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BEYOND THE CORNERS OF OUR WHARE

A CONCEPTUAL MĀORI RESPONSE TO
STATE SURVEILLANCE IN AOTEAROA NEW ZEALAND

TERRI TE TAU

2015

An Exegesis presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements
for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Creative Arts

Dedicated to my creative and courageous niece

Iris Maiata Pouao

Auahatia te toi i te mana o ngā rangi

2007 - 2014

ABSTRACT

This exegesis is a response to surveillance undertaken during 'Operation 8,' an anti-terror investigation carried out by the New Zealand Police in 2007. As an artist within the community subjected to the surveillance action, I was motivated to explore how an interdisciplinary arts practice, informed by Māori concepts and cosmo-genealogy, might respond to state surveillance.

Power relations and surveillance are examined by juxtaposing a Māori world-view against state sanctioned surveillance of its citizens. A creative practice-based inquiry was utilised to explore intersections and differences between these two perspectives.

The creative components of this research project comprise a science fiction literary component, sculpture, installation and video. The project is informed by art and literature that positions the research within the local but contextualised against global developments in surveillance.

Māori concepts of mana, tapu, mauri, whanaungatanga and mana motuhake with a primary focus on hau provide a foundation for this research guided by the whakataukī (proverb):

‘He kokonga whare e kitea, he kokonga ngākau e kore e kitea.’

The corners of a house can be seen, the corners of the heart cannot be seen.

When viewed within the context of surveillance the whakataukī asks how we are affected when the intimate private lives of individuals and community – the corners of the house - are visible to those with whom we have no direct relationship.

The second aspect of the whakataukī refers to those attributes that are unseen. The qualities that surveillance technology cannot quantify; internal feelings and intentions. The heart as a hidden space is explored in this exegesis as a site of resistance, where the capacity of surveillance technique to interpret values of an individual and community are questioned.

HE MIHI

E mihi ana ki a koutou e whai ana i ngā ara o te mana motuhake me te tino rangatiratanga, nā koutou te puehu i tutū kia oho ake ai ngāi tātou te Māori. Val, Tame, Rangi, Em, Urs, koutou ko Ati he mihi mutunga kore ki a koutou katoa.

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PRELUDE

BEYOND THE CORNERS OF OUR WHARE

*...And so Tangaroa gave those who drowned paua shells for eyes
so that they could watch over their children from the next world*

-Ngā kōrero poropiti o te ua waiporoporo 1868

SOON

George's hand reached up and pierced the smoky haze above him. He clenched the air and excused himself while he kissed the sky. With perfect timing he returned his fist to his chest, resting it there momentarily before rejoining the hand that gripped the microphone. The disco lights danced across the crushed velvet and neon spray painted walls. George deftly recited each word as the little star skipped across the lyrics on the screen above him. A baseline crept in warning us of the impending chorus and our hands simultaneously plunged into the air in solidarity. At that moment he was Hendrix and we were at Monterey.

In fact, George looked like Hendrix and he especially liked that he looked like Hendrix. The Māori Hendrix. Shaggy black hair, suit jacket (probably from our granddad's wardrobe), some pounamu he liked to rock, and a couple of poi tucked into his

belt. He topped the look off with a shirt that looked a bit like our Nan's blouse, bright, loud, and floral. That was the cuzzzy. George.

Together we yelled rather than sang the words. As the song started to amble towards its end, I slumped back into the couch, a grin of triumph on my face. The door that went out to the kitchen at the back of the restaurant opened and a head emerged. No one paid attention. A voice barked into the glittery darkness.

'Te Aitu!? Get out here now and wipe down some tables!'

The head vanished and the door slammed shut behind it.

'OK...I guess that's me. Ka kite koutou.'

A chorus of goodbyes echoed around the room.

'I'll pick you up, same time around the back.'

'Mean, thanks, Raho.'

I ducked out of the room and bounced down the hallway, content. Our grandfather often said that the world's problems could be solved at a karaoke bar. I believed him. Karaoke was a way of being - holding onto a golden moment and stepping outside of yourself. Wellington bureaucrats wandered in here from the Ministry of this and that, and for the briefest of moments they became Whitney, Bob, or Axel. Allowing themselves to ditch their shackles momentarily, before returning to the yoke of their overlords in the Beehive.

I could still hear grandpa saying:

'Forget the UN - get the world leaders together and make them do karaoke. Make it mandatory, compulsory. No one leaves until the tunes stop spinning. Wars don't get started by people who have belted out some sweet Charlie Pride together.'

Our grandpa was the wise type. He would often espouse wisdom from the paepae waving his tokotoko for emphasis, and weaving back and forth across our marae ātea for further effect. During whaikōrero he loved to reference Māori who in his opinion 'didn't fuck around' - Te Kooti, Rua, Eva Rickard - but would also draw on philosophers from the wider world - Noam Chomsky, Emma Goldman, Bill Hicks. He wore gangster hats like he was a 1920s mafioso, and he had a killer mustache to match.

The door to the restaurant swung open and I held my hand out to try to catch the glow, but - just like always - it was gone before I caught it. The glow always eluded me. I was never able to see it on my own skin, just on others as they emerged, sweaty and elated from the depths of karaoke heaven.

My shift over, I waited, scrunched up on the back step of the restaurant, chin resting on my hand.

The inky dark sky was yet to show any hint of the approaching daylight. The birds had not yet begun to sing in the dawn and there was a stillness that floated above the streets. A sudden flash of colour next to a pair of rubbish bins interrupted the calm. A tiny drone fly inspected the contents of the bins for irregularities, its many faceted eyes scanning over the refuse within, just as thousands of its brother and sister flies navigated the city streets on endless almost identical shifts, multiple prism-like eyes scanning the contents of all of the city's bins. If the insect came across something unfamiliar, say, a misplaced finger, or a used needle, its tiny mechanical tongue would whip out and lick the surface to collect residual DNA. The information could then be auctioned off to whoever was willing to pay for it. The global market for this information was considerable, but in this city Government departments were the biggest clients.

My fingers formed a V shape and I visualised a rubber band pulled tightly between them aimed at the fly. It sensed my movement and turned slightly to assess my threat level. Huddled form, knees pressed against chest. I gazed at the pattern of bricks in the wall and the drone fly swept past me continuing its work.

I waited for George. The cold night air seeped into my clothes as an odd conversation that I'd had with my boss - the owner of the yelling head - played through my mind.

He had joined me behind the bar as I stacked beer bottles into the fridge at the end of my shift. I sensed that I was about to be told off for getting distracted in the karaoke room and tried to intercept with an off-topic diversion.

'How come we never see you on the karaoke Graham?'

He did, of course, love karaoke, he just got into it when no one else was around so that we wouldn't hassle him. He knew that we knew - it was part of our Karaoke bar shtick to pretend that we didn't. In fact, Graham actually did a bad ass Elton John. I heard him one morning when I had forgotten something in the bar.

Graham ignored my attempt to deflect the anticipated rebuke and ploughed ahead.

'Because of your break Te Aitu the people in the Crystal Polynesian suite have fleeced an extra half hour for free! This is your second warning!'

In fact, this was my fifth 'second warning'.

I continued stacking the beers and said nothing, waiting for the storm to quickly pass, as it always did. His words having little effect, Graham changed the subject. He moved closer to me and his short solid frame blocked the fridge so I had to pretend to wipe the bench instead. He seemed agitated. He kept trying to tuck a loose lock of hair behind his ear that insisted on bouncing back. I could see my reflection in the glass door of the fridge behind him. 'There's a new policy. Bad for business, terrible actually.'

Before he could elaborate a customer approached the bar. He flipped a tea towel over his shoulder and turned his attention to him. I quickly stuck the beers into the fridge. Upon receiving his drink the customer rushed off, eager to rejoin his friends in the Mystic Forest Glade suite.

'What policy?' I pressed.

'Bloody Aucklanders they ruin it for everybody. They say that gangs are using the private karaoke booths to do business.'

Whenever Graham got slightly stressed his Korean accent became stronger. We actually called him the King of Soul because a) he was a bit of a crooner, and b) well, he was born in Seoul - so it seemed totally appropriate.

'They're going to get us to install cameras in all

the rooms now. I just received the letter about the requirements.'

He pulled a bit of folded up paper out of his front pocket, and handed it to me as another customer came up to the bar. I quickly pocketed it.

I hadn't read the letter yet, it was still in my pocket. I contemplated reading it there and then on the cold step, despite the presence of the nosy drone fly, but decided against it. Too risky. Moments later I heard a familiar rumble and a tiny van lurched around the corner, its purple cherry exterior still hidden by the night.

George had bought the little 1986 van because it was a classic. I liked it because it was everything it declared itself to be from the outset: straight laced and simply put together. The van was so small that I could never quite get used to the close proximity of the passenger seat to the driver. Pulling on my seatbelt I still found it bizarre that our shoulders almost touched. We had worked on restoring the van together. Actually, to be fair, I did most of the work - Raho (George's other name, some of the time the whānau called him George, some of the time we called him Raho) talked his way through most of it, while I carefully scrubbed, sanded and dug the rust from its body. Lucky for me Raho was a good storyteller. Ever the conversationalist he always managed to pull the most interesting and quirky tales from people. At that time he was working at the library in Newtown and I knew the background stories of all the employees and regulars there. Standing behind that library counter, George would flash his pearly whites and his baby browns, and with a 'hey bro' would start a conversation that would lead to him learning all sorts of interesting things about the other person. These he would then retell as I busted my arse over that tiny little van, adding in all the appropriate embellishments to keep me entertained enough so that I wouldn't complain at

him for being so lazy.

This morning as usual we decided to amble our way home along the bays back to Miramar. George skirted the van around the rubbish bins before easing back out onto the road. The darkness evaporated into light as we drove alongside the water, and I could just make out the grey waves that clawed at the rocks lining the edge of the road. Bluish grey light lit up the scrub. A row of dark houses rose up to our right, hugging the hills along Moa Point. A door opened to one of the houses and a woman tugged her reluctant dog out on its lead.

I pulled the letter out from my pocket and was greeted by the bold city council letterhead followed by text in typical Wellington bureau-speak:

In response to recent amendments in Government security policy the following requirements are to be met at this business premises.

Horizon360 security cameras to be installed within all rooms open to the public.

We appreciate your support in facilitating access to the premises until completion of the above contract.

‘What’s that?’ George glanced over.

‘Karaoke: The final frontier - to meekly go where everyone else has gone before. Graham’s pretty worked up. Thinks it will suck for the restaurant.’
‘Graham’s right. This is going to be bad.’

I slumped down into my seat and imagined Graham on future quiet mornings after future busy nights. He would put the fans on in the rooms to air them out. After throwing any remaining rubbish into a bag and wiping down the table in one suite

he might flick through the songbooks to check that nothing had spilled on them. He might open a page in the Korean section and spy an old K-Pop favourite or an Elton classic. ‘Oh just one quick song,’ he would say to himself as if the idea was spontaneous. Then just as he gets up to close the door - he remembers the newly installed cameras. Sigh.

He pictures a young security guard at the other end. Although the guard has a large bank of screens to watch over, his attention would be instantly drawn to the lone man in the karaoke room. Graham imagines him turning the sound up and calling a workmate over to laugh at the old man crooning into the microphone. He envisions the guards keeping the footage and labeling it ‘lonely old man karaoke’ or something like that. Then he imagines the facial recognition software which would identify him as Graham Ong. In my mind, Graham sets the book back down on the table with the others and arranges them into a neat pile before exiting the room.

‘You know that people perform karaoke in public and in front of cameras all the time right?’

‘Not all of us are born to perform like you Raho. Cameras in those rooms will kill it for people.’

George wouldn’t get it. When he was at school he had spent more time on stage doing kapa haka than he had in the classroom. For George performing to people was as natural as eating and shitting.

I peered out into the murkiness beyond the van window. My eyesight wasn’t great. It was as if I viewed the world from the inside of a 1970s television set. I could see some colour, soft and shifting, weaving itself around people and objects. From the frothy water along the shoreline to the houses in tight rows on the right, the scene shimmered and even the static objects remained in constant motion. I failed eye tests because of it, because of the way I sometimes struggled to hold the things

I could see still. This meant I had never managed to get a driver's license but otherwise I had always been able to get by and do most things.

BEFORE

I was a kid when my eyesight started to change. It happened around the time that George was moving back to live with his mother in Rotorua. He had lived with Aunt Rosalyn since he was five. We were the same age and at the same school and he didn't get sick of me the way the other kids did. Neither did Aunt Rosalyn for that matter, and I was always at their house.

The morning after George left was bright and frosty. It must've been a Saturday because some of the younger ones were in netball uniforms watching TV, waiting to head up to the Colombo Courts. Mum was feeding the baby at the kitchen table when the phone rang. After a brief conversation she hung up and called me over.

'Aunt Rosalyn wants you to go and help her pack. She asked if you can stop at the dairy and buy her some smokes.'

Aunt Rosalyn was moving to a smaller place in Greytown. The thought of her not being close by – especially now that George was gone – caused tightness in my throat.

Aunt Rosalyn's house was across the river from where we lived. I raced my bike through the little pathway under the bridge. The wire mesh fencing was starting to come away from the side and left open a huge drop down to the river.

Mr Sutherland owned the dairy across from the river. Mum had worked there for a while as well, but had to stop when she was hapu because the space between the wall and the counter was so narrow

that when her pregnant belly got big the cash register couldn't open.

The counter was a formidable thing that separated us kids from the lollies. Now that I was almost 10, the tip of my nose finally reached over the edge of the counter.

'Can I have some smokes please?'

Mr Sutherland reached up to grab a packet of cigarettes. His finger skimmed along the shelf.

'What does your aunty smoke again? Pall Mall Red?'

'Yep those ones.'

He leaned across the counter as he gave me the packet.

'George's gone back up the way now has he?'

I could only nod because a lump had formed in my throat.

He shook his head and reached into one of the boxes pulling out an eye popper.

It was the size of a tennis ball. Eye poppers were nearly impossible to finish. They always end up covered in hair and fluff under a couch somewhere. George's tongue bled once from licking an eye popper for three days in a row.

Aunt Rosalyn was hauling clothes from her massive oak wardrobe and throwing them onto the bed. She wore overalls, a headscarf and sunglasses on her head. As always she looked glamorous. A classy lady with classy taste - an all round classy Māori. She spoke the Queen's English and the King's Māori. She loved the classics and could hit all the notes. I loved sitting next to her at hui when we had to bust out a waiata. She would lay waste to them all - with the rest of us riding on the crescendos of the octaves she was surfing on. Aunt Rosalyn was a big time Prince Tui Teka fan, inheriting the Tui Teka fandom from Grandpa. They would duet sometimes down at the Pa. Incidentally, Disc 616 was 'Classic Māori Hits' - popular with Māori who frequented the karaoke bar, particularly the

staff from Te Puni Kokiri.

Aunt Rosalyn opened the packet and put one of the cigarettes in her mouth. I remember noticing that her eyes were puffy. She blinked and then winced like it hurt. There was an emptiness that filled the space around us. We wouldn't talk about it though, not yet.

'Ka pai e hine.' She sighed. 'Just look at all this rubbish. There's a bunch of boxes on the back porch, will you grab them and we can start getting rid of some of this junk. Uncle Tom will be here with the truck soon and there's lots to be done.'

Uncle Tom was a Johnny Cash man. He even dressed in black. He would mumble Johnny Cash lyrics under his breath. *'I bet there's rich folks eating in a fancy dining car...'*

There are men whose beards help to define them. Uncle Tom was such man - shaggy and wild, it made him look like he had just stepped out of the forest, which he often had. Uncle Tom was political and we often saw him in the media being dragged off land occupations or protesting different issues. His eyes were both serious and humorous and when he laughed mountains shook. His silence was like valleys gone cold after sunset. He had a hundred stories embedded in the crow's feet that wrinkled out from his eyes.

I found a spot to sit on the bedroom floor and carefully put away the ornaments from Aunt Rosalyn's dresser, wrapping the tiny porcelain animals in silk scarves that hung from the mirror. Aunt Rosalyn put on a record and Ella Fitzgerald's voice filled the house.

'Of course the record player will be the last thing we pack, won't it dear?'

She pulled an old wooden box from the depths of

the wardrobe. It looked like a picnic basket with lids that lifted at each end.

'This old thing belonged to your kui. It was her sewing basket.'

My hands reached out for it. The air inside smelt like dried moss and potpourri that had been trapped for over 50 years.

'You can have it if you like.'

Uncle Tom turned up not long after that. He didn't have the same kind of flair for fashion like Aunt Rosalyn, in fact, he was, as she put it, a bit scruffy. That was because he put all his energy into reading history books and discussing them with his mates down at the bowls. Aunt Rosalyn hassled him that he was too young to play bowls. He argued that it was a game for everyone, and anyway, what better place to talk about history than with people who were actually around for some of it.

Uncle Tom bought mince pies in brown paper bags from the bakery. We sat and ate them on the front porch, with odd bits of furniture and boxes spread all around us. With one hand, I carefully peeled the pastry lid off the pie and ate the insides with a fork. With the other hand I examined the contents of the sewing basket. There were bundles of coloured zippers and hooks and eyes in cardboard packets, pins that clung to a square jar with a purple magnetic lid. Tiny drawers were stacked on top of each other. They could be stretched out like a staircase. One of these was filled with buttons and beads, another with spools of embroidery thread. One drawer held lace and ribbon carefully folded inside tissue paper. The last drawer at the bottom contained a battered old spectacles case. I wiped my hands on my pants and clicked it open. Inside was a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. They had the thickest lenses I'd ever seen. I put them on, curling the extra long earpieces around my ears.

Uncle Tom slapped his thigh and cracked up, 'look at your little eyes!'

Aunt Rosalyn and Uncle Tom's faces were blurry through the lenses, making me dizzy.

As I took them off I noticed a piece of felt cloth folded up inside the case. There was something hard inside. I unfolded it and two glowing bits of pāua shell tumbled out onto the veranda. The colours that glinted in the sunlight reflected on my hand as I picked them up.

Aunt Rosalyn had stopped chatting to Uncle Tom and they both watched me quietly.

I held up the pāua disks. Unlike regular pāua shell they were translucent in the direct sunlight.

Uncle Tom whistled to himself and shook his head. 'Who would've thought, stashed away in that old box for all these years...'

I held them out to Aunt Rosalyn. The pāua had a magnetic feeling against my skin.

'Do you want to see?'

'No dear, you hold onto them.' She leaned forward and spoke in a hushed voice. 'He tino taonga ēra. Tuck them back away and I'll tell you about them on the way to the new place. Keep them close to you.'

I carefully folded them back into the cloth and slipped the case into my pocket, excited by the prospect of hearing a new story.

George and I loved Aunt Rosalyn's stories. She told us about things that other adults didn't want to talk about or believe in.

For the rest of the afternoon, both Aunt Rosalyn and Uncle Tom's usually loud and boisterous conversations were replaced with hushed whispers.

Finally, when the truck was packed to the roof with Aunt Rosalyn's things we climbed into the cab. I sat in the middle, my feet rested on the wooden sewing basket. Aunt Rosalyn's arm rested on the open window with a cigarette balanced between her fingers.

Once the truck pulled out onto the road she began to tell me about the pāua. She said that it came from an old lake up in the Tararua ranges.

Aunt Rosalyn gestured to the ranges that stretched out to the right of us, lightly dusted with snow.

She had that piercing far away look that meant she should not be interrupted. I had seen that look put fear into 6 foot tall rugby league players and gang guys of various patches.

'...That's why it's called the pulse of Te Ika a Māui.

Back in the day the mauri coming from the lake was so strong only tohunga could go there. When outsiders tried to find it the whole area became hidden in mist. During wartime, the tohunga allowed the lake to become a place of refuge and it was used as a communications post. The government and local Pākehā were very interested in it and set up exploration parties, hiring Māori trackers and offering rewards to anyone who could find it. I suspect the minerals in the lake is what they were really after.'

'Did they find it?'

'Nope, not a chance, got no eyes that lot.' Uncle Tom winked and nudged me with his elbow.

I looked back to Aunt Rosalyn and she continued.

'The lake is called Hapuakorari. Its name came from the gigantic harakeke that grew around it.'

Images filled my head of the sparkling lake surrounded by towering harakeke, diamond-encrusted dewdrops dripping from their leaves. I was captivated by the thought of it, but something also bothered me.

'How did the pāua eyes get to the lake aunty. Pāua live in the sea, not in lakes.'

Uncle Tom chuckled. 'Koia kei a koe e hine.'

Aunt Rosalyn paused and nodded towards the spectacles case in my pocket.

'Knowledge about the lake and how to find it almost became lost after the last of the old tohunga began to pass away. One of the tohunga decided to go there and see if he could speak with the people

beyond Hapuakorari to see what could be done. Those people who came up through the lake from the world beyond had eyes that shone with pāua shell. They shimmered like rainbow trapped under-water.

Time moved differently at Hapuakorari and they talked for so long that he didn't realise he had become submerged in the lake. He began to drown. The people pressed pāua shells to his face which buried themselves deep into his eye sockets in the same way that pāua attaches itself to rock.

As the tohunga flailed about he grabbed hold of a flax stalk that was stretched out over the water and pulled himself onto the bank. His eyesight had all but disappeared.

'You will learn to see again.' They said.

He asked the tirairaka fluttering about the harakeke to guide him and the stalk became his walking stick. Step by step he made his way home to the sound of his jittering companion.'

'The tohunga died soon after, but not before passing the gift of the pāua eyes into the care of his whānau - our whānau.'

The truck ambled up the driveway to the new house.

We piled out of the truck and stretched. I felt very tired all of a sudden. Aunt Rosalyn took me by the shoulders.

She looked like she wanted to say something but was hesitant. Finally, she stepped back and lit a cigarette, regarding me through the haze of smoke. 'It's a shame that your cousin isn't here with you. You're a lot younger than I was when I found the eyes...'

Uncle Tom came up beside us loaded with boxes. He pointed his chin towards the house. 'Your great grandfather lived here. We also lived next door for a while in the old place over there. Why don't you

go have a look around while me and your Aunty unload the truck?'

The old place sat next door in the middle of the paddock. It looked as though the trees and plants that grew up through the house kept it standing. I sat in the long grass with Aunt Rosalyn's story tumbling around my head. Next to me was a rusty old car that had also been claimed by creeping foliage. After a while I got up and wandered up to the front door of the old place.

