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Whāriki: Beyond Simple

**An exhibition report presented as partial fulfilment of the requirements
for the degree of**

Masters of Māori Visual Arts

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Te Hemo Ata Henare

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Abstract

This thesis/exhibition report is an explication of the significance and relationship of Kai rārangā, rārangā whāriki and their relationship with whānau, hapū and iwi. It explores the impetus behind and relationships important in, and to the production of whāriki.

Through the exploration of these relationships the necessity for whāriki wānanga throughout Aotearoa and having wānanga as the preferred medium of imparting knowledge pertaining to rārangā whāriki and for continuity in the production of whāriki is emphasised.

It touches on the Māori convention of *tono* that facilitates interaction between the Kai rārangā-researcher and the Kai *tono*-researched negating the sometimes invasive convention of ethics approval and formalised contractual obligations.

It follows the pathway of author and Kai rārangā, Te Hemo Ata Henare's, *coming to be* of her mahi whāriki practice. It is an intimate account that extends from function and technique to foundational connectivity to the wider roopu whāriki and those who have preceded us with templates of excellence that recognise the importance of the whakapapa of Māori whakaaro, our epochs and eons of transcendent time and the interconnectedness of all things in and through these patterned processes (Jackson, 2013; Marsden, 2003; Tamanui, 2013). As Karani Sonny Pāpuni said;

“...you take this whāriki home with you and then a piece of us will always be with your whānau” (Mate ki Tātahi [Sonny] Pāpuni, personal communication, May 17 1991).

A clear objective emerging out of this research exercise was to produce a body of work in the form of an exhibition of whāriki and to produce a pictorial and written explication of the process and praxis of whāriki wānanga. However, through the research process, I was returned; *i hoki atu ki te timatatanga ō oku mahi*, so I could come to know and be.

The theme that emerges through rārangā whāriki is the inseparability and the multiplicity of whakapapa and/or whanaungatanga that the Kai rārangā embodies essential for the continuation of the praxis of rārangā whāriki that can only be described as extraordinarily ‘Beyond Simple’.

Mihimihi

Tihewā mauri ora! Tupu mauri ora i te whei ao ki te ao mārama.

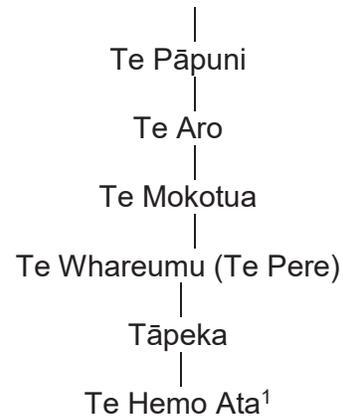
Tuatahi, e tika ana me tuku i ngā mihi ki Te Kaihanga. Nā te mea, ki raro i tōna taumarumaruru he tauira tātou katoa, he tauira tātou katoa, he tauira tātou katoa.

Tuarua, ka tangi tonu te ngākau ki a rātou o te pō, me kī, rātou kua tāniko atu ki te kahu tapu a Hine-nui-te-pō. Me whakahua ahau i ā koe e te māreikura e Ringapoto. Kua tīnāia ra koe tōku rama i te pō. Mā wai e tō? Māku e tō.

Hinga ana he tētē kura, ko rātou ki a rātou, e moe. Ara mai rā he tētē kura ka hoki mai ngā rārangi ki a tātou ngā tōenga o rātou mā, tēnei au ka mihi.

Motua mai to take kōrari, hopukina e te ringa, kapohia ko te mahara. Ka haere tāua ki Ōpape, Nā te miringa koe, nā te ruiruinga koe, Tahia, tahia, opea, opea ko te tira nui, ko te tira roa, he tira nāu e Pāpuni, me whakapapa;

Tutāmure
|
Manutaurehe
|
Rongo te Ake
|
Urekaka
|
Ruawharo
|
Upokohapa
|
Te Hopukana
|
Marutātaka
|
Te Uru Rehe
|
Tamakauwhata
|
Te Piuana
|
Motu
|
Taiuru
|
Te Kaha
|
Te Ohu



Whenu mai to ara whakapapa e Hārata, e Mate-ki-tātahi. Maurua mai rā to ara e Mick kōrua ko Dante. Hono atu rā ko to papa e kara e Pō-raumati, heke iho mai ki ahau, he taonga mōku ki te ao. Tēnei au te rāranga, te hono, te tāpiki tāpapa, te hora whāriki i runga i te ngākau whakaiti, tino whakaiti, tino whakaiti rawa atu. Ātia, tēnā koutou, tēnā koutou, tēnā koutou katoa.



Figure 1. Nanny Hārata's whāriki. 2600 X 1200 x4 papa, whāriki whakairo.

¹ M. Pāpuni, personal communication, May 17, 1991

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To my whanaunga, no words are required your heart felt sentiments are what we share; your support has been never-ending; Dr Virginia Tamanui and Sjimmy Fransen and the kids, Kura Te Waru Rewiri, Lorriane King, Aunty Tui Hawkins and her late husband Uncle Bill, Christine Anderson, Jimmy Pene, Mereana Leituvae, Beronia Scott, Ngāti Whātua whānau, Elaine and Aubrey Tepania, Sue and Dennis Clarke, Joy Wikitera, Aunty Pareaute Nathan and her late husband Uncle Buddy, Ria and Eddie Davis, Uncle Richard Anderson and his late wife Aunty Kaa, My dear friend and mentor Kutiwera, Joe Te Maipi and whānau, Nuku and Tai Hunia, Mereana Tepania and Tau Tipene.

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Ki ōku mātua, tōku whānau ko koutou ra e hapaingia tōku wairua ki te piki ake ki tēnei reanga o te taumata mahi rāranga. Ka nui te aroha kia koutou katoa!

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Chapter One: Whakapūare

Whenu One: Nanny Hārata's Whāriki

"I te timatatanga
ko te Pū, ko te Weu,
ko te More, ko te Rito,
ko te Aka"²

The whakapapa above is from the writings of Tā Himi Henare who was a student from the last of the old Te Whare Wānanga Tawhito O Ngāpuhi.

In 1991 while working for New Venture Trust (PTE) in the Auckland CBD I was invited to attend an NZQA Huihui in Hastings. I thought it was a good opportunity to visit my tūpuna Mate ki Tātahi Sonny Pāpuni.

Pāpuni Whakapapa

Ka moe a Te Pāpuni i a Tāpeka Jones ka puta mai ko Te Aro; ka moe a Te Aro i a Hārata(Wiwi) Gannon ka puta mai ko Te Mokotua (Sam), Rawa(Bessie), Nia, Te Pāpuni(Robert), Taiaro, Te Aro, Patu, Mate ki Tātahi (Sonny), Noa, anei ngā uri o Tāpeka raua ko Te Pāpuni. He uri au no Te Mokotua.



Figure 2. Te Aro rāua ko Hārata Hokimate Pāpuni (Born 1870 - 1950)

² T. Henare, personal communication, November 12, 2016



Figure 3. Mate-ki-Tātahi Sonny Pāpuni.

I got to know Mate ki Tātahi Pāpuni, fondly known as Karani Sonny in the early 1980s while living in Taranaki. And I got my dog 'Fergie' from him at that same time. His whare was just down the road from the marae so I gave him a call before I left. I wanted to see if he would be home and if it was okay for me to visit. In conversation Karani Sonny asked if I needed to be picked up. I reassured him not to worry about picking me up and that I would settle in at the marae first and then come visit him that evening.

