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Lana Lopesi, Ahilapalapa Rands, Ioana Gordon-Smith, Emma Ng,
Cameron Ah-Loo Matamua, Melanie Rands, Faith Wilson,
Kim Lowe, Liu Jia Ming, Emalani Case

Te Reo Māori translation: Poata Alvie McKree
Chinese translation: Lynn Qing Zhang

Cover illustration: Ahilapalapa Rands

lei-pā

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ST PAUL St Gallery, AUT University

Darcell Apelu, Sione Monu, Kerry Ann Lee, LI Liao, LI Jinghu,

LIU Weiwei, Natalie Robertson, HUANG Songhao, Salome

Tanuvasa, Angela Tiatia, Vaimaila Urale

Curated by Lana Lopesi and Ahilapalapa Rands



contents

1. mihi
AHILAPALAPA RANDS
2. seki oka
LANA LOPESI
3. foreward
LANA LOPESI & AHILAPALAPA RANDS
4. when the boat comes down
MELANIE RANDS
5. e tuai tuai, ta te ma'ona ai: earnestly labouring
LANA LOPESI
6. *intertwined flesh among taro leaves, George had caught feelings for Sam, from the Among taro leaves series*
SIONE MONU
7. food sovereignty
AHILAPALAPA RANDS
8. uncle lio's funeral/sweet & sour
FAITH WILSON
9. wax covered caveat
CAMERON AH-LOO MATAMUA
10. dad's (Harry Lowe's) pork, potato in lettuce leaf
KIM LOWE
11. seki sapaui
LANA LOPESI
12. sister project
ASIA PACIFIC CENTURY - IOANA GORDON-SMITH & EMMA NG
13. mum's mince soup
LIU JIA MING
14. film recommendations
BEPEN BHANA
15. po'o pua'a
EMALANI CASE
16. *lei-pā* artists
DARCELL APELU, SIONE MONU, KERRY ANN LEE, LI LIAO, LI JINGHU, LIU WEIWEI, NATALIE ROBERTSON, HUANG SONGHAO, SALOME TANUVASA, ANGELA TIATIA, VAIMAILA URALE

mihi

AHILAPALAPA RANDS

Ko Ranginui e tū iho nei
Ko Papatūānuku e takoto ake nei
Ki a tātou katoa ki waenganui

Tihei Mauriora!

Ki ngā tānagta whenua o te rohe o Tāmaki Makaurau, Ngāti Whātua-o-ōrākei, Ngati Kawerau-a-maki, Ngāti Pāoa, Te Wai o Hua, Ngāi Tai kei tenei te mihi ki a koutou. Koia nei ngā uri o te Moana nui a Kiwa, a Ahilapalapa Rands māua ko Lana Lopesi, e mihi kau atu ana kia koutou nō ngā pito katoa o ēnei motu. Nō reira, he pai te whakataukī *Waiho i te toipoto, kaua i te toira*. He tāngata tiriti māua, he kaitautoko māua o te Tino Rangatiratanga o ngā tāngata whenua o Aotearoa, nō reira kei te mihi ki a koutou.

Ka hua te whakaaro, ka hua te kōrero. Kei te mihi ki ngā wharetoi o ST PAUL St, hei whakaruruhau ki a tātou katoa. Tēnei te wahi mō ngā kākano o ngā ringatoi. Nā o koutou pārekereke manaaki, arā, ka tipu ake ngā mahi toi, ngā ahurea o muri nei.

He nui te kaupapa mahinga kai o tēnei whakakite *lei-pā*. Kei te mihi ki ngā ringatoi nō Aotearoa, nō Moana Nui a Kiwa, nō Haina i whakapiri mai ki tenei kaupapa. Ahakoa ētehi wā he roa te wāhi i waenganui, he maha ngā honoga i roto te mahi toi o ngā ringatoi, arā, ka mutu i te whakataukī nei.

Nā tō rourou, nā tāku rourou, ka ora ai te iwi.



I'a
Diced fish



Sua tipolo
Lemon juice



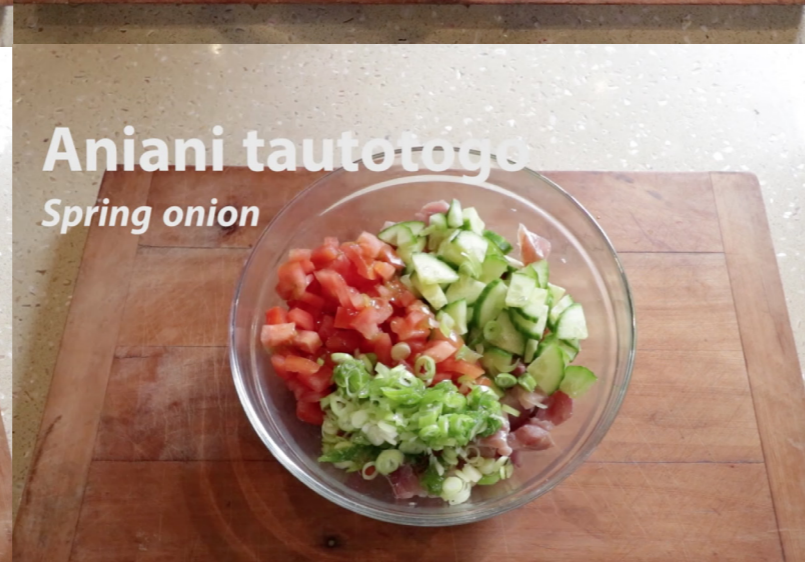
Kukama
Cucumber



Masima
Salt



Tamato
Tomato



Aniani tautotogo
Spring onion



Pe'epe'e
Coconut cream



foreward

LANA LOPESI & AHILAPALAPA RANDS

Nā tō rourou, nā tāku rourou, ka ora ai te iwi.

众人拾柴火焰高

Nā tō rourou, nā taku rourou, ka ora ai te iwi.*

He take tōrangapū anō te kai: ka pēhea te whakaaturanga, ka pēhea te tohatoha, ka pēhea te whakatupu. Huri rauna te Moana-nui-a-Kiwa, ko ngā māra o te kokonati, o te koko, o te huka, o te paināporo me te piini vanilla te pūtake o ngā ngaru kaiheke maha ka pakaru mai, ngā ngaru kahunga hoki ka pakaru mai, tae noa ki ngā emepaea koroniara i huri ki Āhia kia whai kaimahi. Ko te porowini o Guangdong (koia tērā te porowini kai mua i te mana ōhanga o Haina i ēnei rā) tētahi o ngā taunga tima ka wehe atu te tokomaha o ngā poroteke o te rau tau tekau mā iwa.

食物具有内在的政治性：它所代表的社群，它的分享方式、生产方式等等。新西兰Moana-nui-a-kiwa地区出产干椰肉、可可、蔗糖、菠萝和香草的种植园，为当地带来了一批批移民和奴隶劳动力，包括新西兰作为殖民地期间从亚洲吸取的劳动力。今天经济发达的中国广东省，在19世纪曾是主雇契约劳动力主要输出港口之一。

Food is inherently political: who it represents, how it's shared and how it's produced. Across Moana-nui-a-kiwa plantations of copra, cacao, sugar, pineapple and vanilla have been the basis of multiple waves of migrant and slave labour trades, including colonial empires turning to Asia as a labour force. Guangdong Province, which now holds a lead position within China's economic powerbase, was one of the major ports of exit for often indentured labourers in the early 19th century.

