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# Hōmai ō Taringa Kia Ngaua e Au

*Give Me Your Ears So I May Chew On Them*



An exhibition report presented in partial fulfilment  
of the requirements for the degree of

Masters of Māori Visual Arts

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## Abstract

This exhibition report navigates the connection to tīpuna through the customary practice of skinning manu. Skinning and pelting manu is a mana enhancing process that connects me to mātauranga held in my whakapapa. I follow in Tāne's footsteps in search of ngā kete o te wānanga. Te Kete Aronui, Te Kete Tuauri, and Te Kete Tuatea. The knowledge inside these kete, the knowledge of the skinning process, is told through taonga tuku iho. Each taonga depicts a step in the process, and when worn, is able to communicate that process to the wearers. They speak, in the voices of aunties, nannies, and tīpuna. Connecting me through time, space, and death to my nan, who did this process before me.

## Acknowledgements, Nga Mihi Aroha

### *Whakairo ana a Te Wahamū*

“As an elder watched an old lady skillfully weaving he uttered this saying, which referred to the great-grandmother of the woman being observed, thus implying that her expertise had been inherited by her descendants” (Moko Mead, H. and Grove, N. 2001).



I would like to acknowledge my nan, and my namesake, Aroha Wilson. She is my connection to raranga, she used whatu to bind the strands of my soul to raukura. She shrouds me in the kākahu of our tīpuna. The same kākahu she was given.

Nga mihi nui, to my supervisor, Karangawai Marsh.

One of the most generous people, not only with her whare and her time, but also with her mātauranga. Her knowledge shapes my practice.

She has guided me through this journey with the kindness and understanding of an aunty.

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# Introduction

## *Ko wai Au?*

Ko Ruawahia, ko Maungarangi ngā maunga

Ko Te Awa o te Atua, ko Otara ngā awa

Ko Te Arawa, ko te Whakatōhea, ko Tūhoe ngā iwi

Ko Muriwai rāua ko Rangitahi ngā tīpuna

Ko Ngāti Rangitahi, ko Ngāti Ngahere ngā hapu

Ko Rangitahi, ko Terere ngā marae

Ko Aroha Wilson tōku Kuia

Ko Gina Matchitt tōku mama

Ko Aroha Matchitt Millar ahau

*He hono tangata e kore e motu, kāpā he taura waka e motu*

“ The genealogical connections of people cannot be severed, on the other hand the canoe rope will be severed” (Pihama, L. Greensill, H. Manuirangi, H. and Simmonds N. 2019).

My mother is an artist, and my nan a weaver, like my great great grandmother before her. My mahi toi is based in reconnecting with the practices and mātauranga I hold in my whakapapa. Though the pathway of connection has been severed through colonisation, I am finding new ways to collect that knowledge.

My māmā has been teaching herself how to weave from my nan’s old books with her hand written notes in the margins. Mum’s at a point now where she can teach me the basics like kono and even kete. We went up to Ōhiwa, on our tūhoe and whakatōhea whenua, for auntie Kristen’s birthday and, as a gift, my mother taught Kristen and I to make our first kete.

I always looked at the kete hanging on the walls in Mum’s house, made by aunties, cousins, and great grandmothers. Now I share in the same excitement of finding the perfect pā harakeke, or the ache of used muscles in your hand after hāpene. Though I have always known the smell of fresh harakeke, its green sap sits in my nostrils, the memories awakened when I am weaving, sitting in the same position as my nan on the porch.

To Perfume your house with

Harakeke

It must be fresh

Full of sap

It must seep under your fingernails

Turning them green

For three days

For three days you’re in your nan's body

Sitting on the floor

Shoulders hunched

Fingers green

House full of harakeke

(Matchitt Millar, A. 2024)

I was not taught the process of skinning manu by my mum or my nan or any aunties. However, because there was someone in my direct line of whakapapa doing this process I have found it in my hands, in the tangible world.

This body of jewellery works observes the process of skinning and preparing manu for use in customary manu huruhuru practices. I follow in the footsteps of Tāne, guided by my tīpuna, to reach into ngā kete o te wānanga for this knowledge. In 2022 my lecturer taught me the practice of skinning a manu as a way to collect feathers for whatu kākahu. This brought back memories of my nan, and my namesake, who had picked up raranga in her 70's. I still have the pheasant feathers that she lovingly plucked, prepared and sorted into different ziplock bags. I can remember her old freezer in the garage that hummed as it struggled to keep her manu frozen. I remember the smell of boiling harakeke and feathers, no matter how well they are cleaned, the smell never leaves them.

The whakataukī “*hōmai ō taringa kia ngaua e au*” meaning “give me your ears so I may chew on them” was also given to me by my lecturer. This whakataukī is something a nanny would say if she wanted you to come sit close because she had a special bit of mātauranga to share with you. This whakataukī being the genesis of my research I wish to investigate how mātauranga of customary practice can be passed down through whakapapa and taonga.

## Chapter One

## Te Kete Aronui, The Tangible World

Yesterday

My great aunt Helen

Showed us a kete

Woven by my great

Great Grandmother

Onewhero tawhai Paora

So small

And perfectly woven

My mum had given Helen a kete

She had woven herself

A kete for a kete

Knowledge as a gift

(Matchitt-Millar, A. 2024)

## Introduction

Chapter One, Te Kete Aronui: The tangible world, the first of the three kete. This holds all that exists in the physical world, everything that has been passed down to me through physical history. This chapter is a kōrero about the research by other ringatoi Māori, and the pou, or foundations, for my research that sit in creation narratives. I will speak to the knowledge that has been physically gifted to me through literature, the narrative of Rehua gifting tūi and Tāne retrieving ngā kete o te wānanga. This section contains my literary review and artist models including customary examples of Māori jewellery with huruhuru.

This kete contains the context around my use of jewellery, raranga, and manu huruhuru, and how it sits in my whakapapa. This chapter provides the base of my artistic practice and research into skinning manu and the creation of taonga tuku iho.

## Raranga, Raukura, and Jewellery, My Whakapapa

When thinking about the history of feathers or manu in jewellery I must start with customary practice. Within a Te Ao Māori world view there is a relationship with Papatūānuku and all her resources that calls us to put purpose to all we use. If a manu has died, for the purpose of food, or by accident, or naturally, why not use their beautiful feathers in a way that respects the life of that manu? Cassandra Barnett writes about the abundance held within a kiwi, as she witnesses a kiwi in death at a wānanga to teach weavers about the practice of skinning a manu. To see potential in something, is the natural need for creation.

“A kiwi whole again. A kiwi still holding its cloak, still wearing its life feathers. Suddenly it’s too whole. Abundantly, almost wastfully, whole. I have accustomed myself. I see not just death, but something else in waiting. A vessel of wealth, abundance, generosity. Ready to give itself up, completely (2020, p.63).”



