

ST PAUL St Symposium 2018

24 - 25 August 2018

Ko au te au
I am the ocean

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Conveners' Foreword

Ko au te au / I am the ocean was a two-day symposium which began a collective enquiry that continues in 2019 through all ST PAUL St programmes. This collective enquiry is shaped by three interrelated kaupapa: knowledge, language, and love.¹ The kaupapa relate to, are conditioned by, and exist within each other.

Now in its seventh year, the annual Symposium has consistently focused on knowledges, and questions of knowing – of how we come to know, and the cultural conceptions within which knowledge is defined. Knowledge is embedded in practice, language and culture; it cannot be decontextualised. In addressing this, we attend to lawyer Moana Jackson's reminder that "if knowledge is power then we need to be clear about whose knowledge we are using or defining..."² With a focus on artistic and curatorial practices, we ask questions such as: what is the relationship between knowledge, knowing and understanding?

Language too is a significant ground of power relations. Language is culture; world-views are expressed in language, in its words and structures, its forms and limits. In thinking about language, we consider the annihilating effects of suppression as per Ngūgĩ Wa Thiong'o's 'cultural bomb', as a weapon of

Ko au te au / I am the ocean kō tētahi hui taumata rā e rua i tīmata ai he pakirehua whakarōpū e haere tonu ana ki te tau 2019, ka puta noa i ngā hotaka katoa o ST PAUL St. Ko tēnei pakirehua whakarōpū ka ahuaungia i ngā kaupapa pākanga kiritahi e toru: te mātauranga, te reo, me te aroha.¹ Ko ngā kaupapa e pāngia ana, e aweawetia ana, e ora ana rātou ki roto i a rātou anō hoki.

I tāna tau whitu i nāianeī, ko te Hui Taumata a-tau kua arotahi ki ngā mātauranga, me ngā pātaitai mōhiotanga – i pēhea ka mōhio tātou, me ngā ariā ahurea e āhei te mātauranga ka tautuhitia. Ko te mātauranga ka whakatakoto i roto i te tikanga, te reo, me te ahurea; kāhore ka taea ki tē horopakina. Kia kōrerotia e pā ana tēnei, ka mātūtūria te maharatanga nō rōia Moana Jackson, "if knowledge is power then we need to be clear about whose knowledge we are using or defining..."² Me te arotahinga ki ngā mahi toi, ngā mahi kōwhiri whakaaturanga hoki, ka pātai pēnei tātou: he aha te whanaungatanga ki waenga i te matauranga, te mōhiotanga, me te māramatanga hoki?

Ko te reo hoki he whenua hirahira o te mana tūhononga. Ko te reo ko te ahurea; ngā tirohanga ao whānui ka whakapuaki i te reo, i ngā kupu me ngā whakatakotoringa, i ngā auaha me ngā here. I te

imperialism, asking who speaks and who is heard, what stories are told, who is telling them, and what we ask with the language we have.³

Love most clearly expresses being in relation to and with: “knowing something is bound to how we develop a *relationship* with it.”⁴ The way we understand, view, engage with, deploy and value concepts and practices of language and knowledge reveals our attitude. An attitude of love values the interconnectedness of ourselves to each other and to a bigger universal presence, making possible “an epistemology of spirit” as described by scholar Manulani Aluli Meyer.⁵

Ko au te au / I am the ocean began with a mihi whakatau by Dr Valance Smith followed by short presentations on each kaupapa by invited conversation partners: Ioana Gordon-Smith on knowledge, Cameron Ah Loo-Matamua on language, and Bruce E. Phillips and Jordana Bragg on love.

Ioana said she was caught in the middle of a train of thought, formulating and re-formulating questions to be answered at a future moment: If indigenous knowledge has a ‘life spirit’ and internal rules, how does that challenge how we approach curating? How, in practical terms, might a gallery acknowledge a spectrum of practices and knowledges that extend beyond its walls? Cameron retold subtle instances of language use from personal life experiences which complicate the idea of voice, of who it is and from what position, standpoint or point of view one can speak. Jordana and Bruce pointed to the complexities of love, its contingent and troublesome nature. How can an attitude of love be practiced by creative professionals, alongside criticality and selection, to guide the way in which we engage and work together?

whakaarohia mō te reo, hei tātou mō ngā whakakorengia nā te pēhanga, pērā i te ‘cultural bomb’ hei tā Ngūgī Wa Thiong’o hei patu nā te whakatuanui, e pātai ana ko wai e kōrero, ko wai e rangona hoki, tēhea ngā kōrero paki ka kīā atu, ko wai ngā kaikōrero, me he aha ngā pātai e pātai ana tātou me tō tātou ake reo.³

Ko te aroha e whakapuaki ariari ana te whanaungatanga; “knowing something is bound to how we develop a *relationship* with it.”⁴ Ko pērātia ka whakamāramatia, ka tītiro, ka whakapāpā, ka whakamahia, ka wāriungia hoki ngā ariā me ngā tikanga o te reo me te mātauranga ka whāwhāki te waiaro. He waiaro aroha e wāriu ana te whanaungatanga ki waenganui i a tātou, ki te awenga ao tukupū nui hoki, ka āheitia “an epistemology of spirit” hei tā matauranga Manulani Aluli Meyer.⁵

Ka tīmata *Ko au te au / I am the ocean* me te mihi whakatau nā Dr Valance Smith, kātahi ka tīmata ngā whakaatu-a-waha mō ia kaupapa nā ngā hoa kōrero i tonoa: ko Ioana Gordon-Smith mō te mātauranga, ko Cameron Ah Loo-Matamua mō te reo, ko Bruce E. Phillips rāua ko Jordana Bragg mō te aroha.

I mea a Ioana, kua tū pōngange a ia, ka whakakaupapa me whakakaupapa anō i ngā pātai kia whakautungia i tētahi wāheke: Mēnā he wairua tō te mātauranga taketake, me tona ake tikanga, e werohia pēheatia ana te kowhiringa whakaaturanga? Me pēhea ka whakahāngai te whare whakaaturanga toi kia tūtohungia te nuinga o ngā mahi toi me ngā mātauranga ka tautorongia atu i ana pakitara. I kōrero anō a Cameron i ētahi whakatauirā hirea o te reo o paki mai ōna wheako whaiaro, a whakauaua ai te ariā o te reo, ko wai, nō tehea tūnga, tēhea taunga rānei ka taea te tangata ki te kōrero. Ka aroā a Jordana rāua ko Bruce ki te whīwhiwhi o te aroha, ko te aroha heipūtanga, te aroha kūrakuraku hoki.

Local historian, storyteller and orator Pita Turei then led a hīkoi focusing on Māori and colonial narratives of place, stopping at the sites of Freyberg Place; Kitchener Street at the former Magistrate's Court; Albert Park at the statue of Governor George Grey; Old Government House, and Te Wai Ariki spring ('chiefly waters') located in the current University of Auckland's Faculty of Law grounds. For both days of the Symposium, water collected from Te Wai Ariki was shared with participants.

With the help of colleagues from RISE2025 and Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, art educator Iokapeta Magele-Suamasi facilitated a group discussion for participants to collectively agree on and set the protocols for guiding and grounding the second day's discursive event – a goodwill agreement of sorts. The five islands of whanaungatanga, manaakitanga, mātauranga, te reo and aroha were intended to allow, at any moment, a place of landing for a participant. They became the ground of values on which to stand, and from where the conversations could begin on the second day. The evening ended with a screening of TERROR NULLIUS by Soda_Jerk, followed by a shared meal.

The second day focused on discussing the three interrelated kaupapa: knowledge, language and love. The group was divided into three, each was alternately led by conversation partners Ioana, Cameron, and Jordana and Bruce. The kaupapa were meant as three markers around which to triangulate, bringing things from an individual's artistic, curatorial, cultural and other practices. The discursive process was an opportunity to excuse ourselves from our daily practices, and instead to question and project – project a problem just out of reach that by circling three kaupapa it is possible to come to know, and through this

E pēhea te waiaro aroha i mahia e ngā ringarehe toi ka tāpiri atu ki te arohae-hae me te tīpakonga kia arahaina te whakapāpā me te mahitahi?

Ko Pita Turei, he tumu kōrero-a-rohe, pūkōrero, manu kōrero hoki i tātaki te hīkoi aroā ki ngā kōrero Māori, me ngā kōrero koroniara o te rohe. E tū ana te hīkoi i a Freyberg Place; Kitchener St, te Kōti o mua o te Kaiwhakawā Tūturu; Albert Park i te pakoko o Kawana Kerei; Old Government House, me Te puna o Wai Ariki ki waengapū te wāhanga rōia o Te Whare Wānanga o Tāmaki Makaurau. Mō ngā rā e rua o te Hui Taumata, te wai i kohia mai te puna o Wai Ariki ka whāngaia te minenga.

Me te tautoko nā ētahi hoa mahi nō RISE2025 me te Whare Toi o Tāmaki, ko te kaiako toi ko Iokapeta Magele-Suamasi i whakahaere tētahi kōrero a-roopu mo te minenga kia hui katoa e pā ana ngā tikanga mo te rā tuarua, kia tau te whakatakotoranga kōrero – he kirimana ngākau reka pea. Ko ngā motu e rima o te whanaungatanga, te manaakitanga, te mātauranga, te reo, me te aroha hoki kia āhei ai te tangata ki a whai tauranga. Ka tū ana pērā i ngā whanonga pono, hei tūranga-waewae mo ngā kōrerorero kia tīmata ai i te rā tuarua. Ko te pō ka mutu me tētahi whakaaturanga TERROR NULLIUS nā Soda_Jerk, ā muri tērā, ka kaitahi tātou.

Ko te rā tuarua i arotahi ki te kōreroreo e pā ana ngā kaupapa pākanga kiritahi e toru: te mātauranga, te reo, me te aroha. Wāwāhingia ki a toru, ko ia roopu i whakawhitiwhiti ki ngā hoa kōrero, ko Ioana, ko Cameron, ko Jordana rāua ko Bruce. Ko ngā kaupapa e tū ana hei pou mo ngā roopu kia whai tapatoru, kia mauria mai ngā rawa mai te mahi toi, te kōwhiritanga, te ahurea me ērā atu mahi o te tangata. Ko te kōrerorero he āhei ki a whakawātea mātou i a mātou mai ngā mahi o te rā, ki a pātai, ki a areare hoki – kia areare he raru

process it may also be possible to come to know the way forward. What that something is differs from person to person, but coming to know what is just out of reach can allow for each person to make commitments in their individual practices and in organisations, at work and in life.

This publication compiles responses from conversation partners following the two days of discussions. It is not intended as a record of the dialogues, but rather, offers a response to the interrelated kaupapa of knowledge, language and love from the point of view of each individual's practice.

The 2018 Symposium was the first public phase of the collective enquiry titled *Two Oceans at Once* – named from a story by Eduardo Galeano, where he retells the commonly known history of the world in 600 short episodes.⁶ *Two Oceans at Once* takes on the impetus of retelling within the cultural context of Aotearoa New Zealand, where 2018 was the 125th anniversary of women's suffrage, and 2019 is the 250th anniversary of the arrival of Captain James Cook. The Symposium and the collective enquiry reflect our constant state of becoming, and 'coming into relationship with' our context. In this enquiry, attending to both local and global contexts and questioning established thinking and practices, the intention is to activate structural and programmatic change within dominant institutionalised attitudes.

aweawe, kia āmio ai i ngā kaupapa e toru ka āhei te mōhio, ka āhei hoki te whai mōhio mō te arahi whakamua. Ko te aha tērā, he mea rerekē mo ia tangata, engari ki te mohio kai tua atu i te aweawe, ka āhei te ngākau titikaha mo ia tangata ki roto i onā mahi me ngā tōpūtanga, i ngā wāhi mahi me te ora.

Tēnei pānuitanga e kohikohi ngā whakautu mai ngā hoa kōrero i muri i ngā rā e rua o ngā kōrerorero. Kāhore tēnei i te mauhanga o ngā kōrerorero, engari he whakahoki kōrero mai te tūnga o ia kai-tuhi me āna mahi, e pā ana ngā kaupapa pākanga kiritahi e toru: te matauranga, te reo, me te aroha.