The roof of the veranda was drooping so low on one side it looked like the house was frowning. Floorboards were missing from the entranceway and I had to stretch across the opening in the hope that my foot would find a stable plank where it landed. The glass was long gone from the windows and wallpaper sagged from the remaining walls. The late afternoon sun streamed through a window and made a square patch of light on the floor. Uncle Tom had said not to go inside because the house was unstable. I glanced over to the house next door and not seeing anyone ducked inside. I sat on the floor and stretched my legs out with my back rested against the wall, pulling the spectacles case from my pocket. The pāua eyes gleamed in the sunlight and I could see crevices filled with gold and lined with diamonds under the smooth surface. The heat from the sun on my face made my eyes feel heavy. As I closed them the sunlight made the world behind my eyelids look red and gold.

Suddenly I was startled by footsteps on the front porch that caused the floorboards beneath me to vibrate. The light had changed from bright and sunny to a dull bluish-grey hue. I looked up expecting to see Aunt Rosalyn or Uncle's head peer around the doorway but was startled to see a large unfamiliar man instead. As he stepped through the doorway the room began to change. The branches and vines that reached in through the windows and

up the walls retreated. The floor became whole again and took on a polished sheen. Cobwebs and dust disappeared and the sagging wallpaper slid itself back onto the wall, an ornate flower pattern emerging from beneath the surface. A kitchen coal range appeared in the corner and a hearty fire sprang to life within it. I pressed myself back into the corner of the little room hoping that the man wouldn't see me. The sound of kids playing echoed from somewhere else in the house.

'Kia ora!?' the man bellowed.

He picked up a kettle, gave it a shake and then put it back on the stove. I hardly dared to breathe in case he saw me.

A woman appeared in another doorway. She had smooth angular features and dark brown eyes. Her hair was pulled back into a messy bun of frizzy ringlets on top of her head. The ruffled lace collar at the base of her throat and dark dress made her look like a tūi. She reminded me of the photo of Kate Sheppard in the library at school. She smiled at the man as he removed his hat, leaning forward to give him a kiss on the cheek.

'Tēnā koe, pēhea te whānau? Kei konei taku teina?'

'We're very well thank you. Still settling in. Your brother's in the orchard I'll call him in.'

Her voice was solid and matter of fact. She disappeared outside and a few minutes later heavy footsteps reverberated once again on the veranda.

Another man appeared in the doorway. He removed his boots before coming inside to greet his brother with a hongi. He had a finely manicured mustache and kind, mirror like eyes. They sat together at the kitchen table with a cup of tea.

'Kātahi anō ka hoki au mai i te pae maunga. Ko Tararua tonu.' His voice had become abrupt and anxious. 'Kua heke te koroua rā.'

He pulled a small bag from his pocket and handed it to his brother who emptied the contents into his

hand revealing two shiny disks.

'Mā ēnei ka taea te aro tonu ki te wāhi heoi anō me noho huna te wāhi nei.'

My pāua eyes glinted in his palm. He held them up, mesmerised just as I had been by the deep layers of crystal that caught the light and reflected unfamiliar colours. As I watched the colours faded and the corners of the room began to grow dark. Soon, the thick darkness converged around the whole room until I could no longer see anything. It took me a moment to realise that my eyes were closed tight. I cautiously opened them and the house was as it had been, creaking and filled with dust. The pāua eyes lay in front of me on the floorboards. They had taken on a chilling quality. I felt tired and overwhelmed and my heart thumped like a bass drum in my ears. A singsong voice merged with the thumping and I realised that Aunt Rosalyn was calling for me.

Over the following weeks it was as if blinds slowly drawn over my eyes. At first it was like a slightly darker lens had been placed over each eye. I was taken to specialists. Scans and tests were carried out and we even went to an ophthalmology department in Wellington, no one knew what was happening to my eyesight. I kept asking mum for Aunt Rosalyn and Uncle Tom, but she said they had gone away, perhaps up to Rotorua to see George. I tried to tell her about the pāua eyes, but she didn't know what I was talking about. In any case, she was used to hearing about the 'hocus pocus' I brought back from Aunt Rosalyn's and didn't think much of it.

I stayed in bed for a long time, months, not wanting to move. I could just make out the darkened bulky outlines of familiar objects around the room. The world around me had become perpetual night with only a sliver of moonlight to dress the darkness. I slept a lot. In fitful dreams I saw multiple pāua

eyes gazing at me from shadowed carvings. They converged in the darkness and reformed to become golden-legged insects that made clicking sounds as they tapped against the wall. The tapping grew louder and faster, the wall itself growing to tower above me.

In another dream, I perched on a branch looking out over a swampy field. In the distance, my mother pushed her way through the raupō. When she reached a little clearing in the grass she paused for a moment before walking in a tight circle. Suddenly she leaped into the middle of the circle with both feet together. She stamped her feet and the area of ground beneath her rose up slightly in a perfectly round disk, as if it had been cut out with a huge cookie cutter. It rotated a little and then began to lower itself underground with my mother standing on top. I squawked hysterically as she disappeared down the hole.

Ever so slowly, the world began to re-emerge from the murkiness though it appeared completely different. I would rise from my bed shaking the dreams off like they were bits of sand caught in my hair.

One such morning, my sister was trying to get me to go outside with her. Tania, in terms of the hierarchy of the whānau resided in the upper echelons of that hierarchy. She was the anchor at the center of the storm that was our family. Her ability to finish her homework and help feed us lesser siblings ensured that although we would on occasion mouth off at our parents, we never crossed her - that would be like trying to defy gravity or some other immutable law of the universe. Her favourite artist was Mariah Carey and she walked into my room humming *One Sweet Day*.

She tried as usual, to cheer me up but soon got

frustrated. On her way out said haughtily in a sing-song voice, 'your Venus fly traps almost dead.' She must've picked up a drink bottle to water the plant because tiny droplets hit my cheek as water sprayed out. I lay there in the usual way - unstarving - looking but not able to see. An unknown measure of time passed before I realised that I was indeed staring at something - a faint blue light creeping up through the stem of my Venus fly trap to the outer edges of the leaves. Next, I could just make out a fly perched on the edge of the spiky Venus flower, its open petals promising sweet dewdrops for the brave forager. A soft golden glow clung to the edge of its wings as they were gracefully folded into the flower. I watched as the glow of the fly faded within the tightly enclosed petals and absorbed into the carnivorous plant. The golden glow of the fly spread through the plant and merged with the blue, its life slowly appropriated by the plant.

EARLIER

The last hint of night had now vanished and the day promised nothing but rain driven by tiny needles on the skin and ears to be boxed about by the wind. The van was trying its best to be defiant against the buffeting that was like a group of haphazard school kids rocking its sides. I liked this weather. It meant that I could sleep away the day without guilt. The van strained to make it up our steep driveway, a big ask for an engine which I suspected could double for a lawn mower.

A week later the cameras were installed at work. The restaurant was empty because it was still early. I sat at the bar at lazily polishing glasses. The glass

in my hand was a hefty thing, demanding far more energy to polish than what I had.

I gazed sleepily through the glass and watched the way it distorted the room. The warped curve of the glass emphasised a myriad of colours that emanated from objects in the room. The colours in objects were always fainter than in people.

I could sometimes tell the difference in how a thing was made by the colours around it. If made en masse in a factory it had a different field of colour around it to a thing made by hand. In this way the colours could trace the stories of objects, though with people the nuances were quite different. Through the glass I could see two blurry figures ambling towards me. I continued to look at them through the glass until they were standing right in front of me.

'Ahem.'

There was a distinct Super Mario Brothers vibe about them. Maybe it was the overalls, maybe it was the bushy mustaches the accent however, slightly more Lower Hutt than Italy. There was grease on the overalls and the eyes - although a bit close together - had the glassy look of someone used to routine. Mario brother number two was squinting as if he held the weight of the proletariat on his heavy brow, disappointed perhaps, that the socialist promises Marx had made in the 20th century had not materialised into the 21st. I picked them both as Jimmy Barnes fans. Which is probably why I was humming *Working Class Man* under my breath. *'...He's a simple man with a heart of gold in a complicated land.'*

'Did you say something?' asked Mario One.

'No' I replied, 'just whistling while I work.'

'We're here to install some cameras.'

On the breast pocket of the uniform was the same logo that graced the letterhead on the government letter. They looked at me quizzically. I tried to think up an excuse.

'There's been a flood actually, in some of the rooms, so I guess you might have to come back, it's probably not safe to do electrical stuff...' My voice trailed off as Mario No2 interjected. 'That's fine, we'll check it out.'

I stood slowly and staring at the floor told them to follow. I took them into my least favourite private karaoke room first, the 'Majestic Metropolis'. This room had minimalist décor and reminded me of a hotel reception with its small bedside lamps on the frosted glass corner tables. I feigned surprise, 'oh look it's all been cleaned up that's good.' They both frowned at me.

'You gentlemen don't want to choose a song before you get stuck into it?'

Suspicious Minds? It's on the house...

'We'll let you know if we need anything.'

I was dismissed so reluctantly exited the room to return to my spot behind the bar.

Cameras in the karaoke rooms. I felt personally violated. All of my cells bristled with the frustration from not knowing how to stop it from going ahead. I resolved to get in the way as much as I could without getting arrested. I returned to the room to see that one of them was attaching a mirror ball to the ceiling. They ignored me as I put glasses of water on the table.

'You're installing mirror balls? I thought you were putting up cameras?'

One of them answered flatly without looking up.

'This is a camera. The ball is housing a 360° camera- same kind that drones use, pretty standard model. These babies don't have any blind spots.'

I stared at the mirror ball and was lost for words.

This was worse – wasn't it? Worse than a camera that looked like a camera? This was a cruel trick against everything a mirror ball represented.

The other worker was gazing at me with suspicion.

'You don't like it?'

I considered my options. To enter this conversation

would result in a pointless debate where I would be told that by objecting to the cameras I must be dodgy. I decided to find out what I could.

'Sorry,' I forced a smile. 'I'm just wondering how we'll monitor the cameras, given that there are five karaoke rooms all together?'

'Monitoring is outsourced. They filter data using algorithms, speech and facial recognition to detect keywords and people. We're dealing with such a high volume of data that monitoring is well beyond human capability.'

'Of course,' I say. The ball looked just like a regular mirror ball. 'So where is the lens exactly, behind the glass?'

'Exactly,' said the other one, and he took a sip of the water. 'The mirrors are two way.' The arrangement of colours that emanated from him caught my attention, a dark maroon shadow hovering around his throat and on his forehead. Did he believe what he was telling me or was he going along with it just as I was, saying what was expected in order to avoid confrontation? It was also ridiculously difficult to concentrate because his mustache had a life of its own - like a spider. A big hairy spider.

In the weeks that followed Graham and myself watched as our customers tried to reconcile the presence of the new cameras. The agency had given us a couple of tiny stickers - as they were legally required to - declaring their presence. I tried to tell Graham that because the cameras were purposefully obscured within the mirror balls, it pointed to more of a data gathering exercise as opposed to crime deterrent. He hated the cameras as well, but wanted to put the signs where it was likely no one would see them. 'What they don't know won't hurt them.'

Saddest of all was the disappearance of Purple Rain. Purple Rain was the name I gave to an extra

special amethyst glow that often clung to people as they emerged from the dark neon caves. Purple Rain represented a release from the daily grind. A retrospective of happier nostalgic times complete with shoulder pads and hair crimpers.

George sat in his usual seat on the opposite side of the bar, today he was avoiding Uni work, preferring instead to hassle me and moan about his workload. I changed the subject.

'Let's talk about the camera problem.'

George rolled his eyes. I ignored him and carried on. 'So, I was visiting mum last weekend and stopped off at the dairy to buy some smokes.

Remember that dairy Mr Sutherland owned? His son looks after it now. He wouldn't sell them to me cause I didn't have ID.

I said something ridiculous to him like, 'But...I've been buying smokes from here since I was a kid!'- 'I'm 26 now.'

'The dude just shook his head at me and pointed to the cameras above him.

He actually said, 'I believe you but it doesn't matter what I think.'

George was regarding me sceptically with one eyebrow arched so high it touched his hairline, an expression I tried hard to mimic but always failed.

'No ciggies, what's the deal?'

'He knew I was telling the truth - and I knew he knew I was telling the truth.

'What makes you so sure? Whakaputa mohio. You assume too much about people.'

'Yea well you don't see it like I do.'

'Oh yea that's right you can see auras.' In a mocking voice not to my liking he stood up, his sudden mood change caught me off guard. 'What's my aura vibe then hmm? That you're all shit that's what.'

I looked around the quiet restaurant to give myself a chance to cool down. Only one family had come in for dinner so far. A small gas stove burned away

in the middle of their table with smoke pouring from the cooker.

'Look,' George said. 'If you've got nothing to hide, you've got nothing to fear.'

I turned back to him. 'You know who said that?'

'Dunno probably the Prime Minister or someone else that knows what they're doing.'

'No - Joseph Goebbels - one of the biggest Nazi arse-holes to walk the earth.'

'Aw bollocks'

'I need to talk to Aunt Rosalyn. She'll get it.'

'Yea off you go then, I'm sure she'll be very happy to see you.' He grabbed his keys on the way out the door.

RECENTLY

...Just as the sun sustains physical life so too does mana sustain spiritual life. Mana and mauri combine together to form hau in spectacular arrangements of colour for those with eyes to see it.

- Ngā kōrero poropiti o te ua waiporoporo 1868

As the train pulled into the Woodside Station outside of Greytown I saw Aunt Rosalyn waiting for me. She grabbed and squeezed me before glancing around.

'No George?'

'Yea nah sorry he's pretty busy, you know uni, kapa haka and stuff...'

'Hey, don't forget I see the same way you do, I can literally tell when you're lying to me.'

I pulled a face and looked at the ground. 'I dunno.

He's pissed, but I don't know why.'

'Silly boy,' Aunt Rosalyn straightened herself and turned towards the car. Back at her place things were comfortingly the same. We walked around the garden. The old place next door looked the same but with more foliage clinging to the walls swallowing them up.

In Aunt Rosalyn's garden my concerns about the cameras seemed far away and insignificant. There would always be places to seek solitude. Like here. I told her anyway.

'It's just something I've been noticing. I'm finding it hard to see people. It's like, the colours around them are subdued, or stuck. Often the colours around them contradict what people are saying or doing. It's hard to explain.'

Aunt Rosalyn nodded, 'I haven't seen that myself, I spend far more time with my plants than around people these days.' She laughed heartily.

We came up to the house where Uncle Tom sat on the veranda. He had just finished a game and was polishing his bowls. Aunt Rosalyn filled him in on what we were talking about.

'Have you thought about visiting Hapuakorari?'

He nestled the last bowl back into the box and clicked it shut. The thought of it gave me chills.

'Have you been there?'

'Of course we have.'

'Tag along with us uncles, we're heading up soon to hunt pigs. Bring George.'

Uncle Tom regarded me with his sharp eyes.

'That boy still dancing around stage like a chicken?'

'Uncle it's called kapa haka and that's disrespectful.'

'See those guns over there? He pointed to the hunting rifles on the back of the ute.

'That's all the kapa haka you need, girl.'

It took a lot to convince George to come with me to Hapuakorari. He thought Aunt Rosalyn was witchy and I was her witchy apprentice.

'You always fall for her crazy stories.'

'Those stories are whānau stories and you should learn them since you're into all that tikanga and shit'

'Whatever.'

The Ruamahanga meandered up into the bush as we followed Uncle Tom and Uncle Kita. It hadn't rained for a while so the water was low, pristine at one end and filled with cow shit at the other. I hated that the cows made it parū because this was our ancestral river.

If I could describe Uncle Kita in a word, it would be stoic. Uncle Kita never said much, Uncle Kita never had too. If it had wheels and an engine he could fix it. All of my guy cousins wanted to be like Uncle Kita, but unlike uncle they all had big mouths. Everyone loved having Uncle Kita at a hui, he always bought kai moana or wild food that he had no doubt caught with his bare hands after chasing it through the bush for hours on end. He kept his hair cropped short obviously to reduce wind friction while running up mountains.

We camped out for the night in the bush and the next morning sat around the remnants of the campfire. The embers still glowed giving off a lazy haze as smoke wandered off into the morning sky. Uncle Tom leaned against his stick as he kicked a loose ember into the fire.

'Hapuakorari is up around there,' his finger pointed towards the next ridge. 'It's Māui's place. The old people said that's where he traveled from this world into the next, the lake is a wāhi tapu, a dreaming place. The old prophets would go up there to think - to wānanga - to plan ahead. I imagine Māui himself sat there planning his schemes to steal this, or that, much like your Great Uncle Trev did when he robbed those banks years ago.'

Legend. Anyway off we go.'

The dense and sprawling foliage of the bush meant you could walk right by the huge expanse of water and miss it. The dogs had caught the scent of some game and were hot on its trail. We struggled to keep up with the hunters. Before long we heard crashing through the trees ahead followed by yelping. The hunters quickened their pace and as we rounded a bend saw that the track fell away sharply to one side. A gap in the undergrowth showed where the dogs appeared to have gone over. We stood at the edge and heard yelping below.

'You fullas better stay put here for a bit while we retrieve these dogs.'

Uncle Tom's expression grew grim as he climbed over the side of the bank. Uncle Kita followed him, but just before disappearing over the side glanced back up at us; 'So, what'ya do if a giant pig lands on the track and tries to step you out?'

I pulled out my pocket knife. 'Pointy end into the pig - right?'

He grinned, 'bloody things probably down there with the dogs anyway.' He disappeared over the edge.

The two of us plonked ourselves down at the base of a large tree that should have been cleared off the track.

'Let's keep going, they're going to be ages.'

George opened his mouth to object. I shot him my sharpest glare and he begrudgingly pulled himself up.

Patches of light pierced through the canopy and danced across the different surfaces of the forest floor. As we walked the fern fronds blurred with repetitive layers without solid definition. I pressed my foot downwards the sensation of gravity pushed back like a magnet. The physical weight of the forest was thinning out.

'We're close.'

Soon, the trees gave way to a clearing and we found ourselves at the edge of a sparkling pool of soft light.

George picked up a pebble and skimmed it across the lake. The pebble elongated as it gained momentum then stopped suddenly above the surface as if to consider its options. It then dipped slowly, momentarily touching the surface of the lake before it stretched out, taking on the same substance as the lake disappearing beneath the surface.

George looked at me with wide possum eyes, 'This is like being on magic mushrooms, but without the magic mushrooms.'

I made a mental note to kick him in the shin later and wondered if he was actually seeing what I was seeing.

The crisp earthy smell of mountain water mingled with the sweetness of rotting leaves as dragonflies skimmed the glassy surface that opened out before us. The lake breathed, inhaling and exhaling in rhythm. I walked around the edge of the clearing. The stalks from the gigantic flax bushes stretched above me, huge seedpods bunched together like sets of fingerless claws.

As I turned back I saw George in the lake, the water up to his shoulders and rising.

'What the bloody hell are you doing? George!'

That's two kicks for later. George's head disappeared beneath the surface. I jumped in. The water didn't feel like water. It had a lighter countenance to it, weightlessness, as if it hugged the ground because it wanted too.

I dived deeper into the low light of the lake and could see George's murky form sinking toward the bottom. My finger tips grabbed his hair and then a hand reached up and grabbed me. The weight pulled me down and down, pushing the air from my

lungs. Then I realised. I'm drowning. Shit. Aunt Rosalyn is going to kill us. Silence. Darkness.

A moment later the swirling water began to melt away and I found myself crouched in a clearing of dense trees, shocked at the sudden feeling of warm blood on cold bones. The wind sliced through my ears and I wanted to get away from it, badly. I still had George by the hair. He lay beside me, unmoving. I put my ear to his chest and detected the subtle rise and fall of his chest. Glancing around I saw the gaping dark hole of a cave entrance that dominated one edge of the clearing. Then, the musty silence broke and the forest floor began to writhe beneath us. The sweet smelling debris coming alive with clicking sounds of millions of insects hatching in the undergrowth.

A man appeared from the bushes and crept past us towards the hole. He was lanky and had the appearance of having been stretched out. He wore a maro and two giant feathers that pierced the topknot on his head further adding to his height. Winged insects wriggled out from the rotting leaves and swarmed around us. Dread filled my stomach. *Drone flies, here?* Their glassy multifaceted eyes reflected my horror as they clung to my skin and clothes. The drone flies gathered around the man forming a metallic cloud. He looked up and our eyes locked, pāua reflected in his iris'. The man flashed me a grin and flicked his eyebrows toward the cave indicating that I should follow him.

The inside of the cave dripped with furry moss that clung to the sides, interspersed with the starry pattern of glow worms. The cave narrowed and became a tunnel that slanted downwards. I followed tentatively, keeping sight of the figure in front of me as light radiated around his form. The quality of the light around him was unlike anything I had ever seen before. Drone flies whipped past me

frantically trying to keep him within their sights. The tunnel wound endlessly down into the earth and my mind returned to George, alone and unconscious outside of the cave. He hadn't even wanted to come.

The tunnel opened out into a large cavern, the path hugged the wall and descended sharply. The cavern was lit by a light source that crept up from somewhere below. The man crouched down and his long shadow fell behind him. I crept closer, edging along the curve of the wall. The wet moss squelched beneath my hands coupled with the occasional sticky feet of an insect scuttling across my skin.

I lowered myself trying to be inconspicuous. He was speaking with someone, a bulky form silhouetted against the cavern wall. The massive figure let out noise like a low rumble and turned to face me. My breath caught. An odd familiarity emanated from the shadows. A homely feeling, like sitting with one of the Nannies down at the pā during a lull at a hui. Her physical appearance did not resemble any kuia or even any human that I knew. She was a bulging twisting mass of roots that came up from the earth and expanded with each breath. Her face all but unseen had eyes that pierced the darkness reflecting pāua like the man who stood before her - eyes were bright with warmth. They brushed over me then turned abruptly back to face the man. He said something to her and she closed her eyes. Another low rumble came from deep within the folds of her body. Angry. Her eyes reopened, glowing and fierce. With a laborious lurch a long fibrous root extended out from beneath her, towards the man. The root unfurled like fingers to reveal a flame burning from one of the tips. The drone flies were in a frenzy. They formed a wall around the man, the flame reflecting wild fire in their eyes. As the man took hold of the fire, they closed in on him tighter. He ignored them, the glow around his body seemed to keep them at a distance.

He cradled the fire in the palm of his hand, turning away from her. I couldn't see her anymore as the darkness pulled her in.

George was awake when we emerged from the cave. Drone flies crawled all over him and he swatted at them, looking disorientated. His eyes widened when he saw the man carrying fire in his hand, who was closely followed by a swarm of drone flies.

I rushed over to him.

'Are you okay?' George said nothing but kept looking past me at the man.

I followed his gaze and saw that the man had raised the flame above his head. We made eye contact as the drone flies enclosed around him.