On my arrival at the Hasting's airport I collected my bag and proceeded to go outside and there was Karani Sonny sitting in his wheel chair at the terminal entrance. "I've been waiting patiently for your arrival" Karani Sonny cheerfully retorted. All

I could manage was 'Wow...I'm embarrassed karani'. And I was. I knew that he had no legs; that's why I tried to reassure him that I was okay and didn't need a ride. My embarrassment was exacerbated further by the fact that he was over 70 years old and in any event who was I that he should fuss over me.

He had a cool amputee designer car and quite naturally on our way out of the airport facility karani was adamant that I stay with him. He negotiated that I just attend my Huihui during the day-time and then come home. And again who was I not to humbly agree. On our arrival I put my bags in the room that he had prepared for me then I left to register for the huihui at the marae while Karani Sonny cooked our dinner.

Dinner was ready when I returned home and we had a kai. Once our dinner and dishes were done I asked if it was okay for me to weave. In the same moment I pulled out the kete that I had been working on and that needed the handles to be plaited. I expected to be using the leg of a table or to clamp it between my toes but to my delight Karani Sonny offered to hold one end of the whiri while I plaited it to the other.

This simple act of engagement prompted him to start talking about his mother Hārata Pāpuni's, mahi. Karani was the youngest of 9 children and he was given the responsibility from 13 years old to help her harvest and prepare kōrari, kiekie and pingāo for her whāriki she used to make for marae. He recalled reticently, "I was the only one left so I was her tonotono".

It was the first time that I realised that my nanny was a weaver – a weaver like me. While he was talking he might have missed how thrilled I was to know that except for my over attentiveness, wide-opened eyes, grin tucked into my cheeks and my dumb question. Yes; in my state of eagerness and scepticism, I asked the dumb question; "Was nanny a weaver?" He answered with the response for which I listened desperately, "Yes!"

Karani Sonny then proceeded to name some of the marae for which Nanny Hārata had woven whāriki. In addition to those marae, I later discovered that nanny went to Tōrere, Waiotahe³, Waimana, and Rotoiti as a tono from her siblings and her daughter who had married into these hapū. The only things Karani Sonny remembered his mother weaving was whāriki and kete kai. When she wasn't weaving she was weeding her garden. She was a tohunga o Ngā Mahi a Te Whare Pora.

Eventually our conversation turned to his sister, Patu's son, Frank Amoamo. Karani Sonny said it was Frank who had gone and retrieved Nanny Hārata's whāriki from Ōpape Marae because he believed that they weren't being cared for properly. As far as Karani Sonny knew the seven whāriki he retrieved were still with him at Waiotahe.



Figure 4. This Whāriki was woven by Hārata Pāpuni for Ōpape Marae in the mid 1900's. Image taken by T Henare 2009.



Figure 5. This Takapau Wharanui was woven by Hārata Pāpuni for Ōpape Marae in the mid 1900's. Image taken by T Henare 2009.

During that conversation I managed to complete the handles and attached them to the kete. When I had finished I gave the kete to him. He had just given me the most precious gift in the world talking about my nanny and I gave it to say 'thank you' for taking care of me. After accepting my gift, he talked to me about Nanny Hārata's whāriki that covered her bedroom floor.

Whāriki are ordinarily used for covering the floor but he shared that this was her personal whāriki only used to cover her floor in her bedroom. She didn't sleep on a bed. No! She slept on a mattress on the whāriki. He expanded on its significance by adding that unless you were invited into or entered her room you would never have seen it. Only her children, mokopuna and close family saw it. It seemed that nanny was a very private person but there was something else going on. On reflection after listening to Karani and trying to make sense of

³ H. Hohipa, personal communication, January 17, 2008.

who nanny's stature as a whāriki weaver Karani Sonny's adoration of his mother became clear to me. It was in this context that he asked me if I wanted to look at it – Nanny Hārata's personal whāriki. He commented that "it was only a plain one...it was nothing fancy" and he asked if I'd like to have a look at it before I went to the marae in the morning. Imagine my excitement.

After Nanny Hārata passed away the only thing of her's that he took was her whāriki and that's how come it was in his possession. When his son returned home to look after him Karani gave up his house and he moved into the unit at the back. However, his son wasn't partial to having nanny's mat in his room and it didn't fit in Karani's little whare so it was rolled up and stored in the rafters of the garage. As a result of our kōrero and in anticipation of seeing my nanny's whāriki I was so excited that it took me ages to sleep. My excitement dwelled deeply, deeper, deeper and I fell asleep.

Only he ate. I was so full on the kōrero from the previous night I just had coffee for breakfast. After breakfast we went to the garage and he asked me to reach up to fetch the whāriki. I was sad. It was because it wasn't wrapped in anything and mice had eaten parts of it to make themselves nests. At the same time, it felt relieved because, from where I was, I could see the hiki I could tell that it was still in reasonably good condition. I was sad. As I reached up I was reaching into time and toward nanny. And it was incredibly humbling because I was going to handle something that my nanny had created – the work of her hands. I whakapapa to these hands.

It was such a beautiful morning. It was so fine karani suggested that we lay it out on the grass. Did I mention Karani Sonny's caveat? As we rolled it out he said it again "Now remember... it's only a plain one...it's nothing fancy."⁴ When we started to roll it out my thought was "Oh my God! If this is a plain one, I can't wait to see her other whāriki".



Figure 6. This personal Whāriki had a combination of patterns. Image taken by T Henare 1991.

⁴ M. Pāpuni, personal communication, May 17, 1991



Figure 7. This is a personal Whāriki made by Hārata Pāpuni for her bedroom in the early 1900's. Image taken by M Masina 1991.

The whāriki was finely woven. It contained combinations of rāanga whakairo that I had never seen before. Parts of the pattern had deteriorated. This was due to the fact that some whenu had been dyed in the paru (mud) and the iron content within the paru caused the deterioration of the dyed fibre.⁵ Damage on the plain sections of the whāriki was worse. Birds and mice had used the plain kōrari to make nests. Karani Sonny could see my elation. He

stated that he was happy that someone in the whānau was interested in something so dear to him. He proceeded to ask me to roll the whāriki up and give it to him. I was acquiescent to his request and the next one he issued which was that we do a karakia. Once he finished his karakia he handed the whāriki to me and said; "You take this whāriki home with you and then a piece of us will always be with your whānau."⁶ I cried. We cried. And I'll never forget that day.

In Karani Sonny's hotted-up car we could barely speak. It was a tearful farewell and his last words to me were "This will probably be my last time I will see you...Give my aroha to my Nanny Tāpeka."⁷ He meant my mother who is named after his grandmother. I understood his meaning and I just hugged him and cried. I fell out of that hug mindful of our connections, the aroha I was taking home and an invigorated desire to weave whāriki, all of which was embodied in Nanny Hārata's whāriki.

