2020 Global Asia/Pacific Art Exchange Aotearoa:

Ngā Tai o te Ao: the global tides

St Paul St Gallery AUT ~~ Asian/Pacific/American Institute at NYU Editors: Janine Randerson, Charlotte Huddleston & Alexandra Chang

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Whaikōrero / words of welcome Karakia timatanga / opening blessing

Valance Smith

Tēnā koutou, tēnā koutou katoa.

I purposely say tēnā koutou, tēnā koutou, tēnā koutou, three times. The first time is to acknowledge your lineage and your ancestry and all of who you are. The second time is to acknowledge ourselves in the present. And the third time is to acknowledge our mokopuna and our generations who we have not yet met and that we are paving the way for – our whānau in future years to come.

No reira tēnā koutou, tēnā koutou katoa.

Welcome to this space, welcome to *Ngā Tai o te Ao: the global tides*. I also invite you to bring with you your mountains, your rivers, your oceans, into this space. Which is essentially the answer to two questions very important to Māori culture: Nō hea koe? 'Where are you from?' And ko wai koe? 'Who are you?'

Ko wai koe? asks 'who are you?' As a question. If I were to take the question mark away, we're just left with a statement: Ko wai koe, which is essentially, 'you are water.' What does that mean? We are made up of water. We are also made from two parts of water, from our mother and from our father. In Māori culture, we consider that to be ngā wai e rua, which are the two waters, which is essentially our wairua, our spirituality, our inner divinity. So I'd like to acknowledge everybody's spirituality into this space also, because this links us too, for Māori, for Aotearoa, in the New Zealand context, our link and connection to Ranginui the sky father, and Papatūānuku the earth mother, and ourselves who dwell in-between, te ira tangata, the human element.

I also think about the term wai in terms of water and the many metaphors that it does have. I will sing a song that speaks about the water and how water is a metaphor for love – how it bubbles and it flows, and takes different forms and shapes. Ngā Tai Aroha, the waters of love. And the different shapes water takes are: He Tainui, the big tide, the great tide. He Tai Roa, the distant tide. And He Tai Aroha, the tides of love. And so as we are here in our virtual space coming from different parts of the world and different parts of Aotearoa, I invite you to bring your tides, your global tides, as they break across the shores here at the Waitematā harbour, here in Auckland, here in Tāmaki Makaurau.

Karakia timatanga

Tēnei au tēnei au ko te hōkai nei o taku tapuwae Ko te hōkai nuku ko te hōkai rangi Ko te hōkai a tō tupuna a Tānenui-a-rangi I pikitia ai ki Ngā Rangi Tūhāhā ki te Tihi o Manono I rokohina atu rā ko Io Matua Kore Anake I riro iho ai ko ngā kete o te wānanga Ko Te Kete Tuauri Ko Te Kete Tuatea Ko Te Kete Aronui e Ka tiritiria ka poupoua ki a Papatūānuku Ka puta te ira tangata I te whei ao ki te ao mārama Uhi wero tau mai te mauri Haumi e Hui e Tāiki e

Vā Moana swells within a global sea of islands

Albert Refiti

Valance Smith suggests that the title Ngā Tai o te Ao: the global tides plays with the notion of taiao, the environment. In Samoa and the wider Moana Oceania, taiao would mean the knowledges of the Ocean, in which tai stands for the greater oceanscape and ao would mean the 'expanded knowledge system' that connects all knowledge systems. This provides a proper context for our discourse, a global exchange of perspectives between 'ao systems'.

We at Vā Moana Research Cluster at Auckland University of Technology are pleased to be part of this talanoa. We greet your soifuaga, your vital wellbeing, with warmth and love. On behalf of us here, let me provide a context for us for the next few days.

For people of the Moana and our oceanic perspective, the world is lalolagi, existing under the heavens, it is complete

in its totality. That's because it is fully apportioned, tōfiga, equally divided. For instance, Samoan orators say that Samoa is a 'fish that has been apportioned/divided up' (Samoa o le 'ia ua 'uma on 'aisa). In this worldview, nothing is unrelated, everything has a relation. Mountains, rivers, rocks, celestial movements and people form a contiguous fabric, a network drawn in and out, thus always in tension, spreading, to māvae and regathering/reordering – tōfiga.

That system is called vā, the great tension that pushes the world outwards and gathers it inwards in its totality. It is driven by, and is absolutely filled with, energy/force, alofa, aroha, aloha, agaga, wairua, soifuaga, ola, alaga, pupula, malamalama, mana. It is not surprising that the origin chant for Samoa describes the beginning of the world as the proliferation of energy and movement of waves.

1. My own English translation of the Samoan version of the Solo o le Vā from Augustin Krämer, *The Samoa Islands:* An outline of a monograph with particular consideration of German Samoa. Auckland: Polynesian Press, 1994.

- 1 Saturating waves, scurrying waves,
- 2 Fighting waves, collapsing waves,
- 3 Sweeping waves, and procession of waves,
- 4 Surging high but not crashing.
- 5 Reclining waves, dispersing waves,
- 6 Calming waves, orderly waves,
- 7 Frightening waves, waves leaping above,
- 8 Breaking waves, warring waves,
- 9 Speaking waves, waves upheaving canoes,
- 10 Humanised wave, waves from sunrise from sunset,
- 11 Whose companion is the wandering currents.¹

'O galu lolo ma galu fatio'o,
'O galu tau ma galu fefatia'i,
'O le 'au'au peau ma le sologa a peau,
Na ona fa'afua, 'a e lē fati.
'O le peau ta'oto, peau ta'alolo
Peau malie, peau lagatonu.
Peau alili'a, peau la'aia,
Peau fatia, peau taulia
Peau tautala, peau lagava'a
Peau tagatā, peau a sifo mai gagae,
O lona soa le auau tata'a.

Our encounter here today and tomorrow takes place in a time of great revolution of positive and negative forces, a moment of transformation, transfiguration everywhere. There is great tension in the $v\bar{a}$, and as Valance has chosen for us to call this conference $Ng\bar{a}$ Tai o te Ao, there is a new revolution and a ferment of new ideas emerging with a great tide of upheavals that reaches everywhere on the planet right now. In echoing this, I am reminded of James Clifford's mantra for why Indigenous people are so attached to place and belonging: "We are rooted locally but are routed globally."

That's something that I want us to keep at the forefront and back of our minds in our talanoa.

Just a few words about why we called this gathering a talanoa: The word is made up of two fractal words:

tala the opening out, unravelling and to pick apart the threads by talking, by discoursing;

noa the state of equilibrium that allows things to be equal and run free, to become, noa resonates with what I said before as mavae, the breaking things apart and divide them up, to play, the fecundity of things and ideas when we play with them, noa comes before tapu, the eventual closure of things after they have run free.

What does that mean for us? Well, for one thing, to be able to produce anything of substance from any talanoa, one has to first learn to listen, to feel in order to absorb, or logo/rongo, lologo, the vibration of the forces of our gathering, because there are a lot of wilful and frightsome and warring voices in this talanoa – looking through the list of names we have presenting says it all.

That is why we have Valance with us to sing the ancestors to be here with us, to listen and keep an eye on us, so we better be on our best behaviour.

And at the end of the two days, Valance will sing the ancestors back to sleep, to make others safe from what has been spoken here, to keep you safe as we travel with other words in other places.

2. James Clifford, 'Diasporas', *Cultural Anthropology*, vol. 9, no. 3, 1994. 302–338.

Ngā Tai o te Ao: the global tides

An outcome of the 2020 Global Asia/Pacific Art Exchange Aotearoa

Editors' Introduction

Janine Randerson & Alexandra Chang

Ngā Tai o te Ao: the global tides is the name gifted to our two-day talanoa, the Global Asia/Pacific Art Exchange (GAX Aotearoa) symposium by AUT kaikōrero (speaker) Valance Smith. We value this naming less as a direct translation than in the spirit of exchange, where our understanding of 'tides' and 'the global' has evolved through a relay of conversations around this event and publication. To follow Valance, we seek to bring He Tainui, the great tide of Te Moana-nui-a-Kiwa (the Pacific Ocean) together with He Tai Roa, the tides of far-away shores, through the energies of care and dialogue. Across seas and freshwater springs, islands, continents, temporalities, software, and internet cables, the story of GAX 2020 followed uncertain currents.

Alexandra Chang and Janine Randerson met in Manhattan in a now distant time when travel between this island and that island was still possible. Through our conversation emerged a growing sense of the connectedness on issues of environmental degradation and the impact of artists engaged in practices concerning the land, and importantly, the sea and fresh waterways. Alex raised the idea that the next GAX Global Asia/Pacific Art Exchange (2020) might take place in Aotearoa New Zealand.¹ Charlotte Huddleston, director of St Paul St Gallery, and Leali'ifano Albert Refiti of the Vā Moana research group joined Janine to develop the symposium at AUT (Auckland University of Technology) at the School of Art and Design. Natalie Robertson and Nova Paul, both artist-researchers at AUT, described in what follows by Maree Mills as 'wahine wai', or women of water, helped us to shape the Aotearoa GAX through several hui. At the same time, Alex gathered together the international GAX participants and developed the programme with the Asian/Pacific/American Institute at NYU (New York

University). At first, Aotearoa seemed to be a stable country for the international participants to travel to after an earlier proposal to stage GAX in Hong Kong was undone by political upheaval. Yet, faster than we could imagine, the virulent spread of COVID-19 reached Aotearoa's island shores, and the borders closed. Our actual connectedness to each other through the global waves of pathogens, unconfined by any nation's borders, became starkly apparent beyond our tidal metaphor.

When we were collectively exhausted and dry-eyed from the grid of screens of the Zoom interface, the sustained concentration in online meetings and even our everyday dialogues, we decided to offer GAX Aotearoa as a form of virtual talanoa. A contemporary talanoa is an open, equal, and safe forum to speak and to unravel creative and provocative thoughts outside of the restraints of formal delivery of an academic conference, as Albert Refiti conveys in detail earlier in this publication. With the guidance of Valance, we explored how we could bring a sense of place and wairua (spirit) to an online exchange in a wānanga (discussion) that meets both Māori tikanga (protocols) together with the practices of a Samoan talanoa. We aligned our event cosmologically with Matariki (Māori new year), the annual rise of the Pleiades star cluster in the Southern hemisphere in late June, when the star of water Waipuna-a-Rangi rises and the time for planting is signaled.

To mirror the structure of the GAX symposium, this publication begins with a welcome from tangata whenua, the people of the land of Aotearoa, through Valance's stories and a karakia, his blessing from the AUT campus in Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland and the river Ngā Wai o Horotiu

1. Previous iterations of GAX have taken place in Montreal (2019), London/Berlin (2018), Buenos Aires (2017), Tokyo/Honolulu (2015), Washington D.C. /New York City (2014), Shanghai/Hong Kong/Canberra/Wollongong/Sydney (2013).

beneath. The largely subterranean waterway flows through caves and trenches into the Waitematā harbour and outward to the waters of Te-Moana-nui-a-Kiwa. This largest and deepest of all the world's oceans physically connects the contributors in Aotearoa to Léuli Eshrāghi in Australia, Jane Chang Mi on the North Pacific coast of the United States, inland to Sia Figel, connected by birth to Samoa, and around the Strait of Magellan to Argentina and the Atlantic coast of Anna Kazumi Stahl in Argentina, to the shorelines of susan pusan lok in Canada and Annie Jael Kwan in the British Isles. The voices of these GAX members were invited to mingle with the voices of the artists and writers from Aotearoa in the symposium in related groupings; this structure is also reflected in the publication. Over several months of generative exchange, these curators, poets, and writers have replied in kind to the art and performance works in the GAX online event, after the technologically precarious moment of first presentation.

The first grouping concerns wai Māori, freshwater rights and the protection of Aotearoa's underground aquifers. In silver and black pools of images and in her writing, Natalie Robertson affirms the right of Mana Motuhake o Te Wai, the right or agency for water to be water itself. Her photographic works reflect the devastating effects of the river sediment resulting from deforestation and the mahi (work) of her iwi (tribe) to restore their sacred puna, springs in the Eastern regions of Ngāti Porou. While Nova Paul, from the north of Aotearoa, explores the memory of the tears and voices of her ancestors that are held in the waters of ancient and sacred puna (freshwater springs). Her text for this publication is expressed in te reo Māori, the Māori language, to reflect the home-coming call of

her ancestral spring, "hoki mai ki tō puna," and the wairua (spiritual essence) of her recent video. The title of this video is a compelling statement of belonging that holds true for all living things: *Ko ahau te wai, ko te wai ko ahau* (2018), I am the water and the water is me.² In response, artist and curator Maree Mills reminds us that this phrase is borne out in our physical bodies – over half our adult body consists of water, we inhale and exhale the water in oxygen in constant exchange at a cellular level. Wading and filming at once, we



2. Layne Waerea and Maree Mills refer to this whakatauki with slightly different wording: Ko au te wai, ko te wai ko au: I am the water and the water is me.

Image: Anatonio Te Maioho performs *Diplomatic in Unity, One Drop* and *Seeds* at GAX Aoteaora, 2020. Zoom still. accompany the filmmaker along a hīkoi (journey on foot, march) through Waipau/Poroti, the stream flowing from her ancestral puna. The water wells up over rocks, nourishing the fringes of bush and swirling wātakirihi (watercress), still harvested as food, in an intimate union of spiritual and physical wellness.

Aqueous sounds, movements, and tastes created a multi-sensory atmosphere on the symposium day, bringing the remote audience a little closer. Actor and poet Anatonio Te Maioho beat a rhythm on his chest as he spoke to draw out the watery depths within his own body. His whole being seemed to enter his mobile phone screen. Jack Gray coaxed off our shoes, and brought us the sensation of out-stretching arms connecting our soles and souls to the movements of our inner waters. He draws out our manawa, our central heart, an unlimited core like a whare or fale (home) to find our mauri ora, a sense of well-being.



Rosanna Raymond tapped a rhythm with stones, recalling the sounds of the seashore. Her hands embodied a goddess of sea, winds and sexual power, in the embrace of the changeable sea-god Tangaroa, and the entities that coexist inside her. She says, "I am the wind, soft and flowing over boulders, they are large and round sitting by the water. I wish I was a shark or maybe it's just that I remember when I twas one..." Artist Numa MacKenzie passed kava in a coconut shell to wet the throats of the small party gathered in Tāmaki Makarau.³

Annie Jael Kwan reflects on Jack Gray's invitation for us to feel the many aspects of connection, listening, and response that the exchange calls for in text and words. Underlining an opening of curatorial and pedagogical practices to address embodied practices and shared collective knowledges, Annie reminds us that movement can be nourishing. She suggests that we need to digest our experiences through the connectivity of the body, ground, breath, and ritual, so we can move in emotionally conscious solidarity.



3. Kava or 'ava (Samoa) is a water-based suspension made from ground kava roots that is collectively consumed on ceremonial and informal occasions throughout the Moana cultures including Tonga, Fiji, Vanuatu, Hawaii, Samoa and in Aotearoa in contemporary talanoa and kava clubs. We each had our own coconut shell as a drinking vessel in this event.

Image: Rosanna Raymond performs *Cling to the Sea,* GAX Aoteaora, 2020. Zoom still.

Image: Jack Gray performs Our Ancestral Bodies: A Movement Interlude, GAX Aoteaora, 2020. Zoom still.

The contributors from the Vā Moana group include creative practice researchers Layne Waerea, Lana Lopesi, Tuputau Lelaulu and Rosanna Raymond. The Vā Moana research group was formed by Albert Refiti and Tina Engels-Schwartzpaul to create a space for Moana thinking and creative practice on identity, space and relationality. Layne Waerea's performance practice explores the failure of Crown law to apply a legal position on ancestral fresh water rights for most Māori iwi. The Whanganui awa settlement grants this river alone legal personhood. By insisting no one can own water, the New Zealand government fails to acknowledge the intangible, ontological value of wai to Māori. Lana Lopesi relates entanglements, a term used in both popular culture and in quantum physics, to the politics of migration and the connective spatial concept of va. Through complex migratory and mediated webs, she speculates that re-rooting might be like two ends of a vā relationship to describe mutually occurring effects in the new and ancestral home islands. Tuputau Lelaulu's emergent research proposition MAU-MOANA positions 'mau' as a situated 'place essence', a catalyst to promote ecological well-being to alleviate the systemic and environmental trials facing Moana communities. In the specific case of Te Ngaahere Whakaora, Tuputau's proposition for a healing forest at Te Ihu o Mataoho, the planting intends to heal physical ills of deforestation, pollution wrought by industrialised farming, and deep rifts of racism and colonisation for the whenua (land) and wai (waterways) and tangata (people of Aotearoa).

As much as we hold in common, this global exchange also foregrounded particularities in our place-memories, or whakapapa, our genealogical connections to water, and the sensibilities of local seas in difference to our freshwater

puna, in Aotearoa and beyond. We recognise the histories of arrival and departure in sea-borne waka voyages that connect our Southern isles in Te-Moana-nui-a-Kiwa with Southeast Asia and Taiwan, as well as the cosmologies of iwi who identify their origins in the mists and waters of Aotearoa itself. The intertidal zone between sea and land is contested in Aotearoa as the threshold of colonial encounter, where the archaism 'Queen's Chain' around our coastline is frequently a site for situated forms of decolonial action. In the tide of global politics, decolonisation in Aotearoa may be enacted in regionally-specific ways, yet we stand in solidarity with the island of Hong Kong, and the Black Lives Matter movement in the United States, and Indigenous struggles for sovereignty world-wide.

Xin Cheng, Kerry Ann Lee and Anna Kazumi Stahl's interwoven texts in 'Tidal Minds, Tidal Moves' allow three separate narratives to flow into each other. Anna underlines that this process draws on Kamau Brathwaite's writing on tidalectic rhythms as "a fused geographic, cultural, climatic and political ecology of oceanic tidal motion, always rippled by cross-currents, swells, skipping stones." We are offered an epistolary connection of international friendships met and made in Hong Kong through the global flow of the indie zine alternative publishing world, to the tied trail of colonial rubber from industrial Europe to the Pacific, to what can still breed and come yet from the postindustrial backwaters. In fact, if we look hard enough into the muck, we find a bastion of Koi Carp and native eels. They offer the possibility of finding alternative and more intimate modes of communication, learning, and doing in this overarching global machine, so we can reach those who we seek to connect with and tell our stories to the greatest future effect.

Jane Chang Mi works to assert the independence of island territories in the Pacific in resistance to colonisation by the United States through her collaborative work of translation of Indigenous languages. She similarly brings the Pacific close to the Atlantic, where the Caribbean and the Pacific co-narrate their histories of colonialism and future possibility. Sia Figiel invites voices of collective grieving into this collaborative work with Mi by calling on the name of George Floyd. Amid the legacies of the global racialized violences that continue, and the viruses that spread, her multi-lingual work, written and translated in Māori, Samoan, and English with Vaughan Rapatahana for this publication, is an open invitation for collective grieving and to forge solidarity.

In his poetic response to the symposium, Léuli Eshrāghi reminds us of the power of language – words spoken by our mothers and ancestors that we come back to and that tie us to place, past, memory, and how we enable ourselves with our imbued language to envision and participate in our futures.

susan pu san lok brings us the recent past of GAX Montreal in 2019 and the present GAX Aotearoa. Her diasporic positionality allows a proximity and point of view suspended not only between cultures, but enfolded as it were, amongst time and the ever-welding power of colonial pasts continually flexing and resurfacing from beneath the land and tides. This power shows itself from microaggressions to its interconnections to globally connected violences of the past and present. But she suggests a counterpoint influenced by Rosanna's performance in relation to the power of our own imagining, asking, "How do we want to go or be taken?"

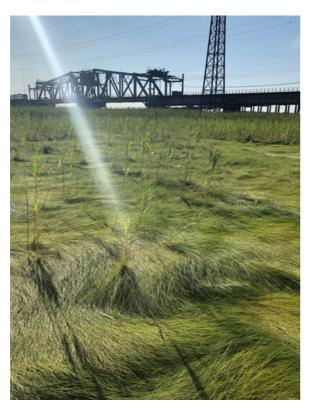
During the symposium Yuki Kihara and Natalie King gave us a behind the scenes look into their participation as artist and curator at the upcoming 59th Venice Biennale. With Yuki's official representation as a Samoan in the New Zealand Pavilion, she contemplated what she could do to provide space for Moana peoples at the Biennale, from acting as docents to making materials available in translation. She also explored how she might interrelate and stand in solidarity with other Indigenous artists who will be representing their countries' pavilions.

We see the hands of artists Arielle Walker and Emily Parr learning to weave, and their voices joining together in what Faith Wilson describes as the twined narrative of strands of a larger story. As they explore their pasts together in korereoro (conversations) by the water, they realise their ancestors lived in the same port settlement of Kororāreka two centuries ago, as Māori women in relationships with settler men. From her present place in Aotearoa, Faith writes of Samoa as the Samoa found in her Nana's stories. Contemplating how Arielle and Emily's ancestors are joined by the memory of water, Faith too wonders if her forebearers may have crossed paths somewhere across the ocean. The ever-present maternal guidance of each of their hands ensures the continuity of stories to care for those yet to come.

Ko wai koe? Which waters are you from?

So that we are not an invisible presence, we add here a few words about the co-editors and our current waters. Alex has Chinese heritage, with her father and mother born and raised during a world war in China. Alex grew up in the US in New England by a stretch of conservation land that feeds

into a mountain road that leads to a natural ochre paint rock mine and a swamp that is euphemistically called a pond. She currently teaches in Newark, NJ, where the fresh water meets the sea through one of the most toxic rivers in the U.S., the Passiac and the Hackensack River encircles one of the most polluted marshlands in the country, the Meadowlands. While

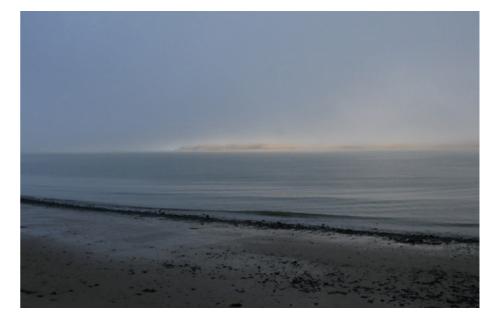


the Meadowlands summons the images of toxic dumping and overmining, it also provides an image of hope beyond its disastrous past. Earnest efforts of remediation and the renewed passage of migratory birds through the region point to a possible future, but not one that will be attained with the current threats of climate change and sea level rise. All our potential for solutions, like everyone's, are globally connected.

Over five generations, Janine's family, Pākehā descendents of Scottish and Cornish settlers, have lived in places around Te Ika a Maui, the North Island of Aotearoa New Zealand.

Image: Alexandra Chang, waves of spartina meet the phragmites, Meadowlands, 2019.

Image: Janine Randerson, *Niniwa in Mist*, Hokianga Harbour, 2020.



She has made two films with the waters of Te Manukanuka o Hoturoa, the harbour near where she lives in Onehunga. With her cousin Heather Randerson (Ngā Puhi, Te Hikutu), and a group called the Niniwa collective, she is currently working on a projected video work for the Hokianga harbour where the ancestor sand dune Niniwa reveals and conceals himself through sea mist and water. While a long-ago crossing of the North sea is embedded in the family name Randerson, an echo of the Danes who travelled from Randers to Randerston in Scotland, this identity is distant from the presence of whanaungatanga, her current relationships with family and the wai of Aotearoa.

The editorial team also includes Charlotte Huddleston, Cameron Ah Loo-Matamua, Balamohan Shingade and we thank them for their instrumental work on this publication. Kahurangiariki Smith's support was also invaluable on the symposium day. We also acknowledge the work of Poata Alvie McKree on the translation, central to generative exchange. Caroline Powley's design of this digital publication also resonates with sea level flood markers, tracing the fluctuations of words and images and providing navigation through the many pages of this volume.

Inumia, inumia, i ngā wai kaukau o o tupuna Drink, drink of the bathing waters of your ancestors.

We end with a whakataukī once offered by politician and kaumatua (elder) Pita Sharples which contains an environmental survival refrain. The water cycle requires tending, we drink the water that we use to sustain life when it rises from the sea as rain and when it surfaces from underground springs. As we write, the fresh water is running out in our

cities, and every molecule in the rapidly warming sea is plasticised, along with the biota who dwell there. The artists and writers in this volume reach into the past for stories, images, and memories of water while in the midst of immediate global crises, and facing the uncertainty of our aqueous futures. To act on the climate and water crisis Jenny Tokelau Bryant reasons that we need intergenerational thinking, a willingness to fight to be heard, the challenging of existing colonised institutions and approaches, and importantly, to work collectively with others. The contributors to *Ngā Tai o te Ao: the global tides* are collaborators who mobilise art practice as a bridge to activism, community work, Indigenous healing, science, and reciprocal care for wai. We must care for the water just as the water cares for us.

4. Jenny Tokelau Bryant, 'Indigenous Pacific Approaches to Climate Change,' *Palgrave Studies in Disaster Anthropology*. London: Palgrave Macmillan, 2017. 85.

Anatonio Te Maioha performs three poems for the GAX Aoteaora symposium.