**Figure 1** *Aroha (my nan) and Bubbles Wilson, Ruatoki ca 1930s*

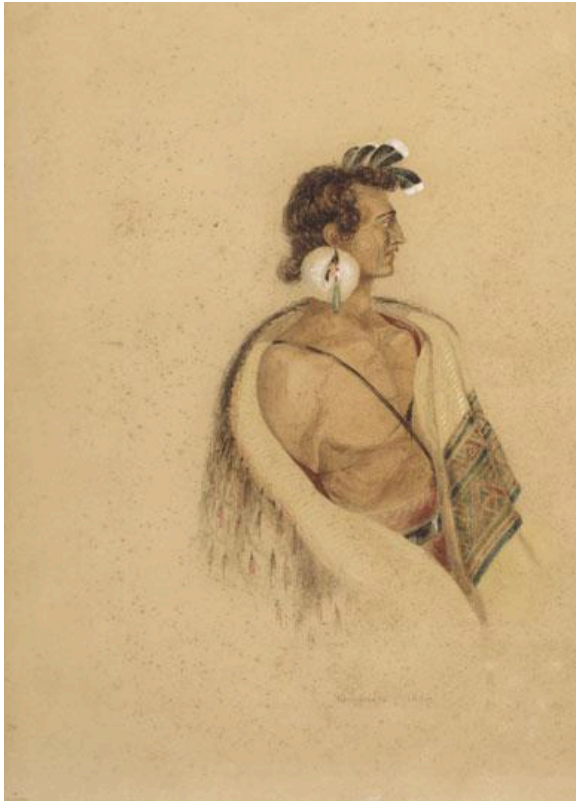
I have become my nan, picking up roadkill on the side of the road, not wanting to waste what is left of a body. I think about how many manu it would have taken to create a kākahu huruhuru in the 1920s or 30s. When Tūhoe whanau gifted my great koro Tāneatua Wilson huruhuru and kuri skin kākahu in exchange for keeping their tabs open at the Ruatoki general store. I understand why, once enough time had passed, Tāneatua gave those kākahu back as a gesture of good will and in understanding of the debt being paid.

To place harakeke in my whakapapa I look to my nan's whānau from Ngāti Rangitihi. Before the eruption of Tarawera we were living at Tāpoho and Pōkohu with harakeke farms in Matatā. After the eruption, Ngāti Rangitihi abandoned their gardens and moved fully to Matatā to care for the resources they had left. This is a significant moment in my whakapapa where my tīpuna made the decision to focus on harakeke. A decision that I have mirrored in the past couple of years.

Harakeke, raranga, muka, and whatu kākahu are written into my whakapapa. My nan's sister, Aunty Bubbles, made beautiful piupiu with paru to dye the muka black. She kept that spot of paru secret, tucked away in her back yard waiting for the next time a kura needed kākahu. My nan learnt to weave later in life after retiring and taking a wānanga course. Of course Bubbles disagreed with how my nan wove anything, putiputi, piupiu, kete. Maybe Bubbles was bitter because my nan never asked her to teach her raranga. The metallic taste of whakamā leftover from colonisation, too embarrassed to ask for persimmon to learn what your whānau used to know. So instead my nan read books and looked at what others had made. Eventually, my nan and her sister would sit on the porch, still arguing over the right way to do things, weaving together.

I often find myself wracked with guilt over not remembering the way my nan taught me how to make putiputi. When I calm down I sign myself up to university, look at what is available to me, and try to learn what my nan once knew. I look up at the piupiu my nan made me, with my name stamped into the tāniko belt that binds it all together. I reach into my kete, Te Kete Aronui, to try and learn from history.

I turn to pōhoi, usually made with toroa feathers, so I can feel the huruhuru at my ear, hoping to hear more stories whispered to me in my aunt's voice. Pōhoi are artfully crafted little puffs of feathers, usually worn on the ear, but there are also examples of pōhoi on the end of taiaha, or used almost like tassels on kākahu or flags.



The earliest image of a pōhoi earring I can find is a portrait of Ngāti Toa chief Te Rangihaeata by Charles Heaphy from 1840. In this watercolor portrait Te Rangihaeata's head is turned to the side, perfectly displaying the large pōhoi toroa on his ear. Due to the size of the pōhoi the maker would have had to use a lot of the nice fluffy down feathers usually found on the chest of a toroa.

**Figure 2**

I expect this piece showed Te Rangihaeata's status and he must have been well liked for someone to have gifted him such a fine piece of jewellery. Again I look up at my nan's piupiu, to learn. I think the same whatu was used on this pōhoi to bind these gorgeous down feathers as my nan used to bind the piu together.

But did customary makers ever create something with a whole manu? Leather skin holding feathers tight instead of whatu.



Figure 3

This portrait of Tukukino Te Ahiātaewa, one of the 19th century leaders of Ngāti Tamaterā, depicts what I believe to be the best examples of a whole manu plumage in customary jewellery. Tukukino is wearing what is still referred to as a pōhoi, however it is not just plumage, it is a whole huia bird; including the skull and beak. I think the huia has been skinned and dried, leaving the skull and beak attached, instead of skinned and then plucked.

During the drying the skin would have curled in on itself creating the fluffy plumage shown behind the huia skull in this painting. I believe the tail feathers must have been used for another taonga because they are not depicted in this painting. To wear this pōhoi the skull would have been pulled through the back of a stretched ear lobe piercing letting the plumage of the skin hang behind the ear.

These two pōhoi sit in the visual whakapapa of my works, particularly in the innovation of using the whole manu in a piece of jewellery. They sit alongside my nan's piupiu and her pheasant feathers. Next to aunty Bubbles' kete and the kete my mother now tries to piece together.

My mother, Gina Matchitt, planted the practice of making jewellery into our whakapapa. Her stand out collection of jewellery *Merchandise 2001*, was revolutionary for Māori contemporary jewellery. She visually combined the everyday mundane Māori life with the use of religious imagery to convey a nuanced experience of colonisation. The series used crucifixes made from blankets, tobacco tins and cartons, and beer cans that “Refer to the role of early missionaries and later settlers in the introduction to Māori society of these less than beneficial substances” (Brown, D. 1999).



Figure 4



Figure 5

Not only is she a studied and practiced jeweler, she facilitated the love my brother and I hold for jewellery in our everyday life. One of my earliest memories of jewellery is rummaging through my mum's jewellery box at home, mesmerised by the pieces made by her or gifted from the aunties she studied with. She has taught me all I know about making jewellery, even gifting me the set of jewellery tools I use to make my works. My mother is in the rings I wear daily, she is in the sound of my earrings when the silver clangs together as I walk. She stands at my shoulder as I take a piercing saw to a sheet of silver. "Careful bub" says my mother "remember what I taught you."



**Figure 6** *My Mother and I, Auckland 2002*

## Taonga Tuku Iho, Storage for Knowledge

The knowledge that I am grasping for, the knowledge that my tīpuna have laid out the path to, lies in manu. In a contemporary context of weaving practice, freezers often hold manu when they have died but are waiting to be processed. These manu are frozen physically and spiritually, held between Te Ao Mārama and Te Pō. Conceptually, these freezers represent ngā kete o te wānanga as a vessel for holding knowledge. They have frozen each step of the process and hold them for the audience to learn from.

Freezers become liminal spaces, charged with holding things before they can be transformed. They are doorways to Te Pō, the space of nothing, the space of everything (Murphy, N. 2022). The realm of potential. The Moteatea “Tirotiro Kau Au” is a waiata tangi with a line that speaks specifically of being wrapped in cold. This lament for the dead describes tīpuna being forever cloaked by the “dank shroud of the bitter stinging cold” (Maungaharuru-Tangitu Trust, 2023). This specifically references the cold of the caves that tūpāpuku are stored in (Maungaharuru-Tangitu Trust, 2023). The metaphorical cold of the freezers shrouds anything in them, freezing them in place. Whether it is metaphorical or physical, freezers hold knowledge as a step in the process of creating taonga.

Taonga tuku iho uses the same concept of ‘freezing’ knowledge in objects. Using the art process to convey knowledge and matauranga. Sydney Moko Mead describes taonga, not just as a prized possession, but as something that holds a hidden force (1984). That force is determined by what has happened in the past and what is occurring in the present, already clothing the object in a

thousand words (Moko Mead, S. 1984). Taonga tuku iho allows us to represent knowledge through symbology and to wear it is to learn.