Tāpeka (My great, great grandmother)

↓↑

Hārata (My great grandmother)

↓↑

Tāpeka (My Mother)

↓↑

Te Hemo Ata (and me)

My mother Tāpeka, her sister Louisa Hārata and I attended Karani Sonny's tangi. As Karani Frank was absent my mother asked if I could take her to see him. Karani Frank's mother was Patu who was a sister to her grandfather Te Mokotua. Te Mokotua died at a relatively young age, before he could meet his son, our grandfather, Te Whareumu (Te Pere) who was bought

⁵ R. Te Kanawa, October 9, 2009

⁶ M. Pāpuni, personal communication, May 17, 1991

⁷ M. Pāpuni, personal communication, May 17, 1991

up by his mother's people in Te Tai Tokerau. It wasn't until he had had his own children that he was reunited back into the Pāpuni whānau.

Grandpa Te Pere was special in the sense that he was a lost connection and therefore our Pāpuni whānau was anxious to maintain that link. The connection for grandpa was warmed through Taiaro. This in part was because Taiaro took care of Nanny Hārata and she did so until she died. Nanny Hārata expressed to her a desire to meet her grandchildren Louisa, Tāpeka and Sam therefore Taiaro encouraged grandpa to bring the kids home to spend time with her.

When I met Karani Frank Amoamo he asked me what I did and my mother told him that I was a weaver and he said, "Oh I have your tipuna's whāriki down stairs"⁸ and he took us to see them. I didn't say anything but it took me back to my kōrero with Karani Sonny. On another occasion I went back there alone. By then I was studying with Te Wānanga o Aotearoa, Maunga Kura Toi, BA in Māori Visual Arts. So I wanted to have a closer look at her other mats to collect their specifications and dimensions from which to make comparisons for my research.

Before that conversation with Karani Frank he asked me questions to ascertain my knowledge and experience as a weaver. I spoke of my visit with Karani Sonny and our kōrero about Nanny Hārata. It was then that I told him that I had nanny's whāriki. Continuing in that same whenu and once he knew that I had her whāriki Karani Frank was happy to show me the others.

Karani Frank recalled travelling with Nanny Hārata by horse and cart from Waiotaha to Ōpape to harvest kōrari at her papakainga. Nanny Hārata didn't speak much English. Karani Frank remembered the journey being a long trip with lots of stops. The stop at the general store was the best where nanny bought me hard-boiled candy. The store owner had a nickname for Nanny Hārata. He called her Wiwi. To this day we never ever found out why he called her Wiwi. Karani Frank thought it might have had something to do with her maiden name, Gannon. He wasn't sure.⁹

We were looking at the mats when he was talking. I was curious as I was studying whāriki patterns, if Nanny Hārata had used the pattern on her personal whāriki that I had on any of the others that she had woven. She had not. It was a unique pattern that she had invented for

⁸ F. Amoamo, personal communication, August 19, 2009

⁹ F. Amoamo, personal communication, August 19, 2009

herself. My thoughts were confirmed in conversation and analysis of the whāriki with tohunga Edward Pō-raumati Maxwell at his home in Whakatane.¹⁰

After karani Frank and I had viewed nanny's whāriki at home he took me down to the Opotiki museum where one of her whāriki was on display. It was obvious to me how she transitioned from fine to wide bladed fibre in her mats. The variety of fibres and sizes of whariki demonstrated that she was at her peak as a weaver. For me her finer more daring whāriki demonstrated where she peaked in her technical expertise. Older women tend to work with a wider blade because of fatigue, poor eyesight and the speed at which a new whāriki can be completed

The whāriki Karani Sonny had and that hung at the museum were her finest which might suggest that the 7 wider-bladed plain whāriki were from Ōpape Marae that Karani Frank had woven in her later years. I wished that I could have viewed the ones she had done for the other marae.



Figure 8. Pāpuni Whānau Private Collection, 2009.

Karani Frank's stories about Nanny Hārata confirmed what Karani Sonny had earlier shared with me. He said too that "all I remember her doing was weaving whāriki, kai kete and weeding her garden" which made sense of what Karani Sonny had said and why she might have made kete kai. Both the whāriki and the kete kai served an everyday purpose. They were functional.

Eventually we returned to Karani Frank's whare and that's where he gave me nanny's first attempt at a kete whakairo. It had only been woven up two ara showing the whakapapa of the kete. At first I thought it was a bundle of old white and purple-dyed kiekie, and pingao. Karani Frank described that she achieved the purple by using the lead from an indylable pencil. All I could think about was that it was an honour to be holding her work.

He went on to say that his mother, Patu and Auntie Taiaro were the ones' who wove kete whakairo, piupiu and kororwai and were in the process of teaching their mother how to weave her first kete whakairo when she passed away.¹¹ To know that opened a whole new realm for me. I then had an understanding of the significance of Ngā Mahi a te Whare Pora.

¹⁰ E. Maxwell, personal communication, January 12, 2009

¹¹ F. Amoamo, personal communication, August 19, 2009

Nanny Hārata and Karani Frank changed my thinking as I had to shift my thoughts about kete whakairo. It wasn't traditional – it was contemporary. If Nanny didn't know how to weave kete whakairo then it must have been new for her. People might question that but I whakapapa to this whakaaro. Well I must have done something right in honour of my tūpuna as I've lasted 37 years in my practice. I carry that legacy.

Chapter Two: Preparation

Whenu Two: Rau and Rito

In 1991, about two months after my visit with Karani Sonny, I decided I needed some advice about how to care for and repair Nanny Hārata's whāriki. With that in mind I contacted Mick Pendergrast who was a conservator at the Auckland Museum at the time. I had already met Mick ten years earlier while doing a muka workshop with Dante Bonica. Dante took us to Mick's home to harvest kōrari. According to Dante, Mick had a beautiful muka kōrari that was easy to extract fibre from compared with other varieties of kōrari.¹² Then Dante gave us a quick lesson on how to extract the muka. Dante's method made sense to me but I was comfortable with the technique I already knew. It is kinder on my hands.

Some of my classmates struggled to extract the muka. I picked up the kōrari, scored the whenu and the fibre separated so smoothly, leaving a beautiful shiny length of muka in my hand. I had seen the trouble my mates had had and feeling proud of myself I thought, gosh I'm good alright. I repeated the process several times to make sure the first extraction wasn't a fluke as Mick and Dante watched with huge smiles on their faces. It was an awesome day. It was one I will always cherish and it was one that had a quality to it that I want to one-day share with my mokopuna. Mick told us that the kōrari came from Tōrere. Mick shared with us his journey while teaching in the Bay of Plenty area and the East Coast.¹³ I told him I whakapapa to whānau in Tōrere. "Ae mārika!" Before I left Mick's house he gave me some rito from the original Tōrere plant to take home.

On my return home I planted the rito in three places; Moerewa, Karetū and in the Hokianga. I wanted to test the soil in relation to how well the rito grew in these places. The soil at each place was good but differed; Moerewa is volcanic, Karetū has peat and the Hokianga was virgin bush. I planted at Pāpa Boxer Heta's house in Moerewa and on whenua at Karetū, in the Bay of Islands. Not only would planting at these sites give me access to the variety of soils but they were in close proximity to my home. My rationale for planting at Karetū was different. It was also because we have a toto connection to Tōrere. Nanny Hārata's sister lived in Tōrere and as I mentioned earlier her sister called for her to help weave whāriki for the Tōrere marae and Whare Karakia. In addition, my grandfather's mother, Kapu Wilson (nee Davis) lived with her brother, Karani Tē Davis, in Tōrere where she met and fell in love with his father, Te

¹² D. Bonica, personal communication, February 20, 1981

¹³ M. Pendergrast, personal communication, February 20, 1981

Mokotua Pāpuni. I was remembering the toto connection, reconnecting our tūpuna. They would look after it.