-- Listen to audio recording here --



Diplomatic in Unity, One Drop, and Seeds

Anatonio Te Maioba



paatukitukitahi taatou kia kootahi ai e kia hoki ki te ira atua kei roto i a koe- hie iere! paatukitukitahi taatou kia kootahi ai e kia hoki ki te ira atua kei roto i a koe- hie iere!

purea nei e te wai, pure- purea nei e te wai- ierepurea nei e te wai pure- purea nei e te wai- iere

wai a wei i a hie, wai a wei i a hai, wai a wei i a hie, wai a wei i a hai.

maken our way 2 the crea-atua taken away with the beat- hie! hie! hie! taken away 2 the crea-atua taken away from this street-beat- hie! hie!

wash away the city, wash away the time wash away the city, 1 drop at a time

sister we r 1 heart, brother we r 1 beat, peoples we r needn 2b diplomatic in unity-

1 drop attract friend dat flow da same way & 1 drop become 2 drop- 2 drop becom 3- n I say 3×3×3 drop is puddle, & puddle becom pool & pool becom creek, & creek becom river & river is cool & river's main stream & it flow to the Sea where it influence affluent effluent & be free & Sea sucked to Sky & Sky become cloud & cloud become rain & rain fall down on them again only this time instead of 1 drop they'll b soaked in our stain



& they'll laugh& they'll chant- they'll scream & march in our name!

What do we choose? Justice!

When do we choose it? Now!!!

What do we choose? Liberation

When do we choose it? Now!!! Freedom

What do we choose? We choose freedom from oppression

When do we choose it? Choose it Now!!!

Like us plants come in many shapes n forms

Some follow the dumb system others create betta norms

R u a self seeded plant windblown or dropped by a bird?

Or perhaps you're a cutting, part of the herd.

A seed grown plant is completely unique

Plants from a cutting are identical- part of the clique.

Do we live in nursery apartments hydroponically grown?

A light bulbs our Sun, a plastic pots home

r we governed by 'they' our caretaker dict8r

R we propag8d, irrag8d but neva irrat8d

Our pests along with us have all been poisoned- negated

in our monocrap-crop heaven that's all glass slated

lights on! lights off! They call our shots

They provide our environment underneath their shade cloths

They prick out n pamper 4 all we r worth

They feed us their fertilizer that fouls up the Earth

they surround us with big tanalised wooden post retaining walls

they hem us in chicken wire trellises to keep us controlled

they clip, thin n prune us till we grow old

It's the same with some people! & they need 2b slapped!!!

1 day you're gonna say 'Love you my Grandchildren oops damn it!

I just destroyed everythn u could sustain yourself with on the planet!'

<u>pranet</u>: I'm no maths magician, but that don't add up,

If I's our grandchildren I'd tell us to get- Whak-,



-apapa! I heke mai raano, Naa ngaa tuupuna te Taiao i tiaki e hoa, Ana! kua tukuna iho ki a taatou kua raru katoa! Thanks to our generation 1 or 2 b4, our whole planet is lyin' k.o'd on the floor-3rd rock from the Sun is out 4 the 10 count Gotta assist get her up 4 the rebound! Full contact! Get ready 4 the battle! Savn the world, it's getn kinda vital! It's our generations one shot at the title! Full court press! Or man to man G! Get on the bus! Get into the key! Stop sittn on the bench-polishn the pine Help Papatuanuku's in decline 2 many sittn on the fence "som1 else can lead" Sittn on the couch brainwashed by the movies We get watered with spin to drip feed our needs Stop don8n our braincells 2 the tvs dont let da media formul8 all our believes How do we know we know what we know If all we know is what they've told us is so If we've never left our soft comfort zones chances are we're not us but one of their clones u may think your you with a mind of your own But if all we know grows from the seeds they sew & all they show us is the slim slice of one pie that they want us to know Then maybe we're not us at all cos' our minds've been cooked There's the rest of the pie- a whole smorgasboard of beliefs n realities where they hope we never look But I say 'Titiro atu ki taua Puu! Aa Hiii! Kimi ana! Hi!!! Rangahaua! Aa Hiii! Rapu ana- Hi!!! Kia maatau Aa Hiii!

Stop sittin round dormant like seeds on the shelf we ain't growin nowea less we germin8 ourselfs! they've re-G.E.iggled our core- with our seed they've played trix



oh it was them who designed our seed raising mix **blitzem** with cartoon mornings **round up** with bad news at 6 We're staked out by the government so we grow str8 as stix they don't want any bent ones or runaway vines to get out of symmetry or form protest lines So they vaxin8 us 2,3,4,5 times don't they? With mysterious fluids that help us obey? Bought from foreign countries who didn't want them anyway Our bugged house- a tampered cell in there dirty seed tray tho they live in a Beehive they've replaced bees with spray & they pollin8 us with the things that they say So we will blossom in just their right way which is in spring time around... Labour day They've been 2 Helen... bak 4 this recipe of cross pollination assimilation So we'll need some companions to keep quality I'll be the pumpkin or corn if u the bean b Cos with 3 sisters we'll be sweet as-sayn! U b the calendula to the garden patch Or even the chamomile to help us relax Cos the way we're goin we might just panix

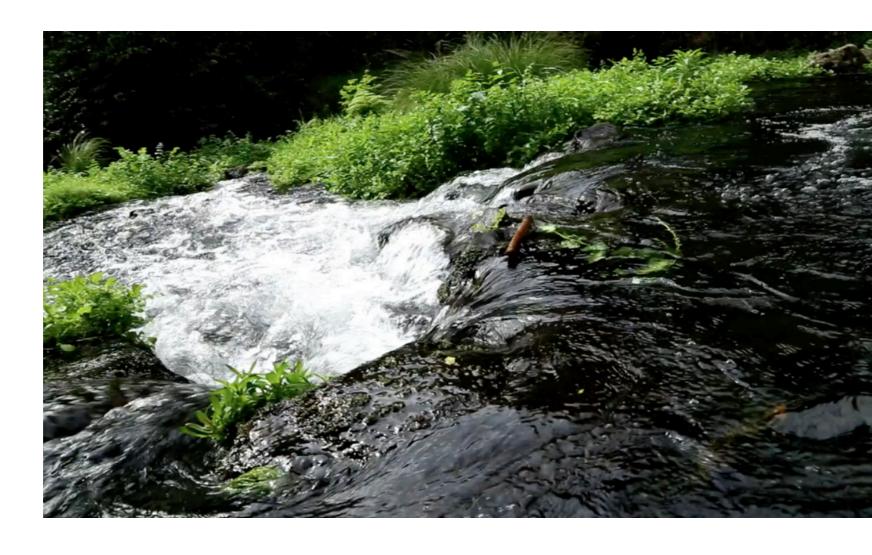
We need to know the real wind n snow we need 2 live outside their frame
We need to kno the real pests that have colonized our brain
We need 2 kno the real sun we need 2 kno the real rain
Only thru true knowledge can we book our tickets so we can 'ride up on the peace train'.



Nova Paul and Natalie Robertson present their artworks at the GAX Aotearoa symposium and Maree Mills responds.

Hoki mai ki tō maunga, hoki mai ki tō puna

Nova Paul



Ka heke ngā roimata Ngā wai aroha o tō tupuna Ka rere ngā waiora Te ūkaipō ki te whenua Pupuri ki te puna mahara E kōhuhu mai ana Hoki mai ki tō maunga E hoki e tama

Ko ngā heke roimata o Ranginui ki a Papatūānuku. Ka patapata te ua i runga i te maunga Whatitiri. Ka tōpunitia e te patapata ua te whenua, hei puna manawa ki roto i tō mātou maunga.

Ko te puna Waipao, te wai ū a Papatūānuku e ora ai mātau. He ōrite ki te māmā e whāngai ana i te pēpi, ko te wai e whāngai ana i te whenua, i a tātou katoa.

E whā tekau ngā tau mai i te hekenga o te ua, ka kapohia e te puna whenua. Ko te wai o te puna manawa i roto i Whatitiri maunga mō ngā tau whā tekau, arā he maumahara te wai o tēnei puna mō ngā tau whā tekau. Arā, i inumia taua wai e au mō ngā tau whā tekau.

Kei te mõhio mātou ki ngā kōrero "Ko ahau te wai, ko te wai ko ahau." He manawa whenua a Waipao Puna mõ ngā hapū o Te Uriroroi, Te Parawhau me te Māhurehure. He matawai tōku hapū i te puna o Poroti. He whatumanawa te maunga a Whatitiri.

Ki te põuri koe, ki te awangawanga koe, ki te ngaro koe, e whakatenatena ana ki te hoki ki tõ maunga tupuna, tõ whenua, tõ awa. Kia piki ake tõ wairua, tõ hauora me te hinengaro. Ka horoia tō ngākau e ngā hau o te taiao o ngā tūpuna me ngā Atua Māori.

Hokia ki ō maunga kia purea ai koe i ngā hau a Tawheremātea

Image: Nova Paul, *Ko ahau te wai, ko te wai ahau*, 2018. HD still.

Te Mana Motuhake o Nga Wai
The independent authority or right of water to be water /
Te mana motuhake he mana ranei mo te wai hei wai

Natalie Robertson







Ko Hikurangi toku maunga -- Hikurangi is my mountain Ko Waiapu toku awa -- Waiapu is my river Ko Ngati Porou toku iwi -- Ngati Porou is my iwi Ko Tīkapa-a-Hinekopeka toku marae -- Tīkapa-a-Hinekopeka is my marae.

Here in Aotearoa, the rising of Matariki signals the Māori New Year, a time of wānanga, a time of learning, and a time when we share our stories. There are stars in Matariki and in the heavens with names that reflect our connection with water. Waipuna-a-Rangi is one of the celestial bodies that associates stars with the water cycle on Earth. Wai is the Māori word for water, puna is fresh water spring, and wai māori refers to fresh water.

The photographic series of works Puna Manawa Wai is a direct response to aspirations of my Ngāti Porou elders who want our underground aquifers and our springs protected. Through wānanga, hīkoi (walking the land) and archival research, I am slowly recuperating waning names of freshwater springs on lands near to Tīkapa-a-Hinekopeka, our marae. I collaborate with the ahi kā - our people who continue to stay on the land, living there and tending the long burning fires of occupation. These research processes are governed by whakapapa - the complex network of relationships and genealogy and the layered relationships to place. Genealogical relationships with waterways have sustained our ancestors' well-beings for many generations, but sadly our tribal areas have had terrible injustices against our waterways that forms the background of the restorative and regenerative work we undertake as artists.

Kei konei i Aotearoa, ko te putanga mai o Matariki e tohu ana i te tau hou Māori, he wā mō te wānanga, mō te kōrero pakiwaitara hoki. He whetū i a Matariki i ngā rangi hoki, ka huaina mō te hononga ki te wai. Ko Waipuna-a-Rangi tētahi o te whānau mārama ka pāhekoheko mai i ngā whetū me te hurihanga wai i runga i te whenua. Ko Waipuna he kupu mō te puna wai māori.

Te raupapa whakaahua ko *Puna Manawa Wai* he whakautu horipū ki ngā moemoea o ōku kaumatua nō Ngati Porou, e hia ana i te kaitiakitanga o ngā puna manawa whenua. Nā te wānanga, te hikoi, me te rangahau, ka āta taumanutia e ahau ngā ingoa huna o ngā puna wai māori i te whenua whātata ki Tikapa-a-Hinekopeka, tō mātou marae. Ka mahi tahi ahau ki te ahi kā – te hau kainga e noho tūturu ana i te whenua o ngā tūpuna, hei ahikāroa. Nā te whakapapa ēnei rangahau i aratakina – te whakapapa, te kōhikohiko, te taotahi me te te whakawhanaungatanga ki te whenua. Nā te whakawhanaungatanga ki te wai, i whakatipua te oranga o ngā tūpuna, o ngā reanga i mua, engari ko ngā wai o tātou rohe kua aituātia, hei ringatoi, nāna te tuarongo mō mātou mahi tāmata, mahi whakahou hoki.

Ko te ataata mahi tahi *Te rerenga põuri o ngā Parawhenua ki Te Moana-nui-a-Kiwa*, e tühura ana i te mahi tükino o te whenua, nā te whakahaere penepena rawa mõ te rohe Awa Waiapu mo te rautau ka hipa. Ko Parawhenuamea

Image: Natalie Robertson, Te Puna a Te Rangitauaki, Te Rimu, 2017. From the series Puna Manawa Wai o Tikapa.

Image: Natalie Robertson, Te Puna o Te Huinga puna wai and Kahikatea trees, Tikapa-a-Hinekopeka II, 2019. From the series Puna Manawa Wai o Tikapa.

Image: Graeme Atkins,
Alex Monteith and Natalie
Robertson, *Te rerenga pōuri o*nga parawhenua ki Te Moana-nui-a-Kiwa (The desolate journey
of sediment to Te Moana-nui-a-Kiwa – the Pacific Ocean), 2019.
Installation video still, in Moana
Dont Cry, Te Tuhi, Auckland.
Photo credit: Sam Hartnett.

The collaborative video work *Te rerenga pōuri o nga* Parawhenua ki Te Moana-nui-a-Kiwa, 'the desolate journey of Parawhenuamea to Te Moana-nui-a-Kiwa or the Pacific Ocean,' explores the devastating impacts of land management policies on the Waiapu River region over the past century. Parawhenuamea is the female atua (deity) of alluvial waters - carrying sediment and making land in that process - who flows to her lover Tangaroa/Kiwa. Topsoil from our lands erodes into the river, smothering the sea bed and marine crustacean habitats. The video was developed with Alex Monteith, and with Graeme Atkins, my whanaunga (a relative) who is a conservation ranger and a knowledge holder of our environmental issues. Graeme's 'voice' is heard through the statements in quotation marks. Aroha Yates-Smith gifted the title through a collaborative process with her daughter Kahurangiariki Smith.

This presentation is framed through the conceptual lens of Te Mana Motuhake o Te Wai – the independent authority, or right of water to be water. The genesis of this idea comes from a series of Te Wiwi Nāti hapū cluster hui (meetings) I attended in 2019 at my home marae, Tīkapa-a-Hinekopeka near the mouth of our ancestral river, Waiapu, in Te Tai Rawhiti in the east of Te Ika ā Māui. Led by environmental planner and tangata whenua advocate Tina Porou (Ngāti Porou, Ngāti Tūwharetoa, Ngāti Kahungunu and Ngāi Tamanuhiri), the meetings were for the tribal members of our area to discuss water and our relationship to water management in our region. Porou introduced the background to the national freshwater policy Te Mana o Te Wai, stating that:

Te Mana o te Wai is a concept that sits with different names in different iwi and hapu. For Ngāti Porou this

te atua wahine o ngā wai parahua — e heria ana te kenepuru me hangaia hoki te whenua — ki tona ipo ko Tangaroa / Kiwa. Ka wekua te paraumu ki te awa, e whakapongere te takere me ngā kāinga o ngā mawhiti moana. Ka whakaahutia te ataata me Alex Monteith, me toku whanaunga a Graeme Atkins hoki, he kaitiaki aotūroa, he pou herenga mō ō tātou kaupapa taiao. Ka rongona te reo o Graeme nā ngā kōrero i roto ngā tohukī. Nā Aroha Yates-Smith i homai te taitara nā tētahi mahi tahi me tāna tamāhine ko Kahurangiariki Smith.

Ko tēnei whakaahua i tirohia i te arotahi aroro o Te Mana Motuhake o Te Wai. Ko te orokohanga o tēnei whakaaro e tūpono mai i ētahi hui-a-hapū mō Te Wiwi Nāti, i haere ai au i te tau 2019 ki toku marae, a Tikapa-a-Hinekopeka tata ki te waha o tō mātou awa tupuna, Waiapu, i te Tai Rawhiti, ki te rāwhiti o te Ika ā Māui. Nā te whakamahere o te taiao me te kaitautoko o te tangata whenua a Tina Porou (Ngāti Porou, Ngāti Tūwharetoa, Ngāti Kahungunu me Ngāi Tamanuhiri) i hui ngā mema o te iwi o tō mātou rohe ki te kōrero mō te wai me tō mātou hōnonga ki te penapena wai i to mātou rohe. Ka whakauru a Porou i te kōrero o mua ki te kaupapa here wai maori a-iwi, ko Te Mana o Te Wai, e kī ana:

Te Mana o Te Wai he ariā e noho ana me te ingoa rerekē i iwi kē, i hapū kē. Mō Ngati Porou ko tēnei kaupapa i kōpakia ki roto i ngā hui i te tau 2016, ā, i whakamanahia e te Iwi Chairs Forum. Kua whakauruhia Te Mana o te Wai ki roto i te NPSFW, [Whakapuakanga Kaupapahere a Motu mo te Penapena Wai Māori] me tōna whakamārama ka noho tonu ki roto i ngā iwi me ngā hapū, heoi he hua kua oti nā ngā hui e haere tonu ana me te Karauna

concept was encapsulated through hui in 2016 and was later endorsed through the Iwi Chairs Forum. Te Mana o te Wai has been included in the NPSFW,[National Policy Statement for Freshwater Management] and its definition will always sit within iwi and hapu, however a negotiated outcome of ongoing hui with the Crown has been its leadership in freshwater management through the National Policy Statement. The development of Te Mana o Te Wai came from those hapū hui because we were dealing with the National Government at the time over freshwater.

Te Mana o Te Wai is in three parts. The first part ensures that the first right of water goes to water, not to people. That is about the ecosystems, about our taonga species, about wai as its own mana. This is the principle of protection. The second part of Te Mana o te Wai focuses on the koha, the koha of the waters to people. Whatever is left over can be shared along kaitiakitanga principles. Hannah Rainforth describes Te Mana o Te Wai as a nursing mother. She is like a whaea – a māmā. Firstly she has to nourish herself, so that then she can give a koha to her children and they can have the wai ū.¹

For me, Te Mana o te Wai means the water has the right to be pure, to be clean and to be water, unpolluted. I have expanded the term for this context by adding 'motuhake', which in this instance is a modifier that indicates that something is separated, special, distinct, independent, unattached. In this way, the first right of water to be water, is for it not to be totally exploited as a resource for humans – we need to respect this right as set aside and distinct from our own needs.

ko tana kaiarahi mo te penapena wai māori nā roto i te Tauākī Kaupapahere ā-Motu. Ko te whanaketanga o Te Mana o Te Wai i ahu mai i era hui a hapū na te mea e mahi ana mātou me te Kāwanatanga Nāhinara o taua wā i runga i te kaupapa wai māori.

Kia toru wāhanga tō Te Mana o Ngā Wai. Ko te wāhanga tuatahi e whakatūturu ana ko te mōtika tuatahi ki te wai ka hoatu ki te wai ehara i te tāngata. Koina mō te pūnaha hauropi, mō ō tātou momo taonga, mō te wai me tona ake mana. Ko tēnei te mātāpono o tiaki. Ko te wāhanga tuarua o Te Mana o te Wai e arotahi ana ki te koha, te tākoha o te wai ki te tāngata. Ko te toenga ka taea te toha atu i raro i ngā tikanga kaitiakitanga. E whakaahua ana a Hana Rainforth i a Te Mana o Te Wai hei whaea e whāngote ana. He rite ia ki te whaea – he māmā. Tuatahi māna e poipoi i a ia anō, kia taea ai e ia te hoatu koha ki āna tamariki, kia taea e rātou te wai ū.¹

Mōku ano, ko te tikanga o Te Mana o te Wai he mana tō te wai kia mā, kia parakore, hei wai tē pokea. Kua whakawhanuitia e au te kupu mo tēnei horopaki mā te tāpiri i te 'motuhake', i tēnei wā he whakarerekē e tohu ana i tētahi mea wehe, mea kōhure, mea tūhāhā, mea wete. Koinei, ko te mana tuatahi o te wai hei wai, kia kaua e whakamahia katoahia hei rauemi mā te tangata — me whakaute tēnei mōtika kia tū wehe, he motuhanga ki o tātou ake hiahia. Mō te Awa o Waiapu, ko te wai e rere mai ana i te hikuwai o Raukūmara, heke mai i ngā awa tae atu ki Waiorongomai me Tapuaeroa, ko te haerenga e aukatitia e te waipara. Ko ngā wai o ngā puna moana me ngā puna wai māori e pā ana i te rerenga ahuwhenua. Ko te aro a te kāmera ka whakahokia mai rātou ki te

1. Tina Porou, *Te Wiwi Nāti Hui for Te Mana o Te Wai*,
Tikapa-a-Hinekopeka Marae,
26 May 2019. Reviewed and
amended from verbatim
transcription. From personal
email communications with
Tina Porou, 27 August 2020.

For the Waiapu River, the water that flows from the headwaters from the Raukūmara Ranges, down through rivers including Waiorongomai and Tapuaeroa, the journey is now impeded by sediment choking. The waters in the aquifers and freshwater springs are affected by agricultural runoff. The attention directed by the camera brings them back into view, remembered for their sacred value, while the ancestors who drank from them are remembered for their protection of the springs. These images speak to our tribal Mana Motuhake, our independent authority to protect our waters.

tirohanga, ka maumaharatia mō tō rātou tapu, i ngā tūpuna e inu mai rā e maumaharatia ana mō tō rātou whakahaumaru o ngā puna. Ko ēnei whakaahua e kōrero ana ki tō tātou Mana Motuhake, tō tātou mana tūhāhā ki te tiaki i o tātou wai.

Wahine Wai, Toa, Toi: Women of Water, Warriors and Creators

Maree Mills

Ko Tongariro tōku maunga -- Tongariro is my mountain Ko Taupo nui a tia tōku moana -- Taupo is my sea Ko Ngāti Tūwharetoa tōku iwi -- Ngāti Tūwharetoa is my tribe Ko Korohe tōku marae -- Korohe is my marae Ko Poutiaki Whakataki ahau ki te Te Whare Taonga o Waikato Ko Maree Mills toku ingoa

Two wāhine Māori, Indigenous women from Aotearoa New Zealand, visualise their respective mountains, Hikurangi in the East and Whatitiri in the North. Natalie Robertson (Ngāti Porou) gazes to the awa, the river Waiapu, as it makes its way across Te Ika-a-Māui, the North Island of Aotearoa, on the journey to Te Moana-nui-a-Kiwa, the great Pacific Ocean. Nova Paul (Ngāpuhi) speaks to the depths of Waipao. Deceptive in scale, this abundant puna or spring swells the awa wairua, river's spirit, with water for her people. They both clasp a magic tool brought by their Pākehā tupuna, European ancestors. A hand-held weapon that provides a lens for us to see things differently – the camera.

Natalie Robertson and Nova Paul are wāhine tohunga toi, specialists in the artform of recording time and communicating mauri, in a way their forebears may have dreamt of when they saw their own likeness captured on film.

As mana whenua, people of their land, these women harness the movement of river tributaries and wellsprings to speak of their whakapapa, genealogy, passing on this learning as wisdom keepers for their people. They also record and map degradation, and even threats to its continued existence, as kaitiaki of the wai, guardians of water and thus guardians of the people.

E rua ngā wāhine Māori, ngā wāhine taketake o Aotearoa Niu Tireni e whakaata ana i ō rātou ake maunga, ko Hikurangi ki te rāwhiti, ko Whatitiri ki te raki. E mātakitaki atu ana a Natalie Robertson (Ngāti Porou) ki te awa, ko Waiapu, i a ia e hāereere ana i Te Ika-a-Māui, i te haerenga ki Te Moana-nui-a-Kiwa. E kōrero ana a Nova Paul i te hōhonu o Waipao. He tinihanga te korahi, ko te puna nei e pupuhi ana i te wairua o te awa, i te wai mō tōna iwi. Ka kapohia e rāua tahi tētahi taonga tūmatarau i mauria mai e ō rāua tūpuna Pākehā. He patu ka homaihia tētahi arotahi kia whakarerekē ai te tirohanga – te kāmera.

He tohunga toi a Natalie Robertson rāua ko Nova Paul mō te mahi toi, he tohunga mō te mauhanga wā me te whakakakau i te mauri, pēnei i ngā moemoea o ō rāua tūpuna ina kitea rātou i ō rātou ake whakaata i hopungia e te kiriata.

Hei mana whenua, ngā tāngata ō tō rātou whenua, ka whakamahia e ēnei wāhine ngā nekehanga o ngā awa me ngā puna wai hei kōrero mō ō rāua whakapapa. Ka tukuna tēnei akoranga e ēnei kaitiaki mātauranga mō ō rāua iwi. Kātahi anō hoki ka tuhia, ka whakamaheretia te tautauhea e rāua, me ngā whakawehiwehi i te oranga, hei kaitiaki o te wai, nā reira, hei kaitiaki mō te iwi.

Using evocative visual language as their tupuna did, they employ the medium of film or photography to unpeel layers of histories and stories with images that are sometimes accompanied with the emotion and vibrational power of sound. Defying a dominant narrative, their mahi, work, requires the viewer to focus their eye and switch to the artists' view through the lens to examine the detailed landscape and witness changes over time that our whip-fast lives and fleeting attention miss. Rather than the abstraction of whakairo carved by those before them, we are plunged into a kind of hyperreality where the mauri of what is depicted engulfs us in a visceral way.

When Natalie and Nova traverse their genealogical waters capturing messages, they release them indoors with startling effect. As Māori questioned the reasoning of colonial settlers when they dug plants to pot and place inside, these artists bring the element of water in the gallery space in its momentous natural form rather than unquestioningly through the faucet. At scale, still or moving, we wonder at its grandeur and our relationship with it. We somehow become again what it is that we see.

