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# AUKATI

An exhibition report presented in partial fulfilment of the  
Requirements for the degree of  
Masters  
In  
Māori Visual Arts

At Massey University, Palmerston North,  
Aotearoa.

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2021



# KO TE PŪ

trigger warning

I speak about sexual violence white supremacy colonisation  
intergenerational trauma the 'old boys club'  
NZ educational govt art institutional power imbalances  
predatory violence and mental illness

I centre our power and ability to rise  
birth and direct our creative spaces  
navigate inner worlds  
collaborate practices of mana motuhake  
no matter what  
our bodies  
our multidimensional voices back  
waters back  
land back

outshining the crumbling system  
the embedded trauma lines that fractured us  
we stopped giving energy to patterns  
of insidious white supremacy  
we centred our bodies  
OUR LIVES

I called myself home to a body  
held hostage for years  
Kurawaka  
From where we came  
Te tara o Hinenuiitepō  
Te tau o niho tūhua  
Through where we all leave

Matatuhi  
I switch out war, rage  
centre mana, pleasure,  
body back.

Ko Mataatua te waka  
Ko Maungapohatu, ko Panekiri ngā maunga  
Ko Ohinemataroa te awa  
ko Waikaremoana te waiū  
Ko Haumapuhia te tipua  
Ko Te Urewera te hapū  
Ko Tūhoe Pōtiki, Ko Ngāti Ruapani ngā iwi  
He uri ahau o Hinepūkohurangi me Te Maunga

I descend from Denmark, Sweden and Scotland through my mother's blood,  
she is fae.

ka āria te ārai  
ka warea te ware  
ko wai te rangatira?  
hongihongi te whewheia  
hongihongi te mānehurangi  
kei au te rangatira

Dedicated to our Hinerei and ātua wāhine kātoa, in particular; Hinetītama –  
Hinenuiitepō, Mahuika, Hinepūkohurangi, Hinetakurua, Hineraukatauri,  
Parawhenuamea, Tūparimaunga, Ukurangi, Mururangawhenua and our  
beloved Kaitangata; Papatūānuku.

To our broad shouldered, deep hearted, open minded tūpuna, kua  
wheturangitia  
e kore te puna Mātauranga, roimata, aroha e maroke e pupu ake ana  
hei te oranga ake tātou.  
ki ngā mokopuna, mangai o te wai aroha  
tēnā rawa atu koutou!  
he tino waimarie mātou ngā uri Māori

To our non-human whānau with and without bodies, arohanui kia koutou.

Ōku ruahine, kuia, kaiarahi – Te Raina Ferris, Kura Te Waru-Rewiri, Piiata

Tiakitai Turi-Heenan - I can only reciprocate by sharing with others what you  
have shared with me.

My whānau, John, Ursula, Reuben and Iraia; you have loved me with your full  
ability at any given time; I am truly privileged to have known such love.

To my only living child, IsRaEl, every day you teach me how to love.

To our *Hinenuitepō* rōpu, holders of space, ōku tuakana, teina mā; Nafanua

Kersel – also editor and first safe space for this script to land, Putaanga

Waitoa - also kaiwhakaahua for *Porowhita*, Hinewai Waitoa, Peni Edwards,

Talia Hohua, Liaan Tiria, Te Ataarangi Whenua Waaka, Wāhine Waiwaiā;

Rongomaiaia Te Whaiti, Vanessa Wairata Buerger, Tessa Williams, Erana Kaa,

Ma Kamira – ōku tuahine, your contribution to our transformation through

embodying your taonga is LIFE to me, kua heke te rae. Kia tātou ngā

kaikaranga, keep our voices and stories heard, they are what trigger change.

To my sisters and whanaunga takatāpui, there are so many of you who

inspire and uplift, without any acknowledgement of your mahi aroha. I see

you. I acknowledge you. All of you who are referenced in these pages and many who are not, I honour you.

To the men out there doing The Work, thank you.

Ngā tāngata taketake! You who have navigated the realms of academia and stand in your mana as those ivory towers crumble; yassss! To all our ahi kā, tāngata tūturu, who have sacrificed to nurture our marae, our tūrangawaewae – you keep us alive. Ngā tāngata toa! You who are fighting on the front lines; you who are navigating the deep inner realms for water back, land back, mana back; haere mai ki tōku whare haumaruru hei te piki o a tātou oranga. Anytime.

To every person who has been harmed under the weight of oppression.

To everybody that has been sexually violated.

This is my gift of love for you.

Note – the native Tūhoe dialect has no 'g' sound. For broader ease of reading, I have included the 'g'.

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*Figure 1. Porowhita whakamanu*

I was born with a foot in Te Kore  
it kept me alive but no breath the space and weight of a black hole implodes  
skull teeth gnashing grinding bone against bone  
I begin always in a clear space quickening  
I am watching I am the space  
a dark spot appears a high-pitched sound  
we travel to the left we make a line  
I am watching I am travelling I am the line I am the space  
I travel faster faster faster than light that blooms dies leaves me alone to  
travel  
in dark like a crazed magnet I'm drawn I can't stop  
I have no body hurtling sound like the highest wind screams  
I have a body  
how do I get in  
I am everything  
I need to fit into one cell I have a body the pressure cracks  
my skull the line turns red shatter expose full force of Te Aorangi shatter  
every cell atom particle dark matter  
I am every atom ever  
quickening towards life toward growth I have no body  
consumed in my own gaping mouth the separation Ko Rangi Ko Papa  
I am blind deaf silent I try to scream my mouth is a star system  
how do I use this voice  
all red broken shattered teeth I have no lungs no breath no mouth  
everything explodes I am everything  
I am nothing  
tasked to bring everything to nothing

# TE MORE

AUKATI meant creating a boundary to shine within  
Remember, embody - document  
The one she had dimmed in her youthful brilliance  
just for fun

The one that attracted all the predators  
This boundary line would be full, complete.  
Like a web she would feel when anyone approached

From anywhere

To recast shine

no predators no victims

*Kia whakamanu au i āhau!*

weaving boundary lines

expand all dimensions

navigate ritual

practice

placing

aligning

transforming

not warring

over torn ghosts

of haunted waste lands

body back

land back

*Black and indigenous women know what it means to love ourselves in a world that hates us. We know what it means to do a whole lot with very little.*

*We know what it means to snatch dignity from the jaws of power and come out standing. We know what it means to face horrific violence and trauma from both our communities and our nation ... and carry on anyway (Cooper, 2018).*

I remember the immense power I knew as a child from reliving the terror of my birth most nights as a lucid dream. I could feel everything in the whole universe with one cell of my body.

AUKATI began underground with every violation of my unrecognised boundaries, every transgression, manipulation, coercion. Every form of harm I received everyday as micro and macro aggressions staying on for years until finally, I became sick. The seed for AUKATI started with desire for utu - my intention to lead a haka for hundreds of naked wāhine Māori on the rapist's bridge before burning it to the ground. I had become stuck for years, full of rage, PTSD topping a list of illnesses that exist in Western allopathic manuals, shifting only with their medicines. Pain crippled my body, multiple worlds crowded my awareness, addiction allowed me to cope. For years my motto was STAY ALIVE. I had been loathed, feared, distrusted, hated by a community for being sexually violated by a person they loved. This community houses rape culture.

*Rape culture is a culture in which sexual violence is treated as the norm and victims are blamed for their own assaults. It's not just about sexual*

*violence itself, but about cultural norms and institutions that protect rapists, promote impunity, shame victims and demand that women make unreasonable sacrifices to avoid sexual assault (Taub, 2014).*

I saw aspects of rape culture across all the communities I was involved in. Mainstream misogyny was normalised in 'Hastings' where I grew up. Religious, educational and social sectors in the 1980s in Heretaunga were the insidious and ignorant descendants of the greater imperialist, capitalist and colonial structures rooted in white supremacist ideologies. I was a neurodivergent takatāpui vulva carrying Māori body that would go on to suffer for decades under the yoke of these uncaring systems, gaslit into believing the sickness was inside of me. I, however, refused to believe that. AUKATI was born from a desire to acknowledge, attend to and transform my experiential rage towards all forms of male predatory behaviour, white supremacist ideation, rape culture, normalised violence and harm. These had mutated Māori beliefs, creating an imbalance and divide within the very fabric of our own people, by raising the status of men over women through colonising our cosmology. The lens through which early colonial ethnographers such as Elsdon Best wrote, is still considered an authority to many Tūhoe today. Though Best recorded generations of whakapapa, he also openly shared misogynist Victorian patriarchal discourses of the whare tangata as a:

*'house' of misfortune, of ominous inferiority, is represented by this world, by the earth, by the female sex and by the female organ of*

*generation, which holds dread powers of destruction and pollution  
(Murphy, 2013, pg. 72).*

A product of urban drift, the intergenerational fractured trauma lines in my whakapapa were embedded long before my birth. This was more than a geographical drift past the boundaries of 'rural' and 'urban'. Adrift, far away from the bloodlines of my Ngai Tūhoe, Ngāti Ruapani Te Urewera bones, further even from my own body; a result of trauma so deep that I had been unable to revisit the scorched earth of my inner land for any sustainable length of time.

AUKATI was born with an elusive memory of wholeness, whispering through every atom of my awareness; a desire to realign my mana. My bloodline was calling me, tracing directly to the beginning of creation, a descendant of infinite swathes of energy. I needed to call in my rangatiratanga, to stand firmly in my mana motuhaketanga and to find a safe community to do that in. The communities, Māori and Pākehā, I had been involved in were no longer safe for me. I needed to rana my tira. I wanted sovereignty in all aspects of my life.

In this way, I was tasked with finding my voice, speaking my story, receiving my moko kauae, practicing speaking te reo Māori, learning karanga, waiata, moteatea, karakia. Tasked with returning to our marae, finding our rōpu, sitting with tuakana and learning from rangatira, tūpuna. Tasked with feeding and nourishing teina and rangatahi, with researching and sharing

knowledge, holding wānanga. Te Rōpu o *Hinenuiitepō* was born and mini rōpu within; Manawā Tara, Tara Vision. *Ko te amorangi ki mua ko te hāpai o ki muri.*

I practiced feeding new communities I was also being fed from. And yet still my sense of victimhood existed. I needed to remember how to speak my own language, to align my own vision, to acknowledge my uniqueness. I needed to understand how I related to our pūrakau, our ātua, Hinerei, te Orokohanga o te ao. I needed to understand what whakamā meant according to Hinenuiitepō. *KA Ū A/O TE MĀTAURANGA.*

I wanted to transform my rage patterns before they burnt me to the ground. And I knew how. I was to change my practice; to transform behaviours and modes of thinking about activism and fighting into something joyous, pleasurable, sustainable. To be my own best ally. My desire for this transformation into myself was so strong I was willing to give everything for it. Here I document the movement of an intangible energetic life force that grew from deep within the original coding of my whakapapa.

I have always been a ritualist, artist, creator and matatuhi. I am aware of multiple movements on multiple plains of existence. Here, I attempt to capture them in words, to decode the language I speak with Te Aorangi – my first language - the unique way that I think. You may or may not be aware of differing times and spaces being opened and closed in multiple directions, layers and webs, this journey is not linear. I guide you through Whakamanu to AUKATI.

I search deep into the Mātauranga of my whakapapa and trust myself to weave new knowledge out of the old. To trust myself on all levels again, to call myself home. To look into the eyes of humanity's embodied grief and press send.

*Kua maringi mai ngā roimata.*

Know that I am sharing something so personal and vulnerable that it almost feels unsafe.

Know also that I am constantly realigning my own knowing of safe and learning to trust that. And /know that I am tasked with sharing this story. I would start with the restoration of my sexual and spiritual sovereignty.