“Taonga have required knowledge to be created and therefore inherently contain all the knowledge of their creation” (Wilkinson, A. 2015, p.2). To create taonga is to visualise whakapapa. Every thought, object, element, place, and person has a whakapapa. The use of whakapapa within the creation of taonga allows the maker to connect with the materials being used. Within this body of work, I am referencing the customary history of Māori using taonga to disseminate knowledge. Again the whakataukī *Hōmai ō taringa kia ngāua e au* pays homage to how Māori share knowledge verbally and visually. To wear taonga is to learn, and to hear your tīpuna speak. I would argue that the taonga created from this research inherently contain the knowledge of the process used to make them.



**Figure 7** *Hine-Āhua*, Areta Wilkinson 2013

Areta Wilkinson investigates how knowledge can be imbued into jewellery to create taonga tuku iho using the metaphor of pepeha to ground her research on her own whenua. In the conclusion of Wilkinson’s thesis she describes the making of *Hine-Āhua* and subsequently the creation of her pepeha. “This piece’s full name is *Ko Hine-Āhua Au* which references the telling of a pepeha, an introduction” (Wilkinson, 2014).

Wilkinson explains how the bicultural nature of her materials represents her whakapapa. For example, she uses muka gifted to her by whanaunga and a pink legal judges ribbon braided together as the cord for the hei tiki. This represents the “legal and moral obligations that bind our actions as a bicultural society today” (Wilkinson, 2015). By using the notion of pepeha and whakapapa, Areta Wilkinson is able to create taonga tuku iho that represent her whakapapa and dreams for the future.

Areta Wilkinson has laid the path for me to explain how my whakapapa is imbued into my work through materials and practice. Contemporary jewellery has the same power to tell histories as customary jewellery.

Part of defining my practice as taonga is acknowledging that I am working under the umbrella of Te Ao Māori. “It is important for me to acknowledge that the practice of using and pelting manu is a customary one” (Te Awa, 2023). Raranga artists give these manu immense manaakitanga when working with them, each with their own processes and tikanga. I was taught to pelt a manu in with my lecturer. Creating a practice where the mauri of the manu is respected is the first step to creating taonga tuku iho. “The hands that cradle the head as other hands employ large shears to remove it” (Williams, 2015). It is gory and slightly unsettling work; however, there is a gentleness and care for the still present mauri imbued into the pelt.

“Not only must there be an awareness of tapu in death, but also an awareness that the mauri of the manu deserves representation within the taonga being created” (Te Awa, 2022). If the mauri of the manu is still there, though changed in death, then the object must represent the life and environment the manu came from. In the exhibition *Ko wai Rā te Manu?* Issac Te Awa created a

pair of poi from the feathers of a kererū. He described them at a curators talk as representing all elements of a kererū. From all the colours of its feathers and physical attributes to the life it would have lived “flying through the air like a poi” (Te Awa, 2022). It is important to acknowledge the body when creating a taonga from death, giving the manu autonomy over the taonga that is being created. I hope that the wearer of these taonga can see the beauty in the craft and look past the obvious gore of a dead manu.

I hope that the tūi can continue to be storytellers, as they were in life. That the taonga being created acknowledges the tūi’s chatter, and that the wearer can feel it. There is kōrero held in taonga tuku iho and tūi are using their voice to tell it. Even after death.

## Tūi, A Gift From Rehua

The Tūi was given to me to use in this body of work, much like Rehua gifting tūi to Tāne, because of their orator skills. The whakataukī *Korokoro tūi* attributes someone with the throat of a tūi and is a complement to a great orator or singer (Moko Mead, H. and Grove, N. 2001). My tīpuna speak knowledge to me and the tūi represents this metaphorical speaking.

The tūi was a gift from Rehua to Te Ao Mārama. There are many different versions of the story that list different people the tūi was given to. In all of them the consistent point is that the tūi lived in the hair of Rehua. His dreaded locks like a nest on his head. When George Grey (1855) recounts the story he was told Rupe, the guest in Rehua's house, is offered food and was wondering what was to be cooked in the hue.

“Rehua was slowly loosening the thick bands which enveloped his locks around and upon the top of his head; and when his long locks all floated loosely; he shook the dense masses of his hair; and forth from them came flying flocks of tūi birds, which had been nestled there feeding upon insects (Grey, G. 1855, p.51).”

This symbolizes the transfer of knowledge from Rehua to Rupe in the form of manu. Rehua is physically feeding Rupe. The act of Rehua untying his hair to release these special manu that feed on insects in his head, creates an image in my mind of the act of teaching. Letting the knowledge flow from where it is stored. Allowing me to fill my head with knowledge, to feast on customary practice.

The narrative of Rehua and the fact that tūi are known for their oratory skills makes them the perfect vessel of knowledge. The tūi represent everyone who was generous enough to give me the knowledge of the customary practices I hold today. The tūi is the knowledge itself, flying from one person to the other, laughing together, learning together, living together.

## Ngā Kete o te Wānanga, Following in Tāne's Footsteps

I found Tāne  
In my Nan's garage  
Digging through her freezer  
That thing hummed so loud  
I used to think Nan had left the car running  
It took up half the garage  
And half the electrical bill  
Tāne was looking for something  
In the fluorescent light of the open  
Freezer  
Through the cold manū  
Searching for his kete  
(Matchitt-Millar, A. 2024)

The way I am gifted knowledge is intangible and decolonial. I use the context and framework of Tāne retrieving ngā kete o te wānanga as a way to bring my journey into Te Ao Mārama to be perceived. I follow in Tāne's footsteps, on the same path my nan took, to learn the customary knowledge held in my whakapapa.

After the separation of Rangi and Papa, Tāne went in search of knowledge for this new world he now resided in. Like myself, Tāne had initiated the rather turbulent transition into this new world, feeling empty without his parents crowding in on him. I follow in his footsteps, ascending

the realms of space and time to find Io, the infinite source of the universe. I even stopped to see Rehua, who allowed me entrance to the twelfth and highest realm with the gift of a tūi. Io presented Tāne with three kete, each holding a different knowledge system. Tāne then descended back to his brothers, placing the kete inside the whare wānanga (Marsden, M. 2003). I hope to do the same, presenting my knowledge here in this research for my whanau to reach into when ever needed. I metaphorically follow in Tāne's footsteps ascending through each realm and picking up one kete at a time. This journey is not linear, each time I learn, I reach back up, to grasp onto a new kete this time. My hand reaching, my nan's hand guiding me.

Tāne brought three kete back to Te Ao Mārama: Te Kete Aronui; the tangible world, Te Kete Tuauri; the space between, and Te Kete Tuātea; the space beyond. I start by inspecting Te Kete Aronui, the tangible world. This holds the system of learning through observation (Marsden, M. 2003). I learn from the patterns in the world around me. What is laid out before me? Jewellery and weaving sit in my whakapapa. I hold my nan's scissors and my koro's knife, tools that have been physically passed down. Then, Te Kete Tuātea, which holds the knowledge of process, ritual, and karakia (Marsden, M. 2003). I learn from doing and following, with karakia at the foundation. My nan has placed people in my life and she teaches me through them. I learn to skin manu from my lecturer. She has given me a tūi with the outstretched hands of my nan. Finally, Te Kete Tuauri, the knowledge of the world beyond, knowledge of the unseen (Marsden, M. 2003). I can now understand how my nan has been guiding me through this journey. How whakapapa flows through me bringing knowledge with it. I understand te whare wānanga in the context of reconnecting with the practice of skinning manu.

Rev Māori Marsden also writes about a fourth kete, one that holds symbology. He states that within the context of a Māori visual language we use symbolism to represent the concepts we can not physically grasp or see (Marsden, M. 2003). I see symbology, not as a separate kete or world, but attached to all three kete o te wananga. Symbology is what helps us grasp the kete, pull them into Te Ao Mārama, and examine their context in the light of our nan's garage. To me, symbology is the muka handles attached to each kete. A way of holding on to the knowledge we are given and a way of passing that knowledge on to others. I bring my hand back to Te Ao Mārama, along with what Io has allowed me to grasp onto through my works.