Ahakoia i tīmata te hononga o ngā hāpori tangata whenua ki te hunga mahi kaiheke nō Āhia i ngā māra koroniara, he hononga pūmau kei waho kē o te kēnana emepaea i whakatupu. I te tīmatanga o te rau tau rua tekau, i whakanekeneke ngā whakaaro koroniara ki te hunga poroteke, ki Whītī i te tau 1920, ki Hawai'i, ki Hāmoa hoki i te tau 1931. I taua wā tokomaha

殖民时期的种植园，让新西兰的本地土著群体与亚洲劳工移民建立了联系，这份长久的关系一直延续到了帝国时期以后。在20世纪初，殖民统治者对契约劳工的态度发生了转变，1920年在斐济，1931年在萨摩亚群岛及夏威夷，契约劳工制度走到了尽头。这个时期，不少劳工回到了自己的家乡，但更多人选择留在岛上长期生活。斐济和萨摩亚在20世纪末取得独立，而夏威夷则成为了美国的领土。

While the connection between Indigenous communities and Asian labour migrants initially came through colonial plantations, long-lasting relationships formed outside of this imperial context. Colonial attitudes towards indentured labour changed at the start of the 20th century and ceased for good in Fiji in 1920, and 1931 in Samoa and Hawai'i. At this time many labourers returned to their various homelands, while a significant

食物是移民和土著关系的重要证据。在夏威夷和萨摩亚群岛，随着亚洲食物加工技术的引入，面条、大米和糕点慢慢地改变了

ngā hunga mahi i hokihoki atu ki o rātou ake kāinga. I whiriwhiri tētahi wāhanga nui te noho pūwhenua ai. Ahakaoa i whai atu a Whītī rāua ko Hāmoa tō rātou tino rangatiratanga, he whenua pīrere tonu a Hawai’i.

He whaitohu te kai ki aua hononga i waenganui i te hāpori tangata whenua me te hunga kaiheke. Kei Hawai’i, kei Hāmoa hoki i huri o rātou kai matua i te taenga mai o te hangarau kai nō Āhia, hai tauira: kihu parāoa, raihi, tāparaha. Mā ēnei hangarau kai hou kua hurihia ngā momo kai pērā ki a sapaui, keke pua’a, musubi hoki, ka eke hei tino horotai o te hau kainga. Waihoki ka whakapuaki ana te mana o ngā iwi taketake nā te kai hou i whakapūmautia, i takatūria hoki. He mana kaore anō kia puta mai i ngā whenua tāmitanga o Te Moana-nui-a-Kiwa.

He uri māua (Lana Lopesi & Ahilapalapa Rands) nō Hamoa, Whītī, me Hawai’i, ā kua tipu ake i Aotearoa. E honoa paruhi ana māua ki taua hītori he whakahaere a o māua ake kāinga tupu nā Tiamana, nā Piritana Nui, nā Amerika hoki.

Ehara te māra he wāhi tāmatatia ngā huanga kai anake, he wāhi kē mō te ngaukino, mō te manawaroa, mō te tipu ake i te momorua hoki. He tini ngā momo whakaehu e whakaaturia ana e lei-pā kia whakahihiko he kōrero e pā ana ki te whakawhitiwhiti

当地人的饮食结构。米粉、包子和寿司经过演化，逐渐成为了岛屿上的美味。这还表明了当地土著居民的智慧，他们学会了利用新的食物加工手段，对自己熟知的食材进行改进或融入新的品类——对于食物的主权，相比大西洋地区殖民岛屿生活的其他方面，是很罕见的。

作为萨摩亚、斐济和夏威夷的后代，我们 (Lana Lopesi和 Ahilapalapa Rands) 在“毛利人的白云之乡”，也就是新西兰长大。这里曾相继被德国、英国和美国统治，也让我们与殖民历史有着千丝万缕的关系。

种植园不仅是我们的生产作物的地方，这里诞生了无数的磨难、创伤、抵抗和混合。通过一系列艺术作品，lei-pā 将食物和劳动力作为切入点，开展这次跨越历史的当代文化对话。此次展览中的艺术家以自己的文化——即中国和Moana-nui-kiwa为立足点，从食物生产和食物主权等方面，广泛地讨论了我们所生活的资本主义全球市场的劳动力需求。

我们调笑民族国家构成的系统化基础，也诟病外交掩护下的国际经济关系——我们的叙事或许没有那么清晰明了，但正是不同作品之间相互重叠、关联、交织的部分，组成了我们所生活的历史阶段中令人敬畏的东西。因为匮乏的政治，我们同病相怜；但通过这些相似的历史创伤，我们可以绕过帝国，直接对话，延续几千年的传统。

*This whakataukī could be

number decided to settle in the islands long term. Fiji and Samoa went on to gain independence toward the end of the century while Hawai’i is still illegally occupied.

Food is one signifier of these migrant and Indigenous relationships. In both Hawai’i and Samoa staple diets changed through the introduction of new Asian foods such as noodles, rice and pastry as well as the processes to prepare them. Foods such as sapaui, keke pua’a and musubi borrow from new food technologies, becoming local delicacies. Moreover, these highlight the power indigenous people have to adopt and adapt new foods into their diets, a sovereignty which doesn’t always exist in colonised lands across this vast ocean.

As descendants of Samoa, Fiji and Hawai’i that have grown up in Aotearoa we (Lana Lopesi and Ahilapalapa Rands) are implicitly connected to this history with our homelands having been administered by Germany, Britain and America respectively.

The plantation is a site where we not only cultivate crops but also trauma, resilience and hybridity. Through a variety of artistic approaches lei-pā uses food and labour to open up conversations of historic and contemporary cultural exchange. The artists featured in

i ngā tikanga-a-iwi o te wā puri mahara, o muri mai hoki. Ka whakapaoho ngā ringatoi e tū ana i tēnei whakakitenga i te horopaki o Haina, o Te Moana-nui-a-Kiwa hoki. He whānui anō te momo o ā rātou ake mahi, e hī ana i te hua kai me te mana tāmata motuhake, tae atu ki te whakahira ana te herenga mahi a te pūnaha huamoni o te ao whānui.

E whakatoia ana ā mātou kōrero ki ngā tūāpapa o ētahi kingitanga, arohaehae ana hoki i ngā whakapiringa ohanganga i hunaia e te whakahangahanga tōrangapū. Ka kōhangaweka te kōrero, engari ki te rīpekanga, te hononga, te hauare ana hoki te mahi ko te ata o te tāhuhu kōrero i hōnoretia e te kōrero. Heoi anō, i roto i te tōrangapū korekore ka tautohe i waenganui tātou, nā ngā ngaukinotanga riterite ka hipa tātou i te ara autaki, ka aro tātou kanohi ki te kanohi, ka kōrero pērā tonu i ngā wā o mua.

translated as ‘more people picking wood will make a bigger fire’.

this exhibition speak from their context within both China and Moana-nui-a-kiwa. Their works are broad ranging, addressing issues of food production and food sovereignty to the labour required within our capitalist global market.

Poking fun at the colonial foundations of nation states and critiquing problematic international economic relationships masked by diplomacy, our narratives are not tidy, but it is where the works intersect, connect and miss one another that some semblance of our lived histories is honoured. We are so often pitted against one another within a politics of scarcity. However, through shared traumas of sorts, we can bypass the empire and talk directly to each other, as we have been doing for thousands of years.

*This whakataukī could be translated as “Co-operative enterprise succeeds where individual efforts are insufficient” or “With your food basket and my food basket combined we all thrive.”

when the boat comes down
a dadakulaci lies unconscious on the ground
4 nights of singing the horizon away

the banana boat swinging
16 knots into diesel sunsets

on her twin Armstrong-Sulzer 6 cylinder engines
Bob 'Gin' rocking her golden whiskey cabin
for 3 days straight

the night my father came

with 2000 tonnes of ripening cargo
her quota of islanders bursting
to
over
f
l
o
w

kai vulagi on the bunks & everyone else down below
all their spirits rolled into one

the night my father came
with whales teeth and a turtle shell
on the Matua

all 355.2 feet of her round
Cape Brett
and up
the Rangitoto channel

when the boat comes down

to Mrs Harvey's boarding house
on
Hepburn Street in Freeman's Bay

a gas stove and a double bed
in her refrigerated hold



e tuai tuai, ta te ma'ona ai: earnestly labouring

LANA LOPESI

2015

Tāmaki Makaurau

I became really interested in the coconut.

