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For the love of it

Encountering te ao Māori

A thesis presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Master of Arts in Social Anthropology

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Abstract

Te Tiriti o Waitangi (Te Tiriti) and the principles developed from it have increasingly been included in strategic plans, legislation, job descriptions, and interview questions, creating a bridge between te ao Māori and te ao Pākehā. This research aims to look at the encounters of those who are non-Māori within te ao Māori, through their work and their process of decolonisation.

There are three participants involved in this research who are all storytellers, and their storytelling became methodology and theory, as well as influencing the structure of the thesis itself. Their stories of encounter shifted the research to focus on decolonisation, experiences of whiteness, and what it takes to support Te Tiriti principles in practice. In encountering te ao Māori they shared their experiences with constant reference to Mātauranga Māori, leading to the theory being drawn from within te ao Māori. Their experiences thread their way through the thesis from start to finish rather than being confined to a section on findings, honouring that each step of the process was guided by the participants' recognitions, their 'aha' moments, and what had meaning for them.

The participants' stories revealed a deep commitment to the principle of rangatiratanga - to Māori having the right to sovereignty – and their encounters showed that this came through their love of te ao Māori. Love wove its way through the project, asking what it takes to work in love and how this relates to decolonisation.

The research occurred at a time of fermenting ideas and actions around anti-racism work, bookended by the Ōtautahi mosque attacks and the murder of George Floyd in Minneapolis at the hands of police. These events took this work from the fringes of the participants' workplaces to the front page of newspapers and right across social media feeds. These events inspire an ongoing question of the relevance of this research to those affected by racism concluding that only in redefining love as a verb, will this research reach those who inspired it.

For the love of it

Encountering te ao Māori

Kia ora koutou

I'd just like to take a minute to acknowledge the beautiful whenua that we are sitting on, the spirit of the land, the original people of the land, and those that call this home. Thank you to the ancestors, those that have walked these ways before. May our mahi - our work - be a tribute to those that have laid the path or who shine the light down the paths not yet taken.

Kia hora te marino.

Kia whakapapa pounamu to moana.

Hei huarahi mā tātou i te rangi nei.

Aroha atu, aroha mai.

Tātou i a tātou katou.

Hui e! Tāiki e!



Figure 1: Three kete

May peace be widespread

May the sea be like greenstone

A pathway for us all this day

Let us show respect for each other

Bind us all together!

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Hē mihi maioha i tō tuku aroha - Thank you for your sacrifice.

Hē mihi maioha i tō maia – Thank you for your courage.

Hē mihi maioha i tō mahi - Thank you for your work.

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When I would sit to write, I would often wait for the little brush of a breeze across my fingers. I was never without the feeling of those who look over my shoulder, who stand in the doorway, sit on the stairs, and who never let this be a lonely process. Thank you for letting me know that you are there.

Prologue

On March 15, 2019, a terrorist murdered 51 people in an attack on two mosques in Ōtautahi¹, Aotearoa/New Zealand (from this point onwards, Aotearoa). It was a moment when the racism that underpins a colonised country was suddenly thrust into the spotlight. I was no stranger to activism, but it was something that had slumbered in my life for many years until that moment. A previous research project was shelved and I decided that any research had to have relevance to the work of antiracism. As I tried to find an aim, George Street, Papa-i-oea, was alive outside my windows and I realised that the muses for the research were right there waiting for me to hear them. What follows is a reflection on George Street and Aotearoa - highlighting the subtle and overt racism, highlighting the lives that have come to mean so much to me in the wake of March 15, 2019, and highlighting the motivation behind this research project.

Is my research relevant to them?

George Street is awash with cherry blossoms on a busy Saturday morning. I walk down the old, worn wooden stairs of my apartment building and I can already see him standing across the road, having a morning smoke. I'm watching his face for if it is a good day or a day where the shadows are lurking. He is smiling to himself - a good day.

'Laundry day?' He calls across the rainbow crossing that is at my door and that leads to the entrance of our local library, aptly named 'the living room of the city'. Like many public libraries, it is a haven for those who are misplaced, displaced, homeless, in need of company, or a combination of all of the above.

'It is.' I call back, a heavy basket hanging from one arm, handbag choosing this moment to slip down my arm and create that awkward juggle with the door and keys and words.

'You have a good day won't you.' His voice is raspy.

¹ Ōtautahi: Christchurch. All place names throughout the thesis are in te reo Māori. Te reo Māori terms are footnoted unless they are translated within the story or analysis where they are found. The footnoted translations are in the words that I would use to explain to someone. Where a term is more nuanced or has wider implications for the research it is translated in the thesis with reference to other writers.

‘And you.’ I call in response, loading the basket into my car parked in my favourite park outside the door. As I look back over the road he is being given a wide berth by a family. There is the furtive side look, the tugging of a child’s hand, the gripping of a handbag a little more tightly. Where he goes to at night, I don’t know, but he appears every day - brown, slightly worn and not altogether well - and in three years of living here, harmless.

Is my research relevant to him?

As I get in the car I see another couple of street regulars scootering towards the library. They are young Māori boys, red hoods on their jackets suggesting their affiliation with the Mongrel Mob – one of Aotearoa’s more prominent gangs. Sometimes I get the eyebrow, chin, and upper lip lift that is a greeting. If their bigger ‘brother’ is with them I’ll get ‘Kia ora, Miss’, a juxtaposition of te reo Māori greeting and English respect. I always return the greeting - te reo Māori and eyebrows, upper lip, and a smile. Sometimes a larger group accumulates, usually with a speaker of loud music with them, on the seats outside the library entrance and then families will take the long way around to the other entrance, tugging children’s hands and gripping handbags.

Is my research relevant to them?

The neighbour to my business, also on George Street, is Chinese and runs a little café without the airs and graces of some on the street. The food is cheap and the same CD of Aotearoa music has been playing since I took the lease next door four years ago. Every Monday at 10 am, a group of Chinese men gathers for coffee and their animated conversation drifts through my wall. By 11.30 it is hard to discern if they are fighting or conversing but for the laughter as the second coffee kicks in. The cafe has no other visitors during this time; no other tables are taken. I have watched people veer away from the door, tugging hands and handbags, sometimes with racist asides that they don’t care if I, or their children, can hear.

Is my research relevant to them?

Next door to the café, all three of us sharing our back doors and bathrooms, is a Muslim owned restaurant. The morning after the Christchurch mosque attack I took

flowers to them. The restaurant was dark, people were standing around and a woman was weeping. Space opened up in front of her and, as I gave her the flowers, she opened her arms and we stood there, sobbing, her grief in another language to my own flowing out with moments of English. Three times we separated and she wiped her face on her headscarf, only to pull me back in. The men stood back in a protective circle of silence. I went back later that day, the restaurant open and light. There were hugs with the owner, shaking of heads at how this could happen, and more hugs. Outside there were people who turned away at the door, at the headscarves, tugging, gripping, afraid.

Is my research relevant to them?

And then there was George Floyd

On May 25, 2020, a Minneapolis police officer murdered George Floyd. Thanks to social media and the particular brutality involved in this murder, the video of the nearly nine minutes that it took for George Floyd to die, galvanised the Black Lives Matter movement and ignited a fire that burnt around the world against racism. Support protests were organised here in Aotearoa and my work against racism was suddenly brought forward by months – I organised an antiracism workshop, began discussing these issues online, and finished this research project. In many ways, the research that follows is bookended by March 15, 2019, and May 25, 2020. They are events that cast shadows throughout.

Chapter 1: Introduction

Introduction and Overview

Many people in Aotearoa work in organisations or for institutions that reference Te Tiriti o Waitangi (Te Tiriti) - in the legislation that sets up their structure, in their strategic plans, in their operating procedures, job descriptions and interview questions for new staff. Drafted and signed at Waitangi in February 1840, Te Tiriti sets out an ongoing relationship between Māori and the Crown, including tino rangatiratanga or the right of Māori to sovereignty (Morris, 2015, p.61). It also creates a potential relationship between Māori and all people who subsequently settle in Aotearoa. It is this potential that the participants in this research explore, as Pākehā² and Tauīwi³ working in mainstream organisations informed by Te Tiriti principles, and often working within te ao Māori⁴ as part of their work. Initially, the aim of this thesis was simply to look at these encounters with te ao Māori, but the participants took this further, telling me stories about decolonising themselves, some of their colleagues, and intertwining this with antiracism. They spoke about rangatiratanga, both their understanding and their support of this key aspect of Te Tiriti. I began looking for the motivation that drives the participants to work as they do, often encouraging increased use of te reo Māori and tikanga⁵ in their workplaces, in the face of resistance.

In this chapter I explore how the research aim developed through a methodology based on storytelling, the ethical questions raised, and how the storytelling informed the structure of the thesis: I move on to a story from a workshop that inspired the research and, at the same time, further introduces tino rangatiratanga: I then propose the concept of a bridge to help understand the relationship between te ao Māori and te ao Pākehā. The chapter closes with an outline of the chapters to come.

² Pākehā: Non-Māori of European descent.

³ Tauīwi: Non-Māori of non-European descent.

⁴ Te ao Māori: The Māori world.

⁵ Tikanga: Māori practices.

Storytelling, ethics, and methodology

Stories set the inner life into motion...Story greases the hoists and pulleys, it causes adrenaline to surge, shows us the way out, down, or up, and for our trouble, cuts for us fine wide doors in previously blank walls. (Estes, 1992, p.20)

Storytelling is a catharsis for the inner life when the inner life is not supported by our outer life and it was this kind of storytelling that allowed the research project to emerge. Before the research even had an aim, there were stories: Each of the participants had sat on cushions in my yoga studio talking about their life and their work. Before anything else, I am their yoga teacher and often called upon to help navigate life, pouring cups of tea along the way. One Sunday, after two very similar conversations about working in te ao Māori, but also working with racist colleagues, I realised that my research had arrived.

Ethically, this set up a series of questions about potential conflicts of interest and of my ability to maintain confidentiality. I needed to make sure that moving from teacher to researcher was not going to harm any of us in the process. My first conversations with each of the participants cleared up my misgivings - they talked about being excited to be involved, seeing the project as a way of 'giving back' to myself and the wider community. This was the first step that the project took towards one based on social change aims and therefore public Anthropology (McGranahan, 2006, p.256., Besteman, 2013, p.5., Scheper-Hughes, 2009, p.2). They also reminded me that I already held many things in confidence in terms of their participation in yoga class, and this would simply be another story to hold. A further conversation with my supervisor helped to clarify this, and ethical approval was sought through a low-risk application and gained.

This ethical questioning informed the methodology as I wanted the participants to be able to lead the research, helping me to drop the role of being a teacher and move into the role of being a student by asking them to teach me about their work. At the same time, they identified me as a 'friendly researcher' in our discussions. It was in reading a paper by Dan Mahoney that I saw a parallel between this friendship and the methodology in more detail: Mahoney used storytelling as a research methodology

and practice while conveying the stories of gay men⁶ and he writes about ‘developing an interpersonal fieldwork relationship—a friendship of sorts—that transgressed the normative boundaries of research’ (2007, p.575). These normative boundaries were already blurred for me and I had seen them as a risk, where Mahoney saw them as a strength in his work. Mahoney’s voice is very present in his writing, something that he sees as addressing accountability in his ethnography (2007, p.583), and while reflexivity is a natural part of anthropology and an important part of acknowledging the power structure within a research process (Kirkby, Greaves & Reed, 2006, p.39), I had to become comfortable with just how much of myself would be revealed through the process.

Storytelling also has links to te ao Māori and Kaupapa Māori. During early discussions about this methodology, I was advised to look at Pūrākau, a research method from within Kaupapa Māori that is centred around ‘oratory, narrative and conversational dialogue’ (Mikahere-Hall, 2017, p.3). Jenny Lee writes of Pūrākau as providing

inspiration to look beyond conventional research methods and academic styles of documentation and return to our own narratives, to experiment with literary techniques to research, and disseminate knowledge in ways that are culturally relevant and accessible. Pūrākau offer a kaupapa Māori approach to qualitative narrative inquiry; critical to this approach is the decolonizing process. (Lee, 2009, p.5)

Discussions about Pūrākau were one of the first steps I took towards discovering the theoretical approach which comes from within te ao Māori, but while the storytelling methodology came from a desire to work differently and address the power structure between myself and the participants, Kaupapa Māori research and the tools within it, I believe, belong in research projects for, by, and about Māori (Mercier, 2020, p.29).

⁶ Mahoney’s research is not a random choice for inspiration and I am aware of Laura Nader’s reminder that none of our choices in research are value free (1974, p.19). There is a personal connection to his research as my father was gay and I met him in my late teens which I mention briefly in Chapter 2. Reading how Mahoney came to his research, created the relationships with his participants, and then the stories that he told, gave me an insight into my father’s life and stories while informing my own methodology.

What I was able to draw from Pūrāka was a focus on decolonisation in the research method and the writing, linking into the aims of Public Anthropology as a vehicle for social change (McGranahan, 2006, p.256., Besteman, 2013, p.5., Scheper-Hughes, 2009, p.2).

The sessions with the participants all happened over pots of tea; I suggested an initial one-on-one session with me, and then getting all of us together to talk and share lunch to see if there was common ground in our experiences. The lunch would be followed by another discussion with me once the common themes had emerged. I already knew them to be fabulous storytellers from our time sitting sorting out life, and teasing out their work, so centring the research on their stories also made sense on this practical level. Had they been shy and reticent, I may have needed an entirely different approach.

The stories are either presented in direct quotes from the sessions or are composite stories. The composite stories are written with conversational colloquialisms, everyday language, which sets them apart from more formal academic presentations. Accessibility is one of the key aims of Public Anthropology (Scheper-Hughes, 2009, p.1., Besteman, 2013, p.4) so these colloquialisms are part of a wider style of writing aimed at an audience beyond academia. Yet, creating fictional stories in ethnography has an inherent danger in terms of power – Margery Wolf’s words ring in my ears: ‘Fiction can evoke a setting, a social context, an involvement with all the senses in ways that enhance understanding: But it is no substitute for a well-written ethnographic account, and I don’t see how it saves us from our colonial inclinations’ (1992, p.59). Even though I am not an anthropologist in a foreign field, but instead very much in my yoga studio, these power dynamics were forefront in my mind as a key ethical consideration

Storytelling as methodology leads to a structure for the thesis that centres the participants’ dialogue and stories, bringing the richness of the participants’ voices to the front, rather than the back. I am a craftswoman as well as a yoga teacher and I began to see a woven bridge as the analogy that would not only allow me to describe the traverse the participants make between te ao Pākehā that is their workplace and te ao Māori, but would also allow me to weave their stories throughout the research,

rather than confining them to a section on findings. As each chapter reveals more of the stories, existing literature and research are woven with the stories rather than separated as a stand-alone literature review. This way of presenting the material has both strengths and weaknesses – the strength is in presenting the literature alongside the experiences of the participants, reviewing its relevance in direct relationship to their stories. The weakness is that it scatters the existing research throughout which may weaken the work as a whole.

As we work towards the key motivations for the participants, their voices draw us into their experiences and how these relate to decolonisation, antiracism, and Te Tiriti. But first, a little about my motivations through the story of an encounter, following the Ōtautahi mosque attacks, that inspired the research.

Audre Lorde, Donna Awatere and Tāme Iti

I remember when I first read *Sister Outsider* (1984) by Audre Lorde, I was trying to work out what produced racism. I was in my first year of university in 1993, and her writing sat alongside *Māori Sovereignty*, by Donna Awatere in my consciousness. Awatere's work was the first time the idea of white privilege entered my consciousness as she wrote about how white people all share in the benefits of colonisation (1984, p.35). Through Audre Lorde, I discovered positionality – that I was not just a feminist but I was a feminist with a particular class background, ethnicity, sexuality, and education background to name a few things – and this taught me to be careful of homogenising my experiences as Lorde talks about the risks in the term *sisterhood* (1984, p. 116). Her essay *The Master's Tools will never dismantle the Master's house*, and the conference experience that inspired it, enlivened my feminism then and helped me develop a language for experiences like *Watering Roots* (in Chapter 2). These writers grounded my feminism in the space in between being Pākehā and being Māori.

Donna Awatere taught me about belonging, or not as the case may be, and what tino rangatiratanga might mean in a radical practice. Ingrid Huygens, in writing about the Treaty education movement, said that 'Awatere marked the boundary between Pākehā and Māori experiences of colonisation so clearly that Pākehā activists saw no room for complacent illusion about race relations' (2016, p.147). As I re-

approached academia I picked up Lorde and Awatere, along with Huygens' thesis, to hold me to those realisations that had initially sent me into the activist world of protests and submission writing, guerrilla gardening and questioning myself. It felt as if I was circling back to activism and just as I was questioning how to make that return, Tāme Iti arrived at Massey University.

Disruption through privileging a voice

Veteran activist Tāme Iti was the activist in residence the week following the Ōtautahi mosque attack. Tino rangatiratanga was the theme of a workshop with matua⁷. To see matua in a lecture theatre space – as a guest of Massey University – was not something I ever expected, having last seen him in person at an anti-APEC (Asia Pacific Economic Cooperation) Forum protest in 1999. That was before the Tūhoe raids⁸, before the flag shooting⁹ but still well into his career as a Tino Rangatiratanga activist; a Te Tiriti activist. His lecture the day before - Decolonising Ourselves – Decolonising the University – had filled one lecture theatre and required the opening of another, very nearly not going ahead because of security concerns given the awful events of March 15. The workshop was intimate and he broke us into groups to talk about what tino rangatiratanga meant on a personal level.

Our group was a wonderful mixture: My partner was one of a handful of Pākehā who had joined the workshop – cis-gendered and straight, male and raised by a solo mum in a state house. The woman alongside me was a Māori academic. In the row below us sat another Pākehā male academic and a Māori couple who were not from academia but had come to see matua. It was in this space that I learned about the heart of tino rangatiratanga and about privileging voices within my research and my life. I look back on this experience and think of the way that the participants worked and wonder if I would have picked up on the nuances of their own stories if I

⁷ Matua: Another term for father. In the context of this experience many speakers referred to Tāme Iti as matua, as a measure of respect.

⁸ <https://e-tangata.co.nz/reflections/kim-webby-telling-the-story-of-the-urewera-terrorists/>

⁹ While the flag shooting created a great deal of media, Tame Iti speaking on the TEDX stage was perhaps that step towards a different version of activism.
<https://tedxauckland.com/people/tame-iti/>

had not met whaea¹⁰ and her tane¹¹ – the couple who did not come from the academic world that surrounded us that day.

A knee was touched, an eye was caught, a little nod was passed between and four faces looked expectantly to whaea and her tane to speak. She looked at all of us, waiting. The four of us had voices that the walls of that lecture theatre had heard and we all knew that her voice had not echoed here before. For a moment no one spoke and then whaea quietly nodded, explaining tino rangatiratanga as she experienced it in her life. It was the land and her relationship with it and the ancestors, but her talk quickly turned to the tamariki¹² and rangatahi¹³ who could not tell you their whakapapa¹⁴, the court system that she did not respect because her relationship was with the Crown through Te Tiriti¹⁵, her battles with the Department of Conservation about hunting on her lands,¹⁶ and the pull of the city on her hapū¹⁷. She spoke about

¹⁰ Whaea: Mother or aunty. In this context a way of acknowledging her as not yet of the age of a kuia or old woman but of the age of mother or aunt.

¹¹ Tane: Man. In this context this refers to the relationship of whaea and tane as wife and husband.

¹² Tamariki: Children.

¹³ Rangatahi: Youth.

¹⁴ Whakapapa: Genealogy, however this term is elaborated on in Chapter 2 as it has a wider meaning within te ao Māori.

¹⁵ Much like 'the principles' of Te Tiriti which are explored in Chapter 3, 'The Crown' is a term used with some ambiguity in Aotearoa. In exploring whaea's concept of The Crown, I was drawn to research by Cris Shaw and Margaret Kawharu who state 'the Crown is both a legal fiction and a manifestation of the state; an abstract construct and embodiment of a particular kind of executive and judicial authority. The operation of the Crown highlights many aspects of the way in which political power is symbolized, personified and disguised, but it also highlights the contradictions involved in trying to define or locate the Crown and map its powers' (2014, p.19) They go on to write: 'For Māori in particular, the Crown is seen as both ally and enemy; as the face of both colonial and contemporary government in New Zealand, and as the arbiter of post-colonial justice' (2014, p.20).

¹⁶ The relationship between the Department of Conservation and iwi and hapū is one that has been subject to numerous Waitangi Tribunal claims including the Wai 863 claim which found, among other things, "DOC's public declarations show an intention to give practical effect to its Treaty obligations, and the initiatives listed are all positive. But there is no concealing where the real decision-making power lies. DOC will decide what level of meaningful input 'consultation' entails: the role for iwi remains that of supplicant when they seek participation in conservation planning and management" (Waitangi Tribunal, 2010). This issue is one that John also spoke to in our discussions and informs his work with iwi and hapū.

¹⁷ Hapū: Family group.

kai¹⁸ and whakawhanaungatanga¹⁹ – she had brought twenty-one kids out to camp and learn on the whenua²⁰ at one point - and we listened intently. When it came time to share our group's findings on the whiteboard, we all looked to her again.

‘I can’t do that,’ she didn’t meet our eyes as she said it.

‘I’ll come with you,’ I offered and we both approached the whiteboard.

‘I can’t write it,’ the bowl of whiteboard markers was in front of us and groups had begun to create bullet-pointed lists.

‘You could draw it,’ I suggested and she did.

As she drew the mountains, other people writing on the board turned to watch, and then bullet points were rubbed out, sketches of papakainga²¹ were created, and arrows and cycles made their way onto the board around us. She talked me through her thoughts again as she drew, sketching out a space where the Crown sat above the courts and her direct relationship with the Crown through Te Tiriti. She sketched a road that separated people from their whenua. We sat down and listened to different groups talk about kai and manaakitanga, and the themes of mana motuhake²² and mana whenua²³ were repeated. When it came to our group, we all looked to her again and a clear, beautiful voice talked the workshop through the struggle for tino rangatiratanga as she had experienced it. There were many ‘aue’, sad calls across the lecture space, and ‘ae’ affirmations spoken with attendant nods. Matua gave a summary in te reo Māori at the end that had whaea damp eyed.

¹⁸ Kai: Food.

¹⁹ Whakawhanaungatanga: Establishing links between people through sharing whakapapa in all the nuances of that word, creating whānau on the wider scale. Whānau often being translated as family.

²⁰ Whenua: Land but also a word that means placenta.

²¹ Papakainga: Home, often of a more communal nature.

²² Mana motuhake: Māori self governance and self rule.

²³ Mana whenua: A direct translation is the mana of the land but in this instance it was about the people who had the right to be on the land and exercise mana motuhake.