My kaiako once told me  
Of a harakeke that you can pretty much  
Shake the paru off and you're left with muka in your hands  
I dream of this muka  
When I am sitting  
Hands covered in green sap and blisters  
I dream of it being easy  
Knowledge and practice flowing through me  
Though I love the calluses my hands hurt  
And I miss my nan  
I think she had the same hands as me  
Maybe she also wished for easy muka  
(Matchitt-Millar, A. 2024)

This framework of knowledge dissemination is a critical site of indigenous resistance. It goes against the western view of knowledge systems and is based in spiritual relationships to the universe, land, manu, and my tīpuna. Linda Tuhiwai Smith states that this way of thinking and researching is “one of the few parts of ourselves which the west cannot decipher, cannot understand and cannot control” (Tuhiwai Smith, L. 2021). It is important for me to articulate that this has been a deeply personal journey to see the knowledge of my tīpuna. This research communicates a journey that is non linear and does not end in one final piece. You can wear one piece and connect with a section of process or the system of knowledge that is held within each kete.

Re-connecting with Tāne and his kete is a critical step for me in decolonisation. The severance of tāngata Māori from land and natural resources directly correlates to the loss of customary matauranga (Tuhiwai Smith, L. 2021). It’s hard to learn raranga if they build a church over your nan’s pā harakeke. Or if you grew up in the city, far away from the gorgeous muka that waits in the harakeke of the east coast. If I can not ask my nan how she skinned a manu, where shall I go?

## Chapter Two

## Te Kete Tuauri, The Space Between

Tomorrow

I braid muka

Into rats tails from the

Base of my skull

Thinking about my mother

and

Her mother

Would they pull me by this muka?

Like they pulled on my cousin's ears

*Hōmai ō Taringa kia Ngaua e Au*

Does the Tūi miss that pull of

Knowledge too?

(Matchitt-Millar, A. 2024)

### Introduction:

Chapter two, Te Kete Tuauri, holds ritual, process, and karakia. In this chapter I recall the first time I skinned a manu, taught by my lecturer. I will walk you through the process with all the memories attached. Supported by photos of me going through the process of skinning a tūi by Jazmin Tainui Mihi. I have written two karakia, one to begin and one to end the process, that acknowledge the manu, the atua, and my journey of knowledge.

## To Skin a Tūi

Karakia timata

Karanga mai e manu

Homai ō wheua

Homai ō raukura

Ka purutia au tēnei manu

Tēnā koe, Tāne

Nāu ngā kete o te wananga i homai

Ka whāia au ō tapuwae

Tīhei, mauri ora!

(Matchitt-Millar, A. 2024)



**Figure 8**

In 2022, my lecturer taught me how to skin manu in order to collect and prep the feathers for whatu kakahu. Four other wāhine also doing their undergrad in Māori visual arts at the time took the opportunity to sit in and watch.

She had been given three tūī, all in quick succession, just before she got married, and had generously decided to give me one for my project. She pulled this tūī from the depths of her freezer, it was small. We all agreed it may have been a baby, swaddled in the plastic bag. This is the first time I had ever seen a manu this close. Immediately, I am taken back to 4 years old. My nan has pulled over on the side of the road somewhere between Awakeri and Edgumbe. She had spotted a pūkeko, brilliant blue amongst the grass and asphalt of the road. She picks it up and stuffs it in the chilly bin she keeps in the boot of her car ... “oooooh, that’s what that’s for”.

To bring me back, we start with the karakia. Then, we each held the tūī, thanked him, and introduced ourselves. My lecturer handed me the craft knife gently, but before telling me where to cut, or which bone to break, she said “I like to talk to them, let him know what I’m doing. Sometimes out loud, sometimes not.”

Introduce yourself

It’s important they know where you’re from

That tūī might have known your nan

Nibbled on her wooden balcony and asked for a kai

Tell them what you’re doing and why

Taking a wing or a bone to deter the rot

Encourage them to change

What are you making?

A kākāhu for your brother's grad?

Earrings for you nan?

“Oh” says the tūī “I know your nan”

“Yes I am glad to live with her again”

(Matchitt-Millar, A. 2024)



**Figure 9**

We walked through the process of separating sinew from skin. One clean cut from just below the little white tuft at the tūi's throat to the bottom of his stomach. Just through the skin, not through any muscle. There was no blood spilled because it had been frozen and only partially thawed. It was not a messy scene, but did not hold the same sterile feeling of a doctor's office or a vet clinic. There were women laughing, updating each other on their lives and the tūi was part of the conversation too.



**Figure 10**

I'm told that we have to break four bones, each wing at the shoulder joint and both the legs at the thigh. I apologise before breaking each one. Though, I don't think the tūi minds much, even when I reach for the large sewing scissors that used to be my nan's. We snip the flesh around each break and set his limbs aside to dry separately in a mountain of baking soda on top of a wool blanket. The wool is moisture resistant while baking soda keeps the odour and rot away.

We get to a point where the skin has been removed from the flesh of the torso but the tūi's head is still connected to both. He sits between realms, Te Pō and Te Ao Mārama. He looks to me as I cradle his body in my hands, *mate mate au*. We all must die to be connected through our return to the flesh of Papatūānuku.

One final snip of the flesh just under his chin and the skin is fully separated from flesh. Though the head and skull are still attached to the pelt. The white tuft, a gift of Rehua, still flicks out under his chin reminding us of his whakapapa.

My mum has one

A red mole on the very top of her head

She said it got bigger after having kids

I like to imagine that Rangi kissed her head softly

Leaving some red lippie behind

As he passed his knowledge down the heke of our whare

Through my mother

And down to Papa

I can see a small red mole on my scalp too

At the very top of my head

Where my mother used to kiss me

After putting on her red lippie

(Matchitt-Millar, A. 2024)



**Figure 11**

We finish with a karakia and we make sure that the skin is pinned tight across a wool blanket stretched over wood. The wings are spread open and the skin pinned. As the tūi dries, the skin and leftover muscle shrinks in on itself. We use an old mesh laundry bag to cover everything, keeping out bugs. Then he's ready to dry out. The tūi's flesh, along with any wayward feathers that fell loose from the skin, all get packed up into the same plastic bag he was pulled out of the freezer in. I am instructed to give this back to the whenua, minus the plastic bag. I wonder how it feels to live in two worlds. In Te Ao Mārama, transformed into something new, and also returned to the embrace of the earth. I bury him in my parent's backyard, next to the kawakawa. Finishing with a karakia that acknowledges Hine-nui-te-pō and Papatūānuku.

Karakia whakamutunga:

Tēnā koe, Papatūānuku

Purutia tēnei manu

He kiri matao

Kua wehe i te ao mārama

Ka rere ki te po

Karanga mai e Hine

Tēnei manu ki tō poho

Ōna wheua, ōna raukura

Hei taonga

Tihei, mauri ora

(Matchitt-Millar, A. 2024)

## Chapter Three    Te Kete Tuatea, The Space Beyond

Today  
Mama taught me  
To make my first kete  
Tightly woven with a flat base  
Though aunty Bubbles did hers differently  
Braided, we agreed  
I remember Bubbles arguing  
With her sister  
My nan  
About woven putiputi  
She said *Your nana makes roses, I make putiputi*  
Now i make both and teach my brother  
(Matchitt-Millar, A. 2024)

### Introduction

Chapter three, Te Kete Tuatea, the space beyond, explores how the knowledge I have collected through my journey with Tāne has been imbued into wearable taonga. I explain my relationship with my materials and my reasoning for the way they have been combined. Muka clamped with silver like genes coming together. Blankets and freezers to wrap you up in the comfort of my nan's whare. This exhibition of works takes you through my journey to connect to customary practice. Creating a space of mundane comfort and domesticity, reminiscent of your aunty that tried to teach you to weave or the musty smell of your nan's garage. I invite you to step into my whare and take this journey of knowledge with me. To peel back the veil that separates us from the realms beyond and obtain knowledge through taonga tuku iho.