*Figure 2. Ātea-a-Rangi ki Heretaunga, 2021.*

# TE WEU

*Our voice, our vibration is what triggers change (Ferris, 2017, pg 58)*

## TRANSFORMATIVE WHAKAMANU

KI TE WHAKAMĀ I TE WHAKAMĀ

HEI TE MARANGA I ŌKU MAREIKURATANGA, I ŌKU WHATUKURATANGA, I  
ŌKU MANUKURATANGA

Spider webs are all around us. Through Mātauranga taketake, indigenous knowledge, we have ways of knowing and relating to the pūrakau of Pu-nā-Werewere, the weaver of the web. The web, the space, the Wā. The matrix, ahurumōwai housing, hosting, birthing the seed of te Pū, te Orokohanga o te ao.

Te Pū te More te Weu te Aka te Rea te Waonui te Kune te Whe te Kore te Pō  
ki te Whai Ao ki te AO MARAMA

I was schooled to think in the language of the coloniser, a language that can reduce an entire culture to letters. As I started to learn te reo Māori me ōna tīkana at the age of 11, menstruating for the first time, in a class far away from our rōhe pōtae; I located an awareness within myself of my relationship to te taiao, te wairua, with how I inherently see, feel and know life. There was something about the energy I was infused with due to the near-death experience of my birth, that pulsed in colours and movement where there

was space and yet no space, no time, the entire universe in one particle. This was frightening and confusing as a child. *Ka mua, ka muri.*

I needed to learn how to navigate these worlds that exist all at once here and now. We are each born with different taonga for this world, each unique. How could I ever describe existence within my own sense of mana motuhake? Rather than an artist, I am a multidimensional being. Perhaps this is what predators and abusers in my life were drawn to.

Writing about a Māori form of healing in the language and format of the coloniser enables division, itself a consequence of trauma; so how can I transform my art practice into transcribing the

**IHI,**

**WEHI**

**WANA**

inherent in Māori art? (Mead, as cited in Butler, 1996) Where is my VOICE? Spoken and written, my voice has come home from a lifetime of PTSD, and here I share it. The agony, anguish, grief and rage that have arisen in the process of weaving this story, this rage, the pleasure of this transformation. Translation, transition and transformation.

I aim to understand how a Māori woman can actively re-invigorate sexual and spiritual sovereignty using creative transformational ceremony to decolonise gender, trauma and illness and reconnect with her true self, her mana motuhaketanga.

I will discuss some women, indigenous and Black, who have written and made art about sexual and or spiritual sovereignty, decolonising trauma and

gender, indigenous creative projects, Mana Wāhine ceremonial practices, Mātauranga Māori; and how these inform my practice.

I am wahine Māori who, having suffered from sexual trauma, has survived and thrived by engaging with a transformative creative ritualistic art practice. I call this practice whakamanu; a multidimensional navigation system in which shifting shape and consciousness is the intention. Whakamanu is the result of years of accessing medical and alternative healing modalities and therapies outside of myself that, although helpful, never really scraped the surface of my own capacity for healing. They were not empowering in a liberative sense by the very nature of situating wellness outside of my own consciousness.

Whakamanu reframes the binary code of health and illness taught in a colonised system to one that accesses the full potential of te Orokohanga o te ao – Mātauranga Māori creation iterations. This allows us to choose our own healing practices.



*Figure 3. Detail of a whakamanu at Papakōrito, Waikaremoana. 2021.*

Māori have an intrinsic relationship with birds. Words such as mana, kaitiaki, tāniwha, talismanic, transformative, transgenic sit in Ngāpuhi wahine Diedre Brown's writing on Indigenous Art Animals (2013). Diedre writes of the whakapapa of human and non-human relationships within the context of te ao Māori. All animals and plants, all forms of life on Papatūānuku claim descent from ātua, they are our tuakana, we, their teina. Humans and birds share Tane as one of our atua, part of our taonga tuku iho. Within Māori art, animals originally existed in non-linear time; sometimes as hybrid human forms, kaitiaki, tūpuna, marakihau, manaia, all autonomous

beings. As Māori, we could inhabit their forms, shape shift, call on their māuri, wairua and mana; as they could inhabit ours. Certain tīkana exists around these practices.

*There are stories of beings who were hybrid creatures, such as the bird-woman Kurungaituku or the dog-headed men Moeahu and Kōpuwai; humans who could willingly transform into animals ... and animals who could change into non-animal entities (Brown, 2013, pg. 161)*

Diedre speaks of the relationship between mana and the wearing and invoking of animals; the wearer also assumed the spiritual and later sexual qualities associated with the animal.

In honouring the māuri of each being, human and non-human, I acknowledge that mana ātua gives all beings equal rights to life. Within my whakamanu, I mix with birds, animals, plants – any organic material that comes to me in ways that honour all whakapapa. The wā, space, place, location, site of the whakamanu is acknowledged in the individual works' mihi.

Transforming my rage, as a Māori woman, internalised and externalised, into freedom, liberation and sovereignty over my life is The Work that lives within the practice of whakamanu. I want to help grow this knowledge, individually and collectively, asking how other indigenous women utilise ceremony as a transformative reclamation of our mana. Mana, according to Tūhoe tōhunga Dr Rangimarie Pere, is

*absolute uniqueness, vested authority from the Source of Life .. divine right from AIO mātua. Every person has mana Ātua – no more, no less. This form of mana recognised the absolute uniqueness of the individual (as cited in Ferris, 2017, pg. 52)*

Often with personal and political activism, we focus on what we are fighting against, giving our energy tirelessly until we have none left. We get burnt out. Pleasure activist adrienne marie brown asks *what would happen if we aligned with a pleasure politic, especially as people who are surviving long term oppressive conditions?* (Brown, 2019, pg. 6) Black feminist activist Audre Lorde speaks of the transformative power of the erotic as a resource that lies in a deeply female and spiritual plane, and that in an oppressive society, the erotic is cut off at its roots. Within the pedagogy of the oppressed, unless we heal our wounds and actively break the cycle, we become the next oppressor. (Freire, 1970) Activating the erotic then, is a healing act.

*The erotic is a measure between the beginnings of our sense of self and the chaos of our strongest feelings. It is an internal sense of satisfaction to which, once we have experienced it, we know we can aspire. For having experienced the fullness of this depth of feeling and recognizing its power, in honour and self-respect we can require no less of ourselves. (Lorde as cited in Brown, 2019, pg. 28)*

Samoan diasporic installation and performance artist Rosanna Raymond navigates and activates the VĀ in her work. Using her body as the space that

allows the past to be in the present, (Raymond, 2018) Rosanna reclaims an indigenous savage feminine space from an exclusive 'gentlemen's club'. Originating in London 1857, The Savage Club was a gendered, elitist literary entertainment society with branches in colonial outlets. Rosanna reclaims the VĀ and asks what does a savage look and act like when the space is claimed from within? What is a savage? Rosanna is in full contact with the erotic power by using her raw, creative intelligence in the act of reclaiming the indigenous savage feminine body identity. **Figure 4** shows Rosanna in one of her SaVĀge K'lub performances.



*Figure 4. Raymond, R. 2018. SaVĀge Klub, performance*

*Hoki wairua mai te reo I ōku tūpuna tūturu,*

*Karanga mai te mauri o a tātou Ātua*

*Hei te maranga ake tōku mana ai*

SUPPORT given and received FROM THE COLLECTIVE; reciprocity.

I have been holding space, virtually and physically, for an evolving small rōpu of Māori and Pasifika wāhine who desire transformation in our lives. Our rōpu is called *HineNuiitePō*, honouring the Mātauranga of our ātua wāhine; the transformative legacy of Hinetītama and Hinenuiitepō. Hinenuiitepō and her choice of sovereignty over her life in the form of enacting radical change became our kaitiaki. It took me a while to realise she has always been our kaitiaki.

Our rōpu began in 2018 with a collective performative ceremony in a safe space held for indigenous wāhine to find liberation from trauma. It is important that indigenous wāhine make our own spaces and tikanga within them, because we are the ones who know what we need for healing, and what to do. It is also important because

*Native women's voices, knowledge and ritual histories continue to be marginalised. Furthermore, debased colonial renditions of femininity, which have been reproduced, perpetuate patriarchal and colonial politics that engender discord in Native communities today. (Murphy, 2019, abstract)*

Ngāti Kahungunu karanga kaiako Te Raina Ferris speaks of the critical elements of mana, aroha, ihi rangaranga and whare tangata within karanga.

Named in honour of the vulva of Papatūānuku, Kurawaka is a karanga where wānanga built by Te Raina in her native Pōrangahau. Te Raina grows MAREIKURA, sharing with women the Mātauranga of karanga.

*KA – to ignite, to energise, to spark, give life*

*RA – the source of all, energy, the day*

*NGA – the many, myriads, plural*

*RANGA – to weave together, to bind, to hold*

*Only the 'A' vowel is in this word, therefore it carries the resonance of the Feminine. (Pere, as cited in Ferris, 2017, pg. 13)*

Te Raina reunites us with our mana through learning to access our voices, to rejoin with the sacred feminine, to recognise that our bodies are powerful and sacred, and that

*Shame came on the endeavour! (Ferris, personal communication, 2017)*



Figure 5. Te Raina Ferris leads manuhiri into AUKATI opening, we share a hongi as Porowhita begins.

It was in the warmth of Kurawaka that I received my moko kauae surrounded by twelve other wāhine, over Mataariki, 2017. In her 2020 solo exhibition *Wāhine Māu Moko Kauae*, Ngāti Porou and original member of *HineNuiitePō* rōpu, photographer Putaanga Waitoa explored the question 'Who am I to wear moko kauae?' I was photographed for this exhibition, and kaikaranga for the opening night and the pūkorero wānana the following evening. Putaanga says the exhibition was a koha of aroha and manaakitanga toward the women who allowed her to capture their images

as she spent time preparing for receiving her own moko kauae. (*Personal communication, 2020*)

Putanga engages with intellectual property and ownership rights over the images taken of these women; *we are not for sale* she says. She invites the public to engage on her terms with the images and stories of the women, decolonizing thinking around wearing moko kauae, and creating other spaces for our faces and voices to be seen and heard. The frames are constructed from recycled skirting boards from state housing in the Kahungunu rōhe

*These frames honour the women who have lived silently, often in poverty, their voices are here too (Waitoa, personal communication, March 2020.)*



*Figure 6. I engage with our tūpuna kuaia in contemplation of my growth since this portrait had been taken.*

The outcome of collective participation was in honouring the relationship of tuakana me te teina, of joining our individual māuri to become a mass of solidarity, aroha, respect, manaakitanga and Mana Wāhinetanga. Connections and relationships made through interacting with this kaupapa have ranged from social media interactions to those of lifetime aho/threads and continued support in the many decolonisation projects we are all working on.

The moko kauae I wear is called *HAU*  
she is a visual manifestation of my kaupapa

KI TE KITE

MATAKITE

to always see the truth, the essence of

RANGIĀTEA

I am wāhine toa

the moment I am born, my whakapapa lives

ōku tūPUNA

ōku mokoPUNA

he PUNA e pupu ake ana



*Figure 7. Our kuia Rangiwaitatao Turuwhenua Noema, Ruātoki.*

Shortly after receiving my moko kauae in 2017, I attended a Kahungunu Kura Reo. The night of the pōwhiri I received a kaitiaki ā moemoea called *Kuhu-roa*, the Spiderwoman known to many indigenous women. *Kuhu-roa* is the kairahi of my whakamanu practice.

