri* book, October 2019.

Pteridomania series

Pteridomania series 01 – 4 hangings, each 800x1400mm, oil-based ink on cotton

Ink Herbarium 1500 x 3200mm, oil-based ink on cotton sewn together as a patchwork. Ferns collected in Taranaki 2019.

Do you have fern fever yet? Live printing event, using a Farley printing press and ferns collected from the grounds around the Corban Estate Arts Centre in January 2020. February 2020.

Do you have fern fever yet? remnant ephemera prints.

Views: a year on, print works installation, June 2019.

Event Log Book

Towards the ephemera of events | ***site visits and field trips*** (the traces of experiential research), digital document

Book works

Towards the ephemera of events: Site visits and Field trips, artist book, 190 x 175mm, soft cover, concertina, ECO 100% recycled paper, 46 'leaves'.

advance / recede, artist book, 150 x 200mm, silk-cotton pages, 21 leaves, hardcover with stab binding.

driftwood archives: reira hāraunga, artist book, 207 x 280mm, washi paper pages, ink jet and mono printed, 16 pages, hardcover cotton thread saddle stitch.

obair shnaidhme: reconnecting, artist book, 207 x 280mm, washi paper pages, ink jet and mono printing, 40 pages, hardcover cotton thread saddle stitch.

a whole story in the eye of the sea, artist book, 390 x 220mm, silk-cotton pages, 14 leaves, hardcover with stab binding.

the aperture shows me an arrival, artist book, 395 x 230mm, silk-cotton cover, cotton pages, 14 leaves, hardcover with stab binding.

little archives, artist book, 200 x 160mm, silk-cotton pages, 15 leaves, washi paper cover, hardcover with stab binding.

gaps / thresholds, artist book, 195 x 190mm, 100% cotton and silk-cotton pages, 24 leaves, washi paper cover, hardcover with stab binding.

Apertures, poetry chapbook, 140 x 145mm, risograph printed, paperback, french lace binding, ECO 100% recycled paper, 59 pages ISBN 978-0-473-57815-2. Edition of 40.

Zines

Arriving, essay zine, saddle stitch (stapled), 193 x 148mm, ECO 100% recycled paper, 20 pages

Stones, essay zine, saddle stitch (stapled), 193 x 148mm, ECO 100% recycled paper, 20 pages

Riley, essay zine, saddle stitch (stapled), 193 x 148mm, ECO 100% recycled paper, 20 pages

Stones of the East: the Memories of Rūaumoko, zine, saddle stitch (stapled) 145 x 100mm, ECO 100% recycled paper, 30 pages

Stones of the North: the Eyes of Tangaroa, zine, saddle stitch (stapled) 130 x 210mm, ECO 100% recycled paper, 22 pages

Poetry

Printed in *Ka mua ka muri*

Uppercase A
Unsorted
Composing Stick
Special Sorts
Coals to Newcastle
Joiner in the Bay
The Lay
Bad Letters
Quoins
Bequests and Mr R Coupland Harding

Printed in *Apertures*

homecoming
gateway
Hamilton's gap
the homestead
eye of the matuku moana
I will collect with you, print with you, archive with you
blankets
aperture stars
sisters
a burnt orange thread
groundwork
thresholds and tapestries
casement
making cairns
Ahuriri pebble beach
pine and roses
tāwhana
homegoing

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Introduction



IMG5. 154 Great North Road. The Ireland corner dairy, circa 1905, James Sands Ireland pictured second from the right

My father is a fifth generation Pākehā New Zealander. We are settler descendants. Our ancestors arrived here in Aotearoa New Zealand between 1863 and 1908 (perhaps as early as 1857) on my father's side of the family. We came from Scotland (Fife), England (Kent and East London), Cornwall (Gwennap), and Ireland. We arrived in Tāmaki Makaurau, Āwhitu, and Heretaunga. On my mother's side, we are from Fife. My mother was born in Dunfermline, and she and my grandparents arrived from Fife in 1957.

My family has been based in Tāmaki Makaurau for generations. My maternal grandparents, Jim and Shirley McIver, and my mother Anne Elizabeth (Liz) and her three younger siblings, made a home in Henderson. On my father's side it is six generations who have been based in Tāmaki Makaurau. William and Sarah Kemp were based in Onehunga, where William built the Onehunga Catholic church: in honour of his contribution to the church he was buried in the North Transept. Five generations have lived in central Auckland. William and Sarah's daughter Mary and her husband David Sands Ireland lived in Arch Hill. They owned and ran a corner dairy at 154 Great North Road. Later my great grandparents Jim and Pearl Ireland converted the shop into Jim's plumbing business. My father, Alan James Curtis, was born in the house at 154 Great North Road. My grandmother Gloria was born at another house belonging to the family across the street at 159.

In the previous section I acknowledged te maunga o Rangitoto, Maunga Whau, Maungakiekie and te wai o Waitematā, who have overseen and housed my family throughout this time. I was born at the foot of Maungakiekie and lived for a time in the central suburbs. Just before my fifth birthday we moved to a rural area just north of Auckland, where I grew up on the land of Ngāti Whātua o Kaipara.

I have not always drawn these lines of settler heritage. My chain of connection as a settler descendant and my sense of identity and belonging here in Aotearoa New Zealand was not something I considered; it was simply taken for granted. Like many other Pākehā, I did not look back to find this knowledge; I made assumptions based on the constructed identity I lived with. To look back for us is not just to acknowledge ourselves, but also our complicity and related contemporary privilege in the colonial project that is New Zealand.



IMG6. 154 Great North Road
James Sands Ireland's plumbing business.
circa 1925.

The notion of our belonging here is tied up in a process of what Pākehā academic Stephen Turner describes as 'Settler Dreaming.' [1] 'Settler Dreaming' refers to collective public memory or history writing that enabled settlers to arrive in a place believing that it was already their own: a process of claiming, naming, and owning. It is an ongoing and intentional memory construction, an active dreaming, that creates what we know and understand as the New Zealander identity: white and ubiquitous. This memory construction is continuously being rewritten in order to ensure a Pākehā identity that belongs here. It subsumes and assimilates various aspects of Māori culture to construct a 'unique identity' that Pākehā can own.[2]

Ngāpuhi architect and critic Jade Kake states, "Pākehā identity and culture can only exist in relation to Māori identity and culture, in the particular condition of settler-colonialism in unceded territories and structured by the unique relationship formed through Te Tiriti o Waitangi."[3] Pākehā sociologist Alison Jones, in her autobiography *This Pākehā life: an unsettled memoir*, states that, "If Pākehā exist in terms of our relationship with Māori, then we have to be able to think with a Māori informed point of view."[4] Being Pākehā is relational to and with Māori, therefore we can begin to see our identity as one that is relational to a Māori context, and one that is reflective and developing.

I aim to disentangle our belonging from the 'settler dreaming,' and to re-examine our Pākehā identity as one that has been gifted to us from Aotearoa and from te iwi Māori. I aim to address the mythologies and the subsequent missing stories by uncovering and recovering them; by connecting with my family; by reflecting and reweaving the stories in a way that we can see ourselves and the layers of time and action that place us here. To this end I will revisit our memory archives, family photograph and object archives, and public institutional archives. I will rethink our definition of belonging to relate to ourselves, our family history, our genealogy and our stories, with relationship to Aotearoa and the context of our shared history with Māori and our role as manuhiri in this country. This project is on a micro/particular/family level. I cannot

1 Turner, "Settler Dreaming."

2 I locate the assimilation of Māori culture into the New Zealander identity in the public rush of pride when elements of Māori culture are seen abroad, a haka performed before a rugby game, or in our national airline attempting to trade mark 'Kia ora,' while also not allowing Māori staff to have tā moko. I believe Māori culture is often appropriated into our identity clumsily and without respect, demonstrating a lack of understanding of the wider culture from which convienient aspects have been cherry-picked.

3 Kake, "Beyond the Mamae: A Review of Five Pākehā Painters."

4 Jones, *This Pākehā Life: an unsettled memoir*, 180.

speak for other Pākehā, and I can only urge my family to join me on this journey. I suspect there will be no ultimate act of unpicking, revealing, or substantiating an acceptable way to be here.

Jones states, “however imperfect or limited our Pākehā perceptions might be, to be Pākehā, to fully inhabit that identity, is to be permanently orientated to Māori, as well as to know about our historical entanglements.”[5] Thus, it is important that I draw on Māori and Indigenous philosophy and Kaupapa Māori research methods to guide my project. While there are numerous Western philosophies[6] that might provide ways of thinking about how I work and how I discover and develop the knowledge in my project, none can quite fit when the initial premise is that I am a Pākehā artist, rather than, say, a 'European New Zealander.'

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5 Jones, *This Pākehā Life: an unsettled memoir*, 190.

6 Such as Phenomenology and Auto-ethnography.

te ahua: the shape of the project

Drawing lines around a family is difficult. In attempting to create a perimeter around this project, I have chosen to focus on my paternal genealogy: the six ships that brought my paternal ancestors to Aotearoa New Zealand and the places in which they and their direct descendants arrived, lived, worked, worshipped and died. But these edges are necessarily permeable and the project stretches to follow my searches, discoveries, metaphors, and juxtapositions. The project naturally includes my mother and my maternal grandparents – I am not easily halved! This is especially important because while my father's family has significant Scottish roots, my closest link to Scotland is through my maternal grandmother, Shirley, who was born in Perth, and my mother who was born in Dunfermline.

I intend for my practice to have a holistic approach, one that accounts for the wider context of something to be part of that thing. Such a comprehensive approach makes for an ever-widening network of interrelations and connections. However, for the purposes of this exegesis, I have split my project into three aspects described in three chapters.

Chapter One: coming aground, covers the initial projects that provided a landing place for this journey: *Ka mua ka muri, resetting the archive*, and the *Pteridomania series*. The chapter then discusses what it means to collect from the environment and my ongoing acknowledgement of issues and learning about protocols for collecting.

Chapter Two: arriving, explores the notion of experiential research and the epistemological and ontological approaches that guide my practice. It establishes the field trips and site visits as an experiential research framework, the log book and traces of the event.

Chapter Three: wayfinding, expands on the experiential event into making material memory in the books of the project. The chapter describes my printing practice as building on the experience of the impression and of page layers and translucency involved in reading my books made of fabric. Further it looks at the modes of writing and revisiting that occur after the event, and at the ways different types and forms of books can embody different writing genres and possibilities to re-engage with the site visit and field trip events. Lastly, it looks at the implications of working with the archive as a site and source material.

Throughout the journey, this project as been one of constant change that follows a passage or movement like water. It expands when it reaches wide open spaces and the extant knowledge is shallow, and forms deep pools when the knowledge is rich in detail. Methods of experiential research, the (shared) event, folding time, record-keeping, returning and re-experiencing through material memory, ephemera, making books, layering, and hagstones, all contribute towards this project's holistic, connection-rich, expanding nature of knowledge building.



IMG7. Hastings Cemetery and Crematorium, Orchard Road, Heretaunga. Site visit October 20. Location of some resting places: Curtis, Coughlan, Munson.

tāku reo: notes on language

Before any other kind of making, I am first a writer. I enjoy words and language, those social constructions that seem stable but are always in a state of flux according to use. I am absorbed in the membranes between languages and how differently language can help us to see the world. I enjoy the impossibility of translation, and the search for the right word across the vocabularies I have.

The project involves four languages. The primary language is English, in its full, bulging, all-engulfing and neologism-rich form. As my first language and the discipline of my Bachelor of Arts and my first Master's degree, it is the language I have the most command over.[1] Despite the vastness of English and my proficiency in it, I often find it lacking in the vocabulary to describe the world as I see and experience it. And so, this project draws on, and is at times guided by, three further languages: te reo Māori, Gaidhlig (Scots Gaelic) and Scots. I am not fluent in any of these three languages.

I have been actively learning te reo and ngā tikanga Māori for 8 years.[2] However, there is a fine line between working with te reo to guide and support my research and using it through appropriation and cultural ignorance. It would be easy to slip in ignorance or active bias into further colonial damage of the language and its people. I hope to walk this line with grace. I aim to work with te reo Māori in a way that embraces the words in their whole meaning (tikanga intact) and with the humility to face up to my mistakes and missteps.

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1 My background is in writing studies, poetry, literature, word/image/text, letterpress printing, DIY publications, zines, and performance (including performance poetry and theatre). I have a Bachelor of Arts with a double major in English and Writing Studies at the University of Auckland (2013-14), a BA Honours in English (2015) and a Master of Arts in English (2018). I undertook 'Writing and Settlement' and 'Writing Technologies' papers, which push at the edges of what can be considered writing, and examined cultural overwriting conducted by Pākehā at the expense of Māori. My honours dissertation and Master's thesis both proposed theories that have had a lasting impact on my project: notions of bilanguaging – exploration of the membranes between languages and cultures; and poetic mark-making – an exploration of the membranes between image and text.

2 I have been learning te reo Māori me ngā tikanga since 2013, first at Te Kura Pō o Wairaka (Unitec) where I completed levels Tahi – Toru. I have completed 5 papers in te reo Māori at Te Wānanga o Waipapa (University of Auckland) (2015-2018). I also completed a course with Te Wānanga o Raukawa in 2018. I have been extraordinarily privileged to have also been taught Kaupapa Māori research protocols by Margaret Mutu in her course Māori 301 at the University of Auckland. Part of my arts practice is to support other learners in te reo Māori, to ensure that I give back the taonga and privilege I have been given to others wanting to learn. (Pre-covid, this took the form of in studio workshops. Post-covid, it has taken the form of pen pal emails in te reo Māori).

My use of Gaidhlig is pure romanticism. The language provides me with a story of belonging in Scotland and every word smells like a mountain covered in heather and feels like a crisp morning breeze in the highlands. It is unlikely that my ancestors will have spoken Gaidhlig for many, many generations. All the Scottish branches of my family that I know about are from the lowlands, where Gaidhlig has not been spoken since at least the 16th Century. But I believe the language is in the blood there somewhere.

The fourth language is Scots. In the 2011 UK census I was able to say that I understand Scots when read and heard. That understanding is due to my Nana (my maternal grandmother), whose speech today is still peppered with Scots over 60 years after she emigrated, and who teased my sister and I with Scots tongue twisters when we were wee. The time I spent living in Scotland in 2008-2011, offered me the opportunity to soak up more Scots vocabulary, which I happily did.

And lastly, through this project I have discovered my family connection to Cornwall. While I have not yet embraced Cornish in my work, it is surely another linguistic ancestral line that I will one day include alongside Gaidhlig and Scots.

project publications

[July 2019] *Te Haerenga tuatahi ki Tongapōrutu*, group exhibition with Arielle Walker, Luca Nicholas and Emily Parr, ST PAUL ST Gallery Three, Auckland.

[February 2020] *Groundwork*, group exhibition with Debbie Harris, Luca Nicholas, Emily Parr and Arielle Walker, Barrel Store, Corban Estate Arts Centre, Auckland.

[September 2020] *Tools of the Site Visit*, AUT Visual Arts Postgraduate Conference.

[October 2020] 'Groundwork' and 'Homecoming,' poems published in *Shearsman Magazine* vol 125 & 126. Ed Tony Frazer, UK.

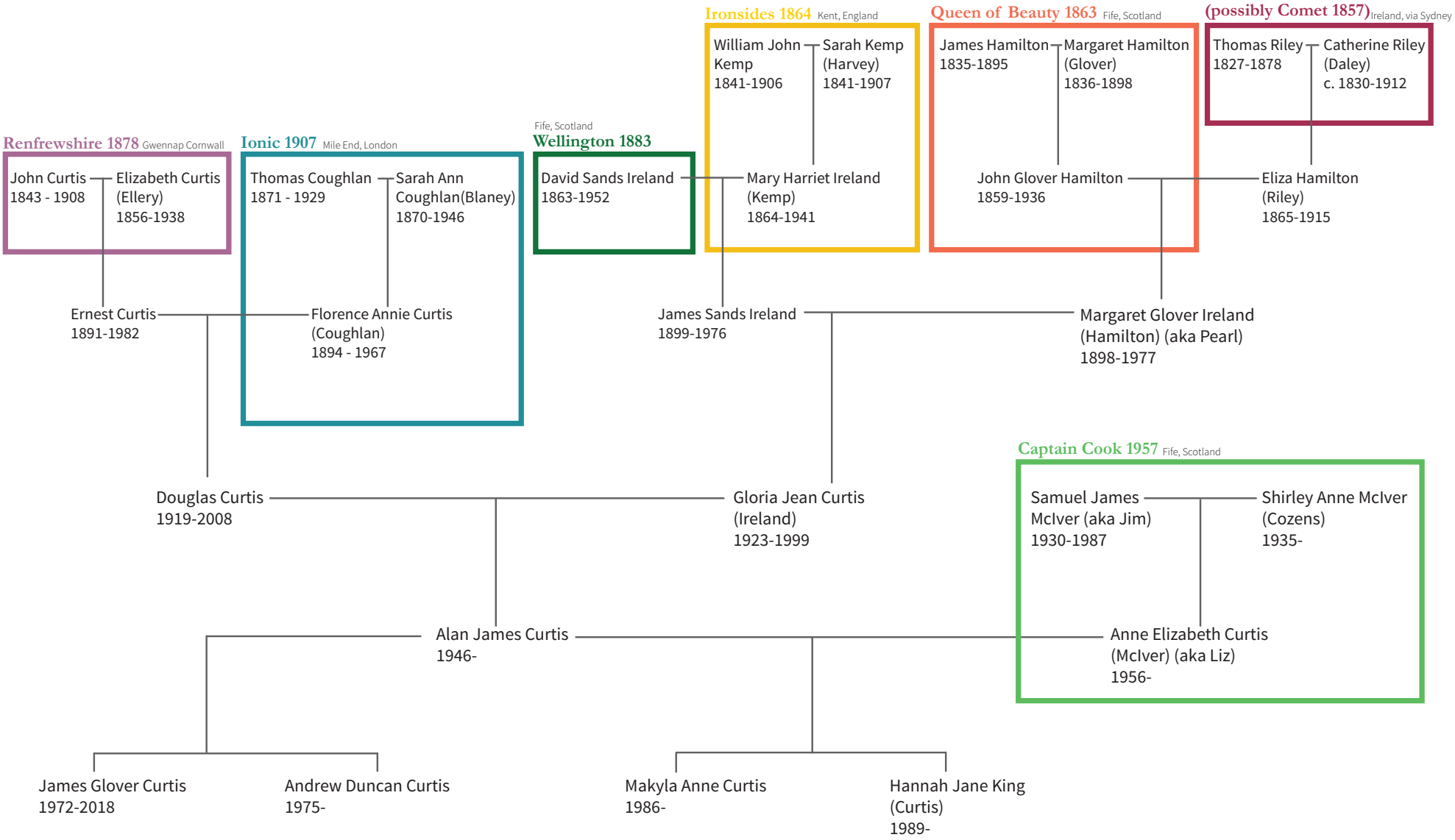
[November – December 2020] *Hauhake (Caravannax Week 2)*, group exhibition curated by Jade Townsend, Objectspace. https://www.objectspace.org.nz/exhibitions/caravannex-on-tour/.

[April 2021] 'NZ's Print History | ka mua ka muri: resetting the archive.' Conference paper presented at *IMPACT 11: International Printmaking Conference*, Hong Kong, https://www.impact11.hk/en/.

[March 2021] 'thresholds and tapestries,' 'sisters,' 'pine and roses,' and 'Ahuriri pebble beach.' Poetry performance presented at *Unity*, with Leanne Radojkovich, Rachael Naomi, and Liz Morton. Takapuna Library.

family tree

IMG8. The ships that brought my family to Aotearoa New Zealand



Event Log Book

Date	SV / FT	Location	People	Connection	Pictured
07.03.19	FT	Waihorotiu	Arielle, Emily, Luca, myself		Arielle and Emily
23-25.04.19	FT	Tongapōrutu	Arielle & Liam, Emily & Julian, Luca, Richard & myself		Sisters at Tongapōrutu estuary, view to Taranaki Maunga
30.06.19	SV	Waikumete	Alan & Liz, Hannah & Tarei, Shirley, Andy & Clinton, Richard and myself	James Glover Curtis	James's gravestone in Waitakere Wall
02.08.19	FT	Turnbull Library	myself		Colenso's compositing stick in my gloved hand
20.09.19	SV & FT	Waikumete & Karekare	Arielle, Emily, Lea, myself	James Glover Curtis	Karekare beach
9-10.12.19	FT	Taranaki	Libby, Michele L, myself		Lucy's Gully, colonial redwoods
19-20.12.19	FT	Paihia	Richard, myself		Paihia beach at 9pm
7.01.20	FT	Henderson	Arielle, Emily, Luca, myself		Ferns growing at Corban Estate Arts Centre
26.04.20	SV	via zoom	Alan, myself	Hamilton family	Scan of a photograph from the Shirley Bury collection
16.5.20	FT	Karekare	Arielle, Emily, myself		Karekare beach
22.05.20	SV	Hamilton's Gap, Pollok School, Pollok Cemetery	Alan, myself	Hamilton, Ireland, Riley, Kemp	Waimatuku estuary / Hamilton's Gap
14-17.06.20	FT	Tongapōrutu	Arielle, Emily, myself		Matuku Moana, Australasian bittern
16.06.20	FT	Pukekura	Arielle, Emily, myself		Interior of the Pukekura fernery
16.06.20	FT	Te Rere o Noke	Arielle, Emily, myself		View from a nearby lookout

29.06.20	SV	Waikumete, Waikaraka, Onehunga	Alan, Andy, myself	Curtis, Kemp, Ireland, Hamilton	Alan and Andy reading the headstone of William and Mary Kemp (brother and sister-in-law to Mary Harriet Ireland née Kemp)
2.07.20	SV	ArchivesNZ Mangere	Emily, myself	Kemp, Ireland	Back page of William Kemp (Snr)'s will, drawings of land refered to in the will
10.07.20	SV	Hamilton's Gap	Richard, myself	Hamilton, Riley	View looking north down the beach
13.07.20	SV	Matakohe	Richard, myself	Curtis, Coughlan	Grave of Florence Annie Curtis née Coughlan
11.09.20	FT	Tauranga	Arielle, Emily, myself		Kairuhiruhi perched in a tree on Mauao
19.09.20	SV	Hamilton's Gap, Pollok and Āwhitu Cemeteries	Alan, Andy, myself	Hamilton, Riley, Ireland, Curtis	Andy, myself, Alan at Hamilton's Gap
04.10.20	FT	Karekare	Arielle, Emily, myself		Sunset at Karekare beach
05.10.20	SV	Michelle McLuckie's home in Karaka	Michelle M, Glen, Margaret G, Alan, myself	Kemp, Ireland, Curtis	Photograph of a photo from the Kemp family reunion, this is the line connected to Mary Harriet Ireland née Kemp
08.10.20	SV	Auckland War Memorial Museum	Alan, myself	Hamilton	Alan looking at photos of the Hamilton Bro's Cheese Factory in the museum reading room
09.10.20	SV	Āwhitu Reserve	Alan, Richard, myself	Hamilton	Grasses in the breeze, view along Kauri Tātahi walk
15.10.20	SV	ArchivesNZ Mangere	Alan, myself	Riley, Kemp	Thomas Riley's Lunatic Asylum records
24.10.20	SV	Ahuriri beach	myself	Curtis, Coughlan	Ahuriri pebble beach
25.10.20	FT	Old Napier Cemetery	myself		Grave of William Colenso
26.10.20	SV	Hastings Cemetery	Alan, myself	Curtis, Coughlan, Blaney, Munson	Alan sitting at the grave of Thomas and Sarah Coughlan

26.10.20	SV	Streets around Heretaunga	Alan, myself	Curtis, Coughlan, Blaney, Munson	811 Dufferin Street, where Ernest, Florence Annie Curtis née Coughlan and Sarah Ann Coughlan née Blaney lived. Where Doug Curtis grew up
27.10.20	FT	MTG Hawke's Bay Museum Tai Ahuriri	Alan, myself		Page of archived ferns collected by William Colenso
05.11.20	SV	Streets around Auckland	Alan, myself	Ireland, Curtis	Wanganui Ave, the first house I lived in
08.11.20	SV	Hamilton's Gap, Lot 102 Āwhitu Parish	Alan, Hannah K, myself	Hamilton, Riley	View from the farm above Hamilton's Gap looking North to the entrance to the Manukau harbour
12.11.20	FT	Auckland Central Library Conservation Lab	David Ashman, myself		An Oxford hollow that I made
18.11.20	SV	Auckland War Memorial Museum	Alan, myself	Hamilton	Āwhitu Mortgage documents
18.11.20	FT	MOTAT	Alan, myself	Hamilton, Riley	Photograph of a sewing machine from MOTAT collection - blurred to abide by requests that photos be taken only for personal research
19-20.11.20	SV	AUT Bindery	myself	Hamilton	Repairs of John Glover Hamilton's bible in progress
24.11.20	SV	My parents' house in Coatesville (where I grew up)	Alan, myself	Curtis, Coughlan, Blaney, Munson, Ireland, Kemp, Hamilton	Photograph of a photo of Doug and Gloria's lounge. The furniture in the photograph was in the room I sat in when I took this photo
26.11.20	SV	NZ Maritime Museum	myself	Kemp, Coughlan	Photograph of research notes
15.10.20	SV	Turnbull Library and ArchivesNZ WGTN	myself	Hamilton	Photograph of a screen showing a microfiche page of the accommodation layout for The Queen of Beauty, 1863
1/19/2021	SV	My parents' garage (Coatesville)	Alan, myself	Hamilton, Riley	Myself and Alan conducting repairs on Eliza Riley's sewing machine when we first opened up the needle plate to find the bobbin

03.03.21	FT	Maunga Whau	myself		Kawakawa leaves near the base of the maunga
19.03.21	SV	Hamilton's Gap, Pollok and Āwhitu Cemeteries	Alan, Michelle M, myself	Hamilton, Ireland, Kemp	Alan and Michelle on the beach at Hamilton's Gap
17.04.21	SV	Michelle McLuckie's home in Karaka	Michelle M, Glen, Hannah K, myself	Riley, Hamilton	Hannah and Michelle working on Eliza Riley's sewing machine
15.05.21	SV	Newton Fish and Chippery	Richard, myself	Ireland, Curtis	Me, eating chips



Chapter one: coming aground

ka mua, ka muri: resetting the archive



IMG10. Second half of *He Whakaputanga* text set and locked up in a Heidelberg Cylinder chase (metal frame) ready to be printed. At first setting, the k's in this section were Gill Sans bold italic as there were not enough Garamond k's in the font to complete the whole document. After the first section was printed, the Garamond k's were removed and inserted into this section, replacing the Gill sans.

This chapter introduces the initial projects that provided a landing place for the thesis journey. Those projects are *Ka mua, ka muri: resetting the archive,* and the *Pteridomania series*. It establishes archival research as a method developed through these early projects that played a large role in how the project progressed. These two works offer ideas about Pākehā in Aotearoa New Zealand in a broader sense than my family: firstly that our presence here is directly related to *He Whakaputanga o te Rangatiratanga o Nu Tirene* and *Te Tiriti o Waitangi*;[1] and secondly our sense of myth-making is related to the Victorian fern craze, pteridomania.

In mid-2019, I set an experiential challenge for myself: to letterpress handset two of Aotearoa New Zealand's founding documents, *He Whakaputanga o te Rangatiratanga o Nu Tirene* and *Te Tiriti o Waitangi*, from replica case layouts[2] designed specifically for handsetting in te reo Māori, by Aotearoa New Zealand's first printer William Colenso.[3] Colenso's cases were built by R. Brown in Kororāreka. I commissioned cabinet maker János Panyoczki to build the replica cases. He was based in Kaiwaka in keeping with a Te Tai Tokerau connection. The parameters of the project were that it was to take place in the MOTAT (Museum of Transport and Technology) Print Shop, where I am a volunteer letterpress compositor.[4] The project would progress on Sundays (when the print shop is open to the public) between September – December of 2019. The completed text was to look as like the original printed versions as possible, but in a larger format. It was set in 18pt Garamond. The 18pt size was chosen to ensure the MOTAT team and visitors to the museum could easily see the text develop in the moveable type, and could identify the letters in the case layout. The typeface Garamond, was chosen for the quantity of type held in the Print Shop. Garamond is also the closest available design to that used in the original documents. I shared the journey with the MOTAT team, with visitors, and online.

1 He Whakaputanga o te Rangatiratanga o Nu Tirene The Declaration of Independence of the United Tribes of New Zealand, signed in 1835, and Te Tiriti o Waitangi, The Treaty of Waitangi, signed in 1840. Both are founding documents of Aotearoa New Zealand.

2 A case layout is the design of where each letter can be found in a type tray/drawer. Similar to how a qwerty keyboard is laid out for practical use.

3 William Yate is Aotearoa New Zealand's first printer, however, he was untrained and his efforts were so poor, that Colenso is regarded as the first printer. For evidence of Yate's poor workmanship, see Ko te Katekihama printed by Yate, in the Auckland Central Library Sir George Grey Special Collections or in the Alexander Turnbull Library.

4 A compositor is the person who composits or handsets moveable metal type in preparation for printing. I use the terms compositing and handsetting interchangeably.








NU TIRENE.



Above: **IMG15.** I am chatting to the public about NZ Print History, our Founding documents, and what I am doing in the Print Shop.

Previous pages: **IMG11-13** I am handsetting from the Colenso-designed cases built by János Panyoczki.

IMG14 The first section of *He Whakaputanga* printed, the ink still wet, sitting in the bed of the Heidelberg Cylinder press, ready for the second section (with replaced k's) to be added.

I wanted to get close to the documents, and the intimacy and familiarity of handsetting was a sure way for me to connect with their materiality (and maybe their mana). So too, the sense of repeating something that has happened before, my hand moving over the case layout in similar formations to that of William Colenso so many years earlier. I wanted for the MOTAT team and our visitors to think about these documents again. Many of the people I spoke to about the project had never heard of *He Whakaputanga,* let alone understood the close-knit relationship between the declaration and the treaty. At the end of handsetting each document, roughly 200 copies of each were printed and were then distributed to visitors to the Print Shop and to MOTAT's Walsh Memorial Library.[5] Copies were also given to MOTAT's local Marae, Te Māhurehure, who have them displayed on the wall of their whare.

These documents form the basis for why my family and I are here in Aotearoa New Zealand. As such, reactivating their printing and forming an opportunity to better understand them myself through tactile learning, and sharing that learning with others, has become a solid grounding from which the rest of the project can stand. *Ka mua, ka muri: resetting the archive* also established 'the experiential' as a key component of my research practice, a method that became the principal way of working in this project.

Further, the process and experience of printing these documents highlighted the idea of documents and artefacts as having their own life force. Te Kawehau Hoskins and Alison Jones in their essay 'Non-human Others and Kaupapa Māori Research'[6] describe Māori ontology, in which it is taken for granted "that objects can speak, act, and have effects independently of human thought and will."[7] Even though the documents I printed are obviously not original, or pages handled by the people who signed them, it became clear to me that the documents' mana was carried through the words and text, and was therefore an integral part of their reprinting.

Much later after their printing, in April 2021, I attended a training event for MOTAT team members about Te Tiriti o Waitangi. It was conducted by Tīmoti Harris at Te Māhurehure marae. At the conclusion of the event, our team presented Tīmoti and the Marae with framed copies of both documents that I had printed at the MOTAT Print Shop.

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5 In 1836, 60 copies of He Whakaputanga were printed. A further 100 were printed in 1837. The edition of 200 was a nod to that general quantity.

6 Hoskins and Jones, Critical Conversations in Kaupapa Māori, 49-64.

7 Hoskins and Jones, 'Non-human Others and Kaupapa Māori Research,' 51.

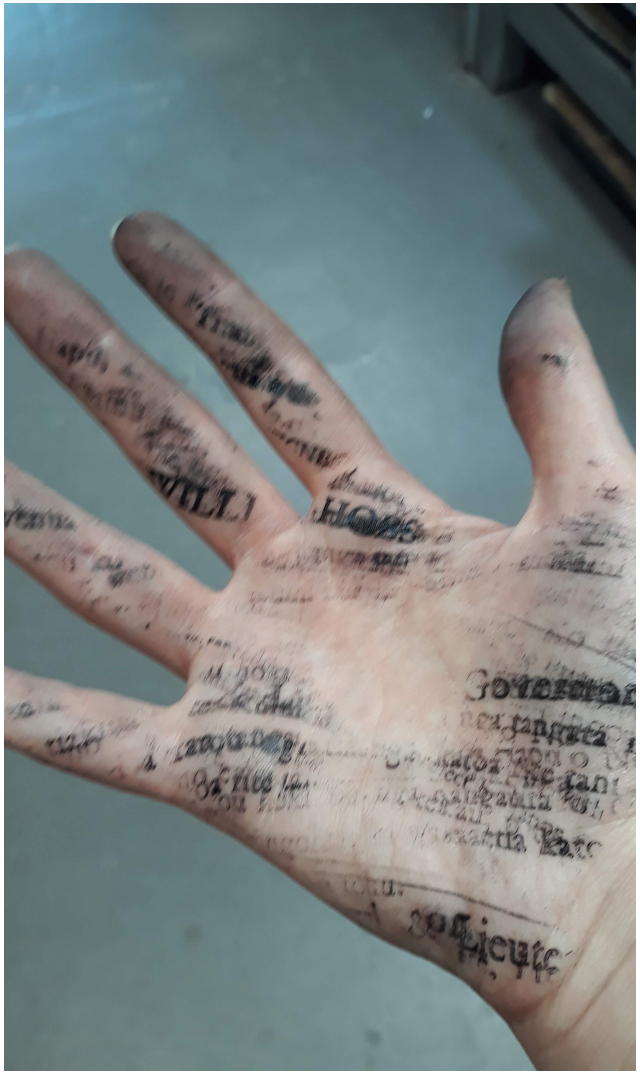
Tīmoti's reception was warm and he had tears in his eyes. The reproductions carried the mana of the originals in a way I could not have anticipated. The mana and mauri of documents, artefacts and objects is intrinsic and a major driving force in this project.



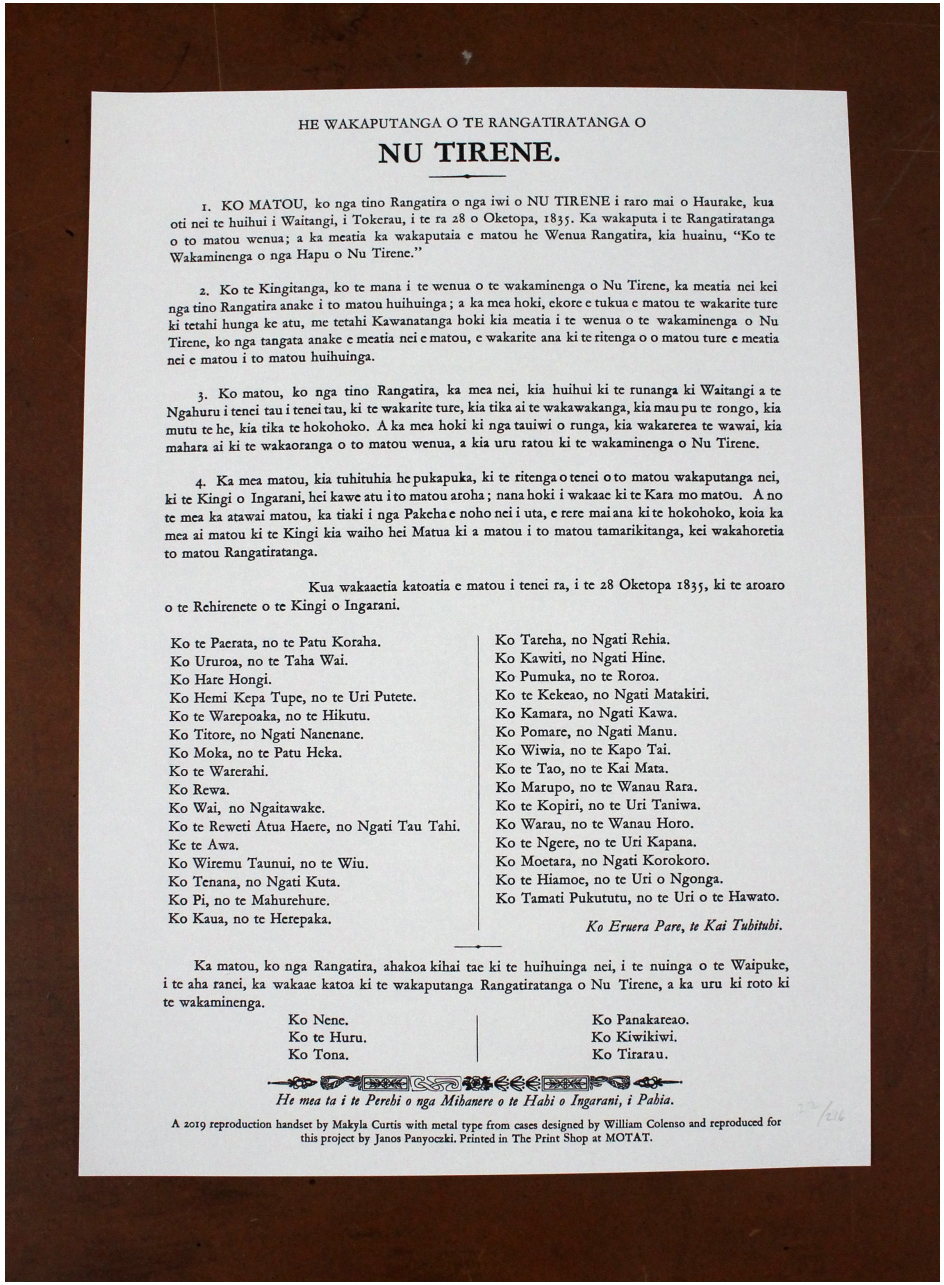
IMG16. Full text of *Te Tiriti o Waitangi* in the Heidelberg Cylinder bed for a test print (Gill sans bold italic k's included).



IMG17. Close up of handset opening text of Te Tiriti o Waitangi.



IMG18. Impressions from the inked type on my hands from checking the lock up of still wet inked type. The process is very tactile.