## Muka, Manu, and a Silver Halo My Materials

My materials are deeply rooted in process and memory. They tell a story of my nan and her freezer in her garage. The story of manu found on the side of the road, the leftover plastic bag. The story of drying the skins on woolen blankets pulled tight to repel moisture. And the story of a manu, a martyr, with a halo of silver, reborn as taonga.

### Tūi

The tūi represents the gift of knowledge, referencing the story of Rehua. As manu known for their oratory skills tūi are a vessel of knowledge holding kōrero. They are also the first manu to have been gifted to me, and they seem to follow me around. Always at least one in the freezer, ready, waiting. To become something new.

### Muka

Each piece has an element of muka, soft white, miro spirals of thread. These reference the muka handles of ngā kete o te wānanga, the symbology used to grasp onto knowledge. Muka was my entry point into raranga and manu huruhuru. The first thing I learned, before skinning, before making any kete, was to strip muka from harakeke. The muka used in these works are from two places. The first is Ōhiwa beach, just outside of Ōpotiki. This is where I learnt to make my first kete and where my Whakatōhea ancestors would go to gather kaimoana. The other place is Te Whanganui-ā-Tara, from a pā harakeke in town. The line that has been drawn, spun, and miro'ed together between these two locations through muka reflects my connection to my whenua though I grew up away from it.

## Silver

The muka and manu are held together with sterling silver finishings. Making the pieces wearable, making them hei taonga. Bright little blinks of silver that sit at the base of your neck or the lobe of your ear. Clasping on to each other, to muka, to manu. The silver is a reference to my mother, the way that it holds my whakapapa together.

## Freezers

These works are knowledge and process, held in place and time through taonga tuku iho, through the freezer. In the context of a contemporary weaving practice freezers hold manu after death and before being processed. Metaphorically and physically, freezers hold knowledge as a step in the process of creating taonga. The freezers used in this body of work represent ngā kete o te wānanga. They act as kete, holding the manu, the knowledge, waiting for you to reach in and learn. These freezers become liminal spaces and when open become doors to the realm of potential.

## Blankets

Manu are swaddled by woolen blankets, just like I was when I stayed at my nan's house. The blankets that line the freezers, creating a soft surface to lay on, are old Petone hospital blankets. Woolen blankets are often associated with land loss and colonisation, which goes hand in hand with the loss of customary practice. Here the blanket is reclaimed as part of the process of skinning manu, just like I have reclaimed the practice itself. I use blankets when drying the skins after skinning, as they deter moisture and are easy to pin onto. Here they are the backdrop to the works just as they would be in the act of processing the skins.

## Hōmai ō Taringa Kia Ngaua e Au, The Exhibition



Figure 12

You are welcomed into the gallery like a marae. A small pae is set up at the front with chairs that have made their way from my nan's house to my house, and finally to the gallery. My nan's photo sits on the table, along with three books, *The Woven Universe*, *Te Manu Huna A Tāne*, and *E Ngā Uri Whakatupu Weaving Legacies*. These are here to acknowledge my journey of research with my nan at the forefront of everything I do.

This paepae sits under the pou of a photographic print by Jazmin Tainui Mihi. A cloud of wings, a taniwha, grappling for purchase in the tangible world. Wings flutter in and out of reality, this is *Te Mauri o Te Manu Huruhuru*. This pou depicts the transformation from manu to taonga tuku iho and so stands at the front of my whare to welcome all who wish to follow in Tāne's footsteps.



**Figure 13**

Te Kete Aronui, the first kete, is held in a standing fridge-freezer in the middle of the floor, away from the wall, at the front of the gallery. These works are the tangible world, they are real, and mundane. A manu is gifted, wrapped in plastic. I reach out for the muka handles of his kete and hold him to my chest. This muka is familiar, soft, white, and braided in a four plat like a poi string. I had harvested this muka from the beach at Ōhiwa, the same day my mum had taught me to make my first kete.

Sliding down these two braided handles, each one woven through two eyelets, I reach the soft crinkle of a reused plastic bag. This one has Jax's name hastily scribbled on. Maybe it had been sitting at the bottom of their bag for a while, finally given a purpose when they passed a tūi on the road from Makara. Too full of abundance to pass up, so they passed him to me.

Inside the plastic is a tūi, face tucked in towards his chest, wings and arms pressed in together. In reality this tūi has already gone through the skinning and drying process, but in the context of how you experience this work, he is whole.



**Figure 14**

Given at the same time, in the pull out freezer drawers below, are sewing scissors and a swiss army knife. The scissors belonged to my nan, heavy and not meant for little hands, they were passed to me through my mother when I learnt to sew. In the drawer below is the swiss army knife. Bright orange and rusted, with the initial 'T F M' inscribed hazardously like the name scribbled on the plastic bag. This was my koro's knife, Trevor Frank Matchitt. Mum said this 'went with him everywhere' and is probably why it's so rusted. These are all gifts. The tūi, the scissors, and the knife. They will all be used in the skinning process and acknowledge the gifts given to me in the tangible world.



**Figure 15**



**Figure 16**

The poem on the inside of the open top door of this fridge, listed at the beginning of chapter one, speaks to these gifts handed down through whakapapa. It speaks to a memory of koha. It speaks about the day, after learning to make my first kete, my mother and I visited my great aunt Helen. Our aunty always has home cooked food for us so there's no point in bringing her supermarket biscuits as a koha for hosting. At the door my mother hands Helen a kete, orange because it's her favorite color. You can see the memory flash behind Helen's eyes. The memory of her father's farm, my great koro Frank Nui Matchitt, and the kete that hung in the garage. The kete used only to gather potatoes from the garden or when little girls wanted to play dress up. She says "I must show you something." Immediately, she pulls out a kete the size of my two hands put together.



Figure 17

Woven with black and white harakeke pieces no wider than 3mm in a poutama pattern. Most of the black had disintegrated away but you could still see the fineness in the detail. Helen is pretty sure this kete was made over 100 years ago by my great great grandmother Onewhero Paora Matchitt. In showing us this kete Helen had given us a koha back. A koha of knowledge in the form of a kete.