Kaitiaki

through a lucid dream she came to me  
caged and bleeding from deep amazon

PŪ-NĀ-WEREWERE

SPIDERWOMAN

stopping the pinch of blood pain, I release her

legs powerful thick black

fast as lightning

blue as all Rāngi

her copper feather marks ripple over her back

big as a whole bedroom her body

thick and strong as tōtara trunk

legs furry hairy as pūnga, māmaku

she sped into the roof to elude the white tradesmen

ihi wehi wana

my breath escaped

and my visceral fear of her

*KUHU-ROA*

she is behind me

beside me

ahead below and above me

she weaves any web she chooses

stronger than mankind and kind men

she lives in the WĀ

here, now

Transformative rage is evident in Klamath/Modoc artist Natalie Ball's 2018 series *Pussy Hats*, locating her political rage on sticks, like heads presented with bodiless figures, rendering her indigenous female body and experiences into art.



Figure 8. Ball, N. (2018) *Pussy Hats*, mixed media.

Natalie mixes traditional materials and objects in a way that challenges stereotypical narratives of an 'american indian', replacing essentialist views with unique personal representations, asserting her mana motuhaketanga. She makes

*as proposals of refusal to complicate an easily affirmed and a consumed narrative without absolutes (Ball, n.d., as cited In Noyes, 2019).*

What is most remarkable and inspiring to me about Natalie's work is the deep political implications she makes in such a personal and unique way. There is no one way in which to be 'indian', what even is that? There is no one way to be Māori, the variations are endless. Native American iwi have their own unique names, just as Māori iwi do; they are not 'indian' and we are not 'kiwi'.

Of Ngāti Manawa and Ngāti Ruapani whakapapa, Dr Ngāhuia Murphy has contributed greatly to changing the ways in which Māori women relate to our menstrual bodies, decolonizing shame and replacing it with Mana Wāhinetanga. In her recent work on re-invigorating Native women's ceremonies, Ngāhuia firstly gives thanks to Spiderwoman who rules the domain of women's ritual mysteries. The spider is one of my kaitiaki whom I invoke within Whakamānu space. Ngāhuia looks at the ways in which Native women are recovering sacred relationships with customary feminine deities. She focuses on the

*creation of personal ritual practices that respond to contemporary decolonising and ecological contexts (Murphy, 2019, abstract)*

The sacred feminine, being a key site to indigenous women's sovereignty, is being activated and re-invigorated by multiple Native women, in multiple ways. The sexual and spiritual sovereignty of pre colonised Māori women is documented in our mōteatea, pūrakau, haka, waiata and oral recordings. Ani Mikaere's *The Balance Destroyed* (2017) clearly argues that the pre-colonised position of women according to tikanga Māori was sacred, celebrated and crucial to all our ability to thrive. The sovereignty of our

sexuality manifests in multiple and unique ways according to our knowledge of ourselves, the knowledge passed to us by our kuia and our tīkangga developed with personal practice. In upcoming section Te Wao Nui, I will expand on our ātua wāhine and speak to our direct bloodlines, as wāhine Māori, *the only force powerful enough to navigate unborn spirits onto this planet, (Ferris, 2017, pg. 66)* to these sovereign female sexual beings. Ātua who are in tune with their sexual potency, fertility and whakapapa.



Figure 9. Detail of whakamanu o Te Tara o Hinenuiitepō. 2021.

**Figure 9** shows the use of my ikura, karaka seeds, urine and ritualised charcoal potentising on raw canvas in a whakamanu initiating the long process of making *Te Tara o Hinenuiitepō*, shown in more detail in Te Wao Nui. The intention of this whakamanu was the transformation of the rage that I held towards men, accumulated from the violence of multiple sexual assaults. Using my rage in a transformative capacity changed the narrative of damaging powerless shameful and overwhelming thoughts and emotions to one of emotional sovereignty, acknowledging and allowing deep movement

of my whatumanawa. I wanted to reclaim the taputanga of my own tara by aligning myself with Hinenuiitepō and the sovereignty of her decision to make powerful changes in her life, affecting the lives of all humans.

*The vagina is the pathway into this world for all human life and, through Hine-nui-te-po, the pathway out again (Mikaere cited in Murphy, 2013, pg. 89)*

Remembering, storytelling, claiming, reclaiming, survivance, testimonies, intervening, connecting, representing, envisioning, gendering, reframing, returning, restoring, naming, protecting and creating are some of the indigenous projects identified by Ngāti Awa, Ngāti Porou academic Linda Tuhiwai Smith that facilitate decolonisation and transformative practice.

The art of Tokelauan Ngāti Māhuta artist Peni Edwards, a performative installation-based activist, involves intervention, storytelling, restoring, reclaiming connecting and representing. Peni states that she makes art from 'the wound' and stages front-line protests where she speaks up about the trauma experienced by some of our most vulnerable and marginalised people; through negligence by those in positions of privilege. Here, Peni protests the mistreatment of her artwork at the hands of the Hastings District Council.

The artwork is named *S.H.E.*, an acronym for Speak up, Hear her, End it. *S.H.E.* was made in collaboration with 10 women who had experienced devastating forms of domestic violence and were, through the creation of *S.H.E.*,

disclosing for the first time. A cathartic, powerful, ritualistic and creative intervention in the lives and self-esteem of these women, *S.H.E.* had been interfered with by the council who had turned it to face the wall so children couldn't read it. Peni makes the valid point that we are responsible for educating our tamariki who experience first-hand the effects of domestic violence. What better way than to share the stories of our communities, hold space for each other and to imagine creative solutions together.

**Figure 10** shows Peni, chained to *S.H.E.*, leading protestors to the Hastings District Council and *S.H.E.* arriving at the council building's steps. Peni called on mayor Sandra Hazlehurst for accountability for the lack of resources for children regarding domestic violence education. The art and activism practice that Peni presents has been inspirational and formative in my own practice. The direct action and call for accountability evident in Peni's art, challenges those who hold positions of power to use their responsibly and with empathy for the most vulnerable members of our communities.



*Figure 10 shows Peni, chained to artwork, leading S.H.E. through Hastings City, arriving at Hastings District Council, 2018.*

This protest allowed me to articulate my feelings of rage in response to another decision made by the council and public art gallery; to maintain full duration of an exhibition made by a man charged with several counts of sexual and domestic violence, despite multiple members of the public calling for it to end. After leaving the council buildings we took *S.H.E.* to the Hastings City Art Gallery where I staged a haka ngeri written around the ownership of my body, the silencing of my story and the normalisation of rape culture in the governing and educational institutions of our nation. This rape culture attitude had contributed to my own consistent retraumatising after sexual violation. **Figure 11** shows me confronting the gallery director with support from the *S.H.E.* community after our talks with the mayor, the gallery director and the public facilities manager had failed; plus, detail of a full circle of *S.H.E.* participants holding hands and having karakia after the protest. The work of Peni was formative in what would eventually become AUKATI.



*Figure 11. I confront the director of the Hastings City Art Gallery 2018, protestors join hands and share a karakia whakamutunga.*

The great body of work and legacy left by Tūhoe rangatira Dr Hirini Melbourne has greatly impacted my life. From as long as I can recall, Hirini

and his whānau have been prominent figures in the lives and hearts of our whānau. With permission from the whānau of Hirini, Richard Nunns and Aroha Yates Smith herself, I have been able to utilise some of the waiata from albums *Te Hekenga a Rangi* and *Te Ku Te Whe*, within whakamanu practice and *Pūrakau*, the AUKATI soundtrack. Hirini's mahi ensured that I was connected to at least one part of my voice all my life – that part that sung his waiata.

Throughout times of almost total disconnection to my whakapapa and body, Hirini's mahi was the thread that kept me connected, it is impossible to overstate his significance to me. The Mātauranga Māori in the album *Te Ku Te Whe* is a taonga that keeps teaching the listener the more it is played. My insatiable curiosity around the Mātauranga of the beginning of sound began with Hirini's voice. Both *Te Ku* and *Te Whe* feature as states of being in te Orokohanga o te ao. I was to go on and download, through my matatuhitanga, te Mātauranga o te Orokohanga o te ao in context of AUKATI.



*Figure 12. Raukatauri from Te Ku Te Whe plays as Porowhita is cast.*

The work of Ngāti Kahungunu Ngāti Porou and Tūhoe ritualist, choreographer, writer and performer of contemporary Māori dance, Terri Ripeka Crawford, continues to be formative in my practice. Both sharing a strong love and respect for Hirini Melbourne and his work, Terri shared with me a dance she had developed based on Hirini's song *Wai* from *Te Ku Te Whe*. This dance was formative in my moving image *Hau*, inspired by the waiata *Hau* from the same album. This is discussed further in *Te Kune* with the body of work exhibited for AUKATI.

In collaboration with Tina Ngata, Terri's work for *Mana Moana* – a digital navigation of Māori and Pasifika multi-disciplinary excellence – shows her in **figure 13** with Rerenga Toroa, embodying the omnipotent feminine principle on the rocks between land and water.



*Figure 13. Terri Crawford with Rerenga Toroa, Mana Moana, 2020.*

Tina Ngata, Ngāti Pōrou activist, academic and educator, writes of their contribution to Mana Moana; *'I am Hine, I am Moana'* delves into the omnipotence of Hine, the ageless, the divine, feminine principle that flows directly, manifesting through all wāhine. (*Mana Moana, 2020*)



Figure 14. *Hau*; stills from moving image. The backdrop, from *Whakapapa Pātaka*, is expanded on further in *Te Kune*.

Inspired also by Ngāhuia Te Awekotuku's *Ruahine* versions of the tales and the fate of Kurungaituku – the 'bird woman'; *Hau* features a winged supernatural female figure in her cave where her most treasured taonga and non-human whānau live; a sacred space for her mana-enhancing-whakapapa-connecting rituals.

Of Ngāti Awa, Ngāti Pūkeko, Ngāi Tūhoe descent are Kauae Raro Research Collective, Sarah Hudson and Lanae Cable. Established in 2019, these researchers are focussed on the promotion of Mātauranga around whenua as an art material and component of ceremony.

*We share this Mātauranga to fill gaps in our collective knowledge and encourage reconnection. As Māori, we already face so much gatekeeping – systemically, academically, culturally and actual physical locked gates that keep us from our ancestral lands (Kauae Raro Research Collective, 2021)*

Though keeping knowledge safe is a vital link to maintaining the integrity and tīkanga of our Mātauranga, many of us have been blocked from receiving our own ancestral knowledge systems through ‘gate-keeping’; a hierarchical mutation of this practice. It is refreshing and exciting to see what’s new with Kauae Raro! Contributing to this collective through my own work with whenua, ceremony and mahi Toi has been formative in my own sense of placement in community. These wāhine have embraced and shared my work for the current collective uprising of whenua based mahi toi practice. Contributors to Kauae Raro Research Collective, Ngāti Kahungunu pūoro practitioner Te Kahureremoa Taumata and Ngāti Ue Pōhatu, Ngāti Porou Khali Phillips-Barbara wrote a karakia for the purpose of honouring and acknowledging this whenua-based practice. This karakia has become part of my daily mahi toi practice:

*Manawa mai tēnei / Ahuone mai*  
*Manawa mai tēnei / whenuatia*  
*Manawa mai tēnei he kapunga oneone*  
*Tēnei te māuri o Papatūānuku*  
*O Tūparimaunga*  
*O Parawhenuamea*  
*O Ukurangi*  
*E whakaata mai nei!*  
*Kokiri!*

Te Kahureremoa Taumata & Khali Phillips-Barbara

## TE AKA

My research comes from a Kaupapa Māori and Mana Wāhine lens. According to Graeme Hingangaroa Smith, (Hoskins, & Jones 2017) Kaupapa Māori links back to the Māori community and iwi interests from which it has evolved. As an intervention strategy, Kaupapa Māori can apply Paulo Freire's (1970) notions of conscientisation, resistance and transformative praxis – the assertion here is that these elements can and do occur in any order and often do so simultaneously; because our struggles exist at multiple sites and take on multiple shapes. Often the tension is within ourselves, individually and collectively, so the ability to become more self-determining is a process or a practice rather than an outcome. To incite solutions, we can look towards Freire's articulation of cyclical violence:

*It is only the oppressed who, by freeing themselves, can free their oppressors. The latter, as an oppressive class, can free neither others nor themselves. (Freire, 1978, pg 10)*

And Smith's suggestion that:

*Our struggle is also with our minds. There is a need to understand our own participation in forming our own domination, exploitation, and oppression. (Smith, cited in Hoskins, & Jones, 2017, pg. 92).*

Mana Wāhine is often (mis)understood to be a type of Māori feminism. It extends Kaupapa Māori theory by

*explicitly exploring the intersection of being Māori and female and all the diverse and complex things being located in this space can mean.*

*At its base, Mana Wāhine is about making visible the narratives and experiences, in all of their diversity, of Māori women (Johnston & Pihama, cited in Simmonds, 2011 pg. 11).*

To me, what Mana Wāhine means, is to be acknowledged, accepted and grounded in my community of indigenous, connected, conscious creators of living children. Of the dead too through being the carriers of Mātauranga tangi, ranga, karanga. We know that our children don't always have human bodies, but they are *always reflections of the sacred states of wisdom and diversity evident in our ātua*. Navigators of the inner and outer states of water and land back, Mana Wāhine also refers to the state of being a vulva carrying Māori woman and being lost in the confusion of colonisation. Mana Wāhine is the site where our stories, experiences and lives as Māori women, including self-identifying women, intersect.