I found out that there are two types of coconut in the world: one is indigenous to Moana-nui-a-kiwa, and the other to the Indian Ocean. These two coconut types crossed paths along various parts of the Austronesian trade route, like Madagascar, to combine and create what people call ‘admix coconuts’—coconuts with a combination of DNA from both of these strands. Isn’t that so fucking cool?

I’ve heard Kiwis throw around the coconut slur without a second thought. But now, in the palagi world, coconut is a symbol of bourgeoisie awakening—cooking food in virgin pressed coconut oil, rubbing overpriced fanu’u on your skin, drinking over-packaged vai niu.



Keke pua’a is a common food in Samoa—sold at the local dairy or market place, or made by your grandmother. My cousins make them every night in their village to sell in Apia the next morning. It’s a symbol of pride in Samoa, but it’s also kinda

Chinese. Actually, when I think about it, heaps of our food is Chinese: alaisa, lialia, sapaui, some even have the word Chinese in them, like keke saina and masi saina. Why is this seemingly Chinese food a part of the Indigenous diet in Samoa?

I started tracing connections between Samoa and China. The most prominent exchange between the two countries was in the late 1880s and early 1900s when Chinese labourers left the southern regions of China, from Guangzhou and Fujian, to work in Samoa on German, and subsequently British, plantations.

Was it really labour migration that changed the staple diet in Samoa? Can food really signify the way people moved across the world?

February 2016

Shanghai上海市, **Beijing**北京市, **Guangzhou**广州市

Ahi and I had probably hung out only about three or four times previously, and yet there we were, at the Auckland International Airport, ready to go on a research trip to China. That’s when she saw me cry for the first time, saying goodbye to my baby girl, Arpi. Their names rhyme—Arpi, Ahi—and for the first few days I accidentally kept calling Ahi Arpi,

and would then have to correct myself.



China was a bit of a whirlwind, filled with strange moments, which maybe in themselves don't mean much, but collectively and retrospectively were influential on various levels.

A key part of our research in China was to see if there had been any reciprocal influence from the Pacific like what had occurred in the Islands. While many Chinese labourers stayed in Samoa with their families, many also went back. Although we discovered no visible influence of Island culture in China, I found a keke saina in a 北京市 supermarket. It was the exact same shape and had the same patterning, except it was made with prunes or raisins rather than pork fats.

A research trip with a colleague is one thing, but a research trip, on a tight budget, where you have to share beds with a colleague is another. We ate, we drank, we cried, we talked and talked and talked. We learned from each other. We asked the hard questions and answered them, or didn't. More importantly, we became friends from a place of deep enquiry.



On one of our last days over tea, a wildlife photographer pulled out a calendar of monkeys he had made. 2016 was the year of the monkey—my year, the water monkey. Being in China on my zodiac year was a strange sort of homecoming. I felt a sense of belonging. There were monkey displays everywhere. How can you feel a connection to a whenua you don't yet understand? Through a monkey?

On a bus ride from 东莞市 to 广州市, I was suddenly struck by a forgotten piece of my family's history. My Samoan grandmother always told me she was Chinese. I hadn't ever thought much about it. Could I really be a part of the very histories I am researching?

March 2016

Tāmaki Makaurau

My back was so sore after that trip, I needed a fōfō. My grandmother is a practitioner, so I texted her one evening asking if I could go over in the weekend. She rang me back and said she was at housie, but that she would come over straight after. She arrived at my house at 11pm. When you embark on a journey of fōfō with my grandmother, you are at her whim. She goes for however long she needs to, and you have however many sessions she tells you to have.

During our first fōfō, we talked about the trip and what it was like in China. Remembering my flashback on the bus, I asked if she was Chinese. She said, "Oh yea, we're Chinese. My Grandfather came from China." That was all the detail she had. My grandmother had been adopted so her knowledge of her grandfather was sparse, except that he went back to China. She didn't even know his name.

The details didn't seem to matter. It made everything I had been doing that much more important.

Everything my grandmother knows has been inherited from people like her grandparents, and before that, their grandparents. There's a sense of security in that, in listening and not questioning.



I still questioned. I did a DNA test. I got the pack,

swabbed my cheeks and sent the results off.

"Your ancestral homeland is northern and southern Europe," the DNA map said. There were no traces of Pacific ancestry at all, let alone anything from China.

There are many companies like Easy DNA (the one I used), which claim that for a few hundred dollars and a swab of your inner cheek, they can reveal your family tree and ancestral homeland. According to one study, more than 46,000 tests have been purchased in America alone over the past six years.

These tests have become really popular through TV programmes and reality TV shows but scientists say that "recreational genetics," as they call it, has significant scientific limitations and rely on our own misconceptions about race and how we inherit genetics.

O le vale 'ai 'afa

Like fools eating coconut fibre

April, May, June, 2016

Taipei 臺北市

From the beginning, I thought of Taiwan not as Asia but as Moana-nui-a-kiwa, a Pacific Island, the Pacific Island. My Austronesian homeland. I was going home.

It quickly became apparent that that's not how many Taiwanese understand Taiwan.

Taiwan helped me to understand empires. Our understanding of the modern world comes through our understanding of empires. We see the world as made up of continents, and yet these regional definitions are groupings placed on regions through

imperial legacies, as a product of colonisation. In the case of Taiwan and Moana-nui-a-kiwa, they have separated us from each other. Indigenous people in the Moana-nui region often look to First Nations in Turtle Island as Indigenous Tuakana. Why not Taiwan also?

We find ourselves constantly asking, is Taiwan Asia or the Pacific? Is the Philippines Asia or the Pacific? But maybe coming up with an answer is not very interesting, or important. What matters is the breaking down of these borders, and the false concepts of regionalism that have stopped people from talking to each other, and reinventing them based on self-determined identities.

The movement of people between Taiwan and across Moana-nui-a-kiwa has been proven in many ways. The way I wanted to explore this pre-imperial relationship was through our shared staple diet. I had the chance to go back to my research about the coconut, the genesis of my obsession into food.



I didn't try to make contact with the Indigenous communities of Taiwan. I didn't want to impose myself and my research onto a community that I wanted a genuine connection with. But somehow, they found us. One day, someone called my studio. It was Walis Labai of the Seediq people. He invited my family to come to an Indigenous design conference. I borrowed a Mena dress and an ula fala from the only other Samoan family we knew in Taipei and went along.

Seeing the oppressions that this community, the academic staff and the students were facing was heart wrenching. Striving for basic and fundamental

recognition. Working hard to preserve and revive language, tattooing, epistemologies. It was the first time I understood Te Tiriti o Waitangi as a positive thing, a piece of legislation, although incredibly flawed, which actually acknowledges the sovereignty of Indigenous people. It is a type of acknowledgement which is a distant reality for the Taiwanese Aboriginal peoples.

The students looked like us. They took lots of photos with my partner—I think it was a combination of him being Samoan and having tattoos. We couldn't talk directly to them because they spoke Chinese and we spoke English, but we didn't need to. We didn't need our colonial languages. We were home.

So'o le fau i le fau

Join hibiscus fibre to hibiscus fibre

July 2016

Lefaga

I went to Samoa with my family: my parents, brother, and my sister and her family.

Driving through the villages, you see smoke coming up from the umu pits, the pua'a running across the road with its babies following, the taro patches. You see the ability for people to live off their land in a sustainable way. Coconut water fresh from the tree.

Ponsonby housewives are quick to buy the packaged version of organic products from Samoa—coconut oil, breadfruit flour, you name it—but real food sovereignty, how I understand it, is not glamorous, academic or something that is self-congratulatory, and it sure as hell isn't whitewashed permaculture.