**Figure 18**

Turning to Te Kete Tuauri, the low standing chest freezer on the wall to the right, to represent the next step in the skinning process. The manu is layed out, flat on the table, wings pinned taught, feet splayed. This kete holds ritual and process. The ritual of taking the manu apart in order to put him back together. The tūi wraps his clawed feet around my ears, through silver hoops and hooks. They scratch my ears when there is something important I must listen to. *Hōmai ō Taringa Kia Ngaua e Au.*

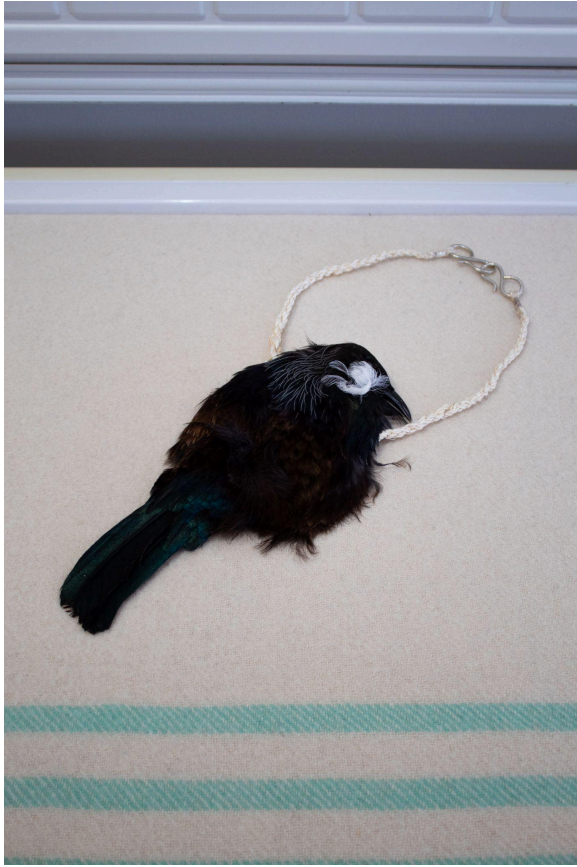


Figure 19



Figure 20

Next the pelt, stretched flat, skull and tail feathers still attached. The tūī's head rests on my chest as his muka handles clasp behind my neck. I have asked to hold him close, *Homai o wheua, Homai o raukura*. The wings, splayed wide as if taking flight, are held tight to a silver heru with whatu muka. The same white muka as before, with the process of whatu my lecturer taught me. The same lecturer that taught me the process of skinning. The same processes my nan used. They pin my hair in place, wings reaching up to the heavens to follow Tāne, in search of ngā kete o te wānanga. I feel like Rehua, with tūī living in my hair. I will feast on the knowledge he has given me and then let down my hair, for the tūī to fly, for others to learn.



**Figure 21**

The poem, printed on the wall next to the freezer, holds the title of the exhibition. *Hōmai ō Taringa Kia Ngaua e Au*. I speak of the pull of knowledge, the pull of my nan's mātauranga, at the base of my skull. I have started to braid muka into my hair with two small rattails. At first it was for the aesthetic, but then I realised I needed muka with me always. Muka to remind me of my journey to gain knowledge. My fingers trace the braid, climbing like Tawhaki's vine, up to my skull. *Does the Tūi miss that pull of knowledge too?*



**Figure 22**

Mirroring *Te Kete Tuauri*, on the opposite wall of the gallery, are photographs by Jazmin Tainui Mihi. They show the practice of skinning a manu in action. In the photos you can recognise my hands by the taniko pattern stamped by tāmoko onto my wrists. Six photos, chronologically explaining the skinning process.

The end of the gallery holds *Te Kete Tuatea*, the space beyond. Supported by poems about receiving knowledge and connection in decolonial structures. Three Poems by Huia Farrar Taite Monro (Appendices 6,7, and 8 pg.63 - 65) sit on the far right wall, referencing knowledge she has received through dreams. Huia is connecting to her tīpuna through space and time. She speaks to the non-linear notion of indigenous time. Her consciousness sits in the body of her tīpuna, in her poem *Turehu* she is a mother calling out to her sons who had been stolen away on Cook’s ship. She is *Mother Mary*, she is *Turehu*, and in *Analogue* she is time itself.



Figure 23

A poem by my brother Frankie Matchitt Millar (Appendix 9, pg. 66), sits on the end wall of the gallery, like an extension of the open fridge door of *Te Kete Tuatea* on the wall to the left.

Frankie speaks about memories connecting him to our grandfather, though they have never met.

Frankie's poem sits adjacent to mine, telling the same story of my nan teaching us to make putiputi from harakeke. The want and need for our nannies to hold us, weave our life together, and bury what remains beneath the pā harakeke. The poems speak to generational knowledge being held, taught, and treasured. Transferred through whakapapa, memories convey knowledge. Though unseen, in the realm of *Te Kete Tuatea*, this knowledge is transferred. Connection is made with no consideration of space or time.



Figure 24

*Te Kete Tuatea* is the space beyond,  
translated into jewellery. This kete holds  
taonga tuku iho. The tūi is whole again,  
though his insides have been replaced with  
muka. Muka from past rattails, braided in  
and then out of my hair, my head. He has  
heard my kōrero and is ready to tell the next  
wearer how he was made. I clasp the two  
silver hooks behind my neck and run my  
hands down the poi braid, stopping at the  
silver halo. It glints with the knowledge of  
something new. Maybe martyrdom?  
Though, the tūi only died because it lived.  
*Mate Mate Au*, we are all connected in life  
through death and our return to  
Papatūānuku.



**Figure 25**

Life is cyclical, the death of a tūi, the gift of a tūi, is the beginning of my journey into customary practice. The bottom drawer of the freezer holds my first kete. The one my mum taught me and aunty Kristen to make at the same time. I was surprised at how good it is for a first try. Though, I guess that knowledge lives in me, in my whakapapa. Certainly helped that it was my mum teaching me.

*Te Kete Tuatea* holds the unseen transformation from object to taonga and the spiritual nature that surrounds taonga tuku iho. These are not objects, they are vessels holding the knowledge transferred through whakapapa. *Te Kete Tuatea* is knowledge pathways. It is the unexplainable connection between a young man and his ancestors, a moko with her nan. *Te Kete Tuatea* is a culmination of all the kete that came before, because without tools from the tangible world, without the knowledge of process and ritual, there is no transfer of knowledge.

All three kete work together to inform us in Te Ao Mārama, and all the worlds beyond. They connect us to our tīpuna through gifts, process, and the unseen or intangible. These kete connect me to my nan, and all the weavers that came before her, through the process of skinning manu. Each kete holds a step in the process. As I am following in Tāne's footsteps to gather ngā kete o te wānanga, I am sitting at that table with my lecturer, holding a tūī and introducing myself. My nan placed me in that room, kete on the table, ready to learn.

## The Exhibition in Practice

Every day for a week I open the gallery up and sit on the pae, looking out towards the street. There is a rhythm of visitors, some that know me and some that do not, that sit on the chair opposite me. We talk about taonga, fridges as liminal spaces, the art world, and customary practice. Each person comes with their own unique worldview. My nan sits with us, on the coffee table in the middle, listening.

This exhibition has facilitated conversations with other artists connecting to the same practice of skinning manu. A mother and daughter came in, saying they had just been at a wānanga about the same process. I encouraged them to pick the pieces up, feel them, and hold the manu close. We discussed the difference between baking soda and borax for drying. The difference between the stench of a sea bird and a manu from the ngāhere.

This is exactly what I wanted to happen. These manu rest in this kete for others to learn from. I wanted to encourage discussion, for questions to flow freely, and to encourage other practitioners to feel comfortable sharing with me.

## Chapter Four      Ki Runga, Ki Raro, Conclusion

It is lost  
Though,  
It was never known to you  
All you've ever seen is the remnants  
In that piupiu your nan made  
She put your name in the tāniko  
How did she make it?  
I don't know  
What dye did she use?  
All I remember is the smell  
Why didn't she teach you?  
Why didn't you ask?  
(Matchitt-Millar, A. 2024)

I wonder if when my nan was learning to weave she had these big feelings too. I wonder if she ever asked herself why she never sat with her aunties and learnt from them. I wonder if she cried too, when she didn't have the words to articulate the memories that came into focus. Like the smell of feathers in the garage and that stripping harakeke smelt like nannie's house. I'll never know for sure because I never asked. Never asked what the right way to make putiputi is, or how to start a kete. I can't remember her trying to teach me Reo Māori after she regretted not teaching her own daughter. So I don't have the words to describe this feeling, but at least I can practice that same process.