A Mātauranga taonga tuku iho that embodies all aspects of the creative process, te Orokohanga o te ao is the vessel into which whakamanu was born. The patterning of te Orokohanga o te ao was shown to me as a system to work within the context of my matatuhitanga. It offers a structure which can be applied to how I think and feel, in order to articulate and communicate this understanding to myself, and then with others. Te Orokohanga o te ao allows me to pinpoint exactly in what stage of the process and of my practices and projects are in, and therefore become aware of what will come next. (Where am I and what is the point?) Therefore, as with te Orokohanga o te ao, whakamanu, in process and its entirety,

epitomises the practice of transformation – of shapeshifting. From scorched earth to full lush dripping ngāhere on land back. As multifaceted and multidimensional as our struggles with our Māori, wāhine, takatāpui, disabled, neurodivergent ageing bodies; whakamanu is a spectrum of intention.

As a wāhine Māori who is in touch with her masculine, feminine and gender transcendence, I understand and relate to life on many levels, lenses, intersections and vibrations. I have been guided and shown how to create ritual space; aligning with my desire and intention to realign with my mana motuhake and tino rangatiratanga. I access our collective Māori taonga tuku iho and Mātauranga; navigating, listening to and creating tīkanga for my own creative, ritualistic, transformative healing practice. At each stage of the process, materials, karanga, waiata, chants, body movements and images of other parts of the whakamanu are shown to me, sometimes lucidly sometimes hazily. The moment demands my full capacity and attention.

**Figure 15** shows an example of a whakamanu practice over the first lockdown in 2020.



*Figure 15. Whakamanu in Utiku, Rangitikei. 2020.*

## TE REA

Mahi Toi is my rongoā, my first language, my love language, the imprint of Mātauranga Māori. Mahi Toi centres me and reminds me who I am breath by breath in this body. A ritual, marking a beginning and an end to a multidimensional process, a transformative process: *birthing – living – dying – past – skin shedding – future vision casting – now standing here KA MUA KA MURI!* I am a kaitiki of this process. The kaupapa is to transform trauma, quicken consciousness, realise potential, shift from intergenerational trauma, sexual and racialized violence. As wāhine Māori, it is vital for our own healing to be in our own hands – this is what mana motuhake looks like to me.

To honour all of this, I make by the maramataka and te taiao, I make as guided by dreams, ātua and kaitiaki. My medium is trust, grief, joy – whatumanawa. I am in commitment to sexual, spiritual and emotional sovereignty. I am multidisciplinary – I work with anything, in awe at the transformative processes around us, embodied by our ātua every day. To me, Papatūānuku is the ultimate artist – I watch and learn from her. I realised that I was carrying so much trauma, I had forgotten how to grieve, I was sick and needed to call myself home to my body. I learnt to tangi again .. he pekepoho wāwāhi tahā ahau – I am a challenger of the status quo .. I came backwards to kōkōwai – as to decolonise the 'art world' meant to bury canvas and let Papatūānuku make the marks. If Papatūānuku is the ultimate artist, then Hineahuone is the ultimate transformer. I came to this a

colonised Tūhoe kōtiro who traced her whakapapa backwards from the concrete urban woundings to her own ikura – my DNA knew māuri when I saw it, felt it, smelt it. To acknowledge this knowing and with respect to Hineahuone, I work with bone, stone, anything grown; wax, wings, hair, blood, nails, uku, light, dark, fire, water, sound, silence, earth, air, wairua. When these elements talk to each other I am there for the korero; a facilitator and potion maker. Whakamanu is about creating enough trust within myself to navigate, articulate and grow new forms of knowledge that descend from our taonga tuku iho.

As a ritual practice, whakamanu initiates healing for not just the embedded trauma lines in bodies that have been sexually violated, but for a full return, remembrance and rejuvenation of the mana that was munched in the assault. Within whakamanu is a space so safe that exponential healing and growth can occur and change the focus from traumatised to liberated; literally transforming the inner dialogue of self-loathing and fear to one of courage, joy and pleasure. In essence, whakamanu serves to call myself back home to my body in times of crisis and to transcend, transmute and transform trauma into pleasure.

Audre Lorde taught us that caring for ourselves *is not self-indulgence, it is self-preservation, and that it is an act of political warfare* (Brown, 2019, pg. 59). Within the social, environmental, political and spiritual climate at the time of creating whakamanu as a personal process, I recognised the need to articulate a ritual process that served to centre my intention for healing and multifaceted

transformation. This, to counter the excessive cortisol always running through me, resulting in more rage to fuel the war against my mana. Starting with my personal tōno for sexual sovereignty, I had been developing my connection with myself – to align with a *pleasure politic* as the most radical form of activism I could imagine. This was a way of giving myself consent to trust myself again.

I had for many years been working with the māuri of Papatūānuku and Hinereī. As part of a grieving process aligning my emotional sovereignty with the depth of pain and trauma I was experiencing I started burying bodies of raw canvas in my compost. I needed a physical process I could practice that involved death, rot and the natural cycles of life. I needed to know that what I was going through was natural. Not freakish, not mentally unwell, not cursed, not a spectacle to be belittled and derided, but natural. I needed to centre my experience.

Whakamanu was born of a need to create sacred space for myself during the time of the Covid19 first lockdown, where I was far away from my studio and sisters, feeling completely isolated. I needed to engage in transformative practice with myself for myself. I needed to engage with te ao Māori, to call up the power of my whakapapa in honour and acknowledgement of our ātua wāhine, our Hinereī. I needed to connect to te taiao and the whenua where I was staying at the time; needing to move freely and embody pleasure and joy in my pain riddled body. I also needed to get away from the lack of personal space in the intense restrictions of my living situation at the time.

In this internal space I had created for myself, I discovered freedom and healing, learning and teaching, safety and joy. I could connect with Te Aorangi in a deep internal sense that started to reflect outside of myself. I started to remember the joy and freedom of attention I had as a child, where I saw massive patches of colour floating about, where I could shift into animal bodies both waking and sleeping, where I could lucid dream awake and wake up within my dreams. My horizon started to expand again; I created tūahu wherever I went, reminding me that I am a ritualist. I create ritual as a vessel, a channel for playful creativity, for communication, learning, teaching, navigating realms, watching, listening, being, breathing. Within this context, my ability to notice and read tohu grew exponentially and I remembered that nothing is separate in the universe. I gathered natural found objects that had been in place as tūahu and kept them safe. These became objects of power to me, artworks, mahi Toi; I recognised their unique languages, energies, placings and abilities. For example, the karaka seeds in **Figure 9** found on the whenua where I live, sang to me energetically when I walked past them on my way to pure in the awa Tūtaekurī. I used these seeds to co-create *Te Tara o Hinenuiitepō*, to practice in my intention to holding myself accountable in transforming my rage towards men. I wore them strapped across me, energetically beaming out their whakapapa and potential – these were seeds of a great forest. Every whakamanu begins with

intention. Intention feels like a remembrance of all that exists, and all that does not yet exist. It is a lucid patch of clarity that tends to transcend time and merge all consciousness. Perhaps this is Rangīātea, Hawaiiki nui Hawaiiki roa Hawaiiki pamamao. Perhaps it is the moment of genesis between the mist and the maunga. What it is for sure is a seed containing all the knowledge needed to bring itself nourishment, to navigate and activate the



black holes that rip at the edges of dreaming something precious into being. I came to learn this whakamanu process through the Mātauranga o te Orokohanga o te ao.

*Figure 16. Porowhita, AUKATI. 2021.*

## TE WAO NUI

The kaupapa for our collective, *Hinenuiitepō*, was to centre ourselves in our healing processes, to make a safe space to do so and to decolonise and reindigenise an educational institution that I identified as one that upheld rape culture. We worked with the maramataka using the energy available to set intentions, grow courage and find our voices to articulate a trauma that was 'stuck within us', to share it together, release it within ritual; we would hold space for each other to heal. We held wānanga over the month to bury a large amount of canvas in my compost, unearth it, stitch it together where it had broken and make our marks in charcoal, stitches and paint made from white clay. We then took up the space and made it safe by setting a clear tīkanga and boundary line within which no one else was allowed. We used karakia, karanga and waiata as a vessel to hold the space and gathered around a fire, within embrace of the canvas hung as walls on a web of number 8 wire. I ripped the walls of this whare haumarū into kahu as the ritual ended, cloaking each one of us.

As kaiwhakahaere and kaitiaki I continued to develop the Mātauranga gathered throughout the ritual process of *Hinenuiitepō*, seeking a name for it; whakamanu.



Figure 17. *Hinenuiitepō* 2018; Nafanua Kersel, Kezia Whakamoe, Putaanga Waitoa, Hinewai Waitoa, Peni Edwards.

**Figure 18** shows my compost patch. I had started to bury raw canvas in my compost as a way of relating viscerally, through ritual of my mahi Toi, to the Mātauranga of Hinenuiitepō. This process allowed me to call to and connect with her wisdom and that of Papatūānuku; the infinite processes they ensure as feminine energies of sexuality, power, birth, growth, death and decay. The acknowledgment of trauma and grief as part of healing and transformation would reflect in the māuri of different natural worked substances, reflecting sovereignty of the lives and realms of our beloved ātua wāhine. **Figure 19** shows different processes and methods used to create *Te Tara o Hinenuiitepō* - I imagined she dreamt herself into being, birthing herself through her own vulva, rebirthing her mana. Our kuia Hinenuiitepō started her life as Hinetītama, the first human. Birthed from Hineahone who was imbued with her own autonomous power, a force derived from Kurawaka, the bloody earth at the vulva of creation itself, Hinetītama as

*the first human was a woman. She was not formed by Tane or any male god. She was from Papatūānuku the earth mother, from earth and water (Pere as cited in Murphy, 2013 pg. 87).*



*Figure 18. A view of my mahi Toi compost, 2021.*

If Hinētītama was not formed by Tane then the whole narrative of whakamā and shame, upon finding her lover was also her father, is transformed. And if, as Te Raina Ferris says, shame did come on the endeavour, then whakamā could have a very different purpose and meaning. Often translated as meaning 'shame', splitting whakamā into whaka / mā transforms the meaning into 'to make clean, pure.' To 'whakamā' would be to transform shame, a healing act.