It's hard for me to reconcile what I see—families living and eating organic, nurturing their families

and the land—as food sovereignty, when it may also be called poverty.

August 2016

Tāmaki Makaurau

Understanding myself outside of Aotearoa became an understanding of myself as Indigenous. A term which always felt uncomfortable because of my tauwiwi status. But only in Aotearoa do I make sense, as a product of a settler nation.

I am a daughter of the diaspora, the daughter of migrants. My father's family migrated to Auckland from Samoa to work as labourers in the year 1970. They came from the villages of Satapuala and Siumu. Before them, their ancestors migrated to Samoa from Niue and China, also as labourers. My mother's Pākehā family migrated to New Zealand from Vancouver, Canada and England.

June 2017

Tāmaki Makaurau

Last year was dedicated to the search for similarities, a search for connections that I could potentially have read or googled about. There is something about going through a Western education system, and now working within a Western arts ecology, that tells us that we can know all these things, and likewise, that we should have access to all knowledge now. But is that anything more than just anthropology and ethnography? You might understand something, but do you really know?

It's incredibly difficult for me to articulate the learning journey I have been on in the last year and a half in a way which is meaningful to people other than myself. My experience of Taiwan, especially,

is still something I am yet to articulate completely.

But maybe that's the point? We are expected to always present outcomes, proof of learning, proof of intelligence, proof of something that's bigger than just you.

In all the mess, the chaos, and the gaping holes of my knowledge, this earnest learning journey is a product not of a singular thing, but of everything and everyone.

E lē falala fua le niu, 'ae falala ona o le matagi
The coconut tree doesn't sway on its own, but is swayed by the wind.

food sovereignty

AHILAPALAPA RANDS

Declaration of the Forum for Food Sovereignty, Nyéléni 2007

Food sovereignty is the right of peoples to healthy and culturally appropriate food produced through ecologically sound and sustainable methods, and their right to define their own food and agriculture systems. It puts those who produce, distribute and consume food at the heart of food systems and policies rather than the demands of markets and corporations. It defends the interests and inclusion of the next generation. It offers a strategy to resist and dismantle the current corporate trade and food regime, and directions for food, farming, pastoral and fisheries systems determined by local producers. Food sovereignty prioritises local and national economies and markets and empowers peasant and family farmer-driven agriculture, artisanal – fishing, pastoralist-led grazing, and food production, distribution and consumption based on environmental, social and economic sustainability. Food sovereignty promotes transparent trade that guarantees just income to all peoples and the rights of consumers to control their food and nutrition. It ensures that the rights to use and manage our lands, territories, waters, seeds, livestock and biodiversity are in the hands of those of us who produce food. Food sovereignty implies new social relations free of oppression and inequality between men and women, peoples, racial groups, social classes and generations.

Source: Declaration of Nyéléni,
27th February 2007, Nyéléni Village, Sélingué, Mali



Intertwined flesh among taro leaves. George had caught feelings for Sam.

April 2017

The track is well worn, formed from hundreds of thousands of footsteps finding traction on the slippery mud every year. Up to 800 people a day visit Manoa Falls in O‘ahu. As we join the unending line of people walking upward I am exercising my new technique of tuning out, squinting my awareness in a way to prioritise and be present to my ‘āina. It’s easy to get distracted. In Hawai‘i the residential population is just over a million. This can swell to over 8 million each year from the tourism industry. Underneath all of the noise and extractive holiday making is the toll on resources and ‘āina.

Our line of footsteps come from all over, the majority have travelled from the United States and Japan. Their urbanism shows in clean shoes and clothing. An excited dog is weaving its way through and against our line giving way to group of tired local hunters heading home after an early morning hunt. The shape of a huge pua‘a comes into view, dead and worn backpack style. World views softly collide along this path and the numbers on either side make this small group appear as transgressors. Their proximity to life and death is crude and out of place. More hunters follow behind. A dog has been injured, carried in a fireman hold over shoulders. Golden fur is matted with blood. This dramatic exchange, a casualty of the hunt is played out on an informal stage. My na‘au swells at how unapologetically they take up space in this valley full of foreign eyes.

May 2016

He aha tō mahi? Patu hipi, patu poaka, kohikohia wātakirihi ranei?

We join the wātakirihi (watercress) harvest. This tributary of the mighty Rangitikei has provided

fresh, succulent watercress to this rohe since being incorporated and cultivated into the local diet. Rivers and streams operate as an important food basket of not only wātakirihi but tuna (eels), koura (freshwater crayfish) and as nurseries for young fish like snapper. Used in both cooked and uncooked meals wātakirihi is what you would call today a ‘superfood’ with an impressive combination of vitamins and minerals in each handful. It thrives in freshwater streams and rivers. Our vanload follow the awa across and around bends in the land, scrambling down banks and wading across the shallows. Seedlings have travelled downstream to an area cordoned off by a gate. Climbing over we find the water is braided along the edge of a cow paddock and someone loses a shoe in the waterlogged soil. Calling out to the small groupings of people who have trailed further downstream our laughter hangs in the yellowing afternoon light.

Looking up from our work, the owner of the gate returns and all relationships slip a little.

The owner of this gate crosses over into pasture lands. Cows wandering in and around the water. As we finish up the lack of a buffer zone between the food and livestock stays with me. Riparian planting function as kidneys do, filtering the runoff from farming that can otherwise contaminate wātakirihi, providing soil stability, preventing erosion and operating as a natural fence to keep cattle and sheep from fouling the freshwater streams and rivers. It is currently encouraged through tax breaks in some areas but nowhere is it enforced. The hidden costs of our biggest export is far reaching and damning but it is also small, intimate and immediate. The slow degradation of a relationship with a food source.

uncle lio’s funeral/sweet & sour

FAITH WILSON

it’s uncle lio’s funeral
& there is sweet & sour to be made
nana’s kitchen floor covered in newspaper
& cousins sit cross-legged peeling
carrots, chopping onions
& uncle lio lies in the lounge
surrounded by sleeping nieces & nephews
two cigarettes in his jacket pocket
for when he gets to heaven

sweet and sour takes time
and nana doesn’t have enough
the older cousins stay up with her late
into the night rolling pork balls
with stoned hands, each piece of pork
needs to be rolled twice & dredged
in flour, then it sits awhile to dry
this waiting is important
the time of doing nothing
is the thing that ensures the pork gets crispy
if you don’t wait long enough
it might look okay but it won’t taste as nice

nana fries them in hot canola oil
ten balls to a pan so it’s not overcrowded
& if you’re the one helping her
you get to snack on hot, crispy pork
along the way & show off
to your other cousins
upbraiding them for not helping earlier
showing off your spoils

uncle lio never ate that much
when he was alive but he liked panikeke
& lion red & he owned a pig
that he called miss swine
& he would take her for walks
down the streets of tokoroa
& she was famous round
that part of town

we are making a feast though
we are making too much food
for just this family we tell ourselves
we are eating on his behalf
enough to feed his gentle little
body make sure it gets to its destination
where he’ll see his siblings & his daddy
my nana’s baby brother
pe’a lines blurred into one another
from shrinking skin
we say are we eating for him
but we are eating because everything
sweet has gone sour
& everything sour tastes sweet

when the pork balls are fried
nana makes the sauce
which is just kan-tong stuff
in a jar that she adds extra things to
she told me what they are before
but i can only remember the pineapple, the vinegar
our uncle lio, the old samoan man
i could never understand
my mum’s uncle who gave me presents
even though he had nothing
uncle lio, my big brother’s spirit matua
Kelekolio, father, brother, lover & son
Lio, Lio, Lio
the sweet, the sour

wax covered caveat

*i go to sea, go to sea...
in a long winded travesty
that knocks at my feet
and soils at first contact*

do you know that i exist?

the i in intestate describes me perfect

*a wax covered caveat
made into a pretty poem*

*two mowgli's in a field
and the plantation administrator
(their forefather)
goes about his ethnography
of them*

*the limes have all but died
so too the orange and passionfruit;
a pseudosilhouette of dimmed feathers
& blood dots the sand*



JOHN ANTHONY MATAUTA Point, 1968 by DONALD

Pineapple Pie

Pastry

¾ cup butter, ¾ cup sugar, 3 egg yolks. ½ tsp lemon juice, 3 cups plain white flour, ½ tsp baking powderer (optional)

Filling

1 ½ cups low fat milk. 2 cups water, 425g pineapple, ½ cup custard powder, ½ cup sugar. 1 drop vanilla extract

(Pastry) Cream butter and sugar, add egg yolks, one at a time, & beat well. Add lemon juice, continue mixing till well mixed. With clean fingers, mould the pastry into a lightly greased pie dish, place in oven preheated to 200c & bake for approximately 5 minutes. Reduce heat to 180c and bake for further 10 minutes or until pastry is lightly browned.