I planted at Utakura, in the Hokianga for a similar reason; Christine Anderson, who I taught rāranga to and have a whakapapa relationship with whanau living there. The soil is very good for the plant but I know she will look after the kōrari and more importantly that she would use it for the collective good of her hapū. Relationships, the collective benefit of the people and to enhance the mana of the whānau-hapū underpins our rāranga tikanga practices.



Figure 9. Flax at Waikerikeri Rd, Utakura. Image taken by T Henare, 2009.



Figure 10. Flax at Mason Ave, Moerewa. Image taken by T Henare, 2009.

As I had anticipated the kōrari grew differently in each rohe. After three years' growth what I discovered at Moerewa in the volcanic soil was that the rau (blades) were short but the rito were prolific. From the one rito grew 20 or more but with only a fan-depth of two sets either side of each rito. At Utakura in the Hokianga the growth was the opposite. The rau grew more than twice the length to approximately 8 feet but the number of rito was sparse. Despite having a fan-depth of eight sets it only yielded four rito from the one plant. I could have harvested from it but it would not have given me much of a harvest. However, in Karetū we had an even balance of growth between the rito and the rau. There were between 8 and 10 rito from the one plant and the rau grew to a good height. Ordinarily, I harvest after 5 years but at 3 years they were ready. I hadn't anticipated the distinct differences I saw but what I did discover that they all had in common was the quality of the muka and how easy it was to extract the muka. I couldn't help but wonder about why the kōrari at Karetū did better than the other whenua. Did our tūpuna have a hand in it? Years on and the kōrari are flourishing and I use them myself along with other weavers in the Tai Tokerau. I shared my findings with Mick and Dante and quite naturally they were pleased and it affirmed for Mick that he had given the rito to the right person. It was time now for Mick to view my Nanny Hārata's whāriki. And when I think about it; it was Nanny Hārata who had orchestrated our meeting.



Figure 11. Flax at Waikino Road, Karetū, Bay of Islands. Image taken by T Henare, 2009.

We set a time to meet at the museum. Mick was pleasantly surprised by the condition of the whāriki, considering its storage history, for the size of the whāriki, how finely it was woven and Mick with all his experience as a weaver and conservator, like me, recognized the patterns but not the combination of patterns. After giving me advice on how to clean and care for the whāriki, Mick asked if he could photograph the pattern for his next book.¹⁴ I graciously declined Mick's request and explained I would have to seek permission from my tūpuna Sonny Pāpuni. I didn't want to takahi the mana of my tūpuna. Mick appreciated my honesty and went to his office to call Eddie Maxwell, after a brief conversation with Eddie, Mick handed me his number and assured me Eddie was the go to man, who could help me with Nanny Hārata's whāriki.

¹⁴ M Pendergrast, personal communication, July 17, 1991

Chapter Three: Practice

Whenu Three: Learning to Weave

I arrived home that afternoon, so happy that I had Eddie Maxwell's phone number. Well no time like the present, so I telephoned that evening. That kōrero seemed to go on forever. I'm sure he could hear the excitement in my voice. I figured it was important for Eddie to establish my toto links to my tūpuna, Muriwai and Tutāmure. Eddie asked lots of questions. The only important question for me was "What will you do with the mat? I replied, I want to give the whāriki to my mum. That's if you are happy to show me how to restore it, my Nanny's whāriki.¹⁵

That first conversation with Eddie took place in August 1991. Now Karani Sonny had given me the whāriki in May. The meeting at the museum with Mick Pendergrast happened in July. After an eight-year apprenticeship of learning about rito, rau and what is good muka I could be forgiven for feeling that things were moving along quite quickly. However, there were many telephone calls between Eddie and myself and several attempts to meet in person but it would be another six years before our paths crossed. It just never happened, well, physically anyway. By my reckoning I was heading toward a 15 year apprenticeship. My approach at the time was to calm myself that "If it is meant to be, it will be".

In 1997 I decided I needed a break from teaching. I reconnected with whānau who lived in Nelson. Once I settled in Nelson I rang Eddie to give him my new address and let him know I was still keen to learn from him. Time had passed and I looked forward to the many conversations later I found myself calling him Uncle Eddie. Of course our kōrero was always about whāriki first then any other weaving he or I would be doing at the time, surprise, surprise!! Uncle Eddie advised me to use Nanny Hārata's whāriki as my teacher till such time we could meet kanohi ki te kanohi (face to face).¹⁶ Basically Uncle Eddie knew I could weave and I knew how to do a hiki but I could not do what nanny had done. I set myself the task of examining Nanny's whāriki and I was mindful that I had to be careful with this precious tāonga. In other words, I had to fight off my desire to moisten and unpick her mat. Gosh!! I'd be a Conservators nightmare!! I had no problem setting up the whakapapa (start of the whāriki and the design). The major challenge was the hiki or hono (adding of whenu to continue the next papa). Uncle Eddie's instruction to "use Nanny Hārata's whāriki as my teacher"¹⁷ was a great idea and it made a lot of sense to me but I wasn't confident enough, I didn't want to wreck it. I did decide that I needed to take photographs of the pattern, the hiki and other finer techniques

¹⁵ E. Maxwell, personal communication, August 20, 1991

¹⁶ E. Maxwell, personal communication, December 21, 1997

¹⁷ Ibid., p. 4

that I was not familiar with in order that I would have images to preserve and acquire the appropriate skills be able to reproduce her whāriki.

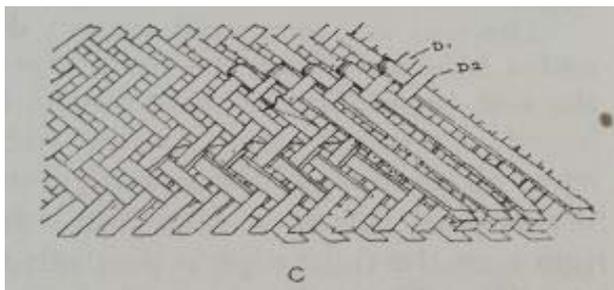


Figure 12. A Māori mat join known as a Combination Join - hono/maurua described by Te Rangi Hiroa in *The Coming Of The Māori*, first published in 1949.

In the past I had made several attempts to replicate the maurua technique described by Te Rangi Hīroa in *The Coming of the Maori*.¹⁸ In a conversation with other whāriki weavers; the late Dr Diggeress Te Kanawa who used Te Rangi Hīroa's technique I asked them what they thought of it. Diggeress found the technique time consuming and the

finish was very bulky.¹⁹ I didn't think it was as nice a finish as Nanny Hārata's hiki on her whāriki. But who was I to say. Nevertheless, I continued to practice the same technique that Diggeress and others were using.

J. McRae-Tarei demonstrated in Figure 13. is a placement of a new whenu a Hiki Matau (left to right) the technique applied is the same as the one used by Nanny Hārata and Uncle Eddie.



Figure 13. McRae-Tarei, J. (2011) Hiki Matau.

J. McRae-Tarei demonstrated in Figure 14. is a placement of a new whenu a Hiki Maui (right to left) the technique applied is the same as the one used by Nanny Hārata and Uncle Eddie.