'Run!' I shouted to George as the man flung the flame to the forest floor. The trees were engulfed, spitting flames upwards. The drone flies wings were seared by the heat of fire. They started to shriek and shrivel, twitching as if they had nerve endings under their hard metal flesh.

My limbs felt heavy as if running through waist high sand.

The man leapt skywards shifting into a kereru, his heavy wings pounding the hot smoky air. Gone.

Finally we arrived at a swamp. The murky water prevented the fire from traveling any further. Although difficult to see through the black smoke, I had an awareness of George behind me. We arrived at a spot where the ground rose up above the water and dragged ourselves up onto the little mound.

We lay there for ages in the long reedy grass coughing and trying to catch our breaths. Eventually the smoke cleared and I noticed flickers of something white moving along the edge of the water.

George pulled himself up and squinted his eyes. 'I think that those are pūkeko.'

Soon dozens of them were all flashing their white tails. Then, silvery bright fishy things started to

float to the top of the water. The pūkeko began to scoop them up into their beaks and scuttle off into the long grass.

Suddenly aware of movement next to us, a dark blob raced out of the raupō.

It dropped something on the ground in front of us. Another one did the same, followed by another and then another. We picked them up. Pāua shells. The pūkeko carried out their manic delivery until a large pile had grown before us. Gradually they slowed until only the occasional pūkeko scurried out of the undergrowth, always in a panic as if a predator pursued, hot on its tail.

I broke off some of the long raupō leaves and tried to fashion something to carry the hundreds of pāua shell eyes. George looked at my clumsy attempt and did his eyebrow thing. 'Aue, here,' he said, 'like this.'

He expertly arranged the leaves so they could be woven together into the shape of a kete. 'That man, why did he set fire to the forest?'

I knew why. I also knew what the pāua eyes meant. He had answered my question before I even had a chance to ask it.

'We'll need to find the way home before it gets dark. If it gets dark in this place that is.'

I got up and wandered around while George worked on the kete. Just as I suspected the circular opening lay hidden within a patch of raupō. It didn't take long to find..

The uncles found us fast asleep on the path not far from where they went to retrieve the dogs. 'Too much exercise for you city fullas ay?' They joked about finding us like that but I could tell they found it a bit weird. It wasn't like we had been taking a light nap or anything. They had to shake us awake. Their hunting mission came to an abrupt end because one of the dogs had rolled into a huge patch of stinging nettle and needed to be carried out.

The pāua eyes, paper thin and translucent filled the kete that George had woven. 'Did you fullas go diving while we were gone?' Uncle Tom winked. Some of them lay in scattered piles in the dirt around us. We gathered them up and made a quiet trip out of the bush and back to the cars.

LATER

An idea began to form. It took shape on quiet weeknights when there were few customers at the bar. I would take my breaks in the empty karaoke rooms and gaze at the mirror ball that hung from the middle of the room. The multi-faceted eye like that of the drone fly.

If you could see what I see...

It was simple - an experiment. It depended on getting my hands on one of the mirror ball cameras. The main problem was intercepting the live feed from the camera. The balls were connected to their own routers so that information uploaded straight to the department. I had to replace the feed with something else, just long enough to be able to take a copy of the ball. It came to me one morning while cleaning up in the Mystic Forest Glade Suite. I would re-enact the lonely old man karaoke daydream and repeat it every day for a week so that the algorithms would register it as normal routine, some girl singing by herself.

I stuck a tiny Go pro next to the mirror ball while pretending to change a light bulb. This was the replacement footage that would hopefully pass as the real thing.

The following week I connected the Go pro footage to the router and unscrewed the mirror ball from the ceiling. Time sauntered by as I waited for George to pick me up. I began to worry that a

drone fly might come sniffing around. They had sensors for fear probably cloned and developed from some animal's pituitary gland or something equally gross. I wouldn't know if the film exchange had been noticed or not so I just sat there, trying not to think about the possible penalties for tampering with government property. Hearing the van I quickly jumped up and clambered in, grateful for the safe little haven.

'Whats that?'

George pointed to the large box I had stuffed into the back.

'It's one of the mirror ball cameras.'

'Really.'

'I need to take it apart and make a copy, can we use the gear up at the Uni?'

'What the? Pōkōtiwha...that camera is government property Te Aitu. You're asking for trouble messing with that stuff.'

'And this is exactly why I didn't run it by you already.'

'What's it all for anyway? Who cares about the cameras? They're there to catch people who mess with the law. If we keep our heads down and arses up it doesn't concern us, does it. '

'People like us get in trouble just for being who we are George. That's why it's a problem. Anyway, you were there, you saw what I saw. The evidence is right at home under my bed!'

'If you and Aunt Rosalyn want to get carried away with all that freaky makutu stuff go for it. Leave me out of it.'

Unbelievable. I took a deep breath and looked at him squarely.

'I need your help. Do this one last thing and I'll leave you alone. Okay?'

'Fine, whatever.'

We disassembled the mirror ball up in the Uni design building after hours.

It was quick and easy to take a copy of the frame that housed the individual mirrors. We had the original mirror ball back up in place within a couple of hours.

The van creaked as it strained up the driveway of the flat. I jumped out and opened the door to the little garage. It was the only van in the world that could fit into a garage this small.

I went straight to the kitchen and flicked the jug on. Our flatmate Marino would be well asleep, her bedroom door closed. George flicked on the gas heater and put some bread in the toaster. Marmite and avocado on toast our standard breakfast go-to.

I pulled out the copy we had made of the mirror ball and ran my hands over the surface, loving the frames milky white smoothness. I sipped my tea and squinted so that both the model and the kitchen table went out of focus. Sometimes things were easier to deal with when slightly out of focus.

'It's such a simple design ay. I'm really surprised actually. *The revolution! Just a mirror ball away.*'

The pāua eyes needed to be slightly reshaped to fit into the small square frames that normally housed the mirrors on the ball. I was hesitant about doing this. Would some kind of tapu be broken by changing the eyes? I thought about what grandpa would do - he would just get on with it and 'get shit done'. I carefully filed and cut the pieces with a fine hacksaw blade and chisel, setting up a little makeshift workshop in our seldom-used sun room. I bought a 360° degree camera like the one in the mirror ball. They weren't very expensive, people had them all over their houses. In the kitchen and kids' rooms - the ultimate nanny cam.

Hundreds of squares needed to be shaped so it became something I worked on whenever I could - I obsessed over it, sometimes even ditching my

bar work. Occasionally my bleary eyed flatmate Marino would pop in and hang out, her dressing gown wrapped tightly around her to shield against the cold. Like George and I, Marino mostly worked nights having almost finished up at med school. The state of her grubby dressing gown revealed long hours spent buried in textbooks and watching movies. She had beautiful rounded cheekbones that hugged her eyes when she smiled. Marino, a long time friend, joined us only occasionally for karaoke. She blamed her job. Marino didn't ask me about my work, assuming it was an art project or something equally unproductive.

When it was almost finished I decided to test it. Initially the picture showed a fuzzy murky white/grey. The camera refocused and brought the framed squares into view. Nothing. Then the room plunged into darkness. I heard Marino call out from the next room, 'power cut!' I made my way outside to check the fuse box. All of the switches were still on. On the way back I skirted around Marino's luminescent form in the dark sitting there gazing at the blank TV screen. 'So typical, a power cut ten minutes before the end of the season finale.'

I could see another glow coming from the sun room. It was the computer monitor. *WTF?* The aloe vera plant in the corner of the room could be seen glowing on the screen, its leaves tinged with fuzzy electrostatic. 'Marino...come check this out?' I could hear her cursing softly in the dark as she tried to find her way to the sun room. Eventually she stood beside me. 'Hey, your monitor's still working.' I had no idea how the monitor was still working in spite of the power cut.

She leaned past me to get a closer look at the picture on the screen. 'Hey that's really beautiful, what is it?'

I tried really hard to keep my cool. She could see it. Using the mouse I panned across until two orbs of swirling colour filled the picture. The light masked our individual features, I recognised Marino because I was used to seeing her this way, but it was the first time I had ever seen my own aura.

Ananā! I thought to myself, *te ahua o te hau. Try and analyse that you pervy bastards.*

A couple of weeks later the mirror ball was fully tweaked and ready to go undercover in the karaoke bar. I used the same method as before to swap the balls over in the Crystal Glade suite, the room incidentally, a hit with the kaumatua generation. None of the rooms had been redecorated since the 90s and the walls of this room were lined with crushed velvet. The velvet had become bald in places, no doubt worn away from years of people rubbing against it in the midst of karaoke ecstasy.

I installed the ball on a particularly hot and stuffy morning but resisted the urge to open the door. Graham had gone home and I was alone in the building. As it settled the creaks and sighs made me wary of any rogue drone flies that might've found their way inside. Anxious to get finished before George arrived to pick me up I set about my work. He still had the shifts over our disagreement with the mirror ball.

Maybe I'll buy him breakfast...

I hadn't seen much of George lately. Te Matatini was coming up and George had disappeared into a world of continuous kapa haka practice.

As I connected the last lead to the pāua mirror ball I could hear the whirring sound of the air conditioning unit powering down from behind the wall. The room went dark. *Shit.*

AFTER

*Ko aku taona i haria i raro te ture whaka tuma-
tuma, i to raatau poheehee tana, kei te nanakia a
Tuuhoe. Mau hei Tuhi he kupu paakeha*

*My cooking susceptible Under the Act Tumatu-
ma, their ignorance is bitter bush. Have to write
a word in English*

-Tame Iti; email interception translated by Google¹

George and I jumped out of the van and crossed the street to the café that overlooked Lyall Bay.

Although the weather was still muggy it had begun to rain cats, dogs, and some other animals. Thanks Wellington.

‘Hi there,’ a flustered young man with flushed cheeks stood with pen poised behind the counter.

‘There’ll be quite a wait on the food. The power cut has caused a bit of a backlog.’

‘Power cut?’ I asked.

‘Apparently the whole of Wellington was out for a bit there - even the trolley buses.’

‘Yea,’ George said. ‘I bumped into Marino after I left home to get you. She said they had to use backup generators at the hospital.’

The whole of Wellington? I looked around the busy cafe.

‘What do you want to do?’

‘Split. I’ve got practice soon anyway.’

George slowed the van as it rounded the corner before our driveway. A police car with silent sirens flicking between blue and red parked was parked

partially on the footpath in front of our house. As we drew nearer more police cars came into view.

‘What the ...,’ George breathed out slowly while I held mine.

As the van heaved up the drive it stalled and it began to roll backwards before George lurched on the breaks. Behind us armed officers appeared from nowhere to block our access back out to the street.

‘Let’s just leave the van here, we’ll walk up to the house.’ George sat wide eyed stunned at the sight of the black clad police. His body had taken on the rigged quality of someone frozen. ‘Let’s just get out of the car. George...’

Suddenly a barrage of voices overpowered mine in a strange assortment of echoes. ‘Get out of the vehicle now!’

‘Move slowly, hands above your head!’

‘Get out! Get out!’

I eased the door open, realising that although we could see the guns aimed at us through the window, they wouldn’t be able to see us through the tinted glass.

George snapped out of his daze and let his door fall open, hands raised above his head.

They pushed us face down into the mud. I breathed heavily, my heart a bassy thud against the soft percussion from the rain that tapped my cheek. The metallic taste of blood contrasted with the mud in my mouth. I had bitten my lip.

From the corner of my eye, I could just see the blurry form of Marino on the front porch being bundled away. A multitude of police disappeared into the house - some wore slack jackets - a fair number wore balaclavas along with lace up boots. Men filed back out carrying boxes.

I could vaguely make out George’s form beside me.

A voice spoke from somewhere behind us.

‘We found this in the van. It’s government property, here take a look. It appears to be in its original condition. It’s safe to handle sir.’

1 Artist Statement for Tame Iti’s installation;
GHI/170/23, GHI 24, GHI13,
Disrupting the Narrative Exhibition, Thistle Hall, 2015.
Activist and artist Tame Iti was targeted and arrested in
relation to the 2007 terror raids.

I felt numb as they shoved me into the paddy wagon, observing the whole scene from somewhere outside of my body. It made me feel less muddy and wet. Less connected to fear, confusion and yes anger, especially anger. Did this craziness implicate my family?

I shivered all throughout the processing, mug shots and fingerprints. They even took my shoe laces.

Hours later I was in a pale pink room my hands on a desk in front of me clasped in handcuffs. I still felt cold. At least the orange jumpsuit that they gave me wasn't covered in mud. I wondered what George was doing. Did they have Marino as well? She would definitely be complaining at our next flat meeting.

Eventually the detective came in to question me. 'You work at that karaoke bar off Cuba Street don't you?'

I nodded and realised that I recognised this man. His medium build was outlined by the window, in my mind it became silhouetted by the dappled lights of the Crystal Glade Suite, the *Easy Lover* guitar solo swirling around him. He stomped one leg and clapped his hands with the microphone. He was a Phil Collins fan.

'I'm Detective Wright and you my young friend are in a serious pile of crap.'

The detective was going bald and had the air of someone that embraced his baldness. The top of his head shone like a cue ball, tufts of hair stood up and around like a palisade around a pā.

'There was a citywide power outage this morning that lasted for approximately 17 minutes. We traced the outage back to the karaoke bar on Cuba Street. Your boss Mr Ong has been detained for questioning and he denies any knowledge of what may have caused this event. He told us that you closed up this morning.'

The detective looked grim, his hands clamped in front of him on the desk. Like mine, but without handcuffs.

'The SWAT team down at the bar have found some kind of device that they say could be a bomb. The bomb squad is on its way down there as we speak.' He leaned in closer and said precisely, 'This event has 'a terrorist alert' classification.'

I couldn't help but just stare at the reflection of the fluorescent light bulbs on his head. Detective Wright was a strange creature. He seemed inconvenienced. Like a butcher who excelled at his craft, but had recently become a vegetarian.

'...Just tell me what you know about the object in question so we can get this cleared up.'

Someone knocked on the door. Wright got up and as he closed the door behind him, I heard the words 'GCSB' and 'virus'.

Oh great the Government Communications Security Bureau - the bloody thought police. This day was getting better and better. The time passed in that room in a similar manner to the way it passes in malls and casinos, as if not connected to the outside world. An eternity of shopping and gambling for those unable to escape.

Wright returned keys in hand, 'special request it seems - from up high. The Spooks want to talk to the pair of you.'

A guard led me out to the main reception. Seeing George I pulled my elbow free of the guard's grip and plonked down onto the seat next to him.

'Too good for handcuffs now are we?' I held mine up for him to see.

He shot me a hostile look which startled me. Before I could react the officer indicated that it was time to go and led us out of the door.

In the back of the police car I tried to talk to George

again. 'What's the GCSB got to do with this?' He pretended not to hear me so I kept talking. 'So much for foreign intelligence. He porangi rātou Raho, seriously.' I slammed my head back against the seat and squeezed my eyes together, ordering myself not to cry. After a couple of minutes I tried again. 'Sorry you missed kapa haka practice.' My voice was tight and sounded snarky.

Throw me a bone here Raho.

'Pōkokohua.'

The car sped up as it merged onto the motorway. Houses on stilts dotted the hills to our left and the glittering expansive bay stretched out on the right, its passive calm felt hostile under the circumstances.

The police car continued to speed north along State Highway One. We had been traveling for about an hour and a half and had just driven through Levin. George had either fallen asleep or was pretending. The detective was playing *Never tear us apart* by INXS and singing along loudly. A maple leaf shaped air freshener rocked back and forward, its fragrance expended decades before, probably the same year *Never tear us apart* was released. From where I was sitting I could just make out the reflection of the GPS on the windscreen. The little blue line indicated that we would be turning left onto a country road headed west toward the coast.

Half an hour later we pulled over a cattle stop into a metal driveway. On the left was a large wool shed with bits and pieces strewn haphazardly around the place. We continued slowly along the road, passing a sign that read: Private Property Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted. George tapped my leg and pointed out of the window to a large paddock. Huge metal rods placed in a large circular formation rose up into the sky. Up ahead the fences were taller with barbed wire adorning the top. The

gate automatically opened as the nose of the detective's car nudged into it. Apart from two other cars inside the complex the place looked devoid of life. We got out of the car.

'First, I want to know what we're doing here and second,' I held my hands out. 'I want these handcuffs off. I nodded toward George.

'He doesn't have handcuffs on.'

The officers both looked at George's hands. The detective coughed awkwardly.

'Steve, cuff him.'

The detective turned on his heels and indicated that we should go ahead. We entered a brightly lit corridor to an elevator that only offered a down option. The detective chose the second to last floor, five levels down. When the elevator doors yawned open we stumbled into another corridor, this one dimly lit like an underground war bunker. *A relic from the cold war.* Unable to see anybody else in the building, the nervous thumping in my chest reverberated around the walls. I hoped the cops couldn't hear it.

Detective Wright pressed what looked like another arbitrary door and we followed him inside, stepping out onto a wide mezzanine walkway. The area above us opened out and reached up through several floors. Glass separated us from the edge of the mezzanine floor, like the dividers on a busy subway platform that prevents people from going over the side. The glass was opaque black and our reflections gazed back at us. My hair was gathered in a messy heap on my head that made me look almost the same height as George. Wright pressed an intercom button on the wall.

'Can you bring the lights up, thank you.' The glass changed from opaque to clear and the lights grew brighter above us. George and I stepped forward and looked down into the center of the room. The ground beneath the mezzanine looked to be about one floor down. In the center a round glittering

object hung suspended by an unseen cord.

'Ehara tonu...' I exclaimed.

'The agency had it transferred to this location to have it contained, however, they say it's still transmitting.' I could see a miniature reflection of the ball in his eyes as he studied it.

Transmitting what?

'This...thing is causing havoc with the agency's surveillance programmes.'

His arms folded across his chest.

Feeling small and overwhelmed, I let my body relax against the glass and slide down the side until I was crouching on the floor, forehead pressed against the glass. It was hard to make sense of it all and the fact that George was so angry at me made it a hundred times worse. I felt alone.

'When can we make a phone call?'

Detective Wright regarded me through narrow eyes, 'you can make a call when we get back to the station. Now let's move.'

We followed him, although I found the mirror ball comforting and hard to leave.

We headed down some stairs to a room with a single large screen occupying the far wall, some swivel chairs and a large table. A person emerged from a side room with coffee in hand and greeted the detective.

'Hello detective, I'm Karen Marks we spoke on the phone.' She spoke to him in hushed rapid-fire tones while pulling at the heavy gold beads around her neck. I couldn't hear her from where we stood. Fuchsia lips pursed firmly as she awaited the detective's response. *Marianne Faithfull would be your pick.* I imagined her lips forming words around those forlorn lyrics, definitely Marianne...*On the rooftop where she climbed, when all the laughter grew too loud...*

Wright shook his head. He began to say something and she quickly interjected. She spoke loudly now as if she wanted us to hear.

'I'll buzz you straight back in if we have any trouble.'

The detective reluctantly signaled to the other officer and turned to George. 'We'll wait next door.' George began to protest, but was quickly removed from the room.

Karen walked over to us and indicated that I should take a seat.

A young man entered from another side room. He perched on a swivel chair and sipped what looked like a chocolate protein shake.

'This is James. It was his idea to bring you here and I support that. We need to get this cleared up with as little fuss as possible.'

For a computer guy James was quite sculptured. He obviously worked out. When he spoke he had a similar yet stronger accent than Graham so maybe he was from Seoul as well? If he wasn't one of the arseholes trying to incarcerate us I would go so far as to say that James was a rather dapper looking individual. His matching cuff links and starched shirt made Detective Wright look like a complete slob. James' hands moved across a screen in front of him and several images appeared.

Karen said, 'are you aware Te Aitu what the role of the GCSB is?'

She pronounced my name Tee-aa-two. Which sounded too much like R2D2 from Star Wars.

Very. Annoying.

Everyone that watched the abysmal shit that passed for news and wasn't too drunk on rugby had at least an inkling of the GCSB. An organisation best avoided. They were a part of the Five Eyes alliance, although they could have Six or seven in that alliance by now. Who could truly know?

'Can't say that I care.'

Karen's eyes narrowed into an icy glare.

'Something is encrypting the Internet end to end with a protocol that we haven't been able to crack -

despite using the tools from our partner agencies.' She said this while squaring up a stack of papers that sat in front of her on the table.

'Your life is contained in these files. Cell phone records, credit cards, Online transactions, CCTV footage. I see you have an overdue library book - *The Left Hand of Darkness* what an odd choice. I have a transcript with you asking the IT Help desk how to make your computer go - they suggest you 'try the on button.'

There is a theme to your life - cars and karaoke - a bit sad if you ask me, but not the profile of a genius encryption hacker. Yet all the metadata is pointing in your direction.'

She paused and waived a hand at her colleague.

'James here has metadata on you stretching back to the day you were born. James likes metadata.'

James chimed in. 'Metadata is extraordinarily intrusive. As an analyst, I would prefer to be looking at metadata than looking at content, because it's quicker and easier, and it doesn't lie. If I'm listening to your phone call, you can try to talk around things, you can use code words. But if I'm looking at your metadata, I know which number called which number. I know which computer talked to which computer.'² He spoke earnestly, as if explaining the logistics to a colleague or friend.

Karen had the file open now and steadily turned the pages without really looking at them.

'We have programmes that can build comprehensive profiles on individuals by linking all of the disparate bits of information about them within the big data stratosphere. We call these data shadows. The contents of this file here is equivalent to about one fingernail worth of your entire data shadow.' We eyeballed each other across the table while I struggled to take it all in.

After a moment of silence, James turned back to the screen and opened another window. It divided into several small pictures that displayed street scenes at different angles. I recognised the signs on some of the storefronts as coming from the Wellington CBD. Colourful blobs moved in and out of the pictures. The people merged and blended with others, their faces obfuscated by the myriad of light and colour that washed around them.

'Well?' Karen demanded, pointing at the screen.

'What is it?'

'Wait, I said. 'You can see that?'

Karen nodded impatiently, awaiting an explanation. I tried to gather myself together.

How do you explain colours to a blind person? The colours I could so easily understand, like a person reading the blip that bounced in time across the lyrics at the karaoke bar. I could see tension, anxiety, joy, and empathy. The colours in rhythm pronouncing each individual as a song that changed and evolved. Our lives are a jukebox, a mixtape, a playlist. Some of our days are a chorus some of them a verse. Each song begins and ends bringing us closer to the last note of the last song, when we take our final bow and walk off the stage.

'No idea' - I replied.