Nova Paul recounts a whakataukī, a proverb, "Ko au te wai, ko te wai ko au. I am the water and the water is me." She is connected through awa tapu, the sacred river of life. Born of water, she acknowledges our kinship with it. In some iwi tellings of our origin, all life began with Hinewai, the element of water before the separation of the primordial parents Ranginui and Papatūānuku. Māori cosmogony articulates an interconnected relationship of all living things, and at the very heart of that interdependency, is water. Over half of our own adult body is made up of water. Water is the well of our

Ka puta atu te reo pūkare pēnei i o rāua tūpuna, ka whakamahia te kiriata, te whakāhua rānei kia pīhore i ngā apaapa o ngā hītori me ngā pūrākau i ngā pikitia ētahi wā i tautokohia e te ihi o te hou. E whakatōre ana te kōrero matua, ko tā rāua mahi, e pātai ana i te kaimātaki ki te arotahi i tōna karu kia huri atu ki te tirohanga o te ringatoi, kia titiro ki te horanuku, mātakitaki ai i ngā panoni, i mahuetia e te oranga hohoro me te tiro rarapa. Kare ko te tūrehurehu o te whakairo i whakairohia e ērā i mua i a rātou, ka tirikohu tātou ki roto i te tū āhuatanga ōkiko, ā ko te mauri o te mea kua whakaahuatia e tāmomi hōhonu ana i a tātou.

Ina whakawhiti a Natalie rāua ko Nova i o rāua wai whakapapa e hopu ana i ngā karere, ka tukuna atu ki roto i te whare hei hua ohorere. Ka patapataihia te Māori i ngā whakaaro o ngā tāngata whai koroniara i te wā i keri ai rātou i te otaota ki te kōhua kia tū ki roto whare, ka mauria mai e ēnei ringatoi te wai ki te wāhi whakaatu toi i roto i ona āhuatanga tūturu, ka pātai kore mō te kōrere wai kē. I te korahi, kei te marino kei te neke haere noa rānei, e mīharo ana tātou ki tōnā whakahirahira me tō tātou hononga ki a ia. E haere ana tātou anō ki tērā i kitea e tātou.

Ka kōrero mai a Nova Paul i te whakataukī, "Ko au te wai, ko te wai ko au." Ka honoa ia e te awa tapu, te awa tapu o te oranga. I whānau mai i te wai, ka tūtohunga ia tō tātou whanaungatanga ki te wai. I roto i ētahi o ngā kōrero ā-iwi mō tō tātou pūtaketanga, i tīmata te koiora i a Hinewai, te pūmotu o te wai i mua o te wehenga o Ranginui rāua ko Papatūānuku. Mā te mātai tuārangi a te Māori e whakātu te hononga o ngā mea ora katoa, ā, ko te ngako o taua hononga, ko te wai. Neke atu i te haurua o te tinana tangata ka hangaia ki te wai. Ko te wai te puna wai o te oranga.

1. Nova Paul, GAX 2020, conference presentation.

wellbeing. It is a regenerative puna that nurtures us and is necessary on a cellular level for our existence.

Natalie Robertson asks that we reflect upon wellness with her photograph *Puna Manawa Wai o Tikapa* (2018). The still spring speaks of abundance and its ability to nurture life, while also enabling a connection with the spiritual realm in its temporal and transitional depths. Pools like this one possibly witnessed the tohi rite at birth, a protection ceremony for warriors departing for battle, grief washed from the body, and during peaceful times, reconnection with Papatūānuku. Reproduced by way of her magnificent image, the spring is a site for me personally to seek guidance from its depths, wherever Lam.

Yet here we are, with the great moving arteries of Papatūānuku fed by her grieving lover, continually drained both above and below ground. Her toto, blood, harnessed as a resource for profit by mankind, continuing the colonial imperative to commodify the natural world. This very morning on 27 July 2020, iwi (Te Runanga o Ngāti Awa and Ngāti Tūwharetoa (Bay of Plenty) Settlements Trust) gather to fight decision makers in the highest court of this land, to protect the mauri of water as it is bottled in plastic and exported offshore. Our Indigenous Australian sisters on their arid lands must look across the Tasman to the great Whanganui river and wonder: how could a government that is progressive enough to pass a law that declared that "the river and all its physical and metaphysical elements as an indivisible, living whole, and henceforth possesses all the rights, powers, duties, and liabilities of a legal person,"2 three years later, act with such folly?

He puna whakaora e poipoi ana i a tātou, ā, e tika ana i runga i te kōeke pūtau hei oranga mō tātou.

Ka pātai mai a Natalie Robertson kia whaiwhakaaro tātou i te oranga me tāna whakaahua *Puna Manawa Wai o Tikapa* (2018). Ko te puna marino e kõrero ana mo te pūkahu me tõna kaha ki te poipoi i te oranga, kei āhei ana he hononga ki te ao wairua me tõna wā, tõna taupua hoki. Ko ngā puna pēnei i kitea pea i te tohi, te karakia whati, te whakanoa i te taupā, ā te wā o te rongomau te hononga anō ki a Papatūānuku. I whakaputahia e tāna whakaahua mīharo, ko te puna he wāhi māku kia whai tohu mai i tona hōhonu, ahakoa kei hea ahau.

Kei konei tātou me ngā uaua panuku o Papatuānuku, ka whangaia e tōna ipo taurangi, e whakamimiti tonu ana ki runga, ki raro i te whenua hoki. I hopua tōna toto hei rawa huamoni mō te tangata, e moroki ana i te whakahau koroniara kia tauhokohoko ngā rawa taiao. I tēnei ata tonu i te 27 o Hōngongoi 2020, ka huihui ngā iwi (Te Runanga o Ngāti Awa me Ngāti Tūwharetoa Settlements Trust) kia whawhai i ngā kaiwhakatau i te kōti matua o te whenua nei, kia tiaki ai i te mauri o te wai i te whakapounamu ana me te hokohoko ki tāwahi. Ō tātou tuahine taketake nō Ahitereiria e noho ana i runga i o rātou whenua maroke ka titiro pea tāpae i Te Tai-o-Rehua ki te awa nui o Whanganui me te whakaaro: ka taea pēhea te kāwanatanga e ahu whakamua ana ki te whakature e kī ana, "ko te awa me tana āhuatanga ōkiko, āhuatanga whakawairua hoki, inaianei ka riro te mana o te tangata,"² e toru tau i muri mai, ka mahi pērā anō?

Õ tātou wāhine toa, a Nova Paul rāua ko Natalie Robertson, ka whakahuahua atu mõ te wai. Kua whai whakaaro rāua ki **2.** Kennedy Warne, 'A Voice for Nature', *National Geographic*, April 2019.

Our wāhine toa, Nova Paul and Natalie Robertson, speak up for water. They have taken to heart the content of a report proposing changes to legislation that enable Māori interests and the recognition of Indigenous principles in the management of water.³ It is their visual voice and their power to wield the lens as art warriors that we need to also nurture. Through their work, these vital conversations bubble up to the mainstream surface where they can wash over so many more. The message needs to seep in deeply. Water must have

ngā kōrero o te pūrongo e kī ana kia whakarerekēngia ngā ture e āhei ai te hiahia a te Māori me te aro ki te rangatiratanga o ngā iwi taketake mō te wai.³ Me ahu hoki tātou i to rāua reo ataata, me tō rāua mana ki te mau i te arotahi hei toa mahi toi. Nā tō rāua mahi, ko ēnei kōrero whakahirahira ka pupū mai ki te mata auraki kia whekuwheku ai i te tini. Me whakahohonu te whakaaro. Ka tika kia tū te wai i tāna mana motuhake — Te Mana Motuhake o Te Wai.⁴

3. Lara Bernadette Taylor,
Andrew Fenemor, Roku Mihinui, Te Atarangi Sayers, Tina
Porou, Dan Hikuroa, Nichola
Harcourt, Paul White & Martin
O'Connor, 'Ngā Puna Aroha:
towards an indigenous-centred
freshwater allocation framework
for Aotearoa New Zealand',
Australasian Journal of Water
Resources, July 2020.

4. Ibid.

the right to be itself – Te Mana Motuhake o Te Wai.⁴



Xin Cheng, Kerry Ann Lee, and Anna Kazumi Stahl dialogue online between Aotearoa and Argentina to co-present at the GAX Aotearoa symposium.

Tidal Minds, Tidal Moves

Xin Cheng, Kerry Ann Lee & Anna Kazumi Stabl

Querido Primo,

Sorry it's been ages since we were in touch. I wanted to write, but it's been hard. The world is on fire and my heart is heavy with feelings that don't rest neatly as words should on paper. Tiempos nuevos, tiempos salvajes. What's stirring me up lately? Cruel and petty injustices, incivility, landscape amnesia, the Death Olympics, double speak... Fuck the flow. I like that you can ask me about this place, but I might not be able to give you a straight answer. Hey, what time is it where you are? It's late here, although I'm never sure sometimes, especially when it feels like living in a constant state of jetlag.

Yesterday, I was a printer's devil, deliberately trying to make time go slower by fussing over old tech – type, quads, spacers and thins, to compose magic words backwards at the studio. Ink kisses paper and says, Love isn't about what we did yesterday; it's about what we do today and tomorrow and the day after. If all goes well, you might receive one in the next care package. Activism comes in many forms. Those zines I bought off you in Hong Kong were good. Each one was unique, like the one that was written by the father to his young daughter about the 'million people parade'. You asked, 'Daddy, when will we finish walking?' I gave a copy to my friend who has kids and he loved it.

I don't know if this message will reach you. It sounds urgent and pretty rough where you are right now. Do you have to shut up shop? How can we keep going? I can't imagine censorship or redaction. Of course I fear it, but our nonsensical trust in slow channels could help us swim through messy possibilities. I still have old letters from you. It's admirable that we still try to connect online (although playlists aren't

the same as mixtapes. Remember those?). Once it's safe to crawl out from this wreckage and into a karaoke bar, I look forward to seeing you again one day, martini in hand, laughing about nothing, and if we're feeling brave, singing our favourite song just for fun.

-Kerry Ann Lee

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Anna Kazumi Stahl:

In honour of the 2020 Global Asia/Pacific Art Exchange (GAX) theme of Global Tides anchored in Aotearoa and incorporating touchpoints from many elsewheres simultaneously,

in honour of this collaborative movement of Global Asia/Pacific conversations across places, positions, and also time with 7 GAX encounters since 2012 realised in 11 sites, drawing participants to connect and focus on diasporic experiences in what has become a cyclical re-memoring (in Toni Morrison's conception) of resonant histories in disparate locations, and finally,

in honour too of the invitation to collaborate with artist-thinkers Kerry Ann Lee and Xin Cheng, speaking by way of a Zoomified abstraction of 9.5 thousand kilometres of connection between Aotearoa and where I am in Argentina,

in honour of all the above, I wish to echo Kamau Brathwaite from the Caribbean (another context of diaspora) – that space where Pacific and Atlantic touch and the histories of colonisation, enslavement, and exploited immigration pool

together, painfully present and evident, yet also slipping into silence, swirling under into forgetting with the sweeping progress of modernisation/globalisation going forward, forward only. Brathwaite rejected the West's privileging of linearly progressive dialectic thinking, i.e. "the way Western philosophy has assumed people's lives should be." Instead, he proposed a 'tide-alectics', which he said would effect "a fused geographic, cultural, climatic and political ecology of oceanic tidal motion, always rippled by cross-currents, swells, skipping stones."

The concept incorporates migrations, indigeneity, fluid inter-relational effects, creolisation, syncretism, postcoloniality. Suddenly, I am reminded that, from where I live, there is an unexpected echo. In Argentina too, Pacific and Atlantic oceans touch, converge in difference, flow across and through.

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Xin Cheng:

I started to follow dirty water in spring 2018 at Floating University Berlin where I spent a few weeks inside the rainwater basin by Tempelhof Airfield. At the exit point for the water, where they collected before a gate out to the canals, I noticed a changing surface of material assemblage – the confluence of water and wind and everything in-between: car exhaust, pollen, rust, algae... Remembering the process of making marbled paper, I took a piece of paper, and dropped it onto the surface, then carefully picked it up again from the edges. Surprisingly, the dirtiest, grimiest scum revealed the most intricate patterns. It's like, the dust, wind, water, tiny creatures are drawing.

Returning to Auckland in an exceptionally dry summer, I followed the water stories in my neighbourhood, Puketāpapa. News of vintage drainpipes, sewage mixed with stormwater to the homes of threatened fauna, boring of the longest wastewater tunnel in the country with German machines. Walking, climbing fences, developing a connoisseurship of scum. Returning, grabbing a long stalk of dried up fennel as an arm-extension, placing a piece of paper to encounter whatever happened to be there at that moment: microscopic landscapes of floating tallow, insects, sewage, grass-clippings, seeds...

Being with the off-limit creeks up-close, I saw giant pipes from the industrial zone nearby, but also ducks, pūkeko,



Image: Xin Cheng, Imprint from Te Auaunga/Oakley Creek, Keith Hay Park, Puketāpapa, Auckland, 20 June 2020.

1. Kamau Brathwaite, cited by Bronwyn Mills in 'A Personal Remembrance: Kamau Brathwaite,' *Tupelo Quarterly*, 14 March 2020. and even a kingfisher diving into the water. Below the water surface, koi carp, 'possums of the waterways', are swimming, along with native eels.

Indeed, we live amongst diverse, multi-species co-existences! The prints revealed a small corner of it.

"The Earth is a form of writing, a geography of which we had forgotten that we ourselves are the [co-]authors." ²

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Anna Kazumi Stahl:

In Barabajan Poems, Brathwaite wrote that his "culture is this shared collective xperience on a rock of coral limestone, half-way from Europe, half-way (?back) to Africa... seeing, it see/ms, with only one & outer eye of the plantation; while the other inner eye & world of art & dream&meaning was for too long a time ignored, eroded, submerged; treated not only as if it did not xist, but that it could not." In his *History of the Voice* (1984), Brathwaite rejected the imposition of the West's lens on cultural production and self-expression for non-Western identities: "A hurricane does not roar in pentameters. And that's the problem: how do you get a rhythm which approximates the natural experience, the environmental experience?" 4

This last quote strikes me as relevant to GAX's work. Like the splash that a water's surface delivers at the touch of a skipping stone, each GAX encounter has furthered a continuing conversation and accumulated emergences, emergent ideas and perspectives, re-memored histories and undercurrents, and has taken up possibly lost or discarded elements and done the work of recovery and acknowledgement. GAX is in itself tidal, always moving, yet always aware of place(s). In Brathwaite's formulation, the central figure is that of being anchored in a place that has multiple places within it, multiple historical moments. He described it in the Caribbean island context as

an old woman sweeping the sand from her yard early every morning, who is in fact performing a very important ritual which I couldn't fully understand but which I'm tirelessly tryin to... And then one morning I see her body silhouetting against the sparkling light

Image: Xin Cheng, Imprint from Te Auaunga/Oakley Creek, Keith Hay Park, Puketāpapa, Auckland, 19 June 2020.

- **2.** Georges Perec, *Species of Space and Other Pieces*, trans. John Sturrock, London and New York: Penguin, 1997. 79.
- **3.** Kamau Brathwaite, *Barabajan Poems*, 1492-1992. Jamaica: Savacou Publications, 1994. 20-21.
- 4. Kamau Brathwaite, History of the Voice: The Development of Nation Language in Anglophone Caribbean Poetry, London/Port of Spain: New Beacon, 1984. 9-10.

that hits the Caribbean at that early dawn and it seems as if her feet, which all along I thought were walking on the sand... were really... walking on the water... and she was travelling across that middlepass age, constantly coming from here she had come from – in her case Africa – to this spot in North Coast Jamaica where she now lives... [...] Like our grandmother's – our nanna's – action, like the movement of the ocean she's walking on, coming from one continent/continuum, touching another, and then receding ('reading') from the island(s) into the perhaps creative chaos of the(ir) future.⁵

This too seems relevant to past discussions in GAX that already delivered insights on/via archipelagic thinking, echoing Margot Machida, Thomas Looser, Francis Maravillas, but also citing Epeli Hauófa's key re-figuring of the Pacific Islands – not as a dotting of isolated islands flung out across a vast and empty body of water, but rather with the sea as home itself, one that is full and expertly known though that expertise may be ignored by the outsiders:

The world of our ancestors was a large sea full of places to explore, to make their homes in, to breed generations of seafarers like themselves. People raised in this environment were at home with the sea. They played in it as soon as they could walk steadily, they worked in it, they fought on it. They developed great skills for navigating their waters. ⁶

Xin Cheng:

Rubber tyres started to enter my lifeworld through the book *Participating in Nature by Thomas Elpel* (2009). I was into DIY and that book described how to make sandals from old tyres. I tried it in Auckland and discovered that my saws only got stuck while cutting the rubber, and no one around knew anything about working with tyres this way.

I went to Cambodia in 2013. In the Killing Fields, stepping over bones and decaying clothing of the people tortured and killed during the Khmer Rouge, I saw sandals made out of tyres. The audio guide said the Khmer Rouge was an agrarian revolution based on self-sufficiency. In the museum, I learnt that those tyre sandals were a part of the uniform everyone was forced to wear.

I was shocked. Up till then, I had believed that sustainability and resourcefulness were good principles which everyone should follow in this state of environmental crisis. Seeing those sandals, I realised, it is not simply what is done, nor the merits of the principles, but also how those principles are carried out — in relation with the particular people there, within its socio-cultural-political context. Those 'eco-designed' sandals, while elegant as 'design objects', were made and worn under inhumane conditions. How many other 'good designs' have untold stories of repression, blood and inequality behind them?

I returned to Phnom Pehn in 2014 to undertake an artist residency at Sa Sa Art Projects. Dara Kong found someone who still made tyre sandals. 'They are good for gardening, and last for ages,' the craftsman told us when we arrived. I asked him to make a pair and observed the process. There

- 5. Kamau Brathwaite with Nathaniel Mackey. Con VERSations with Nathaniel Mackey. New York: We Press, 1999. 32-34.
- 6. Epeli Hauófa, 'Our Sea of Islands', *The Contemporary Pacific*, vol. 6, no. 1, Spring 1994. 153. First published in *A New Oceania: Rediscovering Our Sea of Islands*, edited by Vijay Naidu, Eric Waddell, and Epeli Hau'ofa. Suva: School of Social and Economic Development, The University of the South Pacific, 1993.

were many 'Ah-ha!' moments: no need for a special saw, simply a knife and a plate of oil to lubricate the blade; a strip of hard plastic assisted pulling the straps into place. These were sophisticated craft skills, which few people in my lifeworld practiced.

Actually, that whole street was full of small workshops, making and selling all sorts of things from old tyres.

Other morphings of tyres appeared in my walks:

- ~~ As rubbish bins with woven lids (Angkor Wat, 2013).
- -- As fixed strips to prevent slipping on sloping footpaths (Seoul, 2013).
- -- As strengthening and repairing of a bamboo basket, bound with electrical wire (Phnom Penh, 2014).



- -- To elegantly extend the carrying capacity of a bicycle: two sticks and a strip of inner tube (Siem Reap, 2013).
- ~~ On a motorbike, tyres with the same thread pattern both propelling the vehicle in motion and cradling the gas cylinders it delivers (Taipei, 2015).

In Hamburg, I learnt about the relationship between rubber tyres, industrialisation and colonisation of the tropics; the flow of tyres in and out of the country; and how the roads are distributed networks of grinding machines for rubber dust, into the drains...

The rubber trail continues.

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Anna Kazumi Stahl:

GAX from 2012 to 2020 has had its own sea-of-islands manoeuvres, mobilising new perspectives on the diasporic experience and re-memorings of migratory, transplanted, grafted histories. An archipelagic mindset, pluri-present, with outer and inner eyes on the residual and the resilient.

Xin Cheng's and Kerry Ann Lee's work with alternative routes of circulations for zines and collective ways of making/sharing stories has reminded me of the cardboard collectors' publishing cooperative in Argentina. The idea came to poet Cucurto when he saw streams of carts piled high with flattened boxes, like rafts on a choppy concrete sea. Daily tidal movements in and out of the urban space of Buenos Aires: the cardboard collectors and their wheeling sing-song greetings slung across the streets, muddying the traffic, swooping and swelling with what was scrapped but then

Image: Screenshot from Rubber Trails (2014-2019), two-channel video by Jesús Pulpón, Federico Calvo Gutierrez, Xin Cheng. As part of the exhibition Auf den Spuren des Gummis / Following the Rubber Trails, Frappant Galerie, Hamburg, 2019. Some of the video here: https://vimeo.com/387570076 https://vimeo.com/389148425

becomes transformed. At Eloisa Cartonera, it becomes not pulp but text, and (re)circulates. Authors donated copyrights in a swirling expansion of specific choices to join in this alternative flow.

In this sense, or in these multiple senses precisely and tangibly, Kerry Ann Lee's and Xin Cheng's practices draw on what might otherwise have been overlooked and gone unread, unseen. In a respect for environment, for place, and also for those movements that are not dialectic but rather reiterative, sometimes pooling, sometimes flushing away. These dirty waters they know how to read, these backwaters they know to re-code. This is the kind of artist practice that is key to circulate.

_ _ _ _

Dear Cousin.

Thanks for your card: Joyful! Friends ... wherever you will be, good luck and happiness always accompany you. Elsewhere is a negative mirror: I'm trying to imagine where you are, and the cute stationery and careful handwriting tells me that you're at school getting good grades in a big city somewhere. Maybe drinking a bottle of Nongfu Spring (which doesn't exist by the way – I Google Mapped-it last time I was trying to escape Shanghai). There's a 5-hour time difference between us and I know that you're nowhere near the ocean.

Ask the sea a question, and the waves will pull the sand out from under your toes. Water is the reply. You asked me last time about the closest beach to me here, and I can tell you that it's cold, wet, windy and un-fun. I don't remember any pictures of us as kids taken at the beach that I could send



Image: A greeting card Kerry Ann's cousins sent to her from China when she was nine years old. 'Joyous Friends' was printed inside in English. Date unknown.



you either, sorry. I only have an old Ektachrome one found at the fleamarket of a random family (Australians?) poking around in the sand for who-knows-what. Not sure. Maybe radioactive waste if it wasn't 'Nuclear Free New Zealand'.

This backwater is illustrious and bittersweet. I remember counting barnacles in a rock pool on a field trip to the South Coast with the hole in the ozone layer directly above, sending a laser beam into the back of my little head. A long time ago, some homesick gold miners came to sift for a speck of hope on these inhospitable shores. Somewhat fresh off the boat himself, my dad fell in love, quit his job at the diner in Timaru, threw all his worldly possessions – his bookshelf full of books - into a tiny car and drove straight to Wellington. He still has a suitcase of letters somewhere. Envelopes hold inky secrets written by the village calligrapher, because he said that Grandma's writing was crap. I too have a stash of old letters, from friends in faraway places: No, I've never been to Death Valley. It's pretty far from here (like 2500 miles or so) but one day since you mention it, I'll go. Maybe we can go together with friends!

Dad asked me the other day, 'Are you still chasing your dreams?' To which I replied, 'Of course, and sometimes I make them real.'

-Kerry Ann Lee

Discovering the wonders of the Great Barrier Reef, N.Q. Produced by Murray Views, Gympie, Q., Australia from an original Ektachrome Transparency. Date unknown. Layne Waerea, Tuputau Lelaulu, and Lana Lopesi co-present at the GAX Aotearoa symposium as researchers in the Vā Moana group at AUT.

MAORI LANE

Layne Waerea



Date: 18 September 2012

Time: 10.35 p.m.

Instruction: To make a special lane for Māori

Duration: 2 hours, 13 minutes

Conditions: Cardboard stencil MAORI LANE, white chalk,

bus lane, s 4(1) Summary Offences Act 1981.

Description: One Sunday night, about 9 p.m., I spent just over two hours darting out into traffic to stencil, in white chalk, the words MAORI LANE in the bus lane on a central Auckland street. While seemingly creating a special and privileged lane for Māori, the plan was to open up and provoke discussion – with anyone passing by – on the issue of legal rights relating to the ownership of fresh water in Aotearoa New Zealand today.

Most of the time, I am a mature, Māori, female... non-practising lawyer, and lecturer in law. The rest of the time, I am an artist.

The intervention MAORI LANE considers how socio-legal performance might operate to question and critique social and legal norms that govern and give licence to a preferred social and commercial behaviour in the public realm.

Key to this intervention is how the Treaty of Waitangi (1840), as Aotearoa New Zealand's only living treaty with Māori, may continue to operate as a cultural/political force that contributes to the ongoing development of the socio-cultural fabric of this country. This intervention explores the contribution that contemporary socio-legal artistic performances can make to reveal the tension, inherent in the 1840 agreement between British colonisers and Māori, as continuing to affect the very foundations of law in Aotearoa New Zealand today – and in particular, how the legal and commercial frameworks

Ra: 18 o Mahuru 2012

Wa: 10.35 p.m.

Te Whakaako: Hangaia tētahi huarahi mō ngai māori

Rõanga: 2 hāora, 13 miniti

Heipūtanga: Tūhua pepamārō MAORI LANE, tioka mā, he ara pahi, s 4(1) Summary Offences Act 1981.

Whakaturanga: I tētahi Rātapu, āhua 9 karaka i te pō, kia rua hāora ka karokarohia ki waenga i ngā motokā ki te peita me te tioka mā i ngā kupu MAORI LANE i roto i te ara pahi i runga i tētahi rori o te tāone Tāmaki Makaurau. Ko te āhua nei kua whakawātea tētahi huarahi rangatira mō ngai Māori, ko te kaupapa o tēnei mahi kia whakakārangirangi tētahi kōrerorero, me te hunga e haerere noa ana mō te take o te mana ō te wai māori i Aotearoa ināianei.