Ko te Hui Taumata 2018 te mata marea tuatahi o te pakirehua whakarōpū, ka karangatia *Two Oceans at Once* – whakaingoatia pērā mai tētahi kōrero nā Eduardo Galeano, ka kōrero paki a ia i te hītori rongonui o te ao, ko 600 ngā pito kōrero.⁶ *Two Oceans at Once* e tahuri ana te kipakipa o te takarure kei roto i te horopaki ahurea o Aotearoa, ko 2018 te huritau 125 o te whawhai whai pōti wāhine, ko 2019 hoki te huritau 250 o te taenga mai a Kāpene Kuki. Te Hui Taumata me te pakirehua whakarōpū ka whakaata tō tātou maea me to whakawhanaungatanga ki tō tātou horopaki. I tēnei pakirehua, e whakaaro ana ki ngā horopaki a-rohe, te ao whānui hoki, me pātaingia ngā whakaaro me ngā mahi whakapūmau, ko te hiahia ki te whakahohe i te panoni whakatakotoranga, whakaaturanga hoki ki roto i ngā waiaro whakatuanui.

¹ Here, kaupapa is used in multiple senses encompassed by the word and its translation into English: platform, layer, topic, purpose, scheme, programme, raft. See John C. Moorfield, Te Aka Online Māori Dictionary; <https://goo.gl/RRgjSa>.

² Moana Jackson, 'He Manawa Whenua' in *He Manawa Conference Proceedings: Inaugural Issue*, edited by Leonie Pihema, Herearoha Skipper and Jilian Tipene, 62. Hamilton: Te Kotahi Research Institute, University of Waikato, 2015. Accessed 5 April 2018, <https://goo.gl/Gzcq2Y>.

³ Ngũgĩ wa Thiong'o, *Decolonising the Mind: The Politics of Language in African Literature*, London: J. Currey; Portsmouth, N.H.: Heinemann, 1986.

⁴ Manulani Aluli Meyer, 'Indigenous and authentic: Hawaiian epistemology and the triangulation of meaning' in *Handbook of Critical and Indigenous Methodologies*, Sage Publications 2008/2014 (online), 11. Accessed 22 March 2018, <https://goo.gl/HDS3Vz>.

⁵ Ibid, 4.

⁶ Eduardo Galeano, 'Americans' in *Mirrors: Stories of Almost Everyone*, Trans. Mark Fried, New York: Nation Books, 2009.

Ioana Gordon-Smith

The Politics of Inclusion

When I was approached by ST PAUL St Gallery to speak on the kaupapa of knowledge, my mind kept returning to the last symposium I attended. In December 2016, I was asked to speak at a wānanga, which brought together Indigenous curators from Canada, Australia and Aotearoa. One of the panels was devoted to artist-run spaces. The chair, Pātaka director Reuben Friend, asked me if there were any Indigenous artist-run spaces in Aotearoa. The question was something of an elephant in the room. One panellist, Kimba Thompson, was from Blak Dot Gallery in Melbourne; the other, Daina Warren, from Urban Shaman Aboriginal Art Gallery in Winnipeg, Canada. Where, the chair asked, was the New Zealand equivalent? I was stumped. Fresh Gallery, in the old days? I offered. But someone from the audience immediately corrected me: Mamas groups, oratory groups, kava groups. There were in fact a whole matrix of practices outside the gallery and museum circuits. Another audience member suggested that perhaps these groups weren't interested in 'ascending' into gallery spaces; maybe they had already achieved what they considered success.

I was confronted and humbled by the suggestion that when it comes to galleries, some Indigenous artists just aren't interested. It seems obvious enough, but

Ina i whakapā mai a ST PAUL St Gallery ki te kauhau mō te mātauranga, i hokihoki aku whakaaro ki te huinga whakamutunga i tae atu nei au. I Hakihea 2016, i tonoa ahau ki te kōrero i tētahi wānanga, he hui tahi mō ngā kaikowhiri whakaaturanga taketake nō Kānata, nō Ahitereiria me Aotearoa hoki. Ko te take nui mō tētahi o ngā pae kōrero ko ngā wāhi mana ringatoi. I pātai mai te tiamana ko Reuben Friend, te kaitohu o Pātaka, mēnā ka mōhio ahau he wāhi mana ringatoi māori ki Aotearoa. Koia te arewhana i roto i te ruma tērā pātai. Ko tētahi o ngā kaikōrero ko Kimba Thompson nō Blak Dot Gallery ki Poi Piripi; tētahi anō ko Daina Warren no Urban Shaman Aboriginal Art Gallery ki Winnipeg, i Kānata. I pātai te tiamana, kei hea ngā wāhi pērā ki Aotearoa? Kātahi taku wahangū. Ko tāku e raumahara nei. Ka mea au, ko Fresh Gallery tērā, i ngā rā o mua? Ka whakatikaia ahau e tētahi o te minenga: Ko ngā roopu whāea, ngā roopu whaikorero, ngā roopu inu kava hoki ētahi. He poukapa o ngā roopu pērā e tū ana ki waho i ngā whare whakaatu toi, ngā whare taonga hoki. Ka mea mai tētahi atu o te hunga mātakitaki, tērā pea kāore taua roopu e hiahia ana ki te aupiki atu ki ngā whare whakaatu toi, kua whai kē te angitūtanga ki waho rā, pea.

I whakahorohorongia, whakapāpakuti a hoki ahau, i te marohi mō ngā whare

for me, it created a niggle, if not a crisis. As a Samoan-English heritage curator working in Aotearoa, I've been driven by a desire for inclusion: to see more Moana¹ artists in gallery spaces, to read of more Moana artists in reviews and publications, and to have more Moana artists recognised in the machinery that produces art history. But now, I faced a tension between a desire to redress the limited inclusion of Moana and Indigenous artists in contemporary art spaces, and a responsibility to consider the cost of showing in art galleries on the other. There is now widespread recognition that Indigenous knowledges have been exploited by galleries and museums.² They've been abstracted, reduced into component parts, and severed from the communities and practices from which significant meaning derives. Recognising this history and its ongoing effects gives a particular charge in determining one's position in relation to the institution.

My internal crisis feels like one particular to our moment. Australian curator Stephen Gilchrist writes:

I think maybe that the first wave of Indigenous curators were necessarily about visibility. It was about localized resistance to institutions that were refusing to exhibit Indigenous art and even refusing to consider Indigenous art as fine art, let alone contemporary art. I think new generations of Indigenous artists and curators are grappling with not necessarily the politics of exclusion, but the politics of inclusion [...].³

'Politics of inclusion' is a useful phrase, for two distinct reasons. First, it acknowledges a current decolonial turn in galleries that commonly manifests as diversified gallery programming. Ironically, galleries are increasingly seeking out Indigenous arts practices at the very moment that Indigenous art practices are looking further afield. Within Aotearoa, evidence of

whakaatu toi ko ētahi o ngā ringatoi taketake kāore e hiahia ki te whakaatu. Puata noa nei ki ahau, nō reira ka tipu mai te hara, te raruraru nui rānei ki roto i ahau. He kaikōwhiri whakaaturanga ahau, nā tōku whakapapa Hāmoa, Pākehā hoki ko taku hiringa nui te whakauru mai, kia tokomaha ngā ringatoi Moana¹ ki ngā whare whakaatu toi, ki te pānui mo te tokomaha o ngā ringatoi Moana i ngā arotakenga me ngā pānuitanga, kia kitea anohia ngā ringatoi Moana ki roto i te mīhini e hanga ana i te tāhuhu kōrero toi. Engari i nāiane, ka tiaki ahau i tētahi āwangawanga i waenga i te hiahia kia whakatika i te tepenga o ngā ringatoi Moana, o ngā ringatoi Maori hoki ki roto i ngā wāhi whakaaturanga toi o nāiane, me te haepapa ki te whaiwhakaaro mai mō te utu o te whakaaturanga. He mōhio-tanga mōiriiri ka whakahāwinitia te matauranga o ngā iwi taketake e ngā whare whakaaturanga toi, e ngā whare taonga hoki.² Kua tūrehurehuria, kua nakunakutia, kua motukia mai i ngā hāpori me ngā tikanga nō taua mea te māoritanga hiranga i pūtaketia mai. Nā te āhukahukatanga o tēnei hītori me ōna hua, ka hīhikotia ai te whai nōhonga, ko te pānga atu ki te papa whakahiku.

Ko te raru mōrearea kei roto i ahau nō te āhua o te wā o nāiane. I tuhi a Stephen Gilchrist tētahi kaikōwhiri whakaaturanga no Ahitereiria:

I think maybe that the first wave of Indigenous curators were necessarily about visibility. It was about localized resistance to institutions that were refusing to exhibit Indigenous art and even refusing to consider Indigenous art as fine art, let alone contemporary art. I think new generations of Indigenous artists and curators are grappling with not necessarily the politics of exclusion, but the politics of inclusion [...].³

'Ngā tōrangapū o te whakauru', he rerenga kupu whai take mō ngā pūnga e rua. Ko

Indigenous creatives with multiple modes to their practices is abundant. Moving fluidly across once siloed arts genres, we see collectives like FAFSWAG working across clubs, theatres, galleries, film festivals, and online platforms; artists like Lonnie Hutchinson or Ngataiharuru Taepa working both within galleries as well as public architecture and marae restoration respectively; writer-curators like Lana Lopesi moving across curating, online publishing and print with ease, to name a few. At the same time, places like the Pacific Arts Centre in West Auckland, a hub for mamas who practice heritage arts, or the amazing Pacific Collection Access Project (PCAP) at Auckland War Memorial Museum, remind us of community hubs of material knowledge that are thriving.

Secondly, ‘politics of inclusion’ strikes at the heart of the thorny debate about the importance of context. A politics of ‘exclusion’ implies a simple fix; if it’s not there, include it. A politics of ‘inclusion’ beckons the trickier issue of not whether something is included, but *how*. I want to return to Gilchrist for a moment. Gilchrist notes that the politics of inclusion is closely linked to notions of Indigenising spaces. Decolonising frameworks, he argues, are reactive and responsive to the oppressive realities that have been imposed upon Indigenous arts. Indigenising frameworks, by contrast, make the references wholly Indigenous, accepting them on their own terms. But how do we create these references in an exhibition context? Is an interpretation text sufficient, or must we also consider the dynamics of experience and what the viewer brings with them too? To date, discussions around sovereign presentations of Indigenous art and knowledge have mostly focused on the artist’s authorial voice and context or display. While these are urgent issues that are not fully resolved, I can’t help but feel that this is also a wider conversation that needs to

te tuatahi he aumihi mō te huringa o ngā whare whakaaturanga toi o nāiane ki te purenga ihomatua, ka whakatīnanatia i ngā hōtaka nō ngā iwi kē hoki. Rongorua, ko ngā whare whakaaturanga toi e kimi-kimi whakarere ana ngā mahi toi Maori i te wā tonu nei, ka tirohia ki tāwahi kē ngā ringatoi iwi taketake. Kei Aotearoa, ka nui te taunakitanga mō ngā momo toi maha o ngā kaitoi Māori. Ka rere pākato ki runga i nga momo toi i noho motuhake i tōmua, ka kitea tātou ngā toputanga pērā i a FAFSWAG e mahi ana ki roto i ngā karapū, i ngā whare whakaari, i ngā whare whakaaturanga toi, i ngā hui ahurei whakaata, i ngā wānanga ipurangi hoki; ngā ringatoi pērā i a Lonnie Hutchinson, Ngataiharuru Taepa rānei e mahi ana ki roto i ngā whare whakaaturanga toi, ngā hoahoanga marea, me te whakahou marae; ngā kaituhituhi/kaikōwhiri whakaaturanga pērā i a Lana Lopesi ka nukunuku haere mai te kōwhiri whakaaturanga ki te whakaraupapa ipurangi, ki te mātātuhi hoki, hei tauira. Ōrua tonu, ngā wāhi pērā i te Pacific Arts Centre i Waitakere, he wāhi mō ngā Whaea e mahi i ngā toi tuku iho, me te Pacific Collection Access Project (PCAP) i Tāmaki Paenga Hira ka whakamahara mai tātou ki ngā rawa matauranga o te hāpori e whakapuāwai ana.