HE WAKAPUTANGA O TE RANGATIRATANGA O

NU TIRENE.

1. KO MATOU, ko nga tino Rangatira o nga iwi o NU TIRENE i raro mai o Haurake, kua oti nei te huihui i Waitangi, i Tokerau, i te ra 28 o Oketopa, 1835. Ka wakaputa i te Rangatiratanga o to matou wenua; a ka meatia ka wakaputaia e matou he Wenua Rangatira, kia huainu, "Ko te Wakaminenga o nga Hapu o Nu Tirene."

2. Ko te Kingitanga, ko te mana i te wenua o te wakaminenga o Nu Tirene, ka meatia nei kei nga tino Rangatira anake i to matou huihuinga; a ka mea hoki, ekore e tukua e matou te wakarite ture ki tetahi hunga ke atu, me tetahi Kawanatanga hoki kia meatia i te wenua o te wakaminenga o Nu Tirene, ko nga tangata anake e meatia nei e matou, e wakarite ana ki te ritenga o o matou ture e meatia nei e matou i to matou huihuinga.

3. Ko matou, ko nga tino Rangatira, ka mea nei, kia huihui ki te runanga ki Waitangi a te Ngahuru i tenei tau i tenei tau, ki te wakarite ture, kia tika ai te wakawakanga, kia mau pu te rongo, kia mutu te he, kia tika te hokohoko. A ka mea hoki ki nga tauiwi o runga, kia wakarerea te wawai, kia mahara ai ki te wakaoranga o to matou wenua, a kia uru ratou ki te wakaminenga o Nu Tirene.

4. Ka mea matou, kia tuhituhia he pukapuka, ki te ritenga o tenei o to matou wakaputanga nei, ki te Kingi o Ingarani, hei kawe atu i to matou aroha; nana hoki i wakaae ki te Kara mo matou. A no te mea ka atawai matou, ka tiaki i nga Pakeha e noho nei i uta, e rere mai ana ki te hokohoko, koia ka mea ai matou ki te Kingi kia waiho hei Matua ki a matou i to matou tamarikitanga, kei wakahoretia to matou Rangatiratanga.

Kua wakaaetia katoatia e matou i tenei ra, i te 28 Oketopa 1835, ki te aroaro o te Rehirenete o te Kingi o Ingarani.

Ko te Paerata, no te Patu Koraha.
Ko Ururoa, no te Taha Wai.
Ko Hare Hongi.
Ko Hemi Kepa Tupe, no te Uri Putete.
Ko te Warepoaka, no te Hikutu.
Ko Titore, no Ngati Nanenane.
Ko Moka, no te Patu Heka.
Ko te Warerahi.
Ko Rewa.
Ko Wai, no Ngaitawake.
Ko te Reweti Atua Haere, no Ngati Tau Tahi.
Ke te Awa.
Ko Wiremu Taunui, no te Wiu.
Ko Tenana, no Ngati Kuta.
Ko Pi, no te Mahurehure.
Ko Kaua, no te Herepaka.

Ko Tareha, no Ngati Rehia.
Ko Kawiti, no Ngati Hine.
Ko Pumuka, no te Roroa.
Ko te Kekeao, no Ngati Matakiri.
Ko Kamara, no Ngati Kawa.
Ko Pomare, no Ngati Manu.
Ko Wiwia, no te Kapo Tai.
Ko te Tao, no te Kai Mata.
Ko Marupo, no te Wanau Rara.
Ko te Kopiri, no te Uri Taniwa.
Ko Warau, no te Wanau Horo.
Ko te Ngere, no te Uri Kapana.
Ko Moetara, no Ngati Korokoro.
Ko te Hiamoe, no te Uri o Ngonga.
Ko Tamati Pukututu, no te Uri o te Hawato.

Ko Eruera Pare, te Kai Tuhituhi.

Ka matou, ko nga Rangatira, ahakoa kihai tae ki te huihuinga nei, i te nuinga o te Waipuke, i te aha ranei, ka wakaae katoa ki te wakaputanga Rangatiratanga o Nu Tirene, a ka uru ki roto ki te wakaminenga.

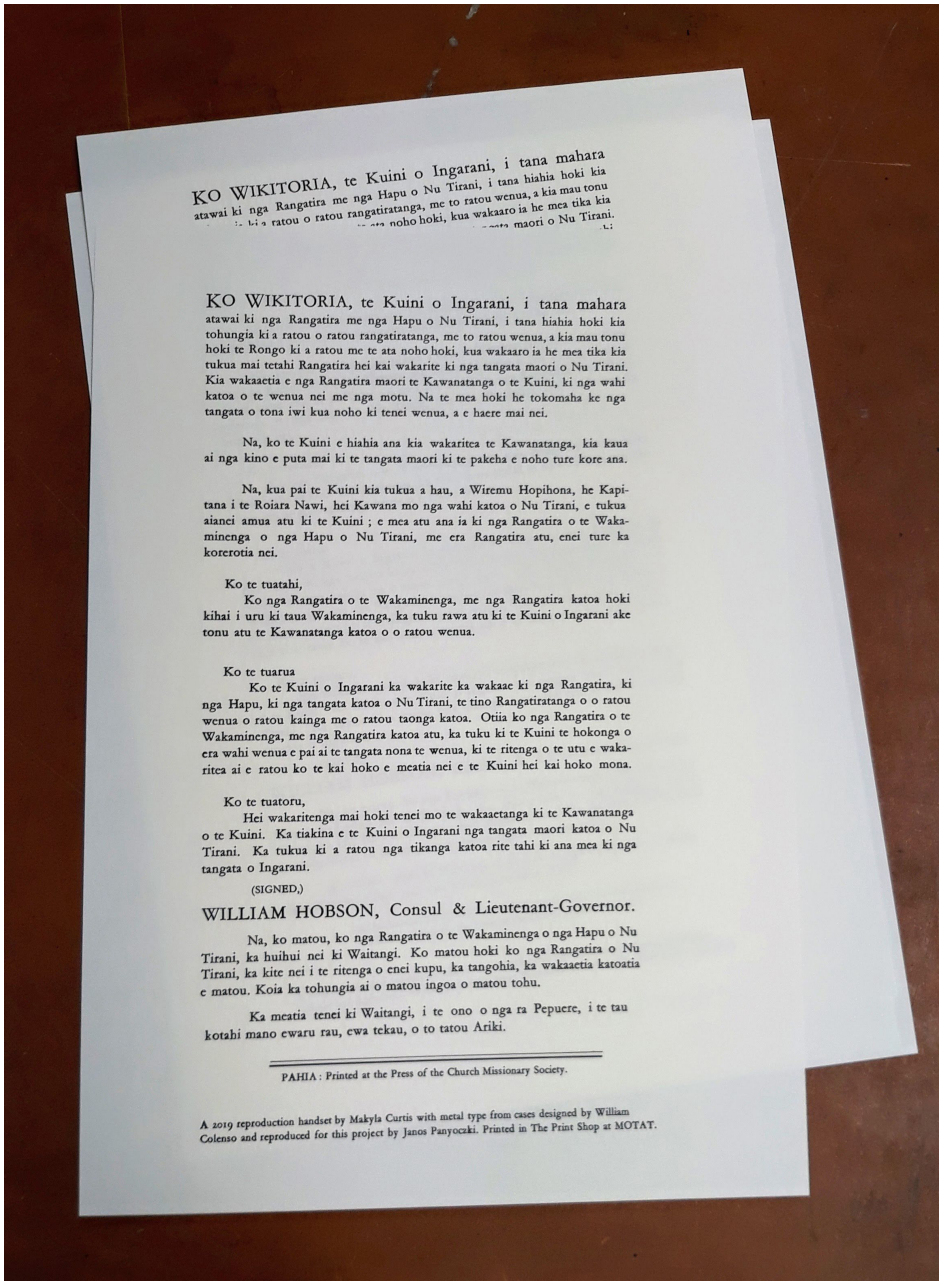
Ko Nene.
Ko te Huru.
Ko Tona.

Ko Panakareao.
Ko Kiwikiwi.
Ko Tirarau.

He mea ta i te Perehi o nga Mihanere o te Hahi o Ingarani, i Pahia.

A 2019 reproduction handset by Makyla Curtis with metal type from cases designed by William Colenso and reproduced for this project by Janos Panyoczki. Printed in The Print Shop at MOTAT.

IMG19. *He Whakaputanga* print, completed October 2019.



KO WIKITORIA, te Kuini o Ingarani, i tana mahara atawai ki nga Rangatira me nga Hapu o Nu Tirani, i tana hiahia hoki kia tohungia ki a ratou o ratou rangatiratanga, me to ratou wenua, a kia mau tonu hoki te Rongo ki a ratou me te ata noho hoki, kua wakaaro ia he mea tika kia tukua mai tetahi Rangatira hei kai wakarite ki nga tangata maori o Nu Tirani. Kia wakaaetia e nga Rangatira maori te Kawanatanga o te Kuini, ki nga wahi katoa o te wenua nei me nga motu. Na te mea hoki he tokomaha ke nga tangata o tona iwi kua noho ki tenei wenua, a e haere mai nei.

Na, ko te Kuini e hiahia ana kia wakaritea te Kawanatanga, kia kaua ai nga kino e puta mai ki te tangata maori ki te pakeha e noho ture kore ana.

Na, kua pai te Kuini kia tukua a hau, a Wiremu Hopihona, he Kapitana i te Roiara Nawi, hei Kawana mo nga wahi katoa o Nu Tirani, e tukua aianei amua atu ki te Kuini; e mea atu ana ia ki nga Rangatira o te Wakaminenga o nga Hapu o Nu Tirani, me era Rangatira atu, enei ture ka korerotia nei.

Ko te tuatahi,
Ko nga Rangatira o te Wakaminenga, me nga Rangatira katoa hoki kihai i uru ki taua Wakaminenga, ka tuku rawa atu ki te Kuini o Ingarani ake tonu atu te Kawanatanga katoa o o ratou wenua.

Ko te tuarua
Ko te Kuini o Ingarani ka wakarite ka wakaae ki nga Rangatira, ki nga Hapu, ki nga tangata katoa o Nu Tirani, te tino Rangatiratanga o o ratou wenua o ratou kainga me o ratou taonga katoa. Otiia ko nga Rangatira o te Wakaminenga, me nga Rangatira katoa atu, ka tuku ki te Kuini te hokonga o era wahi wenua e pai ai te tangata nona te wenua, ki te ritenga o te utu e wakaritea ai e ratou ko te kai hoko e meatia nei e te Kuini hei kai hoko mona.

Ko te tuatoru,
Hei wakaritenga mai hoki tenei mo te wakaaetanga ki te Kawanatanga o te Kuini. Ka tiakina e te Kuini o Ingarani nga tangata maori katoa o Nu Tirani. Ka tukua ki a ratou nga tikanga katoa rite tahi ki ana mea ki nga tangata o Ingarani.

(SIGNED,)

WILLIAM HOBSON, Consul & Lieutenant-Governor.

Na, ko matou, ko nga Rangatira o te Wakaminenga o nga Hapu o Nu Tirani, ka huihui nei ki Waitangi. Ko matou hoki ko nga Rangatira o Nu Tirani, ka kite nei i te ritenga o enei kupu, ka tangohia, ka wakaaetia katoatia e matou. Koia ka tohungia ai o matou ingoa o matou tohu.

Ka meatia tenei ki Waitangi, i te ono o nga ra Pepuere, i te tau kotahi mano ewaru rau, ewa tekau, o to tatou Ariki.

PAHIA: Printed at the Press of the Church Missionary Society.

A 2019 reproduction handset by Makyla Curtis with metal type from cases designed by William Colenso and reproduced for this project by Janos Panyoczki. Printed in The Print Shop at MOTAT.

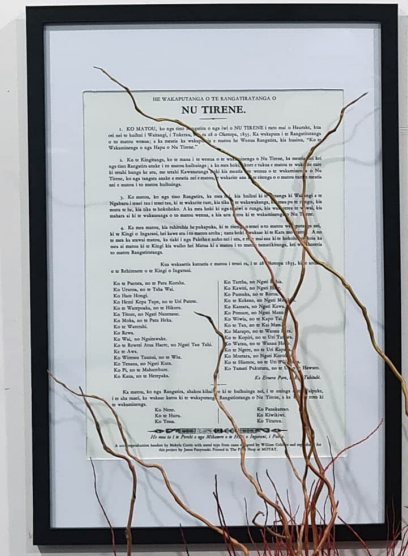
IMG20. *Te Tiriti o Waitangi* print, completed December 2019.

Next page: **IMG21.** Framed prints of *He Whakaputanga* and *Te Tiriti o Waitangi* at Te Māhurehure Marae. Christine Pānapa hung the prints at the front door next to the photos of the Māori battalion and her father and tūpuna who signed te tiriti, Mohi and Hōne Mohi Tāwhai. This display is the first thing you see when you walk in.









HE WAKAPUTANGA O TE KANGATIRATANGA O

NU TIRENE.

1. KO MATOU, ko nga rangatira o nga iwi o NU TIRENE i runa mai o Hauraki, kua oti nei te huihui i Waitangi, i Tokerau, i te 28 o Oketopa, 1835, Ka whakapuaki i te Kangatiratanga o to matou wenua, a ka meatia ka whakaingia e matou he Wenua Rangatira, kia huaina, "Ko te Wakaminenga o nga Hapu o Nu Tirene."

2. Ka ri Kingitanga, ko te mana i te wenua o te wakaminenga o Nu Tirene, ka meatia nei kei nga tino Rangatira anake i te matou huihuinga; a ka mea hoki, ko nga ture e tukua e matou e wakaritia e te Wakaminenga o Nu Tirene, ko nga tangata anake e meatia nei e matou, e wakarite ana ki te tikanga o o matou ture e meatia nei e matou i te matou huihuinga.

3. Ko matou, ko nga mea Rangatira, ka mea, ka huihui ki te runanga ki Waitangi e te Ngahuru i tenei tau i tenei tau, ki te wakarite ture, kia tika ai te wakawakanga, kia mau pai te rongo, kia mutu te he, kia tika te hokohoko. A ka mea hoki ki nga tauiwi o runga, kia whakaaro ratou ki te ritenga o o matou ture, kia mohau ai ki te wakaminenga o te matou wenua, a kia uru ratou ki te wakaminenga o Nu Tirene;

4. Ka mea matou, kia ngakihia he pukapuka, ki te matou i tenei o matou ture hei runanga mo matou, ki te Kingi o Ingarani, hei korero atu i to matou rongo, mana hoki e tiaki i nga Pakeha noho noa iri i uta, e kore matou e whakarere i a matou ture, kia mau ki te ngakau aroha ki te tangata, ki te taki i nga Pakeha noho noa iri i uta, e kore matou e whakarere i a matou ture, kia mau ki te ngakau aroha ki te tangata, ki te taki i nga Pakeha noho noa iri i uta, e kore matou e whakarere i a matou ture hei whakamarie i a matou i te mate. Nonoi ki te Kingi kia waiho hei Matua ki o matou, i to matou whenuatanga, kati ki te Ota o to matou Rangatiratanga.

Kua wakaaetia katoatia e matou i tenei ra, i te 28 o Oketopa 1835, ki te aroaro o te Rehitanete o te Kingi o Ingarani.

Ko te Paatara, no te Para Kowha.
Ko Uruamu, no te Tuhi Wai.
Ko Moka.
Ko Hemi Kipa Tupe, no te Uri Patate.
Ko te Wanipoaka, no te Hikoro.
Ko Tiraus, no Ngati Hauwaiwai.
Ko Moka, no te Para Herka.
Ko te Waretahi.
Ko Rewa.
Ko Wai, no Ngaiwaiwhe.
Ko te Aweawi Jesus Haere, no Ngati Toa Tahi.
Ko Wai.
Ko Wiremu Tamaiti, no te Wia.
Ko Tetuaua, no Ngati Kuta.
Ko Pi, no te Mahurehure.
Ko Kaua, no te Hetepaka.

Ko Tuetha, no Ngati Pa Ua.
Ko Kawiti, no Ngati Hine.
Ko Pumotia, no te Rarua.
Ko te Rahaua, no Ngati Kawa.
Ko Kaoaua, no Ngati Kawa.
Ko Pomare, no Ngati Manu.
Ko Wiroa, no te Kapo Tai.
Ko te Tai, no te Kai Ngaru.
Ko Maraga, no te Wai Ti.
Ko Tamati Waka Nene, no Ngati Tau.
Ko Waata, no te Waoai Iti.
Ko te Ngaro, no te Ure Kapo.
Ko Moanaa, no Ngati Kawa.
Ko te Hianoe, no te Uru Wa.
Ko Tamati Pukututu, no te Ure Hawaro.

Ko Etwara Pare, no te Tahiaki.

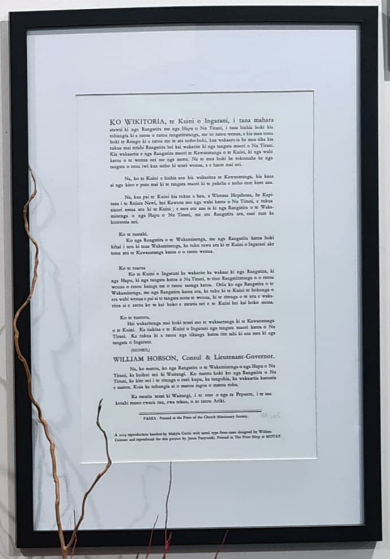
Ka matou, ko nga Rangatira, ahakoa kihai i te ki te huihuinga nei, i te mahuki, i te ata mauri, ka wakaae katoa ki te wakaputanga o te Kangatiratanga o Nu Tirene, a ka uru katoa ki te wakaminenga.

Ko Nene.
Ko te Horo.
Ko Tirene.

Ko Panakareao.
Ko Kiwikiwi.
Ko Tirarau.

Ko nga mea i ta Pareta a nga Wiliama e ai ki te 7 o Ngatoro i Poneke.

A true reproduction headed by Mahuta Gudgeon Tuhaere with initial caps from cases designed by William Colenso and reproduced for this purpose by Jason Pamenter. Printed at The Petone Shop of MOTAT.



KO WIKITORIA, te Kuini o Ingarani, i tana mahara atawai ki nga Rangatira me nga Hapu o Nu Tirani, i mea kiihia hoki kia wakaaetia e ratou o ratou wenua kia noho ai hei kawanatanga mo ratou katoa, me tetahi hoki kia tohungia ki a ratou o ratou rangatiratanga, me o ratou wenua, a kia mea tonu atu ai he iwi tahi raua ko ratou, me he iwi noho hoki, kua wakaaro ia he mea tika kia tukua mai tetahi Rangatira hei kai wakarite ki nga tangata maori o Nu Tirani. Kia wakaaetia e nga Rangatira maori te Kawanatanga o te Kuini, ki nga wahi katoa o te wenua nei me nga motu. Na e mea hoki ko tohunuhe ke nga tangata o tenei iwi kua noho hei tauiwi wenua, e e haere mai nei.

Na, ko te Kuini e hiahia ana kia wakaaetia te Kawanatanga, kia hua ai nga hua e pono ana ki te tangata maori ki te pakeha e noho nei hoki ano.

Na, kua pai te Kuini kia tukua a hau, a Wiremu Hopihona, he Kapitana i te Roiara Nawi, hei Kawana mo nga wahi katoa o Nu Tirani, e tukua atarei ensa ara ki te Kuini ; e mea ana ana ia ki nga Rangatira o te Wakaminenga o nga Hapu o Nu Tirani, me oku Rangatira ano, anaf mate he kounoria nei.

Ka te tuatahi,
Ko nga Rangatira o te Wakaminenga, me nga Rangatira katoa hoki tihai i ora ki te Wakaminenga, ka tuku rawa era ki te Kuini o Ingarani ake tonu atu te Kawanatanga katoa o o ratou wenua.

Ka te tuarua
Ko te Kuini o Ingarani ka wakarite ka wakaae ki nga Rangatira, ki nga Hapu, ki nga tangata katoa o Nu Tirani, te tino Rangatiratanga o o ratou wenua o ratou kainga me o ratou taonga katoa. Otiia ko nga Rangatira o te Wakaminenga, me nga Rangatira katoa era, ka tuku ki te Kuini te hokonga o era wahi wenua e pai ai te tangata noreo te wenua, ki te tunga o te ara e tuku rawa ai e ratou ko te hui hoko e meatia nei e te Kuini hei hoi hoko mona.

Ka te tuatoru,
Hei wakaritenga mai hoki mona mo te wakaaetanga ki te Kawanatanga o te Kuini, Ka tiakina e te Kuini o Ingarani nga taonga maori katoa o Nu Tirani. Ka tukua ki a ratou nga tikanga katoa rite tahi ki ana ano ki nga tangata o Ingarani.

(SIGNED)
WILLIAM HOBSON, Consul & Lieutenant-Governor.

Na, ko matou, ko nga Rangatira o te Wakaminenga o nga Hapu o Nu Tirani, ka huihui nei ki Waitangi. Ka matau kihi hoki nga Rangatira o Nu Tirani, ka hiki nei i te ringaringa o matou ki nga tupuhia, ka wakaaetia katoatia e matou. Kua ko tohungia ki o matou ingoa o matou tohu.

Ka meatia tenei ki Waitangi, i te rua o nga ra Pepuere, i te mea kotahi mano rewarn rau, rwa tekau, o to matou Ariki.

PAIHIA. Printed at the Press of the Church Missionary Society.

A 1914 reproduction headed by Mahuta Gudgeon with initial caps from cases designed by William Colenso and reproduced for this purpose by Jason Pamenter. Printed at The Petone Shop of MOTAT.

pteridomania and collecting



IMG22. Close up of fern print from *Pteridomania Series 01,* July 2019.

The premise for the *Pteridomania series* came from the Victorian fern craze of collecting, growing, organising, pressing and utilising ferns as design features in the 19th and early 20th centuries.[1] The pastime hit its peak in popularity around the same time that *Te Tiriti o Waitangi* was signed. Here, I posit that the overwhelming popularity of ferns and their association with intrigue and magic, was a contributing factor in how settlers imagined, established, and claimed their new home in Aotearoa New Zealand. The fern was a symbol of their connection to the land, and Aotearoa New Zealand was full of ferns.[2] The fern has remained a symbol of belonging for Pākehā.

My aim was to revisit this historical movement and explore its impacts on the present.[3] What I discovered was how effective the connection to the land through plant life was in grounding myself. It also unnerved me because I felt as though I was buying into and supporting the Pākehā myth-making and, therefore, I needed to re-evaluate what that meant. Reflection enabled me to see that there is a significant difference between ideas of the disconnected collecting that was conducted by early Pākehā settlers, and one that considers plants as beings with mauri, and taking into account the relationship that occurs between the collector and the plant.

1 Pteridomania is also known as fern-fever, fern-madness, and the fern craze.

2 Fern fever also coincided with the rise in Literary Pastoralism in which people who lived off the land, such as shepherds, were romanticized as free from the corruption of city life. Pastoralism Christian ideals of innocence to a pure life on the land were also prevalent.

3 My interest in pteridomania began with the Emily Cumming Harris project led by Professor Michele Leggott. I was a research assistant for this project between 2015-2020. Harris was a botanical artist and diarist who arrived in Aotearoa New Zealand in 1840 as a child and lived in Taranaki through the 1860s. She produced a book called 'New Zealand Ferns.' Her diaries mention collecting ferns by 'ferning,' – taking cuttings while out on walks – as well as receiving specimens by post from other collectors. https://emilycummingharris.blogs.auckland.ac.nz/



Above. **IMG23.** *Pteridomania series 01*, four cotton fabric hangings, nature prints. Ferns collected at Tongapōrutu.
View through the internal windows into the ST PAUL ST Gallery Three Post Pilot show July 2019.

Next page: **IMG24** Fabric hangings 3 and 4 of the *Pteridomania series 01.* 800x1400mm. Oil-based ink on cotton.





IMG25. Fern cuttings collected at Tongapōrutu. These ferns were used to print the *Pteridomania series 01* presented in the exhibition Te Haerenga tuatahi ki Tongapōrutu in July 2019.



IMG26. Angie Lewin *Skye Sun.* Linocut, 355 x 450mm.

Collecting became a significant component within my practice: I have collected ferns, other plant life, stones, and driftwood. The notion of collecting has significant links to theft of cultural objects, taonga, and ancestors; and the destruction and undermining effects of Victorian Museum behaviours on indigenous nations around the world. The Victorian pastime has its roots in imperialism and a colonising gaze. This lineage of collecting poses serious ethical questions that need to be addressed within my project.

I do not have easy answers. I use my practice as an opportunity to feel my way through the ethics of collecting. I collect these aspects of the land as a way of learning from the land. Hawaiian philosopher Manulani Aluli Meyer describes that "one does not simply learn about land, we learn from land."[4] Collecting is a way in which I do this kind of learning. I am drawn to other practioners who also do this. Scottish artist Angie Lewin also collects and uses the plants around her to learn her environment. Collecting draws attention, for me, to the details and specificities of that object and how it then connects and relates to the place in which it belongs. I collect to learn and to develop knowing.

I first went 'ferning'[5] in 2019 in Tongapōrutu. I was there staying with my postgraduate cohort and our partners at Arielle Walker's family bach. The trip would later culminate in the exhibition *Te Haerenga Tuatahi ki Tongapōrutu*. I gathered cuttings of ferns from a trucking side road that overlooked the river. Those ferns were pressed and used to print the first of the *Pteridomania series*. On this occasion I believed I was mimicking the activities of the Victorian era, but even then I was saying short karakia over the plants I took cuttings from, being sure to check the health and size of the plant first.

As I have collected, I have developed rituals for gathering. I build a sense of accountability and reciprocity in my relationship with the plant life I collect. I speak of the purpose of the collecting to the things I am to collect and their relational surroundings. I lay down the request and stay attuned to see tohu. Oftentimes the tohu relate to something ethereal, something that feels to me like gut instinct, but I believe it is a clear guide given to me with the affect of how my request is received.

4 Meyer, 'Indigenous and Authentic: Hawaiian Epistemology and the Triangulation of Meaning.' 4.

5 Ferning as a verb is usually used to mean 'to cover over with ferns' but here I use it to mean the collecting and organising of ferns as relating to the pteridomania or 'fern fever' of the 19th Century.





Above: **IMG28.** Detail *Ink Herbarium* 1500 x 3200, Nature prints on cotton sewn together as a patchwork. Ferns collected in Taranaki 2019. Exhibited in *Groundwork* the Barrel Store at the Corban Estate Arts Centre February 2020.

Previous page: **IMG27**. *Ink Herbarium.*

Next page: **IMG29-31.** *Do you have Fern Fever yet?* A print collectors' card: bracken, rauaruhe. Ferns collected at Corban Estate Arts Centre grounds in January 2020. The public were invited to choose a pressed fern from a supplied collection which was then printed for them onto a collectors' card with preprinted text. The card was made to mimic the collectors' cards made in the Victorian era for visitors at the railway stations of fern hotspots in Britain. However, instead of having a fern cutting attached to the card, the card was printed - therefore only a small number of fern cuttings were required (no need to strip a plant of its fronds). Cards took both an imprinted impression, but the thick card was also embossed with the form of the fern.






50
50
FARLEY



IMG32. Stack of remnant prints from *Do you have fern fever yet?*
Every print made for a member of the public remained as a trace in a mirror image print.

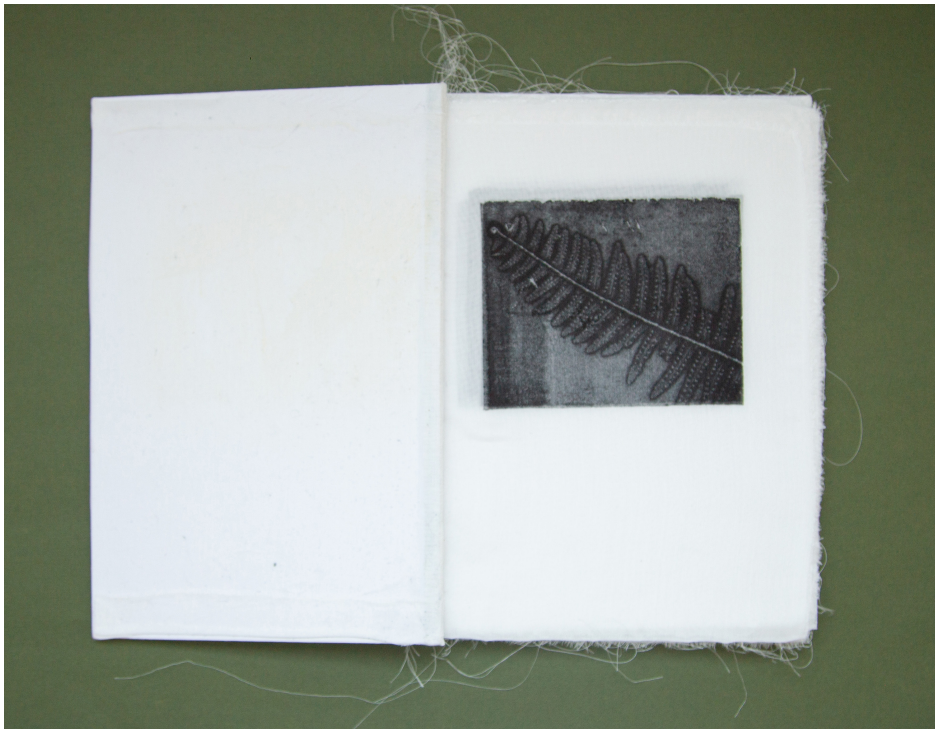
Below and next page: **IMG33-36.** page spreads from *advance / recede*. Artist book, 150 x 200mm, 21 leaves, hardcover with stab binding.
Plant specimens used to print the book were collected each day on local walks during the April 2019 Covid-19 level 4 lockdown.

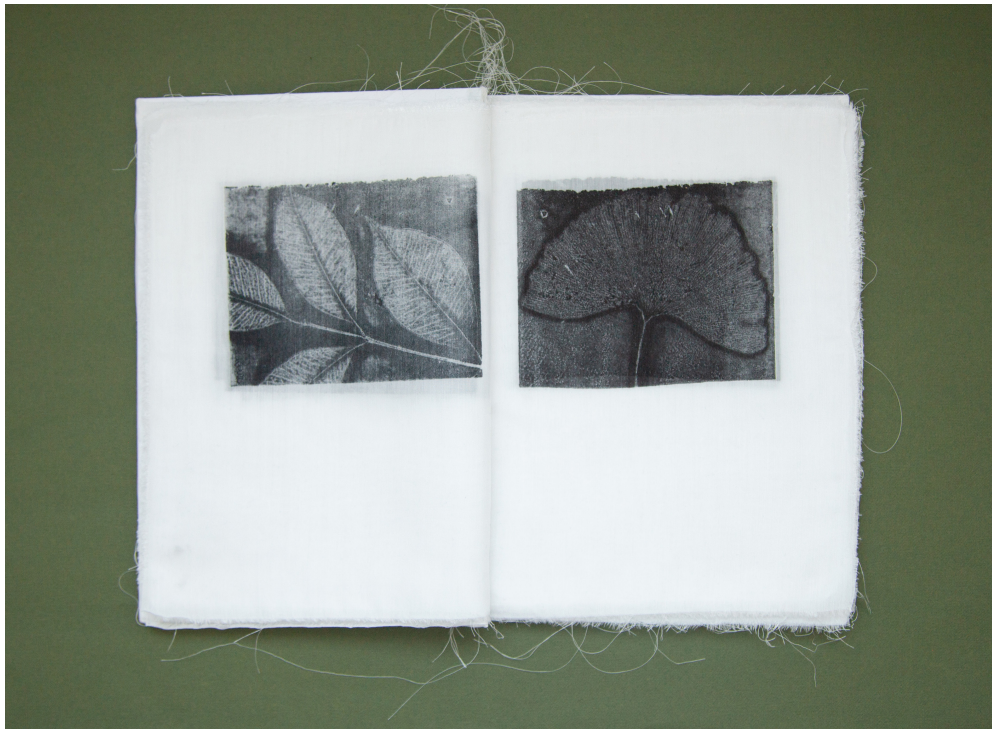
The bound book was created in part as a response to curator Jade Townsend's prompt to look at the friendship between Ralph Hotere and Hone Tuwhare. The title of the book is taken from a line in Tuwhare's poem 'Hotere' - "When you stack horizontal lines / into vertical columns which appear / to advance, recede, shimmer and wave." The title was also chosen to reflect the way in which the image advances and recedes within the print.

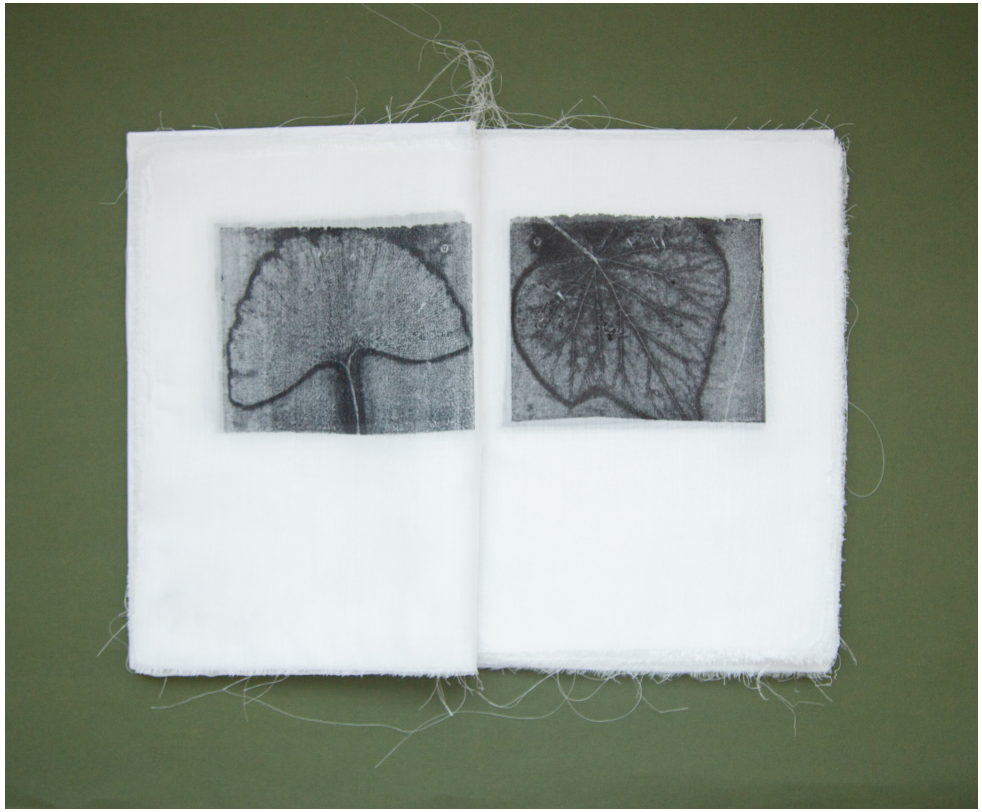
I collect with care and with reciprocity. I receive far more from the plants I have collected than I can ever return, but I do my best through karakia and an exchange of breath. I find it difficult to unpick my ideas around the identity and belonging in ferns cultivated in the Victorian era, with how collecting has supported my wellbeing.

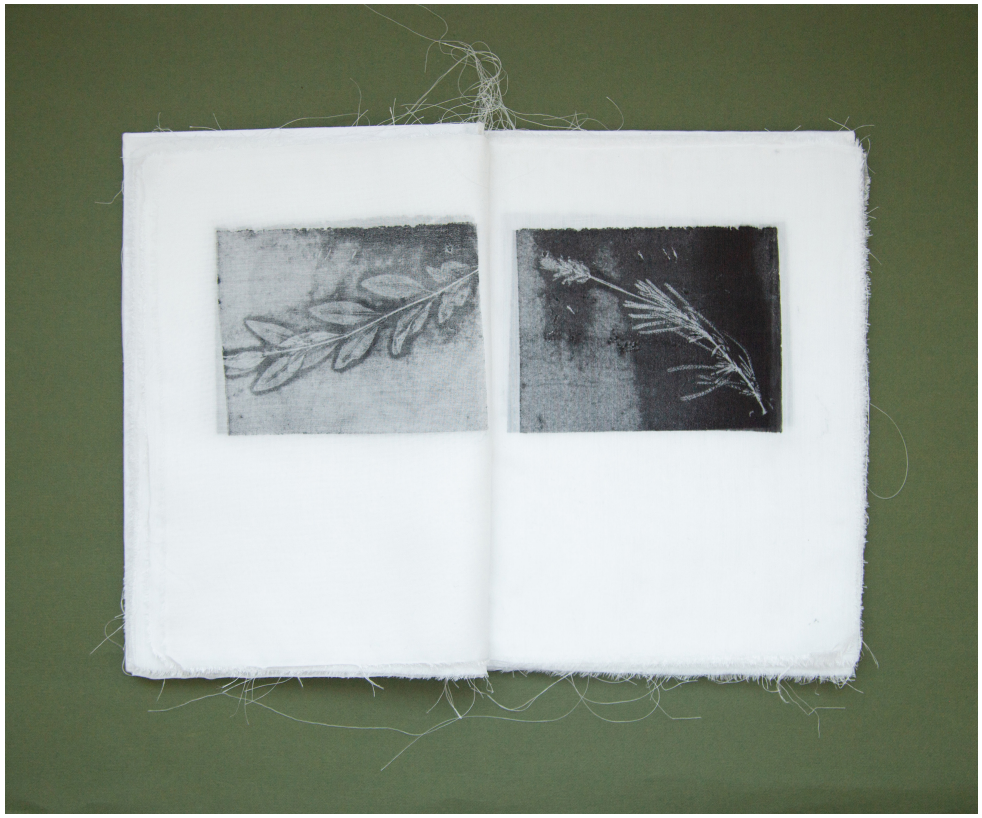
During the April 2020 Covid-19 lockdown, I collected leaves and flowers from the plants growing along the routes of my daily walks: Newton Park, Fowld's Park, the Western motorway bike lane. My collection included a couple of native ferns and many exotic plants such as lavender and gingko. For me, they were daily gifts of wellbeing from my surroundings which provided a way for me to connect to the world outside the confinement of my home. Months later, I printed the leaves in a fabric book titled *advance / recede* for the exhibition *Hauhake* curated by Jade Townsend.[6] At every point in this project, collecting and working with plantlife and botanicals has supported and fostered relationships with the land and people.