Going through this journey of knowledge, shepherded by my lecturer and Tāne, has connected me to my nan and my tīpuna. I believe the skinning process has been imbued into these taonga, creating taonga tuku iho. Each step in my journey can be felt and learned when wearing or viewing the pieces. Using the format of ngā kete o te wānanga I have conveyed a nonlinear journey into a story you can follow from start to finish. Like you are in the room, along with my nan, while my lecturer is teaching me the process of skinning a tūī. These works reinforce the need for access to customary practices. It is not enough to look at taonga, we must feel, wear, and learn what our tīpuna once knew.

My mum

Scolds me

For giving away

All the kete I make

She says

“You’re go forget

How to make them

And have nothing to learn from”

So I make another

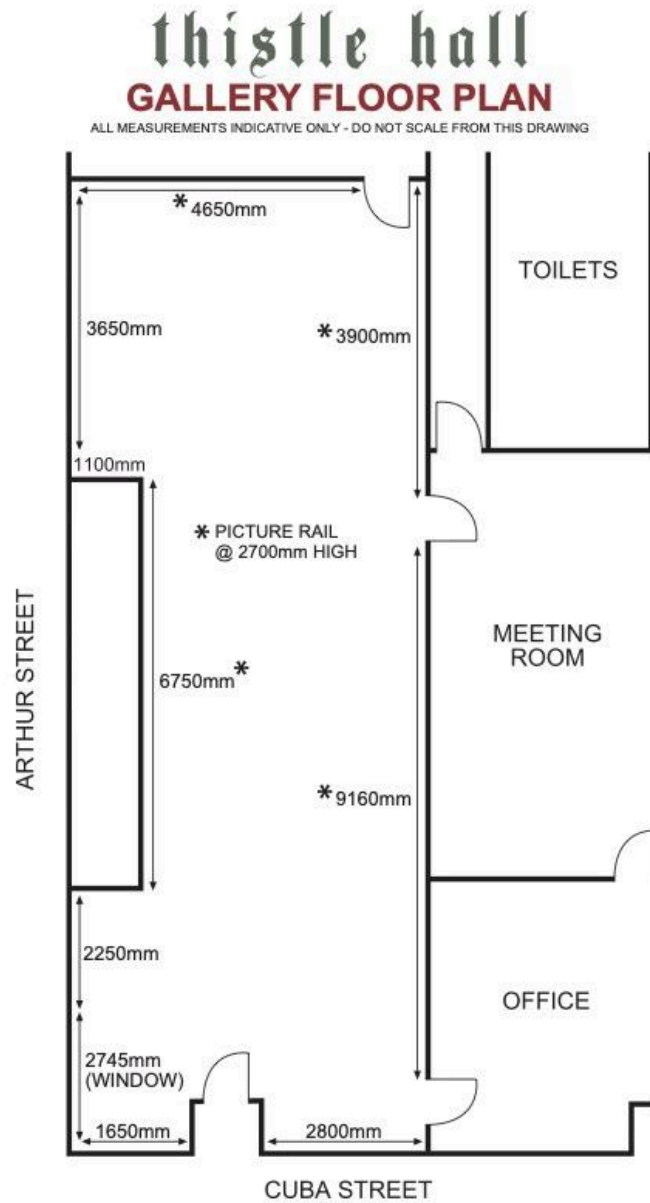
To give to a friend

To share knowledge

Is to understand it

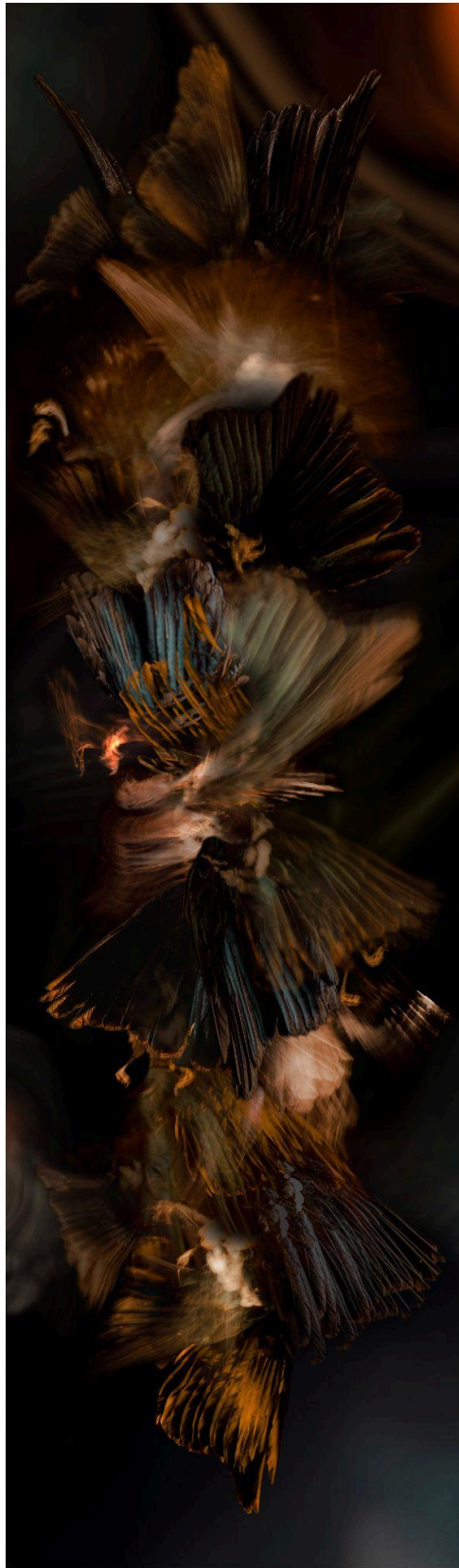
(Matchitt-Millar, A. 2024)

# Appendices

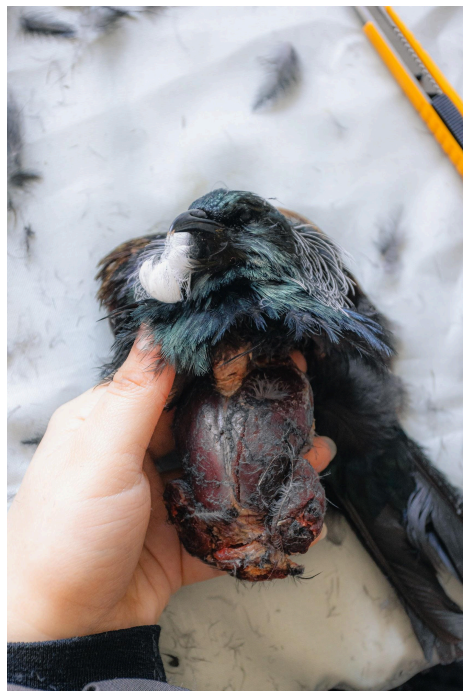
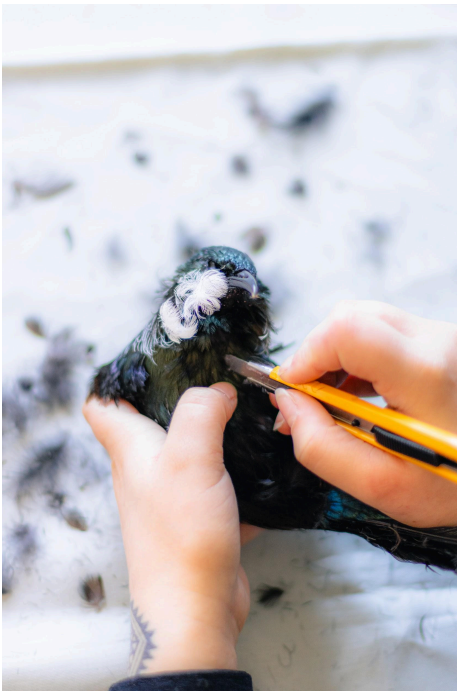
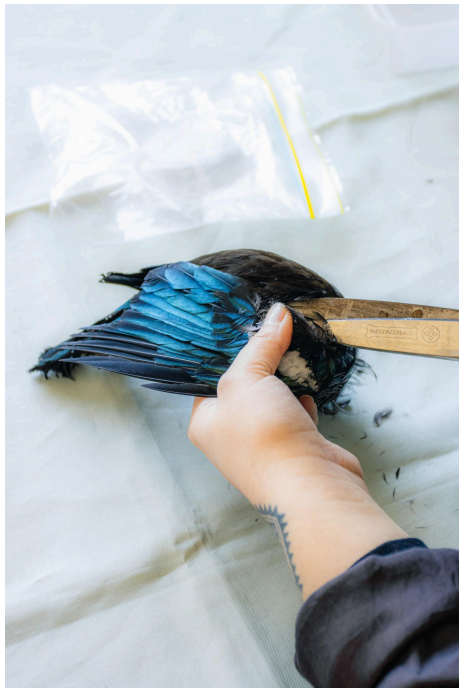