'Well maybe George knows?' She turned another screen on and I could see George dressed in the same orange jumpsuit on one side of the desk. Detective Wright was facing him on the other side. 'Come on George - this is just like the good old days? Remember the good old days George? Who knows, you might even make it to your next haka practice.'

George didn't look up. His right leg jittered, causing the table to shake. In a low voice he said, 'look I told her it wasn't tika, that she was breaking all sorts of tapu I said.'

² Snowden, Edward. (2014, September 15). Moment of Truth. [Video file]. Auckland: Town Hall. Retrieved from: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PWAZ8fr4MUE>

'The mirror ball was her idea - I was just going along with it. She probably thought it up with crazy Aunt Rosalyn, she's as mad as a hatter and Te Aitu is following in her footsteps. Do I get to go now?' Karen leaned into me. 'Wow it seems that Gorgeous George is selling you out good and proper - Aunt Rosalyn was it? Uncle Tom? Oh that's right he used to hang out with the Communist Party - still not very popular with our American Friends you know? Her eyes focussed on mine. Closer. I could smell her breath.

'Better spill the beans. Our American Friends might insist they put you away on one of their funny farms - dressed in orange with a black bag over your head?

'Fuck you'

I headbutted her. Hard skull on nose cartilage. A bright red splash - Screaming, yelling. Chaos. An arm around my neck as I passed into unconsciousness.

I read somewhere that everything we ever experience is recorded on the surface of our brain. When the grey matter of a conscious patient is touched then a memory becomes activated. It plays out before them as if it's happening right then and there. The memories of that day in the underground office came back to me weeks later in the cell. They played back clear as day as if someone reached under my skull and pricked the area where the memory lived. I can play it forward and rewind it like a youtube video. I had a lot of time to kill. Assault on an intelligence agent was easily 5-10 years, add that to terrorist allegations they were threatening me with - the future did not look bright. I dreamt of sounds and colours, the data shadows they created, a man who turned into a kereru - his eyes twinkling in equal measures of warmth and mischief. They

kept me away from other people and that suited me fine.

There was a knock. You have a visitor. I heard the sharp strike of heel against polished concrete as a figure appeared, her ominous presence filling the doorway. She wore a shiny olive green coat with a wide high collar that rested on her shoulders and rose up to her ears. The collar opened out at her throat exposing a long dark brown leathery neck. A large pounamu and gold brooch clasped her coat and sat perfectly at the center. With shoulders rolled slightly forward and hair pulled into a sleek high bun she appeared both as bird and boar, the melody of *E Ipo* drifting around her ankle length skirt.

I squealed, 'Aunt Rosalyn!'

'Excuse me,' the guard said quickly, 'you need to stay in the waiting room until we bring you through.'

'That won't be necessary young man I assure you, I've come to pick up my niece.' Her voice was smooth at the outset but harsh on the edge like brittle old paper that could still deliver a sharp cut. The guard and myself just stared at her in wonder, captivated. I had never seen her quite like this before, she was - powerful. Aunt Rosalyn glided into the room and gently took my elbow in her iron grip. The guard was beginning to protest his words unable to form and they sat there frozen mid-air unable to reach my aunt. She guided me through a maze of doors that unlocked before her, we nearly collided with a group of guards. Our presence seemed to slip from their consciousness as we continued down the hall. At the main desk, the people in reception continued to chat as we walked right past them.

'*Ai auē*,' she said gesturing at my handcuffs, '*te kino hoki. Māku rā e tango, pai kare.*'

Then we were out in the car park. I was confused. *Breaking out with Aunt Rosalyn?*

'Did they grant bail or something?'

'Oh no dear, you're in far too much trouble for that'

Uncle Tom stood there leaning against the car.

The car park was full but I couldn't see police or guards or anyone else around. A couple of people sat in their cars, I could tell from the aura light coming through the windows - but even that seemed muted, subdued. The air hummed, the colour had substance, I could touch it, taste it. A familiar purple haze shimmered on the surface in our vicinity.

'Quickly now, get in the car dear. We can't stall the sun forever you know.'

Uncle Tom pulled out onto the road before I was properly inside. I slid to the other side of the car as it lurched around the corner and through the gate.

Aunt Rosalyn swiveled to face me in her seat, one long elbow propped up against the driver's seat.

The movement caused a cloud of perfume to fill the enclosed space with familiar floral comfort. She smiled at me warmly and squeezed my hand like she had just picked me up from a raucous party.

'You're safe now my dear. Now, since we are so close to the Rimutaka hill I thought we could do a trek home through the bush, just like Samuel Oats did with his wheelbarrow full of gum trees back in the day. I've always wanted to do that.' Her eyes twinkled, 'although we won't be going all the way to Greytown. We are going to go away for a while to put our feet up until things blow over.'

'Where's George Aunty?'

'Purari George,' she shook her head. 'He has the eyes he just needs to learn how to use them.'

Uncle Tom was humming *Time will tell* by Bob Marley and I thought *yes it will*.

Time will tell.

1.0 INTRODUCTION

1.1 A CONCEPTUAL MĀORI RESPONSE TO STATE SURVEILLANCE IN AOTEAROA NEW ZEALAND

The title of this project references the well-known whakataukī :

He kokonga whare ka kitea, he kokonga ngākau e kore e kitea

The corners of a house can be seen, the corners of the heart cannot be seen.

Over the course of this creative research project this whakataukī has come to represent surveillance society, a reality where the corners of our houses are indeed visible. A digital world exists concurrently with our physical lives and it is difficult to keep track of who has access to information about our personal lives and why. Bennett, C. and colleagues, (2014) state that ‘...Now it is large government and business organisations, not only our neighbours, that probe our lives, and they do so on a massive scale’ (pg. 4).

Detailed information about the inner mechanical workings of our homes and day-to-day activities are now translated into digital form and stored, indefinitely. Much of this information is given freely in exchange for services such as email and social media. In recent years we have come to see how easily that information is commodified as it is passed from the service provider into the hands of

a third party, commandeered for other purposes, out of context and disconnected from its point of origin. The growth in surveillance culture is an outcome of rapid technological growth and to a greater or lesser extent we all participate within this relatively new paradigm (Lyon, 2013).

In recent times in New Zealand we have seen legislation - implemented in response to global acts of terrorism - provide governments with greater powers of surveillance. The ambiguous wording of these policies has raised questions as to the legality of surveillance conducted by government agencies in investigations such as Operation 8 and Kim Dot-com, and the use of Government Communications Security Bureau (GCSB) technology to spy on New Zealand citizens. Edward Snowden’s National Security Agency (NSA) revelations have also exposed the extent of some of these operations to the general public.

Organisations such as the Electronic Frontier Foundation and Privacy International are working to ensure that privacy and human rights policies are brought into alignment with fast technological developments in surveillance. The accessibility of technology has also contributed to a rise in citizen counter surveillance, exposing activities conducted by government agencies that would have otherwise

gone under the radar. The filming of the police killings of Eric Garner in New York and Walter Scott in North Charleston show how counter-surveillance can contribute to the democratisation of surveillance and power.

The first part of this whakataukī is a caution and a reminder. When the corners of our homes are visible to those with whom we have no tangible relationship how do we maintain personal mana and continue to develop mana motuhake within our communities?

The second part of the whakataukī states that the corners of the heart are not visible. In the context of this research it references the space beyond the scope of surveillance. This implies an autonomous zone, a source of resistance where mana motuhake can encourage creative ideas and independent thoughts to develop. It is a space beyond the capacity of what surveillance techniques can reveal about the true nature of an individual and community.

This research project is concerned with both aspects of this whakataukī. In the first instance it seeks to examine the impacts of surveillance from a Māori epistemological worldview. Secondly it seeks to identify how Māori concepts can resist surveillance culture. The creative fiction and visual work developed for this research project is centred on this idea, in particular how Māori concepts such as mana motuhake, tapu and whanaungatanga are qualities that run counter to contemporary surveillance culture.

My initial interest in examining surveillance was sparked by events surrounding the Operation 8 Terror Raids in 2007 where the New Zealand police conducted raids on homes throughout New Zealand after a period of surveillance spanning over a year

and half. This investigation was enabled under the auspices of the Terrorism Suppression Act 2002. In invoking this act the word 'terrorist' was suspended above the names of everyone implicated in the investigation. It encompassed a wide range of people including my friends and family. My home, where I lived with my husband and sons, was one of sixty places raided during the investigation. I am part of a community that has many artists and activists so a number of those arrested and incarcerated were family friends. My sons were aged 16 months and 3 weeks at the time of the raids.

The interpretation of the surveillance evidence collated in the investigation was so removed from my personal experiences of those implicated that for me it brought up questions around the often perceived infallibility of surveillance data as a source of empirical evidence. It also highlighted the susceptibility of surveillance to cultural bias and prejudice.

Operation 8 had a fallout that affected the people and communities caught within the surveillance dragnet that lasted well beyond the investigation. The impacts are noted in Noti Teepa's (2010) observance of her mokopuna after the raids and hauntingly refers to the whakataukī outlined above:

Later the kids were describing what had happened to them. They would point to parts of the house, and show where the police smashed things in the house... one of the moko's wouldn't talk about it at all. He just used to look around, and we could tell he was thinking about the raid because he would stare at the corners of the house (pg.88).

Once the authoritative gaze of the police investigation had become visible, consciously or

subconsciously that gaze influenced the behaviour of those affected.

Kevin D Haggerty (2012) states that:

A key starting point for understanding the wider politics of police surveillance follows from the social constructionist insight that crime is not naturally a given phenomenon, but that certain acts become crimes through highly variable institutional practices of categorisation, monitoring and processing. Consequently, the police do not so much detect crime, but deploy assorted measures that selectively draw attention to the behaviours of certain categories and classes of people that could be - depending upon a host of contextual factors - processed as crimes (pg. 236).

Surveillance becomes sinister in this regard; it's ripple effect long outlasting the initial surveillance act itself. Where a power imbalance exists between the watcher and the watched the susceptibility for exploitation is even more prevalent in that it cannot be extrapolated from systems of power and control. In New Zealand this power imbalance can be looked at in terms of the colonisation processes that involve methods, routines, procedures, categories and practices established and administered by the coloniser over, and on the colonised. Ahmad H. Sa'di (2012) describes how routine surveillance aided colonialism, 'which is founded on a notion of rigid racial and moral order,' and that:

Deploying these surveillance strategies has had immense and varied implication on the lives of the indigenous populations until the present. This includes for example the creation of new nations, the struggle for de-colonisation, the incorporation of ex-colonies in the world econ-

omy, civil wars, ethnic cleansing and genocide which were prompted by the racial categorisations that the colonising powers established' (pg. 158).

According to bell hooks (2014) surveillance is the 'key to colonisation:'

...If you've colonised well, people enact rituals of surveillance themselves. You don't have to have cameras, you don't have to have spies, because people will internalise and act from that position on their own...So the question is framing. How do we reframe? If that's our model, and that's what we're socialised and imprinted into, how do we break free of the frame?

This project is about re-framing contemporary state surveillance according to a Māori worldview via an interdisciplinary creative approach. While surveillance practice within New Zealand is subject to global influences, the effects of that surveillance is distinctive in relation to our specific cultural dynamic. New Zealand, as a colonised country, is influenced by Western ideas of surveillance framed around 'population management and control' (Sa'di, 2012 pg. 152). Conversely, this research project creatively explores a world where surveillance is theorised from a Māori paradigm by connecting with the work of a diverse range of Māori and non-Māori artists and scholars.

1.2 THESIS STRUCTURE

This thesis is structured in two main parts. Part one, the prelude, is a science fiction novella titled *Beyond the Corners of Our Whare*. The narrative is geographically located in the Wellington region of New Zealand and draws on local historical narrative from my tūrangawaewae and iwi, Rangitāne and Ngāti Kahungunu ki Wairarapa.

Part two is the exegesis. Chapter two is a review of surveillance art and theory. It examines the work of artists and theorists whose work refers to the interpretation and subjectivity of different forms of surveillance as evidence; behaviour modification; and surveillance and colonisation.

This is followed by an overview of the technical aspects of surveillance in Aotearoa New Zealand, specifically; the 2007 Operation 8 Terror Raids, legislating for more surveillance and historical colonial surveillance.

The third chapter outlines the interdisciplinary practice-based research and kaupapa Māori research methodologies employed throughout this project. The following Māori values of mana, mauri, hau, tapu, whanaungatanga and mana motuhake are described as a basis for navigating surveillance culture from a kaupapa Māori perspective and inform the practice-based research.

Chapter four outlines the individual creative projects, methods and conceptual ideas applied to the processes of development. The individual projects discussed are; *Beyond the Corners of Our Whare*, science fiction/fantasy novella; *Unwarranted and Unregistered*, multimedia installation; *Pāua to the People*, sculptural installation; *AuraSecure*, performance; *The Old Place, Greytown*, multimedia and sculptural installation.

2.0

ART, SURVEILLANCE AND THEORY

2.1

OVERVIEW

‘The relevant question about surveillance today is not whether we live in a surveillance society but how.’

-John McGrath, (pg. 2, 2004)

Bennett, C. and colleagues (2014) define surveillance as ‘any systematic focus on personal information in order to influence, manage, entitle, or control those whose information is collected’ (pg. 6). Surveillance has existed as an instrument of social organisation since the dawn of human interaction and in recent times the rapid rise of technology has made the surveillance phenomenon a daily reality. Constant flows of data collection and monitoring occur through ordinary routine activities such as credit card and bank transactions, library visits, Internet usage, loyalty cards, and communication via email, and telephone. Passive surveillance such as CCTV is routine practice in public and private commercial spaces. While this research is primarily centred on state surveillance, it is important to acknowledge the diversity of the mechanisms utilized by governments, organisations, media and citizens alike. The attributes of surveillance are also multifaceted, displaying positive as well as negative qualities depending on the context and integrity of the operators applying them. Art, literature and film provide an essential space for negotiating the ambiguity of this interface. George Orwell’s 1984, and films such as Gattaca, The Truman Show and Minority Report invoke vivid portrayals of ubiq-

uitous surveillance. Although dystopian in nature, Peter Marks (2005) asserts that these works provide critical examples of human resistance to systems of surveillance.

Michel Foucault’s (1975) analysis of Bentham’s Panopticon is often cited when contextualising surveillance in relation to power and control in society. As the landscape of surveillance has changed over time and with technology many derivatives and alternative theoretical ideas to the panopticon model have also emerged. These ideas include simulation, the surveillant assemblage and synopticon.

English philosopher Jeremy Bentham conceived the Panopticon in 1785 as a model prison that used surveillance to control and moderate the behaviour of inmates. The architectural design of the Panopticon was circular with a central observation tower. The concept was founded on the notion that prisoners would be under constant view of the tower and therefore under constant surveillance. The success of this model relied on the invisibility of the ‘watcher’ within the tower, causing the inmates to assume that they were under surveillance and behaving accordingly (Lyon, 1994). Foucault’s (1975) analysis of the Panopticon discusses how modern institutions such as prisons, schools and hospitals operate under similar methods of control because they are spaces where people are observed, classified and trained. He states that:

The Panopticon functions as a kind of laboratory of power. Thanks to its mechanisms of ob-

servation, it gains in efficiency and in the ability to penetrate into men's behaviour; knowledge follows the advances of power, discovering new objects of knowledge over all the surfaces on which power is exercised (p.204).

The architectural model of the Panopticon draws power from confining bodies within a space that represents a 'model of enclosure.' The model requires the presence of a single unseen watcher in order to function (Bogard, 2012, pg. 31). This differs from the reality of a contemporary urban environment where bodies are not physically confined within rigid architectural spaces and there is no centralised unseen watcher. This change marks a societal shift from a disciplinary model of society to a control model (Murakami Wood, 2007). The society of control as described by Deleuze (1992) is fluid and its systems open. He states that, '...In a society of control, the corporation has replaced the factory, and the corporation is a gas' (pg.4). Codes become the gateway that either deny or give access to digital and physical spaces within the societies of control. Bogard (2007) states that, 'The visible spaces organised by the Panopticon became the data mines and information clouds of post-disciplinary societies, accessed not by doors, locks and keys, but by passwords, pin numbers and decryption tools' (pg.35).

The surveillant assemblage as described by Haggerty and Ericson (2000) support this notion as a complex de-centralized network of rhizomatic surveillance that dispels the notion of a single oppressive force. Big brother does not exist (McGrath, 2004). This crisscrossing gaze of surveillance, as utilised by multiple and interwoven sources, provides opportunities for the democratisation of surveillance. Thomas Mathiesen's (1997) concept of the synopticon, an inverted panopticon, was

theorized largely around the media and television where 'the many' monitor 'the few' (Doyle, 2011, pg.284). The 'few,' being those in positions of power and authority who were previously exempt from monitoring made increasingly visible and therefore accountable through media (Murakami Wood, 2007). Doyle (2011) states that within this model 'the mass media represented a parallel system of control' (pg. 285). In his critique *Revisiting the Synopticon* Doyle argues that the media has become increasingly fragmented, opening the way for a greater diversity of ideas and perspectives. '...From Glenn Beck and Fox News through to Jon Stewart, Stephen Colbert and Michael Moore, problematizing the vision of media as a monolith working to engender support for the status quo' (pg. 291). The Internet facilitates spaces for media outlets such as Indymedia and expands opportunities for citizen journalism and counter surveillance (Doyle, 2011).

Although these adjustments contribute to a leveling of the mass media playing field, subjects such as terrorism continue to be vulnerable to media spectacle. Media handling of classified evidence pertaining to the Operation 8 investigation illustrates this point. In the days following the solicitor general's decision to not press charges under the Terrorism Suppression Act (TSA), the Dominion Post published the leaked police affidavit and sensationally named it 'The Terror Files.' The article included intercepted communications that were cherry picked from many different people caught up in the investigation.

The solicitor general stated that;

The articles were deliberately inflammatory, unsettling, provocative and memorable...They also made firm pronouncements about a group of individuals who have yet to face trial and did

so in a manner guaranteed to arose hostility in the community...the very material that dominated articles puts this contempt into a class not previously seen in this country' (Cited in Morse, 2010, pg. 15,).

2.2 BODIES, DATA AND FEMINIST CRITIQUE

Installation and performance artist Julia Scher demonstrated through her work that negotiating the post-private realm requires proactive engagement with the data flows of surveillance. The act of embodiment or making visible is a form of creative resistance. Scher stated that, 'We live in a reality where resignation is the greatest weapon for any control system, any mechanism of suppression' (cited in McGrath, 2004, pg. 182). Scher's 1996 exhibition *American Fibroids*, demonstrates this idea through a playful intervention into the security industry. Young male security guards dressed in pink were employed to supervise tools of the trade on display in the gallery. Scher's work titled *Children's Guard Station* (1998) featured a colourful child sized toy model of a security guards work desk, highlighting societies passive and casual mind-set in relation to surveillance culture (McGrath, 2004).

In the 1990's artist Steve Mann was also concerned with bringing attention to the rapidly growing surveillance industry. Mann carried out a series of performances whereby he would film overtly in department stores. Staff would tell him that the use of cameras was prohibited within the store at which point he would draw attention to their CCTV cameras. Mann's work was aimed at counteracting the effects of surveillance through the act of reclaiming the gaze. He coined the term *sousveillance*, which means to 'shoot back,' through counter-surveillance. Kirsty Robertson (Allen, 2010) acknowl-

edges the contribution that Steve Mann and other artists have made to this discourse through the use of counter-surveillance in their work. While this position seeks to reclaim the gaze through the act of inversion, Robertson questions whether or not 'such projects inadvertently celebrate the power of vision to control?' (p.33). Robertson suggests that artistic works need to look beyond the realm of the visual in order to present a more 'embodied experience' of surveillance as the goal becomes increasingly about information gathering (p.32).

Katherine and David Barnard-Wills (2012) point out that artistic engagement with surveillance has tended to favour visual forms such as CCTV, which is very 'limited to corporal and essentialist conceptions of identity' (pg. 205). Conversely, *dataveillance*, the digital collection of day-to-day information can establish considerably more about a person's identity than visual surveillance. The critique around the saturation of surveillance art that deals with visual representation of the human body (by engaging in CCTV in particular) is that it is limited to what the overall capacity of surveillance technology possesses (Barnard-Wills, 2012).

This is hard to avoid given that the human body is our physical interface with the world and as Kirstie Ball (2005) highlights, the target of data collection. Ball challenges the perceived notion that the human body is subject and object through which 'truth' and 'authenticity' about an individual is obtained. She suggests that resistance may be found within this dichotomy considering that the body is 'constantly reconstituted and inherently unstable' (p.101). Ball also suggests that resistance includes 'disrupting flows of information from the body to the information system' (p.104).

Hille Koskela (2012) also questions the perceived objective nature of surveillance such as DNA and

biometric data. By removing the distinction between scientific data and surveillance data she points out that, 'Surveillance data are no less political or value laden than any other information. Surveillance creates knowledge based on certain assumptions, categories and technical abilities' (pg. 50). Koskela (2012) highlights the tendency for surveillance to prioritise a white male centric view and suggests that engagement with surveillance through a feminist lens enables wider perspectives that take into account 'intersections of class, race, ability and the like' (pg.50). Feminist studies can also provide insight into navigating issues around consent, power and the gendered gaze as it applies to surveillance. In Kevin Macnish's (2011) observation around consent and surveillance he explains that choosing to take part in a reality TV show or sharing information publically through social media are examples of consensual surveillance. In order for a decision to be truly consensual it would include the participant being a) empowered to make that choice (to avoid coercion) and b) aware of the context in which the material would be used. This second aspect is important because personal information has become a commodity and it is common for data to be transferred into the hands of a third party. The transferal of data for purposes other than originally intended is referred to as surveillance creep.

According to Macnish (2011) non-consensual surveillance is when the subject is unaware that the surveillance is being carried out. By law the state has power to carry out non-consensual surveillance where it feels that it is justified in the name of security. Macnish (2011) states that, 'Given the harms of surveillance it should therefore be avoided if there are less harmful alternatives' (pg. 11). It is for this reason that laws around surveillance must be carefully monitored and re-assessed.

2.3 SURVEILLANCE TECHNOLOGIES AND INTERPRETATION OF DATA

The following examples demonstrate how artists are negotiating resistance within the merging space between physical and technological surveillance systems. The exhibition entitled *Sorting Daemons: Art, Surveillance Regimes and Social Control* brought together a variety of work that sought to 'convey the shape and feel of the phenomenon' (Allen, 2010. p.10). A work in this exhibition titled *Rupture* (2008) by Arnold Koroshegyi, utilised FBI software called Carnivore, which was designed to identify terrorists. Images of a still life scene were fed through the software and presented in a series of video stills. The subject was transformed through this process, suggesting that the 'intentions of the observer produce what is seen' (Allen, 2010. p.10). The seemingly innocent subject matter – a bunch of flowers – dubious when filtered through a veil of suspicion, questions how susceptible these systems are to prejudice.