6 *Hauhake*, December 2020, https://www.objectspace.org.nz/exhibitions/caravannex-on-tour/











Chapter two: arriving

**William Colenso, arguably New Zealand's first printer, died on my birthday
87 years before I was born. On the 185-year anniversary of his arrival in New Zealand
I stood on the beach at Paihia and saw him arrive in the twilight.
When we fold time, we see more. We become more connected with ourselves.**

i mua, i muri

This chapter introduces the framework of 'folding time' and the epistemological and ontological ideas that frame it: i mua, i muri; i reira; and hagstones. I will then outline the concepts that underpin experiential practice and define site visits and field trips as experiential artworks. Lastly this chapter will look at the ephemera, traces and record-keeping as methods that occur alongside the experiential work.

Folding of time is always happening, it is just a question of knowing and looking. Mua and muri are terms in te reo Māori which describe time and a way of perceiving at time. Ngāpuhi philosopher Georgina Tuari Stewart in *Māori Philosophy* describes the terms as,

> Māori thinking is oriented to the past. In te reo Maori the phrase 'i mua' means 'before' in both senses: past time and in front of us. The paired phrase is 'i muri' which means both after in time and behind us. In Māori thinking, the past is before us because we can see it; we walk backwards into the future since we cannot look and see what it will bring.[1]

In my view, as Pākehā, we are living blindly: seeing neither the past or the future and failing to understand the present because of it. Learning to see what is in front of me (or behind me) in the past is a revelation. Stewart's explanation above is the clearest I have read. My early introductions to understandings of time (alternative to Western ideas) were less concrete and thus fed my imagination and gave rise to a combination of revelatory understanding and knowledge building, as well as the romanticism and insight of twisting and folding time that I have employed in this project. When working with Tuvaluan and Sāmoan poet and academic Selina Tusitala Marsh she described time in terms of a spiral: time moves in a circular fashion, simultaneously expanding and turning in on what has come before.[2] While learning te reo Māori, mua and muri have often destabilised my sense of time in basic speech. I turn between the words, which word should I use to say that one object is behind another, which term should I use when referring to last year?

1 Stewart, *Māori Philosophy: Indigenous Thinking from Aotearoa*, 66.

2 University of Auckland Summer Scholarship programme, 'Metaphorical Mitochondria: DNA Poetry Links Between the Pacific and Asia,' Selina Tusitala Marsh, 2014-15.

When printing *He Whakaputanga* and *Te Tiriti o Waitangi* in the project *Ka mua, ka muri: resetting the archive*, I described my activities in terms of mua and muri as,

> a reenactment, revisiting, and reimagining are all tied up in a continuous present, an experience of time that in Pākehā terms is conceptual, but the linguistics of te reo Māori demonstrate the tikanga of time as circular, relational, referential, inter-dependent and simultaneous.[3]

hagstones

On a trip to Tongapōrutu in June 2020, Arielle Walker and Emily Parr found a stone in the sand. Knowing my interest in circles and the gaps in things, they gave it to me. It was my first hagstone. A hagstone is a stone with a naturally occurring hole, or holes, through it. They're part of countless Western myths and are therefore known by many names: witch's stones, dobbie stones, snake's eggs, serpent beads, serpent's stones, adderstanes, fairy stones, elf-shot, and wishing stones. In Cornish they're milpreve and in Scotland they are gloine nan draoidh, glass of the druid. There are many more, in many other languages across Europe and each name for them refers to the stories of their making and the foundations of their power. They are attributed with a few different powers, but on that day in June the attribute that was most congruous for my project was its ability to be a window in time.



IMG38. Hagstone with multiple naturally occuring holes through it. This hagstone was gifted to me by Arielle Walker and Emily Parr at the Tongapōrutu estuary on the West Coast.

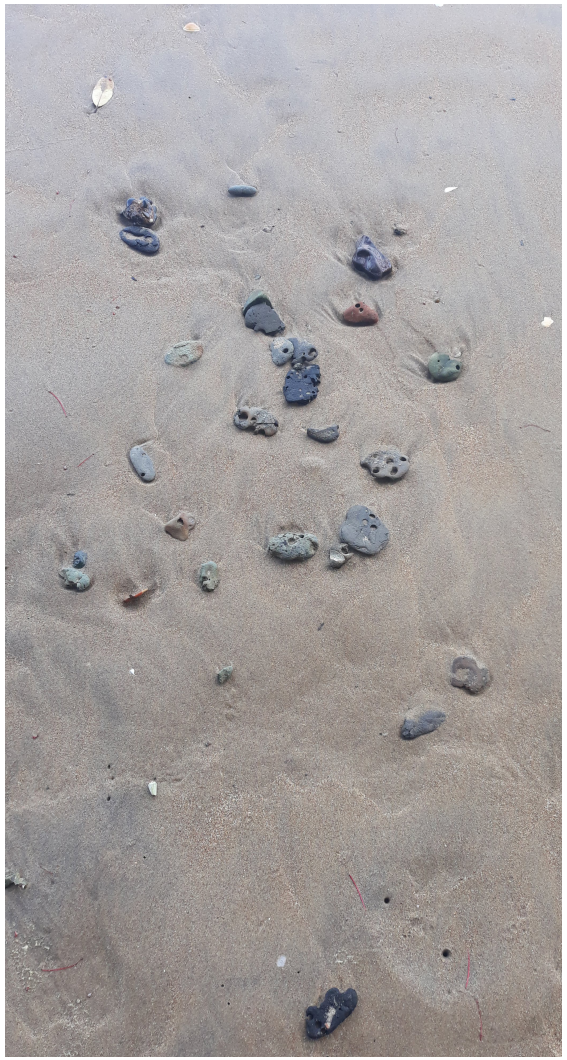
A hagstone embodies the mark of time, they are made by the continuous drop of water that wears away the rock to form the hole. As tools for looking backwards and forwards in time, hagstones have long been part of European myths and stories. Their long existence suggest that Europeans have not always been so blind to simultaneity of time and times. Today's blindness and ignorance of the past is based in cowardice and evasion: a blindness that is suited to imperial colonialism in that it can overwrite better when it makes no move to account for multiple epistemologies.[4]

3 Excerpt from *Ka mua, ka muri,* page 3. *Ka mua ka muri* is a book I made detailing the project, first edition printed October 2019 (2 copies). Reprint, June 2021.

4 Cassandra Barnett in her Symposium paper 'Kei roto i te whare / on Housing' grapples with the inclusion of multiple epistemologies and how both personal discovery and academic study can benefit from wider and encompassing world views.



IMG39. Hagstones collected from Cooper's beach, near Taipa, looking out over the bay, December 2020.



IMG40. The hagstones I collected over the week I stayed at Cooper's beach as they were returned to the sea.

To look back is also to acknowledge what has happened – what the Crown and our people did – and what that means for us in our present. The hagstone has become an extended metaphor in my project. How time works in my project and my world view is informed by the terms of i mua / i muri, and drawing on my own cultural ways of looking with the hagstone.[5]

i reira

Folding time creates an overlay of place as well. Stewart states of Māori Philosophy that,

> time and space are […] unified: in the Māori language, separate words for space and time do not exist. Therefore past events do not lose their significance and ancestors can collapse the space-time continuum to be co-present with their descendants.[6]

I look for conduits of connection with my ancestors, as the idea of being co-present with my ancestors does not come naturally to me. This is the impetus for going to places where I know my ancestors were and engaging with objects and photographs that have been handed down through the family. These tangible objects and experiences are opportunities for me to learn how to rethink time and to learn how to be co-present with my ancestors.

across the ocean

The hagstone might connect across time in a single place, but perhaps it also links across many places in time. Artist and poet Cilla McQueen creates this overlay between her ancestral home on the Isles of St Kilda in the Western Hebridies and her home in the South Island of New Zealand. She does this across her many collections of poetry in which she lays out poems describing Scotland with drawings of Bluff. A reader can be imagining the landscape described in the poems but seeing the landscape of Aotearoa New Zealand, and they can read the Aotearoa New Zealand landscape into the Scottish stories.

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5 In Britain, hagstones are made of slate, limestone or flint. Here in New Zealand, they are made of greywacke or sandstone. It is synchronous to the hagstone extended metaphor that the object is made of stone, made of the earth, because I believe time is intimately a part of the earth. Land turns around and around itself in the form of seasons, and all that has ever happened is shaped in the land.

6 Stewart, *Māori Philosophy,* 3.



Te Motu Kaika Kuri

Daughter

Remember pipit, petrel, whimbrel,
gannet, curlew, swallow

wheeling above the green apron,
the ruined eaves, Conachair's shadow;

that the Stone of Knowledge
gives you second sight,

the clear, light water of a certain well
the power to change the wind.

IMG41. Cilla McQueen. *Soundings*, pages 10-11, Otago University Press, 2002.
The drawing locates us at Te Motu Kaika Kuri in Te Waipounamu South Island. The poem locates us 'in the shadow of Conachair,' the mountain on the isle of Hirta, part of the archipelago St Kilda, in the Western Hebrides of Scotland. McQueen's ancestors came from this Island; she has not been there herself; she is imagining what it must be like based on her knowledge of the land she lives in.



IMG42. Above: *Views: a year on,* detail. Two equally sized grids laid out together, one of the circle navigation prints, and second grid is of the texts.
There are no preplanned arrangements for the pieces within the grid. There are more pages than in this installation iteration: it is not possible to create equal grids with the available pieces, so as to encourage different layouts at every install or reading.

Next page: **IMG45.** *Views: a year on*, full installation.

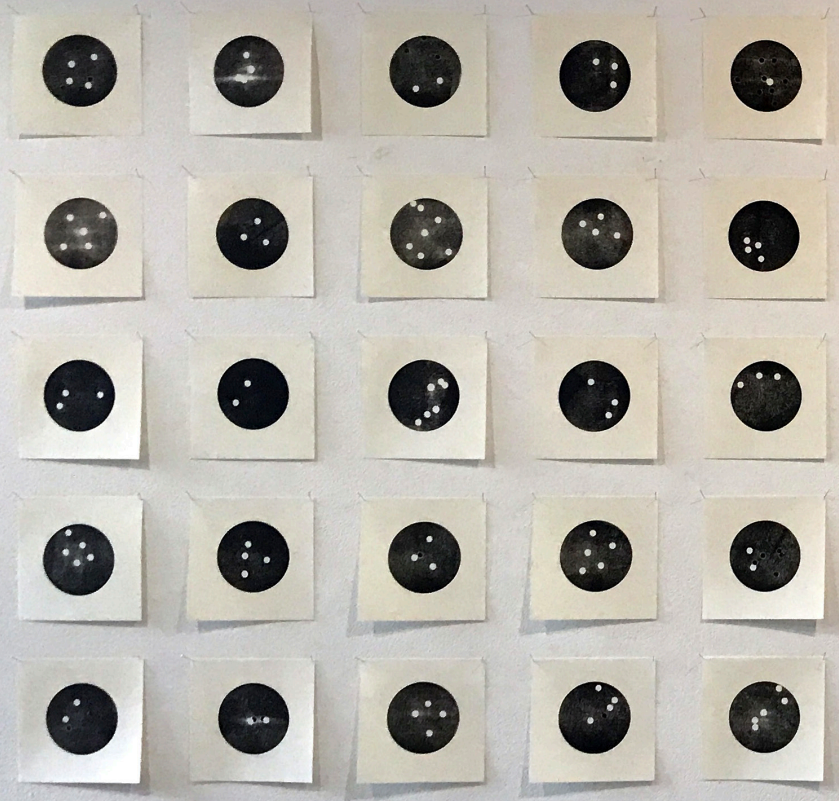
Views: a year on was created around the first anniversary of my brother James' death. It is two sets of grids, one set are circles with white co-ordinate-like markers within them, and the other set is made up of short phrases of text, displayed in parallel as reference points to each other. The text is full of locations: St Mary's Paddington; Pt Chevalier, Western Springs; Violet Hill gardens St John's Wood; Waikumete; London; the ranges (Waitākere). The circular prints are like navigation points, a map for travel, co-ordinates for arrival. My brother, in his death, is in all of these places. In some ways it is literal as James' ashes are across the globe; his mother Carole Curtis took a portion to a park he had played in as a boy in St John's Wood. Our brother Andy and his husband Clinton, took some of James' ashes to the Coromandel where Clinton is mana whenua. But we are more than our ashes. My brother is in all these places because he was in all of these places.[7]

7 Views, a year on was re-viewed in a poem 'Casement,' included in Apertures (2021), where the grid is reimagined as a casement window.





IMG43-44. The park in St John's Wood, London, where Carole has installed a park bench in James' memory. I'm interested in how we instil the memory of people in objects.



we wrapped you in
fern leaves, cradled
you in fern leaves

entangled in low
clouds

your suculents are
growing still

the ranges hush

I will not lose hold of
you again.

St Mary's
Paddington

a scale of space and
time on the axis
where people walk

Western Springs,
Point Chevalier

I find another
memory I'd
lost hold of

e rere ana
e rere ana
e rere ana mai rā

I hope you can see
from here

ka tae atu koe
ki te taumata
whakatau mai rā e

the fog reclaims us

all dust and
star matter

Violet Hill gardens
St John's Wood

and by the sea,
in the dorsal fin

without you the
bonds that joined
us all together were
shattered

a ship hull slicing
through water
so still

and I wrap it, thin
and delicate as a hair
around these objects

we chose this
forever home

a shift in stars
the bones stir

but there too - that
green square in
London

the lines needed
reconnecting

a hill crest, a look out
from a western wall
at Waikumete

we couldn't tie you
back to us

I overlay place continuously in writing, sometimes as a way of laying them side by side as in the poem 'Sisters',

In the sunset glow, the late afternoon sun shines us golden and casts our
long shadows along the black of the west coast and the warmth of it
slides off us like silk, the threads slick
our Nana always said the sky was
like that all night in the Scottish summer, and sister,
it was.

In this poem, I bring my sister Hannah with me to Hamilton's Gap (Site visit November 20) and to the unsinking sun in the Northern Hemisphere. The overlay is done by way of comparison, but it provides me a way of being in / experiencing two places at once.

Sisters

When you ask me what I am making I lay the threads together
overlay the shape of things and peer through them
you and I are folded together
I am mapping distances in layers
drawing together the string so that we are wrapped up
and safe.

When you ask me what I am making I impede the rush of water
to the sea, the water is unimpeded by me, I am caught up
in the rush of a burbling
breath of life
like a piano cleft, I can hear the ringing of our assumptions
bumping like a boat against the dock.

When you ask me what I am making I twist the threads through
the shuttle boat bobbin, we are the colour of rust
when the sky leans against us
I am threading us through
the eye of a 130 year old needle, I cannot see the gap
only feel it there.

When you ask me what I am making I draw a deep breath
I am siphoning off the dust that made us heavy, taking your hand
in dark moments that catch our air
feeling the edges
of our palm prints as the lines that join us, so that we do not
feel lost.

Across the highlands I heard voices like singing bones that
hummed in the heather and high on arch of the wind
I packed them up in bottles
messages from the North sea
to be uncorked for your ears – to you the voices sound like
our Nana.

In the sunset glow, the late afternoon sun shines us golden and casts our
long shadows along the black of the west coast and the warmth of it
slides off us like silk, the threads slick
our Nana always said the sky was
like that all night in the Scottish summer, and sister,
it was.

whakatinana: embodied knowing and the subjective experience

In the slow awakening that followed the March-April 2020 Covid-19 lockdown, I went with Arielle and Emily to the West Coast, to Karekare beach. After the weeks long isolation in the suburbs of Auckland, with only urban parks as an outlet, the expanse of the west coast lulled and hushed my senses as surely as it excited and rejuvenated them. A licking breeze, froth-rushing waves, and soft sand undulating and folding footsteps: I experienced a stillness in perpetual movement, a silence in perpetual sound. As I describe this, you will see it, feel it perhaps, in your mind's eye. Perhaps you will associate it with your own trips to the west coast, or perhaps you will associate it with your first release from lockdown. In this sense, what I describe here is universal, there are ways in which you have experienced what I did, and yet this experience was subjective and mine. In this way the subjective can become universal.





> Knowledge [is] the by-product of slow and deliberate dialogue with an idea, with others' knowing, or with one's own experience of the world
>
> - Manulani Aluli Meyer[1]

Ngāi Takoto philosopher Māori Marsden states that "The route to Māoritanga through abstract interpretation is a dead end. The way can only be through a passionate subjective approach."[2] Marsden, in using the term Māoritanga, is referring to a Māori way of life, but he is also referring to a sense of meaning. The opportunity for knowing and finding meaning is through the subjective experience. Meyer states "genuine knowledge must be experienced directly."[3] Our personal contexts and prior knowledge provide the lens through which meaning can be made.

On Karekare beach that May afternoon, I brought with me dialogues, photographs, and stories of my family's arrival in Aotearoa, as well as I knew them at the time. I also brought an imagined version of Hamilton's Gap (Āwhitu Peninsula), another beach further down the West Coast, a place I was yet to visit. But my ancestors had been there, and so I was able to be at Karekare and at Hamilton's Gap simultaneously. My subjective experience allowed me to draw these places in line in order to explore the knowledge I had been accumulating over the lockdown.

1 Meyer, 'Indigenous and Authentic,' 6.
2 Marsden, 'God, man and universe,' 67.
3 Meyer, 'Indigenous and Authentic,' 11.

Previous two pages:
IMG46. Karekare beach, looking north. Field trip May 20.
IMG47. Hamilton's Gap, looking south. Site visit May 20.

Less than a week later, I arrived at Hamilton's Gap for the first time. I was with my father who had been there before. Having mentally overlayed Karekare and Hamilton's Gap, I had set myself up for a surprise. In the essay 'Arriving' I describe my first arrival at Hamilton's Gap,

> **I stand in the waves and the coastline stretches in both directions so far that it disappears into the light. A light so ethereal it makes stage backdrops of the hills and their shadows. The sea-facing cliffs are sand shifting, sliding, subsiding. Their height dissipates into their grand impermanence, hardly cliffs at all. I was so convinced of what I thought I knew would be here that I am shocked. And all those personal internal arrivals culminate into a strange and unexpected distance.**

I constantly bring my expanding contexts with me and that is how I make meaning of my experience. Repeated visits to Hamilton's Gap bring with them every trip before and every coast I have known. but in that place in particular I feel as though I am at a threshold in which I move in and out of knowing, in and out of 'genuine knowledge' and 'direct experience' of my family's arrival. It is a moment of time folding. It is an embodied presence, whereby my research has a corporeal existence in me, and it is a subjective experience, in which the materials of presence are unique.

the rain switches on and off against a sunny day
the farm roads are grassy but well-worn and we find
ourselves in the embrace of the hills, the car a tiny toy in the great green folds
sheltered from wind and sun alike, there is a patch of dock weed
broad-leaves and flat just a patch almost uniform in its cover
a rectangle of sorts we climb up the side of a
deer bounding hill and look down on it, wondering if the heat of a
late summer might show up the groundwork of the house
a damp house, a dark house, protected from the sea
and how might these hills have shifted
all that sand, the hills stripped of tree roots and bracken[1]

1 Excerpt, 'Homestead', *Apertures,* poetry chapbook.



IMG48. Hamilon's Gap, Site visit November 2020.
The apparent location of the Hamilton family's first house on the Āwhitu Peninsula. Current occupiers of the land mention finding bricks and other small items there over the years.

Physical presence is a catalyst for memory and folding time. The material of presence is often in place, light, and sound, but it is also often encapsulated in an item, object, or record and can be found in an archive. The physical presence here is transported through the artefact: a material memory. Trawlwoolway and Australian artist Julie Gough described a physical journey to a place where her people once lived in Tasmania as an impossible return, “the desire to navigate your way back in time and place but that just being a futile attempt, but in doing so, in undertaking that journey that I can’t get to that destination that I desire, but I have an experience with my mother and people and that is what research is for me, something critical. It nurtures and nourishes and provides the impetus to continue.”[1] I seek out these forms of engagement as I search for convergences and confluences of time and place. There are two functioning modes for engaging in research and discovery (the event-based aspect of my practice). These are the site visit and the field trip. On first encounter they look similar, however there are clear distinctions between them.

1 Gough, ‘The object of research – artmaking as active rememberance.’



IMG49. Julie Gough, *Traveller*, 2018. Short film still (2.06).
Many of Gough's works include a physical journey of place in Tasmania.







site visits

The site visit is a constructed event; it is sought after and planned in the context of a new or impending discovery. The conditions of the site visit are determined by the people involved, the places, the stories, and situational restrictions (such as Covid-19 lockdowns, and other (im)practicalities).[2] Sometimes dates are chosen because of their adjacency to anniversaries. The project site visits are always linked to family research. Visiting the sites of family, sites with a bloodline connection, create a heightened likelihood of experiential thresholds in time and opportunities of making meaning within the context of my family, my ancestors, and their roles in our history.

Site visits are singular locations, as well as treks through multiple related places (many site visits to the Āwhitu Peninsula include Hamilton's Gap as well as the cemeteries on the peninsula). Visiting the dead forms a key genre of site visit, initially prompted by visiting my brother James for his gravestone unveiling one year after his death in June 2019 with my family.[3] We had chosen his plot the year before based on the ease of visiting it – near a roadside gate, paved access (no walking across the grass) and a beautiful view of the Waitākere Ranges. How would it be to visit the rest of our family now in Waikumete and other cemeteries around the country?

2 Site visits were moved and rearranged to meet lockdown restrictions. One site visit occurred over zoom (April 20)

3 The unveiling was belatedly recognised as the first site visit for the project. Retroactively, I see it as a pivotal point in my project where I moved from an inquiry into 'the Pākehā identity' to 'my Pākehā identity' in relation to my family and our history.

IMG50. Andy my brother, and Alan my father waiting for me to set up the camera for a group photo at Hamilton's Gap.

IMG51. The only remnant of the wooden headstone for John Glover and Eliza Hamilton, Pollok Cemetery.

IMG52. Alan my father, at a war memorial at Āwhitu Central cemetery, pointing out all the people named Hamilton, our relations, that died in the war.

All three images are from the site visit to Āwhitu September 20.



IMG53. This photo was a very exciting find. My father had thought his grandmother Florence Annie had come to Aotearoa New Zealand on her own, in her teens. She married Ernest Curtis at just 15 years old.

But here she is with her family. From left to right: Thomas and Sarah Coughlan, Lillian Charlotte Munson (seated) and Joe Munson. The baby is Ernest Joseph Munson on Lillian's lap. And on the right is Florence Annie Curtis (Coughlan) next to Ernest Curtis.

Sarah and Lillian are sisters, surname Blaney, from East London. Lillian and Joe followed Sarah and Thomas out to Aotearoa New Zealand around five years after them.

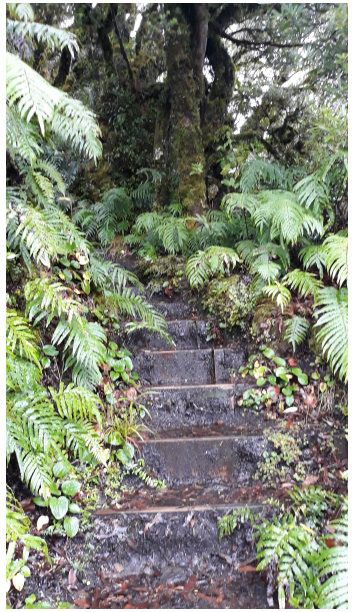
This one photo evidenced a completely different family life in Heretaunga Hastings than what my father and I had previously imagined.

Site visits are not just about physical places. They also include engagements with institutional and family archives, which usually involved just my father and I. We delved into bureaucratic land deeds and government records kept by ArchivesNZ at the Mangere centre (October 20), photographs and solicitors' records at the Auckland War Memorial Museum (October 20, November 20). A favourite archive was a box that belonged to my grandparents Douglas and Gloria Jean Curtis. Time strectched out in that box: from times I can remember (photographs of my siblings, my cousins and I) to the early 1910s before my grandfather was born. (Coatesville November 20)

field trips

A field trip is a related but tangential journey or event. While the site visit is planned, the field trip is more likely to be discovered as relevant during the event or later on. The boundary of inclusion involves links to a place or an activity or a manner of thinking/looking. For example, Colenso's ferning links to my ferning and collecting of botanical specimens, as well as to the connections of earlier Colenso-related activities: the arrival of print, and the printing and signing of *Te Tiriti o Waitangi*. Field trips to East and West Coast beaches are places of similar sound, similar voices, similar light to the places visited on site visits. The field trips are opportunities to reflect and to build context and experience for the site visits. They are junctures for me to layer and to imagine in. They are a significant contribution to my subjective presence. The preoccupations and obsessions of mind, metaphors, qualities of light, lines of coast that occur on field trips, are all important influences on how site visits then occur, and how I engage with them.







Field Trips to Tongapōrutu, Ngā Motu, Te Rere o Noke, and Taranaki Maunga. June 2020.

Left: **IMG54.** Myself, Arielle and Emily outside Arielle's family bach on the Tongapōrutu river.

Centre: **IMG55.** The stairs down to the foot of Te Rere o Noke.

Right: **IMG56.** Tongapōrutu estuary

Research and discovery folds in and around the site visit and field trip events. Discovery, knowledge, and meaning making occurring in situ, prompts new events as well as new online and archival searches that might occur outside of the events.[4] Events emerge out of each other and accrue according to previous events. On the first trip to Hamilton's gap, I gazed up at the grass tufted tops of the sand slipping cliffs and imagined what it would be like to live up there: I imagined the Hamilton homestead as one that looked out over the sea. Following that trip, I requested the property file from Auckland Council, determined a postal address, and sent a letter to the current occupiers of the land, and requested a visit. That culminated in the experience described in the poem excerpt at the start of this section, whereby my father, my sister Hannah, and I, were taken by the people who currently farm the land, to where the first Hamilton house was built.

4 Searching and finding online are not included as site visits or field trips due to their frequency, multitude, and digital ethereal nature. Online discoveries include finding digitised wills and probates, inquests, genealogical links, receiving photos and notes from family, etc,.

record-keeping



Kitset, 2011
digital still

Date: August 07, 2011
Time: 11:40 am
Action: To place a partially assembled kitset bookcase, with vase and flowers, on foundations for a, yet to be built, new home.
Duration (action): 38 mins
(video): 2 mins 30
Conditions: Kitset bookcase. vase. flowers picked from neighbour's garden. building site.

Description: An action in response to the 'housing development' and the strict conditions regulating private ownership and use of land as governed by the Residential Tenancies Amendment Act 2010.

192 Oakland Road
Karaka 2580

Dear Layne
Re: Property Inspection - 192 Oakland Road Karaka 2580
We have been to do an inspection of your property and we wish to thank you for maintaining it in a clean and tidy condition.

However, we would like you to clean the oven.

Yours sincerely,

12

IMG57. Layne Waerea. 'Silent Injunctions - tactics of criminal intent or creative liability', 12, (2012).

An example of a page trace of an 'Intervention'

Philosopher Manulani Aluli Meyer, in emphasising the subjective experience, describes ways of recording as, "I am empirically configured by my past, and my senses and body were the tools and recording devices through which I retrieved and stored all data."[1] The afterlife of experiential research is based in personal and embodied memory of the event, however, record-keeping and collecting form a significant part of my practice. These activities also contribute to the event through the production of ephemera, the process of taking photos or notes, or making recordings, with all aspects feeding into the experience of the event. They create a material trace of the event and of the recording and collecting. Traces carry with them energies of what created them.

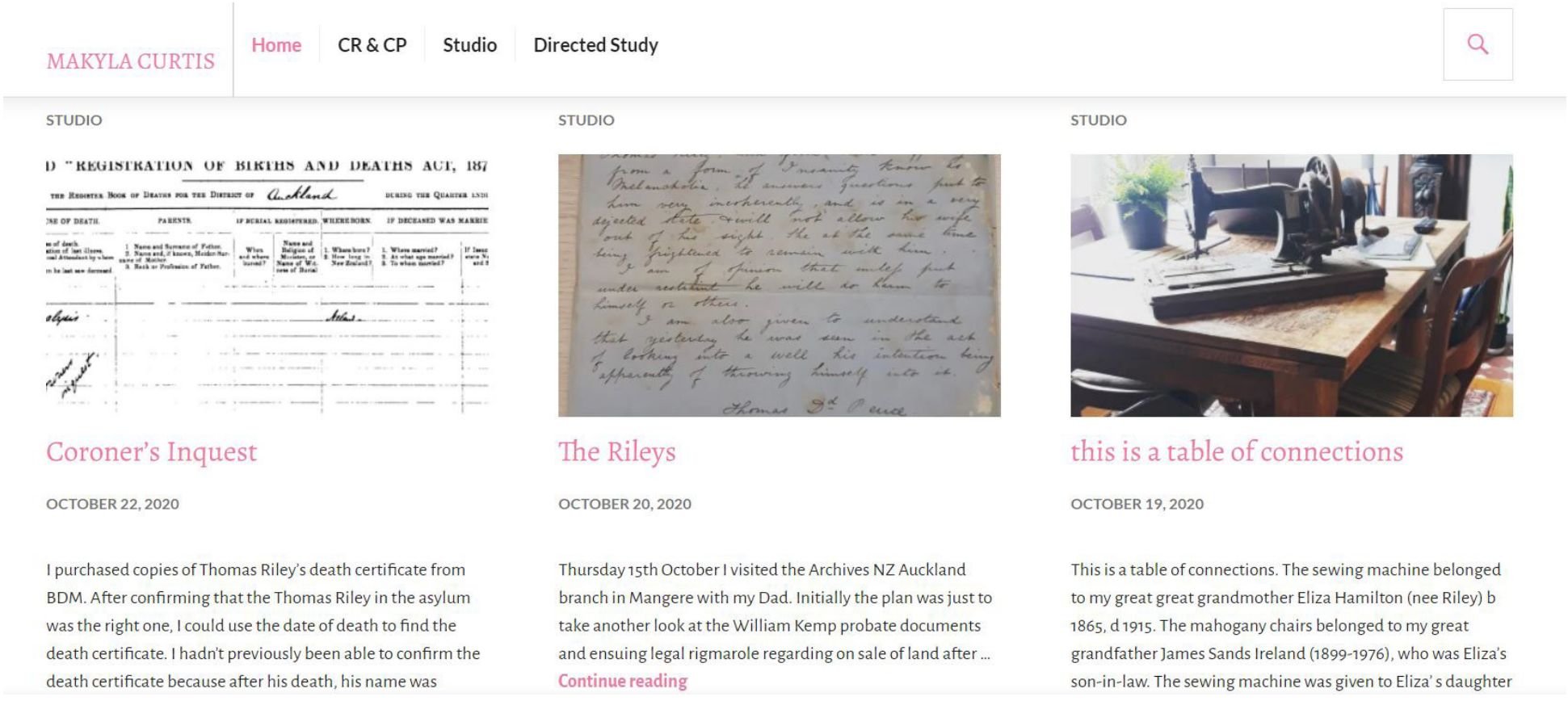
I accumulate records and build ways of organising them: a process of archiving occurs both physically and intellectually, as events are stored in ways that mean they can relate to each other. I form series of lists and logs to explore interrelation after the fact. Site visits and field trips are recorded as traces in *Towards the ephemera of events: Site visits and Field trips*. They are also listed in a logbook. They are re-visited in poetry and in books which aim to re-experience and bring accumulated context and insight. Te Arawa and Ngāti Kahungunu artist Layne Waerea in her Master of Arts & Design exegesis made similar one-page outline records of her social 'interventions'. She stated "These traces are unable to reveal the whole story,"[2] but the image and text document created an index to associated social events, and the experience of them.

Records are made for re-experiencing, again and again, each experience reweaving and expanding on what has gone before and what has happened since. But they are also made as a way to share the experience in some way. I will not be able to share an experience just as I felt it, but I can offer up the traces and some interpretation of it through which others might be able to join me.

1 Meyer, 'Indigenous and Authentic,' 5.
2 Waerea, 'Silent injunctions – tactics of criminal intent or creative liability,' 6.

My record-keeping is done in a few different ways. I keep a blog which acts as an arts practice journal.[3] I keep records of what I am planning on the blog, and what I expect or assume of that plan. I keep records of things I have found, reactions I have had. I record events, perhaps just small elements of them. The blog is not and can never be complete as when I reflect and re-visit, I notice more than I could record at the time. I take photographs on my phone which is set up to automatically assign dates. A stroll through a photo log is to re-visit an event, and the sequence is another information node to reflect on the relational influence between events. Bringing these photos to the blog is a way to share the relationality between events.

3 www.makylacurtis.wordpress.com



IMG58. Screen shot of my blog, 19 - 22 Oct 2020
https://makylacurtis.wordpress.com/

In the case of the Riley essay[4] – an essay unfinished and untitled at the time of this writing – I aimed to revisit the string of events that led me to find my great great great grandfather Thomas Riley in the archive. I found him in the Auckland Lunatic Asylum. The simple fact of his being in the asylum is not the information I hope to share in the essay, rather it is the active and emotional process of unravelling his story, or what I can find of it. The context of being the first in the family, for so many generations, to know about his incarceration in the mental health facility was revelatory and quite moving, because there is no doubt whatsoever that his daughter, Eliza Hamilton (née Riley), did not disclose this fact with anyone. I kept records of my search for Thomas and brought together the story of discovery in an essay in order to share the experience.

Compiling traces of my experience, and accumulating the stories and the data, the archival records, is supplemented with photographing the environment as a significant prompt, so too is the tangible material: stones and driftwood a prompt as material memory.

4 There are three essays in the project 'Arriving', 'Stones' and 'Riley'. These are presented in zine format.

Next pages: 71 - 115. **IMG59.** Artwork. Towards the ephemera of events: Site vistis and Field trips. March 2019 - May 2021.

Towards the ephemera of events
Site visits and Field trips

the traces of experiential research



Field trip

When: 7 March 2019, 2pm.

Where: Waihorotiu, University of Auckland Law School carpark.

Tides: HT 9.06am, LT 3.18pm.

What: to hear the waters of Waihorotiu, to orientate myself with my postgrad cohort.

Who: Arielle Walker, Emily Parr, Luca Nicholas and myself.

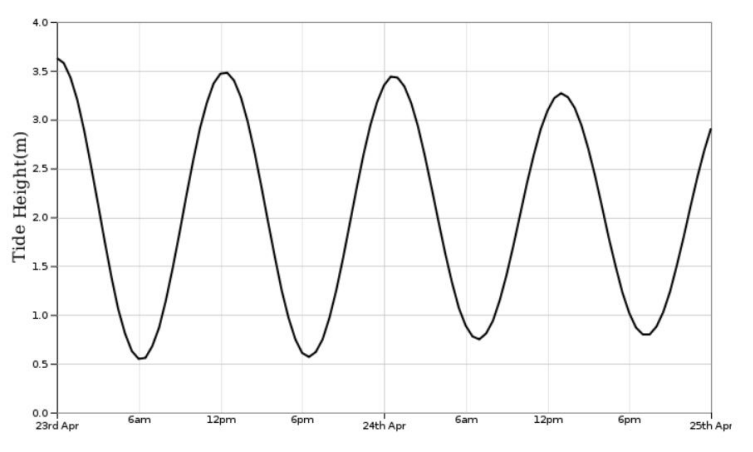


Field trip

When: 23 - 25 April 2019.

Where: Tongapōrutu, Arielle's family bach.

Tides:



What: to peer through the threshold between the sisters.

Who: Arielle Walker, Liam Mullins, Emily Parr, Julian Carr, Luca Nicholas, Richard Kearney and myself.



Site visit

When: 30 June 2019, 11am.

Where: Waitakere Wall, Waikumete Cemetery, Auckland.

What: to unveil the gravestone for my brother who died the year before, to visit James together and be present with him a year on from his departure.

Who: Alan and Liz Curtis, Hannah and Tarei King, Shirley McIver, Andy Curtis and Clinton Povey, Richard Kearney and myself.



Field trip

When: 2 August 2019.

Where: Turnbull Library, National Library of New Zealand, Wellington.

What: to view and handle William Colenso’s personal compositing stick and metal type he had in his position when he died.

Who: myself.



Site visit / Field trip

When: 20 September 2019, 1 - 4pm.

Where: Waikumete Cemetery and Karekare beach.

Tides: LT: 6.56am, HT 1.09pm.

What: to visit the grave of my brother James (birthday 19th Sept) at Waikumete and to listen to the West Coast sea.

Who: Arielle Walker, Emily Parr, Lea Schlatter, myself.



Field trip

When: 9 - 10 December 2019.

Where: Lucy’s Gully in Kaitake ranges, and along Te Henui river walkway, Taranaki.

Tides: 10 Dec. LT: 3.08am, HT 9.22am.

What: to visit the colonial redwood planting and to collect ferns walking in the footsteps of colonial settlers Emily Harris, her sisters and her mother with Professor Michele Leggott, scholar of the Harris family.

Who: Libby Baker, Michele Leggott and myself.

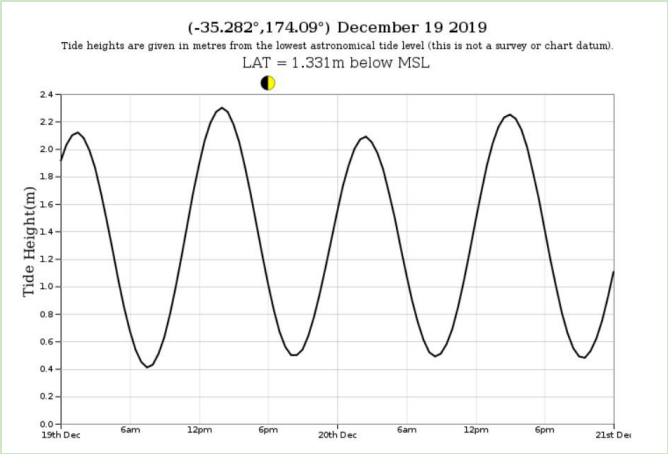


Field trip

When: 19 - 20 December 2019.