Figure 19. *Te Tara o Hinenuiitepō* - whakamanu processes.

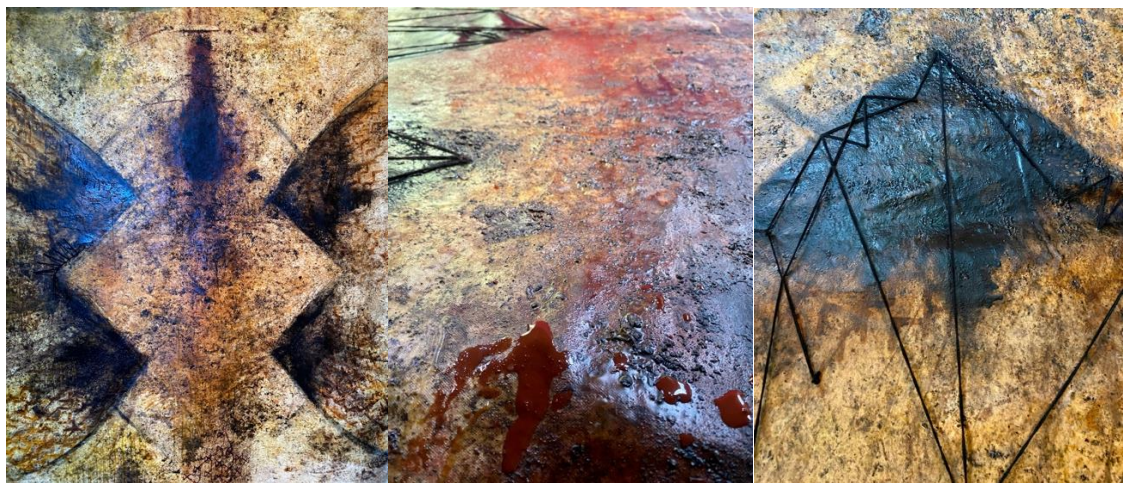
*Te Tara o Hinenuiitepō* - alchemising raw canvas, charcoal from ritual fire, dye made from black walnut, rust solution, karaka seeds, kōkōwai, oil, harakeke and wool.

Figure 20 shows *Te Tara o Hinenuiitepō* completed to the burial stage, where she stayed from the Whiro moon until exhumation at Rākaunui. She is left to breathe for a day and taken indoors to be sealed in ronoā and beeswax, where patterns are stitched and carved into her, marking her body to honour

her journey. **Figure 21** shows detail of the final work, *Te Tara o Hinenuiitepō*, the niho tūhua of her Tara bared.



*Figure 20. Te Tara o Hinenuiitepō; pre and post burial.*



*Figure 21. Te Tara o Hinenuiitepō - Niho tūhua. Obsidian teeth.*

These large, waxed bodies marked with the processes of our ātua wāhine become light conductors. I needed to control all light sources for AUKATI in the gallery space to enhance and guide the viewing and receiving experience, through the lens of our ātua wāhine.



*Figure 22. Te Tara o Hinenuiitepō covers the main window of the Hastings Community Art Gallery. Te Raina Ferris and share a moment.*



*Figure 23. Te Tara o Hinenuiitepō 2021. Mixed media.*

# TE KUNE

## AUKATI

As you shed your shoes you become aware of the powerful smell of beeswax and the light prised through a large body over the entire front window of the Hastings Community Art Centre. The body is *Te Tara o Hinenuiitepō* - the great transition-er, leveller of all human experience, she who welcomes us all with aroha every time we die. We step into AUKATI as human equals and become aware of a change in light. We may hear whispers, ngāhere, waterfalls in flood, manu tioriori, we may hear words woven into sentences that are shocking or we may hear karanga, waiata, karakia. We may hear *Te Hekenga-a-Rangi*, final recording of Hirini Melbourne and Richard Nunns and the voice of mareikura Aroha Yates Smith. We may hear my voice speaking out stories from birth and dream state, stories of injustice and unbelievable magic.

We may hear silence, echoes, talking, laughing, singing, crying, or we may hear nothing; our hearing overwhelmed by other senses.

*Pūrakau*, the 90-minute soundtrack for AUKATI, played twice a day for the duration of the exhibition. The Kaupapa of *Pūrakau* was made to tell my stories, to call myself home and to also be called home. Adapting the pōhiri tikanga, *Pūrakau* begins with the wero; the sound of weaving by my kaitiaki pūngāwerewere *Kuhu-roa*. She, who wove the ātea for me to stand either side of, my voice weaves multiple karanga around each other, settling eventually with the voice of Aroha Yates Smith singing *E Taku Kuru*

*Pounamu*, final track of *Te Hekenga-a-Rangi*. I chose this track to evidence the depth of love and respect I had finally developed for myself which involved a death of past, loved aspects of myself. Aroha Yates Smith had a close bond with Hirini Melbourne, they were working on *Te Hekenga-a-Rangi* together at the time he passed away:

*I made this track just after Hirini had passed, it just came up and out of me, it was my poroporoaki to him. (Yates Smith, 2021. Personal communication)*

On either side of the paepae tapu I take turns to speak stories from the whakapapa of the trauma I have experienced, interwoven with stories from my whakapapa to Rangiātea. In between each story is a waiata or karakia, supporting the speaker. Woven within each story are sounds recorded from the waters, forests, coasts and lands East, North, West and South of where I live. The final track of *Pūrakau* contains the multiple diagnoses I have received from medical doctors and psychiatrists alongside the diagnosis I made for myself of anger, grief and rage.

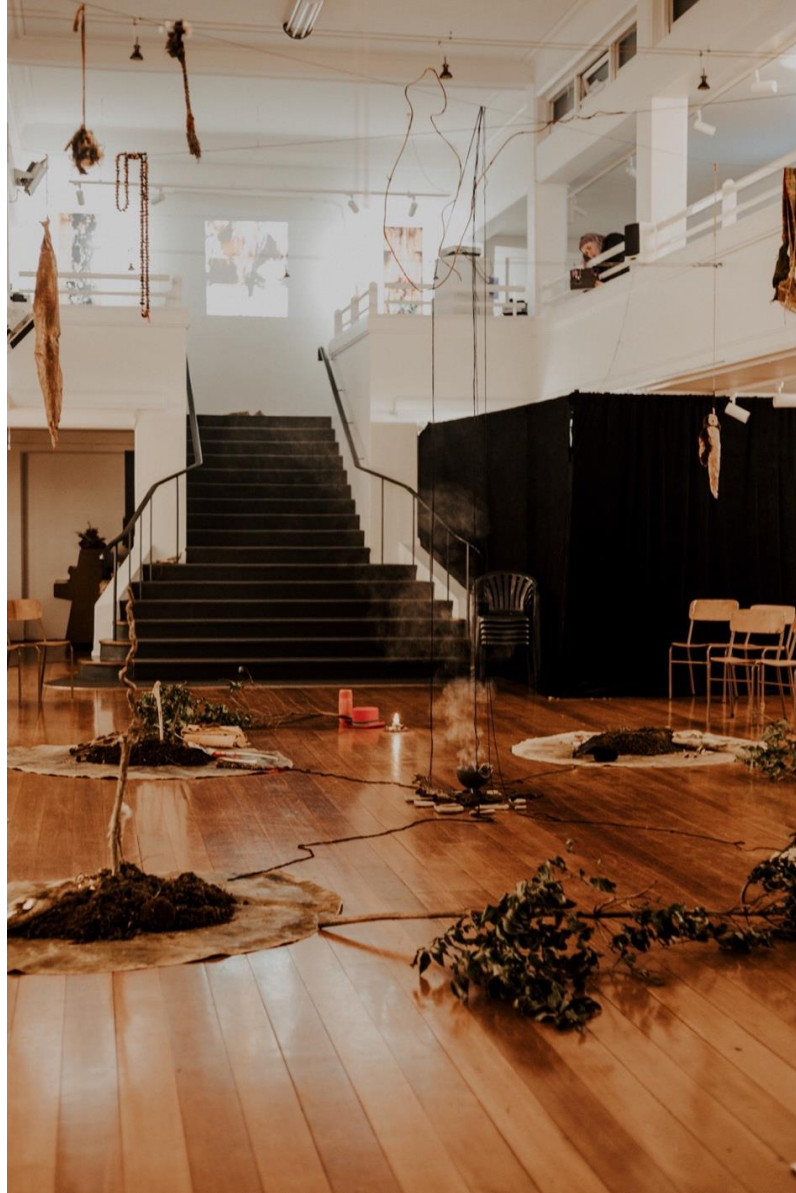


Figure 24. *Porowhita*, 2021. Mixed media.

We are now aware of *Porowhita*, the installation covering the floor and air space in the middle of the lower gallery. Throughout the year, my research had taken me from where I live in Heretaunga to Waikaremoana, Whanganui and Te Whanganui-a-Tara. I had been shown, through matatuhi practice, that I was to gather whenua, with permission, from these places. I was shown also that I was to construct tūahu on the main floor space of the gallery aligning to the compass directions. These tūahu would be navigational tools

for opening and grounding AUKATI for the duration of the exhibition. Each direction aligned with ātua wāhine and had a different purpose and taonga. Tūahu rise from the ground and drip from the ceiling. I would activate them in a whakamanu with my body and voice using movements and kupu given to me through varying wānanga and matatuhi practices. The main purpose for this whakamanu was to create a sacred space, a safe space, a public space. To gather my community – to ranga my tira. A space dedicated to the rangatiratanga o ngā wāhine Māori me ngā tāngata taketake, tāngata takatāpui kātoa.

Ceremonial tools used in the tūāhu were created within their own whakamanu spaces using bird bones, wings, claws, uku, whenua, wool, seeds, root systems, ronoā Māori, animal pelts, bindings, scatterings, nestings, pou. Tūāhu would become a waka ātea, a vessel to hold the māuri of AUKATI, an energetic wharenuī. Joining the tūāhu, large branches of the potent endemic rongoā, Tupākihi stretch to mark a physical outline for the *Porowhita*.

Along the walls on both sides of *Porowhita*, stand the *AUKATI Pou*. These are small original prints measuring 30 x 10 cm each. They sit below corresponding large photographic banners measuring 150 x 50 cm. Like Pou in a wharenuī, these Pou serve to watch, protect, remind and align the energy of the whare with the original AUKATI intention; a safe space to speak, house iwi and guests in a potent waka for transformation.