Mō te nuinga o te wā he taipākeke ahau, he Māori, he wahine, ā he roia-tē-haratau, he kaiwhakaako roia hoki. I te toenga o te wā, he ringatoi ahau.

He mahi raweke a MAORI LANE e whaiwhakaaro ana ki te whakaari mana pāpori/mana ture, kia patapatai i nga ture-a-noho e whakahaere ana, e whakaae ana i te whanonga pāpori, whanonga arumoni i te mārakerake.

Hei te pūtake o tēnei mahi raweke ka pēhea te Tiriti o Waitangi (1840) – ko ia anake te tiriti mataora me ngai Māori – ka haere tonu hei tōpana ahurea/tōpana tōrangapū e whakapakari tonu ana i te tikanga-a-iwi/ture-a-iwi o te whenua nei. Ka whakatewhatewha te mahi raweke nei i te wāhanga ka homai e ngā whakaari o te tikanga-a-iwi/ture-a-iwi te whawhaki i te taukumekume i waenga i ngai tauiwi me ngai Māori i roto i te kirimana o 1840, kei te whakapā tonu mai i te tino pūtaketanga o te ture i Aotearoa i tēnei

Image: Layne Waerea, *MAORILANE*, 2011.

in Aotearoa are and can be used for sustainable management of our natural resources.

The language of 'ownership', and how it speaks to a commodity and coupled with exclusivity, are key elements that have framed this legal system's notion of individual ownership as a logical and preferred consequence. Ownership, as legally defined and enforced under an inherited legal system from the British, has been challenged by Māori for the last 160 years with regard to breaches by the Crown in relation to land, mountains, and bodies of water significant to Māori.

The last few Governments have failed to resolve legal rights relating to fresh water, and in particular, the legal position for Māori. By insisting no one person or persons can own water, they have failed to acknowledge the cultural and historical relevance of this resource to Māori, not just as taonga or treasure protected by the Treaty, but as an integral part of Te Ao Māori, or Māori worldview.

Ko au te awa, ko te awa ko au (I am the river, and the river is me).

This is a whakatauki from Whanganui iwi, a proverb acknowledging our environment as a living entity with its own stories and history.

In 2017, the NZ Government passed the Te Awa Tupua (Whanganui River Claims Settlement) Act 2017, new legislation that declared the Whanganui River to be a legal person.

For over a century-and-a-half, Whanganui iwi have fought for appropriate recognition and acknowledgement of their longstanding relationship with the Whanganui River. This wā tonu, ā hāngai rawa tonu ki te anga tikanga ā ture, tikanga hokohoko i Aotearoa ka whakahāngai kia toitū te kaitiakitanga o ngā rawa taiao.

Ko te reo o te rangatiratanga, e kõrero ana ki te mea hokohoko, täpiri atu ki te motuhaketanga, ko ērā ngā wāhanga o te tikanga ture e whakatīnana ana i te mana tangata hei tukunga iho tairangatia. Tērā rangatiratanga, me õna tikanga ā ture, ka whakauruhia i runga i te ture nõ Ingarangi, ka ākina e te Māori mõ ngā tau 160 neke atu e hāngai ana ki ngā wāwāhinga a te Karauna mõ te whenua, mõ ngā maunga, me ngā awa, ngā moana, ngā roto, ngā wai e hira ana ki te Māori.

Ko ngā kāwanatanga o ngā tau tata nei, kua kore whakatika i te mana motuhaketanga e pā ana ki te wai maori, me te tikanga ture pū mō te Māori. Kua kore tūtohunga tō rātou ki te hītori, ki ngā tikanga o te Māori ki tēnei rauemi, tua atu i te parahautanga o te Tiriti mō te taonga nō te ao Maori, nō roto ō ngā tikanga Māori, i tō rātou whakahē e kore rawa te tangata e whai rangatiratanga mō te wai.

Ko au te awa, ko te awa ko au (I am the river, and the river is me).

Nō te iwi o Whanganui te whakatauki nei, he whakatauki e tūtohu ana i te mataoratanga o te taiao, me ōna ake pakitara, me ōna ake hītori.

I te tau 2017 ka whakarewatia e te Kawanatanga o Niu Tireni i Te Ture o Te Awa Tupua (Te Whakatau o Nga Kereme o Te Awa o Whanganui), he ture hou ka whakapuaki i te awa hei tangata i raro i te ture.

negotiated settlement with the local iwi and the Crown established new governance structures and management arrangements to foster culturally sustainable practices centred in Te Ao Māori. For Whanganui iwi, the river is an ancestor, and the legislation a way of acknowledging their relationship with the river.

Action: I am standing on the footpath a couple of steps away from the road. I am wearing a light grey hooded jacket over a dark blue t-shirt, jeans, and a pair of old sneakers. I have an iPhone taped to my chest that is partially hidden by the hooded jacket. There are a few people around, heading up and down the street, or stopping for a bite to eat at one of the fast food restaurants close by. I am waiting for the traffic lights up the road to turn red and for there to be a break in the traffic coming down the street. When the road is clear on my side, I will dart out into the bus lane, assume a crouched position and continue stencilling in chalk the next letter. I remind myself to keep the camera pointed at the road and to continue checking for any oncoming traffic. My aim is to get at least one letter stencilled before the traffic lights change and I have to return to the footpath.

Using the BUS LANE sign painted on the road ahead as my guide, I work my way through each cardboard letter in MAORI. Taping each stencil to the ground with masking tape, I quickly fill in the blank cut-out with white chalk, rip it off, then return to my pile of letters and extra chalk. Sometimes I have to leave it fixed on the road as a bus approaches. What I don't anticipate is that some of the chalk doesn't settle and becomes smudged with every passing car or bus tyre. Maybe I can brush over it at the end? I have just finished the letter A in LANE, when a man

Mō te rautau rima tekau tau neke atu ka whawhai a Whanganui kia whakatika te tūtohunga ō tō rātou piringa ki te awa. Ko te whakataunga o te iwi me te Karauna i whakaturia te mana whakahaere kia manaaki i te tiakitanga o te taiao nō te ao Māori. Mō te iwi, ko te awa he tipuna, ā ko te ture he tūtohunga o tō ratou piringa ki te awa.

Hohenga: E tū ana ahau i te huarahi, tata nei ki te rori. Kei te mau i te paraka kiwikiwi me tōna potae, te ti-hati kahurangi pouri, tarau, me oku hū haratete. Kei ahau taku waea pūkoro, kua whakapiri ki taku poho. He ruarua noa iho ngā tāngata, hikoi ki runga, ki raro, tū ki ngā toa hoko kai kei te patata nei. E tātari ana ahau kia huri whero ngā rama, kia whati te rerenga motoka e tere haere mai. Ina wātea te rori ka kakama neke ahau ki te huarahi pahi, ka tūruru, ā, ka peita tonu i te reta ki te tioka. Ka mahara anō kia arotahi te kamera ki te rori, ā kia mataara hoki mō te motukā ka rere mai. Ko tāku ki te tuhi te reta kotahi i mua i te hurihanga o ngā rama me hoki anō ahau ki te huarahi hīkoi.

Mā te tohu MAORI LANE i peitatia ki te rori hei whakaaturanga ka peita ahau i ngā reta katoa o te kupu MAORI. Tāpiritia ia tauira-reta ki te rori me te teipa, ka tere whakakī ahau i ngā tāhua me te tioka mā, tihaea, whakahokia ki te puranga reta. I ētahi wā ka waihotia te tāhua e piri ana ki te rori i te rerenga mai o te pahi. Ko taku pōhehe he wāhanga o te tioka ka kore tau, ka ukuparatia me te rerenga mai o te wira motukā, te wira pahi rānei. Me tahitahi ahau i te otinga?

Ka oti rawa ahau i te reta A i te kupu LANE, ka tū tētahi tangata me tā pātai mai, he aha tāku? Ka mea mai a ia i te mātaki mai a ia i tērā pito o te rori, he mahira nōna. Ka mea atu ahau kei te hanga ahau i tētahi huarahi mō ngai Māori.

walking past stops to ask what I am doing. He says he has been watching from down the road and is curious. I tell him I am creating a special lane for Māori. He stays to chat and I decide to wait until he leaves before I resume stencilling, as I am feeling a bit self-conscious having an audience this close. I explain further that I am interested in the question of fresh water rights as they relate to the Treaty of Waitangi and how, as a nation, we might engage in discussion about future access and use of this resource. He tells me he is studying towards a business degree.

We notice a young man, possibly under the influence of alcohol, stagger past to sit on a chair on the footpath outside one of the restaurants. He doesn't appear to be interested in what I am doing, nor is he intent on buying any fast food. I can see he has his eye on a portable computer on the table next to his. A couple of staff members from the closest restaurant come out to check on him and, perhaps realising the two men are not going to give him the computer, the young man finally gets up and continues to weave his way up the street.

Not long after this, a police car arrives and parks directly over MAORI LA. I position my chest and camera at the road (and police car) in order to record this moment, at the same time, resisting a strong desire to quietly back away, out of sight. Holding my ground pays off; I realise it isn't me they are interested in. The police officers speak with the restaurant staff members, and then get back into their patrol car and head off in the same direction as the young man. Anxious to finish in case the police officers return, I say goodbye to my footpath companion and turn to collect the next letter for stencilling. With just two to go, I crouch down, tape the corners and quickly colour in the letters N and E before another vehicle arrives.

Noho mai me te kōrerorero mai a ia, ka tātari ahau kia wehe atu a ia i mua i te peitatanga anō, he māharahara noa tāku me te kaimātaki e tata ana. Ka whakamārama anō ahau me aku whakaaro mō te take o te mana rangatiratanga o te wai, me ngā take mō te Tiriti o Waitangi, ka pēhea tā Aotearoa mō te wā kei te haere mai me ngā tikanga o te kaitiakitanga o te rawa taiao. Nāna e mea mai kei te ako a ia i te tohu pakihi.

Ka kite māua i tētahi rangatahi, he paku haurangi pea, ka hīrori atu, kia noho ki runga turu i waho i tētahi o ngā toa kai. Kāore he paku whakaaro nōna ki taku e mahi nei, kāore hoki he paku whakaaro mo te hoko kai. He whakaaro nōna mō te rorohiko i te tēpu tātata ki a ia. He kaimahi tokorua nō tētahi o ngā toa hoko kai ka puta mai me te mātakitaki mai, ā he mōhio nōna kāore rāua e hoatu taua rorohiko ki a ia, ka tū te rangatahi nei ka hīrori tonu a ia i te rori.

Nā wai rā, ka tae mai he waka pirihimana, ka tau ki runga rawa i te MAORI LA. Ka huri aku kāmera ki te rori (ki te pirihimana hoki) ki te kapo tēnei wā. He ātetetanga nōku ki te neke whakamuri. Ka pai te tū, ehara ko ahau te mea i pirangihia e rāua. Ka patapatai ngā pirihimana ki ngā kaimahi o te toa hoko kai, ka kuhu ngā pirihimana i to rāua motukā ka whai atu i te rangatahi. He pīrangi kaha nōku kia tere te otinga o aku mahi, ka tikina te tāhua. He torutoru noa kei te toe, ka tūruru ahau, ka teipa ngā kokonga, tere rawa taku peita i te N me te E i mua i te taenga mai o tētahi motukā.

Regenerating Mau

Tuputau Lelaulu

The concept 'mau' has played a significant role in the development of Moana cultures. As a verb, it means to seize, overtake, obtain, and be steadfast. As a noun, it is your firm opinion. At its philosophical core, mau is the earth's production – your essence and the spirit of place.

Le Mau o Samoa was a non-violent movement that opposed colonial forces in Samoa from 1890–1930s. Ultimately, it led Samoa to gain its independence on 1 January 1962, the first Moana nation to do so. Fourteen years later, Mau Piailug, a Satawalese navigator, helped the Hokule'a sail from Hawai'i to Tahiti and influenced the revival of Indigenous Moana navigation.

Colonisation, racism, industrialisation, globalisation, and climate change are systemic and ecological catastrophes that have left Moana nations relying on foreign support for security, confidence, acceptance, and expression. The last two centuries have seen a rising tide of Moana leaders innovating solutions to counteract intergenerational traumas.

Maumoana is a spatial exploration of how the regeneration of mau can alleviate the systemic and environmental challenges facing Moana communities. The study attempts to connect Moana ecosystems to their mau by regenerating Indigenous worldviews and technologies to build more connected, resilient, and regenerative Moana ecologies. We apply this knowledge and understanding of our engagement with Moana communities to seek resolutions to their contextual challenges. Its potential and impact as a design process have been evident in Ihumaatao.

Te Ihu o Mataoho (Ihumaatao) is a cultural heritage landscape. The symbiotic relationship between humanity and regenerative ecologies are present in puuraakau, mooteatea, awa, maunga, moana, and taonga tuku iho. With over 20,000 years of geological history and 800 years of human history, Te Ihu o Mataoho plays a significant role in understanding Moana migration, and Maaori ecosystemic relationships.

In 2017, Auckland City Council and Heritage NZ approved Fletcher Building Limited's proposal for a 480-unit housing development over 36 hectares. The transnational corporation's proposition follows a century of injustices faced by the ahi kaa of Te Ihu o Mataoho. Some injustices include the land confiscation in 1863 by the Crown as punishment to ahi kaa's allegiance to the Maaori King; the pollution of their ocean through the introduction of Auckland's Waste Water treatment plant (pejoratively known as the Auckland shit ponds), and the unearthing of 87 tuupuna during the construction of Auckland Airport's second runway.

At 8:40 a.m., 23 July 2019, ahi kaa alongside SOUL ('Save Our Unique Landscape' is an ahi kaa led resistance group against the housing development) were forcibly evicted from their whenua. The eviction interrupted a three-year land reclamation by SOUL and demonstrated Fletcher's commitment to the destruction of tangible and intangible heritage. The displacement led to the mobilisation of tens of thousands of New Zealanders who stood in solidarity with ahi kaa of Te Ihu o Mataoho. The following months bound people of different cultural backgrounds through a common purpose: justice for Maaori; justice for indigenous Moana peoples.

During the campaign, Te Auaha Collective (a collective of design and planning activists) underwent a participatory and regenerative process with ahi kaa to create an alternative plan. Drawing upon puuraakau, tohu, Indigenous worldviews, and technologies, they were able to surface the mau of place and propose Te Ngaahere Whakaora.

Te Ngaahere Whakaora translates to 'the healing forest'. The healing speaks to the potential of reversing the intergenerational trauma faced by the whaanau of Te Ihu o Mataoho. The forest figuratively represents the ideas, aspirations, and visions of the whaanau for their whenua. The mau, in this case, is the nurturing capabilities of the ecology and providing a framework that fosters emerging kaitiaki to continue to seek justice for Maaori, and Indigenous Moana people.

Remembering mau today aims to bring forth Indigenous Moana knowledge and build more connected, resilient, and regenerative communities. Moana cultures are the most vulnerable in the face of systemic and ecological catastrophes. By returning to our Indigenous ways of being, to our mau, we can create solutions that bring healing, justice, and peace.

Mauri ora.

I Find Myself in an Entanglement / Ka kitea au e au anō i tētahi powhiwhi

Lana Lopesi

'How do we get to know each other again?' is a question that has clouded almost every project I've worked on over the past few years.

'How do we get to know each other again?' assumes that we once did know each other, that we once did share something, and that now we don't. Or at least, not in the same way. It acknowledges a rupture, a rift and a mending, a reconnection.

It acknowledges these global worlds and our local places within them.

Tagata o le Moana: people of the ocean separated by false divides, relationships mediated by imaginary lines of the Papālagi, the European cartographer, and clouded by the English language.

Legislation, which stripped people of land. Legislation, which brought us here. Tangata Tiriti. People of the Treaty.

When Jada Pinkett-Smith took herself to the red table, and was joined by her husband Will Smith, her hand had been forced – forced by media headlines about her and Will having an open relationship, and one of Jada's partners being August Alsina. What remains is not the conversation about relations, but the word she used to describe it: entanglement.

In quantum physics, an entanglement happens when two particles become inextricably linked and whatever happens to one immediately impacts the other.

Like a couple dancing.

Like two ends of the same relationship.

Like two ends of vā relations.

'Ka pēhea te whaimohio anō tātou i a tātou?' he pātai e tāiri ana i te nuinga o ngā hinonga i mahia e au i ngā tau ki mua.

'Ka pēhea te whaimohio anō tātou i a tatou?' i ngā wā i mua ka mohio tātou i a tātou, i tētahi wā he whakawhanaungatanga e tu ana ki waenganui i a tātou, engari kāhore i tū tonu. Engari pea, ehara i te orite te hononga, he tūtohunga o te tauwehe o te tapitapi, o te tūhononga mai anō.

He tūtohunga i ēnei ao whānui me ō tatou wāhi i roto.

Tangata o te Moana: ngā tāngata o te moana kua kōwaetia i ngā wehewehenga rūkahu, ngā whanaungatanga i ngā rārangi pohewa o te pākeha, te kairūri mapi pākeha, e tāiria ana e te reo pākeha.

Te ture, ka horea te tangata i te whenua. Te ture, ka mauria mai tātou ki kōnei. Tāngata Tīriti. Ngā tāngata o te Tīriti.

Ina haere a Jada Pinkett-Smith ki te Tēpū Whero, rāuatahi me tōna hoa rangatira, a Will Smith, kua uruhia ona ringa – kua uruhia e ngā ūpoko pāpāho e pā ana tōna tā rāua marena tūwhera, ā ko August Alsina tētahi ō ngā tau a Jada. Ko te toenga ehara i te kōrero e pā ana te whanaungatanga engari ko te kupu i whakaahua ai a ia: he pōwhiwhi.

I te mātai ahupūngao koroiti, ka tū tētahi pōwhiwhi ina hono rawa ngā korakora e rua, he pāpono ka pā nei ki tētahi ka pā anō ki tērā atu.

Kia rite ki te takirua e kanikani ana. Kia rite ki ngā pito e rua o te whanaungatanga. Kia rite ki ngā pito e rua o ngā hononga wā. "We didn't come to hongi Māori," wrote Sefita Hao'uli in a 1996 issue of *Mana* magazine. There is a rupture in the vā.

Kānaka Maoli refer to family as 'ohana. 'Oha is the taro corn grown from the older roots, especially from the stalk, and is figurative for offspring and offshoots. Na makes it plural. J. Kēhaulani Kauanai suggests that these offshoots symbolise off-islanders, and their diasporic subjectivity. "'Oha can be (trans)planted and become new 'parent' shoots, which is one way distinct new varieties of taro have come about." For Vicente M. Diaz and J. Kēhaulani Kauanai, "transplanting also marks the possibilities in taking root and growing in a different soil while continuing to maintain an originary location and emphasizing indigeneity as a central form of identification."

The familiarity has nothing to do with the plants themselves, but more to do with this history of being uprooted and re-rooted in new environments – to 'become' of that place, to have kinship between people and land.

Plants uprooted and re-rooted, or transplanted to just 'become', offers a way to understand global Pacific people – those who did not migrate themselves, but rather were transported by a migratory generation and re-rooted to be born of another place, of somewhere else.

People finding themselves entangled.

Pacific Islanders for Ihumātao. Pacific Islanders for Black lives.

Within this relational geography, the vā moana, how do we be in relation to each other?

"Kahore mātou i haere mai kia hongi i ngai Māori," i tuhi a Sefita Hao'uli i roto i tētahi perehitanga o te maheni *Mana* nā 1996. Kua wāhia te vā.

Ko ngã Kānaka Maoli e ki ana te kupu 'ohana (kohanga i te reo Māori pea) mō te whānau. Ko te 'Oha ko te taro tupua mai i ngã pūtake matua, mai i te kaka; he whakaahua hoki mō ngã uri me ngã reanga. Nā te Na (Ngā) ka hangaia hei tohu o te tini. Hei tā J. Kēhaulani Kauanai ko ēnei rerenga e whakaahua ana i te hunga rāwaho me ō rātou wheako o te tūhanga pīwawa. "'Oha can be (trans)planted and become new 'parent' shoots, which is one way distinct new varieties of taro have come about." Mō Vicente M. Diaz rāua ko J. Kēhaulani Kauanai, "transplanting also marks the possibilities in taking root and growing in a different soil while continuing to maintain an originary location and emphasizing indigeneity as a central form of identification." ²

Ehara i te umanga i te mea nō ngā rākau anō, engari nō tenei hītori nā te hauhakea me te huarangatia ki ngā whaitua hou – ki a tangata whenuatia i taua wāhi, ki a whai whakawhanaungatanga ki waenga te hunga me te whenua.

Ngā tipu i hauhakea i kōtiria, i huarangatia rānei kia maea, ka hōmai tētahi huarahi kia mārama ai te tangata Moana o te ao whānui – ko te hunga kīhai i heke, i kawea kē rātou e tētahi reanga whakahekenga me huaranga ki a whānau mai i tetahi wāhi kē.

Te iwi e kitea i a ia ano ka powhiwhia.

Tāngata Moana mō Ihumātao. Tāngata Moana mō te hunga Kirimangu

- 1. Vicente M. Diaz and J. Kēhaulani Kauanui, 'Native Pacific Cultural Studies on the Edge', *The Contemporary Pacific*, vol. 13, no. 2, Fall 2001. Special Issue: Native Pacific Cultural Studies on the Edge. 320.
- **2.** Ibid.

I find myself in an entanglement. How do we be good relations?

Mau: to seize, to obtain, and to be steadfast. Mau: your essence, my essence of place.

How do I regenerate my mau when, in essence, I'm in your place?
My roots are entangled with yours.
I bury my blood in your whenua.
My fanua in yours.

How do we get to know each other again? is a conceptual framework that enables me to mine resources and infrastructure so that I can work with my mates. Pull capital from places that profit from my cultural capital. The question offers a tidy conceptual framework that intellectualises our reality, vā-relations that we know to already be, work that's already happening.

How do we get to know each other again? Tängata Whenua, Tagata o le Moana, Tängata Tiriti. I find myself in an entanglement. I roto i tēnei takotōranga papa whakawhanaunga, te wā moana, ka whakawhanaunga pēhea tātou i a tātou?

Ka kitea au e au anō i roto i tētahi powhiwhinga. Ka pēhea tātou e noho hei whanaunga pai?

Kia mau: kia hopuhopu, kia whiwhi, kia manawa rahi hoki. Kia mau: ko tō mauri, ko tōku iho ā wāhi.

Ka pēhea te whakatupu mai i tōku mauri, mēnā kei runga ahau i tōu wā kainga? Ko ōku akaaka e powhiwhi ana ki ōu. Ka tanumia tōku toto ki roto i tōu whenua. Ko tōku fanua (ewe) i roto i tōu whenua.

Ka pēhea te whaimohio anō, tātou i a tātou? he pou tarāwaho ariā ka whakakaha i ahau ki te maina i ngā rauemi me te hanganga kia mahi tahi au me ōku hoa. Tangohia te moni tōpū mai i ngā wāhi e whai hua mai i tōku ahurea tōpū. Ka hoatu tēnei pātai i tētahi pou tarāwaho ariā hei whakamātauranga i tō tātou pono, te whanaungatanga e mohio anō ana tātou, he mahi e haere ai.

Ka pēhea te whaimohio anō, tātou i a tātou? Tāngata whenua, Tāngata o te Moana, Tāngata Tīriti. Ka kitea au e au anō i roto i tētahi powhiwhi.



Fack Gray leads a Movement Interlude at the GAX Aotearoa symposium and Annie Fael Kwan responds.

-- Listen to audio recording here --

Our Ancestral Bodies: A Movement Interlude

Jack Gray

Kia ora, thank you so much for this opportunity to share and to express across oceans. I want to acknowledge the time I spent in Lenapehoking and Manhattan, and especially at Asian/Pacific/American Institute at NYU – an exceptional place to me and a remarkable space and time in my ongoing development and relationship towards being in connection and solidarity with Indigenous peoples around the world.

I'm delighted to be home in Aotearoa, in my place, and my home city.



Ko Hikurangi te maunga

Ko Waiapu te awa

Ko Horouta te waka

Ko Tuatini te marae

Ko Ngati Porou te iwi

Ko Tarakeha te maunga

Ko Moetangi te awa

Ko Mamari te waka

Ko Matihetihe te marae

Ko Te Rarawa te iwi

I want to give everyone cheers, so if you have some water or liquid, please put that ocean into yourself. Mauri ora!

Our friend Numa has been giving us this beautiful kava, and we've been doing this fantastic ceremony off camera. There's a whole party going off over here, can I get some noise? Let's have a look! Yayah.

I was thinking about how I get to do what I do. I'm a facilitator and a mover, and I believe that we call this movement, interlude. What is an interlude? And what am I supposed to be doing? An interlude is in between something else, which I think is a perfect place to be.

I want to acknowledge the potentiality, which we understand in Te Ao Maori as Te Kore, Te Po, ki te Ao Marama. The idea of the core potentiality of darkness.

Can we turn the lights off please? And maybe if you have lights on in your home, you might want to turn them off as well. And then we can all be in some modulated different

Image: Chalk – acknowledging our ancestors' journeys and pathways through mark making, from *Speaking Surfaces Creative Wānanga*, St Paul St Gallery, 2020.

layers in space and time.

I love to create a mood, obviously, and I think it's important because I am thinking about how we can transition and resist the energy around us. It's about contemplating, reflecting, and going back into Self at this very moment.