Tuarua, ko te tōrangapū whakauru ka pātū ki te ngako o te taupatupatu e pā ana ki te hira o te horopaki. Ko te tōrangapū o te aukati ka taea te whakatika māmā; mēnā ka ngaro, whakauru mai. Ko ngā tikanga ‘whakauru’ he take porahuru ehara mo te uru mai, kāore rānei, engari kia *pēhea* te whakauru mai. Ka pirangi ahau kia hoki anō taku kōrero ki a Gilchrist. Ka mea a Gilchrist, ko ngā tōrangapū whakauru kua tūhonohono ki ngā ariā o te whakamāoritanga wāhi. I kī a ia ko ngā anga purenga ihomatua he whakautuutu ki ngā mōkinokino i uruhia ki runga i ngā toi taketake. Engari, mō ngā anga taketake ka māori tūturu ngā tohutoro, e whakaaetia ana te mana motu-

be had about how Indigenous arts and knowledges are consumed. As Canadian art historian Dr Dylan Robinson notes, “Within this discourse of Indigenous artistic sovereignty there has been a tendency to shy away from the reception of work by the various settler and Indigenous members, spectators and readers who encounter them.”⁴ Going further, the editors⁵ of the publication *Whispers and Vanities*, a series of responses to an essay on Samoan religious culture by former Samoan Head of State Tui Atua Tupua, suggest that for knowledge to be truly transmitted, it needs to be emotionally affective. The editors observe that “while they [distinct knowledges] touch each other, live in each other’s spaces, they just can’t seem to connect ‘heart unto heart’... we find instances of making real connections but also of talking past each other.”⁶ In thinking through what might be included in a politics of inclusion, it seems to me one of the deciding factors is not simply what agency or autonomy is given to the artist, but how their knowledge is received – and by whom.

Looking at the history of Indigenous knowledge transmission, one finds that knowledge was not a democratic taonga. In Samoan history, custodians of knowledge were granted *tulafale*, or orator status. The Samoan term for someone who was selected to be a recipient of knowledge was often referred to as *o e nainai*, he or they who are specially selected for the transfer of knowledge. Tui Atua Tupua describes this historical transfer of knowledge as “a culture of whispers.”⁷ Imbued in the whisper is reverence for the knowledge imparted and its *tapu* or sacred qualities. Whispers, by nature, are an exclusive form of speaking – intended only for the few, low enough not to be overheard. In response to Tui Atua’s writing, Teresia Teaiwa, a self-proclaimed loud speaker, observes that to speak at volume equates to rejecting

hake o ngā toi taketake. Engari anō, ka hanga pēhea ēnei tohutoro i te horotake whakaaturanga? Ka nui te whakamāori kupu, ka āta whakaaro rānei te taineke o te wheako me ngā āhuatanga o te kaitītiro?

Tae noa ki tēnei wā, ngā kōrerorero mō te whakaaturanga tūturu o ngā toi take-take me ōna matauranga kua aro ki te reo whai mana o te ringatoi me te horopaki o te whakaaturanga. He mea nui enei, a kāore anō kia tau; ki ahau nei he raru nui ake tēnei, he kōrero whānui ake, e pa ana ki te horomiti o ngā toi taketake me ōna matauranga. Hei tā Dr Dylan Robinson, he kaitāhuhu korero toi nō Kānata, “Within this discourse of Indigenous artistic sovereignty there has been a tendency to shy away from the reception of work by the various settler and Indigenous members, spectators and readers who encounter them.”⁴ Kia haere tonu, ngā ētita⁵ o te hautaka *Whispers and Vanities*, he raupapatanga tuhinga whakautu ki tetahi tuhinga roa e pa ana ngā mea hāhi o Hāmoa nā te Peremia ō mua ko Tui Atua Tupua, e whakaaranga ana, kia pāohotia tonutia te mātauranga, me tangi pūkare te āhua. Ka aro ngā ētita, “while they [distinct knowledges] touch each other, live in each other’s spaces, they just can’t seem to connect ‘heart unto heart’... we find instances of making real connections but also of talking past each other.”⁶ I roto i te whakaaro mo nga mea ka kuhu i te torangapū whakauru, ki ahau nei, ko tetahi mea nui o te whakatau ehara i te hoatu noa i te mana motuhake ki te ringatoi, engari ano ko te arearetanga o ō rātou mātauranga, ā, nā wai hoki i areare.

Tītiro noa ki te hītori o te whakapāoho o te mātauranga iwi taketake, ka tuhurutia kahore te mātauranga i te taonga manapori. I te hītori o Hāmoa, ko ngā kaitiaki mātauranga ka mau te mana whaikōrero o te pae tapu. Ko te kupu Hāmoa mō te hunga kōwhiria hei kaiwhiwhi mātauranga, ka karangatia *o e nainai*, ko rātou

an exclusive aura around a particular body of knowledge. For Teaiwa, the whisper has the detrimental effect of diminishing access to a shared ancestral knowledge. While Indigenous knowledges are sacred, in order to survive, Teaiwa implies the volume of their transmission must be turned up.

Although Teaiwa, along with other scholars, have challenged the metaphor of a whisper as a limit to an internal development and continuance of Indigenous knowledge, I still wonder about the right volume, and, by correlation, the intended recipients, for presenting Indigenous practices. I go back to thinking about mamas groups. I remember a recent encounter in which the Pacific Arts Centre administrators Tuaratini Ra'a and Jarcinda Stowers-Ama recounted how eager learners are put through their paces: Those wanting to learn a craft, such as tivaevae or weaving, must first earn their stripes by, for example, working in the kitchen to make cups of tea. The process of embedding oneself in the minutiae of the community group prior to gaining access to material knowledge resists Robinson's description of 'hungry listening', a type of listening that is colonial in form, whereby listening is undertaken with a hunger for use-value and efficiency.⁸ Instead, it moves towards what artist Judy Atkinson terms 'deep listening', which is to listen without intent or an agenda.⁹ Another concept that might apply is that of *Talanoa*. *Tala*, to speak, is combined with *noa*, ordinary, to encompass a sense of speaking about nothing in particular, a roaming type of conversation that enables people to provide information that is contextualised through a person's daily life. To be a listener is then an act of investment. As artist and educator Taarati Taiaroa writes, "Conversational research is a process that places emphasis on engaging in an on-going and potentially immeasurable relationship

kua kōwhiria hei tohunga mo te mātauranga. Hei tā Tui Atua Tupua, ko te tukua mātauranga hei "a culture of whispers."⁷ I roto i te kōhumu ko te kauanuanu mō te mātauranga tuku iho me te tapu, ngā rawa puaroa rānei. Ko te āhua o ngā kōhumu ki te tokoiti kau ake, marire noa kia kua tētahi atu e whakarongo. Ko Takuta Teresia Teaiwa, – nāna anō i pānui he māngai pakiwaha – i whakahoki kōrero ki a Tui Atua. E mea ana ia, kia pānui kaha e whakakore ana i te āhua tapu o tētahi whakaputunga mātauranga. Mō Teaiwa nā te kōhumu ka mimiti haere te āheinga o te nuinga ki te kete tuatea. E tapu ana ngā mātauranga taketake, kia mōrehurehu ai, ka kaha ai āna korokī.

Ahakoā nā Teaiwa me ētahi atu akoranga kua whakatōrea te kupu whakarite o te kōhumu hei kōpiri ki te whakawhanake me te oranga tōnutanga o te mātauranga iwi taketake, ka whakaaro tōnu au mō te kaha rite, me te mea, ko ngā kaiwhiwhi, mō te whakaaturanga o ngā toi iwi take-take. Ka hoki aku whakaaro ki ngā roopu whāea. Ka maumahara ahau he tūtakitaki inātata nei, ko nga kaiwhakahaere o te Pacific Arts Centre ko Tuaratini Ra'a rāua ko Jarcinda Stowers-Ama i pūrongo i te ngākaunui o ngā akonga: Ko rātou e hiahia ana te matauranga toi pērā i te tivaevae, te rāranga rānei ka tīmata i te tuatahi hei kaimahi kīhini. Ko te mahi āwhina i te hāpori i mua i te āhei atu ki te Kete aronui, he kōrero kē ki te whakaaturanga o 'hungry listening', i mea mai a Robinson. tēnei whakarongo e mau ana te āhua koroniara, kia whakarongo ki ngā kōrero whai take anake.⁸ Ka nuku tata atu ki ngā kōrero o te ringatoi Judy Atkinson, ko 'deep listening', ko te whakarongo takune kē, whakarongo noa atu.⁹ He whakaaro anō, ko te *Talanoa*. Ko *Tala* ko te kōrero, ka hono ki te noa, kia whaimaramatanga mo nga korero e pa ana ki ngā mea *noa* ake, he kōrerorero āmiomio ka whakamana i te nuinga kia whakarawe mōhiohio i horopakina mai te āhua noho

commitment. It requires a commitment to the facilitation and maintenance of kinship – human relations.”¹⁰

Ema Tavola’s writing on what an aspirational gallery would look like considers how these ideas of kinship and human relations might inform a curatorial practice. In her essay *When Stars Align*, Tavola offers some very direct advice on how that could be redressed. Written from her position in Ōtara-Papatoetoe, a locality with a high Pacific demographic, Tavola suggests “exhibitions would be programmed by a committee... 75% of whom would be local residents.”¹¹ She suggests that comfortable seating, excellent wifi and the best coffee in town “would be good, really good, every time.”¹² Tavola’s aspirational gallery speaks to both hospitality and partnership within decision-making as a means of creating belonging. Although it is not overtly stated in her text, Tavola creates a link between programming and audience by focusing on audience development that would be local and implicitly Pacific as the driving force in programming. Her approach deals with the question of context in reverse: not how art might be contextualised, but rather how the audience might determine a context for what is and isn’t programmed.

Tavola’s proposition speaks to the importance of a resonance between audiences and artists. And yet, I still feel the need to find another solution, partly because the geographies I have worked in to date have been palpably Pākehā dominated. I’m also reticent to give up entirely the notion that artistic sovereignty requires a sympathetic audience. Indeed, one of the values that the gallery protects is to be at odds with a public, to explore that which might otherwise seem peripheral, controversial and even esoteric.

ō te tangata. Koina te mahi whakarongo hei whakangao. I tūhia e te ringatoi, kaiako hoki a Taarati Taiaroa, “Conversational research is a process that places emphasis on engaging in an on-going and potentially immeasurable relationship commitment. It requires a commitment to the facilitation and maintenance of kinship – human relations.”¹⁰

Ko te tuhinga a Ema Tavola kia pēhea te āhua o tētahi whare whakaaturanga toi wawata, i whakaarohia pēhea ēnei ariā taura here, ariā whanaungatanga hoki ka whakaatu atu i te mahi kōwhiri whakaaturanga. I roto i tāna tuhinga roa, *When Stars Align*, ko Tavola i tuku ētahi kupu āwhina, ka pēhea te puretumu. Tuhia mai i tāna nōhonga ki Ōtara/Papatoetoe, he wāhi kī ana i te hunga Moana, ka mea a Tavola “exhibitions would be programmed by a committee... 75% of whom would be local residents.”¹¹ E mea ana a ia ko ngā nohonga āhuru, te ahokore mouna, te kāwhe pai rawa o te tāone hoki “would be good, really good, every time.”¹² Ko te whare whakaaturanga toi wawata a Tavola ka kōrero e pā ana ki te manaakitanga, te noho rangapū hoki kia whai turangwaewae ki roto i te mahi whakataunga. Ahakoa, kāhore i kōrero pū i tāna tuhinga, ka hanga a Tavola he tūhononga mai i te hōtaka ki te minenga – aronui ki te whakatipu tētahi minenga hau kāinga, minenga nō te Moana-nui-a-Kiwa hoki, hei ānga mō ngā hōtaka. Ko tāna te pātai o te horopaki hurikōaro: kāore e pēhea ana te mahi toi i horopakina, engari me pēhea te horopaki i whakatakotia e te minenga.

Ko te marohi a Tavola e kī ana mō te hira o te whanaungatanga ki waenganui i te minenga me ngā ringatoi. Anō hoki, ka pirangi ahau ki te kimi he whakataunga kē, nā te mea ko te āhuetanga o ngā wāhi mahi nōku i mua ka rongō i te whakatanui a pākeha. Kīhai ahau te manawa kiore mō tēnei oho ko te motuhaketanga

I'm reminded of the words of Tlingit artist Jackson Polys who articulated the dilemma this way:

If conversations around the future of Indigeneity are to move beyond a constricting orbit, if they are to go anywhere, we must reckon with contradictions embedded in our aspirations. As Indigenous artists, we hold hopes that remain contested, often incomprehensible to others, even to ourselves. We want to refuse reliance on outside recognition, to have our own spaces, take them back, incubate inside them and continually create them anew. Yet we wish to be recognized: for our contributions to contemporary thought and revaluations of history. We aim to legitimize claims of relevance to those outside ourselves. We remain desirous, envious of inclusion into a mainstream art world and hopeful for influence upon it, while constantly recounting how few our numbers are. We perpetually shift between an exclusive and inclusive "we."¹³

Polys here acknowledges that while mainstream presentation is desirable, there will not always be a bond between artist and audience. While there are a number of approaches that seek to either bridge the divide through audience development and public programming, or conversely by eschewing open publics, Polys instead here invokes the Indigenous artist's constant oscillation between communities. In his words, "inclusion in a mainstream art world" must reckon with not only the historical exclusiveness of the art world, but also a particular exclusion enacted by the artist, in order to "incubate" Indigenous learnings.¹⁴

I approached the symposium nervously, and I leave it only more convinced that there is more thinking to be had as to how we think through the space between Indigenous knowledges and their audiences – Indigenous and

ringatoi ka whai minenga pūaroha e matea ana. Tētahi o ngā whanonga pono anō, e whakahaumarū i te whare whakaaturanga toi ko te mautohe ki te marea, ki te toro ērā kaupapa e mau ana te āhua mōwaho, te whakawehewehe, te hōhonu hoki.