After the workshop, when we had all gone our separate ways, my partner bumped into whaea, walking barefoot on the grass of campus, and they talked about grounding after being in a space that was not created for the kind of discussions about tino rangatiratanga that matua's workshop had produced. This image and her words kept bringing me home throughout this writing to what spaces open and close when we talk about tino rangatiratanga. The experience also inspired ponderings on how an institution can make someone welcome or not, and what it takes to decolonise a physical space: As we had tried to turn to do group work in the lecture theatre space, we had had to shift sideways, screw our heads around, lean against hard desks and any concept of *kanohi te kanohi*²⁴ had been difficult. My partner and I talked about how this related to the Te Tiriti lead aims of the University and what might need to shift to welcome those voices more often. What we realised was that while we might be able to open spaces for those voices, the spaces themselves would never be *te ao Māori* and this created a feeling of friction that I became more aware of as the project progressed²⁵.

²⁴ *Kanohi te kanohi* is a key difference in ontology between *te ao Māori* and *te ao Pākehā* (Hoskins, 2017, p.139). Being in lecture spaces where this is explicitly excluded through the more panoptican style seating, increases a sense of alienation. There were interesting discussions between my partner and myself afterwards about this also not being comfortable as *Pākehā* who are more used to collaborative approaches.

²⁵ I faced a dilemma in acknowledging this friction as all of the participants work for institutions steeped in the colonial model. As *rangatiratanga* became more important throughout the research, there was a recognition that calls for *tino rangatiratanga* are not always for inclusion, but instead a right to create governance systems that are not based on the colonial model (Jackson, 2020, p.64-65). What we were all edging around at different points in the discussions was just how far you can decolonise something so colonial in structure. Terms like 'tick box' and 'tokenism' were applied to various ways that institutions 'include' Māori without making substantial changes. I found a gap in the research that often looked at the more radical versions of resistance without looking at these alternatives being developed within decolonisation. Sean Chabot and Stellan Vinthagen critique how scant attention is paid to decolonising movements in the field of civil resistance study, talking about the blind spot that this creates: 'Although oppressed groups around the world are increasingly trying to create alternatives to modern Western societies, civil resistance scholars continue to focus almost exclusively on struggles that target authoritarian states and strive for liberal democracy (2015, p.518)', in other words for inclusion. Their research has lead to me to look into these alternative models as an area of research that may come from this work.

Weaving a bridge – chapter outlines

Because the participants and their stories are immediately present in the chapters to come, chapter two introduces myself in more detail and the three participants. It also introduces the concept of whakapapa - how we came to be there, from where in the world, and from whom. This chapter takes us to various locations in Aotearoa to experience the backdrop to this work in more detail. Whakapapa also leads us to the theory that underpins this work which is introduced at the end of Chapter two.

Chapter three explores Te Tiriti, looking both at the history of Te Tiriti in law and the development of Te Tiriti principles. It is these principles that form one of the main threads of the bridge between te ao Māori and te ao Pākehā. I delve further into the principle of rangatiratanga, beginning to explore one of the motivations of the participants.

Chapter four interrogates anthropology and racism, the decolonising of anthropology, and the place of Public Anthropology within this aim. Using the stories of my re-entry into anthropology, I question if anthropology is the right vehicle for anti-racism work.

Chapter five explores writers who have looked at racism, diversity, and whiteness. This is followed by stories from each of the participants of whiteness, both their understanding and their attempts to disrupt the power of being white.

Chapter six considers some of the writers that have already researched encountering te ao Māori from a Pākehā perspective and the issues specific to Aotearoa. As the stories of the participants are placed into this context, their motivations for working in the area become clearer.

Chapter seven introduces key concepts from within Mātauranga Māori that motivate the participants and that have a broader application in decolonisation and antiracism work.

Chapter eight looks beyond the research to the potential of Te Tiriti and asks how we can weave a strong bridge that highlights the values within Mātauranga Māori for all those who live as tangata Te Tiriti – people of the treaty. This chapter returns to the question of whether the research is relevant to those who suffer racism each day.

Chapter 2: Whakapapa

The place of whakapapa in the research

Whakapapa is more than the genealogy to man. If you look at the whakapapa of the gods, there is a whakapapa of the world and there is whakapapa of man. The worldview of Māori when it comes to whakapapa is that everything is interrelated, from the sky to the people, they are joined within that notion. (Hone Sadler in Healy, Huygens & Murphy, 2012, p.27)

We come into being not as autonomous entities but always already as relation...A relational ontology gives rise to practices of tiaki (guardianship and protection), manaaki (hospitality and care) and aroha (love and compassion) and regard for the mana (unique force/identity) of others. (Hoskins, 2017, p.137)

In writing this chapter, I imagined sitting in a hui²⁶ where our whakapapa would be recited, through mihi or pēpeha²⁷, before we began any formal work. As people give their mihi they reveal a series of threads that build interconnections. In hui I have seen people nod and smile and later share that they have an ancestor from that iwi, or a memory of one of the people mentioned as the mihi unfolded. This chapter honours that our whakapapa is what brings us into connection with a place within ourselves, and then with each other. Your whakapapa as the reader is inseparable from reading this work. These stories may catch you in their memories, and if you are not from Aotearoa, paint a picture of lives here that will enliven the formal with the informal.

One of the issues with studying 'at home' is familiarity. Kirin Narayan writes that we need to make the familiar world 'emerge as newly strange and remarkable' (2012, p.8). During the research process, I read many theses from Aotearoa to see how they made the familiar emerge: Fraser Williams faced this challenge; writing with rural childhood memories about a landscape familiar yet strange with its unconventional houses in an intentional community (Williams, 2017, p.3). He situated the project in

²⁶ Hui: A meeting.

²⁷ Mihi or pēpeha: These are formal recitations of whakapapa that occur before any speeches in te ao Māori.

the larger global picture that places the community of Whakatipu and its aims in context. My research touches on racism and the construction of an identity based on ‘race²⁸’ as two of the participants identified themselves in relationship to ‘whiteness’ rather than just Pākehā or Tauīwi. Their contemplations made it important to place the project in that wider context of American studies on ‘whiteness’ and ‘white fragility’ (Frankenberg, 1993. Ahmed, 2012. DeAngelo, 2018. Saad, 2020.) while centring it within the Aotearoa of Te Tiriti. Stories allowed me to let Aotearoa ‘emerge’.

This chapter is in two parts: The first part introduces the reader to the four participants to this research, starting with myself. These stories bring you into our lives and our stories, and each story highlights a particular aspect of Aotearoa. My own story starts with my whakapapa and how I see this relating to Te Tiriti. I then tell a story from my experiences during the research of being in an organisation committed to partnering with Māori, but a moment when that commitment was not present. We then meet Ling, and through her story catch a snapshot of contemporary te ao Māori. Introducing Nancy, we journey into 1980s Aotearoa and life in a small town, before we meet Professor John Cockrem and a story that takes us into a small Māori community, centred around a marae. This first part of the chapter concludes with a waiata, as we would have sung after each mihi at a powhiri, looking forward to the hui itself.

²⁸ In exploring this identity it is also necessary to look briefly at the concept of ‘race’ as it is seen in both anthropology and this research project. Fluehr-Lobban writes: ‘Anthropology grew in the twentieth century to reject biological determinations of race, but the idea of an inborn superiority or inferiority of races has lingered long past anthropological pronouncements and has been resistant to rejection by scientific objectivity. The persistence of racism is the major reason for such resistance, and anthropology, perhaps, failed to recognize its power and persistence. (2018, p.2).’ For this reason, while anthropology may reject race, its social construction and reality is an important part of this work. As I researched ‘whiteness’, I came to realise that anthropology runs the risk of being complicit in racism because we are not naming race even in exploring our racial discourse, something that Matias and DiAngelo talk about in relation to white liberals (2013, p.10). A fear of racism perhaps motivates us *not* to talk about racial groups but I agree with Matt Harris (2018, para.44) who comments on the situation particular to Aotearoa that ‘[i]f it were racist to mention racial groups we’d never be able to describe accurately contemporary social conditions or what to do about them.’ This is explored in more depth in Chapter 4.

It is through whakapapa that the theory for this project was found as I was challenged to go home. The second half of the chapter introduces this theory and how it is used throughout the project.

Part 1: Mihi

From my cushion

At the start of many yoga classes is a prayer that is the whakapapa of the teacher, the link that they have back to a school of yoga, and perhaps to their deity as well. In my classes, there is sometimes an 'aum' chanted that brings people into the yoga space and acknowledges these roots. At the same time, I get people to feel the earth beneath them and to imagine a spirit tree that grows through the yoga room that can reconnect them with the earth, with those that have gone before, and with nature. Increasingly te reo Māori is making its way into classes, and the idea that we can acknowledge the ancestors of the land. These are rituals that connect us, and they begin to introduce the reader to the 'vantage point' (Kirkby, Greaves, Reed 2006, p.2) - to my cushion in that circle of cushions.

I was born in Waipukurau, in 1975. My mother and father met on Pukeora maunga²⁹, both working at the then Hohepa home for those who had become physically disabled. There is still a wishing well at the top of the hill where many a coin has been flipped over the years in a strange ritual combining both water and the maunga with a view over the plains. The Tukituki awa³⁰ runs through the heart of the area and I have an enduring memory of my mother being baptised in the river, in a thick woollen jersey in the middle of winter. This was my first experience of the sacred nature of rivers. My yoga training took me to India to meet the Mother Ganges many years later and I would reflect on the connection between these two rivers of belief. My father was teaching at Te Aute College when I was born, a boarding school for

²⁹ Maunga: Mountain or significant hill.

³⁰ Awa: River.

young Māori men. Discovering he was gay, my mother kicked him out when I was six months old and it would be seventeen years before I saw him again.

My mother was born in the shadow of Taranaki maunga and her early stories are of Jersey dairy cows and Switzerland where her grandparents had immigrated from. There was no mention of the Irish history of my grandmother who died before I was three. My mother died just before I turned ten, but her influence surrounds me as my desk rests amongst the world of fabrics that are a craftswoman's life. She taught me that putting a sentence together was as important as being able to hand stitch in a straight line.

I grew up being asked where I was from in that way that Māori do in Aotearoa when they mean which iwi³¹ are you from. I would reply that my great grandparents had come from Switzerland and I did not know my father. Parents of Māori friends would shake their head in consternation, sure that I was tangata whenua – a beautiful term that Māori use to show those able to whakapapa back to Papatūānuku through Māori iwi and hapū. My Pākehā identity afforded me a privilege that my Māori friends did not have and the word racism that we learned so much about when it came to rugby and apartheid in the 1980s, did not enter my consciousness as applying to Aotearoa as it did not to many Pākehā New Zealanders (Jellie, 2001, p.16). That was until I came back from three years of high school in Australia, deeply affected by the overt expressions of racism there, particularly towards Indigenous peoples of the land. In my first year of university, I met my father. He was the colour of dark chocolate and started out telling me it was French blood before confessing that we were indeed Māori. He thought Ngāi Tuhoe but any exploration beyond this was made difficult by a family that notated the back of a photo of my great aunts 'underexposed, they aren't really this dark.'

In 2019, in the shadow of March 15 and with my daughter's DNA test confirming that we were from an iwi somewhere, I went in search of this missing ancestor: My great, great grandfather appeared in the family tree at the age of eight. Some say he was taken by local Māori when he was born in 1841 on the Petone

³¹ Iwi: Tribe.

foreshore before being returned, others say that no one got around to recording his birth. The only photo we have is an online image so bleached black and white that he could be from anywhere. John Benge, possibly from three different iwi in the Mangaroa area at the time, lost child, and now my daughter and I join the 17.1% of Māori who in the 2013 census couldn't identify their iwi (NIDEA Brief No. 5 September 2015).

That means I walk an interesting line in this research, raised with white privilege and yet walking in between the worlds of te ao Māori and Pākehā. It is a time of many organisations and institutions doing that dance and much of what is reflected in this thesis is a reflection of a time of change, a state of liminality that affects the participants. In the story below I went to Wellington to a training day for the Yoga Education in Prison's Trust, of which I am a member. The story highlights how an organisation struggles to navigate these worlds, and what it can feel like to be caught between the two worlds as an individual who walks in both.

Watering roots

It was one of those changeable Wellington days; I drove into the city in sideways rain with wind gusts and salt spray but as I parked my car, across the road from the Wellington chapter of Satan's Slaves motorcycle club, the sun began to make its first appearance. I sent a text to my partner that I'd arrived and found the safest park on the street and he laughed - you don't mess in your own nest we knew from growing up around various gang patches. As I stepped out of the car the distinctive growl of Harley Davidson engines changing gears shook the street. The riders stopped at the top of the driveway, helmets moving down and up in the assessing nod, engines revving. I lifted my chin slightly and smiled. Now was not the time to make a grumpy feminist analysis of being 'checked out'. I locked the car, knowing that it was possibly even safer now that it had an owner they were waiting to watch walk down the street.

Years before, a friend who did security for a local motorcycle club had stopped to appreciate a Harley being ridden by a woman. 'I like that bike. We don't take that one though, she's a good chick.' Sometimes what constituted a 'good chick' was acknowledging the men as human beings, regardless of the colours on their back, and their propensity for stealing other people's motorcycles. I also knew this from working

in the prison. I took a deep breath because the other trainees for the day would probably be predominantly white, middle-class women with very different life experiences to my own; the ones that could afford to volunteer to teach yoga in prisons.

We were spending the day in an almost circular room - a community centre in the heart of a famous art deco council housing block – workshopping the various challenges of teaching yoga in the prison environment. Outside the room, migrant and refugee families appeared with the sunshine, young children throwing a ball around, young men shooting hoops, and many languages drifting through the windows. When the sun shed the clouds entirely the room was bright and our yoga mats made a further riot of colour. Chai spices and patchouli mingled with the wealthier scents of the perfume counter. Lululemon designer tights were the uniform of the day. I sat in hippy yoga pants from India and took a few more deep breaths. I felt out of place like I didn't belong there. In the early days of looking at studying I had wanted to look at this shift in yoga, towards Instagram and away from India. Writers from the Indian diaspora have stepped beautifully into that space and a slow movement back towards the roots is happening, interestingly enough, via social media influencers. I wasn't the only one feeling out of place, a sister teacher hugged me and we talked briefly about our practice, baggy pants, and which unit we were teaching in. And I caught the eyes of our first speaker.

Looking nervous, moving in the way that someone does when they feel out of place – around the edges avoiding eye contact - was a Māori man with heavy ink on his hands and what I could see of his arms. His partner reassured him, gently touching his arm, holding eye contact. He was our first speaker and there to give us a first-hand account of the power of yoga in prisons. The agenda I'd been sent told me this but his body told me just as much. I pushed up the edges of my shirt to reveal my double inked (tattooed) sleeves (arms). His partner caught my eye and we smiled. He caught my eye and we raised our chins and our eyes, I felt my top lip lift so instinctively it made me giggle inside. In the time of Covid-19 this has even been given the name of

the 'East Coast Wave', making its way into a guide for alternatives to handshakes, high fives and hongi³².

The facilitator for the day began with a round of names and what prison we taught in. My heart sunk slowly. Surely, as a progressive organisation committed to partnership with Māori, this wasn't how we were going to start. It was. I waited for at least the harmonium to be played that was in front of the facilitator, a sure sign that we would chant to the deities that yoga is dedicated to. It remained silent. We were floating in space, neither the roots of yoga nor the roots of where we were sitting were in place.

When our first speaker stood he began with a prayer to the land, to the people of the land, to the sky, and to all those that have gone before, first in te reo Māori and then in te reo Pākehā. I felt my tears rising as the wairua³³ did. His voice was rich with the accent of both the street and te ao Māori. We were now connected to the place - he had watered that unseen but felt tree in the centre of the room whose roots we could dwell amongst for the day. He reminded us that we were the children of Papatūānuku³⁴ and Ranganui³⁵ with Tāne³⁶ stretching between the earth and the sky holding a space open for us. He and his partner left after his talk, returning to their children as they did not have childcare for the day. It was a further reminder of our privilege in being there. There was a moment of hugs and kisses, ink to ink.

The experience of that day empowered me to speak up at an anthropology event that also began in this way, without any acknowledgment of the land or people of the land, without giving me the shelter of Tāne's children to sit under. I had prepared for the possibility and knowing how I had felt before, placed an acknowledgment at the start of my presentation to at least put my roots down in that space. The words I used in that presentation sit at the start of this thesis to remind me

³² Hongi: A traditional way to meet in Māori settings of pressing noses together and sharing the breath.

³³ Wairua: Spiritual essence that permeates everything.

³⁴ Papatūānuku: The Earth Mother.

³⁵ Ranganui: The Sky Father.

³⁶ Tane: The God of the forest and child of Papatūānuku and Ranganui,

to be brave in walking between the worlds of te ao Māori and te ao Pākehā. I know that on the one hand, we are still emerging from the colonial shadows, but on the other hand, there is a desire to shake the tree.

Bravery is often a word that comes to my mind when I think of Ling. Her determination to bring te reo Māori and tikanga into her workplace has inspired me since we first sat on cushions to talk about her life.

Ling

Capturing the essence of Ling, while maintaining her anonymity was a challenge from the very beginning of the research because she is both distinctive, and an anomaly in her work. She has chosen a pseudonym for this research and some of the details of her work have been changed to protect her privacy. Careful consideration went into which stories would be retold to ensure that if a reader was able to ascertain her identity, it would not compromise her work. The essence of her experiences is still present but it was a tight rope at times as a writer. When Ling told me that her mahi³⁷ within te ao Māori was all about the love, emphasising the point several (40) times in our discussions, I knew that I needed a special story to convey to the reader the passion that she brings with her. When I walked into my local café to the sound of her laughter one morning, I realised I was being handed a story to do just that. The story is a composite that folds together two experiences to create a context for both meeting Ling and meeting te ao Māori in contemporary spaces.

Soul food

It was 7.30 am. Jackos is named after the owner and was bustling with a big table in for breakfast as well as the regulars, of which I am one.

“Mōrena³⁸ darling,’ he called from the kitchen.

³⁷ Mahi: Work. I have alternated the use of the word mahi and work throughout the thesis. While this is part of the overall decolonising aspect of the thesis, Ling has a particular focus on using te reo Māori in her mahi and this was a way of honouring this aspect of her antiracism work.

³⁸ Mōrena: A transliteration of ‘good morning’, a common greeting in te reo Māori.

“Mōrena Jacko, good night?”

‘Still teething,’ he wiped his hands on his apron to serve me, the morning hustle beaded in sweat on his forehead. Jacko’s wife Julia, and six-month-old Gray will be in around 8: Julia, for morning coffee and Gray, to be passed around the ‘aunties’ for cuddles. Jacko’s runs on a whānau feel, steeped in the values of te ao Māori, so keeping up with teething and other milestones comes with the coffee.

Ling’s laughter is high and song-like and her voice has the cadence of south-east Asia. It was accompanied by belly-deep voices and laughter that rumbled across the café.

‘Natashaaa,’ she called as I parked my bag on the couch.

To anyone looking she was the square peg in a round hole at the table. She was dressed in black, the fabric and cut of stylish understatement, and wearing her trademark stilettos. Everyone at the table was Māori, but Ling. We hugged and then she turned to the table. I was immediately curious about how she would introduce me – Natasha the researcher is just one of my persona.

‘Nat teaches yo-ga.’ Rhythmic, accented, and my question answered. More chairs scraped and more hugs and kisses were given.

‘Kia ora.’

‘Tena koe.’

‘Kua kai anō koe?’ I was asked if I had eaten.

‘Kua kai aho.’ I replied that I had, aware of the immediate assumptions in that question of a more than a passing knowledge of te re Maori. I was in the midst of the research process for my whakapapa and it was enough to make me want to cry.

The table was te ao Māori, where feeding people was more important than the business meeting. Had I not just eaten, I would have been expected to join them. I would have been asked where I was from before being folded into the whakapapa of the meeting. As it was, it took a while to get back to my bag, the couch, and my waiting coffee through the hugs.

Ling loves this part of her work. 'It lights my fire, Nat'. The whānau³⁹ focus, where the money is secondary if that, is a breath of fresh air from the usual focus of her work. Her workmates often express despair, but she brushes them off. The whānau approach reminds her of 'back home' where she described it as normal to have twenty-seven people over for a weekend lunch at one of her grandmothers'. Palmerston North has been her home for decades and she told me her frequent immersions in Te Ao Māori 'feed her soul.' People in her profession aren't meant to have those, she quipped in our discussions.

That she is deeply accepted and loved in return was obvious as I drunk my coffee, aware that I was catching a precious glimpse into a world she had described for me. Above the usual sounds of a café, I heard snippets of conversation about business and children, current political events and personal health concerns, and laughter. So much laughter. By the time I left, Gray had also joined the business meeting, bouncing from one knee to another. Jackos was cooking soul food that morning.

Nancy

From the stories that Nancy told, I folded together a fictional snapshot of some communities within Aotearoa and, in particular, the community that Nancy grew up in which was a small town with a working-poor neighbourhood due to the industry it serviced. She describes herself as a 'white-bogan-hippy-chick' and works in a University setting but not in an academic capacity. She has chosen a pseudonym for the research and, like Ling, some of the details of her work have been changed.

Half mowed lawn

'Be back by dinner time!' Yelled at the disappearing back of a child racing across the lawn to the neighbours. There's no fence to pass through. There's a slightly scraggly line that one side mows up to and the other side gets around to mowing up to on occasions, usually the landlord saying they're coming to inspect the property. This necessitates a frenzy of cleaning and mowing and the borrowing of the neighbours lawnmower along the way. There's a tree that is neither one side nor the other these

³⁹ Whānau: A term that means family but that is broader than the English meaning of family in terms of a nuclear based approach.

days but acts as a boundary peg, something it probably swallowed a long time ago. A similar tree occupies the back fence, laden with feijoa in the season, it is a great place for breakfast before school of the perfectly ripe fruits that have fallen off in the night.

Nancy's mum and dad own the tidier lawn and house but there's not much money left for anything else. The idea of building a fence doesn't cross their minds. This is 1980s Aotearoa although New Zealand will do for now. The first Kōhanga Reo⁴⁰ has just opened in Wainuiomata but the country has yet to get to grips with being bilingual. Being back by dinner time means when the street lights come on and the rag-tag bunch of children with shoes optional are Pacifica, Māori, and Pākehā.

'There's a tangi on at the marae. Auntie said I have to go down for dinner, you's wanna come?'

Various excuses are made by some while others contemplate the full bellies that come from any feed at the marae. Someone eventually asks who died and the response is 'some cousin from over the hill'. Over the hill is where many of the community go for study and work, or to prison. Out of the bundle of kids, someone usually knows someone 'over the hill'.

A Holden station wagon that's seen better days pulls up alongside the group as they contemplate the invite. Two of the kids break away to see what their mum and dad want. The rest of the group look suddenly busy but stop talking so they can strain their ears to hear what it is going on. A little girl, too young to be aware of the subtle eavesdropping going on, breaks into a story and is shushed quickly, looking put out.

'We'll give you chip money.' The kids hear in the negotiations.

The silence breaks because chip money is the deal breaker, and the car pulls away towards the RSA, kids piled into the back seat. These are the days of optional

⁴⁰ Kōhanga Reo: A language nest where te reo Māori is spoken. In this case the Kōhanga Reo movement started with childcare centres and then in the 1990's went on to build Kura Kaupapa Māori which are Māori immersion schools. These are credited with saving te reo Māori from dying out.

seat belts and faces are pulled out the back window as the car accelerates. There are knowing looks and someone playfully smacks one of the boys on the shoulder.