Where: Paihia.

Tides:



What: to visit the remains of the Church Missionary, the beach (almost) on the 183 anniversary of Colenso's arrival. To watch and listen to the arrival of print in New Zealand.

Who: Richard Kearney and myself.



Field trip

When: 7 January 2020.

Where: Corban Estate Art Centre, Henderson.

What: to learn from the land where the arts centre is located, to listen to its voice through the ferns that grow there.

Who: Arielle Walker, Emily Parr, Luca Nicholas and myself.



Site visit

When: 26 April 2020.

Where: Zoom call.

What: to look through the Shirley Bury photograph bequest with my Dad, to visit Shirley almost two years after her death, to make connections with family during a national Covid-19 lockdown.

Who: Alan Curtis and myself.

Relevant family lines: Hamilton, Riley, Ireland, (and Bach, Shirley's mother's maiden name).



Field trip

When: 16 May 2020, 4 - 6pm.

Where: Karekare beach.

Tides: LT: 11.07am, HT 5.20pm.

What: to rejuvenate out of lockdown, to listen to the waves of the west coast, and feel the soft undulating sand underfoot.

Who: Arielle Walker, Emily Parr and myself.



Site visit

When: 22 May 2020 11.30am - 4pm.

Where: Hamilton’s Gap, Pollok School, Pollok cemetery.

What: to arrive at Hamilton’s gap for the first time in my generation, to visit the school my great grandmother Margaret (Pearl) Glover Ireland (née Hamilton) went to, to visit the resting place of my great great grandparents, John and Eliza Hamilton.

Tides: LT 3.11am, HT 9.15am, HT 3.28pm.

Who: Alan Curtis and myself.

Family lines: Hamilton, Riley, Ireland, Kemp.



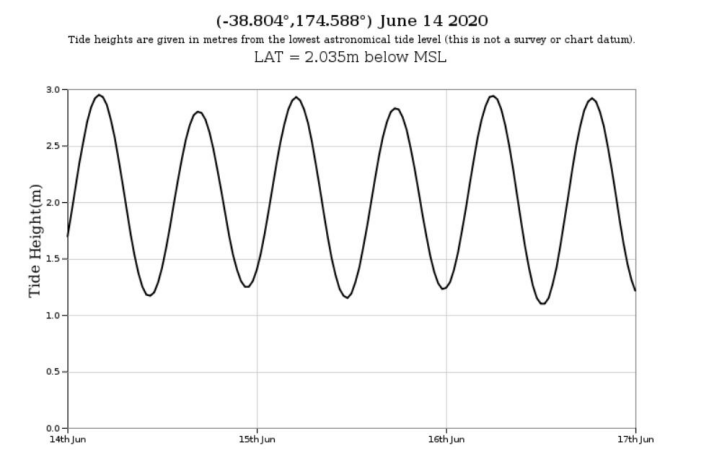
Field trip

When: 14-17 June 2020.

Where: Tongaporutu, Arielle's family bach.

What: to find a hagstone and to watch a matuku moana Australasian bittern, a recent arrival, and how it lives softly at the water's edge.

Tides:



Who: Arielle Walker, Emily Parr and myself.



Field trip

When: 16 June 2020.

Where: Pukekura Fernery, Taranaki.

What: to feel the hush dry/damp of the indoor fernery, to be surrounded by ferns, to think on the very Aotearoa New Zealand centering of ferns, to juxtapose it with memories of the New Zealand glasshouse in Edinburgh Gardens from 10 years prior.

Who: Arielle Walker, Emily Parr and myself.



Field trip

When: 16 June 2020.

Where: Te Rere o Noke, Egmont National Park.

What: to circumnavigate Taranaki Maunga within the cloak of a midwinter rainstorm, to sit at the base of the Te Rere o Noke and listen to the roar and hush of water and rain.

Rainfall: 1.5 mm Humidity: 89%.

Who: Arielle Walker, Emily Parr and myself.



Site visit

When: 29 June 2020.

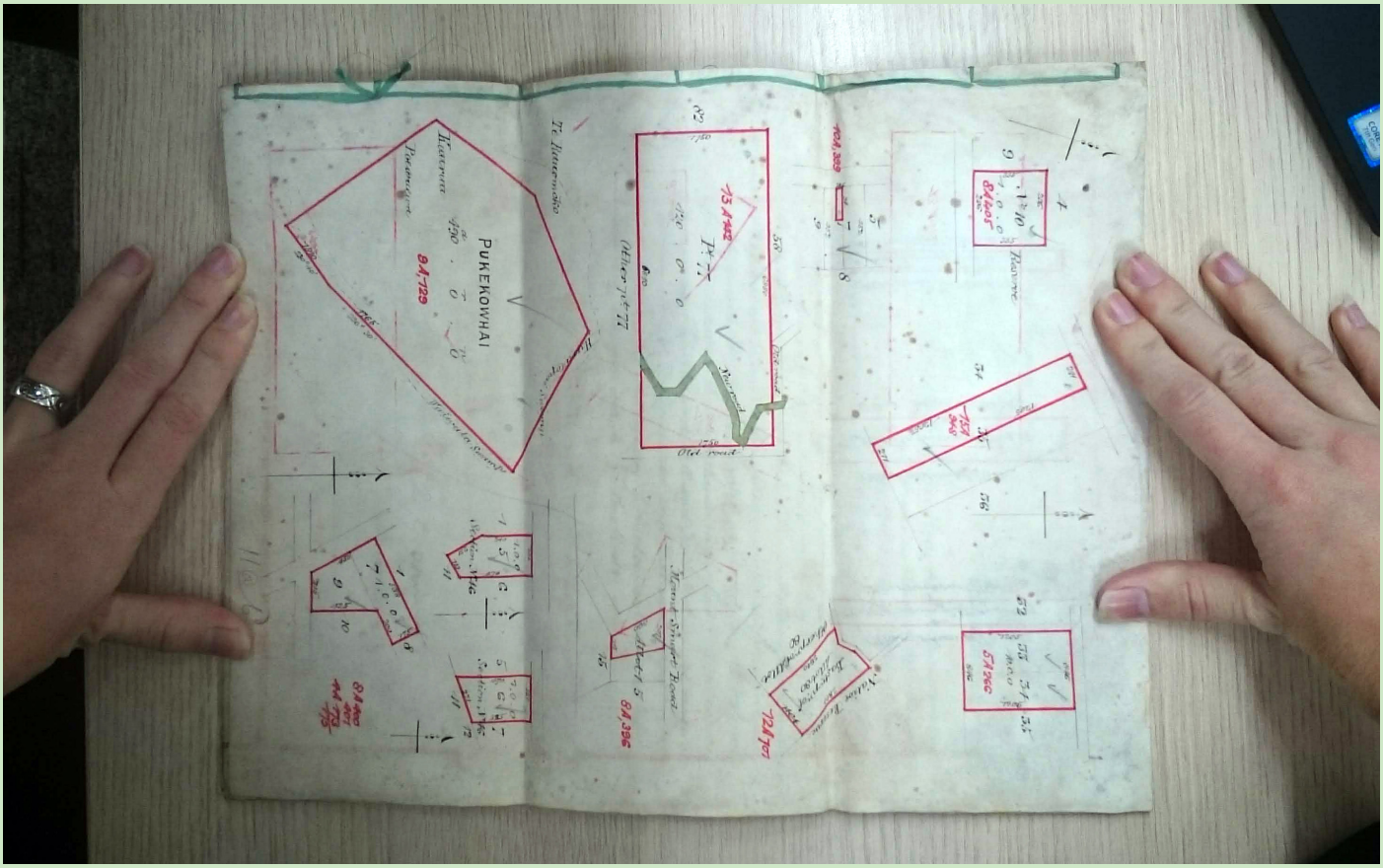
Where: Waikumete, Waikaraka, Onehunga.

Plan: to visit our brother James at the Waitakere wall at Waikumete Cemetery (30 June, 2nd year anniversary of our brother's death), Jim and Pearl Ireland also at Waikumete, to visit Sarah Kemp, Mary and David Ireland, William and Mary Kemp at Waikaraka Cemetery. To visit Our Lady of the Assumption Catholic Curch in Onehunga, built by William Kemp who is also buried inside the church, to explore the Onehunga area and identify houses and buildings built by William Kemp. To find tangible connections with our ancestors, to reflect on the houses they built and the marks they made in the land and town planning of Onehunga, and to search out their resting places.

Rainfall: 1.2 - 6.9 mm Humidity: 80-89%.

Who: Alan Curtis, Andy Curtis and myself.

Family lines: Curtis, Kemp, Hamilton, Ireland.



Site visit

When: 2 July 2020.

Where: Archives NZ Mangere, Auckland.

What: to view William Kemp's probate and associated documents, to glimpse, via legalese, at the character of William Kemp. To view letters written by James Hamilton to the New Zealand Government in the 1880s, in particular a letter requesting permission to cut down a tree, and a letter requesting a copy of a Government printed book on cheese-making.

Who: Emily Parr and myself.

Family lines: Kemp, Ireland, Hamilton.



Site visit

When: 10 July 2020, 12 - 2pm.

Where: Hamilton’s Gap.

What: to find thresholds in a space time continuum that I can slip between.

Tides: LT 6.58am HT 1.05pm.

Who: Richard Kearney and myself.

Family lines: Hamilton, Riley.



Site visit

When: 13 July 2020, 10.30am.

Where: Matakohe Cemetery, Northland.

What: to visit my great grandmother Florence Annie Curtis and reflect on the stories I have heard about her, and consider that her husband Ernest Curtis was cremated and his remains have been lost in the system. He buried her here, not far from Ruawai, did he want to be here too?

Who: Richard Kearney and myself.

Family lines: Blaney, Coughlan, Curtis.



Field trip

When: 11 September 2020.

Where: Mauao, Tauranga.

What: to look out on the east coast, a skyline unfamiliar to me and yet reflecting between the west of my father's maternal family and the east of his paternal family. To listen to the coast and to watch and learn from a flock of kairuhiruhi in the branches and a young seal lolling about in the waves.

Tides: LT 6.44am, HT 1.04pm.

Who: Arielle Walker, Emily Parr and myself.



Site visit

When: 19 September 2020 10am-3pm.

Where: Hamilton's Gap, Pollok and Awhitu Central cemeteries, Manukau Heads Lighthouse.

What: to celebrate James' birthday by returning to the places of his namesake. His name is James Glover Curtis, named after our great x3 grandfather James Hamilton and his wife Margaret Hamilton née Glover who farmed the land near the estuary in the late 1800s.

Tides: LT 4.30am, HT 10.41am.

Windspeed: 26 km/h from SW.

Who: Alan Curtis, Andy Curtis and myself.

Family lines: Hamilton, Riley, Ireland, Curtis.



Field trip

When: 4 October 2020, 5 - 7.30pm.

Where: Karekare beach.

Tides: HT 11.52am, LT 5.58pm.

What: to be in the inbetween light of the sea.

Who: Arielle Walker, Emily Parr and myself.



Site visit

When: 5 October 2020.

Where: Michelle McLuckie’s home in Karaka.

What: to talk about the Kemp family connections, reminisce family stories, remember family reunions.

Who: Michelle McLuckie (née Curtis) Glen McLuckie, Margaret Gleeson (née Kemp), Alan Curtis and myself.

Family lines: Kemp, Ireland.



Site visit

When: 8 October 2020.

Where: Auckland War Memorial Museum Library.

What: to view Hamilton Bros Cheese Factory photos, to identify John Glover Hamilton and his brothers in the photographs and speculate on their character, to imagine their work, and the landscape as they had changed it in the Pollok / Āwhitu area, and down Tindall Road where the factory was located.

Who: Alan Curtis and myself.

Family lines: Hamilton.



Site visit

When: 9 October 2020, 10am - 2pm.

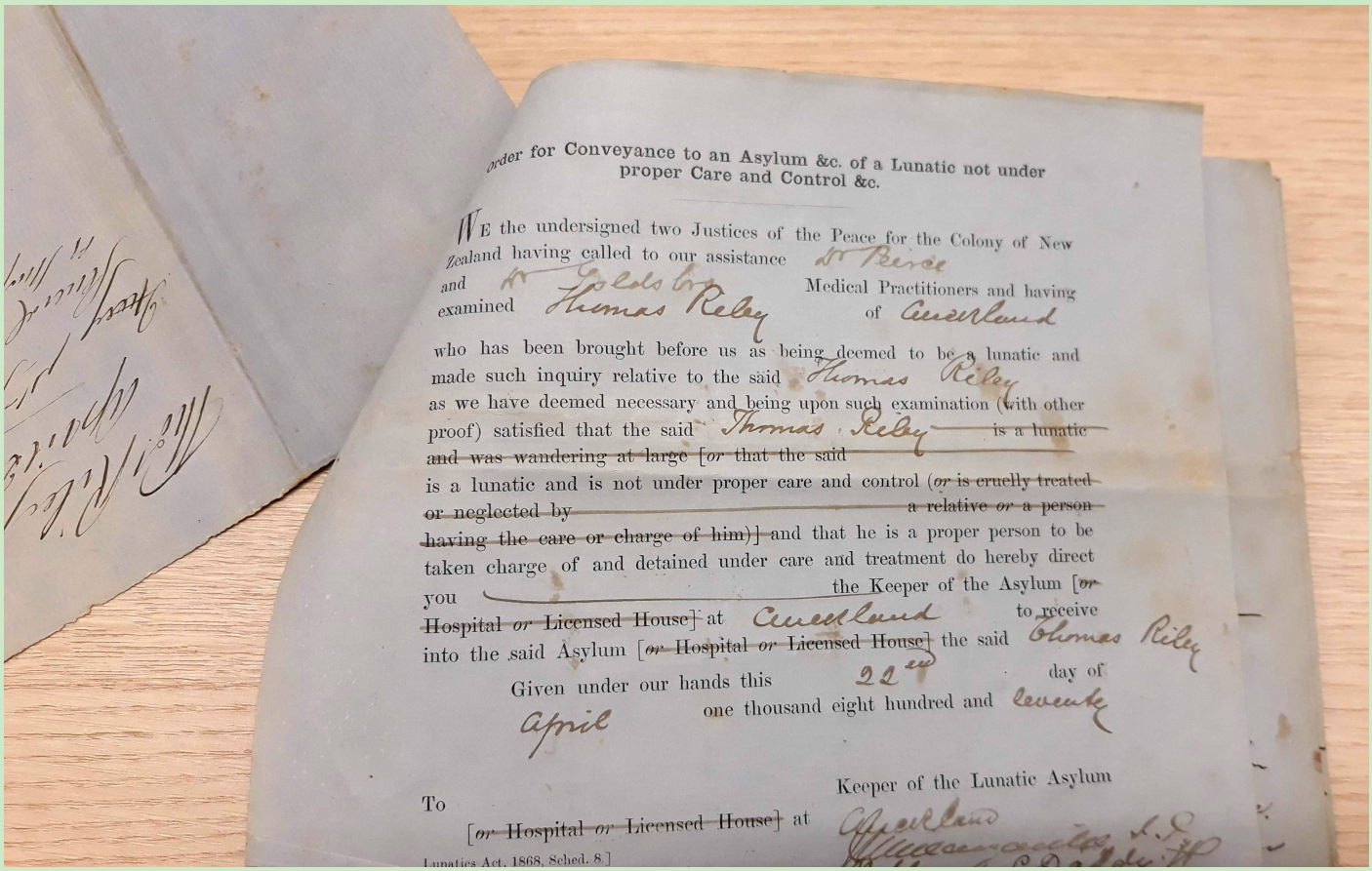
Where: Āwhitu Reserve, wetlands and Kauri Tatahi beach, Āwhitu Brook Homestead Path, Āwhitu Hatton Road Path.

What: to walk the area James Hamilton may have trekked through when he first visited Āwhitu in 1864, linking our movement across eras.

Tides: LT 8.48am, HT 3.07pm.

Who: Alan Curtis, Richard Kearney and myself.

Family lines: Hamilton.



Order for Conveyance to an Asylum &c. of a Lunatic not under proper Care and Control &c.

WE the undersigned two Justices of the Peace for the Colony of New Zealand having called to our assistance Dr Pierce and Dr Goldsbrough Medical Practitioners and having examined Thomas Reiby of Auckland who has been brought before us as being deemed to be a lunatic and made such inquiry relative to the said Thomas Reiby as we have deemed necessary and being upon such examination (with other proof) satisfied that the said Thomas Reiby is a lunatic ~~and was wandering at large [or that the said~~ is a lunatic and is not under proper care and control ~~(or is cruelly treated or neglected by a relative or a person having the care or charge of him)]~~ and that he is a proper person to be taken charge of and detained under care and treatment do hereby direct you the Keeper of the Asylum ~~[or Hospital or Licensed House]~~ at Auckland to receive into the said Asylum ~~[or Hospital or Licensed House]~~ the said Thomas Reiby

Given under our hands this 22nd day of April one thousand eight hundred and seventy

To Keeper of the Lunatic Asylum ~~[or Hospital or Licensed House]~~ at Auckland

Lunatics Act, 1868, Sched. 8.]

Site visit

When: 15 October 2020, 2 - 4pm.

Where: Archives NZ, Mangere, Auckland.

What: to find Thomas Riley, and to revisit the Kemp probate in an attempt to make sense of the beauracracy and legalese of land ownership.

Who: Alan Curtis and myself.

Family lines: Riley, Kemp, Ireland.



Site visit

When: 24 October 2020.

Where: Ahuriri pebble beach and local library.

What: to explore an expanse of time, to ponder at and collect greywacke, silica threaded stones, to think on the earthquake and the changes it made in the land and to my great grandfather Ernest Curtis who was in the area, and my grandfather Doug Curtis who was in Hastings.

Tides: HT 12.41pm, LT 7.00pm.

Who: myself.

Family lines: Curtis, Coughlan.



Field trip

When: 25 October 2020.

Where: Old Napier Cemetery, Hospital Hill, Napier.

What: to visit the grave of William Colenso and walk the wilding old graveyard full of colonial land owners and policy makers. To fill my senses with the East Coast sun and the imported wilding plants of pine, lavender, and roses.

Who: myself.



Site visit

When: 26 October 2020.

Where: Hastings Cemetery and Crematorium, Orchard Road.

What: to visit my great great grandparents Sarah (née Blaney) and Thomas Coughlan, John and Elizabeth Curtis, and to visit Lillian Charlotte (née Blaney) and Joseph Munson, my grandfather's aunt and uncle. To think on dates and numbers and their reflections.

Who: Alan Curtis and myself.

Family lines: Coughlan, Curtis, Blaney, Munson.



Site visit

When: 26 October 2020.

Where: Hastings town centre 811 Dufferin Street, 404 Sylvan Road, 500 Saint Aubyn Street West, King Street North and South, 907 Lyell Street, St Joeseph's School.

What: To view from the road the houses that my family lived in in Hastings, to get a sense of the distance of their houses, school and church from each other, to bring census records off the page.

Who: Alan Curtis and myself.

Family lines: Coughlan, Curtis, Blaney, Munson.



Field trip

When: 27 October 2020.

Where: MTG Hawke's Bay Museum Tai Ahuriri.

What: to go ferning in the archive and view and handle a fern collection compiled by William Colenso with accompanying letter to Dr de Lisle dated June 1893 and kept in the institutional archive.

Who: Alan Curtis and myself.



Site visit

When: 5 November 2020.

Where: Auckland tour – 159, 154 Great North Rd, Dean St, Newton West School, Turakina St, St Joseph's School, Grey Lynn school, Pasadena intermediate, St Jude St, Mt Albert Grammar, St Benedict's Church, Wanganui Ave.

What: to view the houses that my family have lived in central Auckland. To look at the suburbs I have lived in a new, seeing my ancestors close presence. To light a candle for my great grandfather Jim Ireland at the church he visited every Sunday of his life.

Who: Alan Curtis and myself.

Family lines: Curtis, Ireland.



Site visit

When: 8 November 2020 11am - 1pm.

Where: Hamilton’s Gap, 127 West Coast Road, Waiuku, Lot 102 Āwhitu parish, where the Hamilton homestead once was.

What: to visit the site of the original Hamilton homestead, to walk the glen of Pōhutukawa, to look down the coast to the Manukau inlet and the site of the Orpheus wreck.

Tides: LT 9.22am HT 3.44pm.

Who: Alan Curtis, Hannah King (née Curtis) and myself.

Family lines: Hamilton, Riley.



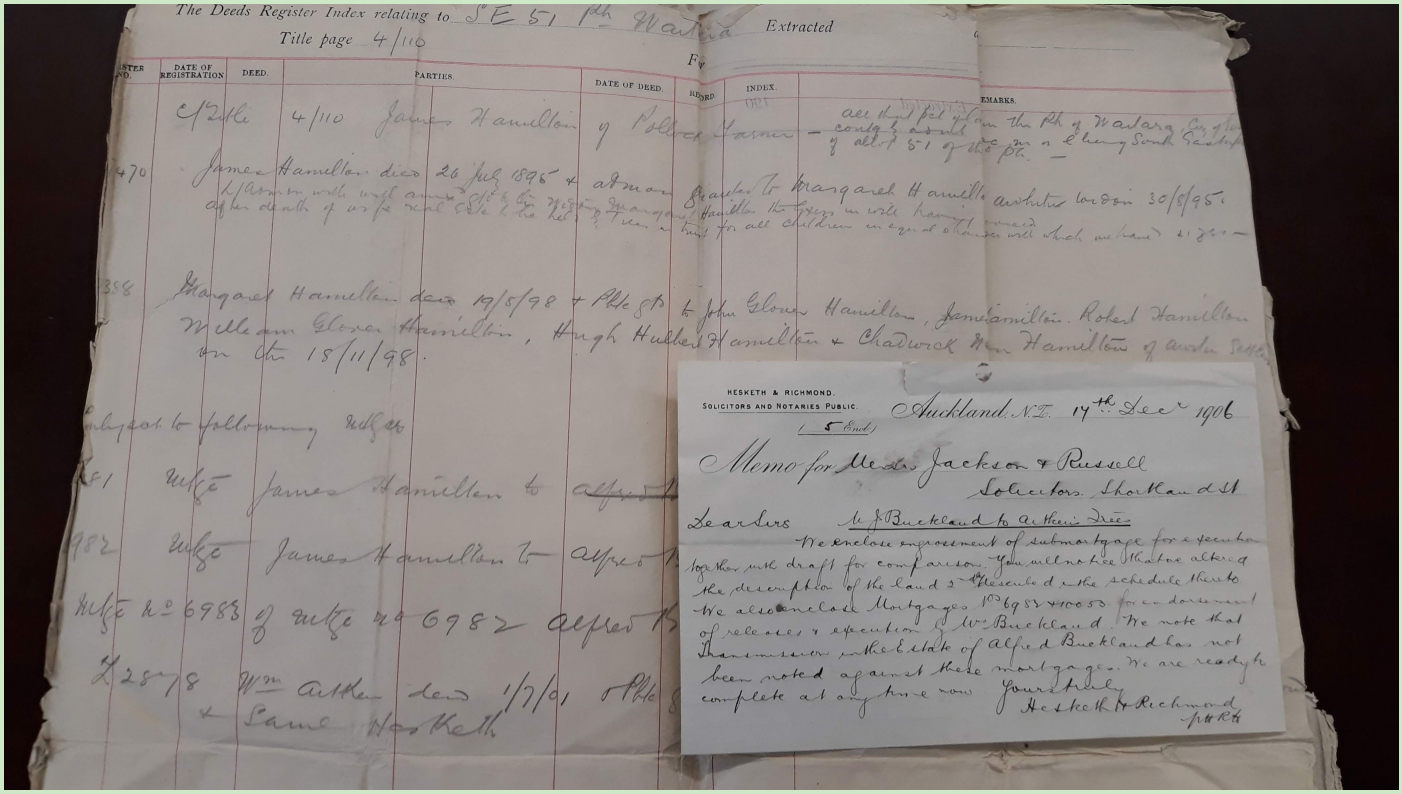
Field trip

When: 12 November 2020.

Where: Auckland Central Library, Conservation Lab.

What: to show the family bible to Book Conservator David Ashman to get his advice on reversable, light repair for preservation, and to learn about constructing an Oxford hollow to repair the spine.

Who: David Ashman and myself.



Site visit

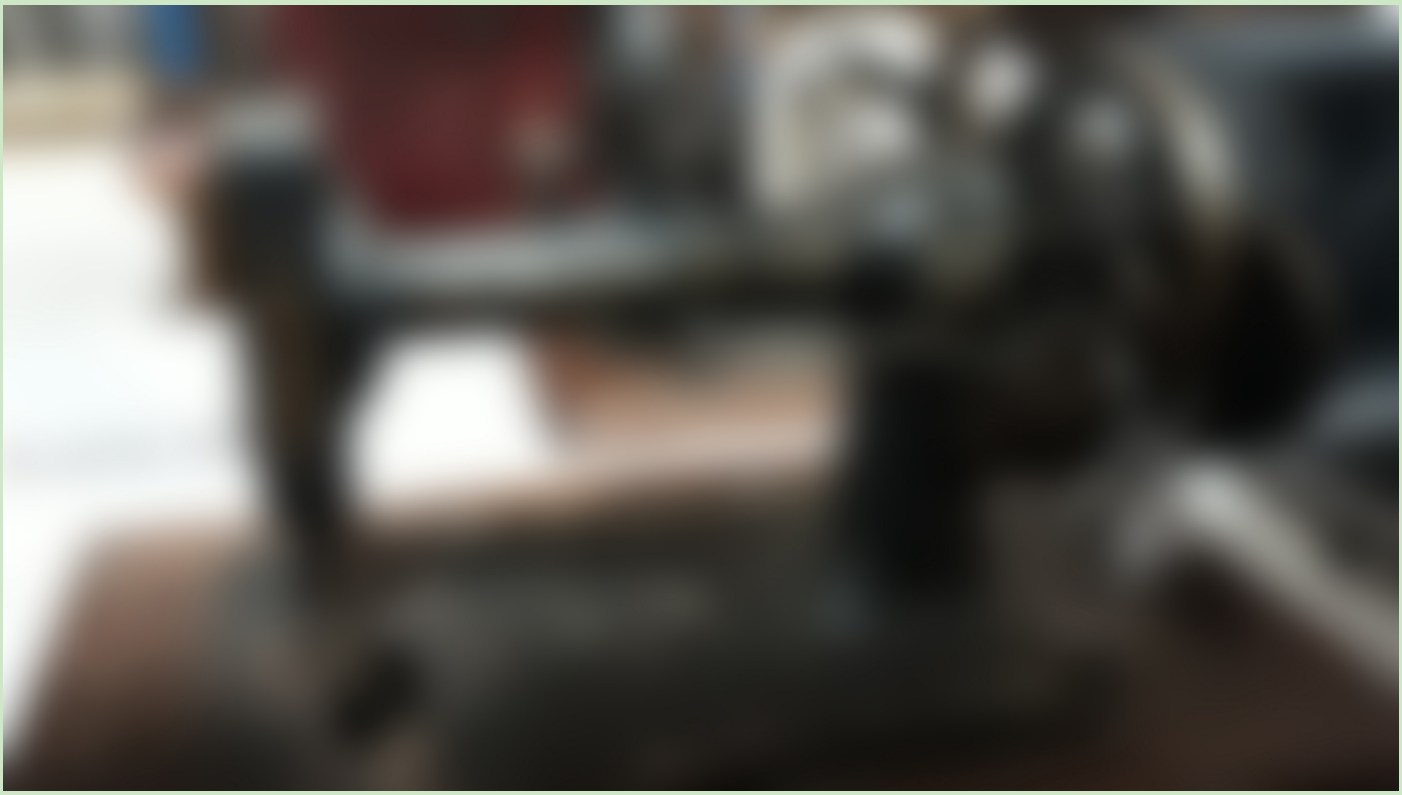
When: 18 November 2020.

Where: Auckland War Memorial Museum Library.

What: to view and decipher Hamilton legal documents, mortgages and land deeds from the law firm Jackson, Russell, Tunks & West.

Who: Alan Curtis and myself.

Family lines: Hamilton.



Field trip

When: 18 November 2020.

Where: MOTAT (Museum of Transport and Technology) Storage Facility in Penrose (M3) Photos taken onsite to be used for research only (photo blurred to accomodate this request).

What: to look at sewing machines of a similar era to our Frister and Rossman sewing machine that belonged to Eliza Hamilton (née Riley). To get a sense of what sewing machines were available at that time.

Who: Alan Curtis and myself.



Site visit

When: 19-20 November 2020.

Where: AUT Bindery.

What: to repair the spine on the Bible that belonged to my great great grandfather John Glover Hamilton. To peel back the layers of the spine and handle the thin pages and hefty bulk of it.

Who: myself.

Family lines: Hamilton.



Site visit

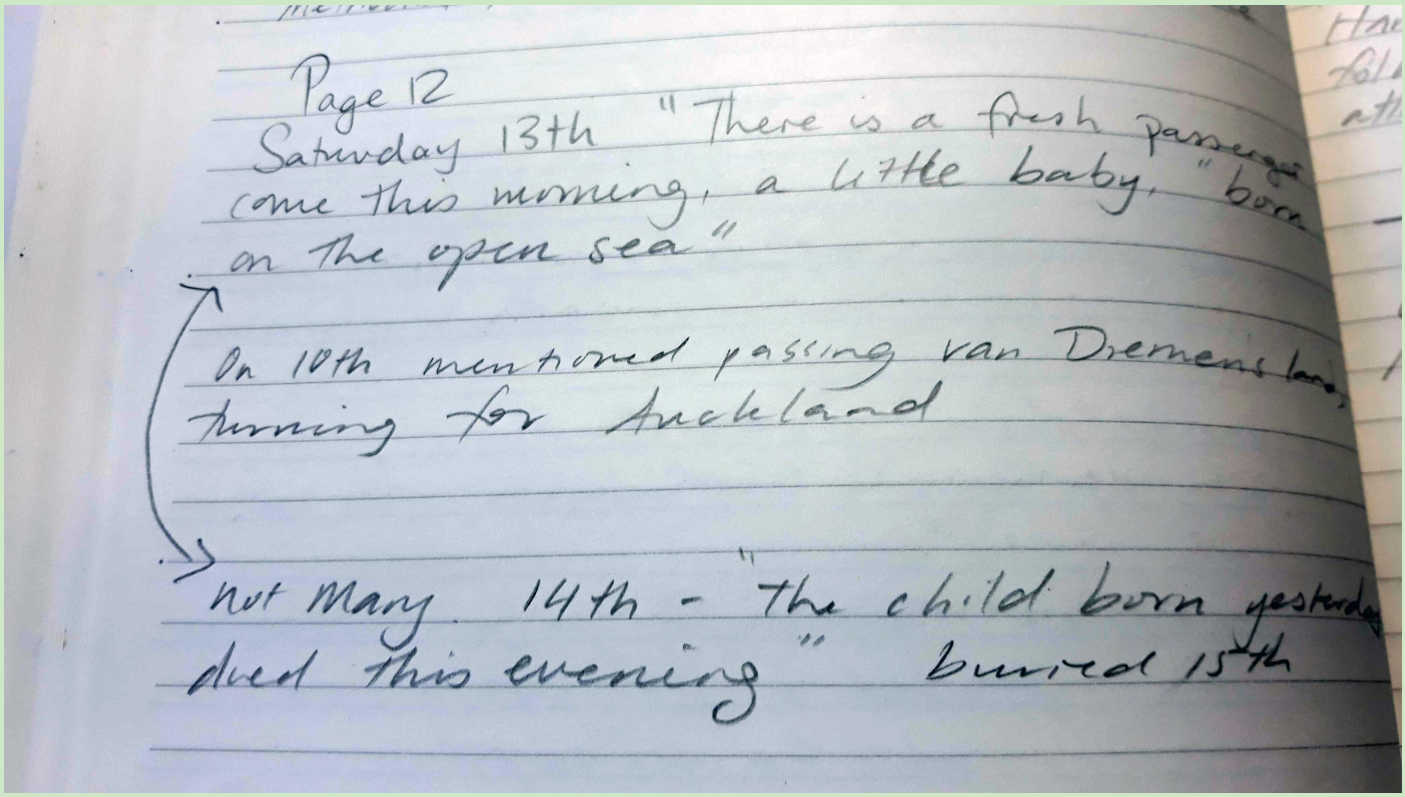
When: 24 November 2020.

Where: My parents' house.

What: to go through a box of photograps and documents that belonged to my grandparents Gloria (née Ireland) and Doug Curtis.

Who: Alan Curtis and myself.

Family lines: Curtis, Coughlan, Blaney, Munson, Ireland, Kemp, Hamilton.



Site visit

When: 26 November 2020.

Where: New Zealand Maritime Museum.

What: to read the diary of Charles Hames who travelled on the Ironsides from 3 May - 25 August 1864, the same journey my great x3 grandparents William and Sarah Kemp, and the same journey on which my great great grandmother Mary Kemp was born (21 August 1864), and the diary of Edith Mary Best who travelled on the Ionic 2 from May - Nov 1907; my great great grandparents Thomas and Sarah Coughlan with their daughter and my great grandmother Florence Annie were on the same journey. To overlay and imagine the journeys.

Who: myself.

Family lines: Kemp, Coughlan.



Site visit

When: 11 December 2020.

Where: Turnbull Library, microfiche collection, and ArchivesNZ Wellington.

What: to read an account of the Queen of Beauty journey in 1863 written by Clarke Charles, and to view accomodation layout for that journey. To search for Thomas Riley in millitary records held by ArchivesNZ.

Who: myself.

Family lines: Hamilton.



Site visit

When: 19 January 2021.

Where: My parents' garage.

What: to repair the heirloom sewing machine, to discover how it works. After some effort, to ease open the side needle plate under which the bobbin is found. To find a piece of burnt orange thread from the last time it was used - a tangible thread of connection.

Who: Alan Curtis and myself.

Family lines: Riley, Hamilton.



Field trip

When: 3 March 2021, 10am-2pm.

Where: Maunga Whau.

What: to seek contentment and wellbeing out of the house and away from the frustrations of another lockdown. To collect kawakawa leaves.

Who: myself.



Site visit

When: 19 March 2021, 10am - 2pm.

Where: Hamilton’s Gap, Awhitu Central and Pollok cemeteries.

What: to slip again into the folds of time, the layered cliff backdrops, to wet our feet in the estuary and to bring my Aunty to Hamilton’s Gap.

Tides: LT 8.01am, HT 2.09pm.

Who: Alan Curtis, Michelle McLuckie (née Curtis) and myself.

Relevant family lines: Hamilton, Ireland, Kemp.



Site visit

When: 17 April 2021.

Where: Michelle McLuckie’s home in Karaka.

What: to handle and sew with Eliza’s sewing machine and to talk about how skills of sewing have and haven’t been handed down through the family. To discover who has done the sewing in the family and cast aside any gendered assumptions about sewing in our family.

Who: Michelle McLuckie, Glen McLuckie, Hannah King and myself.

Relevant family lines: Riley, Hamilton, Curtis.



Site visit

When: 15 May 2021.

Where: Newton Fish and Chippery, 270 Great North Road.

What: to eat chips from the fish and chip shop on the site that was once 154 Great North Road. To stand where my great great grandfather Jim Ireland stood as a young child in front of the Ireland family owned corner dairy in a photo from around 1905. The dairy later became the premises for Jim's plumbing business. Four generations lived here. My father was born here.

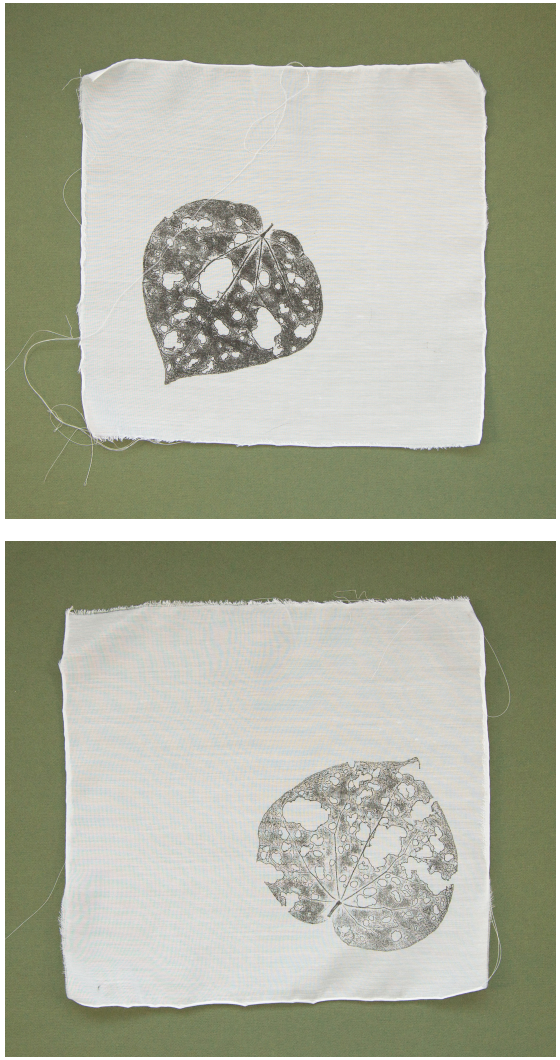
Who: Richard Kearney and myself.

Relevant family lines: Ireland, Curtis.





Chapter three: wayfinding



IMG61-62. *kawakawa book* in progress, ink on silk-cotton fabric.

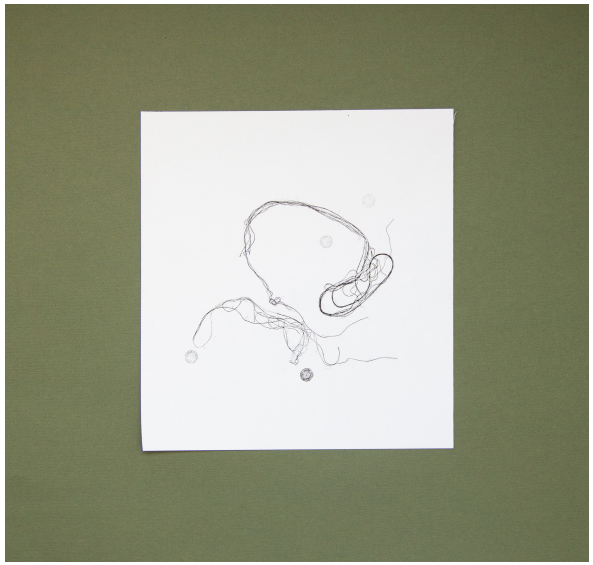
My project lives in the experiential and relational exchange with my family and peers, our surroundings and contextual presence. But that is not the end of those interrelated experiences. In my practice, I fold and refold through them to create material memories for an extended archive. In this chapter, I take the experiential drive of the last chapter into ways in which the event is re-activated in a making practice in the prints, writing, and books of the project.