Figure 14. McRae-Tarei, J. (2011) Hiki Maui

¹⁸ Hiroa. Te Rangi, *The Coming Of The Māori*, Chap 4, p. 151, fig 23: Māori mat joins, c, combination join.

¹⁹ D. Te Kanawa, personal communication, July 10, 2007

By the seventh year I had completed three whāriki, each had three papa and were approximately 2200mm x 900mm. I was so excited I thought I'd ring Uncle Eddie and share my excitement. Eddie gave nothing away and proceeded to tell me that I had to weave a fourth whāriki the same size.²⁰ I was a bit scared to ask why because up to that point most of my weaving work I had done was to support helping to finish other master weaver's projects.²¹ I was teaching rāranga at the same time and saw it all as part of my own learning. I never ever did weaving for weaving's sake. I wasn't scared to ask as such I just didn't get why I needed to make another mat. Uncle Eddie pulled out his best man voice, and said, "it's time to teach you" Uncle Eddie explained that I needed to weave a fourth whāriki simply because when you weave whāriki they are woven in pairs. I had completed three. If you weave a single whāriki it usually indicates or even invokes a mate (death). Well!!! It felt like I had just got my first Eddie Maxwell growling.²²

²⁰ E. Maxwell, personal communication, November 3, 1998

²¹ I was employed to teach weaving and assist in the completion of the Whare Wānanga for the Youth Resource Centre, Auckland City Council in the early 1980's with Wanairangi and Allen Nopera. At the same time I was living with and assisting Ringapoto and Hapimana Pihema in the completion of Orakei Marae, Ngāti Whātua.

²² 1991 – 1998: With 7 years of consultation over the telephone with Uncle Eddie Maxwell. I was yet to learn Tikanga of Rāranga Whāriki and I still hadn't met uncle Eddie.

Chapter Four: Māori Lore

Whenu Four: Tikanga Rāranga

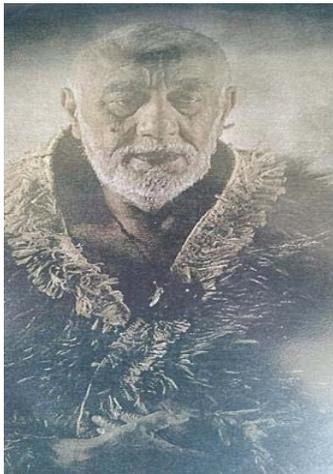


Figure 15. Edward Pōraumatī Maxwell. Image by Norman Heke in 2009.

We turn our conversation now to Tikanga Rāranga. Uncle Eddie profoundly influenced my weaving practice and tikanga pertaining to whāriki. I've always felt so privileged Uncle Eddie shared this knowledge. There was something significant about the way that he shared knowledge and the way that he did things. Uncle Eddie had a step by step approach where he didn't reveal everything. He seemed to only give me just enough kai (as in knowledge) to sustain me and keep me going until our next encounter. The next encounter, which was only by phone at this point was scheduled by our developing mutual trust, patience endurance and timing. I had just woven three mats during our relationship and I hadn't even met with him in person. Uncle Eddie was unwell and he often expressed that he wasn't getting any younger. Therefore, a tension and urgency to meet with him face to face was building. What I had uppermost in my mind was that I needed to get that fourth whāriki done so I could eventually, finally, meet him and be able to get the replica of Nanny Hārata's whāriki done. However, that was my agenda I had yet to have Uncle Eddie confirm that this was indeed our kaupapa. And did I mention that I hadn't even met him yet.

This quality of exchange between Uncle Eddie and I recognised when I was weaving under Ringapoto Ratapu Alice Pihema. I can't think of tikanga rāranga that I learnt from Uncle Eddie without making reference to Aunty Alice. When I think about the influence she had on me I just want to cry. Aunty Alice would say, "[she] taught me some basic traditional techniques and weaving skills"²³ but to say that is not befitting an introduction for her. Aunty Alice gave me more and became everything to me personally including the world of rāranga. She was responsible for me becoming a weaver. Aunty Alice was a hard working virtuous woman and epitomised the Psalmist Women of Valour (P.s.). Metaphorically speaking her tikanga was;



Figure 16. Ringapoto Ratapu Alice Pihema. Pihema Whanau Private Collection, 2009.

²³ R. Pihema, personal communication, September 13, 2003

“You weave 10 kete and the 10th one you feed your whānau with” or “give away 9 and keep the last one to feed your whānau”.²⁴

What she maintained was that this tikanga was sustainable and you did not have to compromise being Māori or your tikanga to be a weaver – and survive. What she and other artisans described they saw in me was that my upbringing was similar to theirs in terms of whanaungatanga and concomitant pūtake and/or tikanga. This was the determinant for them in choosing to teach me how to weave and learn rāranga tikanga. I stayed in contact with her throughout my initial encounters with Uncle Eddie and she said, “I am so glad that you’re working with Uncle Eddie because there isn’t anything else that I can teach you”.²⁵ Aunty Alice recognised that there was something this man had that would be good for me. She knew what he had to offer me and that I would not withhold the knowledge from my people. That was the most important thing for her – the people. Every now and then as I mundanely wove I still wanted to slap myself for the times I may have missed the gems and the few pearls of wisdom from Aunty Alice and Uncle Eddie during one of my inattentive moments.

Aunty Alice was extraordinarily quiet, unassuming and humble, and yet in the who’s who of the weaving world she and the work of her hands were renowned. For instance, in the mid-1960s Rangimarie Hetet and her daughter Diggeress Te Kanawa came to Ōrakei, Ngāti Whātua with muka flax to teach the Ōrakei weavers how to make korowai. Aunty Alice was the youngest of them. She ended up being the kaimahi and kaitiaki of the Ngāti Whātua korowai. In exchange Aunty Alice taught Rangimarie Hetet and Diggeress, her style of weaving tukutuku the exemplars of which are in Te Waipatoto Whare, Oparure Marae at Waitomo. When I had an occasion to visit there and entered the house with Diggeress I thought and expressed to her, “Wow, I feel like I have been here before” Diggeress then explained that Alice had shared some of her tukutuku skills.²⁶ The workshop, Te Puawai, where all the mahi was completed for the whare tūpuna at Ōrakei still stands today. A protégée of Aunty Alice and I, Beronia Scott is currently the kaitiaki of the korowai. My relationship with Uncle Eddie and Aunty Alice was like a whāriki interwoven and characters all complimentary and supportive of each other.

²⁴ R. Pihema, personal communication, January 20, 1982

²⁵ R. Pihema, personal communication, September 12, 2003

²⁶ D. Te Kanawa, personal communication, October 19, 1993



Figure 17. Te Puna-i-Keteriki ki Moerewa, 2000.

²⁷It was the middle of 1998 or thereabouts when I completed the fourth whāriki and was anticipating my next 'live' encounter with Uncle Eddie where I hoped to introduce him to Nanny Hārata's whāriki. However, my intentions were intercepted by those of my younger brother Cyril Heta. I got a phone call, "Sis, come home, lots of things happening at home. You can set up a weaving studio or help with the community gallery". My brother had obviously thought this through. It took several phone calls from my brother to make me consider going home. Cyril had a vision. He saw my gift was part of that and, he knew which buttons to push making sure to remind me "it's not about us sis, it's about our people". Mmmmm!! Then he proceeded to tell me about the local trust and plans being put in place to spiritually, socially and economically uplift and move our home town of Moerewa.²⁸

Under the vision of 'Moerewa on the Move' the He Iwi Kōtahi Tātou Trust bought buildings in the Moerewa CBD with plans to help whānau, hapū, Iwi and the wider community to establish businesses. Tourism was the flavour of the day, where it was hoped we could attract the Bay of Island's tourist dollar to Moerewa to stimulate growth for local businesses.