‘They might find your mum there. When was she last home?’

They all laugh. His little sister, the little girl who had broken into a tale during the eavesdropping, has been tagging along with him for a couple of days because he doesn’t want to leave her at home alone. Last time she tried to cook noodles, forgot to add the water and he came home to smoke pouring out of the kitchen when one of the neighbours starting screaming his name at the top of her lungs.

‘It’ll be a night driving lesson for Alex, aye.’ Someone chimes in and they all laugh again. Alex is eleven and his legs are long enough to reach the clutch pedal.

Nancy grew up in this community, ‘poor and white’ as she described it. The resemblance to the award-winning Aotearoa movie ‘Boy’ came up in our conversations:

Nancy: I went with a friend of mine whose Chinese, partly Chinese and I think she’s part Māori too. And we went to see Boy, and there’s a scene and we’d had a discussion before it started and she said ‘there’s people [I know] who don’t believe that this is real life’ and she’s going that they couldn’t fathom, they’re going it’s not realistic. And the particular scene when all the kids are sitting outside the pub in the cars.

Me: Yes (giggles)

Nancy: And I know, that’s right, that’s what we did. Parents would be at the pub, you’d be at home, get organising yourself, sorting yourself out. It was never a problem, it’s just what you did, but there’s people talking about how it wasn’t realistic, it wasn’t really, it’s like ‘it bloody is real’. I had friends who probably didn’t see their parents for days. And that’s just how it was, we’re all still alive, everyone fed each other and it’s a small town and small community. Everybody knew what everybody was doing. Couldn’t do anything without it getting back to my father at the RSA (laughter).

Our giggles at these stories thread their way through the transcripts in the same way class threads its way through the stories. Nancy further helped me understand some of my discomforts in situations as being about class differences.

John

John is the only participant that chose not to have a pseudonym. Professor John Cockrem is a specialist in the Kororā, the little penguin, and while his work within te ao Māori started as a tick box exercise for Vision Mātauranga⁴¹ funding, it has become something else entirely now. I want to introduce him via a story I composed from snippets of his descriptions of encounters with te ao Māori in his work. All of the characters, other than John, and the setting are therefore composite, so any resemblance to a particular community or person is accidental. Whatever may be conjured up by the description ‘white, male, professor’ does and doesn’t apply when meeting and working with John. How to convey the quietly passionate advocate for both Kororā and Māori right to tino rangatiratanga through kaitiakitanga became a challenge that storytelling rose to.

‘He kororā, he tohu oranga’

When John’s ageing Pajero turns off the main road it is quickly enveloped by the bush. The road is just wide enough for two cars to pass each other and the trees lean over to touch each other in places. Each bend is navigated with care for what might appear around the corner. It could be a vehicle, it could be a horse with two kids riding bareback. Just once it was a startled deer. An orderly town of gridded streets might only be half an hour away, but it’s a long half an hour in time.

⁴¹ Vision Mātauranga, according to the Ministry of Business, Innovation and Employment who administers the funding, ‘unlocks the science and innovation potential of Māori knowledge, resources and people’ (<https://www.mbie.govt.nz/science-and-technology/science-and-innovation/agencies-policies-and-budget-initiatives/vision-matauranga-policy/>). There is a question mark over whether this programme is a potentially decolonising one, where Indigenising is a potential, or whether it is another colonising programme that ‘subsumes [Matauranga Māori] within current colonial and capitalist practice’ (Mercier, 2020, p.33). That John has now moved his practice into greater alignment with the apparent intention behind Vision Mātauranga does not mean Vision Mātauranga is magically on track to this Indigenising potential. Acknowledging this is important for me as a researcher as I do not want to divert attention from just how far we still need to go in Aotearoa towards decolonisation.

The Pajero, a neatly pressed shirt and trousers the colours of David Attenborough, and a good pair of boots are essential for his work. So is a willingness to cross the divide that the gravel road represents between his world of academia, white and starched, and this world of mud and browns and aroha.

‘I’ll meet you at the marae,’ Kingi had said on a patchy cellphone connection. Kingi is both kaitiaki and ship’s skipper. ‘Tangaroa isn’t so happy today so we might not get out to see the Island. Nan’s got the jug on though.’

Tangaroa is the God of the sea.

There’s one main road in the little settlement as the bush gives way to paddocks of sorts, the bush and gorse always trying to take back the land. Little side roads lead to overgrown sections with brick chimneys amongst the weeds, attesting to a time when more people lived here. The marae is the heart of the place, and standing under an umbrella, face obscured, John can see Kingi is having a quiet smoke in the rain.

There’s no need for a powhiri or any formal welcome today. His presence is familiar and he smiles at the wharenuī, arms wide open to receive, an ancestor in architectural form, silent as they slosh around the edge of the marae ātea. John reflects on his experiences of these rituals - the chairs would be arranged outside and the stories of the land and where everyone came from would pass backward and forwards, folding everyone into the arms of the ancestors. Even though he will never entirely belong, John looks up at those arms and feels that he is home⁴². That, just yesterday, he was in the office of one of the largest fishing industry lobby groups no longer seems strange until the telling of it.

Nestled to the side of the marae are five houses, a retirement village of sorts, their backdrop the bush, and the view from their porches out to a sea audible over the rain. The houses lean like the trees, braced against the persistent southerly. The rocky

⁴² A traditional powhiri or welcome onto a marae is a ritual done on special occasions such as tangi, or major hui. John’s presence is in a less formal capacity which this story reflects. A footnote cannot convey the intricacies and beauty of a powhiri but I hope this paragraph gives the sense of how these rituals bring someone into the community, under the protection of the ancestors.

shore is home to Kororā, little penguins, which sometimes find their way under the houses to nest noisily and they are the reason for his visit. John's professional and personal life has become deeply intertwined with this bird.

Their feet haven't quite touched the bottom step of one of these houses when the door opens, revealing a woman reminiscent of the famous photo of Dame Whina Cooper from the 1975 land march, complete with cardigan and walking stick. He has learned much about the long struggle for rights represented in that photo at Nan's kitchen table. Words like *mana motuhake* and *tino rangatiratanga* now make sense – the struggle for self-governance, for land, for reparations, and the Kororā to have spaces to live. Hugs and kisses are exchanged as shoes are dropped at the door and the smell of woodsmoke, cigarettes, and scones all mingle in John's nostrils.

There isn't an inch of the hallway that isn't covered in photos or kids artwork. He couldn't tell you anything about the wallpaper underneath, the framed pictures touch each other and the artwork overlaps. She had laughed one day that it was another form of insulation when they had been talking about the improvements slowly making their way through the community. She was *whakamā*, embarrassed, that she had hot running water now and a flushing loo when not everyone did but he could also see the pride in her when she made tea in her new, secondhand, kitchen.

Kingi was right, the jug was on. He was also right that they would have to obey the sea and try again in the morning. The ageing Pajero has been packed with all of the provisions necessary for such an event.

Tangaroa is happier the next day. The wind has dropped and the sun is rising as John and Kingi arrive for the obligatory cup of tea with Nan before going down to the boat.

'Morena John, pehea koe i moi ai?' How did you sleep Nan asks over her shoulder as she pours boiling water into a waiting cup that he knows will be just how he has his tea.

'Kei te pai, kei te pai.' Well enough, he tells her.

‘Kaore ano matou i te tamariki.’ We are not as young, she tell him and they laugh together.

John has become used to the karakia, the prayers, that accompany any work with Māori. They are familiar and as they climb into the boat to head over to the island he wonders if it would feel strange to set off these days without this acknowledgment of land, sea, ancestors, and celestial. In a few days, he will meet again with men of the sea, key commercial fishing lobbyists, who would never think to do such a thing. But then he laughs because he knows that at least one old sea dog he deals with has a lucky stone that always accompanies him out to sea. With his feet in both worlds, he moves with a grace between them that his title of Professor and his skin colour allows. Yet, he knows that here, it is his heart that matters most.

At a certain point on the journey to the island, a pause is made. The motor of the boat is cut and everyone gathers. An ice cream container is produced that he had seen on Nan’s kitchen bench and assumed it was their morning tea. Instead, another karakia is given and the food is tipped into the sea. These things are done without question and then the boat is started and they are closer to the island.

He remembers first setting foot in te ao Māori, was it only three years before? He had been seeking funding for the nest boxes that now dot their way through Aotearoa, back in the day when getting iwi approval for this was about ticking the boxes, most of it done by email. He shakes his head at the memory. So much has happened since. It changed around the time, on another beach, he was given the whakatauki, the saying, that now underpins his life.

‘He *kororā*, he tohu orange,’ the little penguin is the sign of life.

There is another saying that underpins his way of working that arrived around the same time: ‘kanohi ki te kanohi’, face to face, which is how he now works, email simply a tool to organise times.

He looks at the little bay that they are about to pull into and the hairs on his arm stand to attention in that way that they always do. Kingi smiles at the tears that spring to John’s eyes at this point in the journey. Here, those tears are natural, normal even. In John’s meeting with the fishing industry, they are something else entirely.

John knows that it is ironic that here he can be more himself, but he finds many things ironic these days.

Waiata

'Unite the people we of the land

Re-light the fires we burn again

Stripping it back to the roots, version

Nothing else takes me like you do

Version, we do for the love of it'

Salmonella Dub 1999 – Killervision album (writers uncredited on the album)

As each speaker finishes their mihi or pēpeha, they waiata, and those who are there to support them will stand and sing with them. As this project came together, I kept hearing this song by Salmonella Dub in my mind, so much so that it became the title of the research. At this point in the thesis, we are stripping it back to the roots, where we all came from, to begin the search for motivations. It was only much later in the research when I recognised that the stories had also revealed the theory.

Part 2: Theory, or letting jellyfish be jellyfish

Perhaps the biggest personal journey of this research was the journey to theory, a theory that was under my nose in the stories the entire time. At first, I turned to Affect theory as it welcomed description and the emotional nuances of the stories I was hearing, the felt and lived experience, which was what was drawing the participants back to te ao Māori over and over again. During a wonderful autumn storm, complete with the bellowing of thunder down George Street, I read an interview with Lauren Berlant that gave the words to why I turned to affect:

To me, what affect theory best helps us see are the contradictions and ambivalences in our projects and attachments. It is a training in paying attention; at its best a way of describing the overdetermining forces that make a scene (like the historical present) complicated, overwhelming, and in movement. (Berlant 2017, p.13)

Kirin Narayan talks about writing ethnography as the ‘attentiveness to life itself’ (2012, p.xi), and both these perspectives have a beautiful irony that in talking about ‘paying attention’ they are talking about mindfulness. I was at home in a yoga studio, sitting on a floor full of cushions with the participants and a pot of tea practicing paying attention.

Affect, doesn’t just take into account the felt experience and details, it allows for most of the layers of subjectivity. Sherry Ortner writes of affect as able to take into account ‘the cultural and social formations’ as well as the existential complexity of someone who is seeking to make meaning from their life’ (2005, p.33). Yet, I was facing a crisis within the research that no amount of reading theses and books could solve; sitting affect alongside concepts from te ao Māori felt like I was doing the very thing I was fighting against; using western concepts to understand Mātauranga Māori (Eketone, 2008, p.7).

Many of the experiences of the participants had background noise, a hum that was missing from their lives in te ao Pākehā, particularly Pākehā theoretical constructs. Each of them identified the spiritual connectivity within te ao Māori as a vital reason for their commitment to te ao Māori - the rational construction of te ao Pākehā felt empty. They were having experiences that did not belong in this rational world, and it was in te ao Māori that they found the language and acceptance for these experiences. Massumi talks about the serious reworking needed to bring nature and culture into relationship, ending a wonderful passage with: ‘It is time that cultural theorists let matter be matter, brains be brains, jellyfish be jellyfish, and culture be nature, in irreducible alterity and connection’ (1995, p.100). Irreducibility and connectivity are natural to te ao Māori if we think back to the concept of whakapapa. Where I had initially placed affect theory alongside Mātauranga Māori concepts, I recognised that I needed to decolonise – I needed to cross the bridge into te ao Māori, I needed to go home⁴³.

⁴³ During the workshop with Tāme Iti that featured in Chapter 1, a young man spoke very eloquently in both te reo Māori and te reo Pākehā, but during his talk he mentioned that academic life made it hard to go home and visit his marae. As he spoke, he returned to this point a couple of times, speaking to a workshop that had focused on tino rangatiratanga being

In Mātauranga Māori, kete are used to represent knowledge and there are traditionally three connected to the forest god Tāne who went to 12th heaven to bring them back for all people to share;

The first basket was called: **Te Kete Aronui**, containing the knowledge of our senses: what we experience in the world before us, the natural world held by our senses.

The second basket was called: **Te Kete Tauri**, providing our understanding of what lies beyond our sensory experiences, the complex patterns of energy which operate behind our sense perceptions, the realities behind the colours, shapes, smell and sounds we perceive. It is the knowledge of “the real world,” but a world of cosmic processes and the rhythmic patterns of energy which uphold and sustain life.

The third basket was called: **Te Kete Tuatea**; the experience we have of our connections with one another and with the past, the knowledge of our spiritual realities, realities beyond space and time, and the world we experience through ritual. (from <http://www.pep.school.nz/index.php/our-learning/three-kete>)

As the participants and myself walk between the worlds of te ao Māori and te ao Pākehā, there are distinct ways that the kete can help in making sense of our experiences: Te Kete Aronui brings the senses into the research, the body as a whole is present. If we turn back to John’s whakapapa story, the rush of emotion through his body on the island is a visceral experience, a knowledge type that is reducible to Massumi’s ‘galvanic skin response [that] measures *autonomic* reaction’ (1995, p.84)

about going home. Along the lecture theatre row from me was a Māori man who has been part of different activist groups in Papa-i-oea for as long as I have been here, and I watched as he began to shake his head. While the words were eloquent, there was a feeling that went with them that I was trying to find a way of describing when this man quite simply said ‘bro, you need to go home.’ He repeated it because there was so much support in head nods and smiles as he said it. The young man’s words had lost their connection with the whenua. Even though I am unable to whakapapa back to a marae, I could feel that moment as I came to this realisation. I had stalled in my writing, the last two chapters deleted over and over again. I needed to go home.

but in te ao Māori is not separate from the wairua of the Kororā. In later discussions John talked about being able to feel the Kororā out on the water in a way not typical of a white male professor. To those who are Māori, that response is normal, it belongs in this kete of sensory knowledge but is also part of the second and third kete. Te Kete Tauri is the stones on the beach, the sea air but the animation of those things into an experience of Papatūānuku and Tangaroa. Te Kete Tuatē is the karakia, the ritual of weaving together the senses, the Atua⁴⁴, and the tīpuna⁴⁵ into something safe to experience.

To value these concepts from within Mātauranga Māori and not fit them into Western concepts became more important the deeper I moved into the stories. None of the participants wanted to translate the concepts that they saw as being the very reason they worked within te ao Māori, into te ao or te reo Pākehā. Writers such as Dr. Anaru Eketone speak of ‘the real question [being] where does the academy fit into Mātauranga Māori (if it can)’ (2008, p.6), and made me consider the theory of Kaupapa Māori. While this is not a project that is by, for and about Māori – it is a project that can work towards the decolonisation of theory as articulated by Dr. Leonie Pihama (2010, p.9) by bringing myself back to ‘theoretical foundation that has been built on Papatūānuku, not the building blocks of imported theories’ (p.10).

Within the thesis, the kete’s influence are already present in the way that te reo Māori is privileged with footnoted translations. The karakia at the beginning, the whakapapa chapter and later the karakia to close, are all part of this move towards te ao Māori. As the thesis moves into discussing Te Tiriti, and specifically the principle of rangatiratanga, the kete of knowledge and Mātauranga Māori as an entire system of belief, practice, science, social structure and way of being is allowed to be jellyfish – itself without needing to justify its existence through concepts from te ao Pākehā.

⁴⁴ Atua: The gods of Mātauranga Māori.

⁴⁵ Tīpuna or Tūpuna: The ancestors, those that have passed away. The ī or ū in the spelling is a dialectic difference.

Conclusion

I want to return to the beginning of this chapter and the definition of whakapapa: ‘We come into being not as autonomous entities but always already as relation...A relational ontology gives rise to practices of tiaki (guardianship and protection), manaaki (hospitality and care), and aroha (love and compassion) and regard for the mana (unique force/identity) of others (Hoskins, 2017, p.137). You arrive as a reader with your whakapapa that is now in relation to this project, and, for me, understanding this has been a key part of understanding my journey, and that of my participants: If we can gather within the practices of tiaki, manaaki, aroha and with regards to mana, we are better able to hear each other.

In my own story I talked about feeling like there was a tree that we needed to water, whose roots we could then sit among for the day. That story also aimed to highlight the discomfort that some organisations feel in exploring tikanga Māori, acknowledging the ancestors, and the land that we are sitting on, feeling more comfortable leaving this to Māori or leaving it out entirely. Even organisations that sound progressive can have moments of stumbling over their roots and what it means to be in a relationship with Te Tiriti. In finding my way to theory, I had to stumble over these very roots and be willing to work in te ao Māori, to walk myself home.

Conveying Aotearoa, making the familiar emerge (Narayan, 2012, p.8), and capturing the dynamic nature of te ao Māori, was the challenge of this chapter. To write about te ao Māori is not to write about a single, concrete space or place, but to traverse a huge range of experiences and settings that is the Māori world of 2019/20. In Ling’s story, we see te ao Māori played out in a café, both in the way the café is run and in a meeting being held around a café table. In writing John’s story, I wanted to evoke the more traditional marae environment, and show the profound journey for John over the last few years, particularly his growing awareness of how different te ao Pākehā and te ao Māori are. I wanted to highlight the structural power dynamics that John navigates in working with Māori, and the white male professor at the kitchen table seemed an apt way to convey this. Wolf writes that ‘we are talking about power – who has it, how it is used, for what purposes’, she also talks about how it is spurned (1992, p.133). While John is a white male professor, conveying the moments he spurns

that power or rather uses it in unexpected ways, was important as this is part of his working against racism.

The story that I wove around Nancy's childhood reflections had a twofold aim beyond introducing her; one was to take you to a working class community where Māori, Pasifica and Pākehā children all grow up together in a place with few fences. This is still true of communities in the 2020s, but I also wanted to highlight that for many in other classes of Aotearoa, this doesn't seem plausible as highlighted by Nancy's discussion about the movie *Boy*. Matt Harris points out that Aotearoa has a 'long-standing myth that we are somehow class-free' (2018, para.44), and this blindspot can have an impact when it comes to challenging racism if we are not aware that we may be less likely to call out racism if the person involved is from a higher class than ourselves (DiAngelo, 2006, p.53). A later story with Nancy takes this discussion further.

I think back to when the participants and I gathered together for lunch, cushions arranged just so, teacups at the ready, it was these stories that sat in the air around us. As we grounded them, placing our roots here in Papa-i-oea, we gave the project roots. The stories branched off from these roots and filled the air around us with our laughter, our damp eyed moments, and a feeling that perhaps we could make a difference. It is only looking back, at the wealth of te reo Māori in our discussions, in our lack of need to translate these into concepts from te ao Pākehā, that the theory was staring at me over the teapot. In letting the jellyfish be jellyfish (Massumi, 1995, p.100), in particular the spiritual dimensions of te ao Māori, the stories remained whole. These are the stories that permeate the rest of the thesis, and it is Te Tiriti that gives them the soil around their roots and where I turn to in the next chapter.

Chapter 3: Te Tiriti o Waitangi

I approach the woven bridge between te ao Māori and te ao Pākehā slowly. I can see in my mind the image of my great-aunts with the annotation on the back. I can see my great-great-grandparents from Switzerland with their jersey cows on land just out of Hawera, and their children, and then their children farming with little knowledge that the land was stolen from Māori. I bring this with me to sit on the bridge and dangle my feet a while. The thick, heavy threads of that bridge are Te Tiriti o Waitangi. My first approaches to Te Tiriti have not conveyed the strength and the fragility of that heavy thread because to hold both of those ideas in one place is no easy task. In Te Tiriti was all the potential for my father's great grandfather to have a hapū, an iwi, and story to tell me as he stares out from the bleached photo. Instead, most of my whānau will not admit that he came to the family from a Māori family because of the stigma and the shame of being brown. Instead, I will never know the story of my great-great-great-grandmother and how she came to lose her son. In Te Tiriti was all the potential for my mother's great grandparents to arrive in Aotearoa and live and work alongside Taranaki iwi and hapū to forge their new lives. I imagine us as their multi-lingual descendants, steeped in the culture of both Māori and European ways and languages, as they wove together a vision that is held in Article two of Te Tiriti. Instead of this story being my reality, te reo Māori has been saved from the brink of extinction by the narrowest of margins and my great-great-grandparents believed that English was the only one of their five languages worth passing down to their children. The values, the kaingakau, of te ao Māori are separated from my life by this bridge and instead, I find myself in a neoliberal, capitalist, and very much Pākehā system⁴⁶.

⁴⁶ Several readers of the draft of this thesis commented that I was not exactly part of the Pākehā system, both through my activism but also through my yoga teaching. I decided to create a footnote about edge walking, which was one way this was described. I do bring a fringe perspective to my work, whether it is here or in my business, but that work and business still exists within the Pākehā system – taxes, government, media, and academia to name a few, still reflect this neoliberal and capitalist structure. While I would dearly like to dismantle it, and this research is one step towards that, the reality is that I am not likely to see that in my lifetime. I give as an example the recent lockdown for Covid-19 and the discussions that occurred about creating a better world/society/community on the other side of this period of time. Yet, no sooner were people allowed, there was a queue down the block to purchase takeaways from the huge multi-national fast-food chains.

Yet, as I pause on that bridge, the thread of Te Tiriti weaves its ways into the strategic plans, the key performance indicators, the advertising, and the job descriptions for the institutions that the participants work for. There is a strength in these references but the stories of the participants swing me back towards the fragility: Nancy talks about a change to the way that money is allocated and accounted which means expressions of manaakitanga might now involve everyone chipping in to buy food, despite the same institution being grounded in Te Tiriti principles: Ling tells us the story of paying her way to a business awards dinner to celebrate the achievements of one of her Māori clients and the belated scramble of her institution to save face about this: And John talks about his role and how under-utilized he is because people do not necessarily see the relevance of what he is doing: And, in the age of Covid-19, the main government policy response to the pandemic fails to reference Te Tiriti and the need to honour the principles of this document⁴⁷. The bridge sways under me.

This chapter is also in two parts. Part one sets how the principles of Te Tiriti were developed, looking at several key legal cases from the signing of Te Tiriti through to now. The second part of the chapter takes the principle of rangatiratanga and looks at it in relation to love.