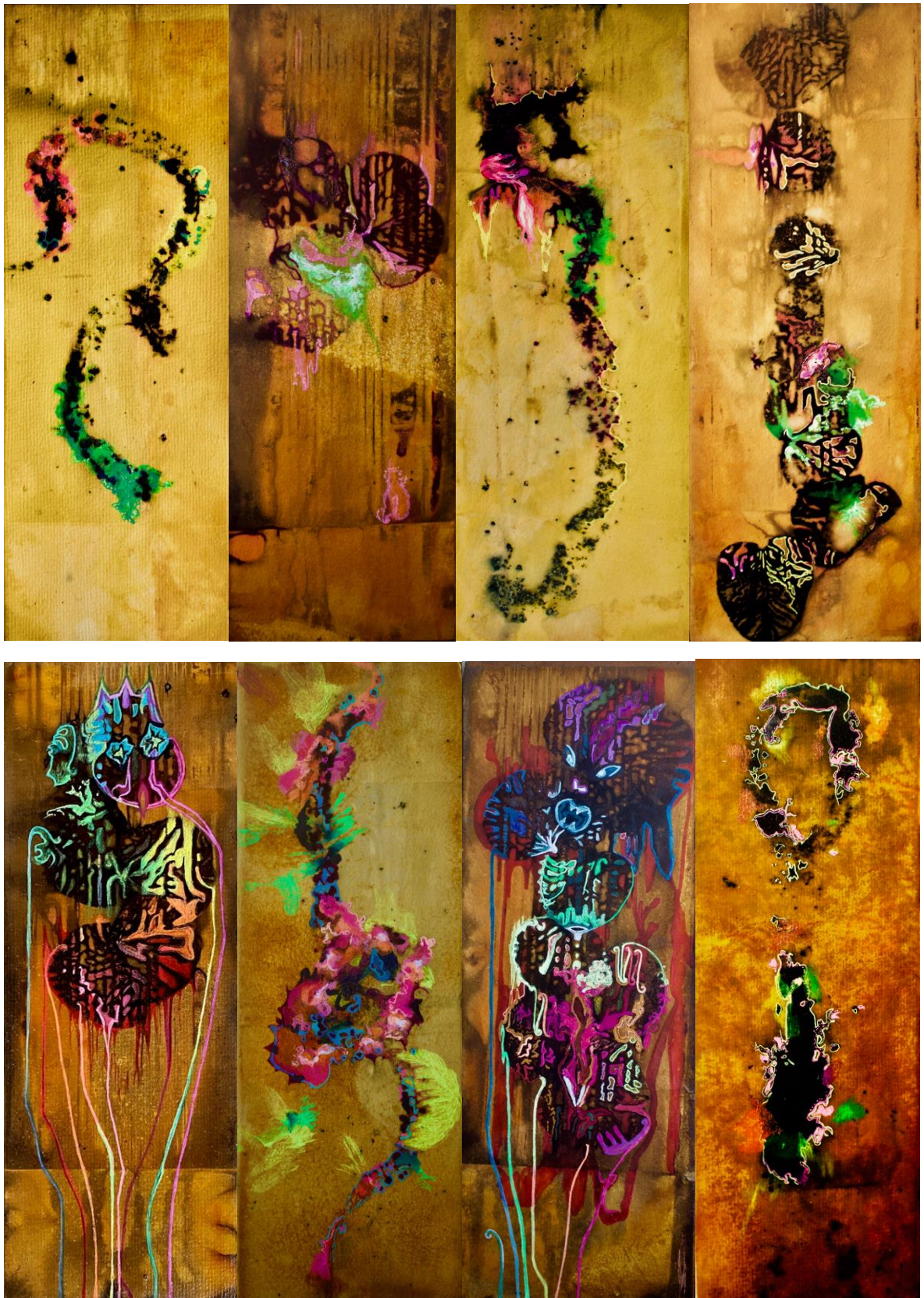


Figure 25. AUKATI pou, 2021. Mixed media.



Figure 26. AUKATI pou,  
2021. Mixed media.

*AUKATI Pou* were made with eco printing techniques using the seeds and leaves of Tupākihi, a rongoā containing one of the most powerful natural poisons in our forests; and Red Box Gum, native to our tuakana of Australia and amongst the most resilient species of tree in the world due to its ability to live for long periods without water. Both qualities, poisonous and resilient, spoke to me about what I needed to overcome in the onslaught of fear I was experiencing in the face of my recurrent PTSD due to *Toi Tu Toi Ora 2020*. This exhibition showcased some of our best Māori artists, including my friends, supervisors, professors and rapist. I had grown sick from the pervasive rape culture surrounding this man, the references to his legendary greatness as a Māori artist, and the continued silencing of my experience. It felt that my purpose in life at that time was to go and protest on the steps of the Auckland City Art Gallery on behalf of myself and all the other women he had violated. I felt the weight of responsibility for this action, I felt like I couldn't breathe. My relationship with my lover at the time broke up. Complex PTSD has multiple manifestations, and I was sick of the never-ending cortisol. A dear friend said to me 'remember you are responsible for your own of others' and finally this rang true for me. I received

these words of wisdom and guidance just in time to realign my intentions. I didn't need to continue this cycle, wasting my time and energy, I needed to break it. Somehow, I managed to step back, stop reacting and start realigning. I call this attention: sovereignty.

I celebrated this time by giving myself space to find some joy again in my work. I found myself 'colouring in' the eco prints with rainbow gel-pens, playing in a child-like manner, listening to my body, slowing down, breathing, laughing, crying.

*Kua maringi āku roimata.*



Figure 27. *Kuhu-roa*, 2021. Mixed media.

*Te Tara o Hinenuiitepō* was the first body to be experienced in AUKATI, *Kuhu-roa* was the last. Covering the other major downstairs light source, *Kuhu-roa* was situated across the corner window to farewell manuhiri. As a representative of my kaitiaki, she could also see who was outside, gain a

feeling of the people out there and exist in the balance. She sat on the ārai, the realm between worlds. *Kuhu-roa* had been made with ash from the ritualised fire, burnt to reinvigorate kaitiakitanga of the whenua, both outside and inside my body. LAND BACK. A spider is acutely aware of any movements in its environment. She had been buried along with memories of being unprotected and unsafe in my body. She had undergone a transformation between Whiro and Rākaunui, Pipiri, 2021; marked by the body of Papatūānuku and by my hand stitched geometry. She then was sealed with beeswax prior to having uku from Waikaremoana and kōkōwai from Te Rerenga a Wairua anointing her.

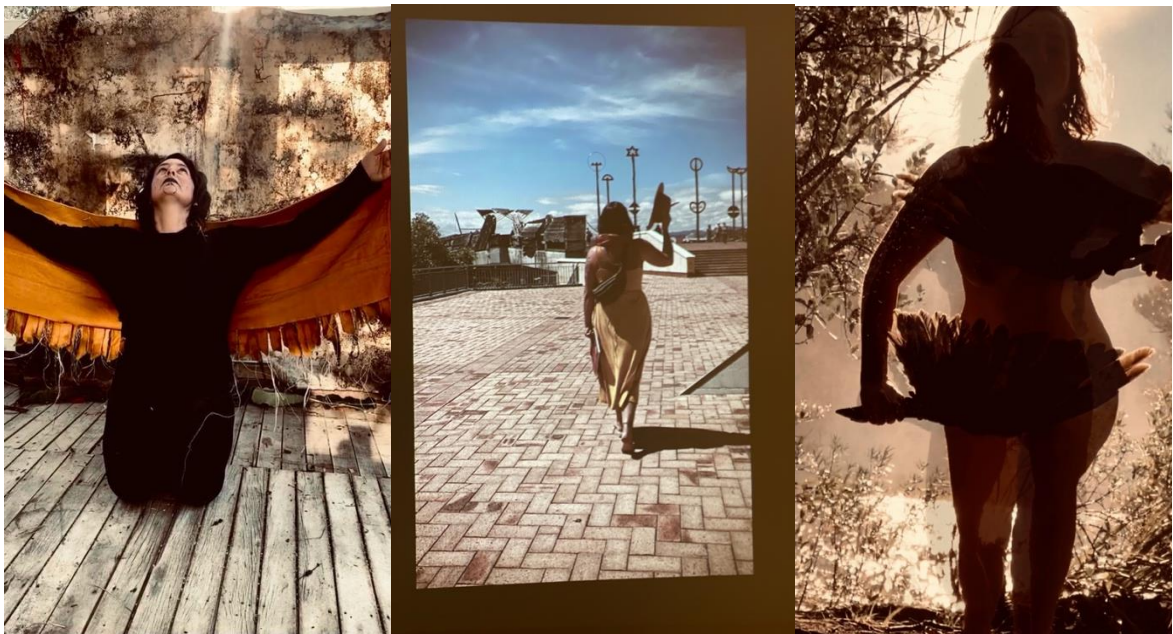


Figure 28. Stills from *Hau, Utu and Papakōrito*. Moving images.

Upstairs in the gallery you are greeted by moving images at the centre, to the left and to the right of the stairwell. Inspired by the soundtracks *Te Ku Te Whe* and *Te Hekenga-a-Rangi* by Hirini Melbourne, Richard Nunns and Aroha Yates Smith, I made and mixed my own tracks with Akina sound

engineer, Professor Dynamite. They accompany the moving images witnessing the evolution of the initial desire to burn the bridge in protest of rape culture. *Hau* calls in the breath documenting my slowing down process, the whakamanu is edited in slow motion; the soundtrack, my voice chanting Hirini's *Hau* waiata, also playing in slowed form. *Hau* documents a shift in whakamanu intention, away from front line protest and towards deep inner work.

*Utu* arose randomly by being in the right place at the right time with Waiwaiā, wāhine Māori artist collective. *Utu* documents my first steps taken back on the bridge. In this moving image I am seen clearing the space ā wairua with karanga, expressing my new intention to hold the energy of my rage, keep it sacred. The soundtrack mixes karanga karakia from Kurawaka and Tūhoe waiata tangi '*Tirotiro kau au*', gifted to me in *Te Hau ki Turanga*, Te Papa, by sister Tessa Williams who closed the *Utu* whakamanu with me. *Papakōrito* visually documents my return to Waikaremoana for wānanga, alone over Matariki 2021. I was guided to be at Papakōrito falls, serving again the kaupapa whakamanu of balancing mutated masculine energy. The soundtrack is the beginning of the *Pūrakau* track - multiple karanga calling myself home ending with the voice of Aroha Yates Smith. According to Dr Rangimarie Rose Pere, Papakōrito is the pōhiri point for Waikaremoana, Te Urewera. This required my solo naked body dancing in recognition for the sovereignty of my sexuality and spirituality.

This sovereignty is reflected in the installation body of work made in 2020; *Kurawaka whakamanu*, a reclamation of vulvic diversity. Named after the vulvic region of Papatūānuku, Kurawaka, some of my first experimental works with uku became tara. These tara were an acknowledgement of the female element of sexuality and creation, infinitely diverse in variation of shape, colour, tone and age. A response, also, to the dominant hegemonic Pornhub version of what vulvas look like and how they 'should' behave. The tara were all bisqued and fired in a raku kiln, an early Japanese clay firing technique involving lower temperatures and smothering in wood chips to produce a finished cracking effect.

Made with 'my first muka', 'my first bird pelts' and a mixture of endemic and introduced bird species, these *Kurawaka Whakamanu* invite a wordless conversation around the colonisation and pastoralisation of our native bush. This provides a metaphor for the difficulty in discussing the fact that we as Māori women experience the sexualisation and fetishization of our bodies differently than white women. We become colonial conquests at the same moment as we are sexually traumatised, identifying multiple layered nuances in Black and indigenous experiences of sexual violence. *Kurawaka Whakamanu* acknowledges the insidious wounding that the effect of sexual violence has to people of all races, genders and ages. A conversation sometimes best had without words.



*Figure 29. Detail of early whakamanu Kurawaka. 2020. Mixed media.*



Figure 30. Kurawaka Whakamanu, 2020. Mixed media.



Figure 31. *Nana's Fur Jacket and Nana's Slut Blanket*, 2019. Fur jacket, wool, blanket.

**Figure 31** showed upstairs in opposition to *Kurawaka Whakamanu*, representing two sides of the classic story, sexual sovereignty and slut shaming.