Another artist to utilise Carnivore was Alex Gallo-way who along with the Radical Software Group configured the program to translate data into visual imagery, a transformation that could be read as an act of subversion (Dixon, 2007).



Fig 1. Arnold Koroshegyi, *Rupture*, 2008

David Rokeby's *Sorting Daemon* (Allen, 2010) also refers to systems of identification and tracking. Motion triggered video is rigged to send images of people and cars to a distant location. The images are then sorted into colours. The resulting montage of faces grouped in relation to colour is implicitly linked to notions of race and automated criminal profiling systems (Allen, 2010).

The reference towards race in Rokeby's work brings into question how advances in surveillance technology affect minority groups who are already subject to marginalisation and prejudice through criminal profiling. For example, a report by the Surveillance Studies Network (Wood, 2006) states

that black people in Britain are six times more likely to be apprehended by police on the street than white people. Rokeby's work further questions how the existing power dynamic and relationship between the watcher and the watched inspires not only the initial targeting of an individual or group, but also informs the interpretation of resulting surveillance data.

This research is particularly concerned with interpretation and cultural context. Doyle (2011) states that:

Neither surveillance mechanisms nor the mass media produce neutral knowledge; in each case, knowledge production and dissemination is bound up with a politics of interpretation. As such, the cultural toolkit one draws on in making such interpretations becomes crucial (pg. 293).

The extent of what data can reveal about a person is partially dependant on the method through which it is obtained. McGrath (2004) makes a comparison between the attributes of video and audio surveillance, referring to them as producers of exterior (video) and interior (audio) space. For example, the activities of an individual witnessed through video surveillance, is representative of the exterior world of phenomena, depicting deeds and actions, but exclude the individual's intent or motive. By contrast, audio recording reveals the interiority of an individual and can lead to an indication of character as expressed through language and the performative nature of speech. Interiority is an aspect absent within soundless CCTV video recording. McGrath states that audio recording when used as evidence 'has a history of problematizing the clear narratives of visual surveillance evidence' (p.39). This may be understood in terms of audio



Fig 2. David Rokeby, *Sorting Daemon*, 2003



Fig 3. David Rokeby, *Sorting Daemon*, 2003

surveillance being a subjective entity unable to contribute in the same way as supposedly self-evident video. Increasingly, the objective nature of surveillance as evidence is coming under scrutiny.

Mehera San Roque and Gary Edmund (2013) question the validity of the 'expert' relied on to interpret such information:

Notwithstanding the increasing reliance on 'experts', courts continue to assume that lay people are conversant with the visual medium, and both judges and fact finders tend to believe that they are able to attach meaning or significance to images far more reliably than experimental studies suggest (pg. 258).

Bennett, C. et al (2014) quote a report from the London Metropolitan Police, stating that; 'It takes one thousand cameras to catch a single criminal' (pg. 44), which further alludes to the complexity of video surveillance as evidence.

In Jonathan Finn's (2012) analysis of Jill Magid's *Evidence Locker* he states that the work 'offers an arena through which to reflect upon and analyse the less tangible, less quantifiable aspects of our surveillance society' (pg. 136). In *Evidence Locker* Jill Magid submitted request forms to police to acquire CCTV surveillance footage of herself over 31 days. The request forms were composed as intimate letters to whom she referred to as third party watchers. The letters detailed her actions and movements for retrieval of the footage. Magid's letters exposed the limited view of the cameras, highlighting what was not visible and the incompleteness of what was visible. Finn (2012) refers to this as the '...Fragmented, partial and incomplete nature of the surveillance gaze; the ineffectiveness of visual surveillance; and the visual pleasure of

surveillance' (pg. 136). He also refers to Magid's acknowledgment that having a 'choice' to engage with the cameras in a performative way is a privilege that is not generally available to those who may be targets of surveillance systems:

While it is true that the bulk of CCTV footage is mundane and irrelevant for criminal justice purposes, when the technology is directly employed by police or other security personnel in the observation of specific persons, it is often done so in ways that are discriminatory and that unfairly target minority and disenfranchised populations (Finn, 2012, pg.147).

McGrath warns that the subjective and incomplete nature of surveillance evidence can lead to misinterpretation, and is 'susceptible to a decoding that may reveal criminal or antisocial potentials undreamed of by the speaker' (p.45). By the same token, McGrath indicates that the coded nature of language holds within it the potential for resistance



Fig 4. Jill Magid, *Evidence Locker*, 2004

against surveillance authority. He uses the example of a poem by Benjamin Zephaniah to illustrate the culturally specific and interior dynamics of language:

Reggae Head

Videos are watching me
But dat is not stopping me
Let dem cum wid dem authority
An dem science and technology,
But
Dem can't get de Reggae out me head.

Zephaniah (McGrath, p.20, 1996)

In this poem reggae is used as metaphor to demonstrate African-Caribbean resistance in England to police targeting and discrimination. McGrath states that the poem indicates how 'no amount of force can eliminate the thoughts and rhythms inside the mind' (p.43). Zephaniah's conviction is that these thoughts are a source of anxiety for the dominant culture. 'Reggae in the head inevitably means reggae bursting into the streets...the coded language of the Rasta carries both a secret meaning and a transmission of rhythm' (p.43).

Linda Tuhiwai Smith (1999) expresses how codes of resistance are embedded within language. For Indigenous peoples who have faced colonisation, these codes are passed down from generation to generation as symbols of hope and aspiration for the future. These codes take the form of poetry, proverbs, song and storytelling. Māori cosmo-genealogical narratives such as those of Māui are embedded with cultural values that embody principles and attributes, and offer guidance for negotiating the present (Ware, 2009).

For example, if Māui is exemplified in his ability to challenge the status quo through the gifts of his character, how might he have reconciled the ubiquitous presence of surveillance systems such as CCTV?

Lyon (2014) states that; '...Living in a world permeated by surveillance subtly alters how we all act, what we say, what we post on social media – a form of self-censorship that can have a detrimental and chilling effect on political speech and action' (pg. 32). The dilemma of how behaviour modification induced by surveillance can affect intrinsically motivated decision-making is explored further within the methodology section.

The following story highlights the (mis)interpretation of data obtained under an authoritarian state. East German artist Verena Kyselka developed her art practice under the regime of the German Democratic Republic (GDR). When she was young her father was imprisoned for aiding the escape of two women to West Germany. As a consequence Kyselka's family was under surveillance by the Ministry for State Security (Stasi) from that time onwards. In an interview with Outi Remes (2010), Verena speaks about how, after the collapse of the GDR, files kept by the Stasi had become accessible to the individuals in question. The identity of informants was also made known. Some of the informants were within Kyselka's close artistic community and had been employed to 'change the objectives of the artist groups from the inside, paralysing their original strategies...they created an atmosphere of mistrust and disbelief in the scene' (p.42). Exhibitions and concerts were cancelled as a result of information provided to the Stasi by informants. In a series of artworks titled *Pigs like Pigment* (2007) Kyselka investigates her personal Stasi files. These files included subjective accounts from informers

on Kyselka's activities, disposition and character. Kyselka was curious about a statement within the files that described the informer as having reported 'openly and objectively' (p.46). In *Pigs like Pigment*, Kyselka draws on her own memories of the time and contrasts them with the report of the informer whose account she describes as 'an example of misinterpretation and misconception, produced by modern systems of total observation' (p.46).

2.4 LEGISLATING SURVEILLANCE AGAINST THE OTHER

As governing bodies continue to legislate for increased powers of surveillance on behalf of the state, concerns are raised around existing social prejudice and the targeting of minority groups as a result of anti-terror and surveillance legislation, those who, as Valerie Morse (2007) describes are 'on the margins of society – refugees, migrant communities, low-paid workers, political activists, Māori and Muslims. Those who are not mainstream, those whose language, skin colour religion, history or politics do not fit the mould, are the 'other' New Zealand' (p.10).

Danny Keenan (2008) draws on the associations between the New Zealand police and what they consider political orthodoxies and criminal activity. The Criminal Intelligence Service is cited in its capacity to hold and collect information on any individual based on their political beliefs. In this regard the Criminal Intelligence Service can be seen to perpetuate the criminalisation of dissent by 'assuming that certain groups and individuals in New Zealand have a propensity to commit criminal offences in the pursuit of political ideals' (p.137).

Moana Jackson (2008) is in agreement, describing

the criminalisation of dissent as a continuation of the recurring features of colonisation. Jackson notes that the colonisation of Māori, and indeed other indigenous peoples, has always been about;

...Defining them as a threat whenever they have questioned their dispossession or whenever the colonisers wanted to keep them in a position of political powerlessness and economic inequality. The real or perceived threat as always being met with violence, either through military and paramilitary action or the subtler but no less violent use of personal, collective and legal denigration (pg. 2).

The instruments of the state have long been exercised supporting Jackson and Keenan's views.

2.5 THE TERRORISM SUPPRESSION ACT (2002)

In 2002 the New Zealand Government enacted The Terrorism Suppression Act 2002 (TSA) in response to the 9/11 attacks on the USA and the ensuing global 'War on Terror' whereby countries were encouraged by the United Nations to pass legislation in order to suppress the financing of terrorist activity. Valerie Morse (2007,) asserts that,

In New Zealand the Terrorism Suppression (Bombings and Finance) Act was passed immediately in response to this international effort to cut off the flow of money to terrorist organisations. This was the first act passed in a suite of legislation aimed at putting strict monitoring and controls over potential terrorism activities. The TSA was similar in design to legislation being enacted by Governments across the

world, all of which reflected elements of the USA PATRIOT Act (2001), America's legislative response to combating terror (pg.9).

Indigenous communities, environmentalists and social justice advocates argued that the TSA would be used to monitor and control political dissent as opposed to protecting New Zealand from terrorist threat. The concern was that counter terrorism laws would serve to narrow the range of acceptable protest. The efforts of activists and social justice advocates, when viewed through the lens of the TSA became potential threats to the status quo (Phillips, 2011). No better example exists than the embodiment of opposition to dissent within Operation 8.

2.6 OPERATION 8

On October 15th 2007, a series of dawn raids were carried out on residential homes across New Zealand, around sixty houses in total. The raids followed extensive surveillance conducted over a period of a year and a half. According to the New Zealand police the raids were carried out following 'concrete terrorist threats' from indigenous and environmental activists (Morse, 2010).

The types of surveillance undertaken by police included the interception of phone conversations and text messages, video surveillance, the bugging of homes and cars, CCTV footage, banking records and personal information held by agencies such as Work and Income and Internal Affairs, tracking via physical observation and inside informants (Himona, 2013 ; Pascoe, 2007).

Dr Collins the Solicitor General later overturned State recourse to the Terrorism Suppression Act due to lack of evidence. He also described the act

as being 'incoherent and unworkable' (Keenan, 2008, p.22). The crown, unable to charge the accused under the TSA, laid charges of Participation within a Criminal Group in addition to minor Arms Charges. In September 2011, the Supreme Court ruled in the case of Hamed & Ors v. R (2011) NZSC 101 (Supreme Court, 2011) that video surveillance footage had been illegally obtained by police and as such was inadmissible in court. As a consequence thirteen of the charges were dropped. This left four defendants to face the more serious charge of Participation in a Criminal Group (initially there were five, but one of the defendants, Tuhoe Lambert passed away in 2011). After four years of delayed trials the case finally went to court in February of 2012. The trial resulted in a hung jury on the principal charge of Participation in a Criminal Gang, and each defendant found guilty on several accounts of minor Arms Charges. The surveillance evidence collected by police was insufficient to convince the jury - beyond reasonable doubt - that the accused had participated within a criminal group.

2.7 THE SEARCH AND SURVEILLANCE ACT (2012)

The Supreme Courts finding in Hamed & Ors v R ruled that the evidence gathered through the police's use of hidden cameras on private property was 'improperly obtained' (Supreme Court, 2011). In response to this the government passed The Video Camera Surveillance (Temporary measures) Act on the 18th of October 2011. The objective of this act was to legalise the unlawful attainment of covert police video surveillance on the provision that the deployment of video surveillance 'was considered not to be unlawful in decisions prior to the decision in Hamed' (The Video Camera Surveillance

[Temporary measures] Bill, 2011).

The Video Camera Surveillance (Temporary measures) Act could not be applied to police investigations retrospectively, or to the case of Hamed itself, but would ensure the continuation of these investigations under the new law. A further clause in the bill would prevent the appeal of past convictions prior to the Hamed ruling, where instances of convert video surveillance had occurred and contributed to the sentencing. This bill would act as a temporary measure until amendments could be made in parliament to the Search and Surveillance Bill.

The Search and Surveillance Act reached its final reading in Parliament 22 March 2012. Justice Minister Judith Collins (2012) in a press release, indicated that the purpose of the amendments were to bring 'order, certainty, clarity and consistency' to the existing bill (p. 1). Opposition parties such as Mana, Labour and the Green Party expressed concern over a number of issues posed within the new amendments. David Clendon of the Green Party spoke to some of these issues during the second reading of the bill. He argued that the legislation would infringe on the individuals right to silence, leading to the implication that family members may be forced to testify against family members. Government agencies other than the police would have the jurisdiction to enforce orders under the new law, with many of these agencies not having a system in place where the public could issue complaint, such as the Independent Police Complaints Authority. The implications of which, he said, could 'invite abuse by agencies that the average New Zealanders would think have no part in investigating the privacy or compromising the privacy of New Zealanders' (pg, 1). He also expressed his view that the new law would bring New Zealand closer to a

surveillance state, allowing 'extensive provision for visual and for audio surveillance, for tracking people, for intercepting their communications, and for looking at their relationships...There is simply not the need in New Zealand society for such extraordinary invasive measures to be applied' (Clendon, 2012. pg,1).

2.8 OPERATION 8 AND COLONIAL HISTORY

Parallels can be drawn in history with Operation 8, particularly with the remaining four defendants 'The Urewera 4' who come from communities that have been severely affected by state intervention historically. The defendants were Emily Tuhi-Ao Bailey of Parihaka with her partner Urs Signer, Wairere Tame Iti of Rūātoki from Te Urewera and Te Rangikaiwhiria of Ngati Maniapoto. The Terrorism Suppression Act and police conduct in Operation 8 has been highlighted by many commentators including Moana Jackson, Danny Keenan and Rawinia Higgins as reflective of past legislation aimed at the suppression of Māori resistance. Moana Jackson (2008) highlights the connection between The Suppression of Rebellion Act 1863 and the Terrorism Suppression Act 2002 by drawing attention to the labelling of Māori as 'rebels' and 'terrorists' as a result of these acts. The Suppression of Rebellion Act 1863 (passed specifically to subdue Maori rebellion in Waikato) and The Settlements Act 1863 were enacted by Governor Grey in response to the involvement of Tuhoe in the Battle of Orākāu (Ngāti Maniapoto) in 1864. This was in response to the iwi's supposed involvement in the murders of Volkner and Fulloon in 1865 and the possession of illegal firearms. All of the agricultural lands within Tuhoe were confiscated as a result of these accusations however they were not brought

to trial and subsequently never proven (Higgins, 2008). The Urewera District Native Reserve Act 1896 initially brought some assurance of self-governance for Tuhoe. When it became apparent that the act would not enable autonomy in any form, frustrations grew and gave spark to movements such as that of Rua Kenana. The Tohunga Suppression Act 1907 was aimed at subduing the following Rua Kenana had gained, which represented continual resistance towards the crown. Rua Kenana was arrested in 1916 and when the case finally went to trial, the jury sympathised with Rua and his followers. They were not tried under The Tohunga Suppression Act 1907 and received only minor charges (Hill, 2008).

2.9 ART AND ACTIVIST RESPONSES TO OPERATION 8 AND SURVEILLANCE IN NEW ZEALAND

Many art and activist responses to surveillance in New Zealand and events such as Operation 8 have emerged in recent years as protests, exhibitions, music, poetry and documentaries. Several art auctions were held to raise funds to support the legal costs of those on trial as a result of Operation 8. Artist Brett Graham's exhibition Campaign Rooms in 2008 was a combination of intricately carved large-scale war machines and video. The video featured a boy wielding a tewhatewha who wore clothing that ambiguously alluded to Arab or Polynesian attire.

Brett Graham (cited in McCartney, 2008, pg. 1) states that:

In the popular media Maori are commonly linked to insurgents in the Middle East, as has recently been seen by the hysteria surrounding the Ruatoki raids. This perpetuates a generic association of the 'Other' with violence and mistrust. Campaign Rooms explores this notion of 'mistaken identity', which has existed since Europeans first entered the Pacific.



Fig 5. Brett Graham, Campaign Rooms, 2008

'Ka kata te po' (fig 7), was a collaborative installation by Saffron Te Ratana, Hemi MacGregor and Ngatai Taepa first exhibited in 2011. The work featured a life size high gloss black policeman with the head of a bull suspended in a cloud of sharp angular lines. The exhibition curator Syan Van Dyk (2011) described the work as being a political protest, 'It is the voice of Mana Motuhake, unwavering in the right to self-determination' (pg. 1.).



Fig 6. Saffron Te Ratana, Hemi MacGregor and Ngatai Taepa, Ka Kata te Pō, 2011. Photograph by Adam Cowan

Hemi MacGregor's 2012 exhibition *Remote Control* featured carved security cameras and ruru mounted on the wall and framed by Victorian wrought iron. The work invoked a tension between the distinct gaze and mana of the ruru with the blank and disconnected gaze of the camera.



Fig 7. Hemi MacGregor, Remote Control, 2012

The documentary *Operation 8: Deep in the Forest* was released in 2011. Directed by Abi King-Jones and Errol Wright the documentary investigates how the raids happened and why. The documentary features personal stories of people affected by the raids. In one scene of the documentary Valerie Morse, who was initially imprisoned after the raids approaches Detective Aaron Pascoe who led the investigation and asks him directly if he really thinks that she's a terrorist? (King-Jones & Wright, 2011). The encounter is empowering to watch because through the confrontation the gap between the watcher and the watched is closed and the power dynamic challenged.

A documentary titled *The Price of Peace*, and directed by Kim Webber was released in July 2015. The documentary closely follows the Operation 8 trial and the life of artist and activist Tame Iti.

The book titled *When the Raids Came (2010)*, edited by Valerie Morse shares personal insider accounts of people who were effected by the raids and arrested as a result of Operation 8. *When the Raids Came* was an invaluable resource for this project.

In addition to the 2007 Operation 8 investigation there have been other key domestic events that have made surveillance a central issue and point of discussion in New Zealand in recent years.

In 2012 Kim Dotcom's mansion was raided following surveillance conducted by the Government Communications Security Bureau (GCSB). The actions of the GCSB were found to be illegal in this case because the agency is responsible for collecting foreign intelligence and Dotcom was a permanent resident of New Zealand.

The Kitteridge report (Kitteridge, 2013) conducted into the agency found that 88 New Zealanders had

been spied on by the GCSB in the period since 2003. Following this the government amended the law to enable the GCSB to monitor New Zealand citizens. Although Prime Minister John Key assured New Zealanders the mass-domestic surveillance was not taking place, lawyer Glen Greenwald says that this was not the case (Ryan, 2014, September 15).

Artist Simon Denny's exhibition *The Personal Effects of Kim Dotcom* was shown at the Adam Art Gallery in Wellington in 2014. The exhibition consisted of a collection of items representing those confiscated during the raid on Kim Dotcom's house. Tame Iti, in 2015, also exhibited some of the items that were confiscated for evidence during the Operation 8 raids, one of these items being a single child's gumboot (Iti, 2015).

Simon Denny's exhibition *Secret Power* (borrowed from the title of Nicky Hager's 1996 book about New Zealand's relationship with international spy agencies) represented New Zealand at the 2015 Venice Biennale. The work utilises and presents in a museum style exhibit graphic imagery employed by the NSA.

Bronwyn Holloway-Smith's (2014) *Te Ika a Ako-ranga* was a project that involved the restoral of a mural by E. Mervyn Taylor found in storage at the landing site of the Southern Cross Cable. Holloway-Smith became interested in exploring this site as New Zealand's primary Internet connection when looking into issues around surveillance and intellectual property.



Fig 8. Simon Denny, *Secret Power*, 2015

2.10

CONCLUSION

The ideas introduced in this chapter around interpretation, power and indigeneity will be discussed further in relation to the methodologies employed within this project. The methods chapter will further outline the relationship between these theoretical ideas and the visual and creative writing projects.

3.0 METHODOLOGY

3.1

INTRODUCTION

The research processes applied to this project were aimed at generating a creative response to aspects of surveillance culture in New Zealand. The methodological approaches were kaupapa Māori centered and informed by literary, theoretical and practice-based research. The project was also informed by processes of personal reflection surrounding the Operation 8 investigation that position me as an insider within this research. An engagement with kaupapa Māori epistemologies provided a basis from which the global phenomenon of surveillance could be navigated in respect of the distinct local and cultural landscape of Aotearoa New Zealand.

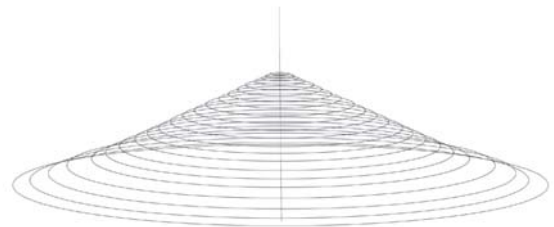
The methods for engaging these ideas within creative practice are summarised in Robin Stewart's (2010) observation that:

The practitioner researcher, whether artist or teacher, takes central place in seeking to uncover, record, interpret and position, from an insider's perspective and experience, the processes they use within the context of professional contemporary practices in the field. Their stories, when placed in historical, social and cultural contexts, form a neonarrative, a new story shaped through autobiography as a portrait-of-self that mirrors and situates their experience (pg. 126).

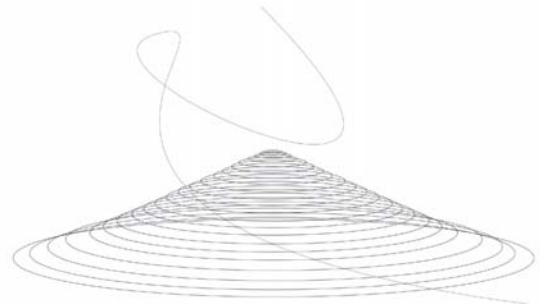
3.2

TOWARDS A PRACTICE-BASED METHODOLOGY

ARTISTRY: PLANNED, FORESEEABLE OUTCOMES



IMPROVISATION: ADDITION OF A NEW IDEA



DECOMPOSITION: DISORDERLY UNIVERSE; NEW TRAJECTORIES



Fig 9. Te Tau, T. 2015. Illustration based on the three-pronged approach to practice-based methodology as outlined by Hughes, et al, 2011

Barrett (2010) recognises the subjective nature of practice-based methodology and points out that:

An innovative dimension of this subjective approach to research lies in its capacity to bring into view, particularities that reflect new social and other realities either marginalised or not yet recognised in established social practices and discourses (pg.2).