(Filling) Place milk, 1 ½ cups water & pineapple with juice in saucepan. Bring to boil & remove from heat. Mix custard with remaining half cup of water. Gradually stir into milk, water & pineapple mixture. Add sugar & vanilla. ----- saucepan mixture to low heat & stir mixture continuously until it thickens. Simmer for 5 or 10 minutes.

(Topping) Place egg whites in clean mixing bowl & beat to a stiff foam or until peaks fold over when beater is removed. Add third of sugar & beat until mixture stands up when beater removed. Repeat until all sugar is used up.

Pour pineapple into cooked pastry base. Spoon meringue topping over filling. Return to oven & bake at 190c for 10 minutes or until topping is lightly browned. Leave to set for 2 to 3 hours.

Serves 8 to 10 people



Kim Lowe is an artist based in Te Wai Pounamu. She is currently helping her father, Eddie Lowe, write a cookbook of his family recipes.

DAD'S (HARRY LOWE'S) PORK, POTATO IN LETTUCE LEAF.

Low Hoong Chung's Sarn Choy Bao. 劉洪清生菜包

This is our grandfather Harry Lowe's (Eddie's Dad's) Invercargill version of the well known San Choi Bau using frosted Southland potatoes. Harry Lowe emigrated to NZ in 1919 from Tong Mei village, Jung Sing 塘美鄉, Guangzhou (Canton) China, and opened Lowes family fruit shop in 1932. He was well known for his cooking and adapted many Cantonese dishes using local produce including Southland swedes, paua, blue cod, wild duck and oysters.

Sarn Choy (lettuce), Bao (wrap). The pork and potato dish is spooned into a lettuce leaf and eaten as a wrap.

New Jersey Bennies are good potatoes to use. In the old days young King Edward or Red Kings were best for flavour. Old potatoes can be used as well but the mixture becomes a mash.

Sarn Choy Bao 劉洪清生菜包

300g belly pork skin on, 500g potatoes, lettuce, garlic, ginger, liquor, salt, water, sugar, chu hou paste, dark soy sauce, oil, white pepper, sesame oil, spring onions.

Wash individual whole lettuce leaves and break to small hand size pieces and place in a separate serving dish.

Slice about 300g belly pork (skin on) into small pieces.

In a bowl prepare the marinade with 1 capful liquor (gin, brandy or rice wine), 1 clove crushed garlic, teaspoon salt. Mix all ingredients with a little water.

Mix well with the pork meat. Flatten the meat down into the marinade and lightly cover with oil, then let stand for ½ hour.

Heat oil in a pot.

Add 2 cloves crushed garlic and 2 -3 slices bruised (whack it with a cleaver) ½ inch thick ginger.

Add the marinated pork to the garlic and ginger, stir.

Add 1 capful liquor, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon sugar.

Add 1 teaspoon chu hou paste and 1 generous teaspoonful dark soy sauce.

Simmer for about ¾ hour, stirring occasionally.

Wash, chop then add about 500g potatoes into ½ inch cubes.

Simmer for ½ hour, taste, season if needed.

All liquid should be cooked away and should not be runny or too dry. You may have to add more water during the cooking process if it starts to stick.

Finish with a reasonable amount of pepper, sesame oil, and choong farr (finely chopped spring onions) added raw and stirred through just before serving.

Serve next to the lettuce.



Aniani
Onion



Aniani saina
Garlic



Ava pui
Fresh ginger



A'ano manufasi
Diced meat



Soya sosi
Soya sauce



Vai pupuna
Boiling water



sister project

ASIA PACIFIC CENTURY

Thank you Lana and Ahi for your invitation to write something for this publication! During *The Asia-Pacific Century: Part One* much of our kōrero engaged with the reciprocal dynamics of guests and hosts, initiators and invitees, so after having you contribute to that project, it's an honour to be invited into *lei-pā*.

In many ways, *The Asia-Pacific Century (APC)* and *lei-pā* are sister projects, most obviously because of their interest in tracing connections and resonances between the Pacific and Asia, but also because *lei-pā* is a curatorial project rooted in the relationship between the two of you, and *APC* has grown in the space between the two of us (Ioana Gordon-Smith and Emma Ng). For us, working together as curators at different institutions in different cities (Ioana at Te Uru Waitakere Contemporary Gallery, Emma originally at Enjoy Public Art Gallery) is a funny thing. Sometimes our voices run together to become one, and in other parts of the project they remain distinct. To reflect this, this essay operates in both modes, sometimes breaking into conversation between the two of us.

We began working on the project in early 2016, motivated by a few different things going on inside and outside of the arts. One trigger was Statistics New Zealand's demographic projections, which indicate that by 2038, Aotearoa New Zealand's Māori, Asian, and Pacific populations will together comprise over 50% of the nation's total population (up from 35% in 2013). The potential shift in demographics felt like a ripe opportunity to rethink national identity and how we relate to each other, especially given that minorities could potentially claim a demographic majority only by banding together.

This coincided with what felt like a rise in the term 'Asia Pacific' being used by art institutions. As a name, the Asia Pacific feels immediately tenuous. It brings together two already imprecisely framed regions to form a new geographical framework. It seemed to us that the usage of the term was most often loaded with diplomatic and economic agendas. 'Asia Pacific' emerged in the 1960s as an expansionist tool used primarily by the United States to link East Asia to the wider Pacific and thereby justify United States involvement in East Asian affairs. Art's adopted use of the term seems to follow a similar strategic process; to use our Pacific foothold to connect with Asia.

Emma: Since the first iteration of the project I've moved to the United States, where that grouping of Asia and the Pacific is so much more pronounced. This has driven home how different those regional groupings look through a different imperial lens. But Ioana, when we were just starting out I think you'd only recently written "Terms of Convenience" for *un Magazine*, which unpacks the blurry politics of various terms used to frame the Pacific. Since then, have you noticed any new terms emerge, and/or has your own usage shifted?

Ioana: Hmm, somewhat. Moana or Moananui has become more commonplace, or even Moana Pacific, which acknowledges some equivalence. The biggest thing that happened since I wrote that text is that I visited Hawai‘i, very briefly, to see the Honolulu Biennial. The Pacific was notably used a bit more assuredly there. I think those types of regional frames carry with them the idea of a coalition, or aligned or attaching oneself with somewhere else. Basically, I think the thing the trip triggered for me was a caution that as much as homogenous, externally-defined terms are something we need to continually chip away at, there’s still a desire of a community, for fellowship. Origin stories seemed to play a big role in making those connections, an island’s whakapapa.

Even in the very early stages of planning *APC* we hoped it would be an ongoing project, which is why Part One was built into the name of the iteration hosted at Enjoy Public Art Gallery. The project’s form has always been difficult to pin down. The individual iterations defy easy definition as exhibitions, instead manifesting as open research hubs.