*Nana's Slut Blanket*, while officially not part of the AUKATI body of work, was exhibited as an ancestor to *Nana's Fur Jacket*. Slut shaming is part of rape culture, here I reclaim the word SLUT in messy punch needle stitching onto a blanket that belonged to my maternal grandmother, her married name stitched by her own hand in the bottom right corner. Nana Joy had been subject to a life of religious and patriarchal repression forbidding her to wear red, sing secular songs or dance 'lest the devil take her'. However, her

irrepressible creativity seeped around the edges of her daily restrictions, manifesting in hundreds of sculpted clay dishes, dyed and stitched fabrics, sneaky dances and incredible story telling. *Nana's Fur Jacket* takes the narrative to her privilege as a white woman who taught at Te Haroto Native School with her husband. Learning this fact horrified me. Their daughter, my mother, rebelling in her own way, had Māori babies, I am her eldest. *Nana's Fur Jacket* juxtaposes the 'fur jacket wearing' privilege, with home killed sleeves, as a problematic, unfinished garment made for me by my mother. Using a punch needle and embroidery thread I made the *words Māori, Pākehā* and *Bitch* on the knitted sleeves, decrying the messy complexity of layers involved in descendance from my Māori and Pākehā bloodlines.



Figure 32. *Coming Home, 2020. Mixed media.*

Made with a self-built frame and stretched canvas, *Coming Home* is created with oil paint, beeswax and thread, stitching closed cuts in the canvas. These cuts act as gills, vents, allowing interchange between worlds. This painting is informed by a significant dream I had about finding my way home to Waikaremoana after continuously being knocked off the path by white women. I found an infinity of water dwelling taniwha, holographic and spectral in form, all existing together in the lake. Hirini Melbourne was descending to capture the most ancient sounds of the earth. In *Coming Home*, water dwelling mammals become able to breathe in both worlds.

The two flanking works covering the upstairs back windows are the tupuna of *Te Tara o Hinenuiitepō* and *Kuhu-roa*. These works are from *Pātaka*, an investigation into the introduced bodies of pests and predators in our native ngāhere. The bodily fluids of animals trapped and killed by the Regional Council were sealed into the canvas with beeswax. (Whakamoe, 2018) These works were amended for AUKATI and inspired the making of the middle canvas, marked with natural dyes, rust, charcoal and oils and buried in my mahi Toi compost 2021. Ironically, the crucifix silhouette was unplanned.



Figure 33. Whakapapa Pātaka, 2021. Mixed media.



Figure 34. Details of elements of Porowhita, 2021. Mixed media.

To honour the transformation of my energy and intention I created a whakamanu for the opening of AUKATI. The public exposure of very vulnerable parts of my life, exposing also parts of other people's lives called for a very specific direction of this whakamanu. It had to involve my chosen community and be focussed on containing and stabilising energetic intention and potential fallout. It had to be safe for us.

I wanted to acknowledge the depth and intensity of energy I had facilitated in reclaiming my mana. I wanted also to direct that to the land and people where the gallery stood. This was the Hastings Community Art Gallery, one block away from the Hastings City Art Gallery, the very place where *S.H.E.* had protested the rapist's exhibition at the beginning of *Hinenuiitepō 2018*. I wanted to balance the whiteness of the Hastings City business and art scenes which reflect the imbalance of the wider Western world. AUKATI would witness and transcend all of this by firstly acknowledging and dismissing any negatively charged energy that required release. I would make an intervention throughout all the realms and call in our most powerful, fertile, full, lush, dripping, potent, sovereign feminine beings; our Hinerei and ātua wāhine.

Turning my attention to breaking cycles of harm and casting circles of focussed potency, *Porowhita*, my version of taonga tuku iho based energetic practice, was downloaded through my matatuhitanga. This whakamanu, *Porowhita*, would hold a space of safety within which marginalised peoples living within multiple intersections of power imbalances could take up space and contribute to the transformation of inner and outer realms collectively.

We would call in the greatest feminine energy to lay waste to waste and grow new space, new land.

We would call our body sovereignty and land back.



*Figure 35. AUKATI, 2021. One of the invitation posters.*

# TE WHE

## *POROWHITA*

*Porowhita* became the vessel through which the māuri of AUKATI would stabilise for a period. The opening of AUKATI would activate this vessel. Something happened within the time and space of *Porowhita*, the opening of AUKATI, that raises the hairs on my skin and remains difficult to talk about.

It's 4pm on July 19<sup>th</sup>, 2021. Beside me in the doorway of the Hastings Community Art Gallery, the voice of hau kainga kaikaranga Lauryn Piiata Tiakitai Turi-Heenan rings out, opening the ārai for AUKATI. Leading the manuhiri, Te Raina Ferris responds, weaving her voice into the space – as she calls, I respond, setting the tīkanga for the many other kaikaranga to weave their voices into ours, rolling and expanding over and out, around each other.

I lead us into the space, gathering around the *Porowhita*, set in the middle of the floor and get everyone settled into seating or resting and leaning on walls. I begin by firstly outlining the AUKATI tīkana, introducing myself and speaking about my AUKATI journey. This happens as a direct matatuhi download. I speak about boundaries and having to dim our light as a coping mechanism, about learning to trust ourselves again after sexual assault. I speak about my role in breaking the cycle of intergenerational trauma. I speak about whakamanu, about the kaupapa of the mahi Toi in AUKATI

including the moving images and in particular *Utu*. I share how, at the beginning of this journey for me, I wanted to write a haka, stomp naked on this bridge with hundreds of wāhine toa and burn it down. How, instead of that, I was directed to make the *AUKATI Pou* and align my responsibility to my own mana and sense of joy. I describe the reasons for the decision I made to not publicly name this rapist, aligning instead with my *own* name, my *own* story, my *own* voice. I did, however, allude to the identity of this man as the builder of the bridge. With people settled and the tīkanga outlined, *Porowhita* begins.

With permission to utilise the track *Raukatauri* from the album *Te Ku Te Whe*, the foundation of sound I would lay *Porowhita* on, I began. My body moved in ways familiar to me, my voice chanting kupu dedicated to te pūrere o te Aorangi, ngā Hinerei, ngā ātua wāhine situated in the 5 directional tūāhu, I began in the east, moving anticlockwise through the north, west and south, and ending in the above and below with Hinenuiitepō. Within the *Porowhita* I moved with wings, seeds, whenua, air, fire, water, earth, smoke. I bound together the energy through all the Mana Wāhine, takatāpui, tāne and tamariki present. I followed guidance from my kaitiaki. Between finishing *Porowhita* and kai time, a non-scripted spontaneous series of acts of love and appreciation from my community left me humbled, beaming and with a sense of lightness that could only be compared to the WĀ, embodied.

It was maybe the bravest thing I have done in my life. To cast myself in the centre of a powerful loving community whom I had gathered, in the most radical form of self-love I could imagine, was what I needed to help shake free the mamae that had pooled in my blood, bones and whakapapa. This was a simultaneous breaking of the cycle and casting of the circle of powerful proportions.

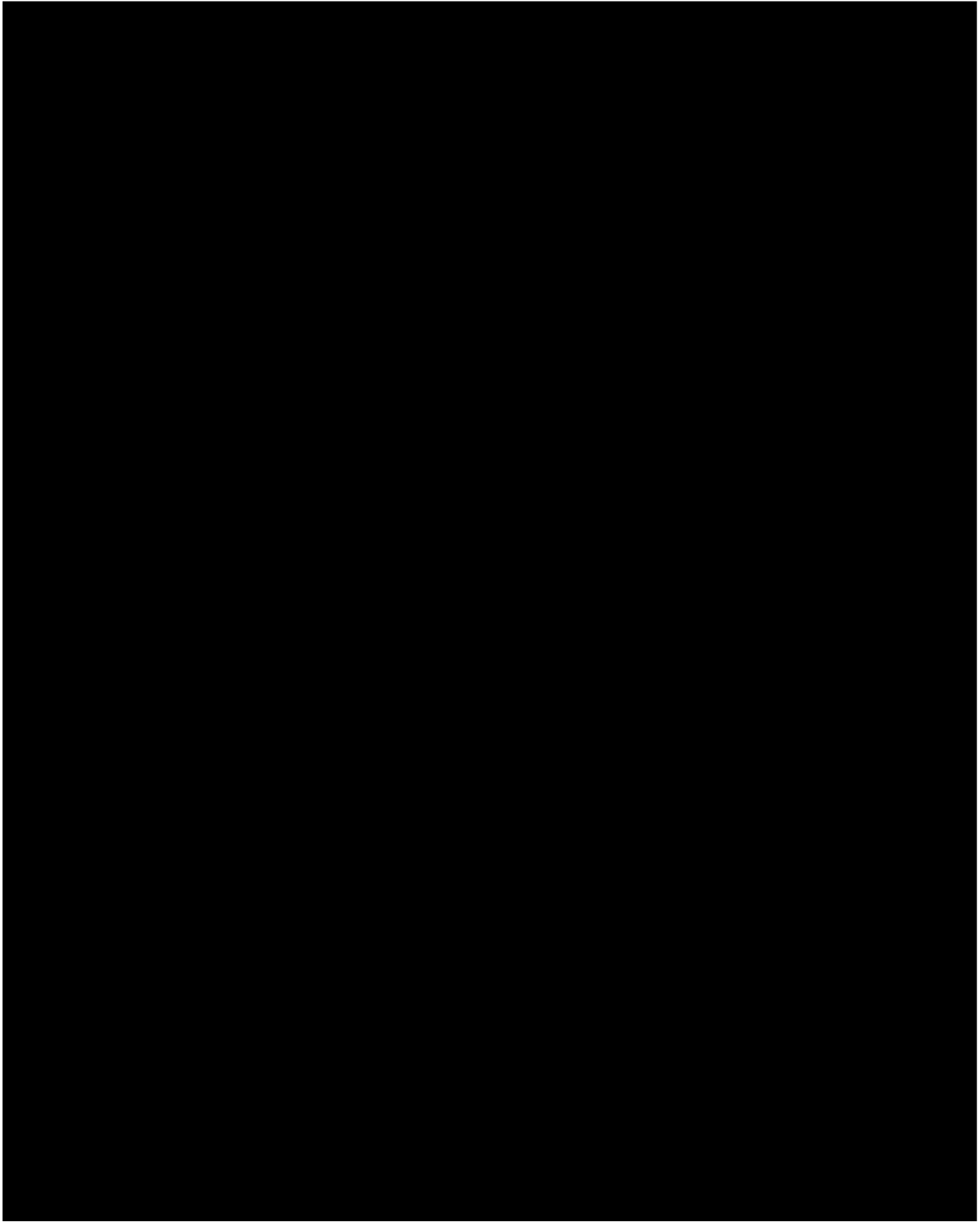
And here is the thing that floors me: at the *same time* as *Porowhita* was cast, the man who sexually violated me, who built that bridge, who gaslit and blamed me, who denied his actions, who upheld rape culture and the 'old boys club', physically died.

KUA MATE.



Figure 36. Selection of images from Porowhita, AUKATI opening, 2021.

# TE KORE



*Figure 37. Te Kore*



*Figure 38. AUKATI Hau kainga kaikaranga Lauren Piiata Tiakitai Turi-Heenan and I share hongis as Porowhita begins.*

## TE PŌ

Receiving the call informing me this rapist had died as AUKATI had opened, while I held the *Porowhita* healing ritual, took me to some deep reflective wānanga. I am weary of cancel culture, call out culture. While it is important for predators to acknowledge the harm they have done, the outcome of this was ultimately separate from my own healing; even if he had been accountable for his actions, even if the courts had ruled in my favour, the power to heal was still within me. Rather than calling out and ostracising, I wanted community accountability and support for both predator and victim. What I discovered was that largely, we as a Māori art community, were not prepared to have that discussion. This denial perpetuated more harm than the actual assault. That night I wrote and posted:

*Naming and shaming is not the kaupapa I wish to tautoko.*

*TALKING about the elephant in the room is the kaupapa.*

*Here's a few photos from today including the ritual  
where I made peace with the work of my rapist.*

*Where I acknowledge his humanity and trauma and ILL-FATED CHOICES.*

*Hurt people hurt people?*

*It ran in your family until it ran into you.*

*We are the breakers of the cycle*

*The casters of the circles*

*Of safety, love and homecoming.*

*We return humanity to humanity.*

*We are TANGATA TOA  
Restorers of mana to ourselves  
We have that power  
Go with peace. I forgive you.*

*The opposite of rape culture is nurturance culture (Samaran, 2019 pg. 17).*

It took me 16 years to use my rage for nurture in a truly embodied sense; that I could then feed others. I knew the 'self-love' rhetoric of the culturally appropriated wellness industry couldn't touch the sides of the nurture I required. I was tasked with restoring my own humanity. As intersectional minorities, we are shown every day that our experiences and lives do not matter to the dominant hegemony. We are 'permitted' to look after others but not ourselves, we are told that we must nurture, lead and heal at the expense of our own health - until we are so sick that we have no other choice but to step down. We, who have been dehumanised must at some point step through the rage resulting from injustice before we become too sick to do so.