Part 1: Te Tiriti Principles

Te Tiriti early history

He Wakaputanga o te Rangatiratanga o Nu Tirenī (He Wakaputanga), known as the declaration of independence, was signed in 1835 between the Crown and Nga Puhi hapū, allowing Aotearoa ships to fly a flag as a sovereign nation. There was hope that Māori and Pākehā could live alongside each other. By 1840 unrest had grown, particularly around land purchases by settlers (Morris, 2015, p.59)⁴⁸ and Te Tiriti o

⁴⁷ <https://www.rnz.co.nz/news/te-manu-korihi/418178/response-group-criticises-covid-19-law-failures-to-recognise-maori>

⁴⁸ In 2018 I had a chance to study with Dr Grant Morris at The Faculty of Law, Victoria University. I want to acknowledge the myriad of writers and writing about Te Tiriti that could have seen this part of the chapter grow substantially. I decided, instead, to keep it simple, using this legal framework to highlight Te Tiriti and the textbook that is the basis for anyone entering law through Victoria University.

Waitangi was drafted and signed at Waitangi, before being taken around the country to be signed by many iwi. It sets out the relationship between Māori and the Crown, including tino rangatiratanga or the right of Māori to sovereignty. Scruffy, water-stained, and previously nibbled by rats in the basement of parliament (Morris, 2015, p58), it is now housed as one of the most prized taonga of the land. Since its signing in 1840, it has been threatened by political upheaval and social unrest, and has 'a tumultuous legal history' (Morris, 2015, p.58). There were early positive signs that Te Tiriti was going to provide the legal framework for Māori and Crown relationships: *R v Symonds* in 1847, 7 years after Te Tiriti was signed, was a test case involving the pre-emption clause in Article Two. The court found in favour of pre-emption and therefore Te Tiriti.

Yet, this case arose because Governor Fitzroy had waived pre-emption for two years and the case looked at the legality of this total disregard for Te Tiriti. Pre-emption meant that Māori could sell their land to the crown and then the Crown could on-sell it to settlers. Governor Fitzroy believed he could simply set aside Te Tiriti entirely and while the court dismissed this, the Land Wars followed soon after and in 1877 the case of *Wi Parata v Bishop of Wellington (Wi Parata)* showed the change in attitude by the courts to both Te Tiriti and to Māori. Māori were described in this case as 'primitive barbarians'. Prendergast and Richmond, who presided over the *Wi Parata* case, declared Te Tiriti a 'simple nullity', saying that 'the aborigines were found without any kind of civil government, or any settled system of law...The Māori tribes were incapable of performing the duties, and therefore assuming the rights, of a civilised community' ((1877) 3 NZ Jur (NS) 72). This legal decision 'enshrin[ed] Eurocentric, imperialistic views in law' (Morris, 2015, p.65) and these views would be the precedent for many years to come.

In 2003 *Attorney-General v Ngāti Apa (Ngāti Apa)* finally, put paid to the use of *Wi Parata* when it came to Māori customary property rights, and this led to the Foreshore and Seabed debate. *Ngāti Apa* gave Te Tiriti legal recognition, but this recognition also created polarized debates about Māori rights. Don Brash as leader of the National Party, in opposition at the time, railed against The Treaty and amidst the debates the Labour government passed legislation to effectively overturn the *Ngāti*

Apa finding, falling just short of declaring Te Tiriti a simple nullity again. This was said to be ‘an excellent example of the triumph of parliamentary supremacy over judicial decisions and also of majoritarian views over minority rights’ (Morris 2015, p.81). While Māori backlash against this created the impetus for The Māori Party to be created and Labour lost all of the Māori seats at the next election, this ability of parliament to set aside Te Tiriti at will is part of the fragility I feel being on the bridge between te ao Māori and te ao Pākehā.

The development of the principles

Before the *Ngati Apa* case, was another pivotal case in the history of Te Tiriti that influences my participant’s experience. In the 1980s there was increasing privatisation of State Owned Enterprises (SOEs) in Aotearoa. The 1987 *New Zealand Māori Council vs Attorney-General* - which became known as the ‘Lands Case’ – tested whether the large scale selling off of assets into private hands, particularly land assets, could have implications for claims for redress through the Treaty Settlement claims process. The main question was if these lands could be included in the settlement process once they had passed into private ownership. Sir Robin Cooke presided over the case. His decision created a landmark in Aotearoa legal history that rippled out into institutions, organisations, and anyone who wanted to reference Te Tiriti in their work. In his findings he wrote the principles of Te Tiriti, something that had not been done before. These principles, based on the te reo Māori version of Te Tiriti, set out how to interpret Te Tiriti and the relationship that it sets out between Māori and the Crown. The Fourth Labour Government, under David Lange, adopted *The Principles for the Crown Action on The Treaty of Waitangi* in 1989 based on these legal ideas.

New Zealand Government, Principles for Crown Action on the Treaty of Waitangi, Wellington, 1989

The Kawanatanga Principle – The Principle of Government

The first Article of the Treaty gives expression to the right of the Crown to make laws and its obligation to govern in accordance with constitutional process. This sovereignty is qualified by the promise to accord the Maori interests specified in the second Article an appropriate priority.

This principle describes the balance between articles 1 and 2: the exchange of sovereignty by the Māori people for the protection of the Crown. It was emphasised in the context of this principle that "the Government has the right to govern and make laws".

The Rangatiratanga Principle – The Principle of Self Management

The second Article of the Treaty guarantees to iwi Maori the control and enjoyment of those resources and taonga that it is their wish to retain. The preservation of a resource base, restoration of iwi self-management, and the active protection of taonga, both material and cultural, are necessary elements of the Crown's policy of recognising rangatiratanga.

The Government also recognised the Court of Appeal's description of active protection, but identified the key concept of this principle as a right for iwi to organise as iwi and, under the law, to control the resources they own.

The Principle of Equality

The third Article of the Treaty constitutes a guarantee of legal equality between Maori and other citizens of New Zealand. This means that all New Zealand citizens are equal before the law. Furthermore, the common law system is selected by the Treaty as the basis for that equality although human rights accepted under international law are incorporated also.

The third Article also has an important social significance in the implicit assurance that social rights would be enjoyed equally by Maori with all New Zealand citizens of whatever origin. Special measures to attain that equal enjoyment of social benefits are allowed by international law.

The Principle of Cooperation

The Treaty is regarded by the Crown as establishing a fair basis for two peoples in one country. Duality and unity are both significant. Duality implies distinctive cultural development and unity implies common purpose and community. The relationship between community and distinctive development is governed by the requirement of cooperation which is an obligation placed on both parties by the Treaty.

Reasonable cooperation can only take place if there is consultation on major issues of common concern and if good faith, balance, and common sense are shown on all sides. The outcome of reasonable cooperation will be partnership.

The Principle of Redress

The Crown accepts a responsibility to provide a process for the resolution of grievances arising from the Treaty. This process may involve courts, the Waitangi Tribunal, or direct negotiation. The provision of redress, where entitlement is established, must take account of its practical impact and of the need to avoid the creation of fresh injustice. If the Crown demonstrates commitment to this process of redress then it will expect reconciliation to result.

Te Tiriti principles in practice

The principles are often referenced as ‘the principles’ rather than laid out. An example of this is the Massey University’s Strategic Plan which states ‘As a Tiriti-led University we are committed to demonstrating authentic leadership in a contemporary Aotearoa New Zealand as we uphold Te Tiriti o Waitangi, the founding document of our nation, and its principles through our practice’ (2018, p.1). The difficulty is compounded because the principles can also refer to the ‘three p’s’ developed as part of the Royal Commission on Social Policy (1988) - also influenced by Sir Robin Cooke’s decision. The ‘three p’s’ are participation, partnership, and protection and are not as detailed or far-reaching as the original principles within the case intended. In this research, any reference to ‘the principles’ indicates those from the Land’s Case as referenced above.

It is possible to grow up in Aotearoa and have very little understanding of both the history and substance of Te Tiriti, let alone the principles. It is only in 2022 that the teaching of Aotearoa history will be compulsory in schools. All of the participants and I learned later in our lives about the early colonial history and Te Tiriti, through decolonisation workshops, te reo, and tikanga Māori courses. We all identify that it was there, learning about the other potentials of Te Tiriti and about Māori values and ideas, that we began to also find love. Placing these Te Tiriti principles into the heart of what we do, and working towards different realities in organisations and society based

on these principles, is the version we do 'for the love of it'. In particular, the principle of Rangatiratanga sits at the heart of that love and I want to briefly look at this principle to bring alive Te Tiriti as it is experienced.

Part 2: Love and rangatiratanga

Finding love as a central theme within the research was not what I expected. It was Chekhov's elephant in the room (Narayan, 2012, p.24) simply because I wasn't listening for it. When it emerged I was faced with the dilemma of taking a path usually reserved for love relationships that leads to kinship charts, or love that is devotional and leads to ritual and belief in anthropology. This was neither, it was a love of kaingakau; of the values⁴⁹ that were found in te ao Māori that the participants felt were missing from te ao Pākehā. The term kaingakau I found through the thesis of Piripi Whaanga (2012) who writes:

A non-Māori definition of value is how important or useful something is. A Māori definition of valuing is 'kaingakau' where the prefix 'kai' can denote the agent who performs the work denoted by the verb. Kai can also mean to have full play. Here 'ngakau' means of the heart. So a Māori language meaning of a value goes beyond the non-Māori or Western view of the utility, to a use desired by the heart. (p.11)

The values, of manaakitanga⁵⁰ and kaitiakitanga⁵¹ in particular, became central to the research and are explored in more detail in Chapter seven. They were values that were felt and lived by the participants, and they began with an understanding of and respect for rangatiratanga.

⁴⁹ Values is often interpreted as *wairua* in te reo Māori. Wairua is the life force principle that permeates all things and values are a form of life force. I chose kaingakau because of the particular reference to the heart. With love as the centre of the research I needed a description of values that was both action based and heart based. Wairua plays a significant role in the theoretical underpinnings of the research as well, and to use it here to denote values and then there to denote a spiritual concept may have confused readers.

⁵⁰ Manaakitanga: Practices of care, generosity and kindness

⁵¹ Kaitiakitanga: Guardianship of the land based on whakapapa – relationship to the land through ancestral connection

Tino rangatiratanga is the phrase used in Article 2 of Te Tiriti that gives Māori sovereignty over those things that are precious or taonga. The interpretation of this phrase into the rangatiratanga principle gives life to this Article. How the principle leads to love became clearer as I explored the participants' stories, starting first with their recognition that te ao Māori is not te ao Pākehā. John spoke of this realisation several times in our discussion including this excerpt from our shared lunch:

John: That was the first time I had been on a marae as a participant for the whole day with, there were speeches and talks and we entered the dining room and all the wonderful food and the singing and I remember thinking then, this is like being a foreign country. It was as different as if I was overseas and that was a really valuable realisation because previously I had thought this person is Māori and I'm Pākehā and we have both grown up in Palmerston North and we live in the same world but in fact, the Māori world is as different as someone from a different culture overseas and it was that experience that, for me, that's been a part of my relatively recent journey.

This kind of experience was confirmed in the research of Margaret Mitcalfe, who looked at Pākehā who study te reo Māori in Māori learning environments. Paul, one of her participants, echoed John's experience, saying 'I guess I assumed that we all lived in the same world and we just spoke about it differently and that was a moment of feeling, not it's really quite, the Māori world well you know, it's not the same world' (2008, p.66).

Treating the Māori world as sovereign is a step beyond simply acknowledging it as different, and I found this did not happen simply by acknowledging difference but by falling in love with that difference. Love, in this context, is an active principle. Layla Saad says of anti-racism work 'you do this work because love is not a verb to you but an action' (2020, p.18). bell hooks in her book *all about love*, writes of Fromm, King and Merton and their version of love as follows:

In their work, loving practice is not aimed at simply giving an individual greater life satisfaction; it is extolled as the primary way we end domination and

oppression. This important politicization of love is often absent from today's writing. (hooks, 2000, p.76)

Closer to home, Max Harris and Philip McKibbin write in *The Politics of Love*, of love as a value as well as something expressed through action (2015, para.5). In this linking of love with action and politics, sovereignty goes from being a concept to something active, and the participants talked about this as a relationship between themselves and te ao Māori that is constantly being navigated.

Rangatiratanga and consent

Across all of the stories of the participants, there were moments where they were no longer permitted to be in te ao Māori. This is an example of kaupapa Māori space being created – for, about, and by Māori (Mercier, 2020, p.29) – and an important space when it comes to tino rangatiratanga. Nancy's reflections led me to talk about consent in an early paper written from this work and how this consent is exercised concerning sovereignty⁵². Nancy talked about the need to leave and a desire to support at the same time, something that wasn't always easily reconciled:

Nancy: How do you get accepted into that space, especially when you've got instances where you've got them going 'we don't want you in our space' which is perfectly understandable but how do you stand alongside them being an intermediary in between?

Here Nancy identifies a space in between that is her role mediating between her institution and Māori staff and projects. The woven bridge is a helpful analogy for her mahi as it moves under her feet in constant negotiation.

⁵² In an initial paper presented at the 2019 ASAANZ conference, I likened this awareness of consent to the #metoo campaign. As the research continued I discovered that the #metoo was an appropriated hash tag, originally created by Tarana Burke as part of a program for underprivileged young woman of colour in 2007 (MacIntyre, 2020, p.23). She described the night that it went viral in an interview with the Washington Post "If this grows big," she recalled thinking at the time, "this is going to completely overshadow my work." (Ohlheiser, 2017, para.2). I wanted to honour this shift away from using the analogy and, at the same time, highlight the way that this work shifted and changed as it unfolded.

Ling spoke of these moments of exclusion and inclusion as sometimes contested between Māori as well. On one board that she is a member of this came to light around voting rights.

Ling: One of the ladies down there said 'I don't think she should be on the board' even though I'm right there 'I don't think she should be on the board because she's not Māori and I don't think that she should be given the right to vote' and it was quite interesting that the others didn't think the same way and we changed our constitution.

In this case, there was an inclusion rather than exclusion. Ling reflected on what this is like and told us about advice given to her by Māori friends when it came to being accepted: "keep doing what you do, just keep turning up". Ling also spoke of being 'more than happy to step back and support where needed, and I'll come in and support when you need me,' perhaps indicating why the board backed keeping her in her role.

Each of the participants is involved in funding for Māori organisations, staff, and research. John's primary focus is on research and his approach to te ao Māori is often tied to kaitiakitanga. John's stories highlight a collaborative approach that is constantly navigating consent. In one situation he described, his research touched into the heart of a hapū debate about how a piece of land should be used.

John: Anyway the upshot of that was that we couldn't put [Kororā] nest boxes there because other families members didn't agree. However, that then lead onto, for the penguin work, working on Mana Island and also which is owned, well most of it is owned by DOC and there's just a little bit owned by Ngāti Toa, land but the management of the island is by DOC and Friends of Mana Island and Ngāti Toa don't for a whole bunch of reasons, don't have much opportunity to be involved with that so my project will help with that.

In amongst John's descriptions was the constant relationship building of discussions with one person leading to discussions with another person, navigating this concept of consent constantly. In this way, John is often that mediator between te ao Pākehā and

te ao Māori interests - in the case above, Friends of Mana Island, DOC and Ngāti Toa. This is the mahi of Te Tiriti principles and the potential of Te Tiriti itself.

Conclusion

To understand the potential of Te Tiriti, it is important to understand the history and to relate to Te Tiriti as a living document that sets out a relationship between Māori and all those who settle in Aotearoa. The development of principles based on Te Tiriti, while a step forward and forming a framework for engaging with te ao Māori, is only as powerful as the commitment and action that goes into living the principles. It is through Te Tiriti education and learning about te reo and tikanga that John, Nancy, Ling, and myself were able to begin to decolonise and to live these principles, particularly rangatiratanga.

In a loving relationship, you see the other person as sovereign, as a being that has rights. This is a natural consequence of love and bell hooks speaks about how unhealthy love has become, going so far as to say that it has been replaced by a passion to possess (2001, p.106). In a society founded on colonisation and working for institutions that are neoliberal in focus, the participants are in an environment where they could potentially assert power and control, through both money and influence, on te ao Māori. Instead, all three work through love: The love that is about accountability and responsibility (hooks 2001, p.13) and that is a 'mix [of] various ingredients – care, affection, recognition, respect, commitment, and trust as well as honest and open communication' (p.5). This is the love that gives life to Te Tiriti principles. When love is in the room and someone says you need to leave, you leave. When love is in the room you constantly work towards healthier relationships. For tino rangatiratanga to be realised, it needs to be understood from a perspective of love, and love as the active and activist force.

In the next chapter I step away from tino rangatiratanga to look at the struggle that I had to place myself within anthropology. I look at racism, decolonisation and the ideas that construct Public Anthropology, exploring stories from within my re-entry.

Chapter 4: Anthropology, racism, and decolonisation

Re-entry

When I sent my abstract to the convener for the 2019 ASAANZ (Association of Anthropologists of Aotearoa New Zealand) Conference, it stated that the participants to the research ‘experiences of decolonising themselves and of facing the institutional barriers to their mahi may create a map for other Tauwi to follow towards becoming allies.’ Despite this, the paper was slotted into Mahi Tahi, a panel for Māori researchers about Māori issues. I wrote back stating ‘my research is not on a Māori issue, but rather on a Pākehā issue’, but received the following reply; ‘your research seems to deal directly with Māori issues, looking at the treaty, Māori communities, iwi, tikanga, and other Māori values, so it seems your research will fit very comfortably in this panel.’ It was an uncomfortable welcome home after twenty-some years away from anthropology. I went on to present at Mahi Tahi where I gained support from many of the other Māori presenters for the view of a decolonisation project driven by love and Pākehā/Tauwi/white people. As I sat through their presentations they confirmed why I had wanted my paper to be presented outside of Mahi Tahi – the audience was predominantly Māori and not the people that I think needed to be reminded of the role of Pākehā/Tauwi/white people in decolonisation.

I place this experience here to highlight one of the difficulties in talking about racism, whiteness, and decolonisation in anthropology – the blind spots that I believe anthropology still has when it comes to race, racism, and the need for internal decolonisation. Kimberley McKinson did not mince any words in *Anthropology News* in July of 2020 when she wrote:

Racism permeates the academy. We will need more than performative allyship and symbolic statements condemning racism in society if we are to build a more inclusive anthropology. (para.1)

What McKinson was writing about is not a new call, Faye Harrison edited *Decolonizing Anthropology* in 1991, which came from a conference held in 1987. In an interview in 2016 about this work, now in its third edition, Harrison perceived that ‘those ideas that were crystallizing in the late 80s are still very relevant today. Although the world has

changed, this is a different moment, but I think the underlying, the fundamental issues at stake remain much the same' (McGranahan, Roland, & Williams, 2016, para.16). For my work, there is a question that I asked myself often – whether anthropology was the right vehicle for antiracism mahi. I attempt to answer this by looking briefly at the history of anthropology and its complicity in racism, touching into the decolonisation of anthropology. Then I come back to the conference paper, placing decolonisation back on the map for anthropology in Aotearoa. These reflections lead me to investigate Public Anthropology.

Anthropology and racism

The ethnographic 'gaze' of anthropology has collected, classified and represented other cultures to the extent that anthropologists are often the academics popularly perceived by the Indigenous world as the epitome of all that is bad with academics. (Smith, 2012, p.70)

I still wince when I pick up Linda Tuhiwai Smith's book, for this critique of anthropology and the many moments through *Decolonizing Methodologies* where the destruction wrought by research on Indigenous peoples is writ large. In a recent edition of the *American Anthropologist*, a special section was dedicated to the anthropology of White Supremacy and the introduction reminds us that 'the history of anthropology depends on racist, imperial logics based on the privileging of whiteness' (Belisa-DeJesús & Pierre, 2020, p.69). In moving away from this history there has been an aforementioned (footnote 28) reluctance of anthropology to look at race, something that Faye Harrison terms a 'no-race' position' (1995, p.48). At this crucial point in the social awareness around racism with the Black Lives Matter movement reinvigorating antiracism work around the globe, anthropology can not afford to remain reticent about exploring race (Belisa-DeJesús & Pierre, 2020, p.70). Yet, my experiences and understanding of the history made me question if anthropology is the right vehicle for allyship?

Allyship appears here in talking about anthropology, and later in Chapter 5 in terms of antiracism work related to Te Tiriti. In anthropology, Kimberley McKinson states that 'authentic allyship must address the epistemic violence inherent in our theories, publications, and citations practices' (2020, para.8). While this thesis is one

small project in the vast world of anthropology, viewing theory through this description of allyship, lead to choosing Indigenous theory rather than theory from the 'select group of White French or German poststructuralist (cisgender) male scholars' who are considered to be the 'real' theorists (Belisa-DeJesús & Pierre, 2020, p.70). The citations at the centre of Chapter 5 privilege some voices from outside of anthropology, and outside of academia in a further attempt to work within this allyship.

In approaching anthropology as a possible vehicle for antiracism work it is important to acknowledge the past, however uncomfortable that may make me. It is anthropology that has allowed me to use the storytelling ability of the participants, to explore Te Tiriti as it is lived, and to write about love and decolonisation alongside each other. These are potentially transformative stories and I believe they fit within anthropology, but an anthropology in the midst of transformation. On a particularly stormy Manawatū day, when I had read one too many pages of *Decolonizing Methodologies*, I picked up Ryan Cecil Jobson's 2019 article *The Case for Letting Anthropology Burn*, and felt strangely comforted by his strategic burning of aspects of the anthropological canon including this comment about decolonisation – 'the project of decolonizing anthropology is marked by a hesitance to resuscitate anthropology from its critical condition' (p.267). I am hesitantly optimistic and I want to return to the Mahi Tahi story to show why.

Decolonising anthropology

I was the second speaker at the Mahi Tahi panel and I looked out on a circle of colleagues and found the faces that I would use to judge how my work was being received. Two kuia⁵³ had been present through many of the panels and earlier in the day had interrupted a presenter to challenge something being said. From the local iwi, their presence was a crackle in the room and I kept them at the edge of my vision, often checking their faces for reactions. They nodded, at one point conferring about something I had said which made the words stick to the roof of my mouth for a

⁵³ Kuia: an elder woman or women.

moment before they turned back and the edge of their mouths turned up slightly as they nodded again.

At the end of the presentation, there was one particular person who was upset about the clear line that I had drawn between te ao Māori and te ao Pākehā, a line that the participants had set out in their stories. This was not the world as she saw it and she made this clear. I asked her if she wanted to have coffee as it was important to me to hear what she was saying. She began with 'the Māori in the room were uncomfortable' and while I contemplated the interesting swirls in the crema – the oily substance on the top of espresso - and steadied my breathing, she went on to speak for Māori, after identifying herself as Pākehā. I was gentle, and I think I was patient as I explained that the line between te ao Māori and te ao Pākehā is precious, and often put in place to protect the taonga of te ao Māori. We talked around her speaking for Māori but I left with the feeling that she had not heard herself. When I walked back into the last stages of afternoon tea, the presenter who had been before me on the Mahi Tahi panel wrapped me up in a hug.

'How did that go?' She asked after she had squeezed away my obvious state of discombobulation. I was trying to work through what had just happened because it had the air of being somewhat unreal.

'You know, I'm not sure, but it was strange. She isn't Māori.' I said.

'Oh God, she spoke like she was though.' My colleague and I looked at each other and then out over the conference delegates as they began to make their way to the next round of panels and papers. 'Surely we're doing better than that?'