The thought of that made me feel happy for our little town!! How exciting, things were happening that had the potential to make a difference for our people. Suddenly, I felt an embodied burden. Was I meant to continue my arduous apprenticeship with Uncle Eddie? Was I supposed to come home to the arduousness of the politics of the business of whānau? How could I know which choice was the right one? What would either option offer? On balance I



Figure 18. Māhaki Māori Art Retail Outlet (2000). Image by Suz Tetai.

²⁷ <http://heiwi.co.nz/wp...Te-Puna-i-Keteriki.jpg>

²⁸ C. Heta, personal communication, December 21, 1998

thought commitment to tikanga was necessary when so far from home? From each whenu I became lonely for home which pulled at my heart strings so I said my goodbyes to my beautiful Ngāti Kuia whānau of Nelson and I was home in Moerewa two months later. I wove and I wove...and the workshop was complete. I wove and I wove and the gallery was complete and in 2000 it was opened.

But before that, Toi Te Rito Maihi had a meeting to attend so called me to ask if I would look after her manuhiri. My reply was, "Of course I'm happy to help", and in the same breath I asked her, "Who is your manuhiri?" Toi replied, "Eddie Maxwell". I was speechless. I finally get to meet Eddie Maxwell in person, Yahooo!!! I was ecstatic. Unbeknown to me Toi had invited Eddie up to have a look at the tukutuku and rāranga she was doing at Kohewhata Marae, in Kaikohekohe.²⁹

I wasn't going to waste anytime...threw my gear in the car and made it the quickest drive to Kaikohekohe ever...arrived at Toi's whare. While I'm knocking on the door, I hear his voice calling out to her. "Your mate has arrived". Toi had no knowledge of our 7year connection and he knew I was in the North but what he didn't know was that I was his sitter while Toi was out. Toi did not appear but I could hear her voice lagging behind the boom as if ushering the day, proclaimed, "Te Hemo Ata". Eddie overwhelmed by the moment turns around and says, "Aue! Why did I think you were a big fat girl."³⁰ In a quick retort I replied, "Ea!! You can talk, you're rather large yourself." He giggled, I giggled and Toi laughed. We laughed. This was the beginning of a relationship that words cannot describe.

²⁹ T. Maihi, personal communication, February 14, 1999.

³⁰ E. Maxwell, personal communication, February 14, 1999.

Chapter Five: Te Timatanga o te Papa

Whenu Five: Rāranga Whakapapa



Figure 19. Photography Collection of the Artist. The beginning of a papa. Whāriki wānanga at Whataatutu marae Mangatū, Gisborne, 2016.

Toi was happy to leave us to catch up. We had a couple of hours and I had so much to share with him. All I could think about was showing him Nanny's whāriki. I asked him if he wanted to go anywhere or do anything. I was so eager to manaaki him but he was happy to just sit and yarn about our mahi. We talked about rāranga, those who taught him and his experiences as a male weaver. We had often talked about these things over the phone but it was so much more meaningful sitting together and being in the same space at last. He asked questions. I answered. He talked. I sat and listened. We even gossiped. It was great.

Toi returned home sharing sad news that Katarina Wihongi, one of the weavers who worked with her at Kohewhata had passed away. We organised ourselves and went to the tangi at Matawaia marae. Although our Taitokerau tikanga was very new to him, Uncle Eddie felt comfortable and he sat back happy to take it all in until he was quite tired. When the formalities were over I noticed that he was tired and that Toi was still engaged in the business of the house, I offered to take him home and to wait with him until she came back. Toi made a counter offer on her return that I stay the night. I could neither refuse her offer nor contain my excitement. We settled down and continued the korero. The more time I spent with Uncle Eddie the better. I was ever closer to bringing him nearer to Nanny Hārata's whāriki.

I had been commissioned all those years before when Karani Sonny had glibly introduced us as if it was just a mat. Yet I knew it was significant to him it was the only taonga that he had requested of his mother's, Nanny Hārata. I know Nanny Hārata's whāriki and I were meant to meet. I know that Uncle Eddie also had an appointment to meet with Nanny Hārata's whāriki. Of course even though I thought that he was the man that was going to help me fix my nanny's whāriki, Nanny Hārata would probably be unhappy at my forwardness and horribly hakamā,

embarrassed at my showing a maenene, stranger her personal effects. Nonetheless, I could hardly wait for what the morning would bring.

Okokori Bay, Waimahana



Figure 20. Okokori Bay, Waimahana Bay and Omataa Bay

Toi and Uncle Eddie were keen to take a drive along the east coast and I suggested it as it gave me a good excuse to call in to Ōkōkōri Bay, Waimahana to visit my parents. Anyway, the weather was perfect for the occasion of receiving guests. My younger brother was home and decided to go for a dive to get some kaimoana for our lunch. He returned with fish, kina and a crayfish, which was mouth-wateringly yummy but more importantly our manuhiri felt very spoilt.



Figure 21. Taipari and Tapeka Heta Whānau Private Collection, 2014.

My parents knew of Eddie Maxwell from our previous conversations and it was lovely that they could at last meet him. My mother, Tapeka who was named after Nanny Hārata's husband Te Aro's mum, was the keenest because of our whakapapa to Whakatohea and to whāriki. Actually she helped me solve at least two elements I was mulling over concerning whāriki relating to kupu rāanga. Firstly, in the Tai Tokerau the kupu Māori for flax is kōrari not harakeke. I often wondered if kōrari is the flax, then what does the word harakeke mean? So I asked my mother if she knew the meaning of the word harakeke? Mum who recalled going to Tautoro marae as a teenager responded with the kōrero that came from Tamehana Tamehana a kaumatua from Mangakahia, who said, "harakeke is the sound that the rau of the kōrari hitting one another makes in the wind".

Of the second element, and in a related story, this prompted mum's memory of seeing the floor at Tautoro marae totally covered with whāriki. I shared mum's kōrero with Winnie Leech,



Figure 22. Exhibition “Honouring past weavers in the Taitokerau” (2015).

a student of mine whose grandmother, Mereana Matene, was the weaver of the whāriki at Tautoro. Winnie brought in two images of a couple of her grandmother’s whāriki that needed repair. The long and the short of it is that I found myself at Tautoro marae unfolding all those whāriki my mother had seen over 60 years before. I saw something in the way she started her whāriki – the piko - and in the progression of her style and practice. Interestingly, I noticed the apparent confluence of others’ styles in her evolution to circles (see figure 21). Mereana Matene’s whānau entrusted me with her circular whāriki to display as part of an exhibition of the body of works of 8/10 hapū by over 20 past weavers and their living descendants who weave or uphold rāranga tikanga that I curated entitled “Honouring past weavers in Te Taitokerau” (2015). Mum wanted me to fix her nanny’s whāriki and appreciated the significance of Uncle Eddie’s visit.