Ka whakamahara au i ngā kupu o Jackson Polys, tētahi ringatoi Tlingit, i wahapū pēnei te raru:

If conversations around the future of Indigeneity are to move beyond a constricting orbit, if they are to go anywhere, we must reckon with contradictions embedded in our aspirations. As Indigenous artists, we hold hopes that remain contested, often incomprehensible to others, even to ourselves. We want to refuse reliance on outside recognition, to have our own spaces, take them back, incubate inside them and continually create them anew. Yet we wish to be recognized: for our contributions to contemporary thought and revaluations of history. We aim to legitimize claims of relevance to those outside ourselves. We remain desirous, envious of inclusion into a mainstream art world and hopeful for influence upon it, while constantly recounting how few our numbers are. We perpetually shift between an exclusive and inclusive "we."¹³

Kōnei ka whākina a Polys ko te whakaaturanga auraki ka āwherotia ana, kāhore kē te whanaungatanga pai i waenganui i te ringatoi me te minenga i ngā wā katoa. Ina hoki te maha o ngā tāera e tū ana hei arawhata mō te wehenga arā kia whakawhanake i te minenga me ngā hōtaka marea, hāunga anō ka karohia ake ngā marea, konei ko te ngapu pūmau o te ringatoi taketake i pohewatia e Polys. I roto i āna ake kupu, ko te "inclusion in a mainstream art world" ehara i te tū ngārahu rawa ana ki te whakahirahiratanga nō nehe rā o te ao toi anake, engari he mea aware i whakamanahia e te ringatoi kia "poipoi" i ngā akoranga taketake.¹⁴

otherwise. I have no resolutions, no pithy conclusions to offer up, but I find that behind a seemingly simple decision by an Indigenous artist to exist in a space outside of the gallery, we can begin consider an expanded field of what is involved in a politics of inclusion.

Ka whakatata āmaimai ahau ki te hui taumata, ka wehe atu ahau whakawai ake me whakaaro anō mō te wā ki waenganui i te matauranga iwi taketake me te hunga mātakitaki – te hunga taketake, kāore rānei. Kāhore he whakataunga i ahau, karekau he paku mutunga hei kīnaki, engari ka kite nei kei muri i tētahi whakataunga āhua māmā noa iho nā tētahi ringatoi taketake ki te noho ki waho o te whare whakaaturanga toi, ka taea e tatou ki te whakaaro mō te whaitua whakawhanuitia ki roto i ngā tōrangapū o te whakauru.

¹ 'Moana' is a term that many writers such as Dr Hūfanga Okusi Māhina, Kolokesa Uafā Māhina-Tuai and Dr Tēvita Ka'ili, Lana Lopesi, and Léuli Eshrāghi use to describe the diverse people of The Great Ocean (the Pacific ocean). The term is specifically championed as an alternative to colonial terms for the region, such as Pacific or Oceania. Within Aotearoa, Moana is often used to distinguish between the Indigenous people of Aotearoa, and the Indigenous people of the wider Moana Nui a Kiwa.

² Puawai Cairns (Kaihāpai Mātauranga Māori | Head of Mātauranga Māori at Te Papa Tongarewa) recently wrote about how the very act of cataloguing and categorising – a central function of museums and art history – has the effect of naming and fixing Indigenous histories and knowledge, erasing the diversity of narratives and the dynamism of Indigenous existence: <https://goo.gl/2TcGV2>.

³ Stephen Gilchrist, 'Indigenising Curatorial Practice' in *The World is not a Foreign Land*, Melbourne: Ian Potter Museum of Art, University of Melbourne, 2014, pp. 50-60.

⁴ Dylan Robinson, 'Public Writing, Sovereign Reading: Indigenous Language Art in Public Space', *Art Journal*, 76:2, 2017, pp. 85-99.

⁵ For a publication that invites a plurality of views on Indigenous Samoan knowledge, there is appropriately a team of editors behind *Whispers and Vanities*, who are: Tamasailau M. Suaalii-Sauni, Maualaivao Albert Wendt, Naomi Fuamatu, Upolu Luma Va'ai, Reina Whaitiri, Stephen L. Filipino.

⁶ Tamasailau M. Suaalii-Sauni et al., 'Introduction', *Whispers and Vanities: Samoan Indigenous Knowledge and Religion*, Wellington: Huia Publishers, 2014.

⁷ Tui Atua Tupua Tamasese Ta'isi Efi, 'Whispers and Vanities in Samoan Indigenous Religious Culture' in *Whispers and Vanities*, 2014.

⁸ Candice Hopkins et al. 'Remembering the Future: Questions about Indigenous Art's Way Forward', *Canadianart*, 8 August 2016, <https://goo.gl/pCta14>.

⁹ Judy Atkinson, 'The Value of Deep Listening – The Aboriginal Gift to the Nation', *TEDxSydney*, 16 June 2017, <https://goo.gl/SqGLC7>.

¹⁰ Taarati Taiaroa, 'Conversational Research: Praxis & Emergence' in *A Year of Conscious Practice*, edited by Rebecca Boswell, Chloe Geoghegan and Balamohan Shingade, Christchurch: The Physics Room, 2016, <https://goo.gl/Fk4z3u>.

¹¹ Ema Tavola, 'When Stars Align', *Localise*, Avondale: Whau the People, 2015.

¹² Ibid.

¹³ Hopkins et al., 'Remembering the Future', 2016.

¹⁴ Ibid.

Last

I will share my story but only under the premise that you will too; otherwise, our relationship cannot begin. Language is a fickle thing, but it might be the only way at present. As you read, try to listen for the colour of my tone – you will hear the subway from Apia to Andingmen and the pulse of a docked boat...

1.

My Papa was a man named John Johannes Ah Loo, born in 1936 to a Samoan native named Lele and a Chinese coolie, or labourer, named Ah Loo. There are three waves of Chinese immigration to Samoa – the first being that of ‘free’ immigrants from 1840-1890, the second being indentured and free labourers who came between 1903-1930, and the third being the more recent wave of investors and developers over the last 30 years.

In 1880, a declaration was made by Susuga Malietoa Laupepa disallowing any further settlement from Chinese nationals. Samoans were characterised as lazy, as not easy to assimilate into a Western industrial mindset, while Chinese were seen as industrious and economically savvy – traits that made them seductive and threatening neighbours. The ban was lifted in 1903

Ka whāki nei ahau e taku kōrero, engari i rungo anō i tō whakaae ki te whakakī mai hoki; ki te kore, kāore e tīmata te whakawhanaunga i a tāua. He mea hāra-kiraki te reo, engari pea koia anake te huarahi i tēnei wā. Ina pānui ana koe, me whakarongo ki te kara o tōku reo – ka rangona e koe te rerewē rarowhēnua mai i Apia ki Andingmen me te pātuki manawa o tētahi waka herengia...

1.

Ko tōku pāpā ko tētahi tangata i karangatia ko John Johannes Ah Loo, i whānau mai a ia i te tau 1936 nō tētahi Wāhine Hāmoa ko Lele tona ingoa, me tētahi “coolie,” tētahi kaimahi Hainamana, i tūātia ko Ah Loo. E toru ngā ngaru manene Hainamana ki Hāmoa – ko te tuatahi ko ngā ope manenene herekore mai 1840 ki 1890, ko te tuarua ko ngā kaimahi-a-ture me ngā kaimahi herekore i taea mai i te tau 1903 ki 1930, a ko te tuatoru ko te ngaru hou o nāianeī, ko ngā kaituku moni me ngā kaiwhakaahu mō ngā 30 tau ki mua.

I te tau 1880, ka puta tētahi whakaputanga nā Susuga Malietoa Laupepa kia kati te nuku mai o ngā Hainamana. Ko te whakaaro, he āhua māngere tō te hunga Hāmoa, he āhua uaua te kuhu mai ki te tikanga o te ao Western industrial, engari

when Samoa was under German colonial rule, and thus began the second wave. Over the next thirty years, thousands of Chinese men were enticed to work in the Pacific. One of them was my Great-Grandfather Ah Loo. Like many others, he fell in love and started a family of his own.

A cartoon published in the 1930s by the *New Zealand Truth* reads: “Nearly 1,000 indentured Chinese Coolies are now working in Samoa, mostly on the ex-German plantations seized by the New Zealand Government. They are recruited from the scum of China to work under semi-slavery conditions. New Zealand does not protect the Samoan women against these serfs, and reliable estimates gives the number of Chinese half-breeds now in New Zealand at over 1,000.”¹

2.

When language fails – much like love – it is the possibility that hurts the most – the sentiment unable to formalise, or the desire unable to fruit. At best, it is only a shell, and at worst, a parasite.

3.

I can't see out the window but that doesn't matter, whole worlds pass me by and I am content in our company. All that matters is the plush of the woollen seat covers and knowing that I am with someone who I have been with nearly every day of my life. Is it a lie to say that I remember you saying “bah humbug” all the time? That I remember sitting on your lap, mimicking your gestures as you steered us to the dairy. After all, you died when I was four, and listening to other people's memories has far outlived my experience of you. Like how mum says you stopped cab driving after you found an axe in the back seat – I swear I saw

ko ngā Hainamana kē he iwi ihupuku, kei ā rātou hoki mō te mōhio ohaoha – te āhua o te kiritata pai, te kiritata whakawehi hoki. I hikina te rāhui i te tau 1903, ka noho a Hāmoa i raro i te ture o Tiāmana, ā, kātahi ka tīmata te ngaru tuarua. Mō ngā tau toru tekau ka heke mai te takimano o ngā tāne Hainamana i tārururia kia mahi ki roto i te Moana-nui-a-Kiwa. Ko tētahi ō rātou ko tōku tūpuna tāne, ko Ah Loo. I reira ka wewehe a ia kātahi ka puta mai tōna whānau anō.

I ngā tau 1930 i taia e te *New Zealand Truth*, tētahi pakiwaituhi, ka kōrerotia: “Tata ki te kōtahi mano o ngā kaimahi-a-ture Hainamana e mahi ana ki Hāmoa, ko te nuinga ki runga i ngā māra Tiamana i mau e te kāwanatanga o Aotearoa. Nō Haina rātou i taritari ki te mahi whakapononga. Kāhore te kāwanatanga o Aotearoa e whakahaumaru i ngā wāhine Hāmoa mai ēnei poroteke, kātahi neke atu i te kōtahi mano o ngā hāwhe Hainamana ki Aotearoa i nāianeī.”¹

2.

Ka ngere te reo – pērā i te aroha – ko te torohu hei pā mamae rawa – te kakare e kore te whakatīnana, te hiahia e kore e whai hua. Me he pai rawa, he angaanga noa, me te kino kē, he pirinoa.

3.

E kore e taea e au te kite ki waho i te matapihi, engari he aha anō, ka pahemo atu ētahi āo tūtahi ka rata anō ahau i roto i te hunga nei. Ko te mea nui rawa ko te hāneanea o ngā uhi wūru hīpi me te mōhiotanga: kei konei au i te taha o tētahi kua whakapiringia māua mō te nuinga o aku rā katoa. He teka te kī atu, ka maumahara ahau i a koe e kīia ana ‘bah humbug’ i ngā wā katoa? Ka maumahara ahau e noho ana au i runga i a koe, tāwhai ana ahau i ou tuone, nōu e whakatere ana i a mātou ki te toa. I te mea ai hoki i mate koe i taku

it, even if I wasn't yet born. Or that I remember the photograph of your father that someone has since thrown out or stolen. Mum remembers how his face was obscured, both by the angle of the image and by the hood of his coffin.

4.