It was the Mahi Tahi panel that gave me hope for anthropology as there we gathered as Māori anthropologists, using anthropology as a vehicle for change. It was obvious in who was being cited, the theories that were almost all coming from Kaupapa Māori, and in the tone of the presentations, that the speakers were both activists and anthropologists. As we stood looking out over colleagues and friends, the two kuia were sitting with their cup of tea and the conference programme between them. We both agreed that it was their opinion that mattered most to us, and they who made us nervous when we spoke.

In moving from looking directly at anthropology back towards the participants' experiences of whiteness, I hold the idea of a shift from 'thick description' to 'thick solidarity' with the voices of those being researched, and a willingness to be lead by the participants (Liu and Shange, 2018, p.196., Jobson, 2019, p.266), as a way of articulating the potential of a decolonised anthropology. This is a project that has decolonising and antiracism at its heart and this thick solidarity is best articulated by Angela Davis when she says 'people have to become actively antiracist. They have to stand up against racism wherever they are' (speaking to Moana Maniapoto in 2020, para.33). To make this project relevant to the muses on George Street, and to honour the participants, I have to be willing to step off the page and work against racism both within anthropology and in the wider world. For me, thick solidarity is the potential of anthropology as a whole and here I want to talk about Public Anthropology and how it links to racism and decolonisation.

Public Anthropology and Decolonisation

I can remember the first few weeks as a post-graduate student, sitting with an online dictionary beside me as I struggled my way through the introduction to *The Ground Between: Anthropologists engage philosophy* (2014), the main text for a paper. I felt like I had landed on another planet, far from the anthropology that I remembered. I had moments of wondering if I had made a terrible mistake in enrolling but persevered through a slightly rebellious adherence to wanting to write differently to most of the writers of *The Ground Between* and the 'White French or German poststructuralist (cisgender) male scholars' (Belisa-DeJesús & Pierre, 2020, p.70) whose philosophy they most often referenced⁵⁴. I was on my way to both decolonisation and Public Anthropology, yet this was also the agenda of feminist anthropologists like Margery Wolf who writes that '[o]ur readership must not be confined to intellectual elites' (1992, p.119). I became determined to write for a public audience, for the kuia at the edge of my vision.

⁵⁴ What I found in reading this was how centred anthropology is in this white male philosophical gaze. While the writers bring these ideas from philosophy into some beautiful reflections on their work, I was made aware of how distant I felt from these philosophical thoughts, not just because of the way that they were written, but because I could not recognise myself in their stories.

Public Anthropology is the branch of anthropology that grows in the direction I want to head. Robert Borofsky coined the term with Renato Rosaldo and writes that [p]ublic anthropology engages issues and audiences beyond today's self-imposed disciplinary boundaries. The focus is on conversations with broad audiences about broad concerns' (2000, p.9). Public Anthropology is not just about being readable by an audience outside of anthropology, it also about working towards social change (McGranahan, 2006, p.256., Besteman, 2013, p.5., Scheper-Hughes, 2009, p.2). Perhaps because of the kind of anthropology that I had been exposed to in my undergraduate degree, anthropology that was highly political and informed by social change, I had wrongly assumed that all anthropology had this aim. Like Nancy Scheper-Hughes, I wondered 'if anthropology cannot be put to service as a tool for human liberation, why are we bothering with it at all?' (2009, p.2).

I began to realise that I needed to work out what anthropology meant for me and while Luke Lassiter was writing about collaborative ethnography, which I also investigated as a home for this research, he included a further definition of Public Anthropology that helped clarify my aims:

[P]ublic anthropology may also imply an amplification of action or activist anthropology, a "public interest anthropology" that challenges the theory/practice divide; reconfigures an anthropological praxis established on equity and social justice; and augments moral, ethical, and political action, which, again, may or may not be meant to influence public policy.(2008, p.71)

We do not have to go far before any social change that we are working towards has to dismantle racism which Angela Davis talks of as something that has affected and infected the world (speaking to Moana Maniapoto in 2020, para.57). Belisa-DeJesús and Pierre see anthropology as unwilling to deal with both race and white supremacy, joining Davis in seeing white supremacy as a global issue (2020, p.70). They go further, writing:

To us, a clear path forward is to work toward eliminating the conditions that make possible the brutal persistence of white supremacist capitalist patriarchy – within anthropology and beyond. (2020, p.73)

When I think of any future research beyond this project, I know it must continue to support antiracism within anthropology and beyond.

Conclusion

This was the last chapter I wrote in the thesis writing process. It was missing because I was afraid that I was going to write myself out of anthropology altogether if I looked at the racism that surrounded it as a discipline and still wove itself tight within it. I had picked up and put down *Decolonizing Methodologies* for much the same reason – who was I to go back into the dreaded role of researcher? What was my intention? It is only at the end of writing, sitting here with the threads undone, waiting to be woven into a conclusion that I recognise that I had to face this chapter to be able to consider a path forward for myself.

Re-entry has been bumpy and, at times, downright awful but I know that I am much better equipped to advocate for a paper to be in the panel that it belongs in now, than I was last year. In addressing the racist roots of anthropology then and now, I have the resources to stand firm and say that decolonisation belongs in te ao Pākehā, with reference to ‘Māori issues, looking at the treaty, Māori communities, iwi, tikanga, and other Māori values’, as they are valid to this process of decolonisation. I have found through this chapter a renewed determination to the aims of public anthropology, working towards ‘equity and social justice’ (Lassiter, 2008. p.71), and ‘liberation’ (Sheper-Hughes, 2009. p.2).

In the next chapter, I explore whiteness in a broad sense, reviewing some of the literature, and using stories from each participant to highlight their relationship with whiteness. One of the things that stood out about all of the participants was their high degree of self-awareness, awareness of how power moves, and how their past influences the way they see the world. These states of awareness helped them recognise and be comfortable with difference, and often centred on an understanding of whiteness.

Chapter 5: Whiteness, racism, and disruption

I never had the sense from the participants of a paternalistic relationship with te ao Māori, in their support of rangatiratanga was instead deep respect, and a great deal of sadness at the way that Māori had been treated by Pākehā and the Pākehā systems. This awareness was centred around whiteness and racism and this chapter explores these two ideas.

I begin by connecting the project of decolonising anthropology with whiteness by talking about the shifting national conversations about whiteness happening as this research occurred. I explore barriers to anti-racism work in institutions while reviewing work by Sara Ahmed, Robin DiAngelo, and Ruth Frankenberg. I then delve into stories from the participants of moments when they seek to create ruptures in the status quo, making way for alternative ways of doing their mahi - a key part of any project interested in Public Anthropology (Besteman, 2013, p.5).

The stories of disruption cannot remove privilege because none of the four of us can remove our skin (Saad, 2020, p.15): Nancy's story introduces us to 'whitesplaining', and how hard it can be to disrupt. Ling's story is twofold as she reflects on her own experience of racism as a Tauīwi woman with her roots in South East Asia, and then tells the story of helping a colleague move forward in his decolonisation process. John's story reflects on the dismantling of the 'white male professor' identity further, through his study of te reo Māori and tikanga Māori. As the stories begin to accumulate I hope that they show the essence of love as a transformative force against social injustice (Lanas & Zembylas, 2015, p.32).

Shifting conversations about whiteness

The narrative on whiteness in Aotearoa is shifting daily. When I was first beginning this research in early 2019, I used the word 'white' during a class and the lecturer pulled me up on its use, saying that it was an American term not used here. What I have seen in Aotearoa since March 15, 2019, is a shift in the use of the word white, to the extent that the new leader of the political party the 'New Zealand National Party', Judith Collins, is having an open dialogue about being a 'white woman' as part of her early

conversations in the role⁵⁵. The following quote from the review for stuff.co.nz by Elizabeth Heritage entitled *Why every Pākehā should read Layla F Saad's Me And White Supremacy* from March 22, 2020, further highlights the kind of conversations that we see in popular media in Aotearoa now:

Even before you open the pukapuka, it's a challenge: surely "white supremacy" and "me" don't belong in the same sentence?

But yes, she does mean me. And if you're white, or Pākehā, or Caucasian, or New Zealand European, or white-passing, she means you too.

In fact, if you get uncomfortable even saying "I am white", you need this workbook.

Layla F Saad published *Me and White Supremacy*, a 28 day workbook to help white people address their role within white supremacy, during the final stages of writing this thesis. It has hit the bestseller list in America and is powerful to read, especially in light of the current Black Lives Matter protests. Conversations about white guilt, white fragility, and other terms from writers such as Robin DiAngelo (*White Fragility*) and Layla Saad, have opened up conversations on my social media feed that I could only dream of having when I was first an activist, in the days when social media was the dinner table. Yet, placing both of these books in the heart of this project was contentious.

Robin DiAngelo is a sociologist who has published papers to her name, but *White Fragility* was written for a public audience. DiAngelo works at the anti-racism 'coal face' of workshops with white people about racism. *White Fragility* contains stories from within these workshops that highlight the points that DiAngelo is trying to make about white fragility. *White Fragility* also unpacks some of the academic terms, such as positionality, in a way that readers from non-academic settings can benefit from. She writes:

⁵⁵ <https://www.rnz.co.nz/news/political/421228/new-national-party-leader-judith-collins-national-won-t-repeat-any-mistakes>

We all occupy multiple and intersecting social positionalities. I am white, but I am also a cisgender woman, able-bodied, and middle-aged. These identities don't cancel one another; each is more or less salient in different contexts. For example, in a group in which I am the only woman, gender will likely be very salient for me. When I am in a group that is all white except for one person of color, race will likely be my most salient identity. (2019, pxiii)

It is a book that can be accessed in a mainstream book shop, rather than needing to have a university library card. It is a book that I could share with my yoga students, in ways that would help them converse about racism, challenge racism, and explore being anti-racist. I could then go and teach anti-racism in a university setting with the same material and I think that this cross-over is powerful. I am not alone – it has been cited 1860 times since it was published according to Google Academic.

I see this turn towards sources outside of the anthropological canon, and books published in popular media, as part of a commitment to accessibility - I also see it as potentially decolonising. Linda Tuhiwai Smith talks of 'academic writing [as] a form of selecting, arranging and presenting knowledge. It privileges sets of texts' and she reminds those of us who are Indigenous to be careful we do not approach this process uncritically (2012, p.37). Layla F. Saad has been cited six times according to Google Academic since she published *Me, And White Supremacy* this year. Instead of coming from an academic background, Saad rose to prominence via social media, 'going viral' following the murder of George Floyd. I have used Saad's book in a group setting, and have recommended it to people looking to be actively antiracist, and this has lead me to wonder what other valid and valuable resources we are missing out on in anthropology because it does not fit our accepted norms. These ponderings link back Public Anthropology and Robert Borofsky's writing that '[r]elying solely on experts may make the experts feel good, but it does not necessarily empower those involved nor does it necessarily solve problems' (2000, p.10). As I came to terms with my return to anthropology, I stacked the books on my table and tablet that would remind me of this, *White Fragility*, and *Me, And White Supremacy* were close to the top of the pile.

As I came up against academic walls I became more aware of the walls that the participants came up against in their work. One of these walls was institutional and the more that they became aware of resistance, it seemed the more the wall was present, something that Sara Ahmed found in her research on diversity (2012, p.28). In reviewing her works relevance to this research, I begin to explore the participants' experiences of whiteness.

Institutional walls and whiteness

Sara Ahmed's work *On Being Included* (2012), helps frame how hard it is for those working against racism in institutions to change the institutions themselves, even when those institutions have set out to change through diversity policies. Ahmed's research looks at racism and diversity work in Universities. While the language of diversity is different here in Aotearoa (McIntosh 2014, p.344) where we might talk about decolonisation and Te Tiriti, *On Being Included* was important in calling attention to the difference between having a policy and doing something with that policy – Ahmed using John Austin's *How to Do Things with Words* (1975) to look at the language and performativity of diversity (Ahmed, 2016, p.54). In a more recently published article that plays on the title of Austin's book, *How not to do things with words*, Ahmed talks about *non-performativity* when it comes to diversity policy, writing 'Policies can function as claims to performativity; as if having a policy means the work has been finished' (2016, p.6.).

Calling out racism within institutions and setting out to change the way racism is dealt with are roles each participant has found themselves within, but they have also encountered resistance from the institutions they are employed by. Ahmed talks about the way that an institution becomes 'the subject of feeling' and that an accusation of racism 'becomes an institutional injury' (2012, p.147). My initial research project was going to look at the recent move by Massey University to become Te Tiriti lead (Strategic Plan 2018-2022). I became aware that potential participants to this first research project were nervous about being involved in the research; they would begin to talk in hushed tones if I saw them on campus, looking furtively over their shoulders as they shared that nothing was happening yet. When my ethics application was returned with some concerns, I knew that a safer route needed to be found as I was

putting those participants at risk in terms of their employment contracts. These hushed tones conveyed that anything that might be controversial, that might be about finding this move difficult for example, were felt to be dangerous. *On Being Included* gave me a language for the demise of this original project. It should be noted that those who spoke in these hushed tones are not part of this project.

Tracey McIntosh, in reviewing Ahmed's book, critiques the fact that there is only a footnoted acknowledgment of colonisation (2014, p.345) despite some of the diversity workers Ahmed spoke to working in Australia – a settler state. This absence meant that the book focused on the inclusion into existing structures of 'diverse' people and the addressing of racism within these structures. The decolonisation project doesn't just look at inclusion but instead, asks for a re-evaluation of the structures to see whether they are appropriate for colonized peoples, or whether new structures need to be created (Laenui, 2006, p.4. Jackson, 2020, pp.71-72). Without this focus, Ahmed's book can only really answer why it is so hard to change anything within these structures. The absence of decolonisation in her research was partly the reason for the strong thread of Te Tiriti throughout this project. I also wanted to be constantly aware of colonisation and its continuing impact on Aotearoa, rather than as something in the past tense (Jackson, 2020, p.64).

I want to return here to Robin DiAngelo, and *White Fragility: Why it's so hard for white people to talk about racism*. I have talked about *White Fragility*, as a resource for work against antiracism but it was also useful for this project as it gave words to the kind of resistance that the participants find to what, to them, seems like simple inclusions and incorporations of tikanga Māori into daily institutional life. I became more curious about why the participants did not seem to display 'white fragility' through reading DiAngelo, while at the same time developing a language for the resistance that they encountered in their work with fellow Pākehā/Tauīwi/white. A particularly important point was around how 'liberals' and 'progressives' who often do not see themselves as racist, engage in defensive behaviours to protect their 'moral reputation' (DiAngelo, 2018, p.109), often using a great deal of energy towards being seen to have 'arrived' (p.5) similar to a Sara Ahmed's institutions that had 'finished' the job of diversity (2016, p.6). The participants' willingness to keep learning and

developing themselves was highlighted through these investigations and I returned to the word love to understand this mahi, beginning to see love as an 'ethical agency that motivates a move towards others, across difference' (Hinsdale, 2012, p.39).

On a more personal level, the author's note helped me frame my struggle with what DiAngelo calls being 'multiracial' and the way that the binary leaves me in the 'middle' (2018, p.xi). From an Aotearoa perspective, there is a 'monocultural bias' (Whaanga, 2012, p.7) that often leads to having to choose one or the other identity. Because I 'pass' (DiAngelo, 2018, p.xii. Saad, 2020, p.17) I experience the privilege of being Pākehā, which leads me to experience other people's racist ideas about 'those Māori' because they do not see me as Māori. Likewise, I often have experiences where I am assumed to be Māori and, as my encounter with Ling in the Café shows, therefore expected to know te reo Māori and be steeped in my Māoritanga – creating an inner conflict about the markers of Māori identity and how I measure up (Barnes, 2008, p.39). DiAngelo helped anchor me with the term 'white-passing', to come from this place of privilege rather than defaulting to the more comfortable, in anti-racism terms, identity as Māori.

Preceding investigations by Ahmed and DiAngelo, Ruth Frankenberg's book *White women, race matters. The social construction of whiteness* (1993), was the culmination of research into women's experiences of whiteness and the historical, social, political, and cultural production of these experiences in America (p.6). What had been missing from the research of both Ahmed and DiAngelo in terms of colonisation, is discussed by Frankenberg. She writes that 'the effect of the colonial discourse is the production of an unmarked, apparently autonomous white/Western self, in contrast with the marked, Other racial and cultural categories (1993, p.17).' Placing colonisation as the backdrop for all experiences within Aotearoa of Tauīwi/Pākehā/white identity and unravelling the unmarked is the work of anti-racism and the stories that follow look at different ways that this is done by the participants.

Stories of disruption

Nancy: Whitesplaining

Nancy's story speaks to what it can be like to *not* disrupt racism as it is happening, and how difficult it can be to call out someone of a higher class, and who is male when they are displaying racism. Yet it is also a story of disruption when viewed through the kete of knowledge as, tucked within the story, is a moment when Nancy sits in te ao Māori, seeing te ao Māori as absolutely sovereign. It is part of the story we may miss but for the kete of knowledge that bring our attention to the interconnected nature of everything. This tiny moment emerges as a powerful example of rangatiratanga as an action:

Dotted around the world in museums, not without some contentiousness, are wharenui complete with their tukutuku panels and intricately carved entrances. The arms of the ancestor of the house open to welcome those who come, but the land under the wharenui is far from the ancestor's home. Sometimes the origin of the wharenui is known but the circumstance of their uplifting can be difficult and interwoven with the history of colonisation. It is in one of these that Nancy found herself as part of her role. Nancy was overseas with two Māori academics, both steeped in their cultural traditions. Having been walked around the museum by an Indigenous guide, her group was met by a 'white male curator'. As they sat in the wharenui, this white male curator proceeded to 'whitesplain' as Nancy described it, the wharenui to her colleagues. At first, she felt like this was a bit amiss but listened, learning. Then she realised that her colleagues were deeply and darkly silent.

Nancy: I was listening to this guy and at some points I was going I'm sure that [they] will know this. I was more looking at, I was sitting across from them on the table and I was looking at them and I was like they're not happy about what they're hearing. I'm sort of listening to it, I think I zoned him out at one point, because I was too busy trying to feel the space. I was listening more to the house than to the people talking. But I was noticing that [my colleagues] were a little bit off about it. It wasn't until afterwards when they were just going, there was a bit of discussion about it. And he didn't pick up on it at all. He just talked

right over it and even when [my colleague] tried to explain, or speak to him about it, he just sort of did that talking over. It was kind of uncomfortable at that point... so afterwards, they were really quiet with him, but afterwards they were just sort of livid and the woman that was sort of taking us around was livid as well because it was just so, the fact that he was doing the white-splaining was just so uncomfortable for them.

That Nancy did not feel able to disrupt the curator was something that still troubled her as she told the story both in our one-on-one session and at the lunch with all of the participants. Her question remained of whether she was disrespecting her colleagues if she spoke up in that situation because it was their right to stand, and they who held the knowledge, or if it was the action of an ally to speak out? Nancy felt intimidated by the white male academic and told subsequent stories of being treated poorly by such academics in her workplace. She reflected that she needed to become stronger in order to better interrupt racism.

It wasn't until I began to consider this story through the kete of knowledge that I realised that Nancy *had* disrupted whiteness, in a way that was only understandable through te ao Māori. When I returned to Nancy's story, with the kete of knowledge as the basis for understanding it, with love and rangatiratanga alongside me, I saw that moment of listening to the house as an action of supporting rangatiratanga. Nancy was addressing te ao Māori as te ao Māori, the ancestor that is the wharenui, as the ancestor that is the wharenui, the jellyfish as the jellyfish. Although she might not have felt able to interrupt the 'whitesplaining' curator because of class, and because of a cultural question about her right to speak, she disrupted whiteness in her treatment of the wharenui and the wairua of that space.

Ling's experience of racism

When Ling spoke to whiteness she brought a very different perspective. Ling is not white and is on the receiving end of racism in Aotearoa. I caught up with her when I was first writing this chapter and she conveyed a moment of this racism that had disturbed her just the day before. Walking towards her, taking up the whole footpath, had been a Pākehā family and they moved only nominally for anyone on the street as

they approached despite the two-metre rules for physical distancing with Covid-19 in place at the time. That is until they saw her. They moved to walk in single file and refused to make eye contact. 'I forget Nat, what I look like. I just forget but it gave me a fright.' Jess Fu wrote of this for Radio New Zealand National, saying 'The hysteria around the coronavirus has uncovered deeply rooted anti-Chinese sentiments and xenophobic attitudes. The viral spread of disinformation and the mainstream media's framing of the coronavirus as a "Chinese" disease is dangerously intertwining racism and fear' (2020, para.1). This piece was written in February, 2020. In May, 2020, Meng Foon, the Race Relations Commissioner, reported that

[s]ince January, there have been many reports of Chinese and Asian people in New Zealand experiencing racism and xenophobia because of COVID-19. These reports continued through the level 4 lockdown. Of the more than 250 COVID-19 related complaints received by the Human Rights Commission, 34% of them are race related. (para.1)

Ling had earlier shared her experiences with the group of racism, and of her way of combatting it. I place this here to highlight Ling's sense of humour, coping strategies, and her understanding of whiteness as not something that belongs to her.

Ling: When I get racist digs and all that, the way that I deal with it is 'oh my god, you're telling me I'm not white' (hilariously indignant tone of voice and lots of laughter) 'oh shit, my whole life I've been walking around thinking that I'm white.

In our discussions, we had talked about this giving her a different level of empathy with Māori and she had agreed, but she still understood that her role, often able to say yes or no to funding Māori projects, and her class and status as Tauīwi placed her in a position of power when it came to entering te ao Māori. This same status within her workplace, allowed her to disrupt racism and educate people. She told the story of one particular staff member on a long journey towards a greater understanding. I have edited the order of the telling of the story but kept as much as I can of Ling's words. The story Ling had shared with me during our one on one discussion. Here, she is talking to everyone at our shared lunch.

Ling: In the four years that I have worked with him he has gone from consciously biased to becoming curious, to a little bit more. So he had fear. Like I said we were going to a meeting, '[and I said] you need to get your mihi ready.' 'I'm not going.' And I said 'you cannot say you are not going'. [He said] 'I'm not going. I'm uncomfortable and I will not go.' [And I said] 'You're a grown up man who is scared and you're telling me you're not going? You can't say that.' [And he said] 'I'm not going, you can't make me go.'

(it is important to note here that Ling could make him go as his superior)

To the point that I've tried to suck it up and encourage him and we had one of the big hui this year and he did beautifully in his mihi. But when I give him positive feedback in front of his team, he goes 'nah, I didn't' and I go 'oh my god, where do you come from.' But this is honestly what I'm struggling with in that I'm going, and I've finally just gone you will be what you wanna be and you're on your journey and in your own good time you will come because it just frustrates the hell out of me.

He was the most consciously loud proud, consciously bias. And it wasn't until his children, who are really social-focused and community-focused... last year he said to me 'I've enrolled in the Te Reo class at Te Wananga but I don't want you to let anyone know that I'm doing it.' And I said 'how did you come about doing it' and he said that...his other daughter had done it and so he is doing it with his younger daughter. And I said to him 'would you have done it if your daughters did not do it?' and he said 'no' but then the fact that he told me don't tell anyone else in the organisation that he is doing it, and I was thinking. He has shifted. In the four years that I have worked with him he has gone from consciously biased to becoming curious, to a little bit more. So he had fear.