Barrett indicates that knowledge through practice-based research is generated through 'lived experience and personal reactions,' citing Heidegger's notions of praxical knowledge – 'ideas and theory generated through practice,' and Bourdieu's ideas around reflexivity, that 'methodologies in artistic research are necessarily emergent and subject to repeated adjustment, rather than remaining fixed throughout the process of enquiry' (pg.6).

Over the duration of this project I was conscious of trying to maintain a balance between practice-based research and traditional academic research methods. This stemmed from a concern that orientating creative process around traditional academic research methods might result in artistic outcomes that were simply a demonstration or illustration of a particular theory. Philosopher Simon Critchley states that while theory in art is important, 'it's a two way street' where both theory and creative practice influence and inform each other (Critchley, 2010, p.4). Practice-based research facilitates a vital space for spontaneity where unforeseen trajectories can occur. Critchley (2010) also points out that there is an important third aspect to creative process where art is grounded within the community where it is located.

The practice-based methodology (demonstrated in Fig 10), was formed around a three-pronged approach that recognises:

1. Artistry: A crafted process with a planned, systematic approach
2. Improvisation; Unplanned, embracing changes and surprises that come with artistic practice
3. Decomposition; designed and improvised practice decomposed, confounding expectations of an orderly universe (Hughes, et al, 2011).

3.3 RESEARCH ETHICS: ART AND PERFORMANCE

In the early stages of this project I decided not to undertake interviews as part of this research. The question of whether or not ethics approval would be required arose again later in relation to one of the performance projects - AuraSecure. The primary concern was around interaction with the public and code of conduct.

The question of where performance art sits in relation to university ethics is complex. Melissa Laing's (2014) interview project on performance art and university ethics provides insight and guidance on the subject from the perspectives of several arts practitioners who teach or have taught within the university system in New Zealand. The ideas discussed offered compelling arguments around when ethics approval might or might not be appropriate or relevant. As the university ethics review is generally geared towards the interview process in qualitative research it does not quite fit 'the emergent and intuitive nature of performance

making' (Longley, in Laing, 10.33, 2014). Requiring signed consent forms from an audience prior to an interactive performance for example could seriously stifle the fluidity and 'surprise' element of the performance thereby 'negating the conditions of the work' (Wood, in Laing, 8.38, 2014).

The ethical conduct outlined within the universities code of ethics revealed a consistency with the principles that I was exploring in my research around the ethical implications of surveillance. Privacy, justice, truthfulness and respect – values outlined within the university code of ethics – are relevant principles to consider the ethical implications of surveillance. In developing work around surveillance I was conscious of not wanting to perpetuate the sinister aspects of surveillance while exploring its function within society.

Through investigation and discussion with my supervisors and peers I came to the conclusion that ethics approval would not be required for the *AuraSecure* performance. The determining factor being that the performance did not involve the collection of data from any of the people who participated and that visitors were aware they were participating in an art performance and not a 'real' life event.

In 2014 I co-authored a journal article with my supervisor Dr Huia Jahnke and artist Dr Areta Wilkin-son titled: *Visual Arts Education through Doctoral Studies in Aotearoa NZ: Towards a Kaupapa Māori Approach*. The process of writing the article helped to clarify the principles that would be applied within this research.

3.4 KAUPAPA MĀORI METHODOLOGY

Kaupapa Māori methodologies provided a basis for this research project from which cultural theories and concepts could be drawn, according to my understanding of tikanga. This provided a philosophical starting point for navigating and understanding the impacts of surveillance at a local and cultural level.

Remembering, representing and re-framing Māori histories (Smith, 1999) were objectives that encouraged the development of work to be constantly readjusted towards resistance and empowerment. This project was also about creating and celebrating survival.

Smith (1999) asserts that the remembering of a painful past and, importantly, peoples' responses to that pain is part of a process of healing and transformation. This project aimed to represent, as an indigenous art project, perspectives that 'counter the dominant societies image of indigenous peoples, their lifestyles and belief systems' (p.151). Representation is linked to reframing, which as defined by Smith 'is about taking much greater control over the ways in which indigenous issues and social problems are discussed and handled' (p.153). Smith also highlights creating as an important aspect of negotiating indigenous issues. The survival of indigenous peoples can be attributed to the strength of imagination in negotiating personal and community problems. Celebrating survival is reflected in this project by celebrating resistance to the struggles surrounding the events on which this project is focused (Smith, p.145).

3.4.1 CULTURAL CONCEPTS AND VALUES:

Cultural concepts provided a philosophical basis for developing work around this kaupapa - particularly Māori concepts and how cosmological narratives such as the baskets of knowledge and Māui underpin mana, tapu, mauri and hau which are outlined below. Cultural values were examined in broader terms in relation to influence, cultural practices and social norms. These ideas form the conceptual basis from which the practical creative component of this research is developed.

Afshar (2012) summarises cultural values as:

Guiding principles and beliefs that lead, justify, as well as deeply motivate one's goals, behaviours, choices, desires, preferences and acceptability of some personal and social standards of conduct over others (pg.16).

The realisation and prioritisation of different values within cultures is diverse, a diversity that, approaching globalisation and neo-liberal economics is in danger of being subsumed or homogenised into the value systems of dominant nation states and corporate entities:

The long-term direction of global governance could move in one of two directions. The most apparent tendency was towards a world shaped beyond hegemonic power. This hegemony is sustained by economic globalisation and the homogenisation of cultures through a dominant mass media, the expansion of which is protected by a unitary concentration of military-political force. The alternative was a pluralistic world in

which different groups of countries pursued different paths of economic and social organisation which reflected and sustained their different cultural patterns. One defined civilisation in the singular. The other allowed for the coexistence of civilisations (in the plural) (Cox, 2002, pg.72).

Cox's emphasis on the 'coexistence of civilisations' is a concept of particular significance to this project as one that celebrates diversity and prioritises a kaupapa Māori methodological approach. This project is framed around Māori value systems in relation to surveillance and the idea that moral codes and values are also used by the dominant culture as a tool for homogenisation. Cox states that,

What is sometimes more controversial is that morality also changes over time and varies over space, that different peoples in different times and places have different sets of values, and that claims to universality in moral judgement are ultimately dependent upon the dominant power of one group over others (Cox, 2002, pg. 57).

The assimilation of cultural values is echoed within New Zealand's colonial history. Charles Royal suggests that while there is an abundance of literature addressing the 'economic and political disenfranchisement' of indigenous peoples through colonisation there is not a lot that addresses the 'spiritual and emotional harm' (Royal, 2006, pg.9) brought about through that process.

The values that gain priority in order to maintain this position (dominance of one group over another) are power and security – which also account for the growth of surveillance culture. These values are in opposition to the values that enable openness and creative freedom such as those outlined

by Schwartz (2012); 'Self direction (Independent thought and action-choosing, creating, exploring) and Benevolence (Preserving and enhancing the welfare of those with whom one is in frequent personal contact (the 'in-group'))' (pg.7).

The realisation of values within individuals and community are enacted through intrinsically or extrinsically motivated behaviour (Afshar, 2012). Benevolence and self-direction for example, enable actions that are intrinsically motivated, as opposed to the values of conformity (Restraint of actions, inclinations and impulses likely to upset or harm others and violate social expectations or norms) which '...Promote cooperation in order to avoid negative outcomes for self' (Schwartz, 2012, pg.7). Interestingly, the outcome of a behaviour might be the same however, whether actioned through benevolence (intrinsic) or conformity (external).

Schwartz' (2012) diagram (Fig 11) shows how the values mentioned above are positioned in relation to motivation, demonstrating that the:

...Pursuit of values on the left serves to cope with anxiety due to uncertainty in the social and physical world. These are self-protective values. People seek to avoid conflict (conformity) and to maintain the current order (tradition, security) or actively to control threat (power). Values on the right (hedonism, stimulation, self-direction, universalism, benevolence) express anxiety-free motivations. These are growth or self-expansive values...Drawing on the grounding of values in interests and in anxiety can help in predicting and understanding relations of values to various attitudes and behaviour (pg. 14).

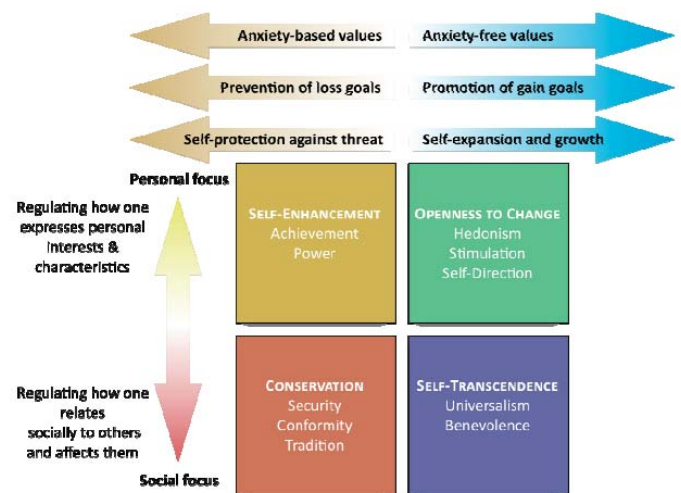


Fig 10. Schwartz diagram, 2012

The Schwartz (2012) value survey implies a universal value system that emerges naturally as part of human nature. His study found that the ten values outlined in the survey were relevant across 82 countries. The differences were highlighted in how they were prioritised according to different cultures.

The idea of 'universal' values might be regarded warily from indigenous perspectives when this idea is often accompanied by an agenda to conquest or to gain sanction over a country or peoples. Afshar (2012, pg.4) suggests that 'shared ethical values' where the end goal is not about gaining power and control can 'provide a stable basis for more integrated groups, communities, organisations and societies and in reducing conflicts.'

Carl Rogers (1989) suggests that universal values need not be applied externally but that:

...Both personal and social values emerge as natural, and experienced, when the individual is close to his own organismic valuing process. The suggestion is that though modern man no longer trusts religion or science or

philosophy or any system of beliefs to give him his values, he may find an organismic valuing base within himself, which, if he can learn again to be in touch with it, will prove to be an organised, adaptive, and social approach to the perplexing value issues which face all of us (pg.184).

The opportunity for values to develop internally is counteracted by surveillance because it negates intrinsic motivation (Westacott, 2010 ; Anderson & Enzle, 1993). Intrinsic motivation is facilitated by choice and opportunity for self-direction, competence and autonomy in turn bringing about increased learning and creativity (Deci & Ryan, 2000). Surveillance works on a premise of mistrust, therefore its very presence extinguishes opportunities to exercise an intrinsic value independent of outside influence. As surveillance becomes increasingly ubiquitous, the opportunities to exercise intrinsically motivated social values are impacted and suppressed. Emrys Westacott (2010) surmises that while the presence of surveillance such as CCTV and speed cameras may help to influence a person towards the right decision, perhaps the decision is centred more towards self-interest then making the right decision for the right reasons. He contends that the increasingly ubiquitous presence of surveillance may hinder opportunities to exercise moral growth in everyday situations.

This idea is demonstrated in an anecdote put forward by Westacott (2010) that describes Eve's dilemma in choosing whether or not to take a bite of the apple in the Garden of Eden.

As in the classic story of Eve and the apple, the narrative is situated around the decision at hand. As a symbol of self-direction and autonomy this decision represents (within Biblical history anyway)

the first autonomous decision to be ever made by a human. The usual emphasis around 'original sin' becomes insignificant when the narrative is re-framed around self-determination. It represents an existential moment:

...The Chinese word for 'crisis' consists of two characters: one means danger, the other opportunity. This Chinese word reflects a profound spiritual truth that corresponds to the existential moment. It is a moment in which the fate of the believer's spiritual development stands to make great gain or significant loss (McClean, 2008, pg. 9).

Eve therefore, the first woman – brings about the evolution of humankind by making the first autonomous decision.

Within Westacott's example, Eve is completely surrounded by CCTV cameras. The opportunity to make a decision based on an intrinsically held value is negated. The presence of the ubiquitous cameras denotes that a decision is made based on external motivation and therefore removes the opportunity to act through self-direction.

This dilemma when applied to Māori cosmological narratives re-orientates it towards a Māori world-view - how would Māui for example, respond to a reality where his movements were recorded and monitored by ubiquitous surveillance?

3.4.2 MĀORI CONCEPTS AND VALUES:

Māori concepts, values and creation narratives provide a compass for navigating surveillance that, as a global phenomenon requires ways of facilitating and addressing the issues around its impact at

a local level. Piripi Whaanga (2012), states that 'Seeing Māori values as a comparable social science or philosophy of virtue ethics is the seed for evolutionary Aotearoan ideals and a New Zealand philosophy' (pg. 24).

Ngā Kete e Toru - The Baskets of Knowledge

The baskets of knowledge refer to how knowledge was brought to humankind. Tāne-nui-a-rangi was called on to climb through many realms of existence in order to acquire the baskets of knowledge- Te Uruuru-tipua, Te Uruuru-matua and Te Uruuru-tahito. On this journey he also acquired the Whatu-kura-huka-ā-tai and the Whatu-kura-te-rehu – Sacred stones of learning. These stones enabled students to obtain and retain knowledge within the whare wananga (Thornton, 2004).

Through the baskets of knowledge humanity possessed all the attributes required for exploration, development and growth. Māori Marsden (1977) understood humankind's ability to adapt and change his environment as being inherently spiritual in origin:

The idea of manipulating environment is based on the Māori view that there are three orders of reality – the physical or natural, the psychic and the spiritual. Whilst the natural realm is normally subject to physical laws, these can be affected, modified and even changed by the application of the higher laws of the psychic and spiritual. By applying psychical laws (intellectual and emotional consciousness) in a scientific manner, man now manipulates that environment to suit his own purposes (pg. 146).

Marsden suggests that from a philosophical Māori

viewpoint knowledge is innately spiritual in origin. From this perspective Māui's deeds can be seen as representative of the ability to intervene or intercept natural law. Engaging with qualities such as mana, mauri, tapu and hau, Māui slows the sun, fishes up the North Island and acquires fire from his grandmother, deeds that challenge natural lore. (Marsden, 1977).

Mana, mauri, tapu and hau

Mana, mauri, tapu and hau are qualities that define and express individual and community relationships to life and the world. An examination of these concepts provides insight into how they might be affected by surveillance culture and whether these concepts can be considered a site of resistance in relation to the level of engagement surveillance techniques has with these concepts. According to Mead (2003) the spiritual and psychological wellbeing of an individual is dependent on these values. 'These attributes include personal tapu, mana, mauri, wairua and hau. They all relate to the importance of life, and to the relation of ira tāngata to the cosmos and to the world of the gods, ira atua' (pg. 60).

Mana

Mana is defined by Charles Royal (2006) as '...A traditional concept that is variously translated as power, authority, prestige and charisma and it is central to the traditional Māori Worldview' (pg. 10). Mana is a 'creative and dynamic force' (Mead, 2003, pg. 51) and is a positive attribute (Royal, 2006). Traditional tohunga had abilities that could harness mana as energy from people and the environment. The energy was drawn from beyond this world and the intensity of its flow could enable people to perform extraordinary deeds including '...controlling the winds and tides, cracking open rocks and stones and levitation. It included running

at great speed or throwing ones voice over distances or removing a sickness from an ailing person' (Royal, 2006, pg.10). The importance of mana as a necessary quality of human life and development is highlighted by Royal (2006): 'The traditional Māori view held that life reaches its fullness or 'peak' when mana flows into the world and into human beings. One might say that, from this point of view, the purpose of a life practice is to facilitate the flow of mana into the person and into the world' (pg.13). The practical application of mana in everyday life is informed through tikanga and provides an ethical and spiritual foundation for procedures such as Māori environmental policy (Patterson, 2000). Charles Royal (2006) attributes mana with the quality of 'essential goodness' that extends beyond the physical body and can be nurtured within everyone through 'learning and acting':

This essential goodness and reality comes from deep origins – from one's particular and profound commitments (mana atua), from their heritage and inheritance (mana tupuna) and from their creativity, what they are capable of bringing into the world (mana whenua)(pg.13).

While mana is a powerful entity in itself it does not encompass the negative aspects of the kind of power that leads to harm in society. This is why mana fosters relationships and community, whereas power does not necessarily foster relationships' (Royal, 2006, pg.12). John Patterson (2000) describes mana as 'relational' and being about the collective as opposed to existing within the individual.

The connection between mana and community relationships is particularly relevant to understanding the dynamics of surveillance that by nature is intrinsically linked with power and control. Sur-

veillance, the act of monitoring another person or group in order to gain information or insight, has always existed within family groups, community and society. The swiftly broadening technological capabilities of contemporary surveillance however, allows the gap between the watcher and watched to widen. This is reflected in the NZ police decision to bypass local community police in the Operation 8 investigation as discussed in chapter two. It was a decision that not only allowed misunderstandings to flourish but also renewed historical feelings of mistrust and anger between the community of Rūātoki and police (Crawford, 2007). In 2014 an official apology given by Police Commissioner Mike Bush to Tūhoe acknowledged the damage that the raids had caused and expressed a desire to rebuild trust and relationships between the community and police.

Tapu

Tapu is described by Mead (2003) as '...pervasive and touches all other attributes. It is like a personal force field, which can be felt and sensed by others. It is the sacred life force that which supports the mauri (spark of life), another very important spiritual attribute of the person. It reflects the state of the whole person' (pg.46). 'Tapu represents sacred boundaries within which power is used for purposes of good virtue' (Mataira, 2000, pg.112). Māori Marsden (1992) describes tapu as meaning 'sacred or set apart' (pg, 18). The act of 'setting apart' is discussed further in regards to tapu as a form of privacy.

Mauri

Mauri is a life force that 'interpenetrates all things to bind and knit them together and as the various elements diversify, mauri acts as the bonding element creating unity in diversity' (Marsden, 1992, pg, 7). Mauri tau is the mauri at peace and in a

state of balanced wellbeing. Mauri oho is a state of shock, if something unexpected happens or a person receives bad news (Mead, 2003). When a person dies the mauri departs from their body.

Hau

Hau is described by Rev Williams (cited in Mead, 2003, pg.number) as the 'vitality of man, vital essence of land'. According to Mead (2003) '...The hau is an invisible aura that every individual possesses...some modern faith healers and tohunga are able to see wairua in the form of coloured rays coming off the body' (pg.59). Hihiri has similar attributes to hau and is described by Māori Marsden (1992) as '...Pure energy, refined form of mauri and is manifested as a form of radiation or light and aura, that radiates from matter but is especially evident in living things' (pg, 7).

Elsdon Best (cited in Mead, 2003) made the following observations about the concept of hau:

'It is a quality that pervades the whole body; It is not located in any particular part of the human body; It embraces the aura of a person; It also includes the notion of personality; a person leaves behind a part of their hau at places where they have sat or walked. The warmth of the body that remains after a person has left a chair is part of their hau; Tohunga skilled in black magic are able to scoop up the aura left behind by a person and use that portion as a means of attacking the whole person; The aura of a footprint is called a manea. The soil touched by the barefoot is capable of being scooped up and used for witchcraft; A portion of hau can be gathered from a lock of hair, a piece of clothing, spit, or anything else that is close to that person. When used this way the portion is called ohonga; The aura may be described as āhua and

what is taken from a person is called the āhua of the hau: namely the material form of the invisible hau' (pg. 59).

In order to form my own understandings of the relationships between mana, tapu, mauri and hau, I used a mirror analogy. In this model, mana would be the light shining onto the mirror and tapu would be the mirror. Mauri would be the connection that enables light to shine onto the surface of the mirror and the light that radiates back off its surface would be the hau. The key characteristic of this metaphor would be that the light (mana) does not originate from the mirror itself – it simply reflects it. Maori Marsden stressed that the source of mana does not start from within a person but is spiritual in origin. For this reason he resisted the terms mana tāngata, mana tāne and mana wāhine, preferring instead the term 'te mana o te wāhine' (Royal, 2006).

These qualities provide a conceptual foundation for my creative practice. Hau in particular, has a focus within this project as a manifestation of the holistic spiritual/physical wellbeing of people, community and land.

The conceptual application of hau to my creative practice is centred on the question of perceived empirical data provided by various surveillance techniques – what is actually revealed about a person and how much of the reading is reliant on interpretation and context?

This is particularly relevant where surveillance is becoming progressively automated. Facial recognition identifies people and behaviour recognition can detect basic moods. While public surveillance systems are being implemented under the pretext of public security, these systems are not immune to social prejudice. Artist Rafael Lozano-Hemmer (2011) observed that automated as opposed to

human operated systems are just as susceptible to discrimination because;

All of our prejudices are now programmed into the computers that are watching and analysing these cameras. So today for instance (especially after the Patriot Act) these cameras that we have in public spaces are no longer being viewed by people they're being viewed by computers who are trying to establish your ethnic origin, or they're trying to compare you to a database of suspicious individuals' (Lozano-Hemmer, 2011)

The next section of this chapter will look at the qualities outlined above in relation to the following key attributes and values that I considered pertinent to surveillance; mana motuhake, tapu (in terms of privacy) and whanaungatanga. These three principles will also be discussed in terms of how they are affected by, and have the potential to displace, various types of surveillance.

Tapu, mana motuhake and whanaungatanga

The concepts of mana motuhake, tapu and whakawhanaungatanga are deeply integrated and therefore inter-related. Tapu for example, facilitates a space for independent thought and action that enables mana motuhake. The principle of whanaungatanga determines when tapu spaces are appropriate within family, community and society groups.

Tapu (restricted space)

Tapu is a concept that has many layers and depths of meaning. In this context tapu is referred to as it relates to the concept of privacy. A study from the Law Commission (2008) outlines privacy in terms of the following Māori worldview:

Tapu can be defined as 'set apart under ritual restriction', while noa is a state of being free from such restriction. The quality of being set apart, with access to a person or place being restricted, has some affinities with privacy. Among other things, tapu functioned to preserve social distance and respect... While there are similarities between tapu and privacy, however, it is noa that conveys the sense of relaxation and freedom of action commonly associated with being in private. Both tapu and noa, then, may have functioned to protect aspects of privacy traditionally, and may continue to have some influence on how Māori think about privacy today (pg. 104).