I also want to acknowledge Adriel and even the folks who were a part of Te Whainga, and Kerry, kia ora, so great to see you. And so many collaborators in this sort of ocean of connectivity and relationship.

In the couple minutes that we have to share, I'd like to honour the overarching quality of Ranginui and Papatuanuku, so if you can put your turangawaewae into the whenua, into Papatuanuku, then please stand. If you're sitting and you're happy to do that, kei te pai. I'm going to take off my shoes. I also realised that I didn't have many shoes today; I'm usually barefoot running around my studio.

I like to tell people to lift their toes, and what that does is to push the foot firmly into the whenua. And the whenua is the earth, the land. It's also ideas around the birthing place, the womb interior. I love these ideas about how we can think of Papatuanuku. When I lift my toes, it's almost like a way of greeting her before I place them down.

Let's take a breath in with the nose, hongi. And puha.

One of the things that become clear is that in the living realm which we are in, we are connected to our feet, skeleton, through our bones, all the way up. Let's take a little moment to mihi to our skeleton, our body, and the way we do that is to draw



Image: Grass and Dance – moving to honour the hidden taniwha, guardian spirit Horotiu at Myers Park, from *Speaking Surfaces Creative Wānanga*, St Paul St Gallery, 2020.

Image: Water and Chalk – tracing edge of former foreshore on Beach Road, Auckland City, from *Speaking Surfaces Creative Wānanga*, St Paul St Gallery, 2020.





your attention inside yourself, and then you're connecting to imagining your bones, imagine your iwi. In our reo, we call iwi the bones, and the iwi is also the tribe. I love this idea when you think about the skeleton; it's like the formations of density and malleability that become our relationships and connections to our whanau, our family.

You're now going to imagine paying some attention to the internal. You may have seen bones before, you may not have noticed, but you might have felt them, you might have

broken them. There are so many things that our bodies hold as stories, and every person's story is individual. We've got our beautiful hip and the bowl of the groin, so that encapsulates around there. Often we have a lot of tightness around those areas and in those connections. A lot of times, we're sitting in chairs that bring us into shortening of the muscles. In various cultures, we're used to sitting close to the whenua. Maybe in the next couple of days, when you think about it, instead of sitting down at your chair, you might want to sit cross-legged on the floor with a little cushion underneath and bring yourself closer to Papatuanuku. It's very grounding at this point.

I'm going to ask people to bend your knees, and one of the things I love about bending my knees is that you engage your tailbone, the spine that runs up the length of your back, the rib cage that reaches around and holds your manawa. Your manawa is your central heart. I love this idea that often when dealing with trauma and all the things that are coming at us and all the unknown things that are coming at us, we can probably shift that by thinking about the unlimited core that we have. It's encapsulated and housed much like a whare, like a fale, like various other things that we understand our ancestral bodies to be within.

And now I want you to rise slowly, and the reason for that is because that was getting quite hard. We're going to put our hands on our shoulders, and we're going to lift the shoulders and drop the shoulders. And then take a little elbow circle backward, and elbow circle the other way. I can feel all these academics going, 'oh my god, why do I have to do this.'

And now we're just going to reach the tendrils of our fingers

Image: Water and Dyes – walking the ancient tributaries of Waihorotiu, running underground in Auckland City, from *Speaking Surfaces Creative Wānanga*, St Paul St Gallery, 2020.

nice and wide and making space, opening up that chest area. And then we're going to turn the palms down, ki runga. And turn them up.

We're going to lift our hands towards Ranginui and have a natural stretch down the armpits, down the sides of the body, all the way down past the legs. And then you're going to twinkle your whetu. Your fingers are going to be the stars in this beautiful sky.

And I want you to rise, bringing your weight onto your toes slowly. And bring it down. Rain those hands down over your face, down on your body, bending down, touch the floor, slowly roll up the spine, the head is last. Hongi. And puha. Hongi. And Exhale. Now shake. I love shaking hands. And that's the end! Mauri Ora!



Image: Dance and Light – Dancer weaving patterns in space in exposed moments, from *Speaking Surfaces Creative Wānanga*, St Paul St Gallery, 2020.

And we breathe: a response to Jack Gray's 'Our Ancestral Bodies: A Movement Interlude'

Annie Jael Kwan

we, ocean

Breaks, ruptures and wounds cry for the distance between then and now this side and over there divide and chasm of which are many so many too many traumas, scars mapping histories intersected of annexed lands stolen, fallen bodies an unwavering hand unflinching gaze aches with stained effort

With work done and yet to do a movement interlude draws within a deep sup of breath of water the ocean in me remembers before the word and the light our heady, living mix flows and ebbs crests and falls stirring, swirling spelling time and space

air and water grounding earth to bend bone reaching shore to shore to sky to stars

Our collective body a shared heartspace broad embrace that holds all nothing forgotten none too small The first day of GAX 2020's Global Tides seminar programme was densely packed with artistic and critical presentations that explored political and social upsurges, historical economic and cultural flows, and the problematic eddies and stagnations in the systems and language that have emerged. Jack Gray's movement facilitation of the 'interlude' nestled between the run of events.

It was an unusual and joyous honour to attend to this practice. The recess in a programme is usually taken for granted or ignored, viewed as an intermission for comfort breaks, distractions, and to quickly attend to other pressing matters. The invitation to pay attention to the interlude thus asks for a rotation from where we have been accustomed to place attention, and to reconsider what embodied forms of care might be utilised in curatorial programming and the pedagogic space. This re-positioning was extended by Gray's direction for the lights to be dimmed, and the invitation for all present to drink a glass of water, thus shifting our focus away from the visual plane to explore our bodily sensitivities, and to tune into "the potentiality of darkness" to create "a modulated different layer of space and time." 1

I began this text with a poetic response titled 'we, ocean' that expressed my affective response. The literal and symbolic allusions to water and air were continually referenced as Gray guided us through a series of movements familiar to Indigenous and yogic traditions, extending via the digital network to create "oceans of connectivity and relationships." ² The choreography performed in unison was a collective ritual of remembrance, recognition, and revitalisation – conscious breathing, grounding bare feet to earth ('the birthing place'), stretching up and outwards, and then forward-folding the

body in salutation; recalling our ancestral biology and lineages, locating our places in the flows of history, and stirring our capacity for joint action and emotion. The restful interlude allowed a corporeal digestion of intellectual and creative input from the programme, and it empowered a nourished collective embodiment of moving in solidarity.

1. Jack Gray, Our Ancestral Bodies: A Movement Interlude, GAX 2020.

2. Ibid.



Sia Figiel and Jane Chang Mi co-present their creative works at the GAX Aotearoa symposium.

Wounded Moon / Masina Gasetoto / Marama tū kaiākiri

Sia Figiel

Wounded Moon

Tonight, the fires of revolution continue to burn across cities on the asphalt where the blood of another black man; George Floyd is freshly caked under a wounded Moon

Grieving stars fall into the mouths of ordinary wo(men) whose demands for justice are met by a deaf -toned president shame lessly holding up a bible before a church after calling governors weak jerks who must dominate with aggression and violence spurring the virus of hate across a nation where the colored and the other are moving targets asphyxiated under history's brutal boots -to serve and protect

And the wounded Moon looks down from the heavens Her sorrow an imprint on the rage and the fury and the tears and the cries ascending above the tear gas above the sirens

End! This! Now!

Masina Gasetoto

I le po nei, o lo'o sasao pea afi o fouvalega i le tele o 'a'ai i luga o auala tā o lo'o to'a ai le toto masa'a o se isi fo'i tama uli, o George Floyd i lalo ifo o le Masina gasetoto.

O fetu faavauvau ua na'o le to'ulu I totonu o fofoga o tama'ita'I ma ali'i ma o latou mana'oga mo le faamasinoga tonu ae faafetaia'i e se Peresitene faataligatuli toe leai se maasiasi e umia ai le Tusi Pa'ia i luma o se falesā ina ua faato'a uma ona ia tuua'ia le vaivai o kovana sa tatau ona tutūmalosi
e faafetaui le au solotete'e
i le sauā
ua na'o pua'iga o le siama o le feitaga'i
i le atunu'u atoa
i tagata lanu ma isi
ua pei o ni matātogi feoa'I
e titina e le talafaasolopito o se'evae sauā
- e 'au'auna ma malu puipui.

A'o pupula ifo si Masina gasetoto mai lagi sautuafia
O lona faanoanoaga ua avea ma se mata'itusi i luga o le fefe ma le mata'u ma loifofoga ma le tagiauē ua a'e i luga atu o kasa loimata ma sailigi.

Faauma! Nei! Loa!

Marama tū kaiākiri

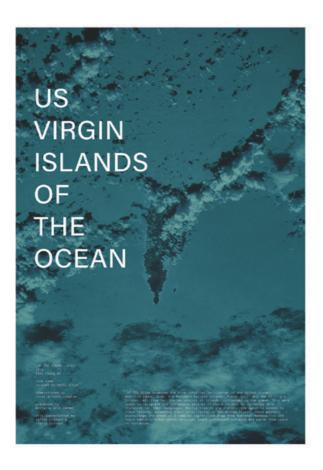
I tēnei po kei te pāhunu tonu ngā ahi o te whananga puta noa i ngā tāone nui i runga i te tā kei whea te toto o tētahi atu he tangata pango George Floyd e pania hōu i raro atu i he marama tū kaiākiri. Ka taka ngā whetū pōuri ki ngā waha o ngā wāhine noa ki te tonotono mō te tika ka tūtakitia ki he perehitini pōturi i kāore whakama e pupuri ana i te Paipera i mua o te whare karakia i muri i he karanga mō ngā kāwana he koretake ngoikore ko wai me ka whakaawetia ki te ririhau me te taikaha ka kipakipa i te huaketo o te mauāhara puta noa he iwi kei whea ngā tāngata kara me te tētahi atu kei te neke haere i ngā pironga i raro i ngā putu whakawiri o hītori — kia whakapapa me kia tiaki.

Me ka titiro kei raro te marama tū kaiākiri i te rangi. Ko tānā pōuri he hāraunga ki te riri me te nguha me ngā roimata me ngā tangi ka piki ake i runga ake i te korohū roimata i runga ake i ngā whakapū.

Kati! Tēnei! Inājane!

_OF THE OCEAN

Jane Chang Mi



US Virgin Islands – USVI VIRGIN ISLANDS OF THE OCEAN

_OF THE OCEAN examines the five inhabited territories of the United States: American Samoa, Guam, the Mariana Islands, Puerto Rico, and the US Virgin Islands. All five territories consist of islands, surrounded by the ocean. This work seeks to recognize the indigenous peoples of these locales by including this statement in their languages. Moving towards a plurality, the ocean is common to these islands, exceeding their colonization by the United States. These posters acknowledge the ocean as a complex region, and draw from NASA (National Aeronautics and Space Administration) missions where astronauts surveyed the earth from space in isolation.

Image: Jane Chang Mi, Virgin Islands of the Ocean, 2020.



Guam – Gu åhan GUÅHAN G IN EN I TASI

_GINEN I TASI ha e'eksamina i singko na tiruturiat-ña as Amerika: Amerika Samoa, Låguas yan Gåni(Guåhan, yan i Sankattan siha na Islas Marianas), Puerto Rico, yan i US Virgin Island siha. Man isla todu ha' i tirituriat siha as Amerika; i tasi na'chetton eyu siha na islas ya ha na'là'la' un dangkolo' na kommunidat Tåsi. Este na sinangan yan este na cho'cho' ma usa i fino'-ñiha i taotao tåno', para respeta i manaotao tåno' siha ginen este siha na lugat. Mesgnon-ña i mañilong-ñiha i kommunidat Tåsi, kinu i minetgot-ña i Gilagu. Ini siha na poster ma rekoknisa i tasi ha na'chetton todu i meggai na taotao, mananiti', yan todu i lina'la' i tasi, ya ma usa lokkue i tiningo' NASA annai ma estudia i tano' ginen i langet.

Image: Jane Chang Mi, *Guam*, 2020. Contributors: Mariquita 'Micki' Davis & Travis Wells.



Puerto Rico PUERTO RICO DEL OCÉANO

_DEL OCÉANO investiga los cinco territorios habitados de los Estados Unidos: la Samoa Americana, Guam, las Islas Marianas. Puerto Rico, y las Islas Vírgenes. Estos cinco territorios consisten de islas, rodeadas por el océano. Esta obra busca reconocer las personas indígenas de estas tierras al incluir esta declaración en sus propios idiomas. Moviéndose a una pluralidad, estas islas tienen el océano como un común, más que la colonización bajo los Estados Unidos. Estos carteles reconocen el océano como una región compleja a través de imágenes tomadas por la Agencia Espacial Norteamericana (NASA) durante misiones espaciales en las que estudiaron la tierra desde su aislamiento.

Image: Jane Chang Mi, *Puerto Rico*, 2020. Contributors: Katie Basco, Rafael Soldi, & Ulrik López.

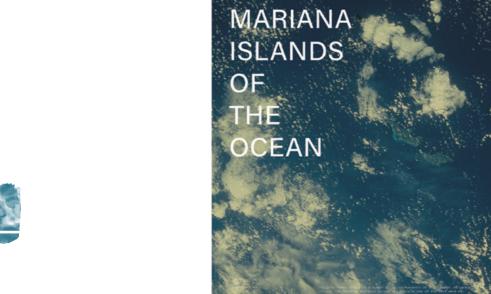


Samoa – Amerika Sāmoa AMERIKA S MOA O LE VASA

_OLE VASA e iloiloina teritori ainā e lima o le Iunaite Setete o Amerika: o Amerika Sāmoa, Guam, le Atu Mariana, Puerto Rico, ma le US Virgin Islands. E tofu teritori uma e lima ma atumotu, ma 'e si'omia uma i latou e le vasa. O le faamoemoe o lenei galuega o le faalauiloa lea o ulua'i tagatanu'u o nei nofoaga, e ala i le faaopoopoina o lenei faamatalaga i a latou gagana. I se vaaiga faa-aotelega e faapea, o le vasa e laugatasia ai nei atumotu, e silisopo atu nai lo pulega faakolone a le Iunaite Setete. O nei faasalalauga e faalauiloa ai le vasa o se vaega lavelave, ma e maua lea talitonuga i misiona a le National Aeronautics ma le Space Administration (NASA) na fua mata'ituina ai le lalolagi e aseteronate po'o Saienitisi o le Vateatea mai se pito tu'ufua o le Vateatea.

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Image: Jane Chang Mi, American Samoa, 2020. Contributors: Cameron Ah Loo-Matamua, Joseph Swanney, & Sia Figiel.



NORTHERN

## Commonwealth of the Northern Mariana Islands - Commonwealth Téél Falúw kka Efáng Ilól Marianas

\*Despite connecting with a number of native speakers of Refaluwasch, including through the Marianas Visitors Authority, translations of the text were not completed. Rather than ignore this difficulty. I seek to acknowledge it here to illustrate the barriers of utilizing indigenous languages in the United States.

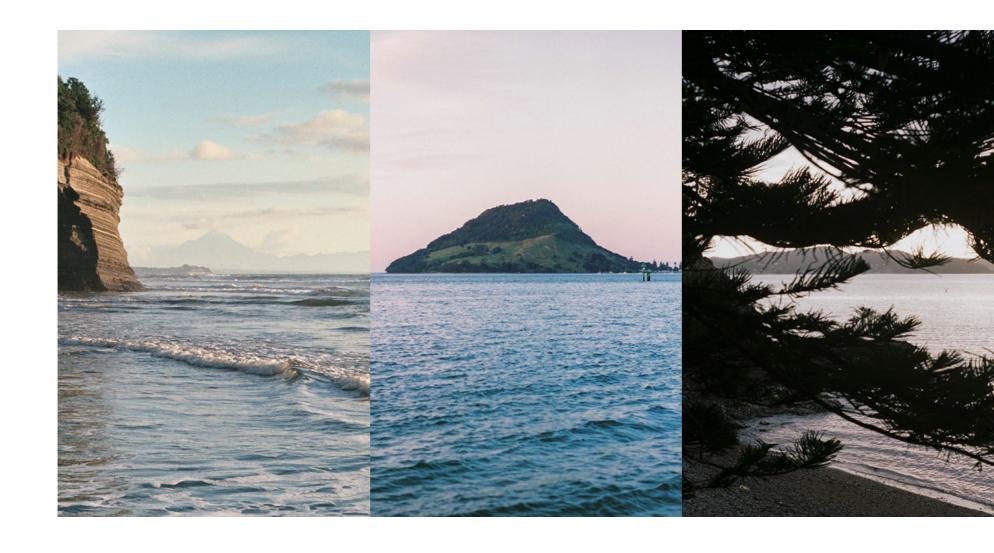
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**Image:** Jane Chang Mi, Northern Mariana Islands of the Ocean, 2020. Emily Parr and Arielle Walker present their collaborative artwork 'Whatuora' at the GAX Aotearoa symposium and Faith Wilson responds.

Whatuora & the Memory of Water

Arielle Walker & Emily Parr





#### Our waters

#### Arielle

When we ask 'ko wai koe?' we are not only asking 'who are you?' but 'whose waters do you come from?'

#### **Emily**

So, ko wai māua? Who are we? Whose waters do we come from?

#### Arielle

Ko Taranaki te maunga Ko Taranaki, ko Ngāruahine, ko Ngāpuhi ōku iwi He uri anō hoki au nō Shetland, nō Alba, nō Éire, nō England, nō Hūraitanga Ko Arielle tōku ingoa

### **Emily**

Ko Te Awanui te moana Ko Mātaatua te waka Ko Ngāi te Rangi te iwi Ko Ngāi Tukairangi te hapū Ko Hungahungatoroa te marae Ko Emily tōku ingoa

Ko Mauao te maunga

My ancestors have traversed Te Moananui-a-Kiwa since ancient times. Before colonisation, my tīpuna lived at Ōtūmoetai Pā, place of the sleeping tides, in Tauranga Moana. Across these tides is our maunga, and beyond him, Te Moananui-a-Kiwa – the ocean connecting Aotearoa to my ancestral villages of Lotofaga in the Sāmoan Islands, and Kolomotu'a in the Kingdom of Tonga.

#### Ō Tātou Wai

#### Arielle

Ina patai, "ko wai koe?" ehara i te pātai ko taua patai anake engari "Ka ahu mai koe i ngā wai o wai?"

### **Emily**

Heoi, ko wai māua? Ko wai māua? Nō ngā wai o wai i puta mai māua?

#### Arielle

Ko Taranaki te maunga Ko Taranaki, ko Ngāruahine, ko Ngāpuhi ōku iwi He uri anō hoki au nō Shetland, nō Alba, nō Éire, nō England, nō Hūraitanga Ko Arielle tōku ingoa

### **Emily**

Ko Mauao te maunga Ko Te Awanui te moana Ko Mātaatua te waka Ko Ngāi te Rangi te iwi Ko Ngāi Tukairangi te hapū Ko Hungahungatoroa te marae Ko Emily tōku ingoa

Ko ōku tupuna i whakawhiti i Te Moananui-a-Kiwa i ngā wā onamata. I mua ake i te koroniara, i noho ōku tīpuna ki te Pā o Ōtūmoetai, te wahi e moe ana nga tai, ki Tauranga Moana. Tāwhiti atu i ēnei tai ko tō mātou maunga, i tua atu, ko Te Moananui-a-Kiwa – te moana e tūhono ana i a Aotearoa ki ōku papakāinga ko Lotofaga ki Hāmoa, me Kolomotu'a ki te kingitanga o Tonga.

**Images:** Emily Parr, *Kororāreķa*, 2020. 35mm photograph.

Arielle Walker, *Taranaki*, 2019. 35mm photograph.

Emily Parr, *Tauranga Moana*, 2019. 35mm photograph.

#### Arielle

We are both descendants of settler-Indigenous relationships, the daughters of many peoples who left their homelands by choice or by force – many who in turn became cogs in the colonial machine, settling other peoples' stolen homelands. Whether it was one thousand years, one hundred, or only fifty years ago, it was the sea that first brought every one of my tūpuna, my ancestors, here to Aotearoa.

I am still learning the names of their other waters, the rivers and coasts that held them before and after arrival: Oakura, Waingongoro, Waima; the Shannon, the Tay, and the Uisge For; Weisdale Voe and Whiteness Voe; the Umber and the Oder. Among those I descend from, there are weavers, drapers, silversmiths, shoemakers, healers, storytellers, guides, and many, many farmers, crofters, fishers, miners – people who worked with fibre and storytelling, with whenua and moana.

#### **Emily**

Before they travelled to the South Pacific Islands on whaling and trading ships, my settler ancestors were sustained by the Vistula and Oder River basins of Poland that feed into the Baltic Sea; the Elbe River of Germany, which flows into the North Sea; the North Atlantic Ocean from where the Azorean volcanoes emerge.

Before departing their shores on convict, military, and settler ships, my Pākehā ancestors were sustained by waters that collect in the River Boyne of Ireland; the Rivers Trent and Thames of England; the River Eitha that rises in the Ruabon Moors and weaves north through England and Wales, and the River Perry, which meets the Servern, flowing South instead; the Niddrie Burn of the Scottish Lowlands, and in the

#### Arielle

He uri māua tahi nō ngā whanaungatanga ki waenga i ngā tauiwi me ngā tāngata whenua, ko ngā tamāhine a ngā hunga maha i wehe mai i o rātou whenua rangatira mā te kōwhiri rangatira ma te kāhaki rānei — te tokomaha i huri ki te miihini i te miihini koroniara, e whakatau ana i ngā whenua tahaetia nā ētahi atu. Ahakoa te kōtahi mano tau, te kōtahi rau, he rima tekau tau noa iho ki muri rānei, nā te moana i kawea tuatahi aku tūpuna katoa ki konei ki Aotearoa.

Kei te ako tonu ahau i ngā ingoa o ā rātou atu wai, ngā awa me ngā takutai i awhi i a rātou i mua mai, i muri atu o te taenga mai: Oakura, Waingongoro, Waima; te Shannon, te Tay, me te Uisge For; Weisdale Voe me te Whiteness Voe; te Umber me te Oder. I waenga i ōku tūpuna, ko ngā kairaranga, ngā kaipapanga, ngā kaihanga hiriwa, ngā hūmeka, ngā tohunga, ngā kaikōrero, ngā kaiārahi, me te tokomaha o ngā kaiahuwhenua, ngā kaihao, nga kaihuke – ngā tāngata i mahi i te weu me te kōrero paki, me te whenua me te moana.

### **Emily**

I mua i to rātou haerenga ki ngā Moutere ki te Tonga o te Moananui a Kiwa i runga i ngā kaipuke patu tohorā me ngā kaipuke hokohoko i whangaihia ōku tūpuna whai e te Vistula me te Oder i ngā riu awa o Pōrana e uru ana ki te Paratika; ko te awa o Elbe o Tiamana, ka rere ki te Moana ki te Raki; te Moana Atlantic ki te Raki te putanga mai o ngā puia Azorean.

I mua i te wehenga atu i te takutai, i nga kaipuke taua, me ngā kaipuke whakataunga, i tautokohia oku tūpuna Pākēhā e ngā wai e kohikohi ana i te awa Boyne i Aerana; ko ngā awa Trent me Thames o Ingarangi; te awa Eitha ka puea i ngā Ruabon Moors ka raranga ki te raki mā Ingarangi me Weira, Highlands, the River Thurso and lochs and firths of Argyll and the Trossachs.

Following their arrival in Tāmaki Makaurau, some of my ancestors lived beside Te Wai Ariki – a spring that provided for Ngāti Whātua pā in what is now known as central Auckland. Arielle and I were born and raised on Ngāti Whātua whenua and waterways.

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#### Whatuora & collaborative practice

#### Arielle

Through korerorero in our collaborative moving-image work Whatuora, we tease out the threads that brought us together, and our belonging to place as women whose ancestors moved across oceans and brought – or left behind – their stories and traditions.

Emily and I have shared a studio and worked alongside each other for the past year. Our practices have been influenced by this relationship – sometimes converging, always buoying. Working together is helping us to find our feet as wāhine Māori, as we come to know our tūpuna and ourselves.

As we both begin the long, slow process of learning to weave, we are in conversation not only with each other, but also with our tūpuna wāhine in te whare pora. Whatuora is the first of three parts, a beginning point from which reciprocal practices and shared haerenga are unfolding, always guided by our tūpuna. Together, we reflect on the passing down of knowledge, the repairing of ruptures, and the bridging of time.

me te awa Perry, ka tūhono ki te Servern, ka rere kē ki te tonga; ko te Niddrie Burn o te Raorao Kotimana, me ngā Pukepuke, te awa Thurso me ngā roto me ngā wahapū o Argyll me ngā Trossachs.

Whai muri i tā rātou taenga mai ki Tāmaki Makaurau, i noho ētahi o ōku tūpuna ki te taha o Te Wai Ariki – he puna i whakarato mō te pā o Ngāti Whātua i te rohe e aranga naianei ko te puku o Tāmaki Mākaurau. I whānau mai a i whakatipu hoki māua ko Arielle i te whenua o Ngāti Whātua me ana arawai.

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#### Te Whatuora & te mahi tahi

#### Arielle

Nā te kōrerorero i roto i a māua whakaahua mahi tahi ko Whatuora e unuhia ana māua i ngā aho i whakakotahi ai māua, me tō māua hononga ki te ūnga hei wāhine nō ngā tūpuna i whakawhiti i ngā moana i mauria mai māua – i waihotia rānei – a rātou kōrero me a rātou tikanga.