The story of this colleague continued when Ling talked about how her advocacy can often put her at odds with her colleagues and she described a directive from her national office for Te Wiki o te reo Māori⁵⁶ asking everyone to learn their mihi. She

⁵⁶Te Wiki o te reo Māori: Māori Language Week

spoke of being faced with fifteen staff members who did not want to do it: and saying to the staff ‘this is one of our values and if you are not going to embrace this then you’ve got to question what you are doing here.’ Ling went on to describe what happened: ‘And it was like, silence, you could crack it, the tension was terrible. And so [the staff member from the story above] came in and goes ‘It’s not that bad, if I can do it, anybody can do it.’

The place of te reo Māori in the shift Ling is describing is important to touch on here as it is a key way that Ling disrupts the Pākehā structure of her workplace. She told me in our one-on-one discussion:

Ling: One of my goals that I put in my performance review tool was ‘how do we normalise te reo or Maori and iwi interactions?’ And so what I do is when I go into work, I always go ‘MORENA EVERYBODY!’ or I’ll use and I’ve always done this, ‘let’s have a hui,’ ‘let’s have a korero’ ‘listen to your puku’ and use simple words even if I can’t pronounce them properly but it’s just incorporating this and normalising it.

Ocean Ripeka Mercier writes ‘decolonising work in Aotearoa is often seen in the elevation, revitalisation, use and normalising of te reo Māori’ (2020, p.28). This use of te reo Māori, particularly by Ling and John, was evident when I looked back on the transcripts. This was further reinforced in writing this thesis, as the number of footnotes increased that translated words from te reo Māori. Where, not so long ago, te reo Māori was fighting for its life, on a recent walk the wider shift in Aotearoa was evident in a sign by Palmerston North City Council that was first written in te reo Māori and then, underneath, in te reo Pākehā. My companion and I stood in awe for a moment at this evidence of changing attitudes in the mainstream.

John’s disruption

John’s disruption is something that comes from his identity as a white male professor and I want to use Ling’s words from our lunch together to introduce this:

Ling: And the one thing in the Māori space (there’s my thought), and you have achieved now by being Pāpā John [addressing this to John], is that people will

do things with you because you are you and they will cut you a whole lot more slack in terms of the Māori space and back you and support you whereas in the European space they will do things because you have a title. Not because you are you but because you have a title. And when you were talking about being an informal influencer, that's true leadership because you don't have a title, but you're still leading in that space. Or else you can have a title but not really do it, you know what I mean. And so for me it was quite different, they're doing it because you're you Pāpā John, not because you are Professor blah blah blah.

When I used to think of interrupting racism, I tended to think about placard-waving, or stopping someone midway through a racist joke. Through Ling and John's stories particularly, I was able to see that disrupting racism is more nuanced. John has completed two university papers in tikanga Māori and Te Tiriti through Massey University as well as doing a Te Wananga o Aotearoa Certificate in te reo Māori. He told us about how he gained the title of Pāpā John:

John: So I had this meeting with Te Pūtahi a Toi and [one of the people present] said oh she'd been talking with some students about having this meeting with this guy who works with penguins and they were 'oh yes that Pāpā John, he was in our class with us' (laughter).

Ling: Oh my God, that's

John: That's in the context of these students because I'd been in these two classes.

Nat: And so Maori students going 'oh, that's Pāpā John?'

Ling: That is such a beautiful, beautiful compliment.

John: Yeah

Nat: That's so beautiful. It's like the first time you get called aunty. And you're 'like, bless.

John: I mean I've been in the class. I've been sitting around on the floor with them having little discussions with them, you know, as a student.

Ling: Oh bless, that is such a beautiful term of endearment. That is like, oh so.

Nat: That wouldn't happen with [other] Pākehā students.

John: Well, not remotely.

John's final comment of 'not remotely' is something that John spoke more about and I had to make the difficult decision to leave much of this out, as I did with a number of the participants' stories, for the simple fact that their critique of other Pākehā could have an impact on their lives, particularly given John has decided not to have a pseudonym. What became clear from our discussions was how often all three participants were the only ones willing to make space for Māori voices, tikanga and te reo Māori. They might also be the only ones willing to speak out against racism. The ingrained nature of this racism made it difficult to challenge, and all three experienced moments of being ostracised for their views, critiqued by their peers, or seen 'as a little crazy' as Ling described at one point. This description is similar to one shared by a participant in Sara Ahmed's research who said "they just look at me as if I am saying something really stupid' (2016, p.9).

Allyship

John's experience of becoming Pāpā John, returns us to what it takes to become an ally. This research is being done at a time when there is a great deal of 'virtue signaling' by white people online about being a good ally/ancestor and supporting the #blacklivesmatter movement. While this kind of signalling can help show the levels of support for an issue (Levy, 2020, p.4), it does not translate directly to allyship which is 'active, consistent, and challenging' (Saad, 2020, p.68). Layla F Saad writes that allyship 'must be recognized by the people we seek to ally ourselves with' (Saad, 2020, p.68). The title of Pāpā John is an example of this type of recognition.

Conclusion

Addressing racism in the history of anthropology and bringing the work against racism into present-day anthropology challenged me to look at whether I wanted to use anthropology as a vehicle at all. Looking back over the conference experience I found that hesitant hope that anthropology can change. In shifting my focus to 'thick

solidarity' from 'thick description' (Liu and Shange, 2018, p.196., Jobson, 2019, p.266) I was able to find a space that not only opens for storytelling and for privileging Indigenous voices, but also for the work of antiracism. Through this chapter I was able to actively decolonise, being willing to step outside the narrow canon that has been created within anthropology and instead include a diversity of voices, both academic and those who are at the forefront of work against racism such as Layla Saad.

In looking back over this chapter, there is the feeling of reading something that dates each day. From Judith Collins' defensive comments about being white which came from challenges to the lack of diversity on the front bench of her political party, to the end of the chapter when the newly announced bench has three people who are Māori on it, gives you an idea of the current climate. Where the participants were unusual in their workplace at the start of the project, their mahi is increasingly mainstream. Sara Ahmed, in *A Phenomenology of Whiteness*, talks about the way that whiteness can be in the background of experience and rather than being an ontological given, something that someone has received (2007, p.150). In these days, whiteness is coming forward into the spotlight and I am excited at what that might bring, yet Ahmed's work on performativity in diversity work and McKinson's warning about performativity in anthropology (2020, para.1) gives me pause to not be too excited, too soon.

Building a picture of the participants and the way that they work, bringing their stories to the front, brings alive the challenges of decolonising, and working against racism, and yet those rewarding moments like being called Pāpā John, and Ling's journey with her colleague. Nancy talking to the house, being present to how it felt, is something that I haven't read in literature about antiracism work, yet the spiritual component of the participants' encounters with te ao Māori are so important to them. As I reflected on this, I wondered whether this was partly because they were already involved in the spiritual because of yoga. It is a question that I pose again at the end of the research in looking for future research ideas.

The next chapter picks up on the need to look at decolonisation in more depth as highlighted by the absence of this in Ahmed's research and Frankenberg's identifying of colonisation as deeply linked to white identity formation.

Chapter 6: Threads from Aotearoa research

While the participants to their research bring their own unique stories to the process of weaving, I am not the only person to look at encountering te ao Māori. This chapter honours some of the researchers that have walked this path, focusing mainly on identity. Two theses are explored: Margaret Mitcalfe's *Understandings of being Pakeha: exploring the perspectives of six Pākehā who have studied in Maori cultural learning contexts* (2008), and Marie Jellies *The formation of Pākehā identity in relation to te reo Māori and te ao Māori* (2001). I then place this identity, and the issues around whiteness into the decolonisation project specific to Aotearoa, looking at Ingrid Huygen's 2007 doctoral thesis *Processes of Pākehā Change in Response to The Treaty of Waitangi*, and the 2020, *Imagining Decolonisation* where various authors comment on the project of decolonisation now in Aotearoa, and *The Treaty on the Ground* (2017) which is a broad range of writers from Aotearoa looking at the Te Tiriti project over time. The review is interspersed with dialogue from the participants to highlight different ways that existing research relates to their experiences.

Pākehā Identity

Margaret Mitcalfe

Margaret Mitcalfe's 2008 Master's thesis *Understandings of being Pakeha: exploring the perspectives of six Pākehā who have studied in Maori cultural learning contexts*, investigated Pākehā who had learned te reo Māori in a Māori learning environment. Her approach was both discursive and critical which meant removing much of the personhood from the analysis, and a marked contrast between the relationship that she built with her participants and her analysis (2008, p.34). While her analysis was helpful when looking at the discourse of the participants, denying the relatedness of story and person as she does, goes against key values in my life and my relationship with the participants. In our shared practice of yoga, we are trying to bring all the disparate parts together rather than draw them apart, so it would have been inauthentic if I had chosen a theoretical basis that did just that. Alongside yoga, in my ongoing journey into my Māoritanga, the relational nature of everything within te ao Māori (Hoskins, 2017, p.137) was becoming increasingly important. Nothing that we

choose within our research is free of our own values (Nader, 1974, p.19. Kirkby, Greaves & Reed, 2006, p.12) and, in many ways, the research drew me closer to understanding these values.

While Mitcalfe's thesis did not lead me to theory, the findings became an important marker in the thesis journey as they provided a framework for checking my interpretation of the participants' experiences against existing research. She developed five interpretative repertoires and then linked sixteen patterns of talk or resources to these, each confirming the experiences of the participants, albeit in an entirely different style of analysis. For example, many of her participants identified an early connection with Māori as being an important factor in their later sense of connection with Māori – she termed this 'having [an] authentic connection to Māori' (p.61). Both John and Nancy expressed these early connections with Māori; Nancy in her home town and having a Māori uncle, and John in going to school in Rotorua where the majority of students were Māori.

Where Mitcalfe's research was also important was in talking about the border-lines that participants cross, not just in te ao Māori as Pākehā, but also as Pākehā re-entering te ao Pākehā. She writes:

the participants, informed by knowledge of te reo and tikanga Māori, model to other Pākehā, bicultural ways of being Pākehā. In so doing, the participants, as border-crossers can provide a bridge-maker role between Māori and those Pākehā who still adopt colonising attitudes of disrespect and ignorance. (Mitcalfe, 2008, p.60).

Mitcalfe set out to honour those 'who resist Pākehā hegemony' (2008, p.6), and she is successful in this enterprise while acknowledging that in their resistance, their identity as Pākehā becomes 'contested, not lived without tension and confusion' (p.106).

Mitcalfe lead me to contemplate Ling's connection to Māori and find it doesn't come directly from contact with Māori in her childhood but more indirectly. It is through her experiences that I move towards another thesis written by Maria Jellie about Pākehā who learn te reo Māori - *The formation of Pākehā identity in relation to te reo Māori and te ao Māori* (2001). During our discussions, Ling spoke of her early

family life and the intergenerational fabric of life growing up. These reflections came during our one on one discussions where I began to hear the word love and recognise how this connected Ling to te ao Māori:

Ling: Because I would say what drew me into the Maori and iwi space, was the love. I always say this and I say this to all my friends... When I was growing up, what I can remember is that we would go every, most of the time we would spend with family, every weekend if it's not with my mother's mother, my grandmother and if it wasn't, it was at my father's mother's place in which that I would always be sent there for every school holidays, and I used to hate it and now I reflect on it and I think oh my god, what a wonderful opportunity, why didn't I make use of it more, because I'm much closer with my mother's family, extended family, in which that the culture was very much in which in and all my aunties and uncles and cousins, we would all live together in one house. So if you think about the marae and you think about sleeping arrangements there was exactly that in my grandmother's room. You would have mattresses on the floor, put in every room. And if you had a family kind of thing, you had one room and that was your room. And I look at it today and I'm thinking how many families would actually exist in that formula. You wouldn't quite. And I always tell my children the story of food and love and sharing and it wouldn't be uncommon to have 27 people coming, being there for lunch let's say... So with that, what encapsulated all of that was family love and community love if you like. And that was the one thing that I recognised in the Maori and iwi space was the love and I missed that and I felt that and I was craving towards that.

These reflections circle us back to whakapapa and the interconnected nature of life, unable to be separated from its components. Ling returned often to this way of being within te ao Māori as being her motivator. I explore this more in Chapter seven when we talk about manaakitanga. This love was also something that was found in Marie Jellie's thesis.

Marie Jellie

Jellie talks about her participants' experience of being on the marae and experiencing community and love; 'Pākehā families are generally nuclear in form and so some of the Pākehā participants felt the Pākehā culture had lost that feeling of fellowship, of

belonging to a large group that one gets when one stays on a marae (2001, p.90)'. I was interested in what motivated her respondents to learn te reo Māori, looking at whether these motivations matched those of the participants to my own research. What Jellie found was a cross-over of three things;

- An affinity to te reo Māori and the culture
- Awareness of social injustice
- Influence and support of family and friends (2001, p.83)

While I could identify the first two in the participants, the only person who had the support of friends and family within my research was Ling. Both John and Nancy, often had the opposite experience of finding themselves quite alone in their interest in te ao Māori and facing racist ideas along the way. Nancy reflected on this in one of our discussions and the tensions that she faced in her friendships as a result of her stance:

Nancy: And the friends, I'm sitting there thinking that I'm probably going to have to gloss over it because I don't want to cause major rifts in our friendships but, they just didn't understand the atrocities that took place, or didn't learn, or don't want to know and so they sort of can't see where the people are coming from. All they can see from their area is that they're trying to take money off someone else, or why should they get free rides through university. You know and I'm going. I was trying to tell them, she's going 'they can go to university and it's all paid for' and I'm going 'yeah but they're coming from the lower decile areas where they can't afford to send their kids to University. That's why they get what they get. You're coming from an upper middle-class family that could afford to put you through university without causing issues. You're going from a family that can't afford to put bread on the table. And how are they ever going to get out of that if you don't let them, let them, encourage them to move up?

I had questioned what kept the participants in that connection with te ao Māori in spite of the opposition they faced, and Jellie found two things that are identical to what I discovered in my research: Her participant Sarah said 'the more I learn, the

more I fall in love' (2001, p.89), and Samuel said 'I just love it' (p.88). Jellie wrote more generally of the values of te ao Māori:

Tikanga in te ao Māori was the other affinity feature for the participants. The aspects of aroha, manaakitanga, whānau, wairua, were all aspects of the culture that the participants could relate to, value and take on board as a value system for themselves. (2001, p.88)

It is important to mention that a large part of Jellie's research was, like Mitcalfe's, on Pākehā identity. The decision to move away from this perspective in my research was honouring the research that they and many others had done, and the direction that the participants took the research - towards love, values and decolonisation. There were moments where identity did arise as a more contested and liminal space and I want to share these concerning both Jellie and Mitcalfe's investigations, at the same time painting a further picture of the self-awareness of Nancy, Ling and John. Over lunch, Ling and Nancy talked about having a moment of wanting to be Māori. This was something that John could not understand:

Ling: And I'm not, I'm a wannabe. I'm a wannabe.

Nancy: I know, I'm a wannabe. With the work with [an Indigenous project] I'm not but I want to be and this trip I was really, meeting these people from Indigenous cultures that had started centres and I'm kind of sitting there thinking I'm not Indigenous in any way but I want to be.

John: I'm curious about what you mean by want to be, because we cannot be.

Nancy: No, exactly. I know.

Ling: We're not.

John: No we're not.

Nancy: No but.

Ling: I know but I want to, and I do feel like I'm a part of it. And I don't know how to say it. It's like

Nancy: It's the

Ling: I want to really belong and be loud and proud about it but I can't because I'm not if that makes sense.

Nancy: For me I want to be part of the culture, I want to be part of that family, I want to be part of that community but I can't be because, because I enjoy the Māori philosophy.

Ling: The values

Nancy: The values and the spirituality, but I have to stand back and say I'm Pakeha through and through and I don't like that culture at all.

At this point, the conversation shifted and we did not come back to what it meant to be Pākehā except in moments where both Ling and Nancy felt they no longer belonged in te ao Māori. This was the same liminal space that Mitcalfe's participants found themselves within. While very much part of the collective identity that is Pākehā/Tauīwi/white, both Nancy and Ling often found that their way of thinking and behaving was not acceptable in that cultural space, something John Kirton calls 'provocative' (1997, p.69). In looking at Pākehā/Tauīwi identity specifically, Kirton talks about 'multiple-positioning' which describes how Ling and Nancy find themselves with a Pākehā/Tauīwi/white identity that is being deconstructed but where there isn't a solid something else being formed (1997, p.63), at the same time as having a deep connection with te ao Māori but not having a whakapapa connection. This deconstruction was not the case for John in terms of his Pākehā identity⁵⁷ in which he was quite secure. Later in this conversation, we did find liminality in his identity as a 'white male professor.'

John: I remember going around towards Hongoeka Marae, I cry easily so I might cry [now], I could sense [there is a catch in his voice at this point], I could sense the Kororā out on the water and so I'm a white male old professor but I'm not an average professor in how I am as a person and how I go about interacting

⁵⁷ At this point I feel it is important to recognise that the research could have diverted off in two directions – one towards a greater exploration of Pākehā identity and the other towards the different experiences across gender of that identity. In such a small sample space, this would have been too generalising. John's self awareness about his identity and its privilege is, however, something explored again in looking at kaitiakitanga.

with others. Most people get to be professor by being very selfish, which is a predominant characteristic. Now in my work, none of my colleagues outside of Massey are in the University. They have nothing to do with Universities.

There was an unexpected allyship between the participants as their stories unfolded. They found common ground in breaking with the expectations of being Pākehā/Tauīwi/white and the expectations of their roles. What I began to recognise was a sense of loneliness in their interaction with te ao Pākehā. Their Pākehā/Tauīwi/white colleagues did not share their interests, and while they may have found colleagues outside of their immediate work, as in John's case, this did not make their work reality very comfortable: Ling saying some of her workmates saw her as a little crazy, Nancy talking about her feeling of not belonging in either space anymore, and John's comment that his colleagues were now outside of the University, all became examples of the emotional impact of their way of working.

There's a particular look that accompanied some of the stories as we sat on the cushions, it was a wry and mischievous look that said the story about to be told was about upsetting the status quo, and challenging the hegemony.

John: [I]n the beginning there was Te Kore, there was nothing and that lead through to Ranganui and Papatūānuku and their multiple off spring and how people are related to the water and the sky and the earth and the plants and the animals and I like that notion. And again it's not related to my science background and a part of like it is one of my funded projects that I've got in there, that I can't personally do, that is to collate Mātauranga Māori, traditional knowledge of the Kororā. And I'm really hoping to, well I'm not hoping I will stand up and give a conference talk about in Māori, the story of the Kororā in the Māori world. And, it will be a very different conference paper. It won't be one that any others have ever heard. I'm quite looking forward to that (laugh in his voice).

This was one such story that had us all laughing in a way that supported the final line 'I'm quite looking forward to that', as a disruptive moment where John was not bringing to a conference what was expected of a white male professor.

Decolonisation

As I moved away from identity, these stories remained important because I was looking for what motivated the participants to keep working outside this standard norm, through the loneliness and the judgement of their peers. I returned to what, like love, was staring me in the face the entire time – decolonisation. Tāme Iti's workshop had thrust me back down a path I had trod before, wondering what it would be like to decolonise a University, and at the same time returning to the ideas around personal decolonisation. Ling, Nancy and John had a personal commitment to the decolonisation process and this is what they did for the love of it. What Maria Jellie's research identified as a sense of social injustice (2001, p.83), was strong in all of the participants. In looking at research and collections of writing on decolonisation, in particular Ingrid Huygen's 2007 doctoral thesis *Processes of Pākehā Change in Response to The Treaty of Waitangi*, *Imagining Decolonisation* (2020) and *The Treaty on the Ground* (2017) a basis is built for the final chapter where the discussions with the participants are extrapolated out into the ethics and values and how these might benefit the process of decolonisation.

Pākehā and Decolonisation

Ingrid Huygens' research asks an important question in terms of the participants' experiences that links with Jellie's research: 'why and how, at the social psychological level, a person from a culturally dominant group would choose to use or create a counter-hegemonic discourse' (2007, p.78). She investigated Pākehā led decolonisation through Treaty educator groups and networks in a wide-ranging thesis. I have picked a tiny sample of the relevant ideas here that reflect the participants' experiences and work towards the conclusion. Huygens explored a combination of liberatory and critical theory in her analysis. One of the areas where her analysis was useful for this project was in highlighting Peter Drucker's model of how innovation spreads in a society: Identifying four different groups involved in social change: radicals, translators, early adopters and those in the mass, I was able to see the participants as both translators and early adopters of a decolonised way of working (Huygens, 2007, p.89). It also helped me position myself in relation to earlier experiences and interactions with activists like Tāme Iti, whose ideas and ways of

taking action were 'radical', becoming comfortable as 'translator' rather than radical myself.

Huygens also broke down the individual stages of change that occur for people in their decolonisation experience, and these included moments that I could relate to with the participants' stories: 'Pākehā appeared to go through a sequential stages of change – from ignorance to awakenings and awareness, and thence to learning and action' (Huygens, 2007, p.180). Nancy spoke of attending a decolonisation workshop as a turning point in her own understanding. This first quote is from our discussions, one-to-one.

Nancy: Because that two day wananga I went to, that was another thing that impacted me quite a lot cos I knew some of the history and that it was pretty horrible, but spending two days talking about it the actual history, I basically wanted to cut off most of my ancestors cos you're going into it thinking they were fucking arseholes, white male bloody patriarchal. Colonisation sucked.

Nancy retold this story at the lunch and it is interesting how the discussion turned to one of the difficulties with decolonisation training.

Nancy: Like I went to the two day wananga that they had on Te Tiriti lead, on the Te Tiriti and how you could and what they meant by, and enforcing, not enforcing but how to live it in every day life. And that was two days and it was NZ history at its, it was very matter of fact, it wasn't biased that I could see...it was just, this is the history and this is what happened and it was horrifying and I feel that if everyone was made to do that course. I don't know, I mean I'm thinking if they are made to do it they won't engage as much.

Ling: I think you're right as we've had that whereby we've gone, if you'd like to do it, we have all these modules online if you'd like to do it.

Nancy: And only the people that are going to engage will attend. And the people that went to the two day course and it was full of people and high up in the senior leadership teams as well, everyone came out going 'wow, that's amazing, we had such a good, it was such a good discussion and it was really

good to be able to learn all that and why didn't we learn all that at school'. But, yeah, I could see that maybe if everyone was made to do it, it wouldn't be.

One of the things the educators Huygens' talked to identified was 'that both the head and the heart needed to be involved when undertaking critical learning. Material and exercises were required to support both types of processes' (2007, p.175). The question that Nancy and Ling are asking is how do you get that level of engagement? What came from our discussions was the need for love and a fostering of love in the broader organisational setting.