The relationship between privacy, freedom and relaxation is described in the following quote from bell hooks:

The artist inside me was most visible in private space. There I thought and dreamed about the world of my ancestors. I longed for the richness of my past, to hear again the wisdom of my elders, to sit at their feet and be touched by their presence (bell hooks in Te Whaiti, 1997, pg. 61).

Tapu implies a space where creativity and independent thought can germinate until sufficiently developed enough to face the world. A tapu space can be physical and/or psychological and applies to individual or group practice. Customarily for instance, knowledge generated and shared within a space such as Te Whare Wānanga was only appropriate for the tohunga within that inner sanctum of knowledge (Marsden, 1992).

Mana motuhake

Mana motuhake refers to self-determination and invokes themes of power and control within Māori society (Durie, 1998). The term has strong associations Te Mana Motuhake o Tūhoe, the political movement towards Tūhoe self-determination and independence.

The word motuhake is also used to describe privacy in the sense that it means to 'separate' (Māori Language commission, 1991). Tapu is intrinsically linked to mana motuhake by facilitating a safe space for investigation of truth at individual or community levels. Philosopher Tom Sorrell states that:

The mind is a source of judgement - it's a source of belief. In order for the mind to be a source of autonomous judgement, people need to have a space which they can consider their reasons for holding beliefs and even experiment with beliefs that they haven't entirely justified...there's a reason for having an area that's excluded from the public gaze and public criticism for the sake of spontaneity and the sake of autonomy (Sorrell, 2013, [audio interview]).

Durie (1998) highlights the marae as an enduring form of Māori autonomy. The proceedings of hui and kaupapa are determined by tāngata whenua and the rohe to which the marae belongs. He states that although there are some council and government regulations that marae are required to adhere to (such as the appointment of trustees through the Māori court and council building codes) the inner workings of the marae have fiercely resisted outsider intrusion. Tangata whenua are connected through whakapapa and common ancestry therefore whanaungatanga plays an integral part in determining the proceedings, and is an example of

self-determination and autonomy reflected in the diversity of different marae across New Zealand.

Whanaungatanga

Whanaungatanga is a process of establishing relationships and relating well to others. As a principle this concept is important methodologically to this project and provides insight on appropriate and misappropriate forms of surveillance practice.

The value of whanaungatanga is about looking outwards as well as inwards and relates to love and respect (Metge, 1995). Looking outwards implies developing relationships that contribute to wellbeing within whānau, community and society. This is where some forms of surveillance come into play as a natural part of human interaction such as looking out for the welfare of those beyond an immediate nuclear family group.

The principle of whanaungatanga is a form of resistance in a world that is increasingly individualised. Bennett, C. *et al* (2014) state that:

Traditional certainties and traditional institutions, such as the family, are breaking down. Life is experienced as more individualised; there is a sense that individuals are alone to fend for themselves in a risky world. Instead of being caught up in the old ways, we are orientated toward helping individuals understand and secure the future against all manner of risks (pg 43).

The concept of whanaungatanga begins to thin out when thought of in terms of citizen and state - especially when the colonial history of New Zealand is considered. When taking into account the slow process of relationship building and cultural repatriation in the wake of colonisation, it is not

surprising that many Māori are suspicious of data gathering practices conducted by the government. The persistent increase in government surveillance contributing to a further break down in the relationship between citizen and state (House of Lords Select Committee, 2009). In a study conducted in New Zealand and Japan, participants were asked in a series of interviews and focus groups about their levels of trust when it came to disclosing personal information to government departments Online. The participants came from Māori, Pasifika, Pākehā and Japanese backgrounds. One recurring theme central to most of the group discussions in New Zealand related to the unique relationship between the government and its citizens. In contrast to the private sector, people reported feeling as though they have little power in this relationship, and little control over what information the government has about them and how it is used. Furthermore, individuals reported that they believe they have little or no choice about whether to provide personal information when a government organisation requests it from them (Cullen, 2009, pg.415).

The Law Commission Report on Privacy in New Zealand (2008) identified that:

Historically, Māori have often been reluctant to provide information to the government due to concerns about the loss of autonomy, and some of this feeling may still persist... Māori may also feel that they come under greater scrutiny and surveillance than the majority of the population; as one Māori interviewee remarked in a State Services Commission study, 'We are used to being watched!' (pg.107).

Kānohi ki te kānohi, face to face communication, is an expression of whanaungatanga. As previously

mentioned this aspect of tikanga was disregarded in the Operation 8 case where pre-established networks between police and citizens were marginalized in favor of indirect surveillance tactics. Pita Sharples stated in the wake of Operation 8 that the actions of Police had set the crown-Māori relationship back by 100 years.

3.5 CONCLUSION

The methodologies outlined in this chapter inform the philosophical approach applied to this research. The intersection between research ethics and surveillance practice in general is interesting in that both are essentially about data gathering. The guidelines developed for ethical conduct in research can, in broad terms be applied to surveillance. More specifically, kaupapa Māori methodologies can define what is appropriate in terms of navigating surveillance in respect of a Māori worldview. The Māori concepts of mana, mauri, tapu, hau, and interrelated values of whanaungatanga and mana motuhake informed the practice-based research. The creative writing that grew from the practice-based research also provided an organic process that set the scene for exploring and constrating these ideas in relation to surveillance. The process of development for the creative writing and visual projects are detailed within the methods chapter.

4.0 METHODS

4.1 INTRODUCTION

The individual projects in this section are discussed in terms of process, materials, influences and problem solving. The prologue, which constitutes the creative writing project *Beyond the Corners of Our Whare*, exists at the beginning of this research as it enabled me to locate and process ideas for the other projects. Additionally each of these projects informs and contributes to the development of the narrative. The projects appearance within the creative writing and so can be read within that context, therefore, *Beyond the Corners of Our Whare* can be viewed as the overarching narrative that ties all of the projects together.

The process of how the research project became grounded within a conceptual Māori paradigm was evolutionary and can be traced to specific phases of the research project. The development of the early projects and experiments, *Karaoke CCTV*, *Unwarranted and Unregistered*, *HUD video* and *AuraSecure* were focused on aspects of surveillance outlined within the literature research and as such do not explicitly reference the Māori concepts outlined. These concepts of mana, mauri, tapu, hau, mana motuhake and whanaungatanga began to emerge in the later stages of the research in relation to the application of materials and as the creative writing developed. *Pāua to the People; The Old Place, Greytown* and *Te Ahua o te Hau ki te Papaioea* are the projects that encompass these concepts and shift the gaze from a position of state surveillance that monitors, processes and assesses data from a distance, towards a gaze that prioritises a Māori

paradigm. The relationships woven by these concepts mitigate any tendency to perpetuate the power dynamics within state surveillance. This influenced the shift away from applying direct visual references to surveillance in the work so as not to 'inadvertently celebrate the power of vision to control' (Robertson, K. in Allen, 2010, pg. 33).

Pāua to the People; The Old Place, Greytown and Te Ahua o te Hau ki te Papaioea are the projects that formed the PhD exhibition at Te Manawa Museum of Art and History. *Beyond the Corners of Our Whare* is the over arching narrative of the exhibition made available in lieu of the exhibition catalogue.

The concepts outlined within the methodology informed the process to the extent that they guided the project philosophically and acted as a compass for their development. An idea presented in the methodology chapter for example, is how tapu enables a space (psychological and physical) for creativity to develop. The combination of independent thought and action is explored in the methodology as a form of mana motuhake. This idea is reflected within the narrative and also the process applied to developing the various projects. This process necessitated a degree of privacy or restriction within the initial stages of each project. Once the project had reached a certain level of material development I felt comfortable to share it with whānaunga and supervisors for input and critique.

The projects all involved technical processes that had to be learnt and resolved along the way. Online tutorials were invaluable for technical support as well as advice from experts in particular areas. In the case of renovating the van, I gained access to an industry and work environment that I hadn't experienced before. This experience - along with the *AuraSecure* project and making the mirror ball, influenced the plot and character development for the creative narrative. The description of making the mirror ball in the story reflects the process in real life that took place over several months of replacing the mirror with pāua and mother of pearl.

Pāua is a prominent feature across all of the projects. Conceptually within Māori cosmology and customary carving, pāua references sight. In the story of Kae and Tinirau, for example, Kae is suspected of eating Tinirau's pet whale, Tutunui.

A group of women visit his house intent on capturing him and taking him back to Tinirau. In order to do this they dance for him in his whare and begin to weave their magic to entice him to sleep. Kae suspects trickery so he places pāua in his eyes to give the appearance of being awake while the women sing to him; 'O eyes that see, be you closed in sleep, be you tightly sealed in sleep, in sleep, O eyes that see' (Alpers, 1964, pg. 95). Once they realise they have been tricked by the pāua eyes and that Kae is actually asleep, the women take him back to Tinirau and he is killed. Another version of this story relayed by George Grey (1885), refers to mother of pearl in place of pāua, which was also incorporated as a material for its muted tones and white glow (reflecting whites of the eyes).

Carved wharehenui often include representations of ancestral figures with eyes of pāua inlay, alluding to the constant presence of watchful eyes. Where

Kae's illusion of sight can be seen as an attempt to feign control - that his captors might be swayed under his ever-present gaze - the observation from ancestral carvings can be likened to whānau or community surveillance, where there exists a pre-established connection or relationship with those who are connected to the house, influencing the integrity and motivation behind the gaze. This is distinct from state or corporate surveillance where the gap in the relationship is wide and prone to misinterpretation (McGrath, 2004).

Beyond the Corners of Our Whare imagines the qualities or values that the pāua eyes reveal about a person beyond the scope of technical surveillance. This idea is conceptualised around mana, tapu and mauri and visualised in terms of hau.

The ability of the protagonist to see beyond the physical in a tangible way is an interrogation into the limitations of surveillance in assessing the veracity of an individual's motive. It invokes the whakataukī discussed at the beginning of this exegeis: 'He kokonga whare, e kitea; He kokonga ngakau, e kore e kitea,' a corner of a house may be seen and examined; not so the corners of the heart, and also resonates with Blaise Pascal's observation that, '...the heart has reasons that reason knows not of...' (In Cox, 2002, pg.57).

4.2 BEYOND THE CORNERS OF OUR WHARE

Beyond the Corners of our Whare is a science fiction fantasy novella length story. It was intended in the overall project development that the visual media would serve to extend the narrative and that the narrative would provide a theoretical backdrop for the visual media component. While I was conscious of the potential for ambiguity and complexity in the layering of creative platforms I was also motivated by the prospect of world building through an interdisciplinary approach.

Science fiction/fantasy sets the scene for investigating different social regimes and realities, where worlds are created around hypothetical 'what if' scenarios that invite us to consider the possibilities. Surveillance culture is explored through many science fiction, utopian and dystopian novels.

Peter Marks (2005) writes that:

Surveillance today is a powerful, pervasive, multi-dimensional social fact, but fictional works from More through Orwell's Nineteen Eighty-Four and beyond have long provided vivid, provocative and critically informed accounts of surveillance practices and trends. In the current environment, where rapid and massive changes in surveillance technologies and imperatives demand increasing degrees of speculation, fictional works provide stimulating points of reference for surveillance scholars (pg. 1).

Tom Moylan (In Marks, 2005, pg. 226) states that utopian fiction creates a 'manifesto of otherness' that generates new ways of thinking about and acting upon contemporary society.

The technique of employing science fiction and fantasy as a method for exploring new social constructs is used by Ursula Le Guinn. In the novel, *The Left Hand of Darkness* (1969), she does this by building a world where the human inhabitants have no fixed gender: their sexual roles are determined by context and they take on a specific gender only once every month. In the 40th anniversary edition of the book she writes:

I thought about them. I thought about them in the form my mind uses best: The story...A thought experiment about people who had no genders, or both genders? How would they behave? What would society be like? (pg. 11, 2009).

It was for this reason that I chose to experiment with science fiction/fantasy for the fictional narrative. This method enabled the freedom to figuratively explore the concepts outlined as tangible realities that would contrast and question the justification for state surveillance in New Zealand.

Beyond the Corners of Our Whare is a blend of cosmology and contemporary society. The story is formed in part around Māui, an archetypal figure from Māori cosmological narratives. This blending of contemporary and cosmological narrative is explored in Neil Gaiman's *The Graveyard Book*, where the two main characters – brothers – are children of Anansi the spider, a notorious and suave trickster from West African cosmology. One of the brothers has inherited all the characteristics of Anansi that enable him to get in and around most situations.

He is charming, cheeky and possesses magical abilities. The other brother is unaware of his lineage and lives in downtown London. The story tells of their meeting and eventually it is revealed that the two brothers embody different aspects of the same personality. Anasi the Spider and Māui share many attributes, in particular their innate ability to challenge social order and their ability to crossover into different realms, ideas which influenced the storyline for *Beyond the Corners of Our Whare*.

4.2.1 STORYLINE:

Beyond the Corners of our Whare draws on specific local geographical sites and histories relevant to those sites, blending family history, cosmology and reality, in the manner of Witi Ihimaera's *The Matriarch* (1986). The story is set in Masterton (my hometown), Greytown and Wellington where it can be firmly located within my immediate communities.

Aunt Rosalyn is a formidable character in the story as the main protagonist's whānaunga and mentor. She represents a rangatira whose knowledge and command of mana is such that she has the ability to manipulate reality.

The name of the main protagonist references my tupuna Te Aitu o Te Rangi who was Ngāti Moe (hapū of Rangitāne and Ngāti Kahungunu) of Papawai in Greytown. When she was young, Te Aitu o Te Rangi was taken prisoner after an invasion of Northern Iwi. Her father, Te Whatahoronui was killed in the fighting. She was either released or she escaped around 1839 and married a whaler, John Milsom Jury after moving to Nukutaurua where the Reverend William Williams conducted their marriage ceremony. John Milsom Jury was a carpenter and helped to build the Manutuke mis-

sion house and church. When they moved back to the Wairarapa she made a claim to her ancestral land - called Waka a Pāua close to the Ruamahanga River - by retrieving a large spade shaped greenstone that was hidden there called Kau ora rangi (Parsons, 2012). My sister and I have a custom of asking Te Aitu o Te Rangi for guidance whenever we are in a scary situation and need to do something that requires courage.

The naming of the main protagonist as reference to Te Aitu o te Rangi was discussed with my uncle Peter Te Tau who is the custodian of whakapapa and pūrakau within my whānau. He also contributed invaluable insights into the Rangitāne narrative around Hapuakorari.

4.2.2 HAPUAKORARI:

Hapuakorari is a mysterious lake that appears within our Wairarapa historical narratives. The lake, situated in the Tararua Ranges near the Ruamahanga headwaters was at one time visible only to the tohunga who guarded it. The lake was also referred to as the 'pulse of the fish' referring to Maui's great fish (the North Island of New Zealand) which he pulled up from the bottom of the sea. Joseph Potangaroa (2003) explains the tapu nature of the lake:

One explanation as to why no one could find Hapuakorari is found in its status as a sacred place. There are certain points around the Wairarapa that transmit powerful energies that can be utilised by people versed in the appropriate ways to communicate with atua (the gods). Hapuakorari was one such place that was used as a retreat by Tohunga who would go to the lake in order to commune with the atua, gather plants for medicinal purposes and to draw

upon the energies of the lake. As the lake was a place of extreme sacredness Tohunga would not disclose its location. If a person that did not hold the correct status neared the lake the atua would send down a heavy mist that would keep the lakes identity a secret (pg.1).

The reference to the lake as a wāhi tapu in relation to Māui's fish became an entry point for engaging with cosmological narrative in the work.

Māui is known to have had the ability to move between worlds. This is demonstrated in the story where he spies on his mother and follows her into the realm that she inhabits with Māui's father (Alpers, 1964):

Maui slipped out and ran as fast as he was able to the clump of rushes. He pulled it and it came away, and he felt a wind against his face as he looked thru the hole. Looking down, he saw another world, with trees and the ocean, and fires burning, and men and women walking about. (pg. 34).

With this in mind the lake in *Beyond the Corners of Our Whare* became an entry point into the parallel universe described above.

Multiple realities are a feature in John Twelve Hawks' The Traveller trilogy (Hawks, 2005). In this dystopian series The Traveller, Hawkes portrays a ubiquitous surveillance society where certain people have the ability to move between different worlds. These people are referred to as travellers and are on the verge of being wiped out by an organisation called the Brethren. The Brethren wish to establish a surveillance system where they have complete control. They see the traveller's as a threat because they have the ability to influence

a large amount of people by promoting freedom of restraint from the Brethren's 'Vast Machine'. In the book the travellers are able to gain insight into their current society from the experiences of visiting other realities. The Traveller provides a platform for investigation into how certain theories around surveillance might apply to the contemporary society.

In *Beyond the Corners of Our Whare* the world through the lake represents a non-physical environment that co-exists alongside with the physical world and is the source of mana and mauri that emanates from Hapuakorari. This energy is what enables Te Aitu to see the hau – the spiritual qualities of the people she encounters in the physical world she inhabits. This ability is enabled through pāua eyes.

4.2.3 PROCESS AND DEVELOPMENT

I began to write *Beyond the Corners of Our Whare* mid-way through the first year of this research project. Initially the fictional narrative began as a way of linking together separate ideas that didn't necessarily sit comfortably alongside each other, such as cosmo-genealogical narratives and surveillance technology.

As the story developed it was re-written many times and took different forms eventually becoming a novella length story. There was a lot of learning that needed to happen in terms of creative writing and this came about through research, advice from supervisors and writers and by reaching out to friends and family.

At times when the narrative became stuck it was helpful to put it aside and commence work on one of the other projects, allowing time for ideas to compost. When going back to the creative writing I

found that aspects of the project I had been working were incorporated and informed the direction of the writing. It was through this process that the mirror ball and the old place in Greytown became part of the narrative, which occurred after a visit there to photograph the mirror ball within the remains of the house. The process of drawing conceptual synergies between the different projects and mediums is primarily what determined the direction of the overall project.

The act of writing this story also enabled me to process the events surrounding Operation 8 without writing directly about my own experience or those of friends and the wider community affected by the investigation. The story is informed in part by my experience of the morning our home was raided and the events that followed, as well of those of friends whose own accounts have been published and are publically accessible. The GCSB features within the narrative, as it has become central part of the discussion around state surveillance in New Zealand over recent years.

4.2.4 KARAOKE

The karaoke theme within the narrative came about through thinking of the varying degrees to which we create and perform within public and private spaces and how surveillance (audio and visual), might affect that dynamic. This idea came about in response to an article that appeared in the New Zealand Herald (Edmunds & Fisher, 2012) titled *Karaoke discord: The secrets behind closed doors*. The article discussed how private karaoke bars in New Zealand were being used for drugs and money laundering – fuelled by alcohol intoxication.

The karaoke bar proprietors inability to see what was going on inside the rooms was identified as

one of the problems. One bartender linked it to a lack of cameras inside the private rooms ‘There’s no video surveillance, we just leave them in there’ (pg.2). One of the karaoke bar owners interviewed in the article felt that ‘karaoke clubs are being unfairly singled out’ (pg. 2), while another stated that problems in the rooms were actually rare.

Although the problems around drug and binge drinking culture were discussed in the article, it also implied that perhaps privacy was as much to blame for providing a space for these things to occur and as such should be eliminated.

In the process of writing *Beyond the Corners of Our Whare* I began to think of the private karaoke room as being symbolic of a prioritisation of security over creative expression, an idea that is discussed within the methodology chapter. While the karaoke room might appear to be a mundane setting and the presence of cameras within such a space inconsequential, for the protagonist it was an imposition on an experience that for her was tapu (in the sense of it being a restricted and safe space).

Te Aitu associates the experiences that people often have in the karaoke rooms as being connected with freedom and creative expression. She describes it as the quality of hau (aura) emanating from people as they ‘emerge from the depths of karaoke heaven.’

One method of enquiry into this idea involved several trips to private karaoke bars in Wellington with close friends. I imagined that space being held under surveillance and how that might affect the overall experience, influencing the degree to which we permitted ourselves to ‘let go.’ The nature of the closeness of relationships between those in the room was also a factor. In this regard aspects of mana (as creative expression), tapu (as restriction)

and whakawhanaungatanga were all present within this metaphor of the private karaoke room. While this is in no way an experience that everyone would identify with, for me it resonated as an expression of how creativity develops within different levels of restricted and safe space.

4.3.0 KARAOKE THEME DEVELOPMENT

In early experiments I explored karaoke and video surveillance with a focus on the nature of karaoke video which shares a lot of the same traits and qualities as surveillance footage. The similarities include bad camera angles that often depict mundane scenery and/or people carrying out mundane activities. The rough quality of the filming also lends itself to a creepy voyeuristic gaze. There is also usually a disconnect between the karaoke song and video, which further dislocates the footage from context and meaning.

The images are stills from a video experiment with security surveillance camera footage and karaoke lyrics taken in the Square of Palmerston North. The actors - my husband and I wore balaclavas (items that were confiscated in the Operation 8 investigation) while we enjoyed a leisurely picnic while *Your Love is King* by Sade provided the karaoke track.

I was interested in how the balaclavas and the grainy, low quality of the surveillance footage might subvert the atmosphere of the film.



Fig 11. Karaoke cctv concept development, Video stills, The Square, Palmerston North, 2012



Fig 12. Karaoke cctv concept development, Video stills, Papawai Marae, Greytown, 2012

Fig 13 is a series of video stills from a karaoke/security surveillance film that I shot at Papawai Marae over the weekend of the centennial celebrations in September 2012. The decision to film in the Wairarapa was about grounding the project within my rohe and the community I grew up in. The celebrations also had a political significance being the commemoration of 100 years since the Kotahitanga Māori Parliament movement. I was interested in how the atmosphere of the event might be manipulated through the classic qualities of surveillance footage. I chose to film from the outside, keeping a distance between myself and the event.

I experimented in this video with making the karaoke backing track and vocals dark and subversive in addition to giving the film CCTV qualities in Adobe After Effects. I chose *Hine e hine*, a classic and well known waiata that was utilised by mainstream TV channels in the 1980's/90's to signal the end of transmission for the night, known as the Goodnight Kiwi. Because of this *Hine e Hine*, a waiata tangi, has a nostalgic quality. The Goodnight Kiwi was discontinued when broadcasting began to run over a 24 hour period.

I chose not to continue developing this video for a couple of reasons. My initial intention was to experiment with the film using the conventions of security camera footage to see how regular and innocent actions could be easily manipulated to appear sinister, feeding into my enquiry into the interpretation of surveillance data. In reality the act of turning the gaze back onto one of my own marae as if from an ominous outsider perspective felt like a perpetuation of the type of surveillance I was trying to avoid. Secondly, I felt that a focus on CCTV camera surveillance was limiting as it only represented one aspect of the types of surveillance undertaken in the Operation 8 Terror Raids and surveillance in general.