Kua nohotahi māua Emily i tētahi taupuni mahi ā, kua mahi tahi māua mo te tau kua hipa. Kua whakaaweawetia ō māua mahi e tēnei whanaungatanga — i ētahi wā e ūngutu ana, i ngā wā katoa e kārewa ana. Ko te mahi tahi e awhina ana māua ki te rapu i o māua waewae hei wahine Māori, ina ka tipu te mohiotanga i ō māua tūpuna i a māua anō hoki.

Ina timata māua tahi i te haerenga roa, te haerenga akitō hoki o te ako whatu, ka whakawhiti kōrero, ehara i a māua tahi anake, engari ka kōrero anō hoki me ō māua tupuna wāhine

## **Emily**

Working together, we find and weave connections not only within our own practices, but between them. Our individual research has raised shared questions: Who is missing from the archive, and how might we come to know them in other ways? We began to know our tīpuna wāhine through haerenga. On our journeys, we could hear their reo, swim in their seas, learn about their maunga, and watch the sun rise and sink in their parts of the world. We began to know them through whispers, traces, and fragments.

Learning and retelling our ancestral stories is how we are bringing our identities into being, or how we are braiding our whakapapa. These fragmented strands of our whakapapa, too, belong together. Each story we uncover links to another, threading loops through space and time, spinning our web of relationships. We continue our tīpuna stories through gathering and intertwining them with our own, strengthening our collective story and memory.

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### Bringing stories up to the surface

#### Arielle

Potawatomi botanist Robin Wall Kimmerer speaks of the importance of understanding how stories and traditions that were stolen or left behind over previous generations "are still present in the lake of time, because those things are not lost. They're below the surface and our capacity as humans to bring them up to the surface again – to wake them up – is part of our work." Water holds weight, holds memory. Through storying, we hope to raise those memories held by

o te whare pora. Ko Whatuora te tuatahi o ngā wāhanga e toru, he tīmatanga mō ngā mahi whakautuutu me ngā haerenga ngātahi e puawaitia, arahina tonutia e ō māua tūpuna. Ka whakaaro māua tahi mo te matauranga tuku iho, te tapi o ngā pakaru me te kahupapangia o te wā.

## **Emily**

Mahi tahi ana, ka kimihia ka rarangahia hoki ngā tūhononga i roto i a māua ake mahi, i waenga hoki. Tā māua rangahau takitahi kua puea mai ētahi pātai: Ko wai e mahue i ngā pūranga, me pēhea ka mōhio māua ki a rātou anō? I tīmata mohio māua ki ō māua tūpuna nā te haerenga. I ngā haerenga, i rangona ō rātou reo, kaukauria o rātou moana, akongia o rātou maunga, a mātakitakitia te whitinga o te rā, te tōnga o te rā i o rātou ake whenua. I tīmata mohio māua ki a rātou i ngā kōhimuhimu, i ngā pakuriki, i ngā ngota hoki.

Ko te akoranga me te whakahua i o māua kōrero tuku iho te huarahi mō ō māua tuakiri, te whatu pēhea ranei i a māua whakapapa. Ko ēnei whenu maramara o ō tātou whakapapa, kia ruruku hoki. Kei ia kōrero ka kitea e maua i ngā tūhononga ki ērā atu, ka tuia ngā koromeke i te takiwā me te wā, ka tuia te māwhaiwhai whakawhanaunga. Ka haere tonu ngā kōrero tūpuna mā te kohikohi me te whatu i ā māua ake kōrero, hei whakakaha i tō māua kōrero me a māua maumaharatanga.

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## Mauria mai ngā kõrero ki runga ki te mata

#### Arielle

Ko te kaimātai tipu no Potawatomi a Robin Wall Kimmerer e kōrero ana mō te hiranga o te mārama kia pēhea ngā kōrero 1. 'Robin Wall Kimmerer in conversation with Robert Macfarlane', *Emergence Magazine Podcast*, 30 April 2020. Podcast. water to the surface. And to become storytellers, to become ready and able to draw those stories from the deep, we have to learn our own stories first – to look inwards in order to speak outwards. As we return to our own whakapapa lines, and begin to untangle the threads that have brought us here, together, we have felt a sense of tūpuna-presentness, as if we are being guided forwards: not in a linear way, but as a river moves, with undulations, digressions, moments of re-joining, but ever and always towards the sea.

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#### The memory of water

## **Emily**

In Whatuora, we went on a hīkoi to a place where our histories converge: Kororāreka. We discovered that my ancestors, Ruawahine and John Lees Faulkner, and Arielle's ancestors, Kotiro Hinerangi and Alexander Gray, had lived there at the same time. Here, we descend from mirrored relationships between Māori women living away from their tūrangawaewae, and settler men. We chose Kororāreka, where our ancestors were two centuries before we met, as the place to enter Te Whare Pora and film our work. We spent hours in the water, too — many parts of our kōrerorero in Whatuora are now held by the sea.

Ngāti Tūwharetoa curator and artist, Maree Mills, observes that "the unifying element of water or navigating of space as digital art concepts is not unexpected in our island nation. The traversing of cyber-space outside the limitations of time is also metaphoric of the soul's journey to Hawaiiki (our homeland) or to the realms of Rangi (our sky father) where

me ngā tikanga i tahaetia i waihotia rā rānei i ngā reanga o mua "kei te noho tonu i te roto o te wā, nā te mea kaore i ngaromia ērā mea. Kei raro i te mata me tō tātou āheitanga kia mauria mai rā ki te mata anō – kia whakaoho – he wāhanga ō a tātou mahi." He hiri tō te wai, he mahara. Ko te tūmanako, nā ngā kōrero paki ko ngā mahara i roto i te wai e marewa ana ki te mata. Waihoki ki tū hei māngai kōrero paki, kia whakaritea, e āhei ana te hī mai ērā kōrero mai i te hōhonu, akohia a māua kōrero i te tuatahi ra anō - ka kitea ki roto kia puta kõrero ki waho. I a tāua e hoki mai ana ki o māua ake reanga whakapapa, e tīmata ana te wetewete i ngā miro i kawea mai e māua ngātahi, ki konei, kua tau te awenga o ngā tūpuna, me te mea e arahi whakamua ana māua: kaua ki te rarangi tōtika, engari me te nekehanga o te awa, me te pūwakawaka, te kotiti haere, te whakuruuru anō, engari ka ahutia tonutia ai ki te moana.

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#### Te mahara o te wa

### **Emily**

I roto i Whatuora, i haere māua mō te hīkoi ki tētahi wāhi ki te hononga o ō mātou hītori: ko Kororāreka. I kitea e māua ko ōku tūpuna, a Ruawahine rāua ko John Lees Faulkner, me ngā tūpuna o Arielle, a Kotiro Hinerangi rāua ko Alexander Grey, i noho ngātahi i reira. I konei, ka heke iho māua i ngā hononga whakaata i waenga i ngā wāhine Māori e noho tāwhiti atu ana i o rātou turangawaewae, me ngā tāne whai. I kowhiria e māua a Kororāreka hei wāhi uru atu ki Te Whare Pora me te whakaahua i a māua mahi, i reira o māua tūpuna e rua rau tau i mua i to māua tūtakitanga. He maha ngā hāora i tairoa hoki māua i roto i te wai — ā, he maha ngā wāhanga

the departed may rest and sparkle as stars." Sharing place with our ancestors centuries later on haerenga feels ceremonial. Water acts as a kind of conduit: It is relational, connecting us with our ancestors across time as we are tethered by place.

#### Arielle

As Emily and I sat together on the beach at Kororāreka, in Te Whare Pora by the water's edge, we felt time around us as Kimmerer describes: time not as "a river running inexorably to the sea, but the sea itself - its tides that appear and disappear, the fog that rises to become rain in a different river. All things that were will come again." On another earlier haerenga in parallel to our shared work, Whatuora, I found my way to Kōrū Pā, the first Taranaki settlement where one hapū I whakapapa to, Ngā Mahanga-a-Tairi, lived until just under 100 years ago. Stone walls still stand there, terraces carved into the high hills. I could feel the presence of Taranaki maunga, obscured by cloud but still so close, and the Oakura awa – the river where my father would swim as a child – flowed below. Through half-closed eyes, and through the rushing sound of the river, it was easy to feel the centuries wash away, collapse into this moment. Easy to feel close to my tūpuna, my body following in their aho, their lines laid down between maunga and moana so many times before. All things that were, are, again.

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## Knowing ourselves through knowing our waters

## **Emily**

It is through connecting with our tīpuna wāhine across time and space that Arielle and I have grown firm in our rejection

o tō māua kōrerorero i Whatuorae tiakina ana i te tahamoana inaianei.

Ko te kaitiaki me te kaitoi o Ngāti Tūwharetoa, a Maree Mills, e kī ana "ko te kaupapa whakakotahi o te wai, te whakatere i te takiwā hei ariā toi matihiko rānei ko tē ohorere i to tātou motu. Ko te tāwhai o te ipurangi rāwaho o te herenga wā he kupu whakarite mo te rerenga wairua ki Hawaiki ki ngā wāhi o Rangi (tō tātou matua) ka okioki te hunga mate e taukapo ana he whetu." Kia whaipānga me ō māua tūpuna i ngā rautau i muri mai, ko te haerenga he tohu. Ko te wai he momo pūkawe: He hononga, ka tūhonotia ai tātou ki ō tātou tūpuna tāpae i te wā ka herengia tātou e te tauranga.

#### Arielle

I a māua ko Emily e noho ngātahi ana i te takutai i Kororāreka, i roto i Te Whare Pora i te taha o te wai, ka rongo whakapā māua i te wā, nā Kimmerer e kī ana: ehara te wā i " te awa e rere ana ki te moana, engari ko te moana anō – ko ōna tai ka puta ka ngaro, ko te kohu ka puea hei ua i roto i tētahi atu awa. Ko ngā mea katoa o mua ka haere mai anō."3 I runga i tētahi haerenga ki mua, ki tā māua mahi ngātahi, a Whatuora, i kitea e au te ara ki te pā o Kōrū, te oinga kōtore tuatahi i Taranaki, i reira te hapū o Ngā Mahanga-a-Tairi e noho ana tae noa ki te rau tau ki mua. Ngā pakitara kohatu e tū tonu ana i reira, whakairoiro ki ngā puke teitei. I rongo ahau i te awenga o maunga Taranaki, i tāpōuri me te kapua engari ka tū tata tonu, ā, me te awa o Oakura – te awa e kaukau ana ai tōku papa i a ia e taitamariki ana - i rere mai i raro. Mā ngā karu kati tōtahi ana, mā te haruru o te awa, he ngāwari ka rangona e horoia atu ana i ngā rautau, kia ngaeki noa ki tenei wā. He ngāwari kia rongo piri tata ai ki ōku tūpuna, ko taku tīnana e aruarumia ana a rātou aho, i whakatakotoria o rātou

- 2. Maree Mills, 'Pou Rewa: The Liquid Post, Māori Go Digital?', *Third Text*, vol. 23, no. 3, May 2009. 243-44.
- 3. Robin Wall Kimmerer, Braiding Sweetgrass: Indigenous wisdom, scientific knowledge, and the teaching of plants, Minneapolis: Milkweed Editions, 2013. 206.

of the colonial logics of blood quantum. Together, we move towards healing the wounds of colonisation and restoring the relationships between ourselves and our ancestral legacies. We have come to know the stories of our settler ancestors' migration and those of our Indigenous tīpuna long before – their voyages across Te Moananui-a-Kiwa to reach the shores of Te Ika-a-Māui. Most importantly, we now know whose waters we come from – we know who we are. And that connection, our whakapapa, is undeniable.

raina i waenga i te maunga me te moana pēnei i ngā wā maha noa i mua. E ngā mea katoa i tū, ka tū anō.

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E mohio ana māua i a māua anō nā te mohiotanga ō ō mātou wai.

Emily

Nā te whakawhanungatanga ki ō māua tūpuna i te wā me te takiwā ka tipu ake māua ko Arielle i tā māua whakahē ki te whakaaro koroniara mō te inenga toto māori. Ka neke ngātahi māua ki te whakamahu i ngā taotū o te tāmitanga me te whakahoki mai i ngā hononga i waenga i a māua me ō māua tūpuna. Kua mohio māua ki ngā kōrero mō te hekenga mai o ō māua tupuna whai, ō ngā tūpuna iwi taketake hoki — o rātou whitianga i Te Moananui-a-Kiwa kia tae ki te takutai o Te Ika-a-Māui. Ko te mea nui, ka mohio māua inaianei nō wai māua i ahu mai ai i whea — e mohio ana māua ko wai māua anō. Me tēnā hononga, ko te whakapapa, ka tū tē whakakore.

I went to the water and I dreamt that we had a baby / I haere ahau ki te wai a he maruāpō tāku he pēpē tā tāua

Faith Wilson



We lay in bed last night watching Emily and Arielle's Whatuora. We're both watching their hands weave, repetitively. Hearing their voices speak is a gentle tonic. Inapō i takoto māua i te moenga i mātakitaki a Whatuora nā Emily rāua ko Arielle. E mātakitaki ana māua tahi i o rāua ringaringa e whatu tāruarua ana. Kia rangona tō raua reo ā waha, he rongoā.

Drinking the words Kororāreka, kõrerorero – an elixir for the ears.

Inumia ana ngā kupu Kororāreka, kōrerorero – he rongoā mō ngā taringa.

Do you believe in fate? Ka whakapono koe i te aituā?

Unpick and unravel. Reweave and rewrite. Whakamataratia, wetewetetia. Whatua anō, tuhia anō

> Who was I? Ko wai au i mua?

What have I become? Ko wai au i nāianei?

Arielle and Emily daydream, wondering about their ancestors sitting under the same trees at Kororāreka.

Ka moemoea a Arielle rāua ko Emily, e huritao ana mō rāua tūpuna i noho pera i raro i aua rākau i Kororāreka.

Lana says that the question, 'How do we get to know each other again?' assumes we once did know each other. Hei tā Lana, ka whakapono te pātai nei 'Ka pēhea te

whaimohio anō tātou i a tātou?', kua mohio tātou i a tatou i nga wa ki mua.

Did our ancestors ever cross paths in this great expanse of ocean? I whakawhitia ngã ara o ō tātou tūpuna i tēnei moana raurarahi?

I watch the waters of Wairēinga leap from the rocks above into the murky pool below. I cry into the waters of my own deepdown, tears collecting in a well so deep it fills my entire insides. Ka mātaki ahau i ngā wai o Wairēinga, peke iho ana i ngā toka i runga ki te wai paru ki raro. Ka tangi hoki ahau mai taku puna roimata, he puna hōhonu ā, e kī ana taku tīnana.

The waterfall never stops flowing. The waters stream from the rock pool below, and find their way to the Waikato. Tē mutunga te rerenga o te wai. Ka riringi ngā wai mai i te puna kōhatu ki raro, kātahi ka kimi tōmonga ki te Waikato.

I thought if I kept crying, my grief would make me whole again. But the tears keep coming, and I don't feel whole. I whakaaro ahau, mēnā ka tangi hotuhotu au, ka whakaoratia ai au e te pāpouri. Engari, ka haere tonu ngā roimata tē whakaoratia.

I think about the streams, all meeting up – confluences, finding their way to become part of something bigger. Ka whakaaro ahau mō ngā awa, pūruatia ana – e kimikimi ana he tōmonga ki te awa matua.

Small threads of water that find their way back to the ocean. He wai mimi e kimi ana he tōmonga ki te moana.

Image: Faith Wilson, *Wairēinga / Bridal Veil Falls*, June 2020.

Maybe my tears are slowly finding their way back to Samoa. Ko aku roimata pea, e āta kimi ana he tōmonga ki a Hāmoa.

> We are all connected. Ka tūhono tātou katoa.

Unravel, unpick.
Wetewetetia, whakamataratia.

All our paths lead us back to the ocean. Nā ngā ara katoa ka arahina tātou ki te moana.

Fertiliser filled, and muddy waters, polluted waters. He wai kī ana i te whakahaumako, he wai ehu, he wai poke.

But they're the waters that connect us nonetheless. Engari, nā ērā wai ka whakatūhonotia ai tātou.

Trauma of missing stories. Te pāmamae o ngā kōrero kua ngaro.

How do we write them? And what languages do we use? Ka pēhea ka tuhia e tātou? Ko tēhea reo ka whakamahia e tātou?

How do we un-pollute our own thinking? Ka pēhea tātou te whaka-tē-poke i a tatou whakaaro?

Our languages are so metaphorical, symbolic, beautiful. Ko tātou reo he reo whakaritenga, reo tohutohu, reo ātaahua.

Rēinga, place where the spirits leap. Rēinga, te rerenga ō ngā wairua. Water as a mode of governance. The ocean's laws differ from the laws of the land.

Ko te wai hei tīkanaga kāwanatanga. He rerekē ngā ture moana mai i ngā ture whenua.

Your bones know what to do, sometimes before your head or your heart does. You follow the urge to go somewhere physically, your bones leading you.

Ka mohio ōu kōiwi te mahi, ētahi wā, ka mōhio ngā kōiwi ki mua i te hinengaro, i te ngākau rānei.

We drive to Wairēinga, otherwise known as The Bridal Veil Falls. The DOC¹ signs tell us the history of this blessed place, where spirits leap from the top of the waterfall into the pool of water below.

Ka taraiwa māua ki Wairēinga, te ingoa pākeha ko The Bridal Veil Falls. E kōrero mai ana ngā tohu a DOC¹ mō te hītori o tēnei wāhi tapu, he rēinga wairua mai i runga te wairere ki te puna wai raro iho.

It has become polluted from the surrounding farmland. I thought about murky backwaters.

Kua poke te wai i te pāmu potapotae. I whakaaro ahau mō ngā muriwai pūnehu.

I thought about how the waterfall keeps running, and the pool below never fills, small rivulets running to join a bigger piece of water, eventually all ending in the same place. I whakaaro ahau mō te wairere e rere tōnu ana, tē kī ana te puna ki raro, ngā hawai iti ka tomokia tētahi wai nui ake, meāke kua tae ki te wāhi ōrite.

Department of Conservation
 Te Papa Atawhai.

I thought about Emily and Arielle's idea of threads weaving, unravelling and unpicking, rewriting stories, and about how these smalls streams of water all over the Waikato are not alone. They're part of a huge awa, all small threads that make the river what is, like small strands of a story, and a history.

I whakaaro ahau e pā ana ki te whakaaro o Emily rāua ko Arielle mō ngā aho ka whatua, ka wetewete, ka whakamatara, ka tuhi korero anō, mō ēnei hawai iti o te Waikato kīhai i rere tahanga. Ko ērā ngā wāhi iti o te awa nui, nā ngā hawai iti ka hangaia te awa, nā ngā pū ka hangaia te kōrero, me te hītori.

Stories and histories that are not mine. Ngā pūrākau me ngā hītori, ehara i āku.

We talk about water having personhood. Sovereignty. E kī ana tātou, he tangata te wai. Rangatiratanga.

A porousness between us and other beings before us. We are the latest manifestations of those beings. He āhuatanga pōareare tū ana ki waenga i a tātou me rātou nō mua rā anō. Ko tātou ko ngā whakatinana ō aua apa o muri nei.

Porous beings. Tāngata pōareare.

On another day, our bones lead us to a bush walk, and we find a cave, *Kaniwhaniwha*. It's the only cave near these parts. The walls are wet, cold, porous. I wonder what kinds of creatures are living in between the walls, in the cracks, in the small pools of water around my feet. Are they watching

us? Strange humans invade their quiet subterranean life, searching for a sense of the sublime.

I tētahi atu rā, ka whaia māua e o māua kōiwi ki te hīkoi ngāhere, ā e kimi ana māua i tētahi ana, Ko *Kaniwhaniwha*. Ko tēnei te ana anake i tēnei rohe. Ka mākū ngā tapa, ka makariri, ka pōareare. He whakaaroaro ahau ko te aha e noho ana ki waenga i ngā tapa, i ngā piere, i te wai hāpunapuna ka riporipoa i āku waewae? Ka mātakitakitia māua e rātou? Ngā tautāngata ka urutomo tō rātou ao marie, ka whai atu i te āhuatanga whakahira.

Am I closer to Atua down here? Ka tūtata ahau ki ngā Ātua i raro iho nei?

We're all tagata o le Moana, but I feel like Samoa is too far for me to swim. I just want to be cocooned, in the saltwater womb of my ocean.

Ko ngā tāngata o te Moana tātou katoa, engari ki ahau nei, ka tāwhiti rawa a Hāmoa ki te kauhoe atu rā. Ko taku pirangi ki a takaia ahau e te kōpū waimoana o tōku mātai.

I judge myself for not knowing my ancestors' names by heart, for stumbling when other Samoans ask me where I'm from. Even though I tell others that they shouldn't be ashamed, that it's the result of cultural dislocation, assimilation, I still feel shame.

Ka whakawāwā ahau i ahau mō taku koremohio ngā ingoa o ōku tūpuna, mō taku tūtuku ina ka pātai mai mō taku pēpeha i te hunga Hāmoa. Ahakoa e kōrero ana au ki ētahi atu kia kaua e whakamā, nā te whati tikanga, nā te whakapākeha, ka whakamā tonu ahau.

Let it wash over me. Tukua kia māringi mai i ahau.

I feel embarrassed that I am more familiar with other tongues than my own. I learn about my culture painfully and slowly. Lana tells me tatau is healing, and I think healing is exactly that – slow, enduring, small stabs and big ones, and you're changed at the end, marked.

Kei te whakamā ahau nā taku waia noa mō ngā reo kē. Ka whakaako pāmamae ana, pōrori ana ahau i taku ahurea tuakiri. E kī mai a Lana, he rongoā tā te tatau, ki ahau nei ka pērā tonu te rongoā – he pōrori, he matatū, ngā oka iti, oka nui, ā i te ōtinga, kua whakahuri koe, kua whaitohungia.

> Your skin tells the story of your bones. Tõu kiri e kõrero pono ana mõ õu kõiwi.

I listen to my nana's stories. Her memory is fading but she remembers her home well. I'm too scared to go to Samoa again because it won't be the Samoa I grew up hearing about. It won't be the Samoa of my nana's mind. Each year she grows older, each year Samoa changes. I shouldn't be resistant to change, but I don't want to be let down by the stories of aitu and avocado trees.

Ka whakarongo ahau ki ngā kōrero o tōku karani. He mahara kōriorio tāna, engari ka maumaharatia tonu tona kainga e ia. Ka matukū au ki te hoki atu anō ki a Hāmoa, nā te rerekētanga ki te Hāmoa i rangona nei e au i taku tamarikitanga. Ehara tonu ko te Hāmoa nō ngā whakaaro o taku kuia. I ia tau ka kaumatua haere tonu ia, i ia tau ka panoni anō a Hāmoa. Kia kaua ātete au i te panonitanga, engari kia kaua ahau e pāpouri ana i ngā korero e pā ana ngā aparangi me nga rākau rahopūru.

Tap, tap, tap. Pato, pato, pato.

I want to feel the au on my skin, but I'm scared that I am not yet ready. Am I really not ready? Or is it colonialism telling me that I am not yet Samoan enough? But if I think I am not ready, maybe it does mean that I am not ready.

He matenui tāku mō te uhi ki runga i taku kiri, engari kei te matakū tōnu ahau, kāore ano kua reri. Ka tika tērā? Kāore anō kua reri ahau? He korero koroniara rānei, e kī mai ana, kāore anō au i te Hāmoa tūturu rawa? Engari, ki te whakaaro ahau kaore ano au kua reri, tera pea, ka tika te whakaaro, kaore anō au kua reri.

Yes, healing is long and slow. Ae, ka āta haere te whakaora.

Telling stories helps, and writing my own. Writing my skin and bones into existence.

Ka awhina te kōrero paki, me te tuhituhinga o tāku ake korero. Ka tuhituhia ōku tuakiri, me ōku kōiwi ki te tauoranga.

Listen. Whakarongo.

We stand by Waikato te awa early in the morning to bring in Matariki. The river is misty, thick, and it's cold. E tū mōata ana mātou i te awa o Waikato, kia karanga atu ki a Matariki. Ka pūkohukohu te awa, ka makariri hoki.

Waimihi talks about alluvial sediment giving Kirikiriroa its name, the long stretch of gravel – not a gravel road, but the

sediment that washes up from the river, providing good soil for planting.

Ka kõrero a Waimihi mõ te parahua, nāna i hoatu te ingoa ki Kirikiriroa, te one roa kirikiri – ehara nā te huarahi kirikiri, nā te parahua kē, e hōiriiri mai ana i te awa, ka homai te one-pākirikiri.

I think about my nana climbing mango trees in Samoa, and about my mum growing up in a cold, small town in the South Waikato, far from the heat and the salt.

Ka whakaaro ahau mō tōku karani e piki ana ngā rākau mango i Hāmoa, mō toku māmā hoki i tipu ake i roto i tētahi taone makariri i Waikato ki te tonga, tāwhiti roa i te wera me te tote.

I think about how my nana's house in that small town. It is always warm. She keeps the fire going everyday, her bones never growing used to this cold.

Ka whakaaro ahau mō te whare o tōku karani ki roto i te tāone iti rā. Ka mahana tonu ai. Ia rā ka toutou a ia i tōnā ahi, horekau ōna kōiwi i taunga ki te makariri nei.

I think about continental drift – how we were once physically connected, how our connections are through similar histories, stories.