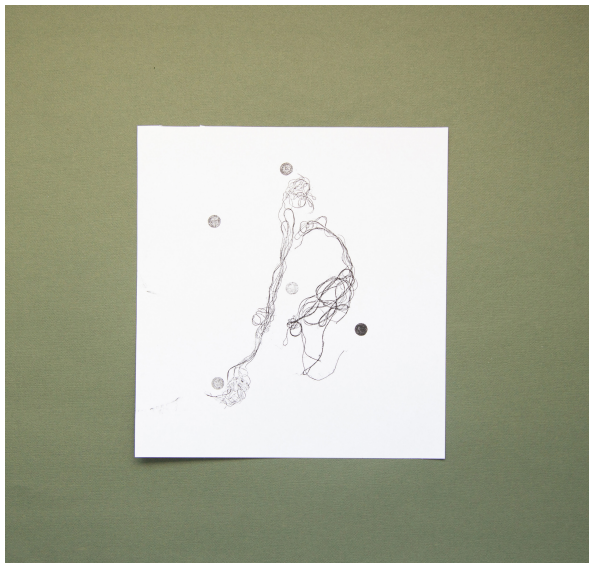
I draw on Scottish Anthropologist Tim Ingold's ideas of making as an opportunity for collaboration with the environment and materials. Instead of emphasising the completed artefact, the focus is on the experience of making and the process of growth and learning,

> We are accustomed to think of making as a project. This is to start with an idea in mind, of what we want to achieve, and with a supply of the raw material needed to achieve it. And it is to finish at the moment when the material has taken on the intended form. At this point, we say, we have produced an artefact.
>
> I want to think of making, instead, as a process of growth. This is to place the maker from the outset as a participant in amongst a world of active materials. These materials are what he has to work with, and in the process of making, he 'joins forces' with them, bringing them together or splitting them apart, synthesising and distilling, in anticipation of what might emerge.[1]

I build new experiences through making that create a further flow on from the event to material experience. There are the personal experiences: the re-visiting and memory sorting, occurrences, moments of folded time refolding in the re-living, and the experiences of tactile making, the process of print. With regards to the print experience, I liken the unveiling that occurs when you peel up the print to the unveiling of information, knowledge, when meeting with people and hearing their stories, and discovery in archival research and events. This is a similar approach to Julie Gough, who described her practice as "trying to reveal the process and not the destination,

1 Ingold, Making, 20-21





IMG63-64. thread prints on paper, work in progress, untitled.

the artwork can be that, it's something about how to share what it means to live now but continually reflect upon and be directed by a past that is always with us."[2]

I bring found and collected objects such as stones, driftwood, fern fronds and other plant specimens, together with writing forms using monoprinting, botanical printing, and letterpress methods to create books and hanging prints. I often print on fabric for its hard-wearing and translucent qualities, as well as the fabric's affordances of picking up soft details that can be lost on paper. I also use washi paper because due to its fibrous composition, it can also pick up some of the subtle details. This is a space in which I 'join forces,' and these collected items and receptive surfaces are the 'active materials.' I am folding and folding in on experience and memory, re-playing, re-enacting. The re- prefix[3] does a lot of work here which highlights the circling and spiralling actions inherent in this way of working, which in turn speaks to notions of how we might think about time.

With this emphasis of the experiential aspects of making, there is also a place for the artefact. Firstly, the artefact is a remnant or ephemera of the making: the extended archive and record-keeping of events. Then they are a conduit for my returning and reliving experience. In this kind of making there is ample space for ruminations and layerings which bring about new ways of seeing and knowing. This is where the growth as a goal of making is important.

These artefacts also have a life beyond my own experience. Made artefacts or objects from the project carry with them stories and perspectives which can be experienced by others. I am creating opportunities for others to engage in their own way, creating their own experience, with our stories and memories. The experiential extends beyond the field trip and the organised site visit into something tactile, that then becomes an intangible experience. It is a relational turning and returning of time and experience: a cycle that spirals out, always related and connected to what has come before.

---

2 Gough, 'The object of research – artmaking as active rememberance.'

3 i. With the general sense of 'back' or 'again', occurring in a large number of words directly or indirectly adopted from Latin, or of later Romance origin, and on the model of these freely employed in English as a prefix of verbs, and of nouns or adjectives derived from these. ii. Prefixed to ordinary verbs of action (chiefly transitive) and to derivatives from these, sometimes denoting that the action itself is performed a second time, and sometimes that its result is to reverse a previous action or process, or to restore a previous state of things.* *"re-,prefix". OED Online, May 2021. Oxford University Press https://www-oed-com.ezproxy.aut.ac.nz/view/Entry/158795?rskey=SwJJdB&result=10#eid

There are some wonderful shapes here, the spilled insides, the cross sections, show a shift of time in the tree rings, but there are also shadows that perhaps show wet weather, or the branch's decay in the ocean. Certainly, the tree rings show how much of the branch is missing with the centres of the rings off to the side.

There are cracks in the surface, some of which are not deep, but others are fractures through the whole form.

A print from these shows the shape, the cracks, the holes, and some of the tree rings – I get only an impression, a print creates a distance from the wood, I add distances to the history of the wood. Like looking at what remains and making statements or generalisations – we are so many steps removed.[1]

1 Blog post, 'Driftwood 2' 26 June 2020. https://makylacurtis.wordpress.com/2020/06/26/driftwood-2/



IMG65. Sliced driftwood collected from Hamilton's Gap before printing.

In the above excerpt from my blog post in June of 2020, I had just cut some driftwood collected from Hamilton's Gap into slices. There was a mishap in which some 'concentration or difficulty' in the wood pulled the piece from my hand and flew into the blade. I wrote "I keep thinking of this difficulty, the point in which the wood flew up, resisting examination, as a parallel for when the information lies out of reach."[2] When printing with found objects / collected objects such as the sliced driftwood, the ferns and other botanicals, there is always so much that is out of reach. The stories of how the driftwood came to be is only hinted at in its form, the stories of how the plants came to grow where they did are missing from a print. I have mentioned the reasons that I use fabric and washi paper for my prints as their ability to capture more detail, but there is no material that can ever capture all of its details. A print is always only an impression.

I've discussed the notion of the folding and re folding, turning in on itself, to suggest close intimacy with all aspects of this project. By reliving it I get closer and closer to the history, the event, my ancestors. But instead, with all the added layers there is only distance: a distance I both perpetuate and examine in the process of printing. Julie Gough also describes contending with distance in her work, she refers to "inherited distances and silences."[3] The physicality of the print, including the 'reveal' and its relationship with the 'original,' gives me an insight into this distancing. Because the most wonderful thing to happen in the distance, in the in-between, in the membranes between what I know, is the imaginative work. I wonder at what I imagine, and propose they are impressions I garner by way of my ancestors' co-presence.

2 Blog post, 'Driftwood 2' 26 June 2020. https://makylacurtis.wordpress.com/2020/06/26/driftwood-2/

3 Gough, 'The object of research – artmaking as active rememberance.'



IMG66. *Pteridomania series 01*, mid rubbing, the fabric is still sitting on top of the inked surface and ferns. The initial rubbing has been done of the main areas of ink. From this point I rub into the detail of the ferns.



IMG67. View at Hamilton's Gap looking north, the light makes layers of the land like stage backdrops. Site visit July 20.

When I print with botanicals and driftwood, I print at my kitchen table, where I rub the fabric into the object and ink.[4] My hands and fingers experience a different kind of impression through the fabric than just handling the object. Each millimetre of the print is pressed by my fingers: a tactual experience with very clear traces of the event. The deeper blacks in the resultant print are traces of laboured rubbing in that area and impressions of my finger movements can occasionally be seen. Other prints are made with a Farley proofing press. When using this machine, I print both from the object, but also from the remnant impression of the object: another element of distancing. The remnant or absence of the object encourages a metaphor for memory, the layering is at a distance, but it does not negate a truth of the impression.

layering

I enjoy the concept of layering as it relates to time (described in chapter 2) and I see this layering in the hazy light along the coast at Hamilton's Gap. I looked for ways in which to mimic the layering by developing on the hangings made in the pteridomania series. I built a frame that enabled printed hangings to overlay each other. A viewer might peak in from the sides, or look headlong into the layers that disappeared into each other the further they were from the viewer's sight line. I made three different variations of this, but I felt these were unsuccessful – the layering was not evidenced in what could be seen. Later, I took these hangings and reused them (tearing them into smaller sizes) as pages in the books (discussed in the following section 'making books'). By layering the printed fabric in the books, the pages were pressed more closely together and the visual impact of the layering is more easily seen in both the verso and recto. But in addition to this visual layering, there is a conceptual layering. By reusing past interpretations (revisits, reactivations) with further interpretations there is a spiral overlay where the works look back on what has come before.

4 My kitchen table belonged to my Nana who restored it, and my kitchen table chairs belonged to my great great grandfather David Sands Ireland who brought the chairs to Aotearoa New Zealand from Scotland. I am always working surrounded by the energies of my family.

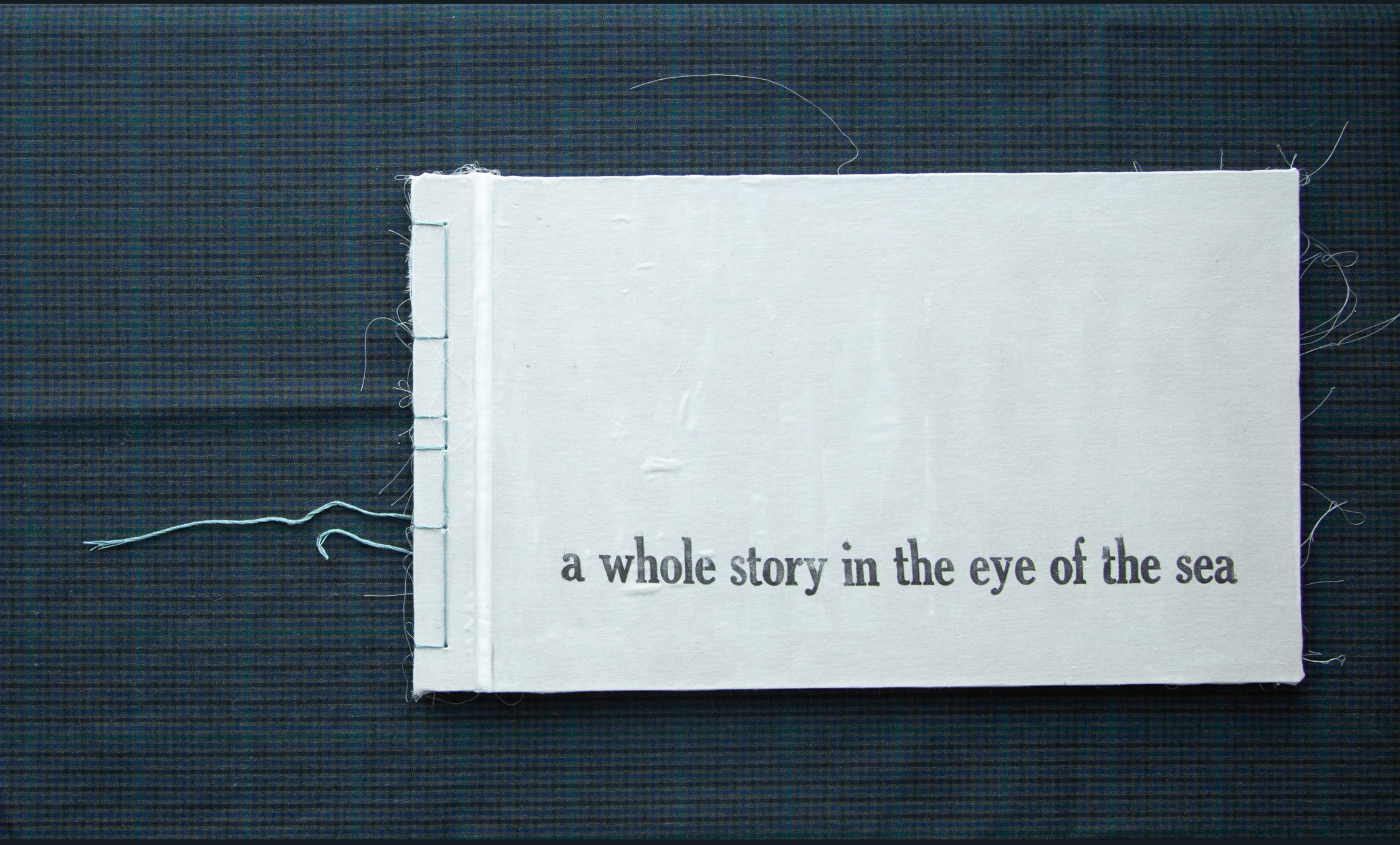


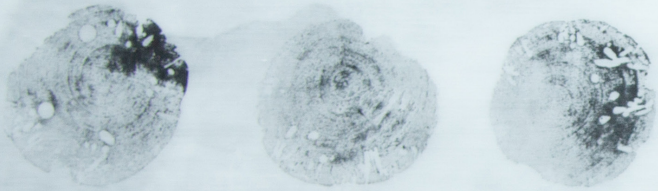


Left: **IMG68.** driftwood prints hung on a clothes-horse to dry. This was the first layering of printed hangings. The prints from this are in the process of being reused for *an the aperture shows me an arrival.*

Right: **IMG69.** a frame was constructed for printed hangings. These hangings were mostly large text, with the previous driftwood prints hung in between as a test. The text prints were reused for the book *a whole story in the eye of the sea*, the text used for the title and cover can be seen at the base of the front print.

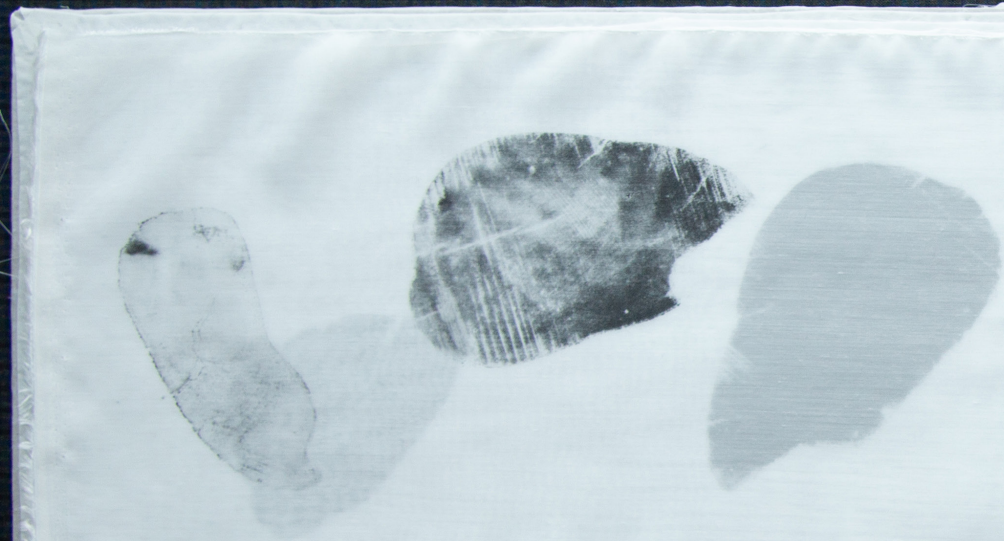
Next pages: **IMG70-72.** cover and interior pages of *a whole story in the eye of the sea.*

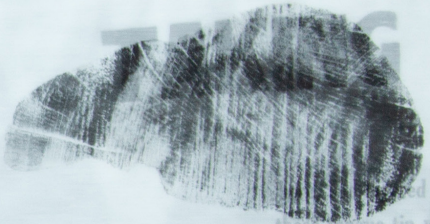

a whole story in the eye of the sea



T WATER,

eclipsing their fears in this bottle green,
our bottle green
those utterances carried on the
heather sky there and coming here,
there, her words were this and that
like flattened gulls, those white
feathers in the wind





ALL TH

d them into a box
those tongue tip words
these half folded phrases
here, she whispered to those voices
and there, she sailed them across the loch

making books



IMG73. Page excerpt from *Obair Shnaidhme: reconnecting.* Knotwork print on washi paper. Pages alternate between lines of text and knotwork prints. When viewing a text page, the knotwork print can be seen beneath.

I make books because I know books and I love books. The books in this project are a manner of presentation for everything discussed in this chapter. They are a culmination of accumulated record-keeping, and re-ing: reactivating, reliving, reexperiencing. Books fold time in an interesting way. The book can be a sequential experience, as was this project: accumulation of knowledge and experience requires something of the linear. And yet books, in their materiality, offer up ways of subverting the linear through repetition and self-navigation. My fabric books with their translucent layering also subvert linearity in reading as the last pages and the coming pages are still visible through the current pages. They encourage a kind of simultaneous 'seeing through' and 'seeing back.' Due to the physicality of the fabric, opening a fabric book can result in pages sticking together and folding on each other, creating new possibilities of visual layering every time. Books are also a tangible experience. To engage, you need to open the book, to turn the page. I feel that bodily engagement combined with the act of seeing, compounds a sense of personal experience over anything simply observed.

Different book formats provide different kinds of experiences and different levels of access. In this project I have made one-off artist books, the limited edition books, and easily multiplied zines.[1] The one-off artist book is tied closely to the reading room. To be accessible to many, it remains in a specialised space. The more copies there are of a book (or the possibility of more copies) the further it can go from the reading room. The limited edition poetry 'chapbook'[2] collection *Apertures* with a small edition,[3] still requires a reading room presence to remain accessible. Zines, on the other hand, are (generally) printed in small editions but easily reproduced and therefore unnumbered. I've utilised the zine format for the essays so as to make sitting down to read them in full more practical.

1 Zine, short for magazine, is a DIY/homemade publication, often made on a photocopier.

2 A poetry chapbook is a particular genre of poetry collection. Usually a chapbook is shorter in length (up to 80 pages) compared with a full collection (80 pages or more).

3 Edition of 40 copies.

the role of writing

One of the active materials I work with is language. Writing is a form of making that works with the matter of language and I perform re-enactments of uncovering information and discovery in the processes of writing: writing is a mode of simultaneous active reliving and making. It is a malleable material for me. Writing can so easily circle around works, re-thinking and re-forming them as they occur. I use language as a way of traversing my research and associated thoughts and theories as I discover them. I return again and again to aspects of works and events, writing about them, to them, or around them, by way of re-exploration and re-view. For example, *Views: a year on*, which was displayed as two grids, is reimagined in a poem 'Casement,' included in *Apertures*, where the grid is reimagined as a casement window through which I might see a similar landscape to that described in the original work. Writing has also been a way for me to set out my goals and plans therefore archiving in poems, blog posts, and essays, the progression of the project and how it and my perspectives have changed and developed. The poem 'Gateway' written in June 2020, addresses the challenge I had set for myself in this project,

but the black sand will be my setting
my place of looking
my place of reckoning
because so much here we have overlooked
I am west coast standing
at the gateway
and the roiling sea beside me
and the footprints of my
ancestors all around me to be collected

Casement

in you, I find a way to examine guilt and grief

as a single window
and transoms, cordons
I press the gaps into
like a waypoint seen
drawing lines across
thinking and another

sense of identity
body may lie within
and across an ocean
a window stay
whorls of opacity
the fat eye, swollen

the muntins
for navigation
our sphere
in a telescope
one glimpse of
dots along a

to where the
ferns and bracken
too, an umbilicus
fastening against
the crown glass
in the rain

poetry

I write within a landscape of other poets who are interested in the relationship between language, place, history, and stories. Poetry collections that have been of particular influence are by Frances Presley, Ruby Solly, Natalie Harkin, and Roseanne Watts. Presley's book Ada Unseen (2019) reimagines the work of Ada Lovelace as 'punch-card' poetry, utilising her diaries, computing work, and interest in bird flight as the core of the poems – the collection imagines Ada's perspective from archival material. Another of Presley's books, Halse for Hazel (2014) explores language and the natural world as a cultural intertwining. Solly's recent collection Tōkū Pāpā (2021) takes us through family and land connections by way of childhood memories. Interspersal of English and te reo Māori is an important component of her collection. Watt's collection Moder Dy (2019), like Presley, draws connections between land and language, telling stories of the language of sea and the isle of Shetland. Both Presley and Watt integrate multiple languages of the British Isles to describe their world. All of these poets address ways of imagining from archival materials and interconnections of land and language in ways that have helped me to draw similar linguistic connections in my poetry.

essays

I write personal essays as 'artwork,' a form also known as creative non-fiction writing. I use the word essay to describe this kind of writing; for me it implies a deep level of engagement with context and points to a targeted storytelling structure. An extension of the personal essay that has been of particular influence on this project is nature writing. While I'm sure there are works that could be described as nature writing in Aotearoa New Zealand literature, it is not a generally well acknowledged genre here yet.[1] The essay collections by Scottish poet and essayist Kathleen Jamie[2] have been an important context for my essays, particularly the essay 'Arriving' which blends my experience at the Hamilton's Gap / Waimatuku Gap estuary with the history and imagined experience of my forebears. In addition, Jamie is from Fife and lives there still. While her writing spans across Scotland, with a lot of her essays taking place in the Hebrides

1 Nature writing has a significant grounding in the Scotland, begun, perhaps, by Nan Shepherd and her book *The Living Mountain*, written in the 1940s, but not published until 1977. It may be about to become more popular in Aotearoa New Zealand, with Nina Mingya Powles' forthcoming collection of essays *Small Bodies of Water* which won the Nan Shepherd Prize for Nature Writing in 2019. (Small Bodies is scheduled for publication in early July 2021).

2 Findings (Sort of Books, 2005), Sightlines (Sort of Books, 2012), Surfacing (Penguin Books, 2019).

and occasionally in other nations, a lot of her work is based in the countryside of Fife, where my family is from and where I lived for a time. Fife is the area of Scotland that I see when I close my eyes.

text and image

> "I am reluctant to regard writing as a practice that supplants drawing. Writing is drawing." - Tim Ingold[3]

Ingold hones in on the porosity between image and text that I find so exciting. We make distinctions between image and text largely based on the creative communities that surround them.[4] But readers and viewers are capable of traversing these genres to engage with the stories and knowledge shared through the multimodal or interdisciplinary work that brings image and text together. My research in 2017 was about the various literacies (or one might say 'contexts') employed in reading work that combines image and text / art and poetry, to form a cohesive work. Below is an excerpt that describes the interaction between the two modes:

> Textual and visual modes have stronger links than mere illustration [of each other]. The image does not mirror the text but instead interweaves art and poetry to form a cohesive work. The modes are interdependent. Using more than one mode extends what [a poet/artist] can describe as well as what a reader may interpret. Multiple stories can be told simultaneously and the comparison of these stories builds further stories. Interpretation is manifold.[5]

Images (photographic and print) are not designed to illustrate my poetic texts. When brought together the elements are equally weighted. At times image and text are both describing the same thing so as to give different perspectives. At other times, they provide juxtapositions that bring a third perspective in finding the ground between them.

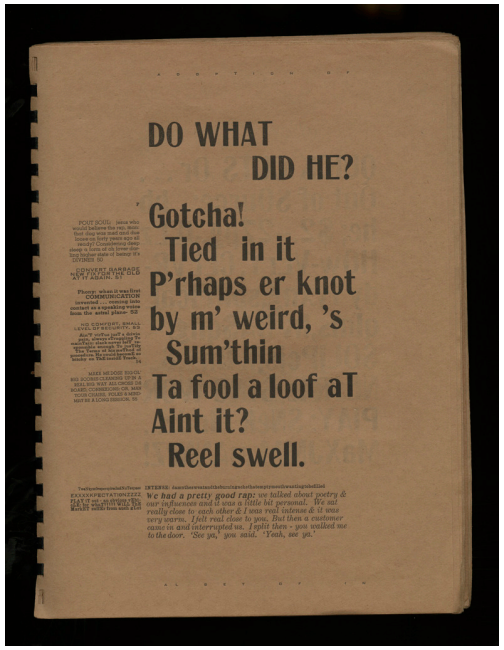
---

3 Ingold, Lines: a brief history, 122.

4 'Creative communities' as used by Stanley Fish to describe the interpreting communities of context.*

* Fish, Is there a text in this class?: the authority of interpretive communities.

5 Curtis 'Simultaneous Stories', 6.



IMG74. Johanna Drucker . *From A to Z*, artist book, page 39. 1977.
Viewable at artistbooksonline

Towards the ephemera of events (Field trips and Site visits) takes the form of a photograph with text on a single page. The text and image are merely traces of something more tangible, but each element builds towards a whole that is made up of details. The photographs, usually taken on a cell phone, are momentary. The text's 'when, where, who' are the particulars that give a sense of the concrete. The 'what' records motivations and connections. Together the 'what' and the photo gesture towards the ephemeral experience, details not normally recorded in the archive. The three elements each have their own function that merge into a cohesive but always incomplete tracing of the event.

Image and text are also brought together in the books of the project. The 'image' of many of these books are prints and impressions, mark-makings from the environment of the event. Both the image and text are different perspectives, or ways in, to the memory exploration and reactivation. The tactility of the print interlaces with the text to give a fuller experience.

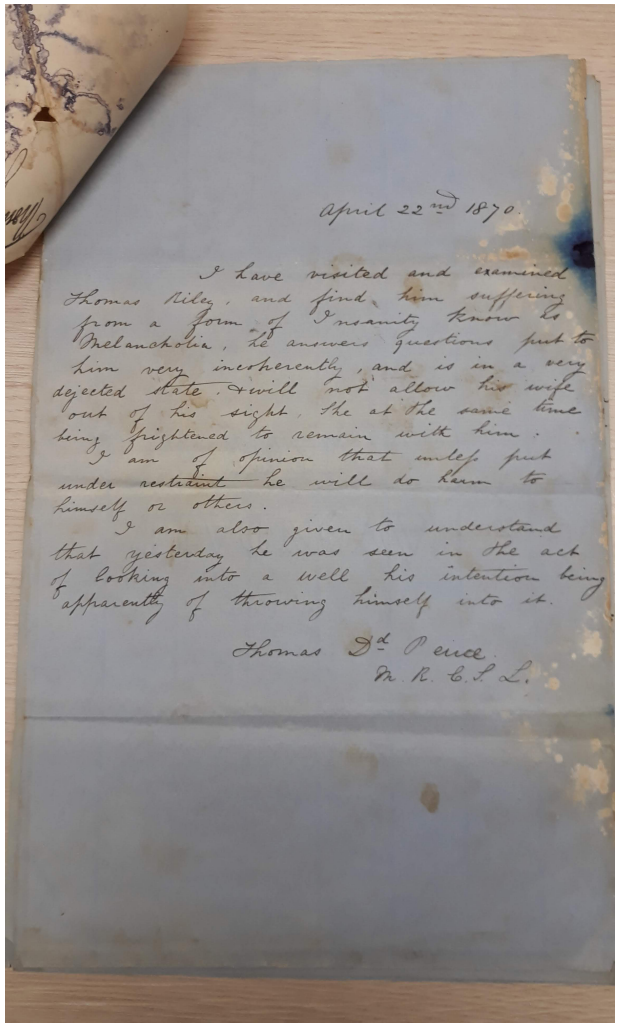
I have found the many different ways in which text and image can come together as exciting and expanding for how I work. Elliot Collins' PhD thesis 'Memory Markers in the Landscape of Aotearoa New Zealand: A Poetic Language Journal About Somewhere' brings photographs of markers (such as flags and memorials) in the landscape together with written reminiscences and musings. The combination builds on the affordances of both modes while filling in the gaps where each mode 'fails'.[6]

Johanna Drucker's works address how text (and in particular letterpress text) can be the instigator or medium of a project while also highlights the visual nature of text. In her works *From A to Z*, and *26.76*, Drucker sets herself letterpress challenges in which she utilises every single piece of type in a type drawer, or attempts to personify typefaces in language registers, and in doing so creates a text aesthetic that becomes a central aspect of the resultant artefacts of her artwork.

Lesley Duxbury's overlays of text onto weather formations in her work *Phenomena of the sky* works in the membranes between what text and image are each doing as visual images and communication tactics. When I view her work, I pose questions like, Is it the text that speaks to us? Or has the text become the image while it is the image that speaks? Or is it their combination in which both image and text does its own work while simultaneously doing the work of each other? I'm interested in these membranes of multi-modal communication.

6 Collins, 'Memory Markers in the Landscape of Aotearoa,' 19.

in the archive



April 22nd 1870.

I have visited and examined Thomas Riley, and find him suffering from a form of Insanity known as Melancholia, he answers questions put to him very incoherently, and is in a very dejected state. I will not allow his wife out of his sight, she at the same time being frightened to remain with him.

I am of opinion that unless put under restraint he will do harm to himself or others.

I am also given to understand that yesterday he was seen in the act of looking into a well his intention being apparently of throwing himself into it.

Thomas Jd Peirce
M.R.C.S.L.L.

IMG75. Record of assessment of Thomas Riley in April 1870, at the Auckland Lunatic Asylum, written Dr. Peirce. Letter held at the Auckland branch of ArchivesNZ.

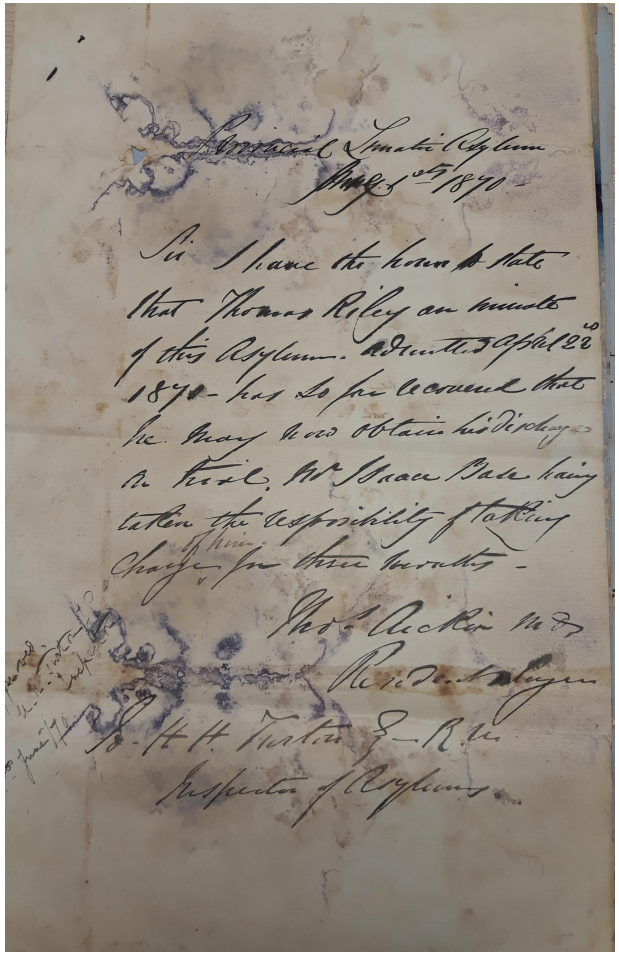
I use the term archive to encompass anything from the institutional archive – beginning with Parish records, through to today's governmental archives at ArchivesNZ – to family archives of photographs and objects, to oral histories and oral stories handed down, to a collection of personal memories or a collection of objects inhabited by the energies of ancestors, or simply prompt memory of ancestors. The term archive here is elastic. I encounter these archives in many different environments, and each have their own affordances that allow different kinds of engagement and access. I bring the experience of learning and knowledge building within various kinds of archives across the artefacts that I make.

One of the main resources for historical knowledge of my ancestors and the Hamilton family tree beginning with the generation before arrival in Aotearoa New Zealand, is a book written by William Lloyd Walker, who married into the Hamilton family.[1] As an amateur historian Walker pulled together many aspects of the family story and the book's publication has brought wide access to our stories for descendants. However, it also highlights how certain documents and stories are inaccessible to many of us. Walker's book is not referenced, and so while he quotes excerpts from a diary written by James Hamilton (great x3 grandfather), I have no recourse to seek out and read the words myself in their whole.[2] The archive is an opportunity to make our history available to descendants no longer connected to a family archivist (such as Lloyd Walker, or Lily Hamilton who Walker refers to in the book as a family archivist).

I have found many engaging details in institutional archives, sitting in the sedate and quiet reading room, from the discovery of Thomas Riley's medical records at the Auckland Lunatic Asylum (ArchivesNZ, Mangere), to photographs of the Hamilton Brothers' Cheese Factory when they replaced their boiler (AWMM, Auckland Museum). Reading rooms have a close association for me of personal discovery, experience time folding in and over past discoveries, and a feeling of ancestral presence.

1 W. Lloyd Walker married Elizabeth Annie Hamilton in 1940, a descendant of Chadwick Neilson Hamilton, brother of my direct ancestor John Glover Hamilton.

2 I only wish that Walker had deposited the diary, or a copy of it, to a repository.



IMG76. Letter regarding Thomas Riley, inmate at Auckland Lunatic Asylum, written by Medical Superintendant Dr Thomas Aicken. Letter held at the Auckland branch of ArchivesNZ.

The archival reading room has another allure for me; it is where I first discovered the joy of artist books and fine art letterpress printing. The Sir George Grey Special Collections, University of Auckland Special Collections, and the Angela Morton Room, Takapuna Library, all hold a generous collection of New Zealand fine art printing and artist books. Over the last 10 years in which I have developed my interest in print, these collections have provided exciting experiences in the archive reading room.[3]

It is these experiences that make the reading room an important space, and the environment that I envision people experiencing my makings. The reading room is an important space. It is the place in which someone might encounter these made artefacts in an environment that is already essential in the discovery and knowledge gathering that occurs in site visits referred to and reactivated in the works. This is another kind of circling back and folding and enfolding.

adding to the archive

While displaying my makings in an archival/library setting, they are not yet part of institutional record. I do have work in archives generally,[4] but these works are still making their way to that position. However, one work that is already part of the archive is the poetry chapbook *Apertures* (2021) because I applied for an ISBN. The ISBN, International Standard Book Number, is distributed through the National Library. When a request for an ISBN is made, a legal deposit is then required. This requirement is automatic. The deposit I make is then stored in the National Archive, accessible to anyone who requests it.[5] The important point here is that there aren't any gate-keeping processes that might keep things out of the archive.

writing and the archive

Narungga, South Australian poet Natalie Harkin, and Pākehā artist Fiona Jack, demonstrate ways in which poetry and creative writing can be utilised to respond to and engage with

3 Favourites include work by Charles Aldritt (who printed his innovative lino/woodcuts and found object prints on the Heidelberg platen at MOTAT), Beth Sarjeant and Elizabeth Steiner.

4 Sir George Grey Special Collections, University Special Collections, Walsh Memorial Library MOTAT, National Library.

5 To say 'anyone who asks' is a bit simplistic, certain social conditions are requested – Identification, and the supplicant needs to know it is there or how to find it through various systems.



IMG77. Natalie Harkin, Double page spread, 30-31, from *Colonial Archive*, book one of the trilogy publication *Archival Poetics*. Vagabond Press, 2019.

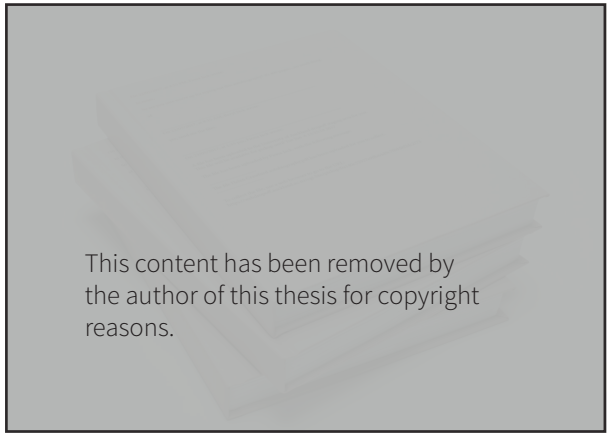
Harkin's poetry is accompanied by photographs in which she reworks the archival documents and her experiences with them into weavings. The photographs are of both completed artefacts, and of the active making. I enjoy the interspersing of excerpts from the archive with her own memories and her family archive (outside of the institution) along with her visual reworkings.

experiences of the archive. Harkin's three book collection *Archival Poetics* from Vagabond Press (2019) takes its reader on a journey through her experience of finding her Nanna in the Australian National archives. It is, at times, gruelling to read. Harkin's experience is confronting and traumatic. She positions her findings in poem form in ways which evoke a sense of discovery for us as readers. We discover how her grandmother was recorded and get a sense of the trauma that discovery entails. In her article 'The Poetics of (Re)Mapping Archives: Memory in the Blood', that reflects on the poetry collection, she draws these parallels of discovery in the archive and her poetic reliving,

> Our Link-Up Case Worker presented us with an almost two-inch-thick, ring-bound file; the unexpected shock representation of Nanna's life recorded under the Aboriginal Protection Board and the State Children's Welfare Department, between the years 1938 to 1947.
> …
>
> *I sit between almost 200 pages*
> *file-note archives*
> *a portion of Nanna's life*
> *under State control*
> *with tight throat my heart pumps*
> *memory-in-the-blood*
> *I catch my breath – sharp*
> *and hold it.*[6]

Harkin's work is a keen reminder that archives are not neutral spaces. Many things that are recorded in archives are not done so through the agency of the people who are described, and a lack of agency is usually combined with horrific violence. Oftentimes the archive is presented in such a way that the information is masked by bias in construct or system. They can, for many, be confronting places. Harkins' work reminds me to consider the privilege I have that allows me to see archives as a safe place, a place in which I am happy for my ancestors to reside, a place in which they have not been treated unkindly. And a reminder too, to be aware of how the archive tells the story of settlers as heroes. The bias must be accounted for.