John Johannes Ah Loo. Ah Loo. John John. Johnny Ah Loo. Ah Loo Ah Loo. Mr. Ah Loo. Mister mister. Mister mister Loo.

5.

Daniel Satele once said that he is only a New Zealander insofar as his proximity to the place makes him. I agree, but what implication does that logic have on my relationship to Samoa, to China, to Britain? I have only spent four weeks of my entire life in Samoa, and now I have spent more time in China than I have in Samoa. Just like my experience of Papa is far out-lived by the stories and memories other people have of him, so too is my experience of my own culture. Is this too far of an assumption to make? Am I reducing every close familial relationship I have to the mere fact that we are stuck on islands that we don't belong to?

6.

My mother is seven or eight, out to dinner with her two siblings and parents. This is the first and only time she hears her father speaking in Cantonese. Through my mother's eyes, I look at Papa in wonderment. She remembers that they were on a docked boat, perhaps in the Auckland viaduct, and that the food was unpleasantly acrid. I sit with her in pause, hoping that she remembers more. Did Papa speak with confidence? Were other people dining around you? Did you go there again? I can sense that we are both still stuck in the wonderment of hearing Papa speak with another

tau tuawhā, ā, ka roa ake taku whakarongo ki ngā pūmahara o ētahi atu ki taku mātau-ā-wheako ōu. E kī ana a Māma ka mutu koe i to mahi taraiwa tēkihi nā te kitea o tētahi toki ki runga i te nohonga o muri. I tino kitea e au hoki, ahakoa kāore anō au kua whānau mai. Tērā anō, e maumahara ana ahau ki te whakaahua o tō Pāpa, kua whiua atu, kua tāhaetia rānei e tētahi. E maumahara ana a Māma i tāpōuri tōna kanohi, nā te koki o te whakaahua, nā te taupoki o tōna kāwhena.

4.

John Johannes Ah Loo. Ah Loo. John John. Johnny Ah Loo. Ah Loo Ah Loo. Mr. Ah Loo. Mister mister. Mister mister Loo.

5.

I kīā Daniel Satele, i tētahi wā, he New Zealander ia nā tōna nohonga tata ki reira noa iho. E whakaae ana ahau, engari he aha te hīraunga o te whakaaro pērā mo tōku hononga ki Hāmoa, ki Haina, ki Peretānia? E whā wiki noa taku noho ki Hāmoa, ā he roa ake taku noho ki Haina ki ta Hāmoa. He roa ake anō aku maumahara ki tō taku mātau-ā-wheako o tōku Pāpa, he rite tonu ki tāku mātau-ā-wheako o taku ahurea Hāmoa. He whānui kē tāku e whakapae? Ka whakaiti aku hononga whanaunga katoa ki te roanga o te noho ki tētahi motu e kore nō korā mātou?

6.

E whitu, e waru tau rānei te pākeke o tōku Māma, ka hapa ki waho a ia i te taha o ōna tatao e rua me ōna mātua. Ko tēnei te wā tuatahi, te wā anake i rongo a ia i tōna pāpa i kōrero mai te reo Cantonese. Nā te tirohanga a Māma ka miharotia taku tītiro ki a Pāpa. Nā tōna maumaharatanga, kei runga rātou i tētahi wāka herengia, kei Tāmaki Makaurau pea, me te kai mangleo ana. E noho tātari ana au ki tōna taha, ko tāku i tūmanako ai, he maumaharatanga

tongue, and that pushing the conversation will only lead to more questions and silence.

7.

Dear Papa John and Papa Ah Loo,

I'm not sure if you realise this, but you both don't have names. I hope this doesn't come as a surprise or as me being fiaboko, but I've just spent many weeks trying to understand who you both are and it's one of the only conclusions I've come to. At present, I've indexed some thoughts and feelings, aphorisms and stories, but they aren't of any help – if anything, they are only moving me further and further away from the possibility of having a conversation with you both.

Papa Ah Loo, what was your full name? Where did you come from? What coolie number were you assigned when you first arrived in Samoa? Forgive me for the last question, I know it's crude, but it would be one way of tracing any information on who you are.

and Papa John, did you remember how to speak Cantonese in your old age? Did you think of your father often? Did he tell you stories of China? I have more questions for you but they really only seem to concern your father. Like did he have to hide in the villages during the repatriation era? Were you there when he hid? Did you have to hide too? Or conversely, did he manage to receive special exemption? I ask these questions because it will help me understand who you both are and why you were the way you were. It will also help me understand why Mum and I are the way we are.

I've read Mum what I've written so far and we both agree that we don't know where to start, whatever that means.

anō tāna. I ngākau titikaha a Pāpā ki te kōrero i te reo? Kei reira ētahi atu tangata? I hoki anō koutou anō ki reira? Ka mīharotia tōnu tāua ki te whakarongo ki a Pāpā e kōrero ana ki roto i tētahi reo kē, otirā, io ngā kōrero e pa ana ēnei mea ka ārahi mai he pātai anō, he haumūmūtanga anō.

7.

E Papa John rāua ko Papa Ah Loo,

Kāore au e mōhio mēnā ka huatautia e kōrua, kāhore kōrua tahi kia whai ingoa. Ko tāku e tūmanako kīhai i ohoreretia ai kōrua nā tēnei, kia puku kau anō au rānei, engari, he maha ngā wiki kua whakamātau anō au kia mōhio ko wai kōrua tahi, arā, kua whaiwhakaaro, pēnei au. Ināianei, kua tuhituhi au i ētahi whakaaro, aurongo, whakataukī, kōrero paki hoki engari kīhai ēnei he āwhina – ka whakanekekehia atu kē ki te āheinga kōrerorero i a kōrua tahi.

E Papa Ah Loo, ko wai tōu ingoa tūturu? Nō hea koe? He aha tō nama coolie i tō taenga tuatahi mai ki Hāmoa? Aroha mai mō taku pātai whakamutunga, he harehare, engari, nā tera nama ka taea e au te whaimōhioanga e pā ana i a koe.

me Papa John, i whakamahara koe i te reo Cantonese i to kaumatuatanga? He putuputu ō whakaaro mō tō mātua? I kōrero paki a ia ki a koe mō Haina? He pātai anō au mōu engari ko te nuinga e pā ana ki tō matua. Pēnei, i te Wā Hokinga i hunahuna a ia ki roto i ngā pā? Kei reira koe ina huna a ia? I huna hoki koe? I whakawateatia a ia, rānei? Ka pēnei aku pātai kia mārama ai ko wai kōrua, he aha e pera ai kōrua. Kia mārama he aha e pēnei ai ahau, a Māma hoki.

Kua pānuitia tēnei tuhinga ki a Māma, ā ka whakaae māua, kāhore māua e mōhio ki te tīmata ki hea, he aha te mea. Tētahi o ōna whakaaro, e Pāpā John,

One remark she made, Papa John, was that she didn't know whether you were ashamed or indifferent to your being-Chinese. I can't help but think that it was the former, and that any indifference would have only come about from the years of erasing who you are – a trajectory I think was made for you when you were named John Johannes. Even though you were named, you were nameless. I realise that it is insignificant whether your father found shelter during the repatriation era, and if you and your siblings, Jack, Nancy and Kumi, hid with him. You were always-already hiding, in the name, as such. I wish that that weren't true, both for you and for our family.

Anyways Papa, I've asked a lot of questions for one letter. I hope that someday I will find answers, or if not, at least some acceptance in the fact that I might never. I do know that I come away from writing this with much more clarity than I did at the beginning, so I hope that is of comfort.

*With much love,
Cameron*

kīhai a ia e mōhio mēnā ka whakamā koe i tō taha Hainamana ka ngākau kore rānei. Ki ōku nei whakaaro ko te whakamā te mea. Kua ūkuia e tōu mana motuhake mō ngā tau maha, nā konā ko te ngākau kore i puta mai. He huarahi i hangaia ina ka huaina John Johannes. Ahakoa kua tūatia koe, kua ingoa kore. Ka mōhio au he mea hauarea ki te tāwharautia tō pāpa i te wā hokinga, mēnā ki tōna taha koe me ōu tuākana, teina rānei. Ka tauhunahuna ai koe ki raro i tō ingoa hōu. Ko taku hiahia ki a teka tera mōu me tō whānau hoki.

Heioi ano, he maha ōku pātai, mō te reta kōtahi. Ko te tūmanako, a tōna wā ka whai whakautu, ki te kore, ka whai whakaaetanga rānei. Engia anō kei te mōhio au, kua oti ahau i tenei tuhinga ariari ake anō mai i te tīmatanga. Ko te tūmanako, he pai noa tēnā.

*Arohatinonui,
Cameron*

¹ Tuatagaloa Aumua Ming Leung Wai, 'Reflections on the Experiences of the Chinese Community in Samoa,' paper presented at the conference *China and the Pacific: The View from Oceania*, National University of Samoa, Apia, February 2015.

Considering Love

*I lift love up and hold it steady. I twirl
love around in my mind as I fall asleep.
At night love hovers at an elevated right
angle, bright and sharp above my head.
I believe I might be bending it at such
a degree it will break open leaving my
hands to bleed.*

I return by night train to my parent's house in the Manawatu region to write about the concept of love. I pace the hallway of my childhood and adolescence, uninterrupted. In the silence of my right hand, a book. My best friend has lent me *All About Love: New Visions* by bell hooks to prepare me. There is no idealism left over from my younger years, this place holds memories of explosive verbal fights. My earliest encounters of love, which were familial in form, encouraged rebellion, resilience and detachment. At least hooks can aid my understanding of the discomfort I experienced as a teenager. I open the book and my eyes fall on her diagnosis: Western society suffers from 'loveless-ness', a sense of isolation created in the individual so profoundly by the absence of love that love becomes the only force that connects us back to the world and to each other. "[T]he world I was living in, the world of the present, was no longer a world open to love. I noticed that all around me I heard testimony that lovelessness had become the

*I draw love into my lungs as I wake.
It warms my core with potential and I
lament the moment that it will exit
leaving my chest empty.*

My breath lingers in the cool morning air as I paddle out. The conditions are near perfect and I am eager to catch the wave that's approaching, but a sharp glance from the only other person in the water reminds me that I will have to wait my turn. As I wait for the next set, my attention is drawn back to my breath and how it condenses in the sunlight. The experience rekindles a trail of thought from Dr Valance Smith's mihi whakatau (an official welcome speech) given at the symposium *Ko au te au / I am the ocean*.

"Aroha", explained Smith, "is a compound word joining 'aro' meaning inner focus and attentiveness, 'hā' referring to the breath and our life force". "We are the sea" he continued, and while "we don't speak the same reo, we bring our own values to it." There is a lot to unpack from Smith's mihi and how a notion of aroha or love might be applied to creative practice. Indeed, the art sector can sometimes seem like a vast ocean connecting a dynamic field of practitioners, histories and conversations. And upon this ocean, the personal and professional appear to be bound in the same

order of the day. I feel our nation's turning away from love as intensely as I felt love's abandonment in my girlhood."¹ This lovelessness, however, as I understand it now, is not a personal... or an incurable universal condition; rather, lovelessness is necessary for the proliferation of Western social power and control.

Love, when relegated to the realm of a loveless fantasy, intentionally removes suitable footing for love to emerge as a positive collective pursuit with a socio-political purpose. Actions towards others² thereby become viewed as motivated only for individual gain, creating our current fear-based economy. Fear of the self and fear of the other to service a sense of division and capital gain.

I told my mother I had returned home to find the Truth. We discussed the community-led ethos my peers and I work towards at *MEANWHILE* (artist-run space), the toxicity of the contemporary art industry, how mine and my peers' time spent is motivated by an ethos of care because we work without financial gain, how much I appreciate that my friends cook meals big enough to feed our entire flat, and an article that likened society to a beehive. "I'm looking for a metaphor like that," I said, "that takes the work out of comprehending something complex, you know? Society like a beehive, love like a..." Muhammad Ali's quote 'float like a butterfly, sting like a bee' came to mind, but without any further revelation, I gave up on the formulation of a metaphor. My mother offered a framework she encountered as a social worker, the model of 'synergy vs scarcity'.³

Constituted in the field of cross-cultural psychology, the concept of synergy, according to Richard Katz and Stephen Murphy-Shigematsu, refers to the process of cohesion between two or

life-giving breath – a breath that we draw on heavily as we paddle for a wave that might carry us through a project, or if we are fortunate, our entire career. However, in a small art scene like ours in Aotearoa, it can sometimes seem that we are all paddling for the same wave.