Ka whakaaro ahau mō te nuku paparahi – i ngā wā o mua i tūhono ōkiko tātou, i tūhono tātou i ngā hītori ōrite, ngā pūrākau ōrite.

False divides. Whakawehenga rūpahu.

Everything comes full circle. Everything is connected. Ka haere porohita ngā mea katoa. Kua tūhono ngā mea katoa.

Water is knowledge. He mātauranga te wai.

Our knowledge is fluid, ever changing. He pari tō tātou mōhiotanga, huri tonu ai.

To stagnate is to stop your waters from flowing, to block knowledge.

Ko te whakamārari ko te pāpuni i ōu wai i te rerenga, kia kati te mōhiotanga.

Outside, it is stormy. Kei rāwaho, ka paroro ai.

Underneath, the Earth and its sea are networks of caves, pockets of knowledge, the hiding places of things we are yet to know, things we may never know.

Kei raro i te whenua me ona moana, he tūhononga o ngā ana, ngā pukoro mohio, nga piringa mo ngā mea kaore ano kia mohiotia e tātou, ngā mea kaore pea ka mohiotia e tātou.

My body is not my own. Ehara tōku tīnana i tōku ake.

I have been crying a lot lately. Something inside me is burning. Kua tangi nui ahau $\bar{\imath}$ ēnei wā. Ētahi mea i roto i ahau e kāngia ana.

The waters in my womb are bubbling. They want to hold something, to connect.

Ngã wai o tōku kōpū e koropupū ana. Ka hiahia ki te pupuri ki tētahi mea, ki a tūhonoa.

Take me back to the water. Whakahokia mai anō ki te wai.

> There's life there. He oranga ki roto.

I want to find Atua. Ka pirangi ahau ki a kitea ngā Ātua.

> Where are they? Kei hea rātou?

If my spirit leaps into the waters, deep into the caves, will I be closer?

Mehemea ka rēinga tōku wairua ki roto i ngā wai, hōhonu i ngā ana, ka whakatūtata ahau?

Or am I close enough already? Is what I am looking for within me?

Ka tū tata anō au rānei? Kei roto i au anō te mea kimihia?

I give you life. Ka hoatu ahau te oranga ki a koe.

If all of our waters are connected, is what I am looking for also within you?

Me he tūhono ngā wai o te katoa, ka noho te mea kimihia e au ki roto i a koe hoki?

You also give life. Ka homai e koe hoki te oranga.

And if you are searching, is there something within me that I can share with you?

Me he kimihanga āu, he mea anō i roto i ahau, ki te toha atu ki a koe?

My life I give you Ko tōku oranga ka hoatu ki a koe.

I am sitting in the sun. You are with me. We hold a new life in our hands. We bless this life in the name of my ancestors, and yours. 'Be strong,' we say. 'As strong as the waves of Te Moana Nui a Kiwa. Be as gentle as a lazy tide lapping the shore. As long as you need, our hands will guide you. E noho ana ahau ki te rā. Ko tāua tāua i kōnei. Ka mauria tēnei oranga hou i roto i ō tāua ringaringa. Ka karakia tāua mōnā i roto i ngā ingoa o ō tāua tūpuna. 'Kia kaha', e kī ana tāua. 'Pērā i te kaha o ngā ngaru o Te Moana Nui a Kiwa. Kia kāwatawata hei te tai timu e hōiriri ana ki uta. Mā ō tāua ringa koe e arahi.

And when your spirit leaps, ours is the water you will land in.' Ina ka rēinga tōu wairua, ka ekengia koe i ō tātou wai.'



Rosanna Raymond performs three pieces for the GAX Aotearoa symposium.

-- Listen to audio recording here --

Cling to the Sea

Rosanna Raymond



Cling to the Sea

Cling to the Sea

And I'll stay here and **hide** on the moon

Gaze away

Dream your **exotic** dreams... and I'll excrete the **seamen** that came to visit me

They flew in a double hulled canoes, through the heavens

Tracing the **celestials** in the coconut altitudes

Propping up the **sky** and calling my name

Strip off my **skin**, **soften** me in the water

Beat me

It doesn't have to **rhyme...** we are not seeking to appease the gods

I'll lie down in the **sky**, and spew black lava from my **vagina**

It will form an **eyeland** for you to secure yourself to

The women can adorn me... rub **fertile** patterns on my body
Bird Play
Banana moons
Long gods

Lactating mountains Flying foxes Male flowers Courtly rafters Family houses

The **blood** of the land and trees impregnates me

You want to **capture** my soul

I just want to **temper** yours and hang it in the trees

Or maybe

I'll put a **comb** in my hair

And **favour** you with some dances

Whakapiringia te moana

Whakapiringia te moana

Me noho au i konei, hunaia i te māhina

Mātaki mai

Moehewa ō moetoa rāwaho... me whakatikotiko ahau i ngā kaumoana i toro mai ki ahau

I hokahoka i ngā waka hourua, ki ngā rangi

Tāwhaitia te whānau mārama i ngā tiketike kokonati

Tokotoko ana i te rangi, karangaranga ana i toku ingoa

Haroa toku kiri, ngehingehi ahau i te wai

Patua mai ahau

Kāhore kē te huarite... kahore tātou e whakaturi i ngā atua

Ka takoto ahua i te rangi, ka puha atu te tahepuia tiwha i toku taiawa

Ka hangaia te pūkonohi mõu ka takahia ai koe e koe

Ka rākaitia ahau e ngā wāhine... ka whakairoriro matahua i taku tīnana

Hīanga Manu Māhina panana Atua Hauroa Maunga whāngote Pōkiha hoka Hema-toa Heke whakahuatau Papakāinga

Nā te pūtoto o te whenua me ngā rākau hoki, e āhua ana ahau.

E hia ana koe kia mau i taku wairua

E hia ana au kia whakahātai anake tōu, ka tārewa i ngā rākau

Tērā pea

Ka heru ahau i ōku makawe

ka mariu koe ki te kanikani

Bones of the Reef

Tangaroa catches me standing on the bones of the reef drinking my own blood

It is only in the echo of the breakers that I am revealed

He is not sure what I am doing there... to be honest nor do I but I call to him

'Tangaroa drown me in your semen shelter me in the lagoon feed me ancient coral I will turn turquoise not even the fish will see me'

He breathes in... embroiders black pearls underneath my skin

We are both laughing it feels like a prayer... just no need for the hand clasping

I crawl from the sea into the arms of Tane the greenery calling me to enter... not the cry of the birds for they are absent

He perfumes me with tamanu oil... it's not sweet smelling but it will heal me

We listen to the boom of the reef... it is Tangaroa looking for me

But I am unrecognisable my posture irrevocably changed

by the perpetual fluctuation of the forest light

The shaking of leaves tells me of Tāwhirimātea needs to speak

To whom I am not sure both of us are not in the mood for small talk

I sit still making sure he takes no notice of me

Tangaroa steps in it is not a challenge more a procreative seeding with his (re)member

Oh....I do...

For I smell of earth and sea... no matter much rubbish you feed me

Buried knowledge prospers residing in my vital fluids

Tangaroa rolls his eyes

I give my self to an easy breeze and go back to the sea

Disappearing inside them

Ngā wheua o te Ākau

Ka hopukina nei au e Tangaroa e tu ana i runga i ngā wheua o te ākau e inumia ana i toku toto anō

I te paoro noa o ngā ngaru whati, ka whākina ahau.

Kaore ia i te tino mohio he aha tāku i reira.... ki te kõrero pono, me au hoki engari, karanga atu au ki a ia

"E Tangaroa, rumakina mai au i roto i tō waitātea tawharautia ahau i roto i te muriwai whāngaitia au ki te kāoa tāwhito Ka karikiōrangi ahau tē kitea e ngā ika

Ka ha a ia, he mea taniko ki roto i taku kiri

E katakata ana māua tahi he īnoi te āhuatanga.... kāore he take mō te mau ringa

Ka ngaōki mai ahau i te moana ki ngā ringa o Tāne Ka karangahia e te otaota kia kuhu, engari mo te tangi manu, kaore i reira

Ka whakaraukurahia ahau ki te hinu tamanu, ehara i te rongo reka engari ka whakaora i ahau anō

E whakarongo ana māua ki te pahū o te ākau... ko Tangaroa e kimi ana ahau

Engari, tē mōhiotia ahau Ka rerekē rawatia taku tū E te marama wao e manenei

Ka rū ngā rau, whākina mai te hia korero o Tawhirimatea

Ki a wai, kaore au i te tino mohio kīhai māua tahi te kōrero tūtara

Ka noho hū ahau, kia hunaia ahau e ia

Ko Tangaroa ka tomo mai kahore i te wero he aitanga auaha rānei me tōnā tama ngarengare

A, ka whakaae

Ko tāku, te kakara o te whenua me te moana.... ahakoa te para ka whangaia mai e koe

Ka whai hua te maaramatanga tanu e noho ana i ōku wai ora

Ko Tangaroa ka tīkoro ōnā whatu

Ka hoatu ahau e ahau anō ki te kōkōhau me hoki atu ki te moana

Ka nunumi ki roto rā

The Smell of the Sea

Guess who is coming to dinner

A full-bodied blossom ensemble

A heady mix of ylang-ylang, sandalwood and the smell of the sea

No need to pay and display, this will be all you can eat.

I've got a banana walk with pukeko legs, when I run my feathers ruffle, when they drop, new islands form

Unfolding, Evolving, Unfeigned, Veracity, Capacity, Fluency, Remedy, Materiality, Clarity

I weave with words not fibers, I paint with shadows not colours

I am the wind, soft and flowing over boulders, they are large and round sitting by the water.

I wish I was a shark or maybe it's just that I remember when I was one... makes me predator proof... hmmm show me your teeth and I'll show you my growler.

I didn't look into your eyes, but I know they are the same colour as the bottom of the ocean... dark but full of life... mine are all white and shaped like an ocean going vessel they have purerehua inside them so you can hear me coming.

I can be quiet but have trouble standing still, I vibrate, feel me in the back of your throat, I'm going for your heart, so keep your mouth shut unless you want it to be taken, it won't be forced but it will be slow

The old city talks to me, the old river confuses me as it endeavors to enter me

Luckily I have a tight sphincter and sit with my legs crossed

My hunger replaced by man-made thunder

Come dine on me

My flesh is sweet no need for marinating, just truss me up like a long pig, wrap me in banana leaves

Devour me....... all that will be left will be the smell of the sea.

Te Kakara o te Moana

Whakaarohia ko wai kei te haere mai ki te kai

He tira putiputi huhua

He ranunga o te ylang-ylang, te tāiko me te kakara o te moana

Kaore he take mo te utu me te whakaatu, koinei he kai tē mutunga.

He hikoi panana āku me ōku waewae pukeko, ka rere aku huruhuru i taku omaoma, ka taka ka whakaahua ngā moutere hou

Whakakaho, Whakatipu, Koretake, Tika, Tuuturu, Maamaa, Whakaora, Mahinga, Maama Māroha ana, Whakatupu ana, Pononga, Tika, Kītanga, Matatauranga, Whakaora, Rawatanga, Pūahoaho / Ariari

Ka whatu ahau me te kupu haunga te muka. Ka peita ahau me ngā atarangi karakau nga tae

Ko ahau te hau, he ngohengohe he pari i ngā toka nui rawa, he porowhita e noho ana i te taha o te wai.

Ko te hiahia he mango ahau ākene noa ka maumahara ahau i ahau i pērā ai... kia wehikore ai ahau .. hmmm whakaatu mai i o niho ki ahau, kātahi ka whakaatu atu au i taku tewhatewha ki a koe.

Kahore au i te titiro ki ō kanohi, engari e mohio ana ahau he orite te tae ki te hohonu o te moana... pouri engari kī tonu i te oranga... he mā ōku me te ahua o te waka moana, he purerehua i roto kia rongo ai koe i au i haere mai.

Ka taea e au te noho ngũ engari he raru taku ki te tũ whakarōau, ka wiriwiri au, ka rongona ahau i tō korokoro, kei te whakakoro ahau mo tō manawa, ā, ka kati i to waha ki te kore koe e hiahia kia tangohia ai, kīhai ka whakaete engari ka akitō.

Ka kõrero mai te taone tawhito, ka põrangirangi au e te awa tuauri nānā i whakakoro ki te uru mai i ahau.

Waimarie noa he takini uaua tōku, ka noho waewae whiri

Ko taku hiakai ka whakakapia e te whatitiri a te tangata

Haere mai kaingia ahau

He reka oku kikokiko kaore he take mo te koikoi, whakarakea ahau me he poaka roa, roropi mai ki roto i ngā rau panana

Horomitia ahau....... Ko te toenga te karakara o te moana anake.



susan pui san lok and Léuli Eshrāghi respond to the experience of the GAX Aotearoa symposium. Tiohtià:ke, Tāmaki Makaurau, somewhere over the under, beneath the between

susan pui san lok



After Tiohtià:ke, 2019

Time and place fold in, fold together. One year and three months ago: I am sitting in the lobby of Concordia University, Montreal – Tiohtià:ke.

For the last five days, Concordia has hosted the Global Asia/Pacific Art Exchange (GAX), a gathering of variously positioned and dispositioned artists, curators, and academics, in complex and ambivalent relation to the terms 'Asian' and 'Indigenous', and to each other.¹

Every day has begun by acknowledging that "I/We [are] located on unceded Indigenous lands." Every day, "The Kanien'kehá:ka Nation is recognized as the custodians of the lands and waters on which we gather today." Territorial acknowledgement asserts and demands an awareness of Indigenous presence and land rights in everyday life. This daily ritual-recitation-repetition invites and declares, "respect [for] the continued connections with the past, present and future in our ongoing relationships with Indigenous and other peoples within the Montreal community." ²

This daily ritual-repetition unsettles the ground beneath our feet – a compacted palimpsest of paths and criss-crossing currents, coursing between islands and oceans.

We gather to listen, to venture 'Asian Indigenous relations in contemporary art', to examine the heterogeneity and "particularity of conjunctions." ³

We make cautious contact.

We test ideas of caring, curating, and hospitality.

We stay in a former hospice, haunted by colonial Catholic missionary nuns.

We sleep badly, share food and dream-visions.

We hear the testimonies of those displaced by climate change, witness imaginings of reclaimed futures, and struggle with the ethics of return.

Lam back.

'Back'?

Back 'home'?

Jetlagged; perpetually lagging, dragging selves and heels; or else tripping the light, flipping the fight.

What everyday acknowledgements do I/we/you need to make, here and now, in this... what is this place? To complicate binaristic and reductive 'black/white', 'host/immigrant' and 'settler/colonial' narratives? To recognise that Western imperialism and colonialism continue to deny and negate Indigenous peoples and their relations to the land the world over; to deny and negate the histories and experiences of former enslaved and indentured communities; and those of past and living generations of immigrant, racialised and displaced communities?

- 1. 'Tiohtiá:ke (Montreal): Asian Indigenous Relations in Contemporary Art', Global Asia/Pacific Art Exchange (GAX) 2019, co-convened by Alice Ming Wai Jim and Alexandra Chang. Montreal: Concordia University, 10–16 June 2019.
- **2.** 'Territorial acknowledgement', Concordia University, website, accessed 16 June 2019.
- **3.** Margo Machida, GAX 2019, conference keynote.

What everyday acknowledgements do we need to make, here and now, in this – what is this place? To recognise the enduring systemic and structural discrimination of laws and institutions and pedagogies and practices - and their annihilating affects? To recognise our shifting positions and privileges, relations of power, and our wilful or accidental complicity? To recognise the specific histories and pervasive legacies of British colonialism, imperialism, domination and exploitation? To recognise, for example, the particular conjunctions, affinities and alignments that might compel a twenty-four-year-old British-born second-generation mainland Chinese Hakka emigrant and Hong Kong Chinese immigrant in mid-1990s Britain, to tongue-in-cheek identify as a 'YBBAACYRWBWA' (Young Black British Anglo Asian Chinese Yellow Red White and Blue Woman Artist), while her father dances ballroom and her mother wins local allotment prizes.

Ambalavaner Sivanandan said, "We are here because you were there."

When my grandmother left Kuala Lumpur in 1924, there was no going back.

When she and my mother left Guangzhou in 1948, there was no going back.

When my mother left Hong Kong in 1971, there was no going back.

When I go 'back' to Hong Kong in 1985, I realise that there is no going back.

When I go back to Hong Kong in 1997, and Hong Kong goes back to China, I realise again, there is no going back.

No settling; no returns.

~ ~ ~ .

To Tiohtià:ke, we bring archives with our bodies – heavy with the weight of accumulated silences. Whose archives? Whose bodies? 'After Empire', our "national archives [...] are always already colonial and imperial, always already white supremacist." Archives embody relations of power; bodies exist in relation.

We are figuring out our conjunctural positions, our terms and conditions.

After five days together, we seem to breathe differently.

Noelani Arista says, "I have to travel 12,000 miles to be able to speak without also having to fight." 6

We are reeling, always reeling to some degree, with the wha-a-a-a-a-t?!? of everyday sexism meets racism meets classism meets ableism meets age-ism meets ism-ism, in their relentless, predictable, and unexpected forms.

We are a family of four leaving a restaurant. A man approaches my partner to say, "Your kids are well-behaved. How long have you had your Asian wife? I've done 15 years."

Apparently, the 'colonial matrix of power' imprisons him, too.8

- 4. Ambalavaner Sivanandan, Catching history on the wing, London: Institute of Race Relations (IRR), 2018, speech given at IRR's 15th Birthday Celebration Conference, accessed 16 June 2019.
- **5.** J. J. Ghaddar and Michelle Caswell, "To go beyond": Towards a decolonial archival praxis', *Archival Science*, no. 19, 2019. 71–85.
- **6.** Noelani Aristano, GAX 2019, in conversation.
- **7.** This happened in London a week after GAX 2019.
- 8. Anibal Quijano, 'Coloniality of Power, Eurocentrism and Latin America', Nepantla, vol. 1, no. 3, 2000. 533-580. Cited in Walter Mignolo, 'Introduction', Cultural Studies, vol. 21, no. 2-3, 2007. 155-167, and reprinted in the same issue.

We share stories and expletives to gear up and galvanise, return to the field/room/street, which may not be openly hostile – but watch out for open-armed welcomes with tacit conditions, or knives taped to the back.

My 'anarchivery' praxis resides somewhere over the under, beneath the between.

The prefix an- suggests 'lack', a state of being 'without', a negation. What is the archive *lacking* or missing, and who are the [ones] situated without or outside it?... Of course, the... archive is incomplete, always already an-archive – lacking, missing, without – *an-archive-not-archive*.

I rather like the idea of the archive as a sleeping, mountainous entity, that looms over and ahead, rather than beneath or behind the museum. The archive whose surface stillness may suddenly break, its shadows finding form, spewing smouldering debris and setting alight (both in the sense of burning and firing up) the ideas constructed at its foothills. Perhaps the curating of archives as the 'taking care' of objects should also carry the sense of a warning, a precaution – 'take care' – beware of histories erupting.⁹

The mountain peak is a tip
A tip is also a clue
A clue to the archive's archipelagic relations
No archive is an island

The body of the archive is a vaporous phantom, phantasmatic, haunting and taunting the bodies it buries and denies.

Julietta Singh says, "No archive will not restore you." 10

I say, if an archive can destroy us, it can also invent us. And we can invent our archives and ourselves.

She says, an archive may hold an "entirely imagined auditory event," and others, "fabricated through repetitive maternal narrations." ¹¹

I say, let us gather a chorus, bring out the dead, and summon alternate pasts and futures.

An Ambush of Amys An Army of Annes A Drift of Janes A Murder of Margarets A Rake of Rebeccas A Rush of Roses A Siege of Susans¹²

To/from Tāmaki Makaurau, 2020

One year later, GAX gathers again, this time online. It is early morning and late afternoon and night all at once – all shades of light and dark, all together, all alone. A strangely emotional and muted re/union, old and new friends, newly estranged. We gather ourselves, preparing to wade through waters and tides, contaminated and rising with the heat.

9. susan pui san lok, "Through the Gate / an(g) archivery', *Deviant Practice*, ed. Nick Aikens. Eindhoven, NL: Van Abbemuseum, 2018. 176-209.

10. Julietta Singh, *No archive will restore you.* Santa Barbara, CA: Punctum Books, 2018. Thanks to John Tain for the reference.

11. Ibid. 79 and 96.

12. susan pui san lok, chorus from *Seven Sisters*, 2019.
7-channel audio installation as part of the solo exhibition *A COVEN A GROVE A STAND*.
Colchester, England: Firstsite, 8 February – 22 April 2019.

Valance Smith's karakia invites us to "bring [our] mountains and oceans into this space." ¹³

Stay home. Stay safe. Stay distanced. Separated by seas and fears for the very air we breathe. Yet the global pandemic brings fragile glimmers of hope for averting climate catastrophe. Brighter skies, clearer waters.

How quickly we seem to have adjusted to this separated way of being, of being with, and yet without. A grid of faces belie shared embodied memories, of heat and sweat, and rain and tears – no two tears are the same...

Xin Cheng and Kerry Ann Lee take us through the movements of bad waters and backwaters, the mingling of sewer and storm...

We follow and weave with artist-writer-curator hosts and guides, de-centring the planet as earth, re-orientating towards the ocean; remembering ancestral sites and bones, above and below; navigating macro and microscopic sights, smells and sounds, of waters as physical, mythical and legally contested bodies; tracing passages and trade routes, flight paths and bridges; churning up rivers, stirring up jet streams, hunkering down against ever stronger hurricanes...

We pause with Rosanna Raymond, heralding ambivalent forces with body, voice and words:

Stones smooth and strike against one another

Hands clap – like thunder – inhale and exhale

A shaking, jangling, rattling HIIISSSSSSSSS

How do we want to go or be taken?

All that will be left will be the smell of the sea14

13. Valance Smith, karakia for 'Aotearoa: Ngā Tai o te Ao (Global Tides)', Global Asia/Pacific Art Exchange (GAX) 2020, co-convened by Janine Randerson and Alexandra Chang. Auckland: Auckland University of Technology (AUT), 23–24 June 2020.

14. The last line from Rosanna Raymond's spoken word performance at the close of GAX 2020 day one at AUT.

Making worlds by verse and touch

Léuli Eshrāghi



1. tinā matua

When I think of langue, language, tongue, in French Is when I think of leo, voice, tenor in Sāmoan When I know of gagana, language, speech I know of māfaufauga, understanding, grasp

What does it mean to gather together at the foot of giant banyans and Ancestor hillocks and mountains? When $s\bar{a}$ //clans spread dislocated dispossessed confetti of German, British, American empires of the mind and mark, of expending atom, reef and shoal

Ua fuifui fa'atasi ae sa vao 'ese'ese is an enduring Sāmoan expression that signifies that we have come together from different parts of the forest, bringing our Ancestors with us for this digital encounter

And also, importantly, the suli//descendents born of tapuafanua, atua and mālumālu

tagatānu'u people•s of village•s

Learn these words with me, trying to undo each layer of inherited and magnified coloniality on suli seeking to re•member re•align many tapuafanua//guardian spirits whose names I don't yet know, from the lupe pigeon heyday before plantations and missions

On Namu'a sanctuary island, debris installations wash up every day from far across the heating sea, pe'a, laumei, pa'a and manu move and bustle in the land, air and deep aqua!

Humans make only short visits in deference to beyond-us kin who care and remain

Love anew the pantheon of atua//deities whose mālumālu// precolonial temples lie dormant in the rainforest and under church foundations in every village, and more soft traversing of our lands and waters shared amongst bloodline relations, disputes and all

tagatāvāsā people•s of ocean•s

My tinā matua was an artist and expert failalaga her whole life, supporting expansive networks across the atumotu, archipelago, across the waters, airs, lands to us children of the sā in other peoples' still sacred territories, in fanua-based sovereignty

In a matriarchy that is alofa'aga and soifuaga from the Ancestors, in a binding of far-flung children that is making with the plants of lands-we-belong-to and the labour of hands what is denied in the hoarding system of colonisers who never leave our spirits, bodies, systems

Many times over, tinā matua would reinforce her messages to us cousins in Sāmoan and English. Re•member me. Re•turn often, don't take too long. I don't want to be buried already when you do. 'Ou te alofa ia te 'oe, Tinā. E lē galo 'oe, e lē galo lo tātou atunu'u

Image: Léuli Eshrāghi, re(cul)naissance, 2020. Production still.

2. majestic gums

an intellect of artists re•treat to Gadubanud forests, hills, dunes we walk paths to sacred coasts, wearing southern-wind caresses, Great Ocean embraces here on this beach and there where the springs feed moss, insects and birds in the loving sunshine

koala shrieks and grunts punctuate balmy sweaty nights our tents are mere layers for holding the residues of coolwards bushwalks and seasalt swims lick lips, press ears and face to the manna hammocks and leaf orchestras playing to close spaces, to fingers and toes

weave softness in thoughts, cut tree kin for fires press on through brush known to Ancestors of these territories whose names we learn and as swiftly lose their grasp learning to be quiet enough, warm enough, embracing enough departing each frame as we began, witnesses

shell monuments are re-counted to us visitors earthen and shell hearths thousands of years strong with ceremony and community and lifeforce beaming love to this time now, basking in the lunar wisdom of grandmother Māsina at her fullest

Rosella and Black Cockatoo circle these, their home skies Look up from valley floor to canopy heights and the thermals above Sacred circles and linework abound in every direction Delicate precolonial villages and temples ghost us, living on Original planes far beyond canons of control and domination I used to say we are the people we've been waiting for,
to motivate further actions in a good way, in a genuine standing for protocols
I used to say let us sogi to affirm in breath and countenance
Re•calibrate for now to that rarefied power and presence we can call the
Queer Sublime from the Rimmed Ocean: Belcourt, Taulapapa, Raymond, La Mackerel

Whaikōrero / words of closing Karakia whakamutunga / closing blessing

Valance Smith

Tihei Mauri Ora

Tuatahi rā mōkori anō ka tuku ngā whakamoemiti ki tō tātou matua nui i te rangi,

Kia māturuturu mai ai te tōmairangai atawhai ki runga ki tēnā ki tēnā o mātou,

Ahakoa kei hea mātou kia pai ai tēnei noho tahi, a-mariko mai, a-ipurangi mai, a-zoom mai i tēnei wā, nō reira pai marire ki a ia ōtirā.