My dad often referred to Nanny’s whāriki as, “the taretare (tattered) mat that takes up a lot of space”. Dad was always threatening to sell any weaving I did because it took up space. His way of saying it was valuable perhaps but my Dad was my biggest supporter. He was always there to help harvest my flax or fetch bark from the bush, manuka for my waewae (mordent) and Tanekaha for my reds. He would even go to the repo to get my paru and chose the rocks for my dyes – the rocks that hold the heat. He did whatever he could when he was able to make my job easier.



Figure 23. Exhibition “Honouring past weavers in Te Taitokerau” (2015). Photographer Albert Percy Godber (1918)

My Dad lived a simple life and enjoyed life. I remember that I had taken other friends home to my parents at Ōkōkōri Bay in the past and my Dad was always curious that my mates were all men. He would ask if they were married. I’d say no. He discerned that they, my friends were different. He wasn’t one to judge others and he opened our home to them all. I miss my dad.

Now I’m not sure if I mentioned in the previous whenu that Uncle Eddie was unwell. The most discernible and worsening symptom was that his hands would shake uncontrollably. However, he coped exceptionally well and his illness didn’t appear to deter him from weaving beautiful kete, kākāhu and many other tāonga.

And I am remembering again when Uncle Eddie spotted some kōrari and asked if I could harvest some so he could make a pīkau. My Dad got all his chores done after lunch. Hard work and finishing chores before pleasure was important for my Dad. And he pulled up a chair with his bottle of beer and said to my mum, “I have to watch this old man with the shaky hands”³¹ while Uncle Eddie wove and completed a pīkau. When Uncle Eddie finished the handles and trimmed off the excess flax, he handed the pīkau to my dad and said “Ana, it’s yours now”.³²

My dad was a man of few words anyway but he was totally lost for words on this occasion and unaccustomed to receiving gifts. My Dad was kit with a gruff exterior to hide the fact that he was a big softy. In addition, his second tier of defence was that he was also cheeky. Dad didn’t leave Uncle Eddie disappointed he soon came back with a response, “I should see how much I can get for it”.³³ Still chuckling under his breath to entice a reciprocal cackle he proceeded with, “I could make us rich if only Hemo would let me sell her mahi and stop giving it away”.³⁴ Uncle Eddie and Toi’s visit was an experience my Dad would talk about for a long time. By the way he got to hang the pīkau on his wall to show it off to everyone that came to visit.

Perhaps, as I am remembering Uncle Eddie’s vulnerability and my father at Ōkōkōri Bay, it reminds me that both he and my father have gone and I remember Auntie Alice Pihema too. In particular, her tikanga of 10/1; give 9 away and 1 to feed the family. It underlines for me the mundane ways and hugely extraordinary people who have enabled and guided me as a weaver.

Before I left Toi’s home in Kaikohe I asked Uncle Eddie if he would mind calling into my workshop at Kawakawa to have a look at my nanny’s whāriki. He replied with a “yes!” I thought Eddie Maxwell is going to come check out my Nanny Hārata’s whāriki. Yahoo!!! I got home and rang all the students to come in early. They had all heard about this Eddie Maxwell and seen his mahi. I had to share my news that they were all going to meet him and I wanted to make sure everything was just right. That night I couldn’t sleep. My thoughts were racing and I prayed that nothing changed the plan for Uncle Eddie’s visit. I felt that my life, and my learning and weaving practice was about to change dramatically. It was about tikanga rāranga.

³¹ T Heta, personal communication, February 15, 1999

³² E. Maxwell, personal communication, February 15, 1999

³³ T Heta, personal communication, February 15, 1999

³⁴ T Heta, personal communication, February 15, 1999

Uncle Eddie was expected to arrive 10.30am. I woke early, had my coffee, got myself ready and headed up to the workshop. I wasn't hungry at all. Gosh! I was so nervous and excited that he was finally coming to view Nanny Hārata's whāriki. To my delight the students had arrived early too, so we could clean up our workshop and get kai ready for morning tea.

I asked Tau Tipene from Motatau, who was a patient at Kawakawa hospital, that regularly visited our workshop adjacent to the Hospital at the time if he would be there to greet our manuhiri. Tau was always happy to oblige and more than willing to share a joke or two to keep us all on our toes. Some of Tau's Aunties were weavers. I really really liked Tau... I knew they would appreciate meeting him and upholding tikanga.

Tau had been a part of my life since I was 16 years old. He was able to talk about parts of my rāranga journey. In his mihi he recalled seeing his aunties at my whare weaving raincoats with a fancier whatu.³⁵ They showed me how to make huge kete kai for the garden. I first met Tau in Wellington. He was a humble and humorous character who would do anything for you. With all the formalities out of the way it was time for kai. Well that seemed to drag on for ages, I think he knew I was silently screaming inside, "is this man going to ask me to show him the whāriki?"

Toi was indicating that they still had a 3-hour trip to Auckland and she was agitating for them to leave and continue their journey. Almost as if in anticipatory grief that he might leave without seeing Nanny Hārata's whāriki and sheer embarrassment that I had bent myself so far backwards to accommodate him, I snapped into panic mode and back again too invested in his next utterance. As he was reaching for his kete he turned to me and said, "Where's the whāriki?" My head was thick and dull and couldn't comprehend his utterance. "Suppose I'd better have a look at it before we leave." I felt relieved having endured the 7-year apprenticeship and wanting this visit to happen for so long. And I felt overwhelmed and humbled; my Nanny Hārata, my commission and my connectedness through her whāriki - I couldn't stop crying. My poor students had to go get the whāriki. They placed it on a work table for Uncle Eddie to view. Aue! Then he started to tangi. I don't think there was a dry eye in the room. Why was I crying? Why was he crying? It was a tangi hotu hotu. Mind you, apparently when Uncle Eddie was moved by something he would always cry like that.

To this day words cannot describe how I felt. And I know why we cried, it was for the whāriki and in recognition of all those weavers before us and the hope we had for those that are to come. No, that is not the whole story. Perhaps it was because Nanny Hārata likely taught the

³⁵ T. Tipene personal communication, January 5, 1977.

generation of the collective of weavers who taught Uncle Eddie - he didn't know her – but he saw it in Nanny Hārata's whāriki. That is true but that's not it either. It's more the mutual relief that he knew it wouldn't be hard to teach me rāranga tikanga – and someone to whom he could pass on his knowledge. Maybe it's all of that but it was something else too...

Our tangi hotu hotu,

Was in response to the rāranga,

Between past and present,

The taretare mundane of the whāriki.

And the profoundness of interconnection;

the felt sense of collective presence,

An ā-wairua presence!



Figure 24. Nanny Hārata's technique shows a combination of patterns that uniquely she mastered her own style of weaving. Uncle Eddie's techniques were the same as Nanny Hārata.



Figure 25. This is the small hiki on Nanny Hārata's whāriki at either end of the papa. These are extensions that go into the next papa at the edge of the whāriki.



Figure 26. The Tāpiki whiri is a cast off technique at either end of the whāriki. This technique of Nanny Hārata's was also taught by Uncle Eddie.



Figure 27. The whāriki of Nanny Hārata's in its current state. Because of its deterioration I have decided to salvage parts of the whāriki that are still in a reasonably good state. I will frame and tuku to whānau members who whakapapa to Nanny Hārata.



Figure 28. The top side (under 1, under 3) of the edge is Nanny Hārata's technique and the same taught by Uncle Eddie. This technique gives flexibility to be able to straighten the edges after the whāriki is completed.