We’ve also thought of the project as a kind of vessel that ideas can flow in and out of, as well as a network that connects independent people and projects exploring shared ideas. The project has also generated a surprisingly high word count, scattered across different formats and forums, some recorded, some remembered, and some having long since faded. The parts that have been recorded and published function like markers in the greater flow of ideas, bookmarking small moments of reflection, learning and understanding.

Due to its looseness, *APC* has shifted a lot. In fact, responses from those involved in the first iteration of the project indicated that perhaps the frame of Asia-Pacific did not hold enough potential as a galvanising tool, and overly subscribed to a foreign agenda. So why continue? Why might a project born out of the ideas of changing demographics and an attention to the language used to configure the relationships between different regions still be of interest, even if the phrase ‘Asia Pacific’ is not?

Emma: It doesn’t just feel like our project has shifted, but the entire dialogue we’re interested in has shifted over the past two years. We were inspired by projects like *The Maui Dynasty* (curated by Anna-Marie White in 2008) and *The Nervous System* (City Gallery Wellington, 1995) but they were spaced further apart in the timeline of Aotearoa’s exhibition history. Now it feels like we’re at the beginning of what is hopefully an extended moment of sustained dialogue, particularly about how ‘superdiversity’ might play with our current understandings and practice of biculturalism.

Ioana: For me, it feels like the second phase of our project takes place at a time when there is renewed interest too in how we frame and understand the impacts of immigration and the processes of integration, and not just because it’s shaping up to be a key election point. Bridget William Books have just published *Fair borders? Migration Policy in the Twenty-First Century*, which wrestles immigration away from being the catch-all cause of ills in Aotearoa, and instead seeks to interrogate some more fundamental questions, like what

voice do Maori have in determining immigration and integration policies? What constitutes a fair exchange? Similarly, Max Harris’ *The New Zealand Project* (also published by BWB) proposes a value-based politics. So I do feel like there’s a shift (hopefully) away from diversity being understood in terms of numbers that impact upon a fixed, romanticised status quo and instead being imagined as types of relationships. It’s about a mode of thinking that’s aspirational.

Emma: During one of our weekly phone calls, we were talking about how the propositional nature of Max’s book is akin to the way that many artists and curators work, and definitely how we are working in this project. You’re right, it’s aspirational—we want to construct a new framework for identity based on relating to one another—but it’s also a slow process, because we are trying to work collectively.

Out of the initial phase of the *APC* came a somewhat surprising realisation: we were each, in our way, tickled by the idea of forming unexpected relationships. This notion of relationships—between minority groups, between immigrants and indigenous peoples, and between independent professionals working within similar terrain—has become a governing concern of the project.

Perhaps the project has been difficult to define within the context provided by the gallery spaces that have hosted it because of the emphasis it gives to conversation. Additionally, the flow of ideas between a wider audience (that such spaces demand) and an intimate group of participants (among which trust has been delicately forged) is not always easy.

Relationships are very much the heartbeat of *APC*. How do we bridge the divide between indigenous and immigrant, minority group and fellow minority group, academic and artist, artist and audience? Nothing’s more awkward than the enforced meet-and-greet. If phrases like ‘Asia Pacific’ fail to act as a social glue, what alternative conduits might we test? Under what framework can we live together without unwilling erasure?

At this stage, we’re interested in tackling that question on a personal, one-to-one level. Pepeha, pronunciation of te reo, food recipes, shared painting tropes, protocols of hospitality, recognition of past histories are all tools that are considered and proposed as methods of connecting with one another. Through this emerges an interesting mapping of spaces in which exchange more readily takes place: the gallery space might seem like an obvious possibility, but spaces like the internet speak loudly of their potential.

Some of the most memorable moments of the intimate noho we hosted at Enjoy in Part One were of this kind, tending to the relationships between us—our shared meals, the games we played, and the time we set aside to make arts and crafts for each other. They shored up our bonds, laying the groundwork for the exchange of ideas and opening a comfortable space for us to offer up perspectives that sometimes diverged.

The focus on a person-to-person scale also situates *APC* in response to existing discussions around

immigration and diversity, which are so often fixated on lumpy, faceless, zero sum calculations: “if this bloc of people move here, this other bloc will lose out.” Unfortunately, framing discussions in these terms tends to emphasise the humanity of one group over another.

Emma: In using food as a gateway to untangling more complex histories, *lei-pā* is also situated as a response to the dehumanising frame. Relatable subjects such as food are one way of making a group’s humanity legible to another. Ioana, this reminds me of the piece you wrote after the noho in August last year. You talked about the idea of searching for common ground when you meet someone (which you describe as a type of pepeha), through questions like “where are you from?”, “what college did you go to?” and “which was your favourite coffee shop?” And I think that process of “becoming ordinary” to one another is comparable to the way these curatorial projects (*APC* and *lei-pā*) work. They are aspirational, but not because it’s about achieving that aspirational vision, but because the questions you have to ask each other to get there (the getting to know each other) is the really fruitful thing.

The Asia-Pacific Century could be described as a transition within a transition. It’s slow but it’s dynamic. It feels a little like we’re carefully carrying sandbags from one place to another to build something. The hope is that one day we’ll step back and realise that our little wall has joined up with the walls others have also been slowly building, forming something we can all inhabit together.

mum’s mince soup

LIU JIA MING

Once upon a time, my granny was seriously sick and had surgery. After that, granny could not eat anything, except intake some medical liquids. While she was getting well, she became thinner. My mum considered my granny was losing nutrients. She had to do something! Consequently, my mum cooked mince soup for my granny .

This simple dish needs a few ginger slices, half a kilo of mince and water.

Place the mince in a bowl and the ginger slices on top.
Add some water into the bowl, just enough to cover the mince.
Place the bowl into a pot to steam for half an hour.

Even though mince soup is really easy to make, it has a lots of nutrients suitable for any patient.



po‘o pua‘a

EMALANI CASE

I unfolded the tight bundle of tī leaves and looked at the head of the pig, not in its entirety, but in cooked pieces. A piece of ear, a piece of snout, a piece of brain. I smiled.

It was to be a public consumption. I’d eat the entire bundle before a group of people. They’d watch my every taste, watch me lick oil from my fingers, watch for any sign—even the slightest flinch or movement—to indicate dissatisfaction. To show any displeasure would mean that I had not learned anything, that I was not ready, that I had somehow failed.

With wrists adorned in palapalai, and my green pā‘ū covering my lap, I faced the kuahu and ate in silence.

It was a test, a test for me, the po‘o pua‘a.

Growing up, I was taught that pua‘a, or pigs, were smart. “They are the most intelligent animals” my father would say. His days were surrounded by his hoofed and snouted friends: those he raised, those he talked to, those he mourned, those that filled his tables, and eventually, our stomachs.

I had trained for years—chanting and dancing, memorising and embodying stories, conversing with gods and goddesses, honouring heroes and heroines, celebrating chiefs and chiefesses—and this was the final test: the consumption.

Eat the po‘o, or the head, of a wise animal and solidify your learning, your training, your movement to the next stage. In hula, this would mean I could teach, that I could take others on a journey of dance, story, and expression.

When I was a little girl, my father fought to protect pua‘a—pigs that roamed our forests—that had become so much a part of our lives, our diets, our ways of looking at the world and living within it, that we could not imagine life without them.

Eradication was a word he abhorred, one I would grow up to associate with wrongful death and destruction, one that I would learn was a threat against our people and our way of life. Eradicate the pigs and eradicate a people’s ability to nourish themselves physically, culturally, spiritually.

I was raised to save them to save us, to love land and its creatures as relatives, to maintain our spaces and places for consuming the richness of our heritage.

We took down fences in our forests. Fences went up to keep pua‘a in confined spaces where they could be eliminated; fences to keep us out.

Without pua‘a, what would happen to our ceremonies and protocols? What would happen to the moments spent eating po‘o to signify growth, knowledge, the passing on of song and motion? What would happen to our bodies, our fingers no longer covered in oils? What would happen to us?