Tae atu rā, me wehi atu ki a Ihowa, whakahonoretia te Arikinui, te Ariki ihorei a Kīngi Tuheitia e noho mai rā i runga anō i te ahurewa rongomaiwhiti o ōnā mātua tipuna pai marire ki a ia ōtirā ki a rātou katoa,

Tae atu rā ki ngā tini aitua,

Ko tātou e whakaeke nei ki tēnei wāhanga o te tau arā ko te Matariki he rāhiri ki ngā mate, haere e ngā mate haere atu rā moe mai rā okioki ai, āpiti hono tātai hono rātou te hunga mate ki a rātou, āpiti hono tātai hono, tātou te hunga ora ki a tātou, e kiia nei te kōrero he pae maunga tū te ao tū te pō, he pae tangata ngaro noa, ngaro noa atu, a Tihei Mauri Ora.

Nā konā anō e te tī e te tā e koutou katoa kua hono mai nei, kua whai wāhi mai nei ki tēnei nohotahi, ki tēnei kōrerotahi, ki tēnei wānanga o tātou, nau mai haere mai whakatau mai rā, haere mai rā ki a mātou, Te Wānanga Aronui o Tāmaki Makau Rau, AUT University e kawe nei i tēnei kaupapa e mihi nei e tangi nei ki a koutou katoa, ki a koutou ka hono

mai i Argentina, koutou i hono mai i Ingarangi, i Amerika, i Āhia, i Ahitereiria, ki ngā topito, ki ngā moutere, ki ngā whenua o te motu, o te ao, nau mai, haere mai, whai wāhi mai ki a mātou, me taku mihi ki a koutou katoa, o te Āporonui, arā, te 'Big Apple', arā ko New York University tēnā koutou katoa e kawe nei i tēnei kaupapa kia homai e koutou tēnei kaupapa ki a mātou o AUT tēnā koutou katoa. No reira mauria mai ō koutou maunga, mauria mai ō koutou awa, mauria mai ō koutou moana ki tō mātou moana arā ko Waitemata e rere nei, ko Maungawhau e tū iho nei, arā ko tēnei whenua o Aotearoa e mihi nei e tangi nei ki a koutou katoa nau mai haere mai ki runga i tēnei kaupapa, ko tēnei kaupapa arā ko Global Tides - Ngā Tai o te Ao, nei rā tēnei kaupapa e paiheretia nei tātou i a tātou kia whakawhiti kōrero kia kauwhau kōrero ki tēnā ki tēnā o koutou kia ahatia kia mārama ai tātou i roto i tēnei ao hurihuri nei, no reira e te tī e te tā, e koutou e ngā mana e ngā reo e ngā mataawaka puta noa i te ao nau mai haere mai tēnā koutou, tēnā koutou, tēnā koutou katoa.

Kia ora e te whānau, mōrena. Ata mārie. Ata is morning, and mārie is peaceful, and this is very much a peaceful morning, and I've caught the end of our core conversations today. And from the bottom of our hearts here at AUT I'd like to thank everyone for participating in the kōrero.

The name of our wharenui at AUT is Te Pūrengi, and Te Pūrengi is the name gifted to us by the local tribe here, the local iwi, Ngāti Whātua. Te Pūrengi is a concept, and the concept is: on the waka, or on the seafaring canoe, you have the sail of the waka, and what determines where the sail of the waka goes, left or right and so on, is the pūrengi, which are the rigging ropes. And that serves for ourselves,

for our students, for our staff, for everybody venturing on sometimes unknown, tumultuous waters, navigating our way across education. So this also serves as a metaphor for ourselves and our own research aspirations as we navigate through these conversations.

Our marae is also called Ngā Wai o Horotiu, gifted by Ngāti Whatua, which are the waterways of Horotiu. Horotiu is a guardian, a kaitiaki, of the waterways that still run underneath our City Campus. And I see Rosanna Raymond looking forward to meeting each other in our human form, in our face-to-face form, and we certainly would like at some stage to meet everyone here at Ngā Wai o Horotiu Marae. And I purposely say Ngā Wai o Horotiu Marae because the wai is the water, and while we still acknowledge the water that runs underneath our waterways, we also use wai as a metaphor for knowledge. And as we know, knowledge is fluid, and it also provides sustenance and wellbeing into our health, spiritually and physically. And while we also might be talking about the networks or the caves underneath where we're currently in the City Campus, I think the wonderful thing about having Zoom conferences is that those networks transcend to the different parts of the world. So I'd like to acknowledge everybody who has contributed their wai, their waters of sustenance and health and vitality, to our conference, and for enriching this conference of ours. So, on behalf of the whānau of Te Wānanga Aronui o Tāmaki Makaurau, which is Auckland University of Technology, thank you very much. Tēnā koutou.

I also remind us of our name Te Wānanga Aronui, which is gifted to us by one of our kaumatua, Ngamaru Raerino from the Ngāti Awa people and the Te Arawa people, who used to

formally work here at AUT. Wānanga is essentially what we are doing here today. It is a robust discussion and of people coming together as a community. The reason why community is important is because it reminds us that while we may come from diverse backgrounds and research backgrounds and ethnic backgrounds and religious backgrounds, as a community we come here for a common kaupapa, or common purpose. Our common purpose is to whai i te māramatanga, which is the search for enlightenment and understanding.

So again coming back to everyone participating in this space, thank you for providing a sense of understanding, a sense of enlightenment for us to take forward into our next leg of our journey, as we pull the ropes of the pūrengi and set course on the next leg of our journey all together. And where that may land, we hope it is a place where we can all come together.

Karakia whakamutunga

Ko Ranginui ki runga Ko Papatuanuku ki raro Ka puta te ira tangata Ki te whei ao ki te ao mārama Uhi wero tau mai te mauri Haumi e hui e Tāiki e

Ka takina te kawa Ko te kawa tuatahi Ko te kawa tuarua Ko te kawa tuatoru Ko te kawa tuawhā Ko te kawa tuarima

Ko te kawa tuaono

Ko te kawa tuawhitu

Ko te kawa tuawaru

Ko te kawa tuaiwa

Ko te kawa tuangahuru

Tēnei ka tākina atu

Ka takina te kawa

Ko te kawa nui

Ko te kawa roa

Ko te kawa whakatiketike

I ahua mai nō Tikitiki-o-te-rangi

I tupu ko te pū

Ko te weu

Ko te rito

Ko te take

Ko te pūkenga

Ko te wānanga

Ko te taura

Ko te tauira

Tēnei rā te awhinuku te awhirangi

No te orooro o Io Matua

I pue ia i te taketake

I Ueuenuku i Ueuerangi

Tēnei ka hohou

Ki runga ki te tupua

Ki runga ki te tawhito

Ki runga ki te kāhui o ngā Ariki

Kia puta ēnei tauira ki te whaiao, ki te ao mārama

Ūhi, wero, tau mai te mauri

Haumi e, hui e

Taiki e

Contributor Biographies

Cameron Ah Loo-Matamua (Sa Matamua; Sa Muagututi'a; Guangdong) is a writer, curator, and educator based in Tāmaki Makaurau. They are currently Kaituki/Curator of St Paul St Gallery, previously engaging as an independent researcher within the 2018 Symposium, Ko au te au/I am the Ocean, and as co-curator with Director, Charlotte Huddleston on the 2019 two-part exhibition project *Two* Oceans at Once, shown at St Paul St Gallery, and The Physics Room, Ōtautahi. They have recently completed a PGDipFA from the Elam School of Fine Arts where they were also employed as a graduate teaching assistant. Their writing has appeared both nationally and internationally, most recently at Art Basel Hong Kong and Karma Gallery, NYC. Cameron was the 2017 Education Intern at Artspace Aotearoa, working across both curatorial and public programming with a focus on emergent and Moana artists and thinkers.

Alexandra Chang is the director of the Global Asia/Pacific Art Exchange (GAX) and the Virtual Asian American Art Museum with Asian/Pacific/American Institute at NYU. She is Associate Professor of Practice with the Art History program at the Department of Arts, Culture and Media and Interim Associate Director of the Clement A. Price Institute on Ethnicity, Culture, and the Modern Experience at Rutgers University-Newark. She is also the Associate Director of the American Studies Program at RU-N. Chang is building coursework as well as local and global programs and exhibitions on EcoArt and Global Asias Art History at RU-N, where she presents a series of monthly EcoArt Salons at the Paul Robeson Galleries at Express Newark and helps organize the campus-wide Eco Working Group. She also organizes the

Climate Working Group that bridges Science, Humanities and Arts for collaborations considering climate justice and the eco crisis. She is Co-Founding Editor with Alice Ming Wai Jim of Asian Diasporic Visual Cultures and the Americas (ADVA). She is the author of *Envisioning Diaspora: Asian American Visual Arts Collectives* (Timezone 8, 2008) and editor of *Circles and Circuits: Chinese Caribbean Art* (Duke UP, 2018).

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Xin Cheng is an artist and researcher. With her long term research on everyday resourcefulness, ecology, and informal uses of public spaces, she has given performative talks and workshops in Berlin, Sheffield, Mexico City; and published a book collection with Materialverlag Hamburg. She runs the collaborative platform, small workshop with Chris Berthelsen, and regularly writes for the journal hainamana.com. She was previously a co-director of the artist-run-space RM, Auckland, and the NZ ambassador for the Italian festival Stazione di Topolò. Her work has been shown in public art galleries around New Zealand and at International Biennial of Graphic Design Brno (Czech Republic), Sprint Milano (Italy). She has done residencies in Norway, Taiwan, Cambodia, Switzerland, Korea, Japan. She has a MFA from Hamburg University of Fine Arts, and studied ecology, psychology, fine arts at University of Auckland.

Sia Figiel is a poet, writer, performance-poet, painter and translator from Samoa. She has written four novels and a collection of prose-poetry. Her first novel, *where we once belonged*, won the 1997 Commonwealth Writers Prize Best

First Book for the South East Asia, South Pacific region. Sia's work in translation includes Albert Wendt's novel *Pouliuli*, Puccini's Opera *Madame Butterfly/Pepe Le Faletua* and she is working on Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Beach at Falesa/Le Matafaga i Falesa*.

Jack Gray is a Māori contemporary dancer, choreographer, teacher, facilitator and writer from Aotearoa, New Zealand. He is a founding member and Artistic Director of Atamira Dance Company. Jack has worked on several international, interdisciplinary, and intercultural projects, including Berkeley Dance Project, Cultural Informance Lab, Transformance Lab, I Moving Lab, Indigenous Dance Forum, and more. His independent arts practice spans two decades and has taken him all over the world where he engages with Indigenous audiences and community centred spaces of learning, being, and activation. Jack was a guest choreographer at UC Berkeley, a Visiting Assistant Professor at UC Riverside, Regents Lecturer at UC Los Angeles, and a visiting scholar and Spring Artist in Residence at Asian/Pacific/American Institute at New York University. Jack creatively explores and devises restorative approaches towards living cultural relationships to the Earth Mother, Papatuanuku and Skyfather, Ranginui. Another ongoing platform is Movement for Joy, a class that is inclusive to all, which looks at joy and authentic embodiment as an opportunity to dynamically connect more productively with the self and others.

Charlotte Huddleston is the Director of St Paul St Gallery, AUT. In her current research and practice Charlotte works with the gallery as an organisation within the university, and with gallery programmes to worry at questions like: how can curators attend care-fully to the complexities of their work within institutions? What forms do relationships within and outside of the institution take, and how to be accountable in these relationships?

Kerry Ann Lee is an artist and designer from Aotearoa, New Zealand who creates multi-media installations, print and image-based works that are site-specific and socially engaged. Critic Mark Amery describes her work as "feeling at once global and deeply personal." Lee regularly exhibits nationally and internationally and has undertaken residencies in China, Taiwan, USA, Mexico and Australia. Lee is well-known for her work with independent publishing and fanzines over the past two decades. Lee has been involved with diverse communities through collaborations, commissions, workshops and public programmes, including projects like Up The Punks with John Lake, Red Letter Distro and the Asian Aotearoa Arts Hui. Lee lives in Te Whanganui-a-Tara and works as an educator and scholar at Massey University College of Creative Arts (CoCA).

Tuputau Lelaulu is a researcher in the Vā Moana / Pacific Spaces research group at AUT University who has worked extensively on local and international architectural projects. His PhD MAUMOANA is a re-examination of a regional

identity through the creation of a regenerative design and development guide and methodology for Moana built environments. His practice MAU Studio explores how architecture can play an ecosystemic role in the alleviation of systemic challenges facing marginalised communities.

Lana Lopesi (Sāmoa, Pākehā) is an art critic and author of *False Divides* (2018). Previously Lana was Editor-in-Chief at *The Pantograph Punch*, before that, she was Founding Editor of #500words (2012–2017). Lana's writing has featured in a number of magazines, journals and publications in print and online as well as in numerous artist and exhibition catalogues. Lana is currently a PhD Candidate at Auckland University of Technology where she is also a researcher in the Vā Moana / Pacific Spaces research group.

Jane Chang Mi, ocean engineer and artist, assesses the post-colonial ocean environment through an interdisciplinary and research-based lens. She examines the narratives associated with the underwater landscape considering the past, present, and future. Mi most often focuses on the occupation and militarization of the Pacific Ocean by the United States as her livelihood would have reinforced the legacy of the American military complex. Her work has been exhibited nationally and internationally, most recently at Te Uru Waitakere and St Paul St Gallery in Aotearoa. She has been a scientist on the Arctic Circle Program, a recipient of the University of California Institute for Research in the Arts grant, and a fellow at the East West Center at the University

of Hawai'i, Manoa. She is currently based out of Honolulu and Los Angeles, where she teaches at Scripps College.

Maree Mills (Ngāti Tūwharetoa, Clan Gunn). Maree joined Waikato Museum in 2017 as Curator Tangata Whenua. Working previously as Director of Hastings City Art Gallery, she authored catalogue essays generated for exhibitions or at the request of artists and also published internationally in contemporary art and culture journals Third Text and Public 54. Maree also lectured at the University of Waikato in media studies, where her own research and practice explored communication of cosmological concepts inherent in a Māori world-view, from a female perspective. She is a founding member of Ngā Aho and was keynote at the 2nd Biennial International Indigenous Design Forum-Na Te Kore // From the Void in Christchurch 2018, and in 2019 co-curated Pūhoro \bar{o} mua Pūhoro ki Tua for the 9th International Indigenous Artists Gathering held at Turangawaewae.

Emily Parr (Ngãi Te Rangi, Moana, Pākehā) is an artist living in Tāmaki Makaurau. Weaving stories with movingimage, her practice explores relationships between people, political frameworks, whenua and moana. Her current research on settler-indigenous relationships of Te Moananuia-Kiwa traverses oceans and centuries, seeking stories in archives and waters on haerenga to ancestral homelands.

Nova Paul is an artist filmmaker (Ngāpuhi). Her filmmaking practice draws from experimental film histories and fourth wave film discourse to consider the poetics and politics of Māori time and place, tino rangatiratanga /self-determinacy and the moving image. Nova Paul's 16mm films have screened internationally and nationally in film festivals and gallery programmes.

Janine Randerson is an Aotearoa/New Zealand-based artist and writer concerned with technology, ecology and mediation. Her moving image and performative works are exhibited in the Asia-Pacific region and internationally. She has collaborated with scientists from NIWA (National Institute of Water and Atmospheric Research) in New Zealand, BoM (Bureau of Meteorology) in Melbourne and with environmental research scientists in Denmark. She is a LASER (Leonardo Art Science Evening Rendezvous) talk host. Janine's recent book *Weather as Media: Towards a Meteorological Art* (MIT Press, 2018) examines artworks t hat offer possible engagement with our future weathers, while creating openings for immediate action in the present climate crisis. She is an Associate Professor in Art and Design at AUT University in Auckland.

Rosanna Raymond is an innovator of the contemporary Pasifika art scene as a long-standing member of the art collective the Pacific Sisters, and founding member of the SaVAge K'lub. She is a researcher in the Vā Moana / Pacific Spaces research group at AUT. Over the past twenty years,

Raymond's activities include work within museums and higher education institutions as an artist, performer, curator, guest speaker, poet and workshop leader. Raymond has held the position of Honorary Research Associate at the Department of Anthropology and Institute of Archaeology at University College London and has been awarded a Chester Dale Fellowship at the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

Albert L Refiti is a Samoan born and raised architect and research leader in Pacific spatial and architectural environment with an extensive research and publication in the area, supported by his teaching and lecturing in the last 21 years. Albert has worked in architectural practice in Auckland and London most notably on the refurbishment of the Pacific Galleries and the South Atrium of the Auckland Museum and developments for the extension to the Camden Art Centre in London. He is currently an Associate Professor at Auckland University of Technology. His current research is on Pacific concepts of space - how they are formulated and enacted, to find out how this understanding might play a role in rethinking the ways that Pacific people can create new modes of working and creating new notions of place and citizenship in the diaspora. This work has led to his being awarded a Senior Fellowship at The Metropolitan Museum of Arts in New York. He is also an advisor on the renovation of the Pacific Gallery at Melbourne Museum and the Future Museum developments at Auckland Museum.

Natalie Robertson is a Senior Lecturer in Art and Design at AUT. Born in Kawerau, New Zealand, Natalie Robertson (Ngāti Porou, Clan Donnachaidh) makes photographic and moving image works that explore Māori knowledge practices and cultural landscapes. Her practice engages with conflicting settler and indigenous relationships to land and place. Robertson is also a founding member of the Auckland-based collective Local Time, which facilitates site-specific projects that speak to local and indigenous contexts.

Valance Smith (Ngāpuhi, Waikato, Ngāti Mahuta) is the Assistant Pro Vice Chancellor for Māori Advancement at AUT University. He teaches Te Reo Māori and Tikanga Māori papers within Te Ara Poutama, The Faculty of Māori and Indigenous Development at AUT. His services to AUT include cultural advisor and Kaikōrero (orator). The primary focus of Valance's doctoral thesis on the role of contemporary Māori music in promoting te reo Māori.

Anna Kazumi Stahl holds a PhD in Comparative Literature (UC Berkeley) and is a fiction writer based in Argentina. She is the Director of NYU's global program in Buenos Aires, Argentina, and serves on the Board of the Fulbright Commission of Argentina. Her critical work and her fiction both explore South-South and East Asian-South American transnational experience and strategies for narrating inter-cultural sensibilities. Working in her adopted language of Argentine Spanish, she has written two books of fiction,

numerous short stories, and a non-fiction book on the reception of Japanese literature in Spanish translation. Her fiction has been published in Latin America, Australia, Europe, Japan, and the USA. She is currently completing a novel set in a zone of Buenos Aires historically impacted by immigration. In April 2019, she was writer-in-residence for the Australian Research Council's project Other Worlds: Forms of World Literature, a partnership between Western Sydney University and the University of Adelaide. As part of this grant, Stahl participated in the three-day colloquium Writing from the South: Writers in Conversation and public literary readings at the State Library of New South Wales in Sydney, Australia.

Anatonio Te Maioha is of Te Rarawa, Ngāpuhi nui tonu, Waikato/ Tainui, Te Arawa and nations linking through Mahinaarangi to Kahungunu and Ngāti Porou. He is a graduate of Toi Whakaari New Zealand Drama School (1992-1993). He has an extensive acting career in cinema, television and theatre, including shows which have toured internationally. Te Maioha is an advocate the Māori language, and has a long history of working in the community for the community creating performances and hosting events that encourage care for our environment.

Layne Waerea (Ngāti Wāhiao, Ngāti Kahungunu, Pākehā) is an Auckland-based artist who carries out performance art interventions in public spaces that question socio-legal rules that relate to te Tiriti o Waitangi (1840) and Aotearoa's

natural resources. Dr Layne Waerea is a researcher with the Vā Moana / Pacific Spaces research group at AUT.

Arielle Walker (Taranaki, Ngāruahine, Ngāpuhi, Pākehā) is a Tāmaki Makaurau-based contemporary artist, writer and maker. Her practice seeks pathways towards reciprocal belonging through the intersections and connections between land, language, and craft, focusing on tactile storytelling and ancestral narratives. Ariele shared a studio with Emily Parr and they collaborated on the video work Whatuora, exhibited in *Speaking Surfaces* at St Paul St Gallery in 2020.

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Faith Wilson is a Samoan writer from Kirikiriroa, Aotearoa. She has an MA in Creative Writing from the International Institute of Modern Letters, and has published writing in many journals nationally and internationally. She is currently an editor at both *The Pantograph Punch* and *Tupuranga:* A Journal of New Indigenous Writing from Aotearoa.

Léuli Eshrāghi, Sāmoan artist, curator and researcher, intervenes in display territories to centre Indigenous presence and power, sensual and spoken languages, and ceremonial-political practices. Through performance, moving image, writing and installation, ia engages with Indigenous possibility as haunted by ongoing militourist and missionary violences that erase fa'afafine-fa'atama from kinship structures. Recently, works have been presented

in NIRIN – 22nd Biennale of Sydney, Journey beyond the Arrow - Sharjah Biennial 14, Te Whāinga: A Culture Lab on Civility - Smithsonian Asian Pacific American Center/ Auckland Museum, Seeing Voices - Monash University Museum of Art, and Deconstructing Comfort - Open Space Victoria. Curatorial platforms have been realized at UNSW Galleries, Vancouver Art Gallery, Artspace Aotearoa, Institute of Modern Art Brisbane, and Gertrude Contemporary Melbourne. Eshrāghi holds a PhD in Curatorial Practice (2019) from Monash University. Ia serves on the board of the Aboriginal Curatorial Collective/ Collectif des commissaires autochtones (Canada), and Pacific Advisory Group for Melbourne Museum (Australia). Eshrāghi supports PHOTO2021 Festival as an advisor and recently worked as Curatorial Advisor (International Indigenous Art) for the Art Gallery of New South Wales.

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Annie Jael Kwan is an independent curator and researcher based in London, who works between Europe and Asia, with a focus on contemporary and live art produced in relation to South / East / Asia, and interests in feminist, queer and alternative practices and knowledges, archives, histories, collective practice and solidarity. Her recent projects include the pioneering Southeast Asia Performance Collection (SAPC) launched in 2017, that holds performance-related materials from artists working in relation to the Southeast Asia. In 2018, she curated *UnAuthorised Medium for Framer Framed*, Amsterdam, which explored artistic practices and 'alternative archives' in relation to Southeast Asia. In 2019, she co-curated the Archive-in-Residence Southeast Asia Performance Collection archive exhibition, and consulted

on the "Pathways of Performativity" conference exploring performance in Southeast Asia at Haus der Kunst, Munich. Since 2018, she co-leads Asia-Art-Activism (AAA), an interdisciplinary and intergenerational network of artists, curators and academics investigating the intersected meanings of "Asia," "art," and "activism" in the UK. In 2019, she also co-edited the special issue of *Southeast of Now: Directions in Contemporary and Modern Art in Asia: Archives.* Annie was awarded the 2019 Live Art UK's Diverse Actions Leadership Award. She recently completed a research residency at Tokyo Arts and Space in 2020.

susan pui san lok is an artist and writer based in London. Her work ranges across moving image, installation, sound, performance and text, evolving out of interests in diasporic culture, archives, language, translation, memory, migration, nostalgia, aspiration, place and displacement. Solo exhibitions include seven by seven commissioned for Glasgow International Festival (2020, postponed); A COVENA GROVE A STAND at FirstSite, Colchester (2019); RoCH Fans & Legends at the Centre for Contemporary Chinese Art, Manchester (2016). Recent writings include contributions to two special issues of Art History, Remapping British Art: Three Moments of Modernism (S. Boyce and D. Price eds., 2020) and Decolonising Art History (C. Grant and D. Price eds., 2020); The Place Is Here (N. Aikens and E. Robles eds., 2019, Sternberg). She was a Co-Investigator on the UK Arts and Humanities Research Council-funded project, Black Artists and Modernism (2015-18), led by University of Arts London (UAL) in partnership with Middlesex University, where she was Associate Professor in Fine Art until 2018.

She is currently Professor in Contemporary Art at UAL and Director of the UAL Decolonising Arts Institute (in pilot phase, inaugural programme due to launch in autumn 2020).

2020 Global Asia/Pacific Art Exchange Aotearoa:

Ngā Tai o te Ao: the global tides

GAX Aotearoa Symposium Convenors — Janine Randerson, Albert Refiti & Alexandra Chang, in association with St Paul St Gallery GAX Aotearoa Symposium Facilitators — Cameron Ab Loo-Matamua & Kaburangiariki Smith

Co-editors Janine Randerson, Charlotte Huddleston & Alexandra Chang

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