Huygens also looked at organisations that were working to 'honour the Treaty' and the discourse that they had around this. In looking at the alternative these discourses presented to the dominant colonial narrative, Huygens found that one of the main narratives was around affirming Māori authority and that '[t]he alternative discourse takes Pākehā out of the central position and put us in relationship to someone else with a central position of their own – Māori expressing their tino rangatiratanga, as guaranteed by the Treaty' (2007, p.229). While other discourses revealed how hard this was, the long term commitment showed in the organisations - that included the likes of Women's Refuge but also government departments – who had been developing this alternative discourse for between 3 and 20 years' (p.231). This kind of long term commitment is important but as I read this shorter part of Huygens' thesis, I couldn't help but think of Sara Ahmed and the performativity issues of policy. How much is discourse and how much translates to action? In contemplating this I began to recognise the need for the personal process of decolonisation to be central in any organisational decolonisation process. Having a policy wasn't enough and this was discussed by the participants in terms of ongoing education and training. While their discussion was too specific to their institutions to be able to be included, they all struggled with the 'tick-box' version, the lack of engagement, and the belief that many of their colleagues had that te ao Māori was not relevant to them. Making training mandatory was one of the ideas that had the support of everyone, and there was some passionate discussion about a commitment to te ao Māori being prioritised when employing new staff.

Imagining Decolonisation and Te Tiriti on The Ground

Imagining Decolonisation certainly does not see the job of decolonisation as finished, and frames decolonisation from different Māori perspectives with one Pākehā voice included. Through this reading I began to include the restorative concept of decolonisation (Jackson, 2020, pp.70-71), in my thinking, imagining a way of working that restored tikanga Māori. The restorative idea is about 'a kawa that allows for balanced relationships based on the need for iwi and hapū independence upon which any meaningful interdependence must rest' (Jackson, 2020, pp.70-71). What both Moana Jackson and Ocean Ripeka Mercier set out in their respective chapters, is the idea that decolonisation is very different for Māori, than it is for Pākehā. Mercier advocates for a concept of whakapapa to be used by Māori in place of decolonisation, returning decolonisation to Pākehā (2020, p.38). This difference between te ao Māori and te ao Pākehā is a key factor in the experiences of the participants and their mahi with their staff, colleagues, and friends. Decolonisation is partly the process, therefore, of recognising the colonial homogenisation process of becoming 'he iwi tahi tatou – we are now one people'⁵⁸, and then untangling ourselves to see Māori as distinct and independent.

Constant in the New Zealand perspective on decolonisation is the presence of Te Tiriti. In both *Imagining Decolonisation* and *The Treaty on the Ground*, the historical and present-day significance of Te Tiriti is centralised in the discussions. This is the key difference between discussions based in America on whiteness and anti-racism work, and the discussions specific to Aotearoa. In Aotearoa, there is a partnership-based framework already in place and the question becomes what does it take to move towards being 'tangata Tiriti, people who are committed to a Treaty relationship' (Thomas, 2020, p.55-56) for Pākehā/Tauīwi/white? Mercier writes '[p]ersonal resistance to conforming and capitulating to the norms of the coloniser are thus key

⁵⁸ This was reportedly what William Hobson said to those signing Te Tiriti at Waitangi, and has become the catch phrase for a group called Hobson's Choice, who actively campaign against the Treaty settlements and tend to become active around each election. Toby Manhire wrote a scathing piece about them here: <https://thespinoff.co.nz/featured/28-09-2016/hobsons-pledge-just-a-bunch-of-diverse-united-anti-separatist-new-zealanders/>. It is not just Hobson's Choice that believe this rhetoric because as John reflected, there is often the idea that Māori and Pākehā are the same until we encounter te ao Māori and realise that this is not the case.

acts of decolonisation’ (2020, p.32), and it is the shifts away from norms that are so vital to the participants’ transformation, both in themselves and within their workplaces.

The Treaty on the Ground is a broad collection of essays from the likes of historian Michael Belgrave, to trade unionist Cybèle Locke whose reflections on the period from 1967-86 within the trade union movement includes a recollection of Tāme Iti appearing on the Ngā Tamatoa and activism scene:

He appeared like something out of the Tūhoe mountains...Here he was in his army boots and his dungarees speaking Māori from the first moment he could open his mouth, whereas the rest of us were still struggling with “Tēnā koe.” (2017, p.79)

Matua had told some of these early stories of Ngā Tamatoa when he spoke at Massey University, so it was nice to be able to hear them as part of the history of Te Tiriti activism and its links with the trade union movement. Where this book was important for the project was in the broader view of both historical and present moment reflections and in looking at resource management – a key part of kaitiakitanga – and how change is happening.

In 2017 John was an expert witness for Kiwis Against Seabed Mining Incorporated, as they went with iwi, Greenpeace, New Zealand Forest and Bird, and others to the Environmental Protection Authority, speaking against a proposal to mine off the Taranaki Coast. John’s submission referenced kaitiakitanga:

In New Zealand the concept of ecosystem services in which the natural environment is essential for human well-being is consistent with kaitiakitanga and with mauri. Kaitiakitanga means guardianship, protection, preservation or sheltering a way of managing the environment, based on the traditional Māori world view (Royal, 2016a; Royal, 2016b). Mauri means "life force" or "life principle" (University of Otago, 2010) and is an energy which binds and animates all things in the physical world (Royal, 2016b). Mauri applies to people, to plants and animals and to mountains and rivers and the ocean. Mauri considers people equal to and not above their natural environment and

acknowledges the connections between all things on earth and their reliance on each other.

Writers in *Treaty on the Ground* commented that changes happening in the conservation and resource management area rarely ‘seriously threaten the control and authority of councils’ (Bennett, 2017, p.202), or create co-management situations rather than genuine versions of tino rangatiratanga (Livesey, 2017, p.211). In September 2019, the case John was involved in made it to the Court of Appeal, and in April 2020 a landmark judgement was released that took up the challenge of these writers and many voices protesting the lip service given to kaitiakitanga, defining not just kaitiakitanga but the responsibility of councils and the Environmental Planning Authority to support rangatiratanga and kaitiakitanga.⁵⁹ The decolonisation space is one that is constantly changing, and this research is a snapshot at a time of great changes both in Aotearoa and abroad.

Conclusion

Finding a place for the research to sit was as much about recognising what the research wasn’t as much as it was. The decision not to use a discourse based approach, to instead centre the research on stories, was confirmed by the existing research of Mitcalfe and Jellie. While their research confirmed what I was hearing from the participants in terms of their awareness of identity and how they came to be in love with te ao Māori, I was uncomfortable with the ultimate disconnect from the participants themselves in the analysis. John’s tears, Ling’s laughter, Nancy and my connection over unmown lawns and the movie *Boy*, all needed a place to exist outside of Western theory. Through Mitcalfe and Jellie, I recognised how vital it was to talk about te ao Māori, from te ao Māori, even when talking about Pākehā/Tauīwi/white experiences.

This, in turn, led to decolonisation. In placing decolonisation within the aims of the research, I was nervous, having been away from that activist scene for a long time

⁵⁹ Appendix 1 contains some of the judgement in this landmark case. For brevity, I have not included it within the thesis itself, suffice is to say that its ramifications are on par with ‘The Lands Case’ in 1987 and *Ngati Apa* which is referenced in the judgement itself.

and feeling the weight of the voices that speak into that space – the voices of this chapter, as well as the likes of Tāme Iti – as if they sat alongside me as I wrote. Yet the participants had been there the whole time, speaking to privileging Māori voices, tikanga, and te reo, and simply waiting for me to hear. In turning towards decolonisation, I was turning deeper into the aim of Public Anthropology to create ‘alternative ways of thinking’ (Besteman, 2013, p.5) and in the following chapter, I explore this turn in more detail. As the motivations emerged, they emerged as a way of decolonising.

Chapter 7: Kaingakau – The Motivations

There is a risk in writing about antiracism and decolonisation work, that it becomes serious, arduous and the very people that need to be doing the mahi might be put off, thinking there are no rewards. In working with Nancy, Ling, and John there was a feeling of the richness of experience that working with te ao Māori had brought to their lives. This was a richness that was about the kaingakau they found in te ao Māori, in particular the values of manaakitanga and kaitiakitanga, wrapped in the feeling of aroha. These kaingakau were what motivated them and kept them crossing the bridge into te ao Māori, as well as advocating for tikanga and te reo Māori in their workplaces. In the second one-on-one interview we talked about love as the central theme that had arisen and, in turn, they talked about manaakitanga and kaitiakitanga – love in action. In this chapter I begin by weaving together the concept of love with aroha and manaakitanga using stories from Ling and Nancy. I then move to the kaingakau of kaitiakitanga and John's work in conservation. As the chapter closes we return to the principle of rangatiratanga.

Aroha, love and manaakitanga

He aha te aroha? Ko te aroha he tikanga whakaaro nui; ka aroha tētahi tangata ki tētahi tangata, ki tōna iwi, whenua hoki, ki ngā kīrehe, ki ngā manu, ki ngā ika, ki ngā mea katoa e tupu ake ana i te whenua. Ka aroha te tangata ki tētahi atu, ahakoa he aha tōna āhua i roto i ōna pikitanga ake, i roto anō i ōna heketanga iho, i roto i ōna hari, i roto i ōna pōuri, i roto i āna mahi pai me āna mahi hē.

What is aroha? Aroha in a person is an all-encompassing quality of goodness, expressed by love for people, land, birds and animals, fish, and all living things. A person who has aroha for another expresses genuine concern towards them and acts with their welfare in mind, no matter what their state of health or wealth. (Cleve Barlow, 1991, p.8)

It is aroha, in this all-encompassing way, that permeates the entire research project, yet aroha is not something that is welcomed in the institutions that the participants work in. Audre Lorde wrote:

For within living structures defined by profit, by linear power, by institutional dehumanization, our feelings were not meant to survive. Kept around as unavoidable adjuncts or present pastimes, feelings were expected to kneel to thought as women were expected to kneel to men. (1984, p.39)

It is these living structures that the participants work within in te ao Pākehā and sometimes push against, their aroha having moments of breaking through the status quo, and other times simply rattling the cage. Their aroha intertwines with manaakitanga and kaitiakitanga as they navigate decolonisation and the mahi that they do that supports restoration of Māori ways of being, either within their institutions or outside.

It is Te Kete Aronui where I am going to situate love, because this is the realm of the senses and action. I return to bell hooks and her ingredients of love – ‘care, affection, recognition, respect, commitment, and trust, as well as honest and open communication’ (2000, p.5). The first word in that list is care which is one of the definitions of manaakitanga. Within the discussions were various responses to the manaakitanga experienced in te ao Māori and I want to begin with Nancy who spoke of what she felt was missing in te ao Pākehā.

Nancy: it is love and that's what I feel like, when I say I'm missing that, that's what I mean, it's the love it's the aunties surrounding you and even if they say, even if they're telling you off it's all done in love. And one night that stuck out for me and I was thinking about this when I was there was when we had visitors from the Cherokee nation so it was a guy and his wife. Beautiful, beautiful people and their little kid who was about, I think he was two, and they were just surrounded by the Maori staff ... and the extended family. And they were in New Zealand and they had hooked up networks right across the North Island with people for them to stay with and to meet as they were touring up the North Island. It was just, I was like wow, that just doesn't happen with the

Pākehā visitors, they don't get that sort of immersion into the culture or the country because they don't, we've lost all that connection. And I think with Indigenous cultures that's something that they've got built into them and it's that community and it's almost like that community is fighting against how we are now. We being Pākehā.

Me: And what I find interesting from talking about and thinking about what everyone said, I think we used to, we used to be more that way and somethings happened to stop that community, somethings shifted and we've lost community.

Nancy: I think if you look back, church was a big factor and that's how Pākehā kept their community. But since the church got so entrenched in all the rules and the laws and the patriarchy people have drifted away from that and so we've lost it, there wasn't anything else to go to. So we've gone from being church loving, where it was really community, and it's become just, and it's just split us all off.

The immersion of the visitors into life, and into community, is manaakitanga. Early on Ling talked about loving being in te ao Māori because it reminded her of growing up in the extended family environment of her own culture. She also talked about another aspect of manaakitanga that is awahi, or support and how she finds that this has gone missing from te ao Pākehā.

Ling: And so we have this [member of staff] who is very careful, very risk-averse and suddenly we had notification that he was going to be away and so everyone was 'where is the communication, this is shit, you can't tell us' and I was like 'did something happen, did something actually happen you know? Did he get called away because that's not like him?' And they were like 'no, regardless where's the decency in not telling us' and they all got quite irate and what not and it just so happened that the two of them that were quite worked up over this spoke to one of the other managers and it turned out that his mother passed away suddenly so he had to go off and now he won't be back. And they both went 'oh' and I'm like' first seek to understand because you don't

know and yet you can't come like that' and this is love in a different way. Love for your peers. Where is this? And I think this is where in the Maori world and this is something that I do honestly love about it, is that they will defend you before they judge you. Whereas in the white world they will judge you before they defend you. Does that make sense?

Ling returned to this lack of judgement that she found in te ao Māori in each of the discussions that we had, either about herself or about other people. This way of working with love and manaakitanga is counter to the field that she is in that is neoliberal and capitalist based, which could also be said of the University environment. In the following dialogue, Ling talks about Māori business and the different way that business is seen. When looking at papers written about manaakitanga, the top of the search is dominated by research into Māori tourism businesses. While Ling and John were quick to point out that all was not perfect in Māori business, Ling's reflections on the key differences are interesting to consider alongside Nancy's thoughts about community going missing from te ao Pākehā.

Ling: with the Māori businesses the one thing that was so heartening was that money was not the main driver. It's like, it's because I've worked in that space, and while I was working in that space it was very hard to articulate to the likes of [prominent business groups] why somebody was being in business if they were not there to make money, which was really hard. It was quite a different mindset. They were like, if you're not going to make money, why are you even helping them? But it's about jobs for the wider community, it's about whanau, it's about, it has so many bigger ripples if you like rather than what is focused in the centre. And there's also such a generational link, it's like I'm not doing this for me, I'm doing this for my mokopuna and you're like 'really!' But it's very difficult to understand that. It took a long time, especially for my non-Māori workmates, to feel actually comfortable to work in this space.

This multi-generational view alone, in a time of climate crisis, if applied across the bridge in te ao Pākehā, could have positive impacts. As we begin to reach the conclusion of the research, I look at this possibility of carrying the kaingakau back

across the bridge into te ao Pākehā to rehabilitate some of the ways of being that used to be part of our Pākehā culture before neoliberalism became so entrenched.

Perhaps what manaakitanga is most often associated with is kai. In my own experiences in te ao Māori, nothing happens without kai and Ling talked about this becoming part of her own practice.

Ling: so for me whenever we go out for visits to organisations, anywhere, we always bring food and they go 'why do you always bring food?', and I go 'food is the lubricant for everything else and if you don't get that, I don't know how to help you get that.'

The loss of care and manaaki from within te ao Pākehā is something that I hear reflected in my yoga studio, where we have events that will centre around food and love. Some people haven't ever experienced this, others reminisce about a time when these things were normal. The individualism of neoliberalism and capitalism is something that contributes to this, and the interconnected nature of te ao Māori is an antidote as we have seen through the stories so far. As Nancy said at one point, 'It's just a nicer way to be.' These interconnections lead us to kaitiakitanga and to the way that people are not separate from the land, as the definition of aroha reminds us.

Kaitiakitanga

The concept of kaitiakitanga, weaves together tino rangatiratanga and the principle of rangatiratanga (Kawharu, 2000, p.353), intertwines with the kete of knowledge and whakapapa, and brings us straight to the heart of decolonisation by asking that Māori be able to protect and conserve their taonga based on their kawa - their practices (Jackson, 2020, pp.64-65). Kaitiakitanga's focus on the relationship between people and the land is central to John's mahi. Both Ling and Nancy supported this value through their reactions to his stories and their practice of manaaki, something that is seen as an integral part of kaitiaki practices (Kawharu, 2000, p.349). This part of the chapter looks at the term kaitiakitanga itself, John's work in supporting it, and then how it applies in the wider context of decolonisation, threaded throughout with the idea that this is where 'for the love of it' really comes to the fore.

We have already met one of the kaitiaki, Tangaroa, guardian of the sea featured in my introduction of John. In exploring kaitiakitanga, we enter into Mātauranga Māori and the interconnected nature of all aspects of life, dropping the western need to separate and categorise. Kaitiakitanga can be defined in the following way:

‘tiaki’ is to guard, but depending on the context in which it is used, it also means to preserve, keep, conserve, nurture, protect and watch over. The prefix ‘kai’ with the verb ‘tiaki’ denotes the agent of the action of ‘tiaki’. Therefore, a kaitiaki is a guardian, keeper, preserver, conservator or protector. The addition of ‘tanga’ denotes preservation, conservation and protection.

(<https://www.sciencelearn.org.nz/resources/2544-understanding-kaitiakitanga>)

In choosing a resource for science teachers as the first definition, I think of Pāpā John folding his long limbs onto the floor to sit with his fellow te reo Māori students, and Professor Cockrem giving his TEDx talk in Wellington on the Kororā where he taught the audience how to pronounce kaitiakitanga. It was these little birds that lead him towards the love, and through this love the action of supporting kaitiaki:

John: when I gave the TEDx talk, I told people about how I had been working some years back with little penguins and as my journey evolved I started to work with little penguin brackets Kororā and then I continued further and I was working with Kororā, brackets little penguin.

I will put the case to the committee of the Ornithological Society that is the arbiter of the bird world, at least of official bird names, to change, talking with the Maori Language Commission and coastal iwi first, of course, to change the official name of little penguin, it's latin name is Eudyptula minor but change it to Kororā and that will be the first time that a NZ bird, while people talk about Hehe for example, the official name is Stitchbird, the official name for the NZ pigeon is not Kereru, people talk about Kereru but it's not the official name. But I'm going to work to change the official name to Kororā

Layla Saad sets out in *Me, and white supremacy*, what it means to be anti-racist, talking about allyship not being an identity but instead ‘a lifelong process of building

relationships based on trust, consistency, and accountability' (2020, p.68). This relational nature of allyship aligns with the relational nature of te ao Māori where 'relation is everything, it is ontologically privileged...we come into being not as autonomous entities, but always already as relation' (Hoskins, 2017, p.137). This isn't the story of a white professorial dictation that a name will be changed, but a quiet relationship-based advocacy for the honouring of te reo Māori in science. The renaming of the Kororā is about the protection of taonga, of that which is sacred to Māori which is the reo and the Kororā - inseparably. It is also about recognising the stand alone nature of Māori knowledge and the role of kaitiakitanga as for, and by Māori.

John: my whakapapa doesn't extend back to Papatūānuku and Ranginui, I can't be a kaitiaki but I can support those who can be a kaitiaki.

To be kaitiaki is to be able to whakapapa back to Papatūānuku and Ranganui. Kaitiakitanga is about the exercising of tino rangatiratanga, and allyship is recognising this and creating a space for it to happen. This isn't always easy in a conservation space that is predominantly white (John's own words). John talked about the disparity between Pākehā and Māori in this space, his colleagues in the following dialogue being those from the local marae:

John: my colleagues there and there are people living in an old quarry building with bits of broken glass. And then just across, literally looking down on them, are the people of the decile 10 Plimmerton area and they're a group called Friends of Mana island that's done all of the vegetation out on Mana Island and there I go out on two completely different worlds.

But the reason why there are so few Māori involved in conservation and my understanding is part of it is simply the economic circumstances and part of it is the bigger picture of effects of colonisation and disempowerment and part of that came from The Wildlife Act in 1953 which I've learnt a little bit about how that impacted on Māori where they said that the crown owns all flora and fauna and took away the right to people to go out into the forest and collect things that they might otherwise have been able to do. And so the WAI 262

claim, which was more than 20 years ago, which has been ignored by the government until just about a month ago. Completely ignored. And that, and all the Treaty, the Tribunal recommendations. And that would allow Māori not just to be equal partners but equal owners in lots of stuff as opposed to token consultation.

Kaitiakiatanga is undergoing a significant change in legal status in the wake of the Court of Appeal case, *Trans-Tasman Resources Limited v Taranaki-Whanganui Conservation Board* (2020) NZCA 86. The decision heavily references the findings from WAI 262 claim (Waitangi Tribunal Ko Aotearoa Tēnei: *A Report into Claims Concerning New Zealand Law and Policy Affecting Māori Culture and Identity* (Wai 262, 2011)) and I can only hope that the government does not step in as it did with the *Ngati Apa* case, and overturn this change⁶⁰.

Putting kaitiakitanga into this wider context is important in both the conservation space and the science space: Helen Moewaka Barnes talks about there being little place for Indigenous ways of knowing within science in her 2008 thesis *Arguing for the spirit in the language of the mind* (p.8). John and I talked about this during our one-on-one discussions and he pointed me towards a recent address by the President of the Royal Society Te Apārangi, Professor Wendy Larner, who said:

We now understand that to recognise the excellence of women and Māori it is important to take a more holistic approach, recognising that mentoring, stakeholder engagement, and impact beyond narrow disciplinary research fields may be as important as the traditional indicators such as numbers of research publications. (2019, p.4)

However, many Māori writers would say that this only goes so far and that it is Māori knowledge itself that needs to be recognised for its own merits, rather than based on or within the current western models of science (Barnes, 2008, pp.35-36. Pihama, 2010, p.10.). Decolonisation calls for revitalisation and ‘allowing [of] suppressed knowledges to be untangled and freed’ (Mercier, 2020, p.28). It calls for restoration

⁶⁰ As the final edits were being done on this work it was announced that the mining company was appealing this decision and taking the case to the Supreme Court.

and writers such as Moana Jackson believe that cannot happen within the systems of colonisation itself (2020, pp.71-72), otherwise, it is 'yet again, defining Māori knowledge and experience in terms of western concepts' (Eketone, 2008, p.7).

Mātauranga Māori is protected in Te Tiriti under Article two and within the rangatiratanga principle, but protection is only as good as the action that goes with it and here we arrive at love. Asking a western, scientific method based knowledge to move over and allow Mātauranga Māori concepts to be equal requires more than a speech, it requires the transformation of the scientific space itself, starting with education and a willingness to allow for 'plurality, or different ways of knowing' (Mercier, 2020, p.28). What John spoke to was the fact that without a connection to these Māori ways of knowing, this isn't going to happen.

John: And so a part of this for me will be the notion of kaitiakitanga and guardianship in relation between people and plants and animals and rocks and birds and I'm interested in the natural environment and I'm just thinking that if someone does not have any interest in the natural environment they may not connect with the Maori view of the world in the same way, because it fits, I like to view the world like that, that you have responsibilities to plants but there'll be many people who don't have an appreciation of the natural world in which case the Maori world would be more foreign to them than it is to me.