Competing for the same wave might also be a condition that we have accepted in order to participate in the global contemporary art system. As critic and curator Beti Žerovc argues, this system is essentially a neo-colonial force that is wedded to capitalist and neo-liberal imperatives bent on encouraging a mindset of individualism, a scarcity of resources, and an economy of attention that necessitates social manoeuvring. "The trend among the participants in the network is to try to secure for themselves the best available position," she writes, "the possibility of exerting influence over the network is all usually related to the participant's status in the network's hierarchy... [artists and curators] demonstrate their competence with impressively extensive *curricula vitae*, which testify to their hyperactivity and connections with the most prestigious nodes in the global network."¹ If we accept Žerovc's description of a hegemonic contemporary art complex, then we cannot ignore the systemic issue of self-interest being sought to the detriment of the collective. In so many words, this was an underlying sentiment of many conversations that occurred at *Ko au te au / I am the ocean* which also reflected the conveners' aim to question "established thinking and practices" and "to activate structural and programmatic change within dominant institutionalised attitudes and their manifest inequity."²

Returning to etymology of the Māori word 'aroha' – often translated into English as 'love' – might offer some insight here. In preparation for this symposium, the artist Shannon Te Ao shared with

more elements from disparate and often conflicting parts to create a new whole – a whole that resists claims to a ‘universal human experience’. Synergy is a process towards all things becoming viewed as unified, which is set in direct contrast to the concept of scarcity. For the latter, as resources are conceptualised as limited and dividable, individuals are set in competition for them. Scarcity exists when we resist the urge to share.

Scarcity of resources as a prevailing concept in Western thinking functions much like the myth of lovelessness, love as a limited resource reserved for a select lucky few. Love and synergy, however they may be commodified (for example, by providing the illusion of increased positivity and therefore productivity), do challenge scarcity and lovelessness directly. Love and synergy, as forces motivated by unification, destabilise the Western distinctions between the material, social and psychological. By establishing the intrinsic inter-connectedness of all things, scarcity cannot continue to function.

me the whakatauki (proverb) “aroha mai, aroha atu”, which according to him expands the understanding of aroha. The whakatauki could be translated as ‘love is given, love is returned’, but Te Ao explained that it can be further understood as a flow of love emanating from inside out and from outside in. If we were to substitute the English word love in this translated whakatauki for Smith’s description of aroha, meaning a focused life-giving breath, then we can begin to picture a relational system that is based upon collective reciprocation rather than individual desire – which seems so entrenched within the meaning of the word love within Westernised consumer culture. It seems logical, then, that if the circulation of aroha stops, like it arguably does in the contemporary art system, then there can be very real consequences – a select few will absorb the creative energy of the many to ascend in prominence and will in turn exert their influence to maintain the hierarchy that they have profited from, while others will be deemed irrelevant, excluded, discriminated against or even dehumanised. Therefore, if aroha is not free flowing, then we have a shared responsibility to question what might be blocking its movement. And yet, we should also practice caution in being too quick to ascribe judgement in calling out inequitable practice. For, as critic and art historian Carol Duncan rightly reminds us, “[e]veryone feels caught up in a ‘system’ whose controlling power is everywhere but in no one in particular... The art world is hardly an organised conspiracy.”³

From a psychological and biological perspective, there is a convincing argument that further complicates this possibility of a relational system of aroha from flowing. This argument is from the study of kin selection where it has been observed that humans intuitively gravitate towards those with whom we find similarity or share familial bonds.⁴ For a system

of aroha to be effective against the urge to be drawn to similarity it would have to encourage us to seek a kinship with difference as argued by social psychologists such as Ashtosh Varshney.⁵ This sentiment is comparable to theorist Donna Haraway's argument that we must seek out unusual companions to make "odd kin." She writes: "Who and whatever we are, we need to make-with – become-with, compose-with... all earthlings are kin in the deepest sense... Kin is an assembling sort of word."⁶

When the next lines of swell rise high above the horizon we exchange a glance. He nods and with that approval I paddle. There is an etiquette for catching waves, and if it is maintained, a level of mutual respect is reached. It is a form of respect that acknowledges a shared vulnerability and makes certain that the cyclical energy of the sea is enjoyed safely by all. When this respect is broken, as it inevitably is, anger and frustration destroy the peaceful flow we are all seeking. It becomes unsafe, and everyone ends up losing. Perhaps the reciprocation of aroha might also be a type of relational code – a practice towards attaining synergy with others and to resist the self-seeking pull of the art world. It is hard to imagine an alternative beyond the system that currently surrounds us but what is apparent is that aroha and love in its most complex and elusive sense is a quality that asks us to reach beyond the self and the kinship or political ties that divide us. As the philosopher Hannah Arendt once wrote: "Love by its very nature, is unworldly, and it is for this reason... that it is not only apolitical but antipolitical, perhaps the most powerful of all antipolitical human forces."⁷

Ka hikina te aroha e ahau, kātahi ka mau māhoi. Ka koromiromirohia te aroha i tōku hinengaro, ka hinga moe ana ahau. I te pō ka tīonionitia te aroha i te koki hāngai tairanga ake, kitakita koi ana ki runga ake i tōku māhunga. E whakapono ana ahau ka kōwhakiwhakina te koki ka pakaru, ka mahue aku ringa i te hūtoto pea.

Ka hoki ahau ki te whare o ōku mātua ki Manawatu mā runga tereina ki te tuhituhi e pā ana te ariā o te aroha. Ka toihā hūrokuroku i te kauhanganui o taku tamarikitanga, taku taiohinga hoki. Kei roto i te hamūmūtanga o taku ringa matau, he pukapuka. I homai e taku hoa pumau, *All About Love: New Visions* nā bell hooks, kia whakariteritea ahau. Kua pou te ngākau rorotu i oku tau rangatahi, ka pupuri ai tēnei wāhi ki ngā maumaharatanga o ngā whawhai-ā-waha. Ōku tūtakitaki ipo tōmua, nā te whānau e tipu, i whakamanawa te whananga, te aumangea, te wehenga. Mā te aha ka taea e hooks te āwhina mai i ahau kia whakamārama te manawarau i wheako ahau i taku taiohitanga. Ka tuwheratia te pukapuka e ahau, ka mātaki aku karu ki tona whakataunga: Ko te pākatokato o te porihanga pākeha ko te aroha korenga, te rongō tūhāhā i hangaia ngoto i roto i te tangata nā te aroha kore, ā, ko te aroha kau ana te ngao ka tūhono tātou ki te ao whānui, tātou ki a tātou. “[T]he world I was living in, the world of the present, was no longer a world open to love. I noticed that all around me I heard testimony that lovelessness had become the order of the day. I feel our nation’s turning away from love as intensely as I felt love’s abandonment in my girlhood.”¹ Heoi anō, ko tēnei aroha korenga, i taku whakamāramatanga anō i nāianeī, ehara i te mea matawhaiaro... ehara i te mate tuamatangi; engaringari, ko te aroha korenga e matea ana ki te whakaranea e te mana pāpori pākehā, te whakatuanui pākehā hoki.

Ka ngongo aroha ki ro aku pūkahuaku i a au e oho ana. He ahua eka ki taku pokapū me te pito mata, ā ka tangi au mo taua wā tonu ka puta, ka mahue mai taku poho kia pōaho noa.

E whakawheauau taku ngā i te pūangiāngi o te ata i a au e hoe ana. Ka tata paihurarere nei, a ka hihiri hoki ahau ki te auheke i te ngaru e haere mai ana, engari nā te mawhiti mai i tērā atu tangata anake ki roto i te wai ka whakamahara mai au kia tātari au ki te wā mōku. Ina tātari au ka hoki taku hinengaro ki taku ngā ka whakatotahia i te hihi o te rā. Nā te wheako nei ka whakamōhou te ara whakaaro mā i te mihi whakatau i homai e Dr Valance Smith i te hui taumata: *Ko au te au / I am the ocean.*

“Ko te aroha,” hei tā Smith, “he kupu pūhui e hono ana te ‘aro’ e whakamarama ana i te ngahunga o roto i te hinengaro ki te ‘ha’ e tiro ana ki te ngā, me te mauri hoki.” “We are the sea” e korero tonu ana a ia, waihoki “we don’t speak the same reo, we bring our own values to it.” He nui te wewete mai i te mihi nā Smith, ka pēhea te ariā o te aroha, te ipo rānei ka herea ki te mahi toi. Anō nei i ētahi wā ko te rāngai toi ka kitea hei moana nui e hono ana i te kura hīhiri o ngā mātanga, ngā hītori, ngā kōrerorero hoki. Kei runga anō i tēnei moana, ka āhua herengia te ringa ngaio me te matawhaiaro ki te hā ora ngātahi – he ngā taimaha i a tātou e hoe ana kia eke ngaru kia kawē tātou mō tō tātou ake hinonga; ki te waimarie tātou, mō tātou umanga roa rānei. Heoi anō rā, i te ao ringatoi pāpaku nei i Aotearoa i ētahi wā ka hoehoe tātou mō te ngaru kōtahi noa, te āhua nei.

Kia whakataetae mō te ngaru kotahi, ēkene tētahi heipūtanga kua whakaaengia tātou kia kuhu katoa tātou i te pūnaha toi ao-whānui o nāianeī. Hei tā Beti Žerovc, tētahi kaiaroaehae, kaikōwhiri whakaaturanga hoki, ko tēnei pūnaha ko tētahi tōpana ao-koroniara-hou*, kua mārena

Ko te aroha, ina tānoa ki te wāhi pohewa aroha kore, ka tango takune te wai tōtika o te aroha ki te puaki hei whai ngā-kaupai mō te katoa, me te kaupapa tōrangapū pāpori. Nō reira ngā mahi ki ērā atu,² ka kitea hei mahi whai utu takitahi anake, hangaia tō tātou nei ohaoha matakū. Ko te matakū o te tangata takitahi me te matakū o te tangata atu rā, kia mahia te āhua whakawehewehe me te whai moni hua.

I kīā atu ahau ki toku Māma, kua hoki ahau ki te kainga kia kitea te Pono. I kōrerorero māua mō te wairua nō te hāpori ka aro atu ahau me ōku aropā ki a MEANWHILE (wāhi mana-ringatoi), te tāoke o te ahumahi toi o nāianeī, pēhea te whakamahi o toku wā me ērā o ōku aropā ka whakaohohotia nā tētahi wairua manaaki, nā te mea, ka mahi kore-utu mātou ā ka ngākaunui ahau nā te tahu kai nui o ōku hoa kia whāngai tātou katoa o te whare, me tētahi pūrongo i whāritea te pāpori ki tētahi pouaka pī. “Kei te tītiro ahau ki tētahi kupu whakaurite pērā,” i mea ahau, “ka whakakore i te uaua o te māramatanga i tētahi mea pīroiroi, e mohio ana ne? Ka rite te pāpori ki te pouaka pī, ka rite te aroha ki te...” Te takitaki o Muhammad Ali, ‘float like a butterfly, sting like a bee’ ka rewa mai, engari tē whāwhāki, i tukua e ahau te whakakaupapa o tētahi kupu whakaurite. Ko toku Māma i tuku tētahi anga nā tōna mahi hei tauwhiro, ko te tauira o ‘te mahi tahi tātākina i te pūhoretanga’.³

Ka whakawaihangatia ki roto i te mātāi hinengaro whakawhitiwhiti tikanga a-iwi, te ariā o te mahi tahi, e ai ki a Richard Katz and Stephen Murphy-Shigematsu, ka kōrero mō te tukanga o te mahi tahi ki waenga i ngā huānga e rua neke atu i ngā tūtanga rerekē, rongorua hoki ki te hanga he mea tūtahi hou – he mea tūtahi ka ātete i ngā whakapaenga mō te whakawhanuitanga o te wheako tangata ki te ao katoa. Ko te mahi tahi he tukanga kia whakakotahi te kitenga

ki ngā whakahau whai putea, whakahau ao-ohaoha-hou* hoki ka warea kē ki te whakatenatena he waiaro tūtahi, he rawa pūhore, te pīkari mimiti ka hemo i te rauhanga pāpori. “The trend among the participants in the network is to try to secure for themselves the best available position,” ka tuhi a ia, “the possibility of exerting influence over the network is all usually related to the participant’s status in the network’s hierarchy... [artists and curators] demonstrate their competence with impressively extensive *curricula vitae*, which testify to their hyperactivity and connections with the most prestigious nodes in the global network.”¹ Mēnā ka whakaae tātou i te whakaaturanga o tētahi matatini toi mana-pehi o nāianeī nā Žerovc, kāore e taea e tātou te waiho i te pūnaha whānuitanga e whakararu i te tūmatarau. Hei kupu whakarāpopoto, ko tēnei te whakaaro o raro iho i ngā kōrerorero maha e puta atu i *Ko au te au / I am the ocean*, e whaiwhakaaro ana i te takune o te tiamana hoki, kia uiuia: “established thinking and practices,” ā kia “activate structural and programmatic change within dominant institutionalised attitudes and their manifest inequity.”²

Ka hoki mai ki te mātāi pūtaketanga kupu mō te kupu ‘aroha’ kua whakapākehātia noatia ki te kupu ‘love’ – kia tukua te māramatanga. Ina whakariterite mō tēnei hui taumata, i waha mai te ringatoi a Shannon Te Ao te whakatauki “aroha mai, aroha atu”, hei tāna, ka whakanui i te māramatanga o te aroha. Ko te whakatauki ka whakamāoritā “ko te aroha e hoatu, te aroha e hoki mai,” engari ka mea a Te Ao, ka whakamāramatia tonutia pēnei, ko te aroha o roto ka maringi ana ki waho, o waho ka maringi mai hoki ki roto. Mēnā ka whakakapi te kupu ‘love’ i roto i tēnei whakatauki whakamāoritā mō te whakaaturanga o te ‘aroha’ nā Smith, ko te ngā whai oranga, ka tīmata e tātou te kite i te pūnaha hōnonga ki runga i te kōtahitanga mahue ana te

o ngā mea katoa, he mea rerekē tērā ki te ariā o te pūhoretanga. Mō te mātāmuri, mēnā ngā rawa ka kite a-ariā he tūpā, he wehewehe hoki, ka noho tauwhāinga te takitahi. Ka tū te pūhoretanga, e ātete ana tātou te akiaki kia toha.