**Appendix 1**  
Thistle Hall Gallery  
Floor Plan

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Te Kete Aronui</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Aroha Matchitt Millar, 2024 Whakatōhea, Ngāti Rangitihi, Ngāi Tūhoe</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Freezer, Wool blanket Tūi skin, muka, 925 silver, ziplock bag Nan’s scissors Koro’s knife</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Mother Mary, Turehu, Analogue</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Huia Farrar Taite Monro Tainui, Ngāpuhi, Whakatōhea</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dream Poems printed on vinyl</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Te Kete Tuauri</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Aroha Matchitt Millar, 2024 Whakatōhea, Ngāti Rangitihi, Ngāi Tūhoe</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Freezer, wool blanket Tūi skin, muka, 925 silver</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>We All Long For Home</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Frankie Matchitt Millar Whakatōhea, Ngāti Rangitihi, Ngāi Tūhoe</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Memory poem printed on vinyl</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Te Kete Tuatea</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Aroha Matchitt Millar, 2024 Whakatōhea, Ngāti Rangitihi, Ngāi Tūhoe</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Freezer, wool blanket, Tūi skin, muka, 925 silver My first kete</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Te Mauri o Te Manu Huruhuru</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Jazmin Tainui Mihi Te Whānau-Ā-Apanui, Whakatōhea, Ngāpuhi, Ngāti Hine</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Photographic prints</p>



**Appendix 3**  
Photograph by  
Jazmin Tainui Mihi  
2022



**Appendix 4**  
Photographs by Jazmin Tainui Mihi  
2022  
Printed for the exhibition A1

# Hōmai ō Taringa Kia Ngaua e Au

Give Me Your Ears So I May Chew On Them

Aroha Matchitt Millar  
Jazmin Tainui Mihi  
Frankie Matchitt Millar  
Huia Farrar Taite Monro

11th to the 15th of December  
Thistle Hall, 293 Cuba Street, Te Aro

Photo by Jazmin Tainui Mihi 2023

**Appendix 5**  
Exhibition Poster

## **Virgin Mary, By Huia Farrar Taite Monro**

What a standard  
A line so contorted  
A sextic equation  
Times nature distorted  
Virgin Mary In blue  
The mathematician  
Condemned by the priesthood  
Forced to bow to black linen  
Binds her son to her breast and makes her decision  
Salt in six corners  
Prays for nuclear fission  
For a monks intuition  
Only she can forgive him  
Sheds tears over scripture and the lip that he's bitten  
Lays his head at her alter  
A farmhouse sink  
Not quite holy water but something to drink  
The palomino huntsman  
Anthropomorphic mortician  
The divine feminine and her criminal wisdom  
The scientist, the witch  
The man, the magician

Peripheral vision  
A girl in the mirror  
Child to chest she beckons him nearer  
Prophetic alliance  
The blink of an eye  
Know the cruelty of tyrants as the salt of the tide  
Where tears meet tongue  
Where teeth tear at lies  
Yet some can't be swallowed  
Only crystallised  
On the roof of the mouth  
On the lid of the eye  
Lips cracked by the son  
Chastity chastised  
Virgin Mary in blue  
Bent space and bent time  
Ink to animal skin  
Words hidden by hide  
The great navigator  
Knows knowledge as crime  
Hunted on horseback for freedom of mind  
Slips through fingers like sand, like sunlight through blinds  
The great escape  
The infinite line

### **Appendix 6**

Poem by Huia Farrar Taite Monro  
Printed in vinyl onto gallery wall

**Turehu, by Huia Farrar Taite Monro**

Great whaling ship, great sailing ship  
Return to me my sons  
Great white arc, oh great white shark  
Took two of all I loved  
An albatross of nail and rust rests wings on distant shores  
A mother weeps  
A captain sleeps  
Like a tōhora he snores

Listen closely treasure  
Find your way back to my chest  
When sea-foam swallows sunlight you'll feel Marama's caress  
Listen for my Karanga  
Search for my feather crest  
Anchor to sand, feet from land  
The low tide bares it's breast

Rongo mai e tama mā, for I'll only say this once  
As the white crow rests, flee from it's nest  
Spread your wings and jump  
The open window knows no pain  
No vertigo  
No lump  
In the back of the throat  
He falls to float and sinks like sand and sun

Tooth and tongue, he took the bait  
The fishes hook, his only fate  
Fell with trust, leapt with faith  
Hook, line, sinker  
Crooked strait

Foolish boy  
Who fell for tricks  
Thought he heard his brothers splash  
Foolish boy who followed suit  
Bet everything but cash  
Left a deck of beating hearts  
For a tide as black as ash  
Foolish boy  
The rigging rigged  
The lashings been unlashed

Great whaling ship  
Great sailing ship  
Return to me my sons  
Great white arc oh great white shark  
Return their native tongues

**Appendix 7**

Poem by Huia Farrar Taite Monro  
Printed in vinyl onto gallery wall

**Analogue, By Huia Farrar Taite Monro**

Sunday

Monday

Tuesday seems imminent

6 am

Seven

I am Analogue

I see

Two figures

Like echoes in time

At the bottom of the ocean

A few moments

A few minutes

And

Twenty years, out the window

It makes a life, time

I stayed and watched my transparent thoughts

Rising

Diving

Imitating his breath

When I reach the bottom I will surrender

But,

I float

The water seems to make it so.

**Appendix 8**

Poem by Huia Farrar Taite Monro

Printed in vinyl onto gallery wall

## We All Long for Home, By Frankie Matchitt Millar

Days spent in and out of slumber,  
This house always finds a way to suck my energy.  
Empty and bright I sleep on a white bedspread.  
With my mothers, grandmothers and great grandmothers kete hung above me.  
I want them to heal me. Weave me back together.  
Splitting me apart and putting my remains beneath the pā harakeke.  
I open windows and let the hot ocean air in my lungs.  
My grandfather used to get driven around the sea when he would have an asthma attack.  
I didn't even know people had asthma back then. I think about him every time I'm sick.  
Or by the ocean.  
Or having an asthma attack.  
I never met him but my mother says we're so similar. We sweat when we eat,  
We need to listen to the radio to sleep, we both have asthma.  
And again the sea reminds me of him.  
We all long for home right?  
Whether that's grassy plains or cracked desert.  
My grandmother sits outside with my sister and I, making roses from harakeke.  
She tells us "this isn't the right way to do it" like a secret only the three of us know.  
Now my sister and I weave them to leave at her grave.  
And we weave them the wrong way.

### **Appendix 9**

Poem by Frankie Matchitt Millar

Printed in vinyl onto gallery wall

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