6 Harkin, 'The Poetics of (Re)Mapping Archives,' 1.



IMG78. Fiona Jack. *Mum, Helen and I.* (2017)
https://fionajack.net/2018/01/our-red-aunt/

Jack's artist book *Mum, Helen and I* (2019) exhibited at The Dowse Art Museum in Wellington, is a transcription of an autobiography by Helen Crawfurd a Scottish Suffragette and the communication between the artist and the transcriber who is also Jack's mother. Crawfurd is an ancestor of Jack and her mother. The original manuscript held at the Marx Memorial Library in London, is a first-person account of the author's life and the political struggles of which she was a part. An email exchange is included with the transcription: a record of the process and discoveries made during the transcription process between Jack and her mother. The artwork began in the archive when Jack discovered the manuscript, as Jack's mother transcribed it, in the search for the missing page, the conversation between family about their ancestor, and in the shared experiences and processes between Jack and her mother. But in order to share the discovery, experience and process, Jack produced an artist book as its own artefact that documents and imbues the encounter with the archive and all that is experienced with it.

These works are guides for how my work might be able to reactivate my experience in the (elastic) archive. Poems such as 'the homestead' draw across the thing found in the archive into the world it describes,

the ochre folds of light on photographic paper
a silver-flooded, chemical-sun gelatine-lapsed image of the family homestead
it is a marker in the river, in the tide, a demarcation of change
and beginnings, new chapters, new starts
a little timber but and ben in the sand hills of the peninsula

'pine and roses' describes searching in the graveyard, another kind of archive,

my grandfather's great aunt and uncle are in this rose garden,
Joe and Lillian, surrogate parents when his family home was too full of siblings
their ashes are in boxes among rose roots, I cannot find them.

In ‘blankets,’ I intersperse text from documents found in the archive with my own reactions and engagements,

> **A surveyor’s map is a drawing of a myth. A deed is a myth of translation.**
>
> **When land is abstracted it is something else.**
>
> **When land is abstracted it is three articles (enei mea), 24 blankets, 60 lbs tobacco, 100 pipes, 25 axes, 6 spades, 4 iron pots, 2 addices, 5 bare soap, 3 gown pieces, 2 hatchets, 6 scissors, 2 razors, 7 knives, £5, 1 cloak.**

And in the poems 'Curios and Relics' in the *Ka Mua Ka Muri* book, I draw the tactile engagements with William Colenso’s composing stick and type, with his own writing and records of his arrival in Aotearoa New Zealand,

> **but in my hand I can feel the weight**
>
> **a ghost**
>
> **of the treaty**
>
> **printed**
>
> **17 February 1840 200 copies.**



Conclusion

installation at the Angela Morton Room



IMG80. Finn Ferrier, Auckland Rocks & Minerals, a personal taxonomy / psychographic map of Auckland. Image from art blog 'Crease Trader' posted by the artist.



IMG81. Jochen Lempert. *Fotos an Büchern* installation, Camera Austria, January 2020.

Folding Time has moved through distinct bracketed projects described in each of the three chapters of this exegesis. It will now move into the next phase in which the makings, the created artefacts of the project, will come together in an installation at the Angela Morton room at the Takapuna Library, which houses New Zealand art books, catalogues, journals and ephemera. This site has been chosen for its relationship to the archive and the ways in which people are encouraged to interact with artefacts and books in this space.

The Angela Morton Room is made up of two spaces. Firstly, there is an area with display cases in the entrance way to the art library space, sectioned off from the main library by low glass walls and a wide entrance way. The display cases are for temporary exhibitions. The second space that I will be using is a reading room set aside from the library, located behind a security card activated door. The fine art letterpress and artist books collection is stored in the reading room. There is a large circular table that takes up most of the room where these artist books can be opened and handled. Specialist library staff are on hand to assist with this collection, and to offer information about the items, including how they might connect to other items in the collection.

Over the next month, I will be working with this space to develop an installation that takes advantage of both of these spaces. I am looking to the *Auckland Rocks and Minerals* library exhibit by Finn Ferrier (Finn McCahon-Jones), in which a collection of rocks collected from all over Auckland were installed in a glass case on the top floor of the Auckland Central City Library. I am also looking to German photographer Jochen Lempert's photobook installation *Fotos an Büchern* (Photos around Books) as a reference point for installation strategies

A significant influence on my choice of site was the wānanga associated with the *Hauhake* exhibition curated by Jade Townsend, in which the work *advance / recede* was exhibited. *Hauhake* began with the poem by Hone Tuwhare, 'Hotere,' a poem about his friend Ralph Hotere and his paintings. Townsend's exhibition proposition focused on this poem and friendships between artists. Townsend invited 24 artists alongside herself to respond to this kaupapa. In the last days of the show, all 25 artists and invited friends came together at Objectspace, Auckland to share in each others' work. Every artist spoke briefly about what they had created and how it connected with the poem and/or artistic friendships. The tactile engagement this method

enabled, alongside the warm and encompassing space in which the artwork was explored together, was a significant experience for me. It is that hands-on engagement I am keen to draw on with the reading room element of the library site install. My goal is to create a way for people to engage with an exhibit of my project books and artefacts in the Angela Morton art library space, while ensuring that the opportunity to retreat to the reading room to handle and experience the tactility of the books is warm and welcoming.

In addition to the above, I am drawing on a recent poetry performance of the project held at the Takapuna Library in March 2021. I am exploring how audio recordings might work relationally alongside the printed matter as both part of an install and also as a way to engage with the work outside of the library. I wonder at the possibility of a different kind of sensory experience in engaging with the writing by listening. Performance may be an effective way to bring in another way of folding and refolding experience for me as well as for readers/listeners/viewers to the work.

reflection

We don't always know our destination when we set out on a journey, but by looking back, I believe I am walking the most appropriate path for me and my family, as well as for this project. Our inter-family relationships have been nurtured as we have journeyed together to address our past. The discoveries have been revelatory for us and I believe we are closer to understanding ourselves in Aotearoa New Zealand. The whakataukī 'Ka mua, ka muri' has been a guiding light.

Folding time has been an exercise in re-viewing, re-activating, and re-assessing our memory. How much of it is fabricated, how much of it is embellished or deliberately obfuscated? How much of our history has been laundered to make us feel better about our presence in Aotearoa New Zealand? At times the answers have been difficult to face. This project has been a way to learn how to embrace the discomfort that arises from knowing our history. And yet, by being guided by mātauranga Māori, I have gained a better understanding of myself, and the long line of ancestors who I carry with me.

I discovered that by ignoring our history, as a way to avoid acknowledging our complicity, we have hurt ourselves because drawing a line in history makes us sever our genealogical connections. There are, of course, people who research their family trees without addressing settler colonialism, but it has become clear to me that a journey to acknowledge our past necessitates knowing ourselves and reweaving those family connections and stories.

This conclusion is not an end; it is a waypoint in a lifelong journey.

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(All images by Makyla Curtis unless otherwise noted)

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75-76. Thomas Riley Committed Patient File, Auckland Lunatic Asylum, ArchivesNZ.
77. Natalie Harkin, Double page spread, 30-31, from *Colonial Archive*, book one of the trilogy publication *Archival Poetics*. Vagabond Press, 2019.
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Appendices

Appendix i

Tools of the Site Visit
conference paper September 2020

I'd like to bring you along to an arrival
we will not arrive as much as we will always be arriving
but nonetheless we will be there,
inside the light which is a quality that is outside of time
this is not solid

My project is a series of repeated site visits. I am always arriving. With my father, sister and brother, I visit locations that are relevant to my family history within New Zealand: burial sites and memorial stones, places of worship, homes, houses, buildings, homesteads, and beaches. These locations are in Matakohe, Ruawai, Arch Hill, Onehunga, the Awhitu Peninsula, Ahuriri and Heretaunga.

The site visits are experiential. My method is based on phenomenology and the 'Archive of the Feet'. My phenomenological approach is autoethnographic and focuses on my personal experiences within the family group with an attentiveness to place, to atmosphere, affect, geography, and archival research. I meet the world as it is, but bring with it my family, my family history, and a process of inspecting my biases and the biases of colonial history.

The Archive of the Feet is a concept created by early 20th century historian GM Trevelyan; it is an in-situ approach to history. He believed that walking and being immersed in the landscape was a way to think through and learn the history of place. His practice of walking was a way of addressing both his mental health (or as he describes it, his temper), and to seek what he calls a 'mystical union with the past.'

When I arrive to the sites, I am playing with a compression of time. Trying to imagine plays a key role. I use metaphors to help me.

I am looking for my ancestors, hoping to arrive at the locations in which I know they were present, to which they arrived.

If I compress time I might arrive as they do.
My tools are a hagstone, an observation of lines, and an application of layers.

The hagstone is a stone with a naturally occurring hole through it. They are a part of Western European myth and are alternatively called witch's stones, dobbie stones, snake's eggs, serpent beads, serpent's stones, adderstanes, fairy stones, elf-shot, and wishing stones. In Cornish they're milpreve and in Scotland they are gloine nan draoidh, glass of the druid. In Britain they are made of slate, limestone or flint. Here they are usually greywacke.

The gaps in things have infinite possibilities and, of the many, many purposes and roles the hagstone can take, one is as a window in time.

That is not to say that I carry the hagstone with me on these visits, always looking through it for a glimpse of the past, rather I carry with me its possibilities – its possibilities of the curvature of time, the possibilities of bringing particular times in line with each other.

While the hagstone might compress time – lines connect it. Anthropologist Tim Ingold attributes the line as the progenitor of connection. The line is how we cling on to one another, how we intertwine. Lines are branches with which to reach out and connect. Lines are threads that are distinct and yet form something new and whole. Without lines, Ingold suggests, interconnection might lead things to lose their particularity, without lines a connection is to meld, and dissolve surfaces in the formation of a new exterior. Instead, with lines, to make a connection is to form a knot. Inevitably there are gaps in knots, gaps between the lines of the materials that make them up. This is us; this is history; and this is the landscape. There is always distinction between one thing and another and at its connection there are gaps.

I visit these locations with my family, and we are distinct from each other and we are a unit and in those places we are a unit of time distinct and yet connected to other units of time. There are lines that connect us to first arrivals, to ancestors and their experiences. Time connects us here even though we have not been here before. We create knots with memory material and those

knots hold in them gaps. And gaps in things have infinite possibilities.

Lines, perhaps contrarily, help me to unhook the idea of time as linear, and instead something that can be knotted and connected.

Ingold asks “is there a connection between thinking-through-knotting and [the] understanding of the inhabited world as the interpenetration of earth and sky, with its crumples, creases and folds.” And I think perhaps memory-through-knotting aids an understanding of the landscape and our history in it. The landscape is full of lines and porous gaps in between.

My third tool is layers.

Every aspect and detail is why I visit these sites. That is to say that a site is more than what I am looking at, more even than what I hear or smell when I am there. A place is everything that has occurred there and might occur there. The landscape is indelibly marked by time and action. And, like lines, another way of seeing is in layers. Layers are the knots in land, in geological strata, in memory, and in light. Like lines they help to me rethink and reset – what is time and what is history?

And there is a layering of voices. Voices of the people for whom these places are their whenua and their whakapapa, and then the voices of government agencies, surveyors, insurgents and the like, and then also my family, those who arrived and those of us still arriving in these repeated site visits.
On a practical level, I share layers from paper archives with my family, pointing at landmarks, and showing them distances on maps. They bring their own layers, ideas and expectations, imaginings and supposings. I collect driftwood and pebbles, transcribe lines and layers, take photographs. These are the threads and materials for weaving together later when the site visit is memory.

I’d like to bring you along to an arrival
we will not arrive as much as we will always be arriving
but nonetheless we will be there,
inside the light which is a quality that is outside of time
this is not solid

Appendix ii

Te Haerenga tuatahi ki Tongapōrutu

MVA group exhibition at St Paul Street Gallery Three, June 2019.

Includes thesis work *Pteridomania series 01*



Te Haerenga Tuatahi ki Tongaporutu

Makyla Curtis | Luca Nicholas | Emily Parr | Arielle Walker

ST PAUL ST

ST PAUL St Gallery Three | 63 Wellesley St E

Opening 5-7pm | Wednesday 17th July

11-5pm | Thursday, Friday, Saturday

AUT
TE WĀNANGA ARONUI O TĀMAKI MAKAU RAU

Next page: **IMG83.** Installation of Pteridomania series 01 from Te Haerenga tuatahi ki Tongapōrutu ST PAUL ST Gallery Three, July 2019.



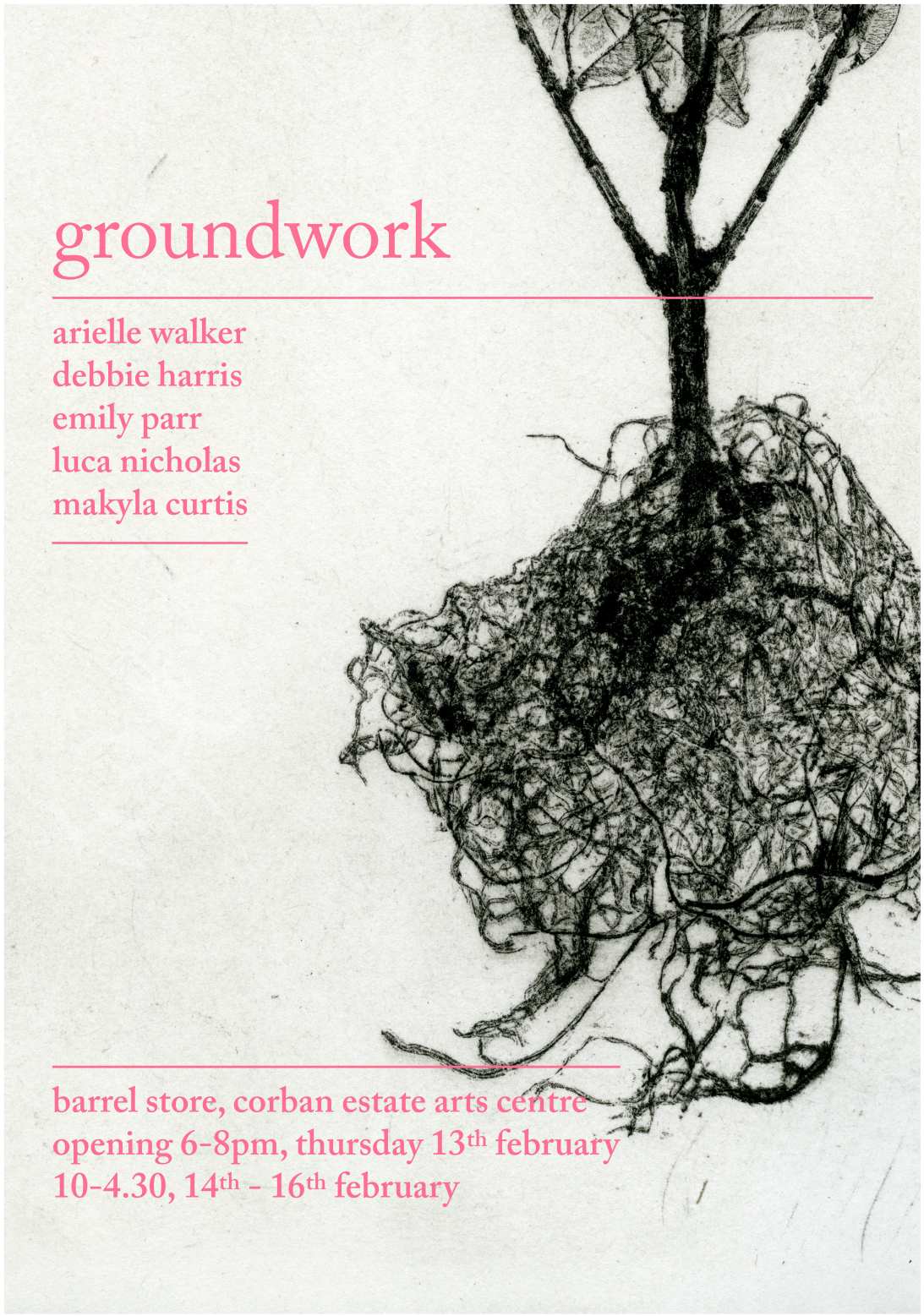
Appendix iii

groundwork

MVA group exhibition at Corban Estate Art Centre Barrel Store, February 2020

Includes thesis work *Ink Herbarium,* and *Do you have fern fever yet?*

Next page
Left: **IMG84-85.** Opening event photos of *Do you have fern fever yet*? Event photos (Work by Luca Nicholas in the background).
Right: **IMG86.** Installation of Ink Herbarium (work by Debbie Harris and Arielle Walker in the foreground).









Appendix iv

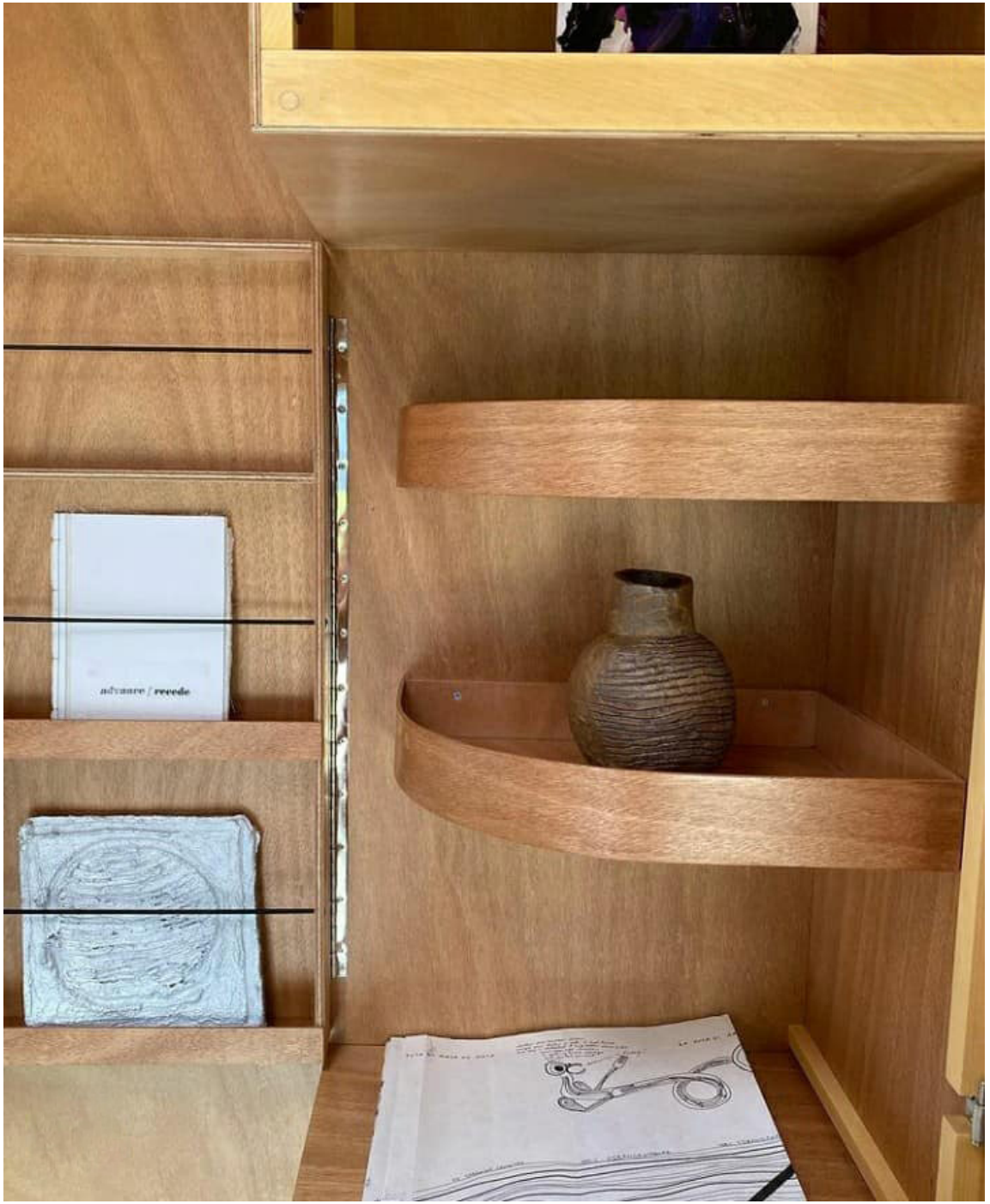
Hauhake

Objectspace, caravannex on tour by Katy Wallace
Week Two, group show
curated by Jade Townsend

30 Nov - Dec 2020

Visitors to the show were encouraged to handle the artworks on display

Includes thesis work *advance / recede*



Right: **IMG87** *advance / recede* installed in the wall nook in the caravannex, top left. Displayed in relationship with work by Maia MacDonald and Emiko Waitapu.

Appendix v

notes on the exam & documentation

The exam occurred on the 9th December 2021 via Zoom online conferencing.

The initial plan for the exhibition examination was for it to occur in the Reading Room at the Angela Morton Room, Te Pātaka Toi Art Library. This is a side room used by readers and researchers to look at and handle fine art and letterpress books.

Due to Covid-19 restrictions at the time that made an in-person exam impossible, an alternative arrangement was devised in which the works were split into two parcels and posted to the examiners at their homes, framed as an 'interloan' whereby books are borrowed from one library to another to enable accessibility. In each of the two parcels there were four single-edition books and a full collection of the multi-edition books.

Box one included *Towards the ephemera of events | Site visits and Field trips; driftwood archives | reira hāraunga; obair-shnaidhme | reconnecting (Hamilton's Gap 2020); little archives*
Box two included *advance / recede; a whole story in the eye of the sea; the aperture shows me an arrival; gaps / thresholds*

Both examiners also received five zines and one poetry chapbook: Apertures; Arriving; Stones; Riley; Stones of the East: the Memories of Rūaumoko; Stones of the North: the Eyes of Tangaroa

The examiners were provided with additional postal bags in order to swap / send on their box of single-edition books to the other examiner, so that both could see and handle them in person.

I had envisioned that the exam in the reading room would be a defined event, much in the way that my visits to and discoveries within archives that had occurred throughout the project were defined events. I wanted to maintain that delineation even while the books had arrived in the examiners' homes. Additionally, I imagined that a sense of discovery would be shared by them both in the reading room, and

therefore the interaction with the books would be between them, as well as with the books. I wanted to maintain that too, despite the distance between them (one examiner was based in Auckland, the other in Taranaki). And so, they were asked not to open the box until the date of the exam. They would open their box and unwrap the contents together while on a Zoom call facilitated by the exam convener.

By ensuring the examiners received and were able to handle the books in both boxes as well as the multi-edition collection in an otherwise online environment, I was able to maintain the keen tactile engagement I value from experiential research.

The books were packaged in new archive boxes made to measure by Conservation Supplies, as well as repurposed found boxes reworked to fit the concertina *Towards the ephemera of events.* Each book was accompanied by an archival flag: a piece of paper noting the name of the book, the date it was produced, other items it was related to within the collection, and connections to poems in the chapbook Apertures. In addition, the flags displayed a code. The coding system was developed as a recording mechanism to demonstrate the relationality, pairings, and distinctions between the books in the collection. Thus, the atmosphere of the archive room traveled with the books and into the examiners homes/officers and the Zoom call.

One examiner remarked,

> Though I know earlier plans were for an exhibition at Takapuna Library, the receipt and reveal of the boxed package was, in my opinion, an equally perfect format for this research. It sat, in my bedroom, for a number of days, just waiting, folding time. While it would have been delightful for [the other examiner] and I to have experienced this in situ together, the truth is that the distance and space between us held poetic resonance of the project itself in which some things are clear and known and others come to light more slowly.

The revised examination format landed as I hoped: it utilised the experiential methods and built on the project's vocabulary I developed over the course of the project. Perhaps the remaining question would be how to open up a similar experience for others outside of an academic examination.

continuation

Due to the nature of the project, the field trips and site visits continued throughout the examination process and on past the conclusion of the academically defined project. This is an open ended project. And now, it has widened to include my mum and her ancestry.

A small sample of recent events include:

A visit to Karamatua Falls and Huia Beach to imagine James Hamilton's stop over from Waiuku back to Onehunga in 1867.

A tour of West Auckland with my Mum and Nana: White Swan Road, May Road School, Holeproof Mills (now Sanitarium) in Mt Roskill, Lincoln Road, Waitākere Hospital, Henderson North School, Rutherford College.

A first installment of an Oral History Recording with my Nana.

A whakatau to welcome a copy of the 2nd edition print of He Whakaputanga 1836 to the Walsh Memorial Library, MOTAT.

Receipt of an archive box of family records belonging to Shirley Bury (my grandmother's cousin, mentioned at the beginning of this thesis). Shirley died in 2018. Her husband Dick, died in late 2021. Dick's daughter sent us the box. Separate from her collection of family photos, this archive box includes handwritten recipe books, family trees, collected research, newspaper clippings, and an extensive collection of photographic slides from Shirley's holidays and overseas adventures. There are also slides of Shirley's visits to Hamilton's Gap.

Folding Time: Viewing Guide

The guiding books of the project *Folding Time: an exploration of family stories through experiential research* are *Apertures*, a poetry chapbook, and *Towards the Ephemera of Events*, a single edition concertina that is a physical manifestation and record of the events of the project to date. A list of works is also supplied (Inter-loan details). These are your 'Ariadne's thread:' the guide for viewing.

The books of the project are split into two categories

1. single edition books plus the limited edition poetry chapbook (9 books), and

2. the collection of zines (5 books)[1].

Examiners, please

- take photographs of the arrivals of the books and of your encounter with them
- begin with the single edition books and chapbook, then the zines
- share the encounter with each other

Notes

I refer to Ariadne's thread via the novel *All the Names* by Jose Saramago (1997). Ariadne's thread is the tool for exploring routes and chiefly for wayfinding so as not to get lost in the archive.

When the examination is finished on Monday 6th December, it is intended that the books listed as Interloan (boxes 1 & 2) should be swapped with the other examiner. Postage bags are included with the boxes so they can be sent directly to the other examiner.

Once everything in boxes 1 & 2 have been viewed by both examiners, please return them to me. These single edition books will be going on display at Takapuna Library in March 2022.

[1] Had this examination taken place in the Takapuna Library, the following would have been available for you to take away and also refer to while writing the report. *Apertures, Riley, Arriving, Stones, Stones of the East: the Memories of Rūaomoko, Stones of the North: the Eyes of Tangaroa* You are welcome to keep these books.

Inter-loan details

Folding Time single edition book collection

Need before date: 06 Dec 2021

Request type: loan

Box 1 of 2

Box received to be forwarded to / exchanged with the other examiner and then returned to sender.

Title: **Towards the ephemera of events | Site visits and Field trips**
Format: soft cover, concertina
Size: 190 x 175 mm
Edition of: 1
Materials: ECO 100% recycled paper, recycled/reclaimed archive box
Pages: 46 leaves
Date: March 2019 – May 2021

Title: **driftwood archives | reira hāraunga**
Format: hardback, pamphlet binding
Size: 208 x 282 mm
Edition of: 1
Materials: black book cloth over hardboard, washi paper, tissue paper
Pages: 8 leaves
Date: July/August 2020

Title: **obair-shnaidhme | reconnecting (Hamilton's Gap 2020)**
Format: hardback, pamphlet binding
Size: 208 x 282 mm
Edition of: 1
Materials: black book cloth over hardboard, washi paper, tissue paper
Pages: 20 leaves
Date: September 2020

Title: **little archives**
Format / Size: hardback, stab binding
Size: 200 x 160 mm
Edition of: 1
Materials: washi paper cover over hardboard, cotton silk mix fabric.
Pages: 15 leaves
Date: Printed October / November 2020

Box 2 of 2

Box received to be forwarded to / exchanged with the other examiner and then returned to sender.

Title: **advance / recede**
Format / Size: hardback, stab binding
Size: 155 x 200 mm
Edition of: 1
Materials: fabric cover over hardboard, cotton silk mix fabric.
Pages: 22 leaves
Date: November 2020 (the first bound fabric book)

Title: **a whole story in the eye of the sea**
Format / Size: hardback, stab binding
Size: 390 x 220 mm
Edition of: 1
Materials: fabric cover over hardboard, cotton silk mix fabric.
Pages: 14 leaves
Date: August 2020 & May 2021

Title: **the aperture shows me an arrival**
Format / Size: hardback, stab binding
Size: 390 x 230 mm
Edition of: 1
Materials: cotton silk fabric cover over hardboard, pages 100% cotton
Pages: 8 leaves
Date: July/August 2020 & November 2021

Title: **gaps / thresholds**
Format / Size: hardback, stab binding,
Size: 195 x 190mm
Edition of: 1
Materials: washi paper cover over hardboard, 100% cotton fabric and a cotton silk mix.
Pages: 24 leaves
Date: May 2020 & May 2021

Note for examiners - books to be retained

You are welcome to keep these books/zines listed. Both examiners have the same set. Had the examination taken place in the Takapuna Library Reading Room, this book and set of zines would have been available for you to take away to keep and also refer to while writing the report.

Title: **Apertures**
Format / Size: poetry chapbook, paperback, French lace binding
Size: 140 x 145 mm
Edition of: 40
Materials: ECO 100% recycled paper, risograph printed
Pages: 59
ISBN: 978-0-473-57815-2
Date: Printed June 2021

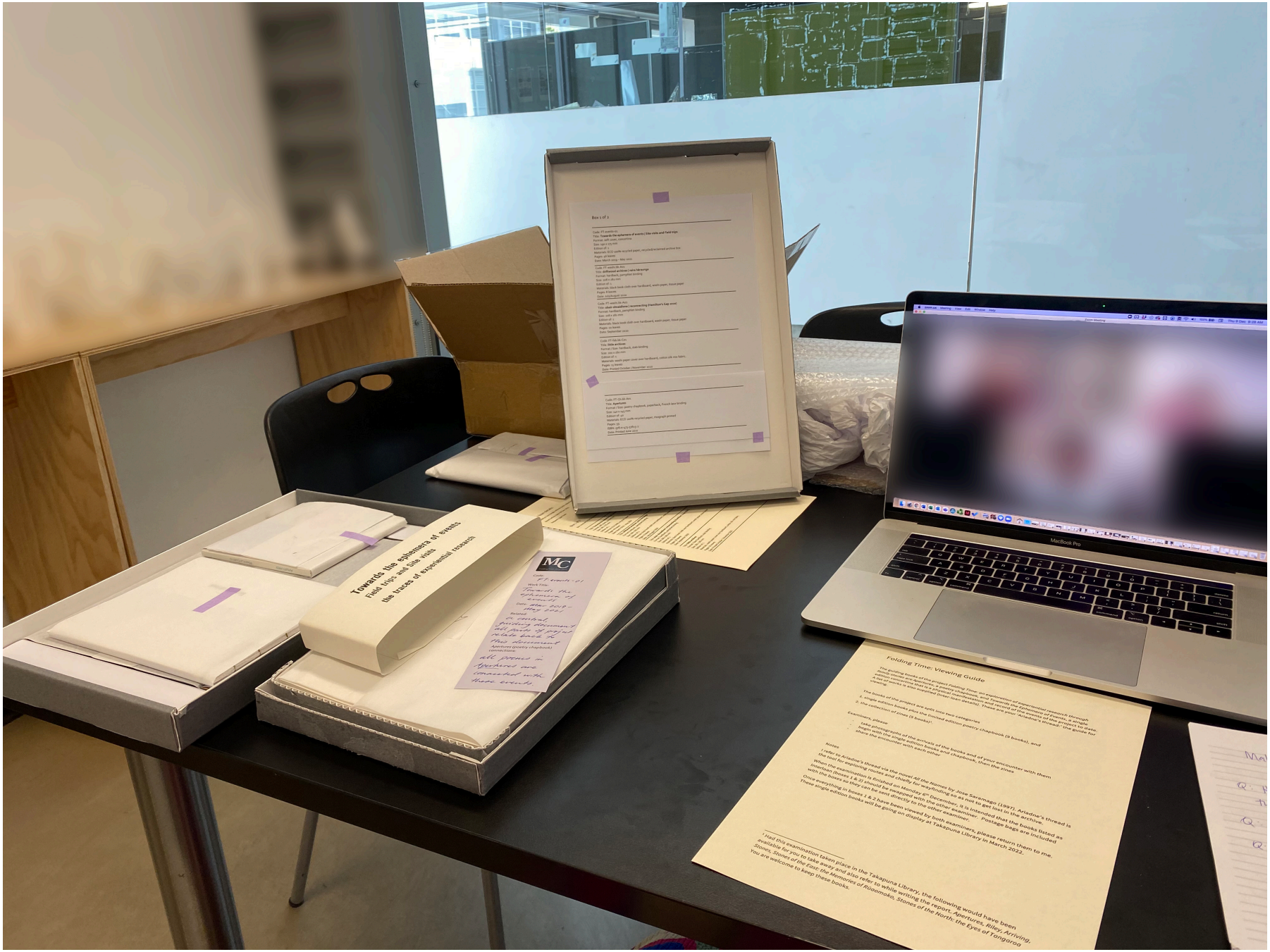
Title: **Arriving**
Format: essay zine, saddle stitch (stapled)
Size: 193 x 148 mm
Edition of: initial print run of 10
Materials: ECO 100% recycled paper
Pages: 20
Date: October 2020

Title: **Stones**
Format: essay zine, saddle stitch (stapled)
Size: 193 x 148 mm
Edition of: initial print run of 10
Materials: ECO 100% recycled paper
Pages: 31
Date: November 2020

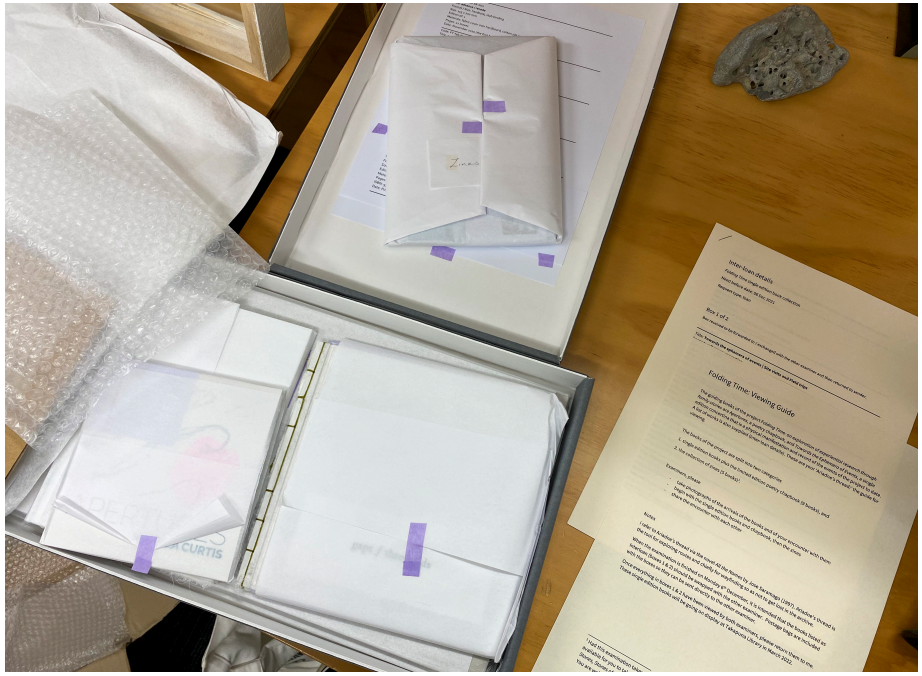
Title: **Riley**
Format: essay zine, saddle stitch (stapled)
Size: 193 x 148 mm
Edition of: initial print run of 10
Materials: ECO 100% recycled paper
Pages: 16
Date: November 2020 & June 2021

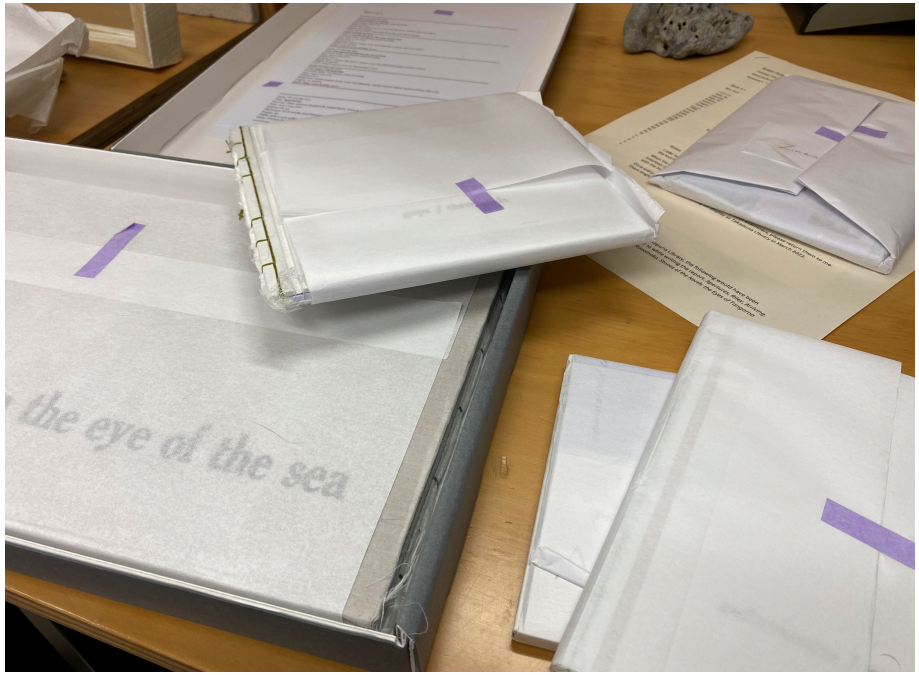
Title: **Stones of the East: the Memories of Rūaumoko**
Format: zine, saddle stitch (stapled)
Size: 145 x 100 mm
Edition of: Initial print run of 6
Materials: ECO 100% recycled paper
Pages: 30