Through hula I learned that food is our ceremony and that consumption is our ritual. I slowly put pieces of head, of ear, of snout, of brains, into my mouth and tasted nothing but history—history I came from, the history I could create.

And I sighed with satisfaction knowing that I will one day seat my students before a hula altar—adorned with lei and plants from the forest, an altar representing the earth and our connection to it—and will place a small bundle of leaves in their hands, oil dripping out from the corners.

He po‘o pua‘a.

RECIPE:

For those wanting a taste of ceremony, cook your pua‘a (or your chicken, if you do not eat pork) and taste some of our ritual flavours. You need not be engaged in ceremony to eat mindfully, to think about the connection between people and food, the relationships that exist between, and the connections that are savoured.

In Hawai‘i, pigs were cooked in the imu, or an underground oven. While many still cook in this way, there are ways to achieve a similar taste using modern tools.

kalua pig (or kalua chicken)

3 lbs of pork shoulder or pork butt
(or 3 lbs of chicken thighs)
1 1/2 tbsp of Hawai‘ian salt
(or another coarse salt)
1 tbsp of liquid smoke (or less
depending on how smoky you want
your meat)

Combine all of the ingredients in a slow cooker. Leave the crockpot on low for 8 hours, stirring half way through. After 8 hours, if the meat is done, transfer to a separate bowl and shred with two forks. It will be easy to shred. If it is not done,

keep it in the slow cooker for up to 12 hours, stirring and checking every hour.

When it is done and shredded, you can keep some of the liquid left over in the slow cooker to moisten the meat. Enjoy it on its own, thinking about the intelligent animals who feed us, or add it to your favourite vegetables.

film recommendations

BEPEN BHANA

On an invitation to design a public programme of weekly film screenings appropriate to the context of *lei-pā* artist Bepen Bhana compiled this list of further viewing material.

Session A:

The God of Cookery (Sir san) (1996)

95 mins

Director: Stephen Chow

Country: Hong Kong

Genre: Action, Comedy, Fantasy

The God of Cookery, a brilliant chef who sits in judgement of those who would challenge his title, loses his title when a jealous chef reveals him to be a con-man and humiliates him publicly. As this new chef takes on the God of Cookery’s role, the former God tries to pull himself back on top again, to challenge his rival and find once and for all who is the true God of Cookery.

Session B:

Food (Jidlo) (1992)

17 mins

Director: Jan Svankmajer

Country: Czechoslovakia

Genre: Animated Short

A claymation and stop-animated short that examines the human relationship with food.

<https://vimeo.com/50746661>

I’ve always been a fan of Svankmajer, and this is a personal favourite.

N.B: In all seriousness don’t watch this if there are kids in the room!

Poisoning Paradise (2016)

60 mins

Directors: Keely Shaye Brosnan and Teresa Tico

Country: United States

Genre: Documentary

Journey to the seemingly idyllic world of Native

Hawai’ians, where communities are surrounded by experimental test sites and pesticides sprayed upwind of their neighborhoods. *Poisoning Paradise* details the ongoing struggle to advance bold new legislation governing the fate of their island home.

In an attempt to diversify an economy that was overly

reliant on tourism, policymakers in both Hawai’i and Washington, D.C. encouraged the world’s largest biotech companies to utilize Kauai’s favorable climate and fertile soil to test genetically engineered seeds and crops. Corporations including Syngenta, Pioneer DuPont, BASF, and Dow Agrosiences have since applied hundreds of tons of Restricted Use (RU) pesticides on thousands of acres across the Garden Island’s West Side, the traditional homeland of an indigenous and disenfranchised population.

Interviews with local residents, scientists, and healthcare professionals reveal the hardships and ecological dangers of intensive and continuous pesticide applications and the environmental injustice thrust upon people living in one of the most sacred, biologically unique and diverse locations on earth. Award-winning investigative journalist Paul Kolberstein describes Kauai as “one of the most toxic agricultural environments in all of American agriculture.”

As champions of a grassroots movement to make Kauai County Bill 2491 law, local activists battle political corruption, corporate bullying, and systematic concealment by the agrichemical industry. Although Kauai’s plight might seem like a local issue, this debate is in fact raging around the world as country after country is becoming concerned about pesticides, the future of food, and sustainable farming practices.

Session C:

The Garden (2008)

100 mins

Director: Scott Hamilton Kennedy

Country: United States

Genre: Documentary

The 14 acre community garden in South Central Los Angeles was the largest of it’s kind in the United States. It was started as a form of healing after the devastating L.A. riots in 1992. Since that time, the South Central Farmers have created a miracle in one of the country’s most blighted neighborhoods, growing their own food, feeding their families, creating a community. But now bulldozers threaten their oasis. *The Garden* is an unflinching look at the struggle between these urban farmers and the City of Los Angeles and a powerful developer who want to evict them and build warehouses. This film was nominated for an Academy Award for Best Documentary Feature in 2009.

Session D:

Les épices De La Passion (Like Water for Chocolate)

(1993)

105 mins

Director: Alfonso Arau

Country: Mexico

Genre: Drama, Romance

The youngest daughter in her family, the beautiful Tita (Lumi Cavazos) is forbidden to marry her true love, Pedro (Marco Leonardi). Since tradition dictates that Tita must care for her mother, Pedro weds her older sister, Rosaura (Yareli Arizmendi), though he still loves Tita. The situation creates much tension in the family, and Tita’s powerful emotions begin to surface in fantastical ways through her cooking. As the years pass, unusual circumstances test the enduring love of Pedro and Tita.

Session E:

Jiro Dreams of Sushi (2011)

81 mins

Director: David Gelb

Country: United States

Genre: Documentary

Revered sushi chef Jiro Ono strives for perfection in his work, while his eldest son, Yoshikazu, has trouble living up to his father’s legacy.

Backup Session Option F:

Tampopo (1987)

114 mins

Director: Jûzô Itami

Country: Japan

Genre: Comedy

In this humorous paean to the joys of food, the main story is about trucker Goro, who rides into town like a modern Shane to help Tampopo set up the perfect noodle soup restaurant. Woven into this main story are a number of smaller stories about the importance of food, ranging from a gangster who mixes hot sex with food, to an old woman who terrorizes a shopkeeper by compulsively squeezing his wares.

Backup Session Option G:

Eat Drink Man Woman (1994)

124 mins

Director: Ang Lee

Country: United States, Taiwan

Genre: Drama, Romance

Senior Master Chef Chu lives in a large house in Taipei with his three unmarried daughters, Jia-Jen, a chemistry teacher converted to Christianity, Jia-Chien, an airline executive, and Jia-Ning, a student who also works in a

fast food restaurant. Life in the house revolves around the ritual of an elaborate dinner each Sunday, and the love lives of all the family members.

Backup Session Option H:

Food Evolution (2016)

92 mins

Director: Scott Hamilton Kennedy

Country: United States

Genre: Documentary

Food Evolution looks at one of the most critical questions facing the world today—that of food security—and demonstrates the desperate need for common sense, solid information, and calm logical deliberation. Using the often angry and emotional controversy over genetically-modified foods as its entry point, Food Evolution shows how easily fear and misinformation can overwhelm objective, evidence-based analysis. Food Evolution takes the position that science and scientists hold the key to solving the food crisis. But whose science? In the GMO debate, both sides claim science is on their side. Who’s right? How do we figure this out? What does this mean for the larger issues of food security, sustainability, and environmental well-being? Food Evolution seeks to answer these critically important questions.