John sees things as interconnected and this is the key to aroha and kaitiakitanga in practice. In western science there is a need to separate things, whereas, in Mātauranga Māori there is a connectedness perhaps best described by another definition of kaitiakitanga, from anthropologist, Merata Kawharu:

Kaitiakitanga cannot be understood without regard to key concepts including *mana* (rangatiratanga) 'authority', *mauri* 'spiritual life-principle', *tapu* 'sacredness, set apart', *rahui* 'prohibition or conservation', *manaaki* 'hospitality', and *tuku* 'transfer, gift, release'...Above all, it is through a *whakapapa* 'genealogical layering' paradigm, where all elements within the universe are ordered in lineal (descent-time) and lateral (kinship-space) layers that kaitiakitanga finds its rationale. (2000, p.349)

In te ao Māori we enter a system of thinking, a basis for life, that intertwines and a system that all of the participants love. As this definition of kaitiakitanga shows, this system involves all of the elements of this thesis, interconnected, holistic, and inseparable.

Conclusion

For Ling, Nancy, and John the key motivators for their own decolonisation and their work in supporting rangatiratanga are within te ao Māori. The interconnected kaingakau that make up the actions of aroha and that relate to the concept of whakapapa, interconnecting everything, nourish them in a way that te ao Pākehā does not. Their support of rangatiratanga comes from this aroha for Māori ways of being and knowing. Manaakitanga and kaitiakitanga were the active kaingakau that dominated our discussions and that the participants saw as missing from te ao Pākehā. While John talked about conservation being a largely Pākehā endeavour, he wasn't talking about Māori not being interested in conservation, but instead about the economic disparity and legal framework that created that distance between Pākehā conservation and Māori kaitiakitanga. The bridges that the participants build between these concepts, practices and their workplaces, I hope, have become vivid through this chapter.

What the participants are often challenging their friends and colleagues to do, is recognise that there is much to be gained from the te ao Māori approach to life. As this research comes to a close, I look back in the conclusion to where to from here in terms of helping other people fall in love with those different approaches to life.

Chapter 8: Conclusion



In the hours before dawn is my space for walking, yoga, and contemplations. It usually involves walking between bridges across the Manawātū river in Papa-i-oea with my partner. I often make a grumpy feminist assessment of not being able to do this walk on my own in the dark, even though our interactions tend to be with mild-mannered dog walkers. Sometimes I am gently reminded to pick my battles. Injustice is only ever a gaze away and I am drawn back to my contemplation on George Street in the prologue. Is this research relevant to them? This chapter attempts to answer that question.

Figure 2: Fitzherbert Bridge across the Manawātū

This image is of the memorial to the old Fitzherbert bridge of blackened, lichen-covered concrete, and the original brass plaques which list the colonial creators. It took on new meaning as the question of monuments and memorials, old and new, became part of the Black Lives Matter protests. It is an interesting place to stand and contemplate how the threads of this project have come together as a project looking at decolonisation. From here my partner and I walk to the He Ara Kotahi footbridge. The footbridge is modelled on a karaka tree with its roots on one side and its branches stretching across the river⁶¹. I cannot walk it without thinking of the space between Papatūānuku and Ranginui with Tane stretching between them, space I feel like I learned to sit within through this research.

In this chapter I am circling back to Te Tiriti and the potential relationship that was created between te ao Māori and te ao Pākehā. I revisit the self-awareness of the

⁶¹ <https://www.pncc.govt.nz/services/parks-venues-recreation/walks-and-walkways/he-ara-kotahi/>

participants when it comes to whiteness and racism and how this awareness interacts with decolonisation. Through that awareness, the participants live the principle of rangatiratanga, but more than that, they bring love to that principle, living the definition of aroha in their lives. I re-tell a story to highlight this potential in the wider work of decolonisation, using Nancy's experience of the wharehau far from home. I share several ideas for further research before closing this chapter and project with an answer to 'is this relevant to them?'

The potential of Te Tiriti

Over a recent lunch with members of my yoga community, I was made aware of how the dialogue around Te Tiriti is changing. We were all Pākehā, or white-passing women, over the age of forty and our formal education about Te Tiriti growing up had been typical for our era – none. Despite this, through our workplaces, our curiosity, commitment, and questions about the way that Māori are treated in Aotearoa, each of us had become more educated and aware. I watched as, without naming rangatiratanga, the discussion was around supporting it. There was support for te reo Māori, support for Te Tiriti education in schools, and a critique of a politician who uses Te Tiriti to be divisive – the current situation in America with the occupant of the White House⁶² being mentioned regarding the dangers of such approaches. Partway through the discussions, we all looked at each other and recognised this shift, talking about how powerful it felt. Jacko was cooking for activists that morning.

For all of the participants in this research Te Tiriti wasn't something that was up for debate or that they questioned – that Māori had a right to tino rangatiratanga and therefore a role as kaitiakitanga did not come with a 'but'. We all reflected that this perspective came from both education and encounter. When I set out with the research aim of looking at these encounters with te ao Māori I had not linked encounters with decolonisation and anti-racism work. It is only through the stories of the participants that these links became clear. Our encounters with te ao Māori had

⁶² As part of the focus on Black Lives Matter, veteran activist Angela Davis has been centre stage, including an interview with Moana Maniapoto for the Aotearoa audience. During these interviews she has refused to use the current American President's name. This way of referring to him is a nod to the substantial role that she has played in my own journey towards anti-racism work.

significantly impacted our lives and lead to the love of te ao Māori kaingakau and the tikanga that comes from them.

Te Tiriti still has the potential to bring those that have come to call Aotearoa home into a relationship with those Indigenous to Aotearoa, where we are all enriched. We are particularly enriched if we are open to seeing outside of our world view, embracing the difference (Hage, 2012, p.289), the plurality (Mercier, 2020, p.28), and finding a love for those differences. As love began to appear in the research, I often questioned how we fall in love with something. As I looked back on the stories, I realised that in finding in te ao Māori, those values that had gone missing from te ao Pākehā, all three participants came to love. All of our souls are nourished within te ao Māori, and perhaps, for me at least, that is the most important relationship potential of Te Tiriti, but then I would say that as a yoga teacher and someone who increasingly identifies as Māori.

The power of self-awareness

Love was developed through education and encountering te ao Māori and also having a high level of self-awareness, particularly around power and whiteness. In exploring the writing on whiteness, two things had become apparent that were important for this research. One was that colonisation had to be intertwined with any discussions about white identity in Aotearoa, which lead naturally to decolonisation being at the centre of this research. The second was that to become an ally to Māori interests meant building a relationship based on rangatiratanga that acknowledged how different te ao Māori is to te ao Pākehā.

Centring rangatiratanga is about both simple practices and fundamental shifts. In the simple practices are acknowledging the land and the ancestors - the space between Papatūānuku and Ranginui created by Tane: The simple practice of sharing our whakapapa through mihi, linking ourselves to people and land, to the wider picture of Aotearoa and beyond: The simple increases in use of te reo Māori, and supporting others as they become what was recently nicknamed 'awkward speakers' by one of my yoga students as we all fumbled around for the meanings of a particular word: It is in the practice of supporting and celebrating the long process beyond awkward to proficiency.

In the fundamental shifts are those within an organisation to do more than a tick-box version of working with local iwi and hapū: It is in supporting the fundamental change to legal frameworks like that which is the potential of the *Trans-Tasman Resources Limited v Taranaki-Whanganui Conservation Board* (2020) NZCA 86 Case.

Rangatiratanga is in the active process of supporting Mātauranga Māori as a way of being equal to Western science and ways of knowing, by privileging voices from te ao Māori, talking about ideas from within Mātauranga Māori without needing to translate them into te ao Pākehā - letting jellyfish be jellyfish.

These are the actions of decolonisation that the participants have demonstrated and their experiences and stories show that their lives are enriched through their mahi. Their experiences also show a way forward for decolonisation, through this relationship building with Te Tiriti. The framework of the principles is not designed to stay two dimensional on a page, but instead, they are a way of life that makes room for all of us. To honour this in the wider international context of decolonisation, I want to return us to the wharenuī a long way from home and retell this story as if the white male curator had been on this journey with us:

Can I ask some questions?

We are once again in a museum in a foreign land where a wharenuī sits as part of an exhibition about colonisation. In this story it has been agreed, between the descendents of the wharenuī and the Indigenous people of this land that it remains, for now, as a teaching tool about the days when such things were uprooted and taken far from home. Nancy is accompanying her two Māori colleagues to visit this ancestor in architectural form, with a guide Indigenous to the area and a white male curator. As they approach the wharenuī their pace slows down. The guide stands to the side slightly and there are tears in her eyes. They all pause and the guide speaks to the land underneath the wharenuī, the land of her people, welcoming them to that space.

‘Aue, aue, aue.’

The eerie cry of grief arrives in the air as if from far away and the hair stands up on Nancy’s arms. She walks a few paces behind her two companions as they begin to acknowledge the whakapapa of the ancestor they are approaching. Nancy can feel the

wharenuī's presence, gently letting it know that she is there and wondering if she is welcome. Behind her, the male curator of the museum walks with his head down. When they stop at the porch, the intricate carving of the ancestor whose body they are about to enter reaching up to the apex of the roof, there is a silence unusual for a busy museum.

Barefoot, they enter and ignore a table that has been set up for them, walking around slowly, touching here and there the wood, the frames of the tukutuku patterns, and pausing at the back wall where the images of the ancestors would be if the wharenuī was at home. No one speaks but Nancy is aware that the curator has taken a notebook out of his pocket and that there is a gentle excitement in his eyes. When the whole of the wharenuī has been taken in, her two companions fold their legs underneath themselves and sit down on the floor.

'Can I ask some questions?' The curator begins and receives a nod.

Beyond this research

The spiritual dimension of te ao Māori was a natural home for all of the participants, including myself. Looking at any research project beyond this one, there are two directions that I see could be taken concerning this dimension. One is to look in-depth at the spiritual dimension of decolonisation work, asking those who are involved about their experiences and the intersection between their beliefs and their practice of decolonisation. The other direction is closer to my original thesis project, working with Western scientists who are working at that intersection between Western science and Mātauranga Māori, to investigate their experiences of encounter and their way of interacting with this spiritual dimension.

Anti-racism work has its place on a page, but the pages need to translate to lasting and meaningful change, to the actions of thick solidarity (Liu and Shange, 2018, p.196., Jobson, 2019, p.266) that a decolonised anthropology can offer – from white male curators to the reality of those who are not-white and subject to racism. There is space for more research, more workshops, and more discussions. I remain unsure of my place in anthropology itself but as the research came to a close the next step for

my work arrived in an unexpected way - I want to dedicate the final story to the men and women who find themselves subject to our criminal justice system.

Is this research relevant to them?

The two bookends of 15 March, 2019, and 25 May, 2020, are representative of the wider global issues that antiracism and decolonisation work aim to address. The participants in this research work towards this in a myriad of ways each day.

Underpinning this is aroha, love that is active, that is a verb, that is a way of life. As different readers came to this thesis, they questioned why I had not included a story from within my prison work. Each Wednesday through a great deal of the research and writing, I would drive out to Linton and enter Manawatū Prison as a volunteer yoga teacher. This last reflection is dedicated to Rob and 'Richard' (not his real name) who taught me about aroha, on a personal level, as opening the space for change. It is through their story that I try and answer the question of whether this research is relevant to any of the muses.

Rob

It was a Sunday night in Wellington, the weekend before this thesis was due, my partner and I were walking back to the car after a night of mantra and meditation, beautiful food, and yoga. We saw Rob, whose name we had yet to learn, can of bourbon in one hand and sunglasses in the other, weaving down the footpath on the other side of the road, cursing his demons out loud. I found my keys, watching as he made his way across the road towards us. Dan placed himself carefully, slightly in front of me, to meet him as we crossed towards my car.

'Brother, brother, I need a hand. I need to get home. Sister, choice dreads, sister, I need a hand to get home.'

I shook my head at Dan as I unlocked the car, that cautious little shake that says maybe we help...but. We both thought Rob wanted a ride home and we knew that the edge of violence was close by the way he wove his steps and angled his body. He was a fighter and drunk which is never a very safe combination.

Dan put the goodies that we had been loaded up with by our devotee friends in the back seat, freeing his hands in case he needed them. Rob was making little sense

of questions about exactly what direction he was trying to head in. Kilbirnie we managed to work out but not quite how he wanted to get there. I told him he'd have to be able to give us pretty good directions because we weren't from Wellington. When we said we were from Palmerston North, he gave us the eyebrows.

'I been in prison, I done three years. Linton.' There was part bravado in his voice, the dance between him and Dan by the passenger side of the car was still in the sizing-each-other-up stage.

'Oh bro, I teach yoga at Manawatū Prison,' I told him.

The effect of the words was almost instant, his face and his body shifted. We went from randoms on the street that looked friendly enough, to being part of his life, insiders to a world that not many people see within except on television screens. He told us that he had done a portrait course inside, and that was he pretty good at capturing people's tamariki. The three years in Linton was medium-high (security), and not his first lag. He told us how he came to be weaving down a street at 9.30 at night on his own: His mates had deserted him, his girlfriend was somewhere, but then he began to share the other things that I've found the men in prison share with me: The kids they don't get to see. The trauma that they have that landed them there. Their trouble with anger and their anger at themselves for not being able to control it. It all jumbled and tumbled out of Rob, and he even managed to show us a yoga move he'd learned off a martial arts teacher behind bars, can of bourbon and sunglasses parked on the asphalt.

Dan gave him twenty dollars. They hugged, more than once. He told Dan to look after his 'missus'. I was snuggled behind the driver's wheel and that is probably where Rob would have expected his missus, to sit in the same kind of situation so I felt no need to get out and hug him. He gave me a couple of air hugs – arms up at shoulder height and head turned as you would if you were hugging someone.

Our encounter with him broke my heart open. Since the Covid-19 lockdown, I had not taught at the prison and an unanswered email had been sitting staring at me as the last edits happened on this thesis, asking when I was ready to start again.

Richard

If you have never entered prison before, they are noisy places, full of jangling keys and heavy doors that clang and bang. Men being moved are rarely quiet and the jostling and choice language echoes off hard surfaces. They might be the place least likely to be conducive to yoga, but I had a yoga teacher who believed that if you couldn't meditate at an Indian bus stop, you weren't meditating and I held fast to this idea when I took on the role.

'Morning Miss,' was my greeting as the man who would check my details and let me through the first door got to know me. He would still run through the checklist to make sure that I wasn't carrying anything other than my keys and my yoga mat, but the list was words run together through familiarity. Through the metal detector, then the wand, a good-natured shake out of my dreadlocks, and then the waiting for the volunteer coordinator to come and get me, or a passing guard who knew I was going to D-block.

Being a woman in a men's prison is 'interesting' as a grumpy feminist analysis is about as useful there as it is when interacting with members of a Motorcycle Club. The journey from D-block might pass without meeting a group of prisoners but often there was a crossing at gates and doors that would necessitate the guard squaring their shoulders and angling in front of me. More often than not, I would hear 'Kia ora, Miss,' that made me think sadly of my young crew on George Street, all grown up. I always returned the greeting through the back of the guard. The men would jostle whoever had greeted me and there would be laughter. Sometimes I'd hear 'shut up, man' from the person who had spoken, or a more colourful version.

D-block is where the courses are run – everything from portrait classes, to te reo Māori courses, and rehabilitation happens in grungy classrooms with bare basic furniture. I eventually managed to move from a classroom to the old chapel which might have been deconsecrated but it certainly felt nicer than the other rooms. My men would either be first or last on the pick-up list for the morning as they came from the Segregation Unit and had to be moved separately to all other prisoners. I never asked, and most of them never told me why they were there. I met 'Richard' (not his real name), on my first day there.

‘I wanna read that when it’s finished,’ he told me one day when we had been talking about my research. Every week he would ask me how it was going, what I had found out, my word count, and what I was going to do with it. He called himself ‘my statistic’; Māori, made a ward of the state at five and had never really left institutions since, culminating in this last lag of eleven years. You do not get that kind of sentence, or segregation, for playing tiddly-winks.

I went away from those yoga classes both inspired and incredibly sad. Richard is an intelligent man, but if there was an example of the intergenerational effect of colonisation, there he was sitting in front of me week after week, and he was able to trace that trauma through his life and deep into his whakapapa. If the work of antiracism and decolonisation can reach Richard, I often wonder what our world would look like, and what wonders he might create with his life.

Aroha

What Richard and Rob taught me was the power of aroha to entirely disarm someone. Richard would arrive for class with his chest lifted and his arms ready for anyone that might swing his way. His face was always set in the same way, resting defense, hard to the edges. The guard would lock the door and his shoulders would drop, he would smile. His face and body would change entirely, all the way through to the moment that the key hit the lock again. It was about aroha, being able to be himself for an hour, longer if he was first and then last on the list which happened on a rare occasion. Richard was released just before the Covid-19 shut down and I often wonder how he is. Ngā mihi, Richard, I hope that, as you wished and worked towards, this was the last lag. I hope, that as I wished for, this is readable.

Rob reminded me of the power of aroha as I watched him and Dan dance carefully around being two big guys in a situation that could go either way. There was a moment when Dan went to get money for him, openly holding his wallet, knowing that that movement signalled a level of trust in Rob that we guessed was rare for him. I believe he opened about his life because there was aroha present, a powerful force for social change and personal change.

This research can not change the lives of Rob and Richard or my other muses. The work of John, Ling, and Nancy, can as it ripples out into the world. I do not know who will arrive through the clanging doors when I next go to Manawatū Prison to teach, but I do know that I have a word to carry with me as I roll out my yoga mat: Aroha.



Karakia

I rongo au ki te karanga a te manu, Tūī, tuia
Tuia i roto, tuia i waho, tuia i runga, tuia i raro,
Tuia te hono a wairua, i takea mai i Hawaiki nui, i Hawaiki roa, i Hawaiki pāmamao
Tuia i te muka tangata
Whāia ki te uru tapu nui a Tānenuiarangi
Tāne te Waiora, Tāne te Pūkenga, Tāne te Wānanga e
Kia tau te mātauranga, kia tau te mōhiotanga kia puta te māramatanga
E Rongo whakairia ki runga
Ka rongo te pō, ka rongo te ao
Kia puta ki te whei ao, ki te ao mārama e
Tūturu o whakamaui kia tina! Tina!
Haumi ē Hui ē! Tāiki ē!

I heard the call of the Tūī, bind, sew, lace
Bind together the inner, outer, above and below— integrate
We are bound to our ancestors of great, eternal and distant Hawaiki
Our whakapapa binds us
Acknowledgement of magnificent Tāne,
bringer of knowledge, life and wisdom Knowledge, understanding and illumination
alights
Acknowledgement of Rongo, upholder of peace
Resounding through the dark and the light
Birthed into the world of light - consciousness,
Hold true and fast, express it!
Aligned, united and ready to progress!

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Trans-Tasman Resources Limited v Taranaki-Whanganui Conservation Board (2020) NZCA 86

Waitangi Tribunal Ko Aotearoa Tēnei: *A Report into Claims Concerning New Zealand Law and Policy Affecting Māori Culture and Identity* (Wai 262, 2011)

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Figures

All images created by Natasha Heard

Figure 1: Three kete

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Figure 2: Fitzherbert Bridge across the Manawatū

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Appendix 1: Extracts from *Trans-Tasman Resources Limited v Taranaki-Whanganui Conservation Board* (2020) NZCA 86

[166] This provision of the Treaty contains an unqualified guarantee to the rangatira and hapū of New Zealand of “rangatiratanga” (in te reo Māori) and “full exclusive and undisturbed possession” (in English) in relation to their lands, estates, forests, fisheries and “taonga katoa”. The exercise of those guaranteed rights and interests is a “lawfully established existing activity” for the purposes of the EEZ Act⁶³. Indeed the exercise of these rights and interests can fairly be described as the most long-standing lawfully established existing class of activities in New Zealand. Those rights were not affected by the acquisition of sovereignty by the British Crown in 1840, as this Court explained in *Attorney-General v Ngati Apa*. Article 2 of the Treaty recognises the continued existence of these rights and interests.

[169] The existence, nature and scope of the customary rights and interests that may be relevant as “existing interests” under s 59⁶⁴ must be determined “as a matter of the custom and usage of the particular community”. Customary rights and interests are not less deserving of recognition, and cannot be disregarded as “existing interests” under s 59(2)(a), merely because they do not conform with English legal concepts. Nor, as this Court explained in *Attorney-General v Ngati Apa*, is it appropriate to attempt to shoe-horn customary rights and interests into an English property law framework.

[170] It was therefore necessary for the DMC⁶⁵ to squarely engage with the full range of customary rights, interests and activities identified by Māori as

⁶³ Exclusive Economic Zone and Continental Shelf (Environmental Effects) Act 2012. Public Act. 2012 No. 72.

⁶⁴ Referring here to *Ko Aotearoa Tēnei: A Report into Claims Concerning New Zealand Law and Policy Affecting Māori Culture and Identity* (Wai 262, 2011)

⁶⁵ The Environmental Protection Authority’s decision making committee

affected by the TTR⁶⁶ proposal, and to consider the effect of the proposal on those existing interests. In particular, in the context of this application, it was necessary for the DMC to address the impact of the TTR proposal on the kaitiakitanga relationship between the relevant iwi and the marine environment. Kaitiakitanga is an integral component of the customary rights and interests of Māori in relation to the taonga referred to in the Treaty.

[172] The respondents are right to say that the focus of the DMC decision was on bio-physical effects. The DMC focused on the marine environment as a resource that Māori exploited to obtain food and other practical advantages. The difference between this perspective and the perspective of kaitiakitanga is neatly captured by the Waitangi Tribunal in its report: *Ko Aotearoa Tēnei: A Report into Claims Concerning New Zealand Law and Policy Affecting Māori Culture and Identity*, explaining the central characteristics of the system of custom that Kupe brought with him to these islands: Its defining principle, and its life blood, was kinship –the value through which the Hawaiians expressed relationships with the elements of the physical world, the spiritual world, and each other. The sea was not an impersonal thing, but an ancestor deity. The dots of land on which the people lived were a manifestation of the constant tension between the deities, or, to some, deities in their own right. Kinship was the revolving door between the human, physical, and spiritual realms. This culture had its own creation theories, its own science and technology, its own bodies of sacred and profane knowledge. These people had their own ways of producing and distributing wealth, and of maintaining social order. They emphasised individual responsibility to the collective at the expense of individual rights, yet they greatly valued individual reputation and standing. They enabled human exploitation of the environment, but through the kinship value (known in te ao Māori as *whanaungatanga*) they also emphasised human responsibility to nurture and care for it (known in te ao Māori as *kaitiakitanga*).

⁶⁶ Trans-Tasman Resources Limited – the Appellant in the case

[175] The DMC decision contains references to the concepts of kaitiakitanga and the mauri of the ocean. But there is no analysis of the nature and significance of the kaitiaki relationship, or of the nature and extent of the effects of the proposed activities on the existing interests of iwi as kaitiaki. The evidence and submissions of affected iwi and the NKTT⁶⁷ report explained why the TTR proposal would have an adverse impact on the existing interests of those iwi, and would be inconsistent with their kaitiakitanga responsibilities in relation to the affected areas. The DMC decision does not engage with the nature and extent of the adverse effects on the existing interests of affected iwi and does not explain why the DMC considered that those adverse effects were outweighed by other factors.

⁶⁷ NKTT, Nga Kaihautu Tikanga Taiao - Environmental Risk Management Authority