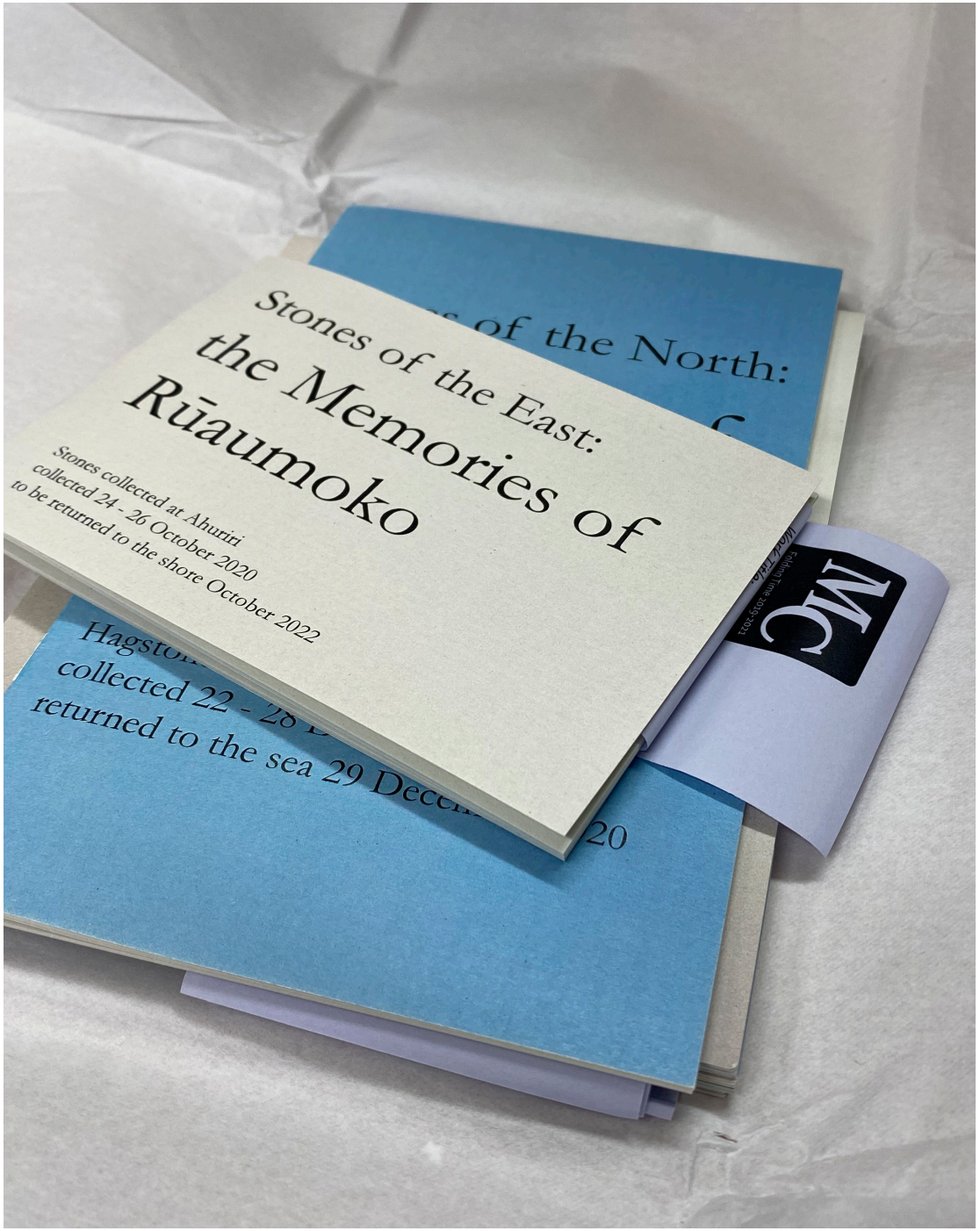
Title: **Stones of the North: the Eyes of Tangaroa**
Format: zine, saddle stitch (stapled)
Size: 130 x 210 mm
Edition of: Initial print run of 6
Materials: ECO 100% recycled paper
Pages: 22



Examiner photographs







Examiner photographs

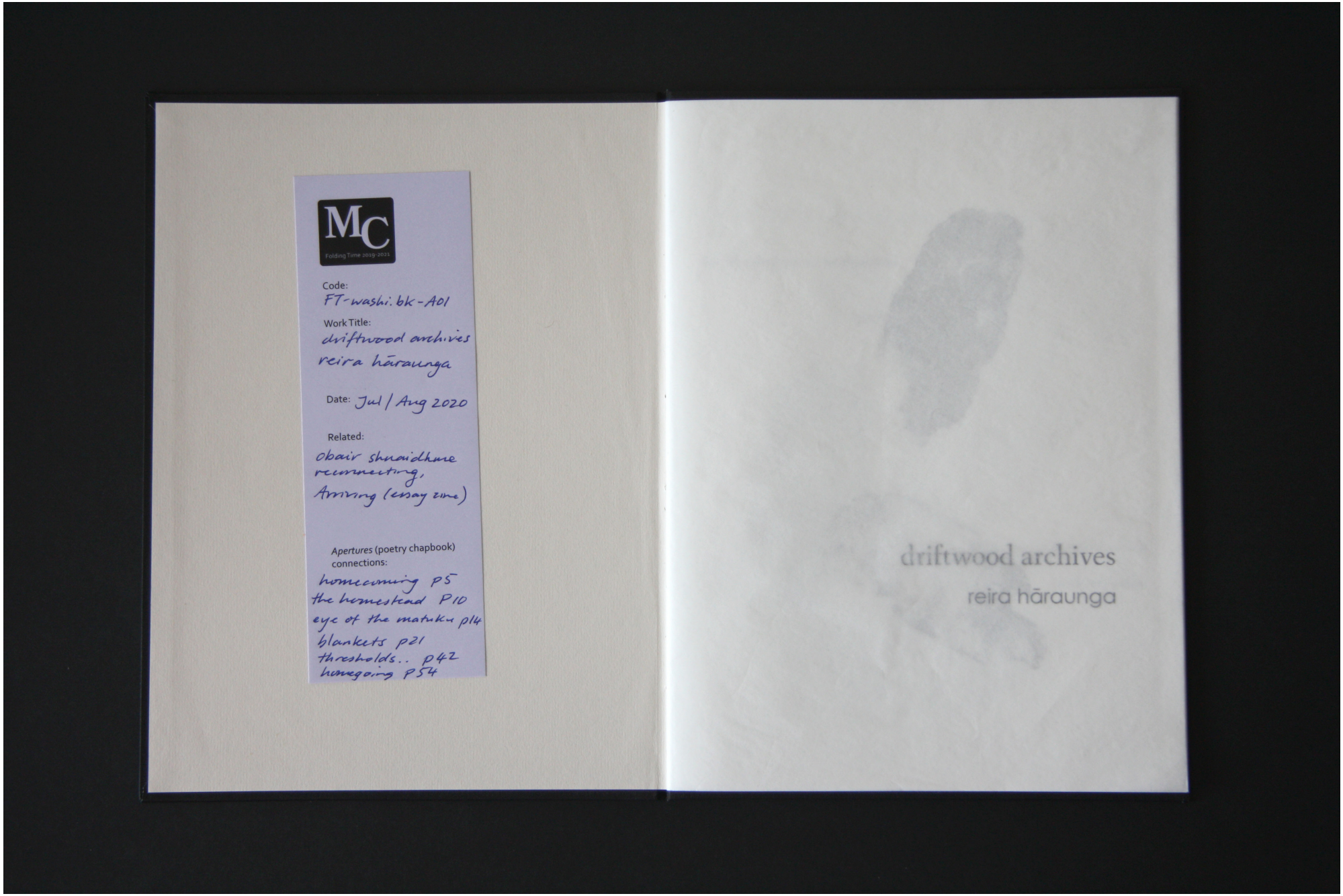


Field trips and site visits: towards the ephemera of events, concertina book, 190 x 175mm, page excerpts.



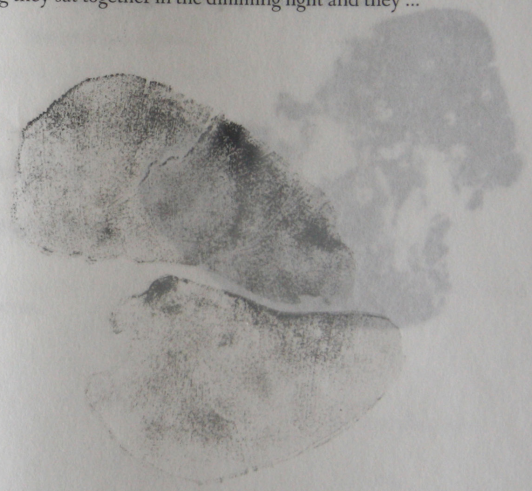
Above and next page: *Field trips and site visits: towards the ephemera of events*, pictured in the AUT Bindery.


Field trip
When: 16 June 2020
Where: Te Rere o Ngāwa, Egmont National Park
Site visit
When: 2 July 2020
Site visit
When: 19 July 2020, 10.30am
Where: Matakohe Cemetery, Northland
Site visit
When: 19 September 2020, 10am-3pm
Where: Hamilton's Gap, Pollok and Awhitu Central cemeteries, Manukau Heads Lighthouse



diftwood archives | *reira hāraunga*, hardback pamphlet bind book, 208 x 282mm, pictured with archival flag

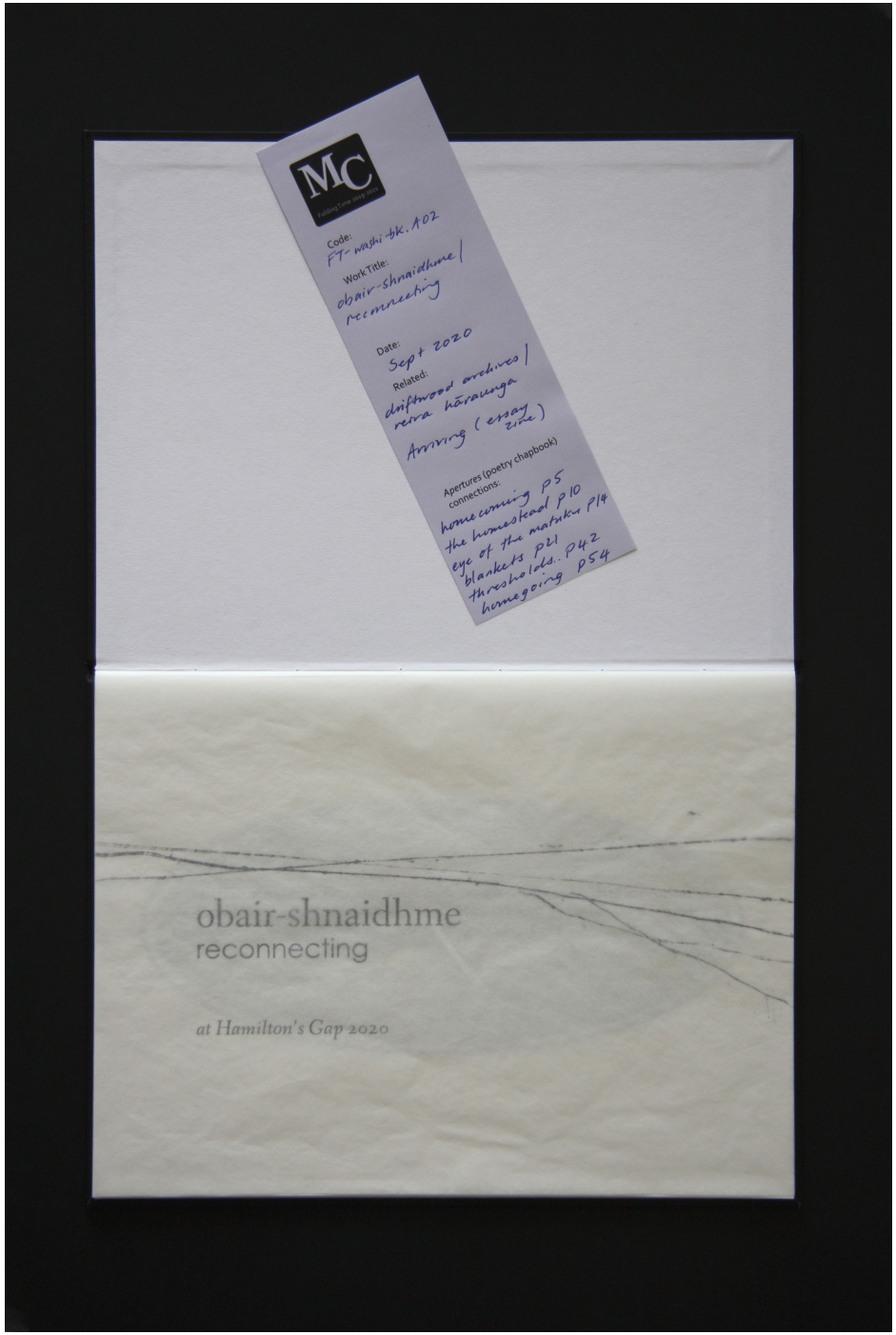
in the evening they sat together in the dimming light and they ...

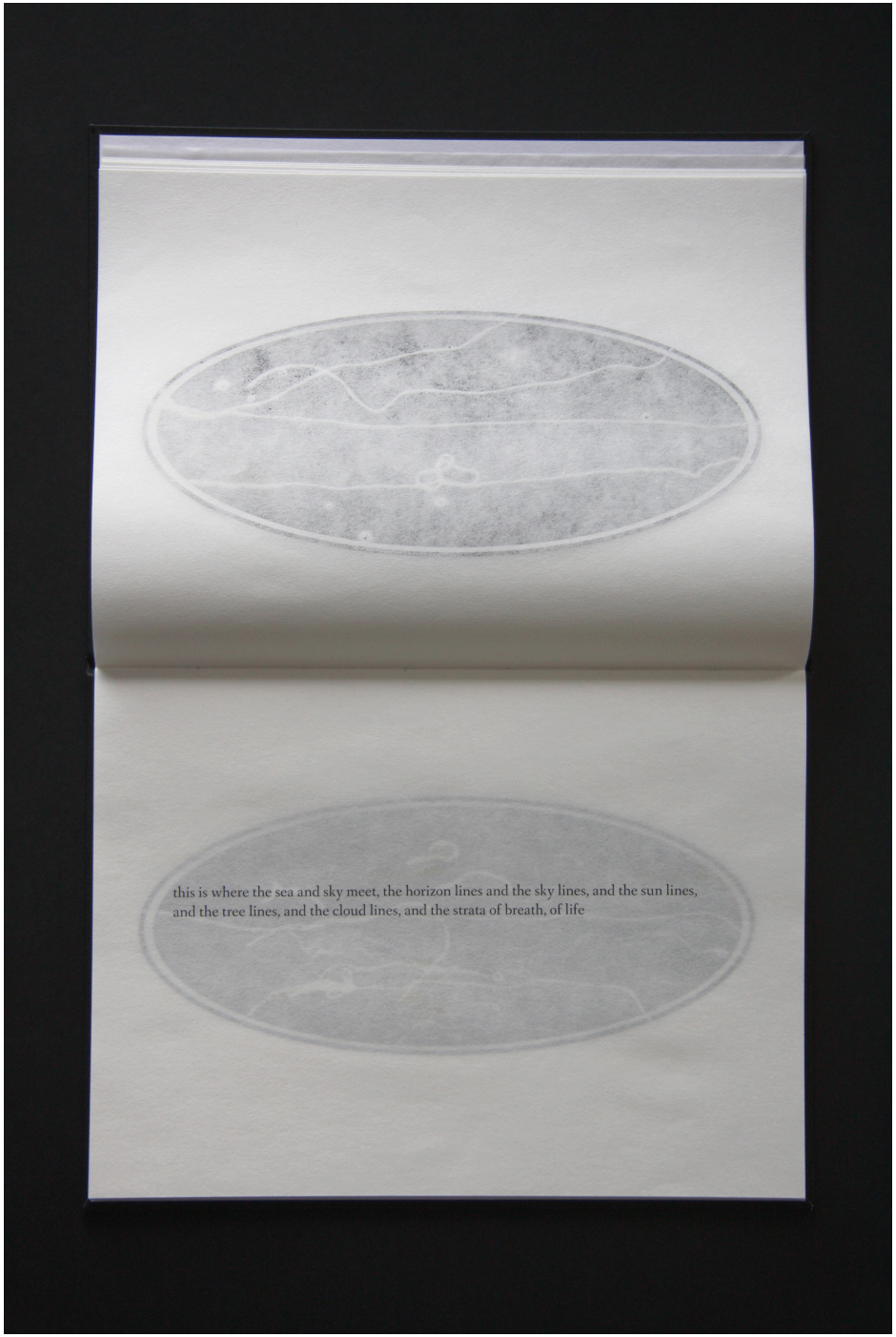


and their voices, from Kilmarnock, sounded like...



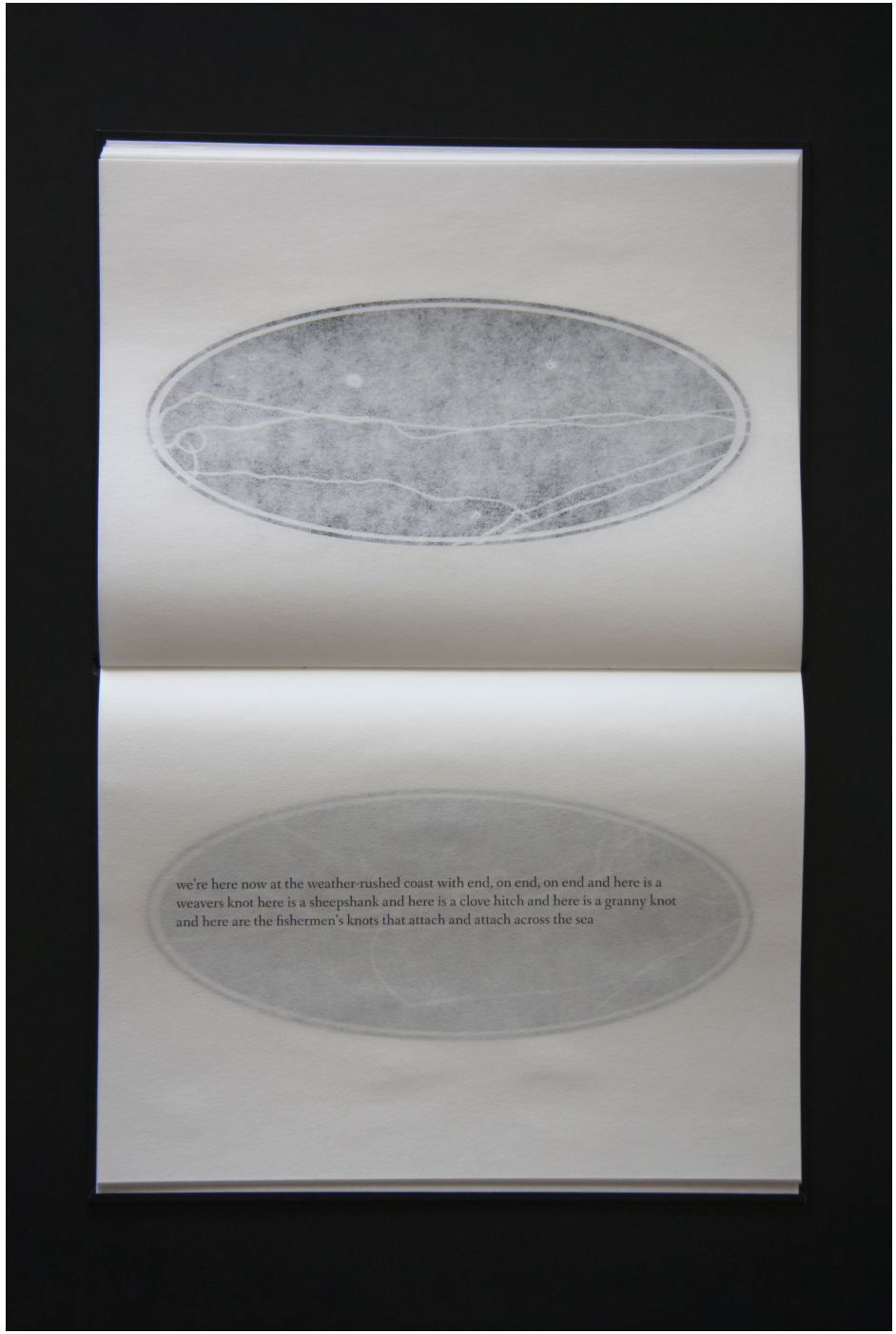
diftwood archives | *reira hāraunga*, internal sample page





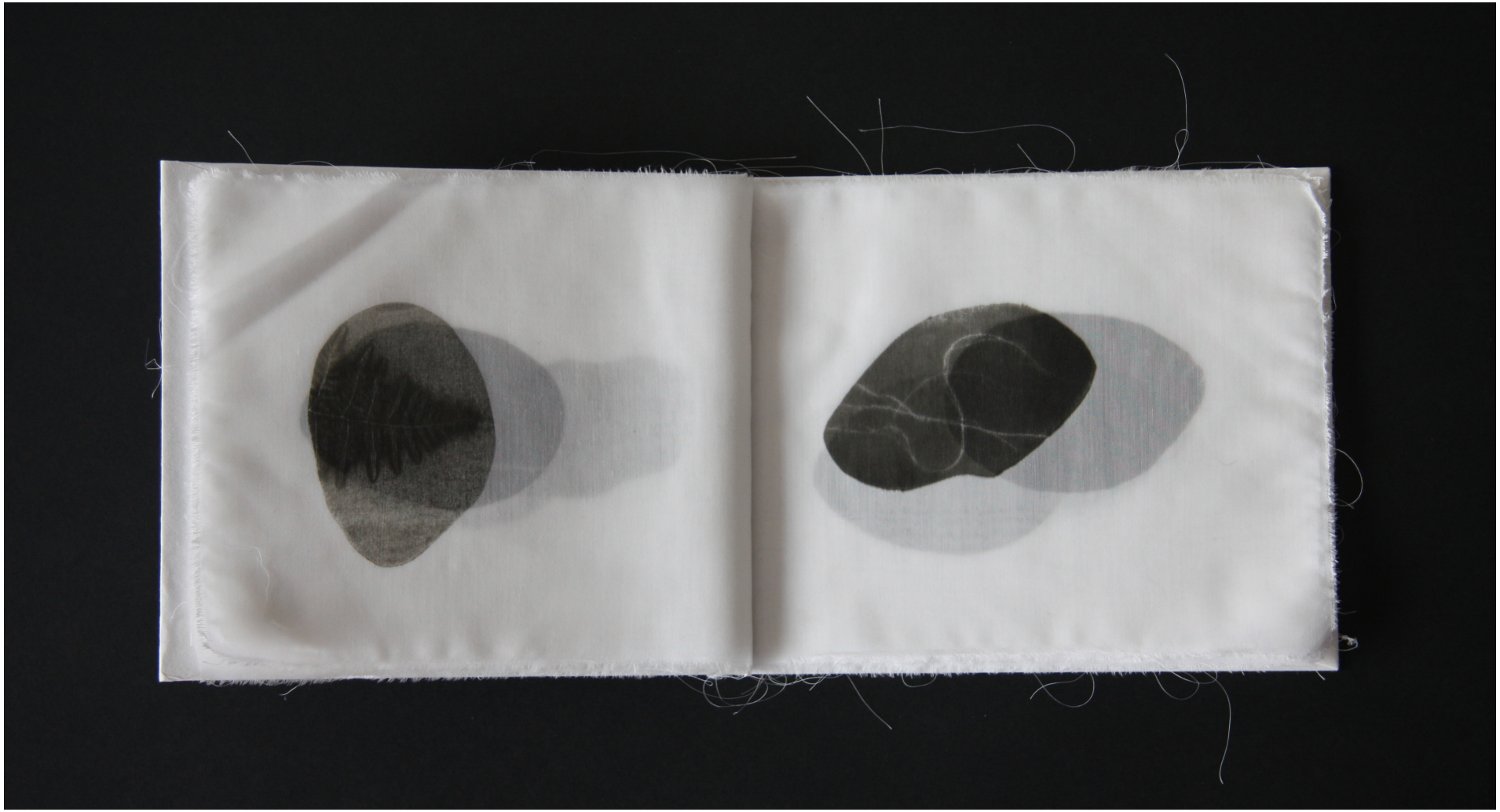
Above and next page: *obair shnaidhme | reconnecting: at Hamilton's Gap 2020.* Hardback pamphlet-bound book, 208 x 282mm, pictured with archival flag.



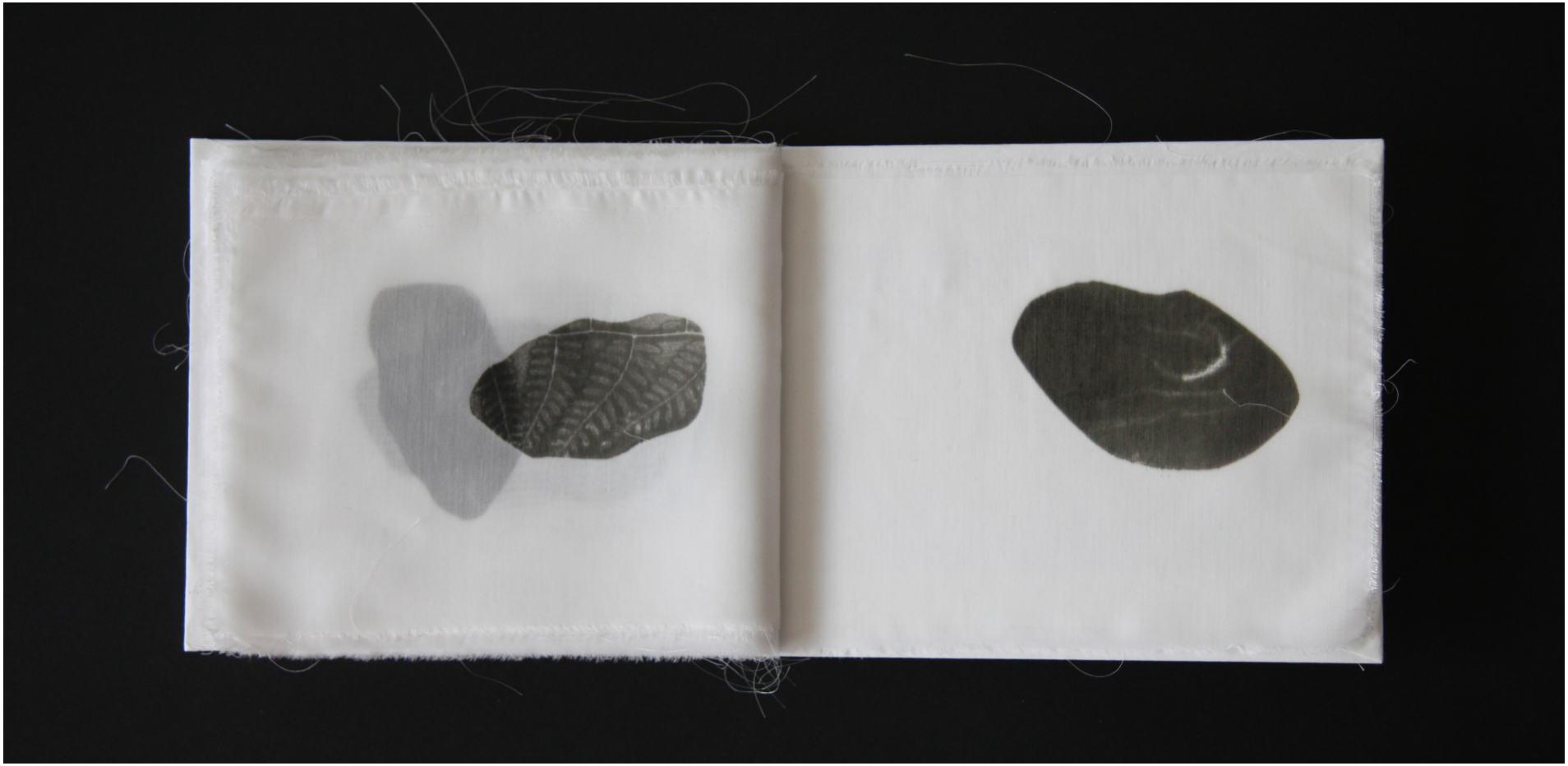

we're here now at the weather-rushed coast with end, on end, on end and here is a
weavers knot here is a sheepshank and here is a clove hitch and here is a granny knot
and here are the fishermen's knots that attach and attach across the sea



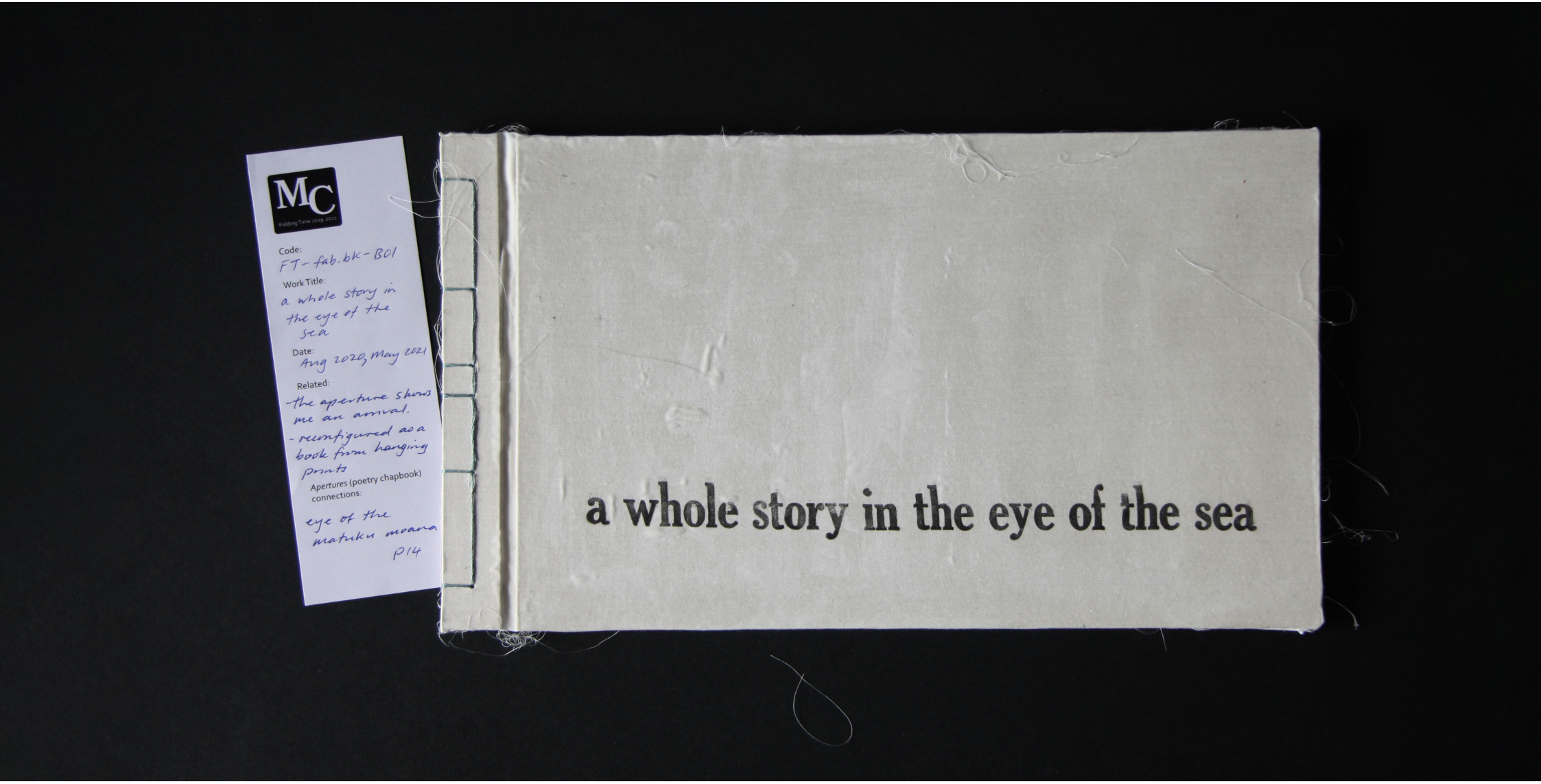
little archives. hardback, stab-binding, cotton silk fabric pages, 200 x 160mm.



little archives. internal pages.



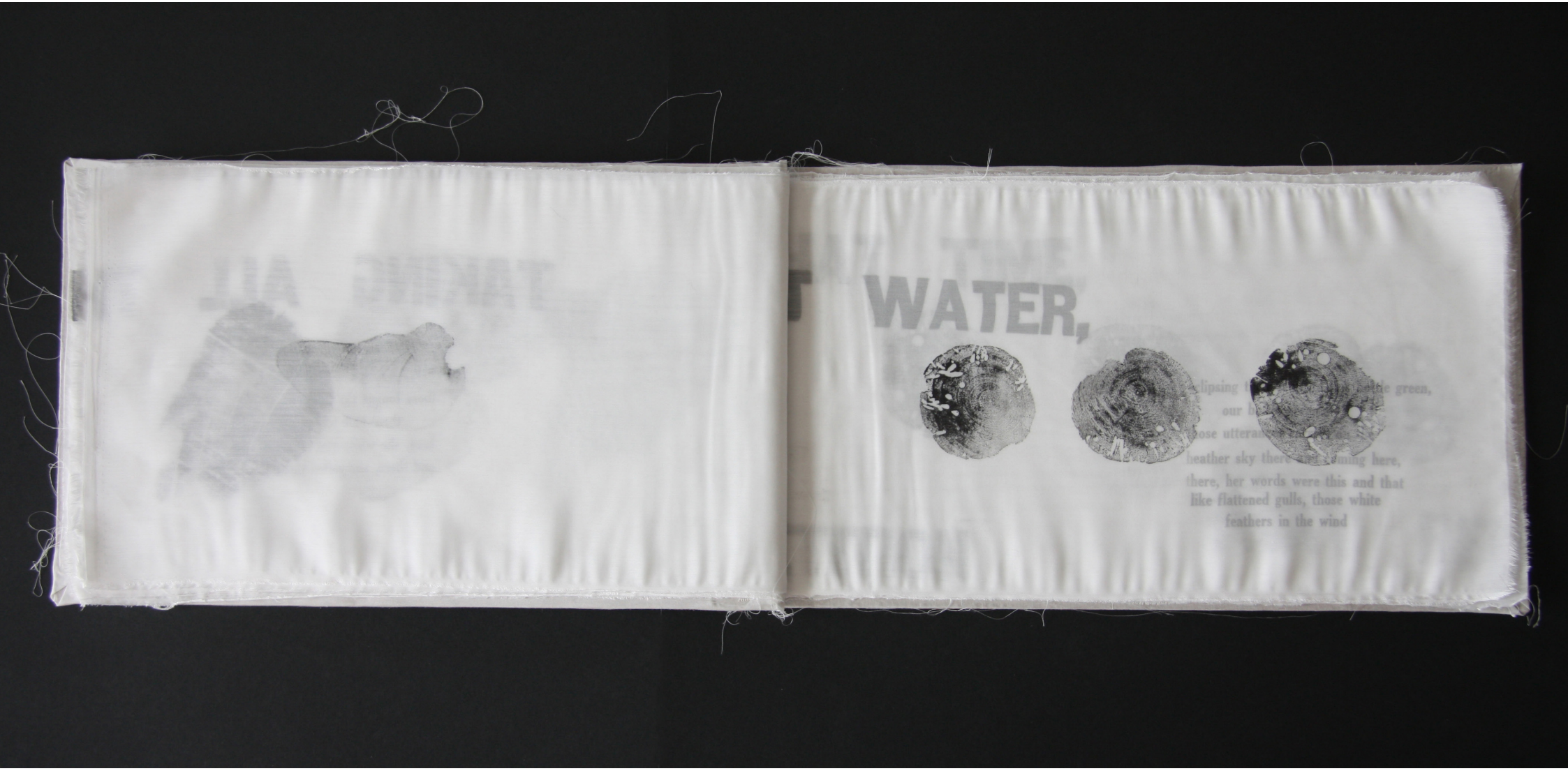
little archives. internal pages.



a whole story in th eye of the sea, hardback stab-binding, cotton silk fabric pages, 390 x 220mm, pictured with archival flag.