Figure 29. This shows the same whāriki on the under side (over 1, over 3) of edge.

Chapter Six: Whakakapi

Whenu Six: Whāriki Wānanga

According to Ngāhiraka Mason (2011-12) customary Māori art tells us that practitioners across all disciplines of creative endeavour applied their creative knowledge until they were experts in the field. Their communities recognised them, and their descendants (you and I) share imperatives and intellectual acuity that we in turn impart to others. This is one way we transmit the best of our cultural practices.

Ka tae atu ki taku reanga kua tutuki pai o taku ihi, taku wehi, taku wanawana e kore e kitea ā-wairua... Uncle Eddie set me the task of replicating my Nanny's whāriki. Importantly he introduced me to whāriki wānanga that changed the whole trajectory of my weaving practice forever. All I had to do was figure out how to replicate her practice, collective presence, and everything else that nanny had woven into her whāriki. I get it now Nanny Hārata; one whenu at a time.

It was through Uncle Eddie's observation of Nanny Hārata's whāriki that he would introduce me to techniques that enhanced my skill base for my practice in whāriki weaving. His teachings sanctioned my teachings so as to share with others the art of whāriki making. His long term vision was to have a team of weavers who travelled the width and breadth of Aotearoa "to dress the roro, mahau or atāmira with whāriki"³⁶ for each marae. This set the scene in preparation for the many whāriki wānanga ahead of us.

One wānanga, one marae, one hapū at a time - Ka ora ai te iwi.

Tēnā ia rā to mahi e hine, rarangahia mai ngā tangata

Whakapapahia ra ngā marae, to koha tēnei ki ngā hapū, ki ngā iwi, ki te ao.

Whāriki wānanga is extraordinarily Beyond Simple!

From my background 37-years experience in co-ordinating wānanga within Educational Institutions and Private Training Establishments my organisational skills are unquestionable. Therefore, organising whāriki wānanga was a formatlity with variations to the kaupapa based on the tono from whānau, hapū and/or iwi. Those who would tono to have wānanga would liase with Uncle Eddie, Kutiwera or myself. During every wānanga we would discuss where the next whāriki wānanga would take place and set a date and formulate a timetable to prepare for the next wānanga. In the event of huimate impacting on our wānanga schedule tikanga prevailed demanding that we would follow protocols. If the people still wanted us to have the

³⁶ E Maxwell, personal communication, March 4, 1999

wānanga we would continue the mahi at another venue so as not to interrupt huimate protocols.

Having already established the authority by Uncle Eddie to teach mahi whāriki it was inevitable that the journey together as a roopū would be about “Kia ū ki te whakapono”.³⁷ Our approach to each whāriki wānanga allowed us to prescribe the kaupapa as we saw fit, whilst maintaining the integrity of tikanga Māori. The kaupapa is held together by like-minded people whose aspirations are tūturu whakaaro Māori. Hence day to day financial considerations were inconsequential to the whāriki wānanga kaupapa Uncle Eddie and my cohort Kutiwera preferred such an approach. To date the kaupapa has maintained an ongoing inter-connectedness with many tribal affiliations throughout the motu. I consider this kaupapa to be uniquely autonomous.

³⁷ Heta, T. April 7, 1952. At the age of 15 my mother was baptised a christian in the Open Brethren Church, Moerewa in the Bay Of Islands and she was raised in tikanga Māori. Accustomed to a two world view that would enhance her own faith in teaching her whānau along with many other whāngai. To this day she has maintained this enet of equality; Ahakoa he iti, he pounamu.

Glossary

Ara	- Line
Hapū	- Sub-Tribe
Harakeke	- Flax
Hiki Matau	- The addition of a strip of flax from left to right.
Hiki Maui	- The addition of a strip of flax from right to left.
Hono	- Join
Huihui	- Gathering, meeting
Huimate	- Gathering for a death
Iwi	- People
Kai rāranga	- Weaver
Karakia	- Prayer
Kaupapa	- Subject
Kete	- A basket
Kete Kai	- A basket for food
Kiekie	- Freycinetia banksia
Kōrari	- Flax
Kōrero	- Talk
Mahi	- Work
Manaaki	- Host
Marae	- In reference to a place where Māori people gather.
Mate	- Death
Maurua	- Ngāti Hine term for pattern, over two under two/term also used by Te Rangi Hiroa for adding strips to continue weaving.
Mokopuna	- Grandchild
Muka	- Flax fibre
Papa	- A woven panel
Paru	- Mud usually black
Pingāo	- Ficinia spiralis, sand sedge
Pūtake	- Rules
Rāranga	- Weaving
Rāranga Whāriki	- Woven floor mat
Rau	- Leaf
Rito	- New growth of flax
Rohe	- Area
Roopū	- Group
Takahī	- Trample
Tangi	- Mourn
Tāpapa	- Ngāti Kahu term for finely woven mat with design
Tāpiki	- Cast off
Taretare	- Tattered
Tātai	- Genealogy direct line from one ancestor to an individual.
Tikanga	- Customs
Tohunga	- Expert
Tono	- Request
Tonotono	- A helper
Toto	- Blood
Tuku	- The art of gifting
Tukutuku	- Lattice panelling
Tūpuna	- Ancestor
Wānanga	- Higher level of learning

Whakairo	- Pattern, design
Whakapapa	- Geneology
Whānau	- Family
Whanaungatanga	- Relative, kinship
Whāriki	- Woven floor mat
Whenu	- Strip of flax
Whenua	- Land
Whiri	- Plait

Oral Sources

Name	Location	Date
F. Amoamo	At his home, Waiotahe, Opotiki	August 19, 2009
D. Bonica	At home of Mick Pendergrast, Pōkeno, Waikato	February 20, 1981
M. Papuni	At his home, Waipatu, Hasting, Hawkes Bay	May 17, 1991
T. Henare	At his home, Morningside, Whangarei	November 12, 2016
H. Hohipa	At her home, Taneatua, Bay Of Plenty	January 17, 2008
R. Te Kanawa	At Te Wānanga o Aotearoa, Porirua, Wellington	October 9, 2009
E. Maxwell	At his home, Whakatane, Bay Of Plenty	January 12, 2009
M. Pendergrast	At his home, Pōkeno, Waikato	February 20, 1981
M. Pendergrast	At his office, Auckland Museum	July 17, 1991
E. Maxwell	At his home, telephone conversation, Whakatane, Bay Of Plenty	August 20, 1991
E. Maxwell	At his home, telephone conversation, Whakatane, Bay Of Plenty	December 21, 1997
D. Te Kanawa	At Tōkanga nui ā noho marae, Te Kuiti	July 10, 2007
E. Maxwell	At his home, telephone conversation, Whakatane, Bay Of Plenty	November 3, 1998
W. Nōpera, A. Nōpera	At the Youth Resource Centre, Wellesley St, Auckland City Council	February 15, 1981
R. Pihema, H. Pihema	At Ōrakei marae.	February 15, 1981
C. Heta	At his home, telephone conversation, Moerewa, Bay Of Islands	December 21, 1998
T. Heta	At her home, Okōkori Bay, Waimahana, Far North	February 15, 1999
T. Maihi	At her home, Kaikohekohe, Northland	February 15 1999
R. Pihema	At Whāriki Wānanga, Ōtamatea marae, Kaipara	September 13, 2003
R. Pihema	At her home, Ōrakei, Auckland	September 12, 2003

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