Backup Session Option I:

Forks Over Knives (2014)

90 mins

Director: Lee Fulkerson

Country: United States

Genre: Documentary

What has happened to us? Despite the most advanced medical technology in the world, we are sicker than ever by nearly every measure. Cases of diabetes are exploding, especially amongst our younger population. About half of us are taking at least one prescription drug and major medical operations have become routine. Heart disease, cancer and stroke are the country’s three leading causes of death, even though billions are spent each year to “battle” these very conditions. Millions suffer from a host of other degenerative diseases. Could it be there’s a single solution to all of these problems? A solution so comprehensive, but so utterly straightforward, that it’s mind-boggling that more of us haven’t taken it seriously? *Forks Over Knives* examines the profound claim that most, if not all, of the so-called “diseases of affluence” that afflict us can be controlled, or even reversed, by rejecting our present menu of animal-based and processed foods.



Natalie Robertson, *Boiled pig head, Te Rimu, Tikapa*, 2012 from *The Headlands Await Your Coming* series, 2012.

DARCELL APELU

NIUE/AOTEAROA

Based in Tauranga, Darcell Apelu is a multidisciplinary artist whose work involves performance, moving image, sound and installation. Informed by her experiences as a Pacific female, Apelu explores perceptions of the Pacific body, identity and being ‘other’ within the social climate of Aotearoa.

Good Manners

The section from the book *Understanding Polynesians - No.1 of a series produced by the Polynesian advisory committee of the vocational training council*, reads, “Social workers calling at Polynesian homes should behave like the old-world vicar and have a cup of tea if invited to do so. Such an invitation is normal amongst the Polynesians and it is a good thing to accept even if it means arriving back at the office almost submerged in tea.” Responding to this, Apelu looks at the rituals and obligations around hosting within Pacific Island homes, specifically the way in which tea is offered, a gesture which will be continued by gallery staff.

SIONE MONU

TONGA/AUSTRALIA/ AOTEAROA

Raised in Canberra, Sione Monu now lives and works in Auckland. Operating as an independent artist and as part of collective Witch-Bitch Monu’s practice utilises performance, illustration, photography and moving image. His is an example of contemporary practice that is fluent in its ability to occupy multiple platforms from Instagram to physical gallery spaces.

its not a simple life, its a natural one

Through Monu’s particular cadence as a storyteller, a series of vignettes play out on a monitor nestled within a shopping cart covered in flowers. The scenes, documented during a research trip to his homelands of Tonga, follow members of Monu’s family as they prepare food.

KERRY ANN LEE

CHINA/AOTEAROA

Kerry Ann Lee is a visual artist based in Te Whanga-nui-a-Tara. With a background in graphic arts, Lee’s work is both socially engaged and playful. From her position as a third-generation Chinese New Zealander, Lee investigates issues of home, difference, identity and hybridity.

Same same but different

The ubiquity of Chinese food takes on a new dimension when reimagined through a visual language. Cuisine originating from Lee’s home region of Toishan in Guangdong Province has evolved over several generations as a result of cross-cultural encounters outside of mainland China. Amidst hardship and anti-Chinese discrimination, early Cantonese migrant-settlers made home across the Pacific through sharing and popularising food customs. *Same same but different* draws on the ‘same but different’ encounters in restaurants in and out of Chinatowns and China Barrios around the world.

LI LIAO

CHINA

LI Liao lives and works in Shenzhen, China. His practice is often referred to as social intervention. By actively mixing himself into fraught situations, upsetting state or societal customs, LI creates slippages in the often invisible frameworks that we operate within.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE, A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH

10,000 steps a day has been widely standardised as the baseline for physical health and wellbeing. In response to an unnamed Corporation’s internal ‘workplace life and health’ policy whereby employees are monitored and penalised if they don’t make their quota of steps each day, this work was developed as a way to highlight and hack the monitoring system. Initially shown in China, this work will be restaged by gallery staff for *lei-pā*.

LI JINGHU

CHINA

LI Jinghu works primarily with sculpture and installation, living and working in the Southern boomtown of Dongguan, an emerging manufacturing hub known as the ‘factory of the world’. Poetically charged works frequently utilise humble materials gathered from his everyday locale, seeking to both capture and transcend the line between collectivity and personal forms of expression.

Today’s Screening

Recreating a facsimile of the Dongguan video halls of the 90s *Today’s Screening* blends mass-produced rhinestones and popular films screened as nighttime entertainment for factory workers. The resulting abstracted continual loop of sound and refracted light operates as a call and response of repetition and respite.

LIU WEIWEI

CHINA

LIU Weiwei lives and works in Chongqing, China. Using moving image to document a variety of scenarios, LIU uses existing nationalistic structures as a basis for intervention and subversion. Through engaging others in these actions, he pokes holes in these bureaucratic systems. Simultaneously, his approach can be seen as a reclamation of power by often times making the state complicit in this exercise.

Missing People

This method of reclamation is tacit in *Missing People*. In involving these two other parties within his documented action, there is a muddying of authorship and authority. Travelling a road until its end, the three participants (as individuals and in their roles as cab driver, police officer and artist) play a game of watermelon kick relay.

NATALIE ROBERTSON

NGĀTI POROU/CLANN DHONNCHAI DH

Natalie Robertson is a photographic and moving image artist and Senior Lecturer at AUT University based in Tāmaki Makaurau. Te Tai Rawhiti, Robertson’s homelands on the East Coast Ngāti Porou is the focus of much of her work. Robertson sees it as a responsibility to protect the mauri of her ancestral Waiapu River, tracing the protracted catastrophic impacts of colonization, deforestation, and agriculture.

Boiled pig head, Te Rimu, Tikapa

Ahikāroa, literally the long burning fires of occupation, is a cornerstone principle of Te Ao Māori and tangata whenua land rights. In this series of photographs, Robertson documents the people and the practices on the marae and its surrounding lands as lived spaces where the fire is still burning.

HUANG SONGHAO

CHINA

Huang Songhao was born in Henan Province and currently lives and works in Shanghai. Using techniques from gaming mechanics and immersive experiences, Huang Songhao makes art that provides commentary on social codes and issues.

A Surplus Day

Upon invitation from Huang Songhao, school friends use their allocated sick leave and holiday time to spend a day off together. In this heavy handed pause on usual obligations, this group draws attention to life as it occurs in time. Asking questions about the situations informing who you give this time to and at what rate? And how is the worth of your life time quantified?

SALOME TANUVASA

SAMOA/TONGA/AOTEAROA

Salome Tanuvasa is a multidisciplinary artist, currently based in Tāmaki Makaurau. Through an experimental practice, Tanuvasa looks at the ideas of home and the multiple connections of a place that can inform the characteristics of a person.

Home

While based in Auckland, Tanuvasa is collaborating with her first cousins Melitasi and Lesieli Vaomotou based in Vava’u, Tonga. Through drawings, text, recordings, screenshots and writing, Tanuvasa looks at the impact of non-Tongan business in the area by focusing on a set of shops in Neiafu and another set in Taoa, both of which are separated by the Vaipua bridge.

ANGELA TIATIA

SAMOA/AUSTRALIA

Angela Tiatia is a multidisciplinary artist, born in Samoa and is currently based in Sydney, Australia. Tiatia explores contemporary culture, drawing attention to its relationship to representation, gender, neo-colonialism and the commodification of the body and place.

Soft power

Soft power is a series of moving image works filmed over a series of days in Beijing exploring historical ties between Samoa and China, and the evolution of soft power between the two nations over the last 170 years.

VAIMAILA URALE

SAMOA/AOTEAROA

Vaimaila Urale is a multidisciplinary artist, born in Samoa and is currently based in Avondale, Auckland. Bringing a distinctly samoan aesthetic sensibility, much of Urale’s work is situated in the intersections of digital technology, culture and craft.

Koko & Taufolo

Over the space of 14 minutes, we follow Urale as she records her family preparing food and drink. Being of this community, the gaze Urale employs as a documenter is not that of an anthropological interloper but is noticeably localised. In celebration of function, this work tracks and explores the internal understandings of a cultural food system.

Please note: this work contains footage of people who have passed on.



Vaimaila Urale, *Koko & Taufolo* (still), 2007, single-channel video with sound, 13:56 min.