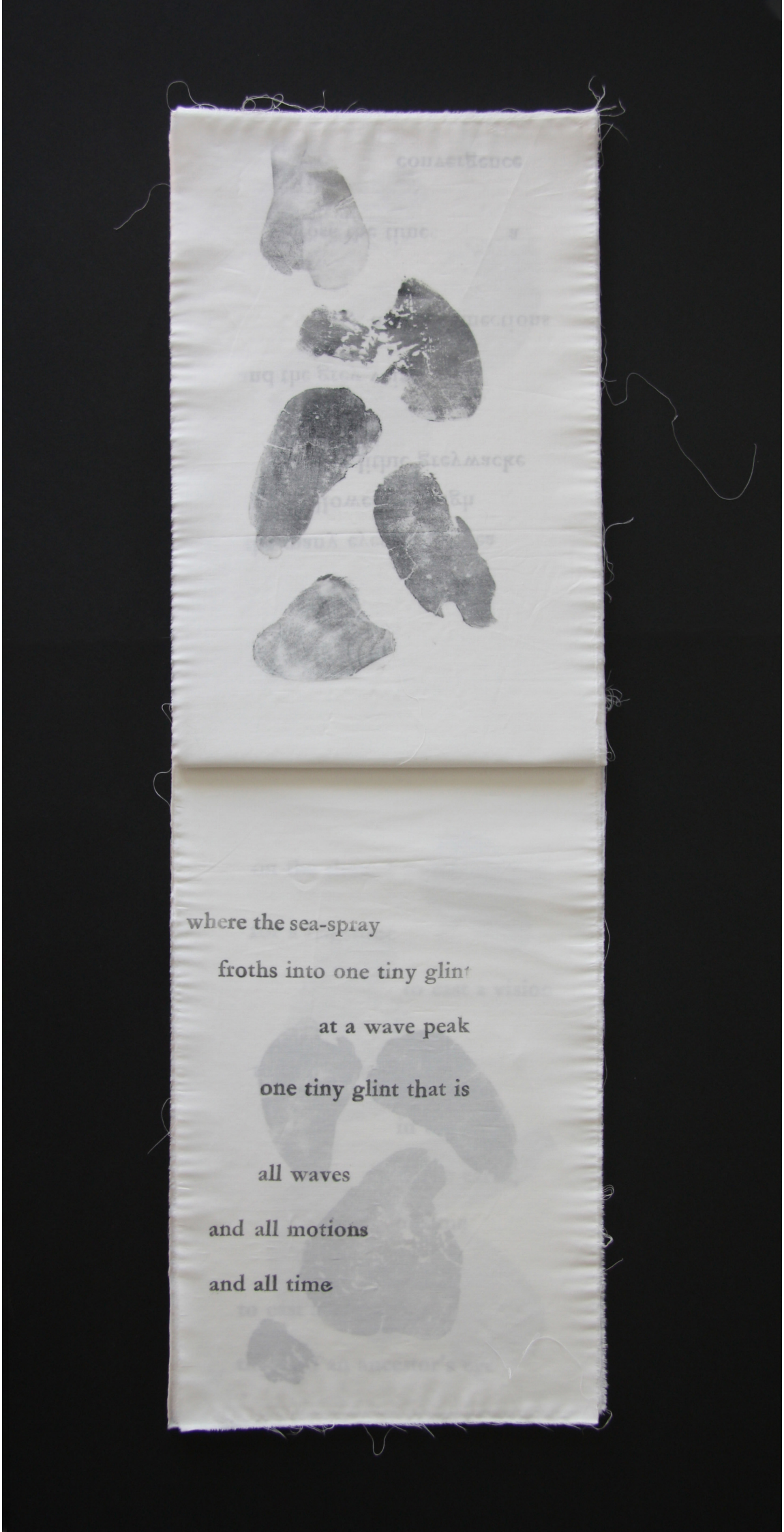
a whole story in th eye of the sea, at initial opening, pages flutter and settle in a heap. See page 126 for further discussion.

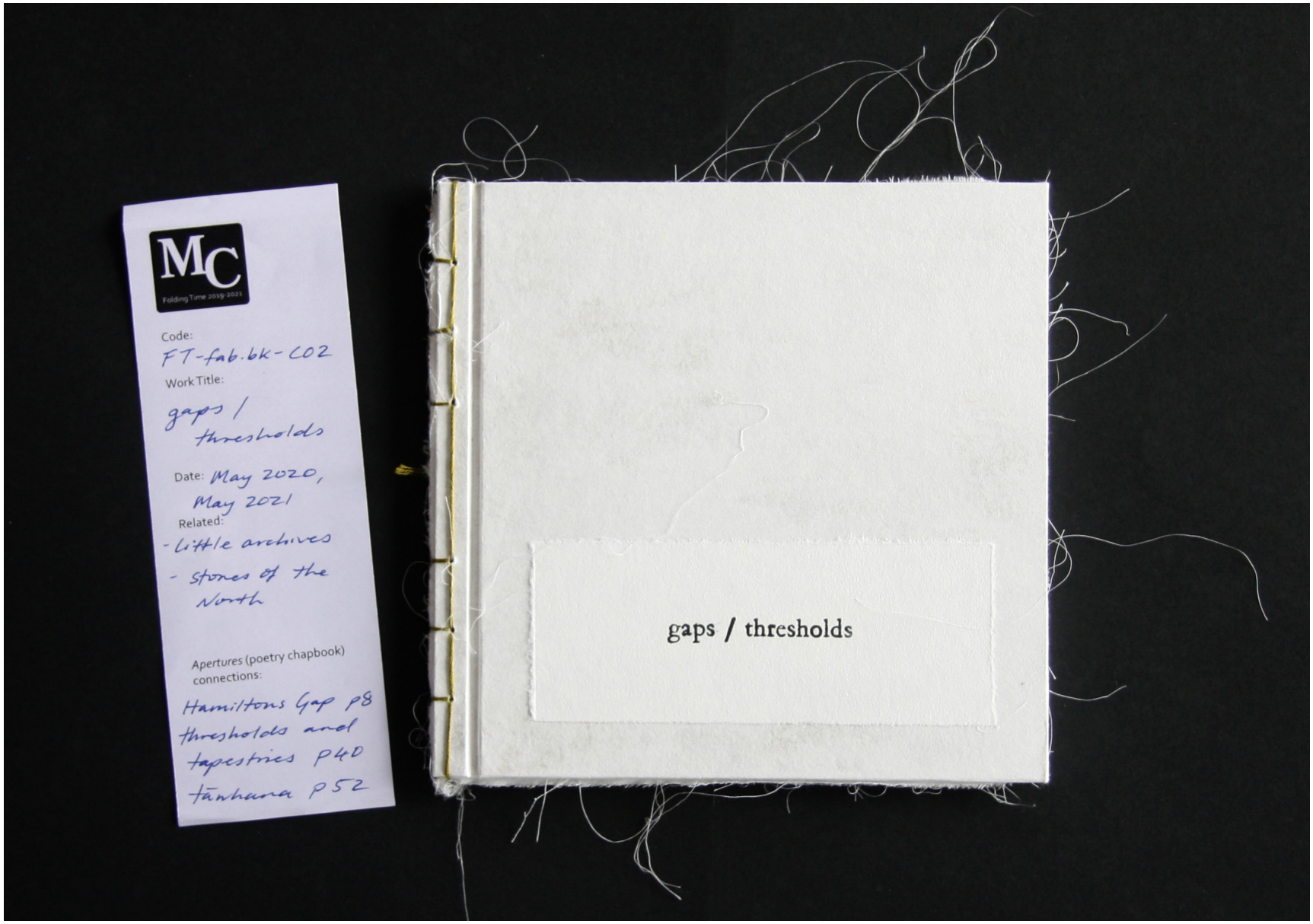


a whole story in th eye of the sea, internal pages.

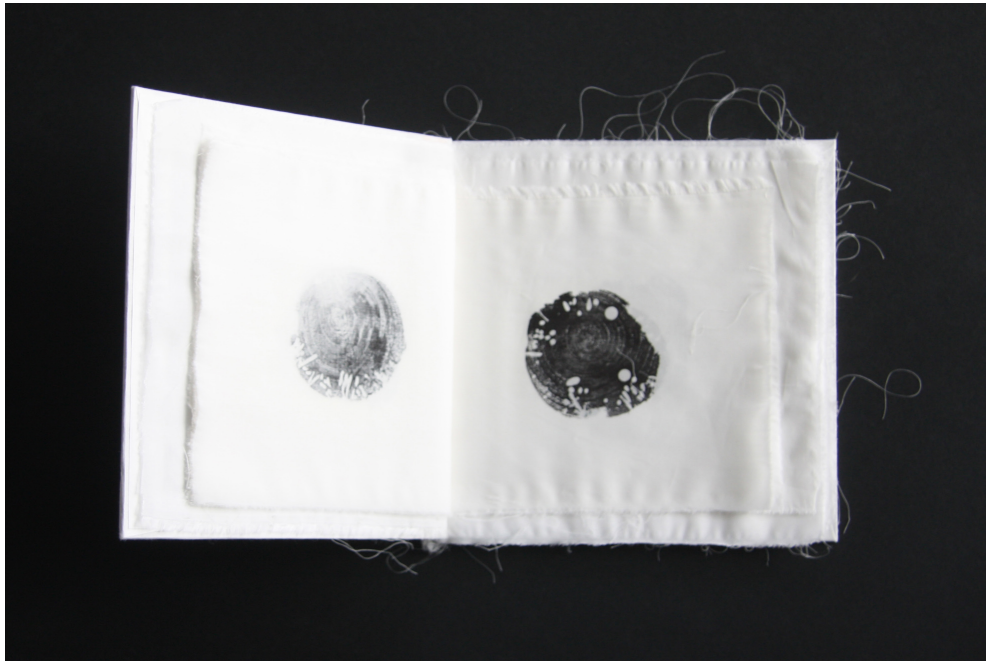


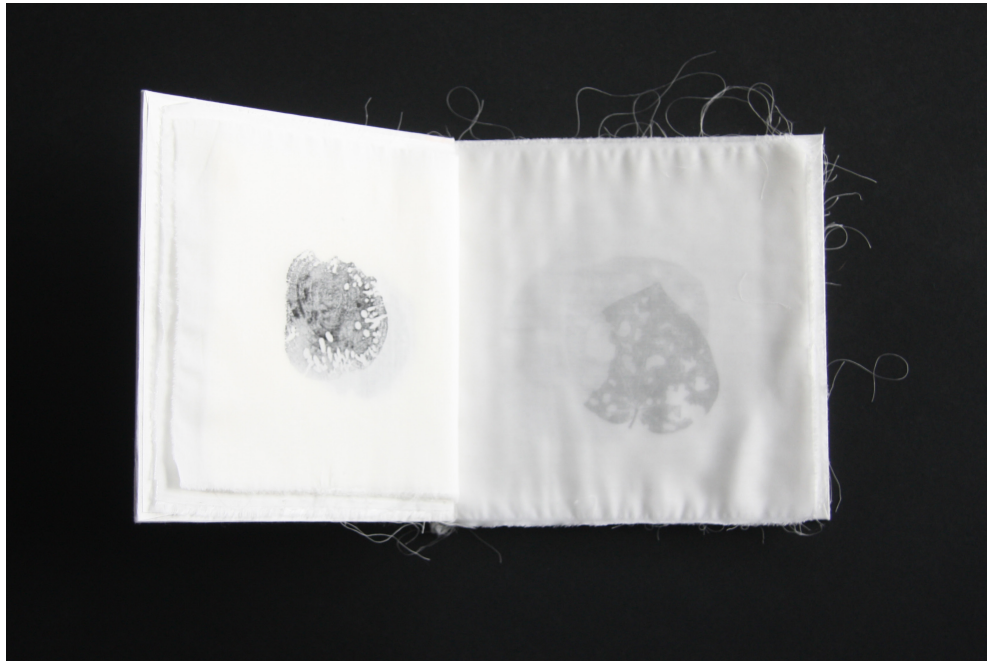
the aperture shows me an arrival, hardback stab-binding, cotton silk fabric pages, 390 x 230mm, pictured with archival flag.

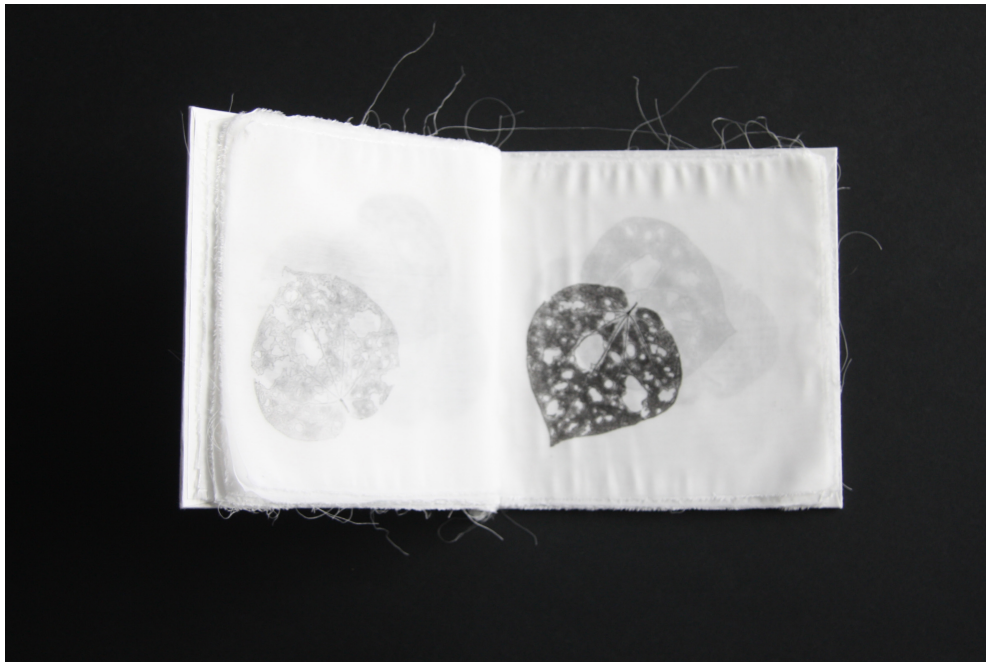

where the sea-spray
froths into one tiny glint
at a wave peak
one tiny glint that is
all waves
and all motions
and all time

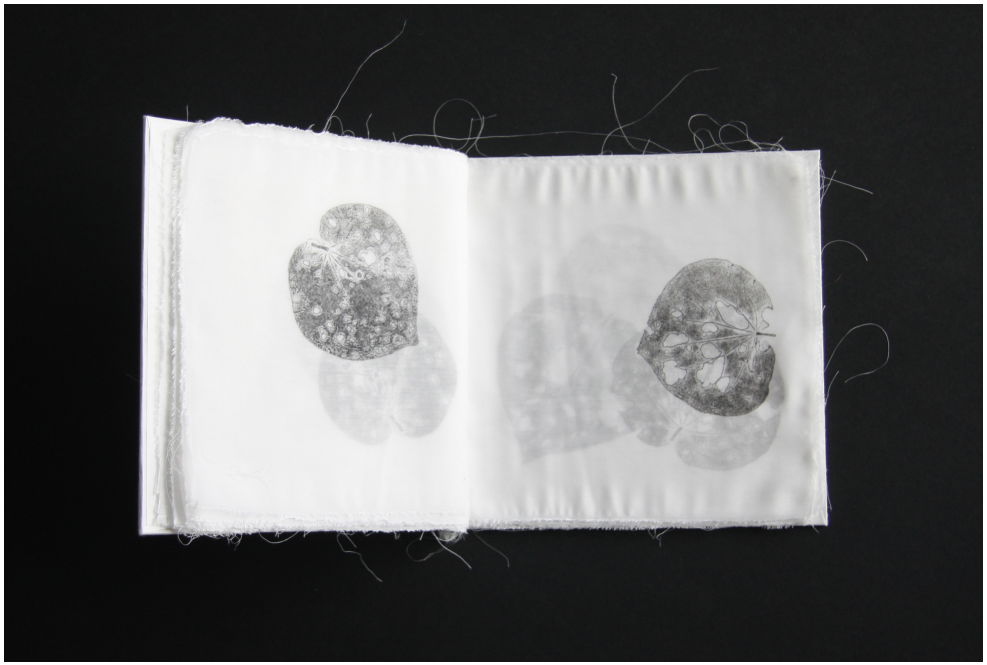


Above and the next page: *gaps / thresholds*, hardback stab-binding, cotton, and silk cotton fabric pages. 195 x 190mm, pictured with archival flag.



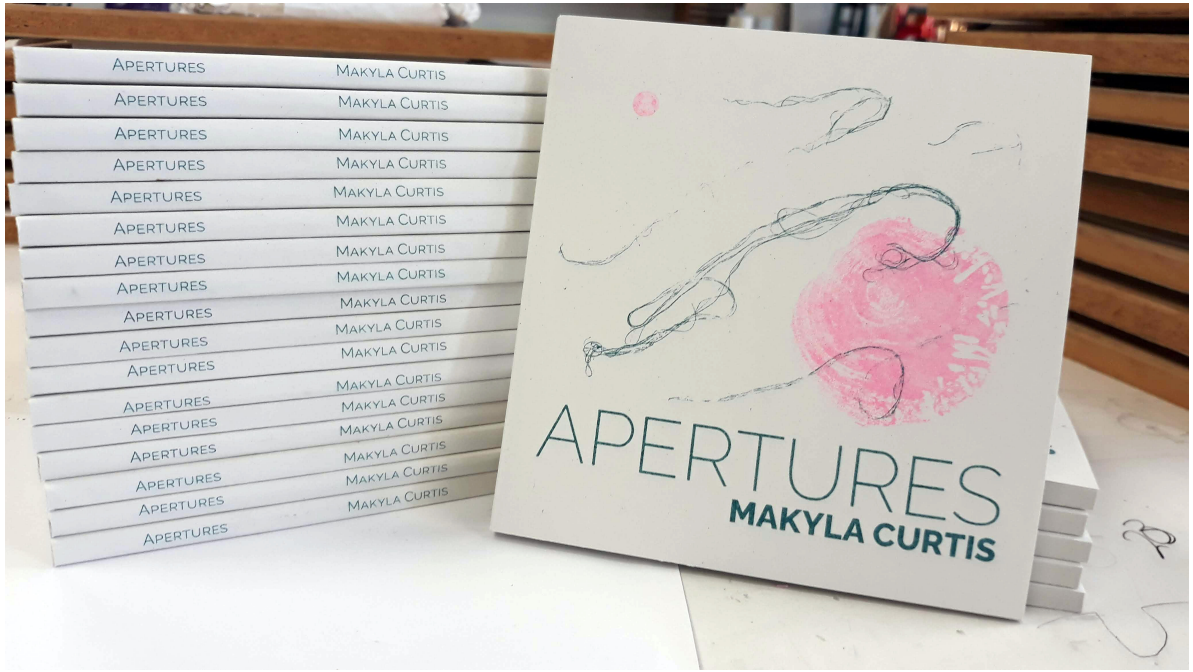




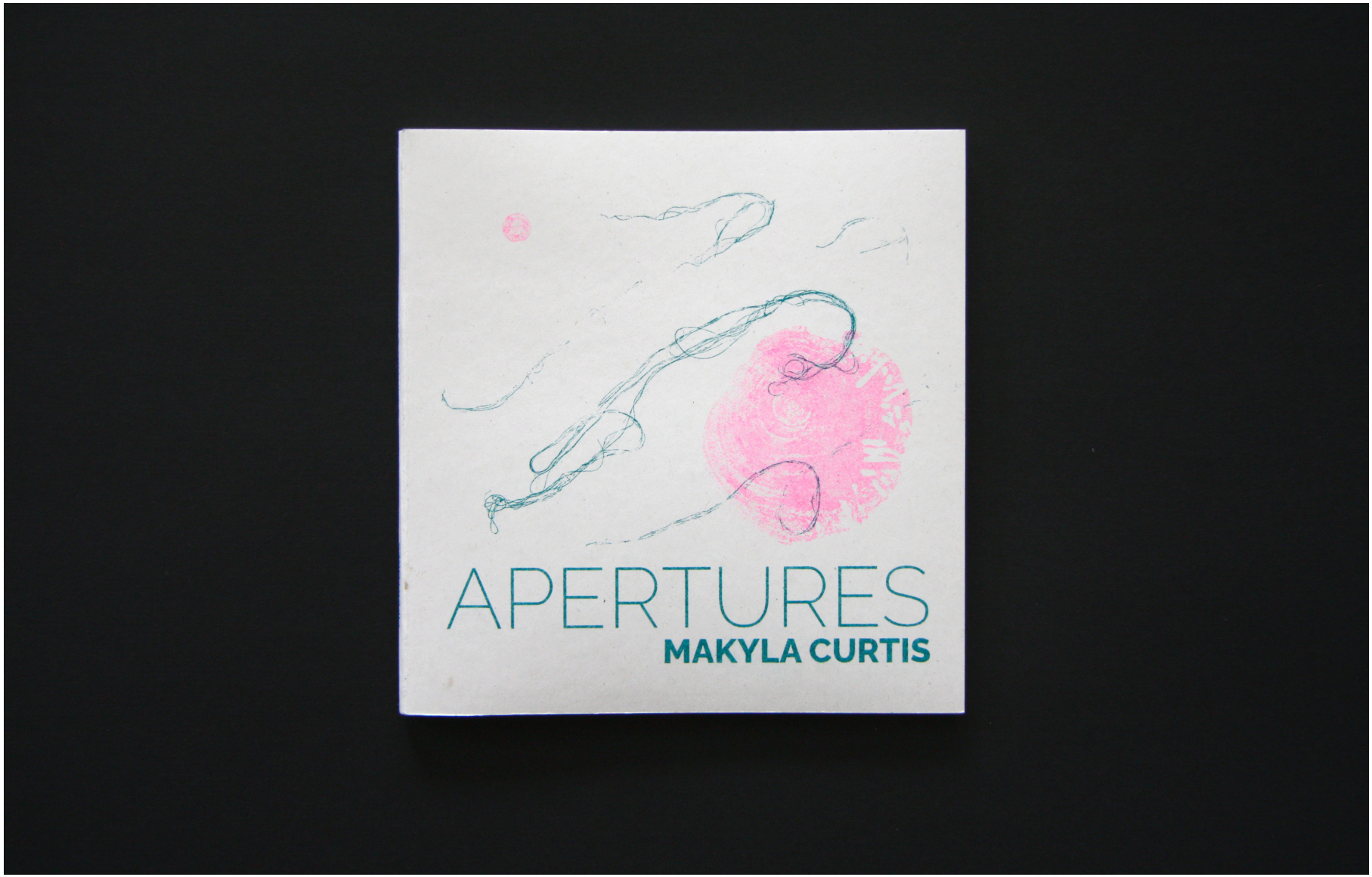








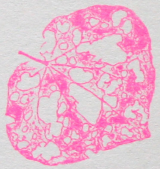
Apertures, poetry chapbook, risograph, 140 x 145mm. Process photos in the AUT Bindery.



Apertures, poetry chapbook, risograph, 140 x 145 mm, front cover.

I have organised, and categorised, and notarised our lines
upon the sand. Drawn them, etched them, imprinted them
in a murky light, haze of sea spray and cloud mist
the coast absorbs our lines and we draw them again

we'll gather the impressions, little futures
in the sand, bundle them up, they're fading fast.



blankets

There are always layers. The layers for us to work through are the overlays, the ones laid down like blankets, purposeful, blackout and airless, thick, opaque. They smooth over, fill in the crevasses and rivers, flatten out the knolls and hills. Obscure the truth.

Beneath the dark covers is time and place, one and the same. Beneath the dark covers is Papatūānuku and the cosmos.

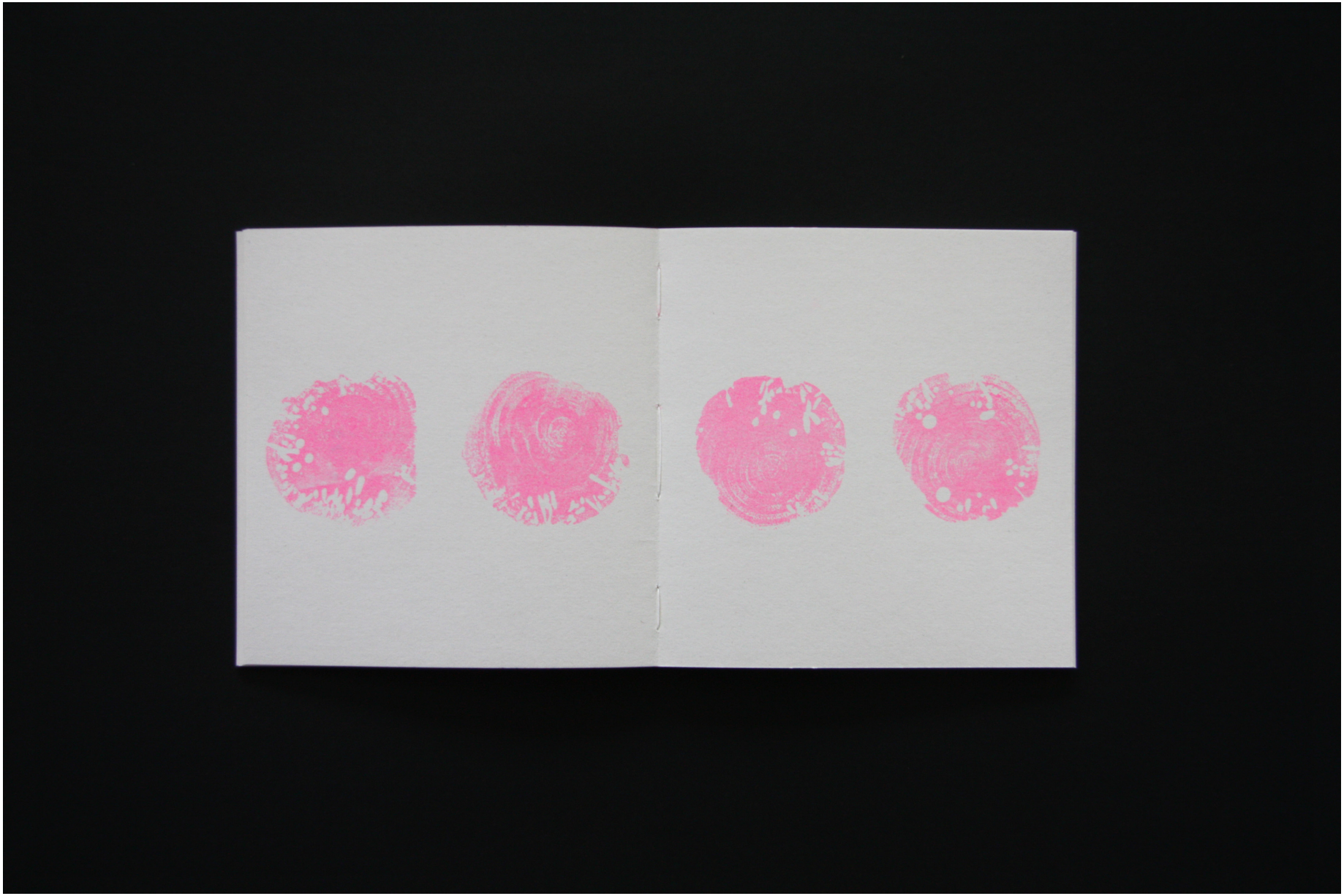
The blankets are the business of Pākehā. Laid down with imported and invented laws. The blankets are the foundation of our myths.

Stories are the truths. Myths are the stories we tell ourselves as if they were true.
We are experts at myths. We tell them like they are stories, we tell them like they are the truth of stone, we tell them like they are the essence of life, we tell them like they are our blood.

We wove our myths with ourselves, our veins, sinews, and hearts, alongside the things we believed and needed to believe. Our weaving has taken root. We must remove it. Tear up the rot. Unpick ourselves.

This is a heavy metaphor.

Apertures, poetry chapbook, internal pages, 20-21.



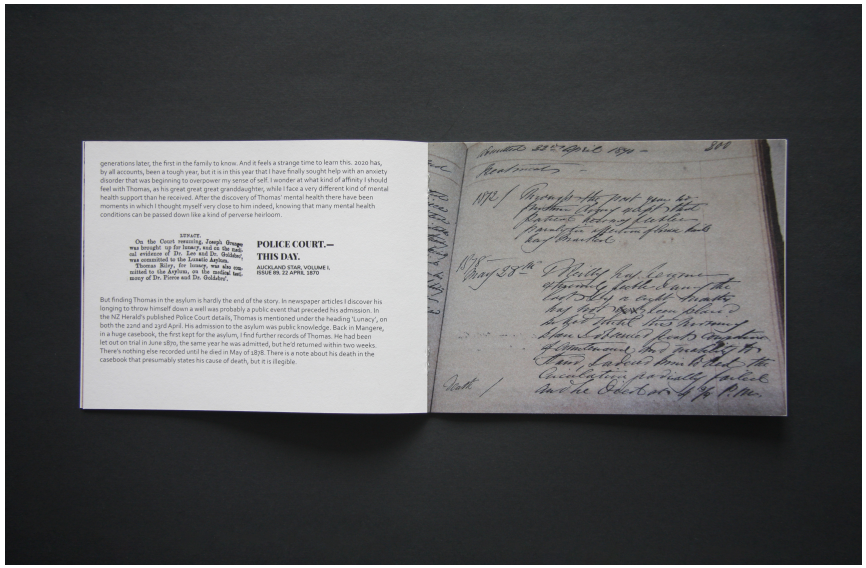
Apertures, poetry chapbook, internal pages, 24-25.



Collection of five zines. Top left, clockwise: *Arriving, Riley, the Memories of Rūaumoko, the Eyes of Tangaroa, Stones.*



Arriving, pages 11-12.

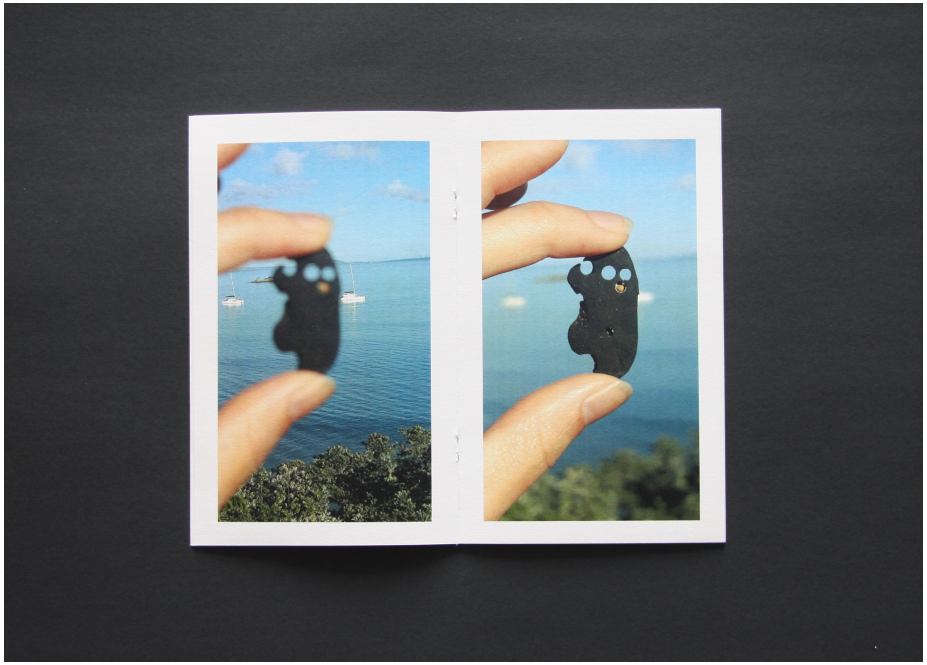


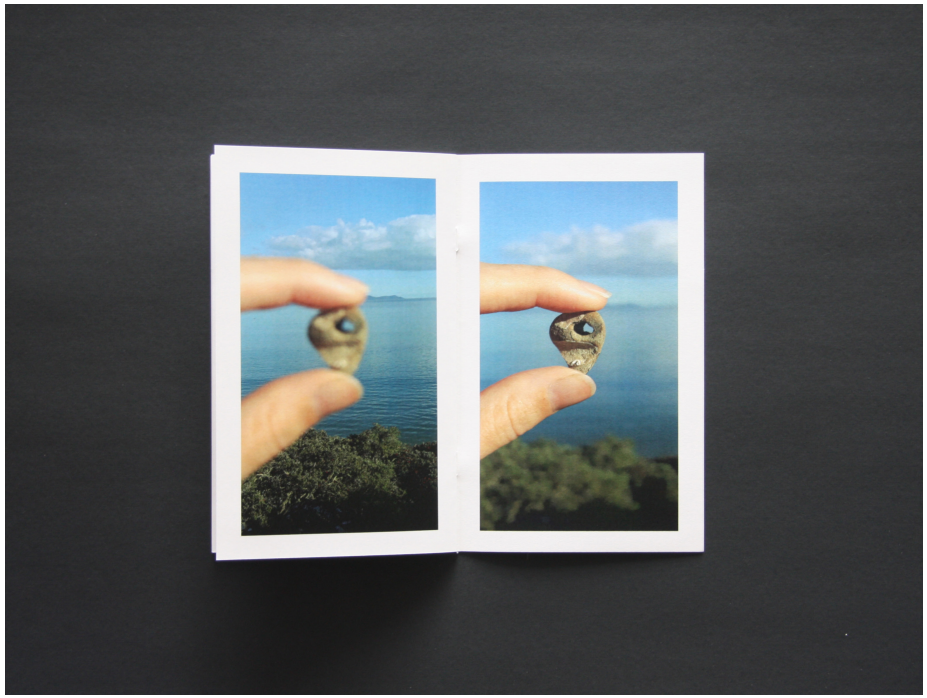
Riley, pages 9-10.

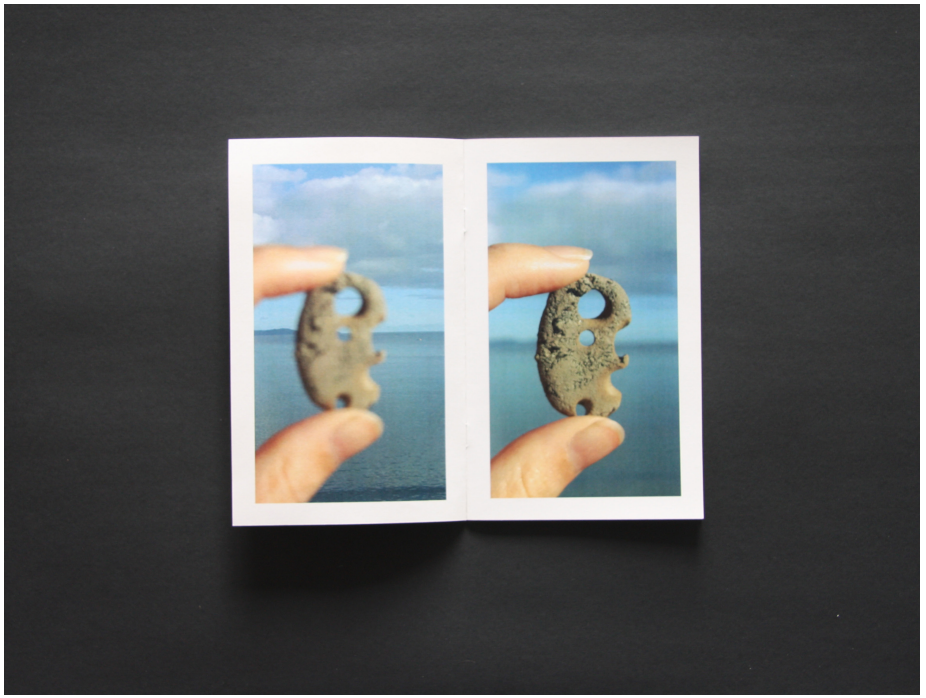


Stones, pages 29-30.

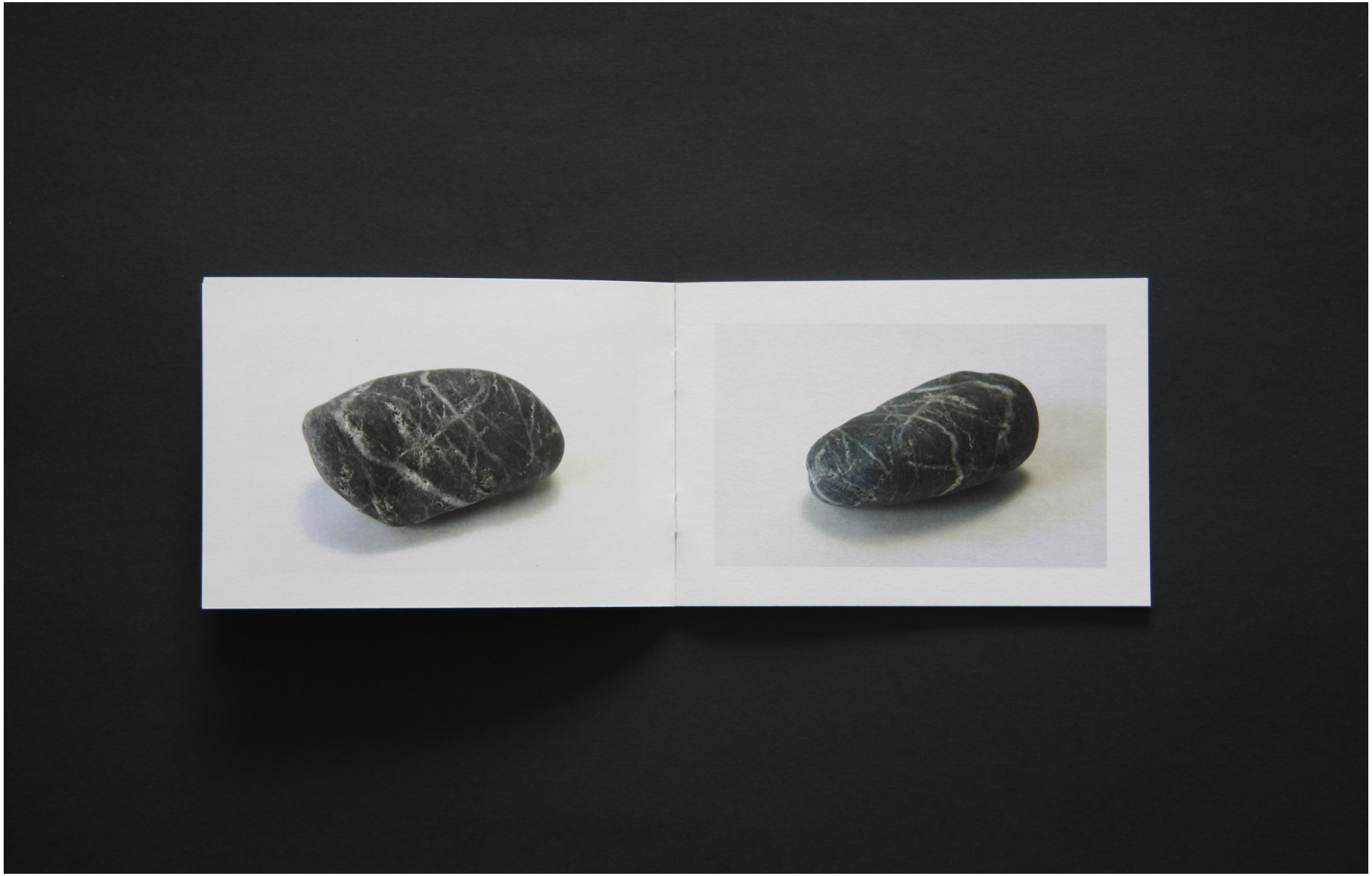








Stones of the North: the Eyes of Tangaroa, internal pages.



Stones of the East: the Memories of Rūaumoko, internal pages.