I had been sexually violated by a man who the NZ and Māori communities loved and revered, an elder, a mentor; a man who used his platform of power to predate upon certain women. His victims were silenced repeatedly by the complicity of the institutions who supported and upheld his 'mana'.

It made sense to me at the time to protest these protective institutions, to expose the platforms of power that rape culture is entrenched within. While these front-line protests are powerful actions of intervention, I was left feeling exhausted and anxious to see the change that I had put my body on the line to demand. They took me outside of myself, looking elsewhere for change, however, they gave me a voice again. A voice that has since been heard by the new director of the Hastings City Art Gallery who has worked with me to ensure accountability of their institution. Rape culture in many government institutions, however, continues to persist.

Having lived with complex forms of PTSD from sexual assault, having accessed multiple government health care agencies, medicines, therapies, Māori health providers; and having left these platforms more traumatised than when I entered, I knew I had to take charge and be responsible for my own healing. I had to learn to trust myself again. I needed to conscientise the privilege and lack of, around my own intersectional identity politics in order to disentangle and take a step back from my trauma, diagnoses and pain. Only then could I step away from overwhelm. To then be able to tease out the differences in my Māori world view and understand which 'Māori teachings' were in fact the result of a colonial lens.

I was to seek help, on my terms, through whatever tohu were presented to me. I moved house many times and every time I started again; I was a bit closer to myself. I did my best to parent while moving through trauma, sacrificing ease and participation in the dominant culture to seek my truth

and my community. The challenges presented in finding, participating in and gathering my community were numerous; as a result of the same reasons I had become excluded in the first place. I didn't trust anyone. I was suffering from imposter syndrome stemming from the very lack of self-esteem that sexual harm generates. I had a resistance around connecting with people whom I looked up to. Overriding all the reasons why I felt like I couldn't make connections, was my intense desire for transformation; I had to connect even if that meant exposing my most vulnerable woundings.

Though I do have educational privilege, I do not have neurotypical privilege. For me, this means multiple emotional states vie for my attention. This is simply my normal - a superpower of multiple concurrent sensory navigational capacities being in many places on many levels all at once. Sometimes my senses are so heightened that, for example, the light behind a tree paired with a bird sound and a drop in air movement, temperature, a smell and maybe the spatial memory of a dream will result in an ecstatic moment of being absolutely in the presence of god, the here and now moment in full potential. If this happens at the same time as trying to talk, I could appear changeable, moody, unstable, or totally ecstatic. It is important to acknowledge the polarity of opinion on mental wellness, trauma and diagnosis. There are schools of thought acknowledging neurodiversity as a type of 'superpower', I adhere to this belief, however, I do not downplay the disability side of the equation. Living with a superpowered brain in the western world IS a disability. To what extent does your superpowered brain allow you to 'function'? For me, the answer to this is consistently

inconsistent. I have tried mapping all the patterns and cycles that have bearing on my neurodivergence and I imagine counting grains of sand. I acknowledge the Kaupapa Māori lens and worldview of the need to *understand our own participation in forming our own domination, exploitation, and oppression (Smith, cited in Hoskins, & Jones, 2017 pg. 92).*

I also know that the struggle, which is also with our minds, does not necessarily acknowledge what type of 'mind' we have. I do believe Smith is referring to the colonised conditionings of the collective Māori mind, where struggle is a daily reality before we step out of the house.

The restoration of my own humanity involved stripping back expectations of governmental and social responsibilities and taking full care of myself. Searching in the infinite realms of our taonga tuku iho provided interventions to our collective and my individual health concerns. I needed to understand the essences of creation, the processes and practices allowing movement and transformation. I didn't need to be told how to sit mindfully. I needed to create something that was going to work uniquely for me. Looking to the wisdom in our taonga tuku iho, allowed me to birth my own transformative healing practice of whakamanu. It took the same curiosity our tūpuna had about knowing and navigating the world around them. I became fascinated with the Mātauranga of te Orokohanga o te ao, beginning with a desire to understand the source of sound and its formative capacity in the process of creation.

Though it may take months to complete, the process of whakamanu doesn't end when the mahi Toi is done. Depending on the complexity of transformation desired, some whakamanu are not ready to finish when the work is; some are ongoing and require continued revisiting into the realm of te Orokohanga o te ao. The Kaupapa of the whakamanu of *Te Tara o Hinenuiitepō* was to transform and shift the trauma and rage of sexual violence from being projected back onto men in general

*Sexual aggression is a malfunction of masculinity that is not bound by genitalia (Brown, 2019 pg. 196).*

I now understand that this involves multiple deep internal behavioural shifts; old patterns and coping mechanisms that continue to occur, like aftershocks, until the work is done. The kaupapa of *Porowhita* aligned with a need to provide substance and solidarity, as a visual public ritual, to the changing and growing recognition of the remembrance of the sovereignty of wāhine and takatāpui Māori. That LAND BACK starts with our whare tangata, our tara, our taputanga. I needed to liberate violence from the tissues of my body, replacing it with space and light to lie fallow for a spell. And I needed to rest.

My process is a practice of seeking Mātauranga, of inner and outer wānanga. The intention of my practice is to connect with myself - this includes my tūpuna and our ātua, we understand as Māori that we are never truly alone. We can seek guidance from our whakapapa right back to the beginning of creation. Sometimes I believe that I am alone, and in a sense, I *am* always

alone. To be able to sit with these irreconcilable states takes practice, to really stay with my own discomfort and acknowledge the whakapapa of it. To be with myself in recognition, acknowledgement and articulation of my own behavioural patterning. Dismantling this looks like building a system of trust within myself of my own unique process - one that only I know. To be a sexually sovereign being is interchangeable with body, mental, emotional, spiritual, relational sovereignty. Te mana motuhake o a tātou tinana, hinenaro, wairua, whānau.

This is what mana motuhake can look like.

This is decolonising.

This is my superpower.

This is land back.

*The Masters tools can never dismantle the master's house (Lorde, 1978).*



*Figure 39. Detail of tūāhu ki Hinenuiitepō, Porowhita, AUKATI. 2021.*

*Taku mana taku mana mana motuhake*

*Taku ihi taku ihi ihi wanawana*

*(Pere, R. cited in Ferris, 2017, pg. 52).*

## TE AO MARAMA

During the process of this AUKATI research, many things became clear to me. Firstly, I had been asking the wrong questions. Instead of: *would I have been different if I had grown up with my Tūhoe whanaunga in Te Urewera? Would I have known myself better? Would this wound in my heart still be here?*

I then asked:

*what prevented me from knowing myself as I am? How could I become unbound from the trauma of my political identity while honouring the unique gifts of my intersectional placing? How could I take charge of my own life again?*

On the one hand, to politicise this answer is to see that the original harm, wounding and intergenerational trauma lines in our indigenous, non-male in fact come from outside of ourselves. Also, that we have been gaslit and fed lies about our worth by the rotting fruits of white supremacy. On the other hand, it can be hard to see inside of ourselves, into our own blind spots caused by this external wounding for long enough to sit still and attend to ourselves, learning to stop projecting our pain outwards. We are not in a race.

Our worth does not come from anywhere outside of ourselves, we are born perfect; mana inherited from the whare tangata of our wāhine ātua! We are

participating in the greatest love story there is, navigating the waters and lands between Ranginui and Papatūānuku, Te Maunga and Te Hinepūkohurangi, Hinetītama and Hinenuiitepō, Te Pū and Te Pō and helping each other to find our way home. Home may not be geographical, understanding that living is a practice, not a destination, allows space for rest and healing, for joy and celebration, to whakatau and whakanui our lives wherever we are. We are powerful autonomous beings however bound we may appear to be.

As for the bounds of this thesis, more Kaupapa Māori research is needed in the area of neurodiversity, matakitetanga, matatuhitanga and retraining our gifts in the absence of iwi based tōhunga leadership. Black and indigenous neurodivergent experiences of sexual trauma, sexual addiction and hypersexuality as abuse responses can be framed within the context of our disabilities AND superpowers. How can creativity and ritual connection ceremonies bring joy and freedom to bodies living with disabling pain and sickness? Could this also assist whānau and friends of sexual predators to kōrero safely, honestly and begin to heal together?

Ānei te tohu o te mahi nei; accountability. To what extent have you participated in rape culture? How have the ways in which your own judgement and complicity been harmful to others? Are you prepared to look into your own eyes and say – “I did that. I hurt someone”? Or “I turned my back when someone was being hurt”. You might also ask; what does that tell me about my own coping mechanisms? Can I connect with my own trauma, pain and

illness without the lens of victim mentality? How can I hold spaces, without shame, for these kōrero?

Covid19, 2021; there is a great divide within Aotearoa

The divide is not new

I have dreamed of this divide all my life

What kind of leader are you in the apocalypse?

There are many of us rising

striving, thriving, stumbling; kōrero rumbling

I see you all creating

safe spaces underground

under land back

back treading water

navigating water back

*I cannot put it more simply than, we know what we are doing, and if you are not willing to back us or let us lead, then you are complicit in the death and destruction that's happening across the globe. Land back, oceans back ... this is an invitation to you ... learn our histories, listen to our stories, honour our knowledge and get in line or get out of the way. (Logan-Riley, as cited In New Zealand Herald, 2021).*



*Figure 40. Te kārere o te karanga atu ki ngā Hinerei me ngā ātua wāhine hei te whakamana tonu te ragnatiratanga o ngā wāhine Māori. Porowhita, AUKATI. 2021.*

Wāhine mā, karawhiua to poi  
Kia tū teitei  
Kia tū hāngai  
Māia  
Kia toa  
Tiketike to mana tuku iho  
Nō mua ra anō!

**Te ira Atua, karawhiua!**

Te tohu matua, nā Kaitangata  
Te whiua o te ahi, nā Mahuika  
Kauae o te ihi, Murirangawhenua  
Kanohi o te whiti, nō Hinetitama  
To mana tuku iho  
Nō mua ra anō!

**Te kaupapa o te pō!**

Kaupapa o te pō  
Ko Hine-nui-tonu  
Te ora o te ao, kei te ūkaipō  
Ko Papatūānuku tauira mai nei  
Te marae ātea e hora atu ra  
E hiki mai ra te paepae tapu  
Tūranganui, tūranga tapu teitei

Poia tō mana, wāhine motuhake,  
Tō mana tuku iho  
Nō mua ra anō

Nā Kuini Moeau, nō Ngāti Porou

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Mihi ki te aroha, te mauri, te tapu

O tōku ora nei,

Ki te kite ki te rongō o te hā

te hā nō te PŪ

As i move my tūāhu, I hear them

HineAhuOne! HineTīTama! Hinepūkōhurangi!

Murirangawhenua! Mahuika! HineNuiitePō!

Karanga atu kia koutou ōku kuia

hoki mai te reo o toku whakapapa

o ngā ātua wāhine

Hinerei tonu

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