Ko te pūhoretanga o ngā rawa hei aroaro whakatuanui ki roto i ngā whakaaro Pākehā ka mahi orite ki te pū-rākau o te aroha korenga, ko te aroha hei rawa tūpā i tāpui mō tētahi roopu angitu. Ko te aroha me te mahi tahi, ahakoa ka whakarawatia (pēnei te pohewa mo te nga-kaunui ia nei hoki te tōnui) ka werohia tonutia te pūhore me te aroha korenga hoki. Ko te aroha me te mahi tahi, hei tōpana ka whakahihiko i te whakakotahi, tututia te whakawetewete o ngā rerekētanga Pākehā mō te rawa, te pāpori, me te taha hinengaro. Nā te herenga pūmau o ngā mea katoa, kīhai te pūhoretanga e āhei tonu ana.

hiahia o te takitahi, ka tino mau ai ki te tautuhi i te ao Pākehā me ōna tikanga hokohoko. Me te mea nei, mēnā ka kāti te maringi o te aroha ko te āhua nei tērā o te pūnaha toi o nāianeī, katahi te tino tukunga iho mai. He hiranga torutoru ka mimiti i te hiringa auaha o te nuinga kātahi ka piki ake ki te matararahi, katahi ka aweawetia kia purutia ki te raupapa tangata ko rātou i whai hua ai, i ērā atu i whakaarohia ki a hauwarea, unuhia, aukatihia, – whaka-kuare katoatia. Nā reira, mēnā te aroha e kore e maringi, ko tātou e whaipānga ki te rapu e puru ana te rere. Me tūpato anō tātou kei whakawā tere ai i te whakatoihara. Nā Carol Duncan, te kai arohaehae, kaitāhuhu kōrero toi hoki, ka whakamaharatia tika tātou, “[e]veryone feels caught up in a ‘system’ whose controlling power is everywhere but in no one in particular... The art world is hardly an organised conspiracy.”³

Mai i te mātai hinengaro me te mātai koiora, ka tū te tino whakaaro ka whakararu anō te aheinga o tetahi pūnaha whakawhanaungatanga o te aroha, kia maringi ai. Nā tē rangahau mō te tipako whanaungatanga tēnei taupatupatu, ka kitea ko ngā tāngata ka manako noa ki te hunga āhua rite, ngā whanaunga rānei.⁴ Mō tētahi pūnaha aroha kia mautohetia te hiahia te whakamanea nā ki ngā mea orite, ka whakatenatena ki te kimi i tētahi whanaungatanga kē, hei tā ngā kaimātai hinengaro, pērā i a Ashtosh Varshney.⁵ He whakaaro whakarite tēnei ki te korero o Donna Haraway, ka kimikimi i ngā hoa rerekē kia hangaia e tātou he “whanau whanoke.” Ka tuhi a ia: “Who and whatever we are, we need to make-with – become-with, compose-with... all earthlings are kin in the deepest sense... Kin is an assembling sort of word.”⁶

Ina ngā rārangi amotai e tukituki mai ana ka pupuke ake ki runga i te paerangi, ka whakawhiti tirohanga māua. Ka tungou mai ia, me te whakaaetanga rā ka hoe

ahau. He tikanga anō mō te eke ngaru, mēnā kua pupuritia, ka ekehia te taumata whakaute. He momo ngākau whakaute i tūtohu te pānekeneke tohatoha a ka whakatūturutia te ngao tauhangarua o te moana, kia whakahuarekahia e te katoa. Ina tēnei maruhe ka whati, kāore e kore ka whatia, nā te pukuriri me te mangeo o te maringi rongomau ka hiria e tātou katoa. Ka whakawhara ā, ka hinga tātou katoa. Tērā pea te tauwhakaipo, he tikanga whakautuutu hoki – kia whakatūtuki ngaotahi ki a ērā atu me te wawao i te tūtahitanga o te ao toi. He uaua ki te pohewatia he pūnaha kē atu i tērā e horopaki ana tātou ināianeī, engari ko te mea tīahoaho mai ana ko te aroha me āna āhua pīroiroi, āhua autaiā hoki, he āhua-tanga ka pātai mai ki a tātou ki te whātoro atu i te whaiaro, atu i te whanaungatanga, atu anō i ngā tōrangapū rānei e wehewehe ana tātou. Nā te kai rapunga whakaaro, ko Hannah Arendt i tuhia: “Love by its very nature, is unworldly, and it is for this reason... that it is not only apolitical but antipolitical, perhaps the most powerful of all anti-political human forces.”⁷

¹ bell hooks, *All About Love: New Visions*, 765th edition, New York: William Morrow Paperbacks, 2018, 9.

² Note: I disagree with the term 'others' as I believe that it is cruel by definition. Perhaps 'each other' is a softer framing, but I have left it in to prompt consideration for its usefulness as a constraint upon my theorisation of love as synergistic. In future writing, I hope to formulate a less loaded term for such relational dynamics.

³ Richard Katz and Stephen Murphy-Shigematsu, *Synergy, Healing, and Empowerment: Insights from Cultural Diversity*, 1st edition, Calgary: Brush Education, 2012.

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¹ Beti Zerovc, *When Attitudes Become the Norm: The Contemporary Curator and Institutional Art*, IZA Editions, Berlin: AC Books, 2017, 112.

² 'Ko au te au / I am the ocean', programme notes, ST PAUL St Gallery, 2018.

³ Carol Duncan, *The Aesthetics of Power: Essays in Critical Art History*, Cambridge; New York: Cambridge University Press, 1993, 175.

⁴ Oren Harman, *The Price of Altruism: George Price and the Search for the Origins of Kindness*, New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 2011; Michael Bond, *The Power of Others: Peer Pressure, Groupthink, and How the People Around Us Shape Everything We Do*, London: Oneworld Publications, 2015; Ashutosh Varshney, 'Nationalism, Ethnic Conflict, And Rationality' in *Peace Studies: Critical Concepts in Political Science*, ed. Matthew Evangelista, Taylor & Francis, 2005.

⁵ Ashutosh Varshney, 'Nationalism, Ethnic Conflict, and Rationality', *Perspectives on Politics*, Vol. 1 No. 1, March 2003, pp. 85-99.

⁶ Donna J. Haraway, 'Anthropocene, Capitalocene, Plantationocene, Chthulucene: Making Kin', *Environmental Humanities* 6 (2015), 161.

⁷ Hannah Arendt and Margaret Canovan, *The Human Condition, 2nd Edition*, 2nd edition, Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1958, 242.

The two-column format of this text is influenced by Anna-Marie White's essay 'Kaihono Āhua: Māori Modernism/Vision Mixer: Pākehā Primitivism' in *Kaihono Āhua / Vision Mixer: Revisioning Contemporary New Zealand Art*, Nelson: The Suter Art Gallery Te Aratoi o Whakatū, 2014, pp. 2-34.

PROGRAMME

32

ST PAUL St Symposium 2018
Ko au te au / I am the ocean

Pioneer Women's Hall, Ellen Melville Centre
1 Freyberg Place, Auckland 1000

FRIDAY 24 AUGUST
PIONEER WOMEN'S HALL

- | | |
|--------|--|
| 2.00PM | Arrival and registration |
| 2.15PM | Mihi whakatau by Dr Valance Smith and introduction by co-convenor Charlotte Huddleston |
| 2.30PM | 15-minute presentations by three conversation partners on three kaupapa: <i>Knowledge</i> : Ioana Gordon-Smith; <i>Language</i> : Cameron Ah Loo-Matamua with Ara Ariki Houkamau; <i>Love</i> : Bruce E. Phillips with Jordana Bragg |
| 3.30PM | Hīkoi around Auckland CBD with Pita Turei |
| 4.30PM | Discussion facilitated by lokapeta Magele-Suamasi to agree on and set the kaupapa and tikanga for guiding and grounding discussion on Saturday |
| 5.30PM | 30-minute break with light refreshments |
| 6.00PM | Screening: <i>TERROR NULLIUS</i> by Soda_Jerk |
| 7.00PM | Dinner and conversation |
| 9.30PM | Exit |

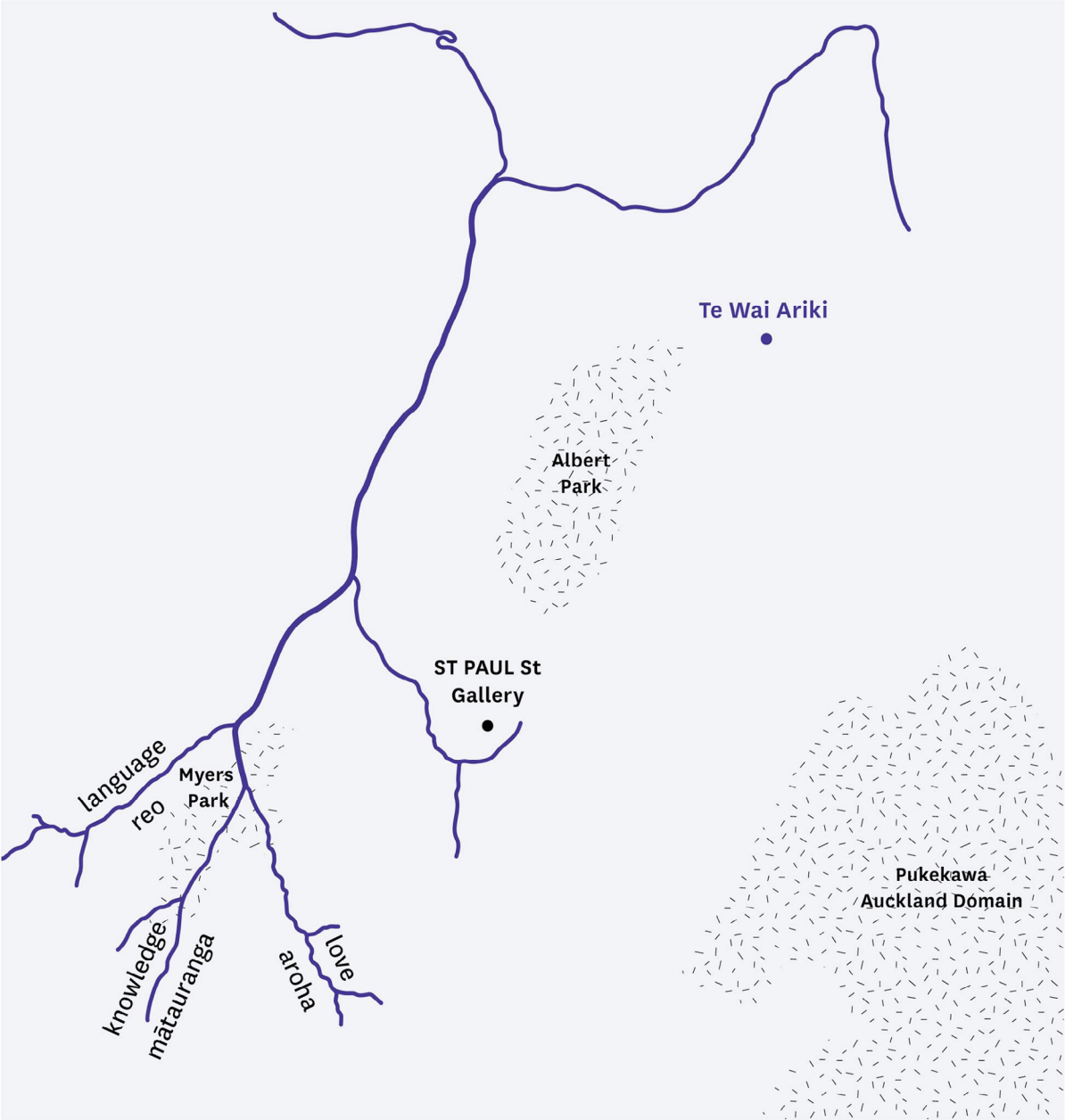
SATURDAY 25 AUGUST
PIONEER WOMEN'S HALL

11.00AM	Arrive
11.15AM	Introduction by co-convener Balamohan Shingade
11.30AM	Session one, three groups: <i>Knowledge, Language, Love</i> led by conversation partners
12.30PM	Lunch provided
1.30PM	Session two, three groups: <i>Knowledge, Language, Love</i> led by conversation partners
2.30PM	15-minute break with light refreshments
2.45PM	Session three, three groups: <i>Knowledge, Language, Love</i> led by conversation partners
3.45PM	30-minute wrap up: Brief feedback from conversation partners, last comments
4.30PM	Exit
5.00PM	Optional: Conversations continued at Mezze Bar











Soda_Jerk's *TERROR NULLIUS* is a political revenge fable which offers an un-writing of Australian national mythology.

This experimental sample-based film works entirely within and against the official archive to achieve a queering and othering of Australian cinema. Part political satire, eco-horror and road movie, *TERROR NULLIUS* is a world in which minorities and animals conspire, and not-so-nice white guys finish last. Where idyllic beaches host race riots, governments poll love rights, and the perils of hypermasculinity are overshadowed only by the enduring horror of Australia's colonising myth of terra nullius.



Cameron Ah Loo-Matamua (Sa Matamua, Sa Muagututi'a) is an independent curator, writer, artist and educator currently based in Tāmaki Makaurau. As a creative practitioner, they are interested in the cultural lineage of settler colonialism within the Pacific, and more recently, the problem of identity formation within the era of globalisation. As a cultural practitioner, they are interested in working through institutions and institutional thinking, privileging the collective when imagining what a 'radical praxis' might look like. In 2017, they were selected as the Artspace/Tautai Education Intern where they provided educational and curatorial support to the gallery, running the *Snakes and Ladders* programme of reading and writing groups, and working with curator Bridget Riggir-Cuddy to position the gallery during its transition period. They are currently working on a year-long collaborative project with artist Juliet Carpenter that will have the artists present new work while in residence at I:Project Space, Beijing.

Jordana Bragg is a multi-disciplinary artist currently based in Te Whanganui-a-Tara Wellington, Aotearoa New Zealand. Bragg's practice spans writing, live performance, still and moving image. Concentrating on the metaphysics of love and loss to expose the prosaic drama of

everyday life, their practice discloses a characteristically dangerous personal and universal sense of vulnerability, informed by adventurous research methodologies surrounding issues of representation, identity and gender fluidity. Bragg is co-founder of the artist run initiatives MEANWHILE (NZ) and Friends are Artists/Freunde sind Künstler (DE).

Ioana Gordon-Smith is Curator | Kaitiaki Whakaaturanga at Te Uru Waitakere Contemporary Gallery. Prior to this role, she was Curator at Objectspace and the inaugural Education Intern for Artspace, New Zealand. Ioana contributes regularly to a number of catalogues, magazines and journals. She was the New Zealand-based project manager for the inaugural Honolulu Biennial 2017 and has been a regular Pasifika correspondent for Radio New Zealand. Though her areas of interest span a broad range of disciplines, consistent throughout is a curatorial process that prioritises a close working relationship with artists.

Ara Ariki Houkamau: E reo noku na toku ui tupuna Avaiki e, Avaiki e, Avaiki tere taku vaka na te Moana Nui o Kiva ki toku ipukarea, rakeiia toku enua ki te meitaki ko koe e Tumū te Varovaro, ko toku nei reo kapiki, iriiria toku toto mei te pa enua katoa. E vaine toa no Puaikura

mai, rangatira no te Ariki Tinomana tatakina, ueueia!

Ko Patangata me Whetumatarau ngā tūparehua o ōku wai kaukau e kīa nei ko Wharekahika me Awatere. Ko Hinemaurea me Hinerupe ngā marae nukunuku ātea a Tū te ihiihi, a Tū te wanawana, ngā papa e tāraia ai te kupu kōrero, e tatakina ai ngā tangi apakura, a nunui mā, a roroa. Ko Horouta te waka tawhito i tōia mai i Hawaiki rānō. Ko au tēnei ko Ngāti Porou, he wiwi, he nāti, he whano kē!

He mihi aroha ki taku teina, ki a Michaella Houkamau me tana hoa, a Tamarua Marsters, i takoha mai i tenei tatai pepeha hei reo maku.

Charlotte Huddleston is the Director of ST PAUL St Gallery, AUT, Aotearoa New Zealand. As director/curator at ST PAUL St, Charlotte's current research and practice is informed by this educational context and engages with how to take on a role "of critic and conscience of society" as per the New Zealand Education Act (1989) – which effectively opens the door to challenges to the institution itself.

Selected projects at and with ST PAUL St include: *Local Time: Horotiu* (2012), *Assembly* co-curated with Melissa Laing and Vera Mey (2012); *FIELDS: an itinerant inquiry across the Kingdom of Cambodia* (2013). Charlotte initiated the Gallery's Research Fellowship that began in 2014 with Sakiko Sugawa, and in 2016 continued with Irwan Ahmett and Tita Salina. Along with Sugawa and artist/activist Ella Grace McPherson-Newton ST PAUL St realised the exhibition *This Home is Occupied* (2014), and the publication *Co-Revolutionary Praxis: Accompaniment as a strategy for working together* (2016); with Ahmett and Salina the exhibition *The Flame of the Pacific* (2016), and the web platform www.theflameofthepacific.com as a living publication to record their

ongoing research into the geopolitics around the region of the Pacific Ring of Fire. Between 2014-2016 Charlotte co-convened with Abby Cunnane the annual ST PAUL St Symposium.

Bruce E. Phillips is a Wellington-based writer and curator. From 2011-16 he was the Senior Curator at Te Tuhi, Auckland, continuing as Curator at Large in 2017. He is currently lecturing part-time at Massey and Victoria Universities in Wellington plus undertaking a PhD, freelance writing and curating. Phillips has curated many exhibitions featuring over 200 artists such as Jonathas de Andrade, Tania Bruguera, Ruth Ewan, Newell Harry, Amanda Heng, Rangituhia Hollis, Tehching Hsieh, Maddie Leach, William Pope. L, Santiago Sierra, Peter Robinson, Shannon Te Ao, Luke Willis Thompson, Kalisolaite 'Uhila, Ruth Watson and The Otolith Group. Selected group exhibitions include: *Close Encounters* at the Hyde Park Art Center, Chicago (2008–2010); *What do you mean, we?* (2012), *Between Memory and Trace* (2012), *Unstuck in Time* (2014), *THE HIVE HUMS WITH MANY MINDS* (2016), Te Tuhi, Auckland; and *Share/Cheat/Unite* (2016-17) at Te Tuhi and The Physics Room, Christchurch. With SORCHA CAREY he curated *With the sun aglow, I have my pensive moods* by artist Shannon Te Ao for the 2017 Edinburgh Art Festival, commissioned by Te Tuhi and the Edinburgh Art Festival. As a writer he has contributed reviews and articles for art magazines and journals including *ArtAsiaPacific*, *ArtLink Australia*, *Art News New Zealand*, *Eyecontact*, *Hue & Cry* and *Le Roy*; and has contributed essays to publications for organisations such as Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, Enjoy Gallery, Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, Letting Space and Te Tuhi.

Balamohan Shingade is a curator and Assistant Director of ST PAUL St Gallery, AUT. He is an MFA graduate of Elam School of Fine Arts, where he was employed as a Professional Teaching Fellow (2012–15). During the redevelopment of Uxbridge Arts and Culture, he was the inaugural Manager/Curator of Malcolm Smith Gallery (2015–16). His research focuses on theories of community, and he has recently contributed to the *Journal of Asia-Pacific Pop Culture*, *Artlink Australia*, *Pantograph Punch*, and Christchurch Art Gallery's *Bulletin*. As a curator, he has contributed to *Field Recordings* (2018) and *Alex Monteith: Coastal Flows/Coastal Incursions* (2017) at ST PAUL St Gallery; *Isobel Thom: ILK* (2016) and *Soft Architecture* (2016) at Malcolm Smith Gallery; *Joyce Campbell: Te Taniwha and the Thread* (2015) at Uxbridge, and *Thirty-six Views of Mount Taranaki* (2013) for the Govett-Brewster Art Gallery's Open Window.

Soda_Jerk (formed in Sydney in 2002) is a two-person art collective who work at the intersection of documentary and speculative fiction. They are fundamentally interested in the politics of images: how they circulate, whom they benefit, and how they can be undone. Their sample-based practice takes the form of films, video installations, cut-up texts and lecture performances. Based in New York since 2012, they have exhibited in museums, galleries, cinemas and torrent sites.

Ilokapeta Magele-Suamasi (Samoa) is a proud Ōtarian, and alumna of Whitecliffe College and Art and Design, with an MA in Arts Management and an undergraduate degree in Art and Design. She is the Manager of Learning (Education) and Outreach Programmes at Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, overseeing all art education and outreach programming. She supports the constructivist approach

to art education where dialogical teaching and learning with artworks is encouraged. She manages a team of five art educators who design and deliver programming that supports the New Zealand curriculum and quality art museum education pedagogy. Previously, Ilokapeta developed the Outreach Programme for Auckland Art Gallery working onsite and offsite. She is project manager for the 'Visible Voices' Research Project, funded by Creative New Zealand Diversity Fund, researching Moana Oceania programming in Auckland Art Gallery.

Her worldview and practice is framed by a Moana Oceania lens with networks as an international coach in training with RISE2025. She is also a member of *iYau Tabu Tolu*, an independent collective of Moana Oceania advisors in the institutional historic collections space, alongside Kolokesa Uafā Mahina-Tuai, Barbara Afitu and Daren Kamali. This year, she was also selected by the US Consulate NZ for their Pacific Women Leaders blog.

RISE2025, run by Rachel Petero and Jeanine Bailey, is a ten-year global strategy to positively impact 100,000 indigenous women and girls by 2025. It began in Aotearoa, New Zealand in 2015 with 100 Māori, Pacific Island and Asian women. The programme is committed to developing indigenous women as world-class leaders and coaches by 2025. <http://www.rachelpetero.com/rise2025/>.

◀ ST PAUL ST



ST PAUL St Symposium 2018

Ko au te au / I am the ocean

Conveners:

Charlotte Huddleston and Balamohan Shingade

ST PAUL St Gallery:

Charlotte Huddleston, Kaiurungi/Director

Balamohan Shingade, Kaituki/Assistant Director

Eddie Clemens, Kaiwhakairo/Gallery Technician

Te Reo Māori translations by Alvie Poata McKree

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Cameron Ah Loo-Matamua, Jordana Bragg, Ioana Gordon-Smith, Ara Ariki Houkamau, Local Time, Iokapeta Magele-Suamasi, Bruce E. Phillips, RISE2025, Valance Smith, Pita Turei and our volunteers Lindsey De Roos, Tim Restieaux and Bareeka Vrede.

ST PAUL St Gallery is the gallery for Auckland University of Technology. Located in the School of Art + Design, we are a non-collecting gallery dedicated to the development of contemporary art and design through an international programme of exhibitions, events, symposia and publications. ST PAUL St Gallery takes up one of the primary instructions for universities in the New Zealand Education Act (1989), that they “accept a role as critic and conscience of society.” We also interrogate the longstanding proposition that the arts have a particular capacity to speak critically about society.

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