4.3.1 ART INFLUENCES

In 2007 artist Bronwyn Holloway-Smith made *Goodwill Singalong*, a karaoke video where Nirvana's *Lithium* plays over the video of a church choir singing hymns.



Fig 13. Bronwyn Holloway-Smith, Goodwill singalong, Video Still, 2007



Fig 14. Private Karaoke Bar, Wellington, 2012



Fig 15. Private Karaoke Bar, Wellington, 2012

4.4 UNWARRANTED AND UNREGISTERED

4.4.1 OVERVIEW

Unwarranted and Unregistered is a multimedia installation. The work comprises a high gloss cherry black van and film projection sited within a gallery space. Visitors are invited to enter the dark interior and watch as the van journeys along the main road of Greytown in the Wairarapa.

The driverless vehicle tracks and marks out the small town as HUDs (heads up displays) appear on the front windscreen, registering and logging the passing cars, scanning the layout of buildings and identifying people on the street. As the journey progresses data onscreen increases until the sight of the landscape is lost altogether.

The film is accompanied by Jose Carreras' operatic and orchestral rendition of *Hine e Hine*.

4.4.2 BLACK CHERRY SURVEILLANCE VAN

I began to explore vehicles as an extension of private space in relation to the police's bugging of cars in the Operation 8 investigation. I was also interested in the way that vehicles are used to track and monitor because they also provide a private space within a public setting to those carrying out surveillance. Surveillance vans often carry around a lot of high tech equipment. John Demsey (2007) points out that despite this fact they are still ridiculously obvious when carrying out reconnaissance. The black cherry van holds the ambiguous tension of being both a proponent for surveillance and a

retreat from surveillance. In *Beyond the Corners of Our Whare* it appears as such, a retreat away from incessant recording.



Fig 16. Te Tau, T. Van Concept Drawing, 2012

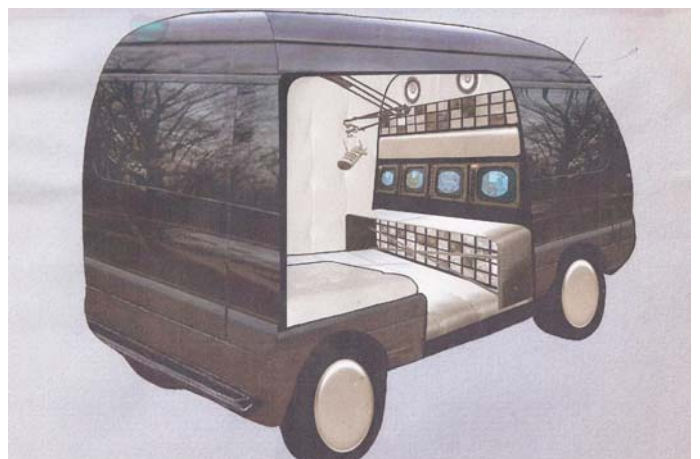


Fig 17. Te Tau, T. Van Concept Drawing, 2012

4.4.3 VAN DEVELOPMENT

The images in Fig 17 show some of the initial concept sketches for the surveillance van/private karaoke booth.

My initial concept was to create a surveillance van with an aesthetic that captured the glamour and tackiness of a private karaoke booth. The audience would be able to choose songs and karaoke subtitles could be played over video streamed from a nearby location. I moved away from this idea as I considered how the project would become about surveillance as entertainment but without the consent of those being inadvertently filmed.

As I began work restoring the van I also realised that because of the size restrictions inside I needed to simplify the installation. The work developed into a small theatre where the windscreen doubled as the projection screen.

I liked the idea that the small van as an installation within a gallery space would highlight the humour of being ridiculously conspicuous. I also liked that the van could provide a temporary haven for the viewer from the galleries own security cameras.

4.4.4 EXTERIOR RESTORATION

I decided on a 1986 Suzuki Carry 410 because it's extra small size added to the comical nature of the work and logistically it would mean better accessibility within galleries.

I bought the van off Trade Me and made arrangements through a friend to restore the van at a local panel beaters. My aim was to carry out as much of the restoration myself so that I could learn the process and minimise the cost. I began work on the van in March 2013 and completed the exterior by June 2013.

The restoration process included stripping the van down, removing windows, rubbers, door handles and interior panels. The van had been in an accident and so bog needed to be removed and the sliding door and rear guard replaced.



Fig 18. Black Cherry Van, Exterior restoration, 2013



Fig 19. Black Cherry Van, Exterior restoration, 2013



4.4.5 INTERIOR RESTORATION

For the interior restoration I set up a similar arrangement at a local vehicle restoration business Classic & Custom Motor Trimmers Ltd. I was given access to the workshop and equipment and at the beginning of the day received a one hour tutorial on the work I would be carrying out that day. The interior of the van was completed over three weeks in June 2013. The front driver and passenger seats needed to be lowered and re-shaped so that they wouldn't interfere with the projection.



Fig 20. Black Cherry Van, Interior restoration, 2013

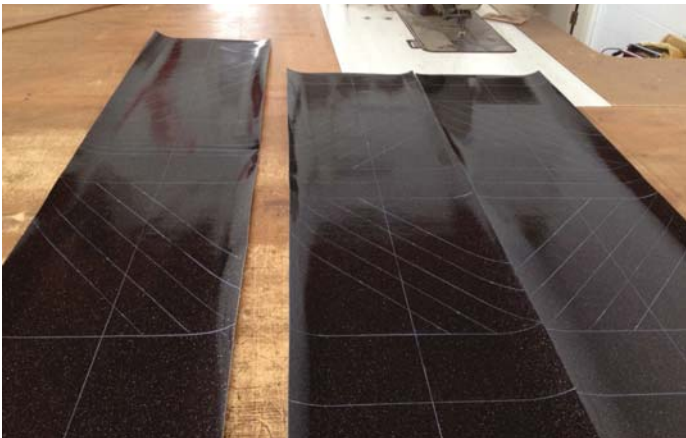


Fig 21. Black Cherry Van, Interior restoration, 2013



Fig 22. Black Cherry Van, Interior restoration, 2013

4.4.6 HEADS UP DISPLAY (HUD) VIDEO

The HUD video was filmed in Greytown on my way home from the Centennial celebrations at Papawai Marae. I used Adobe After Effects to make the animations. The graphics were based on digital imagery used in simulations such as Google Glass, gaming and science fiction films – where the images become a mediated interface between the viewer and their environment. The film appears on the front windscreen of the black cherry van, tracking

and marking out the small town as HUDs (heads up displays) registering and logging the passing cars, scanning the layout of buildings and identifying people on the street. As the journey progresses data onscreen increases until the sight of the landscape is lost altogether.

4.4.7 EXHIBITIONS

Aratoi, Wairarapa Museum of Art and History

Unwarranted and Unregistered was first exhibited at Aratoi, the Wairarapa Museum of Art and History in July 2013 as part of a group show called Puwawau.

Eyebeam, New York

In August of 2013 the video adaption of *Unwarranted and Unregistered* was selected to take part in an event called Prism Break Up at Eyebeam in New York. The event was an exhibition and series of talks and workshops that ran over 12 days in October '13. I went to New York for the event and stayed there for 10 days.

The event, organised in response to the NSA revelations, was focused around forms of resistance to surveillance. All of the talks, workshops and art were in some way geared towards spoofing, obfuscating, jamming and informing on surveillance technology. The presentations offered practical technical solutions to counter invasive surveillance technologies. In the opening talk, a panel discussion titled Privacy and Security Policy in the Present with Finn Brunton, Ashkan Solitani and Amie Stepanovich, one of the panellists emphasized that the statement 'I have nothing to hide' is one made



Fig 23. *Unwarranted and Unregistered*, Video Stills, 2013

from a position of privilege as those who are marginalised are most likely to be adversely affected by surveillance. It was also highlighted in the talk that face-to-face communication is still a good resistance strategy. This statement echoes the Māori value of *kanohi ki te kanohi*, (face-to-face communication).

Another speaker on the same panel described the aesthetics of surveillance as kitsch and aimed at generating political seduction and mystique. I liked the reference to the seductive illusion of power and surveillance technology, an effect that I had hoped to reference in *Unwarranted and Unregistered*.

Circuit

The video adaption of *Unwarranted and Unregistered* is available on Circuit, a website dedicated to showcasing moving image and video by New Zealand artists. The film can be viewed at: <http://circuit.org.nz/film/unwarranted-and-unregistered-2>

I gave a presentation about this work at the CIRCUIT symposium *Locating the Practice*, held at Elam School of Fine Arts, Auckland 15-16 August 2014. The topic of this presentation was around some of the dynamics involved in relaying the cultural context when the work was shown in New York. A Circuit podcast interview on this subject can also be accessed at: <http://circuit.org.nz/podcast/201407>

Surveillance Awareness Bureau – MODELAB

Unwarranted and Unregistered was exhibited as part of a group show that ran from May 27- June 13, 2015 in Wellington. The exhibition comprised of local and international artists including Zach Blas, James Bridle, Paolo Cirio, Simon Denny, Rafael Lozano-Hemmer, Hemi Macgregor, Ruben Pater and myself. The aim of the exhibition was to ‘create a space of critical engagement that grants visibility to systems that by nature should remain invisible to individuals and at the same time provoke a highly charged debate on privacy, liberty, control and abuse’ (Arozqueta, 2013, pg.1).



Fig 24. *Unwarranted and Unregistered*, 2013, Aratoi Wairarapa Museum of Art and History



Fig 25. Unwarranted and Unregistered, Installation and video stills, 2013

4.4.8 INFLUENCES



Fig 26. Alex Monteith, ART UTE, 2013. Gow Langsford Gallery



Fig 28. Michael Parekowhai, The Big OE, 2006



Fig 27. HUD display



Fig 29. Google Glass, HUD display

4.5 AURASECURE

Diary entry. 14.10.13.

I was standing in line in NZ customs I got into a conversation with the person next to me about airport security. I told her about going through US security and how the guard had said, 'you look totally innocent but I have to check your passport anyway.'

I had asked him how he could tell if I was innocent or not by looking at me?

He had said; 'Well, I suppose I can't.'

The woman I was conversing with at NZ customs said, 'well, he probably meant that you give off a good energy.'

I laughed. 'Wouldn't it be hilarious if customs security made us pass through aura clearance systems to determine whether or not our energy was good enough to enter the country? If it didn't pass we might be made to sit in a little room and hold a crystal until our auras were cleansed?'

4.5.1 OVERVIEW

AuraSecure was a performance art project that intersected aura reading and security surveillance with the aim of questioning the interpretation and perceived objectivity of surveillance data. Referring to Mehera San Roque and Gary Edmund's (2013) questioning of 'experts' to analyse surveillance data in court, this project questions the power that security personnel are afforded when making judgement calls based on surveillance data. *AuraSecure* explores this notion by contrasting the highly subjective art of aura reading with techniques used by the security industry. Who decides right of entry and how are the determining factors

considered?

The performance took place within a vacant space in central Wellington in September 2014. The project was facilitated by Urban Dream Brokerage, an organisation that liaises between artists and the owners of empty commercial spaces.

The project requested that participants obtain security clearance before being permitted to enter a Seclusion Zone. The Seclusion Zone was a relaxing and surveillance free private space where visitors could take a momentary break from the bustling CBD. In order to gain entry into the Seclusion Zone participants were asked to pass through an aura security check, a process that included having their photograph taken and their aura generated with aura reading software. A less than positive aura reading required that the participant spend time in the Aura Reconditioning Unit if they were to gain access to the Seclusion Zone.

4.5.2 DEVELOPMENT AND PROCESS

I designed a New Age bureaucratic government office aesthetic for the performance. This took the form of a tacky and unstylish brochure, shimmering mylar and cheap office ready-mades.

The performance was carried out over a period of one week. I played the part of a security guard whose job it was to read participants auras so they could gain security clearance. In order to process the images I used Aura reading software from a small company in India that developed it for the purposes of diagnoses for healing. The software arrived with an instruction manual that included ethical considerations for how to interact with participants.

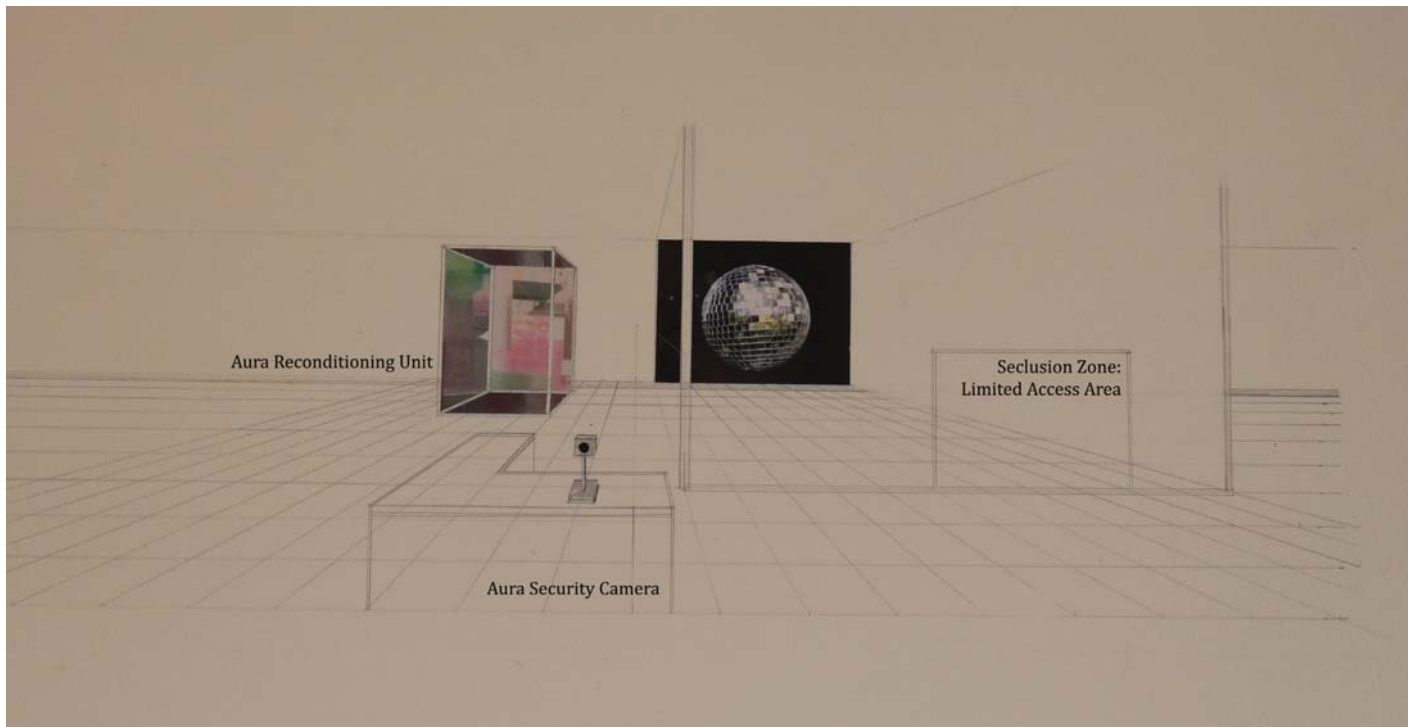


Fig 30. AuraSecure Concept Drawing, 2013

As walls dissolve swiftly before our preceding data shadows, true solitude will soon be a novelty and a commodity.

Are you ready for the new 'old' you?

Join us at **AuraSecure** where our product Seclusion Zone is the next level of surveillance – an orwellian tool for the spiritually inclined - Soul Surveillance.

Our nearest competitor the GCSB offer their budget economy range xkeyscore product that can only:

- Read all your emails
- Harvest the metadata of the entire population
- Read and intercept your phone calls and text messages
- Provide information assurance and cyber security to the New Zealand Government and critical infrastructure organisations
- Provide foreign intelligence to government decision-makers

Conversely our product goes deeper beyond the physical to the metaphysical, really getting into those pesky problem existential corners. Beyond perspectives of self, truth and reality our product answers life's most basic premise. Who am I? and, as the great 20th century poet Jim Morrison said:

The most important kind of freedom is to be what you really are. You trade in your reality for a role. You give up your ability to feel, and in exchange, put on a mask.

Jim Morrison

AuraSecure[®]

For a limited time only AuraSecure is offering complimentary entry to its privacy assured space.

Using our custom made Seclusion technology device prepare to embrace the divinity of the privacy incarnate. Following AuraSecure's relatively non-invasive aura screening procedure, guests are invited to take time within the tranquil environment of the Seclusion Zone* where they are free to nurture and re-orientate the autonomous mind.



Testimonials:

I want to thank AuraSecure for taking my metaphysical into consideration - Indi Pihikete

AuraSecure is so current it feels like a layline - B. Ridge

Xkeyscore is for sissies. AuraSecure is the shizzle – Gary B

Thoughts without content are empty, intuitions without concepts are blind – Laia Asieo Odo

AuraSecure
1 Grey St, Wellington
27 - 4th of September 2014

*Conditions apply

Fig 31. Performance brochure, 2014



Fig 32. AuraSecure, 2014



Fig 33. Aura Reconditioning Unit, 2014

To process people through the security check I took a photo of them and ran it through the aura reader. To assess the result I referred to the aura reading handbook that came with the software. I kept the process simple by checking for aura congestion, which was indicated by a dark maroon colour shown in the handbook. If the person had congestion then I asked them to step inside the aura reconditioning unit before proceeding into the seclusion zone. A sign on the desk indicated that the aura images would be routinely deleted throughout the day. Many of the people who took part in the performance showed a genuine interest in their aura photo and several of those people returned regularly throughout the week to see how their auras changed over that period. This dynamic caused the performance to shift focus away from the security surveillance aspect. I felt uncomfortable about doing mock interpretations of aura readings as participants seemed to take them seriously to a certain degree, despite being aware that it was a performance. In order to negotiate this tension I encouraged people to decipher their own auras with the handbook which changed the nature of the performance completely. I also emailed the aura readings to those who requested them before deleting the images from my account.

On reflection, if the performance were to be staged in an airport or similar location where people are in transit and accustomed to other forms of security checks, then the security surveillance aspect might become more of a prominent feature in the work.

This natural re-direction away from the security surveillance aspect of the work was however, a turning point in this research toward a focus on the aura-like concept of hau. At that time *Beyond the Corners of Our Whare* was also taking shape around hau as a visual reference to the other concepts of mana, tapu, and mauri.



Fig 34. Aura Reconditioning Unit, mylar and holographic projection film laminated onto glass.



Fig 35. Aura Reconditioning Unit - rotating coloured symbols represented seven main chakra points

4.5.4 INFLUENCES

The Portrait Machine Project (2008-2013) by Carlo Van de Roer is a series of portraits captured with an aura camera. Van de Roer was interested in what aura photography might reveal about a person's character, which he referred to as having 'undertones of pseudo-scientific authority and attributes associated with a less mediated type of photography' (Van de Roer, 2013, pg. 1).

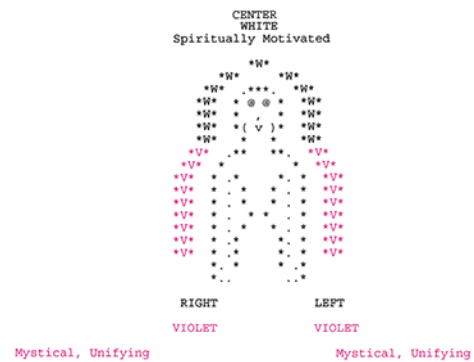


Fig 37. Seclusion Zone - a private meditation space where visitors were invited to relax after passing through security. Image courtesy of Gabrielle McKone and Urban Dream Brokerage. Established by Letting Space in 2013, Urban Dream Brokerage with funding from Wellington City Council and Wellington Community Trust places innovative projects in vacant commercial spaces to aid urban revitalisation.



Fig. 36. Carlo Van de Roer, *The Portrait Machine - Portrait of Jun Nakayama*, 2009

The following projects show a departure from overt references to surveillance. They are connected through the overarching narrative *Beyond the Corners of Our Whare* and are underpinned by the Māori concepts outlined above.



CENTER (EXPERIENCE) Color above subjects head.
Indicates what the subject is experiencing. It is the color that would best describe them.
Yellow corresponds symbolically to the welcome warmth of sunlight. Variability, expectancy, originality, smiling, and exhilaration are the qualities most important to you.

RIGHT SIDE (EXPRESSION) Color on Subjects right.
Indicates the personality that the subject projects outward and how other people see them.
People see you as magical. You put out the highest vibrational frequency. What you want comes to you as if by magic. You seem to get everything you need. A mystic union, a high degree of sensitive intimacy, leading to complete fusion between you and what you put your attention on.

LEFT SIDE (FUTURE) Color on Subjects left.
Indicates what the subject is creating for him/herself in the near future..
Spiritual evolution is in store for you. Violet is a mix of blue --unlimited knowledge-- and red --activity--.
Therefore spiritual activity will be in your aura. Violet brings unlimited knowledge. You will encounter the rays of guide energies, the highest vibrational frequencies will be distributed to you.

4.6 PĀUA TO THE PEOPLE

4.6.1 OVERVIEW

Pāua to the People is a collection of antique gold and brass spectacles with opaque black lenses and paua and mother of pearl inlays. For the exhibition at Te Manawa, the spectacles were arranged on a white wall and lit to reflect the paua, reminiscent of the way ancestral eyes are reflected within a whare tīpuna.

The reflective nature of pāua is utilised in both customary and contemporary Māori carving to give the ancestors depicted in those carvings sight, a reminder of the connection between the living and those who have passed on. Ancestral carvings, when viewed within the context of whare tīpuna take on another level of intimacy, particularly if one has whakapapa or genealogical connections to that house.

The value of whanaungatanga underpins this work and how this value can influence and change the power dynamics embedded within surveillance. What does it mean for example, to be held under the watchful gaze of ancestors within the context of whānau and community? In the process of developing this work alongside the narrative I imagined that the glasses would enable the wearer to see the qualities of people and the environment - mana, mauri and hau - a concept that is explored in *Beyond the Corners of Our Whare* as a way of perceiving the world beyond the physical. Areta Wilkinson's work, *Tohu Aroha* (2002) features a close up portrait of pāua tinted iris that also alludes to this notion.

4.6.2 DEVELOPMENT AND PROCESS



Fig 37. Studio development, 2014

An aspect of the spectacles that wasn't visible in the way they were installed on the gallery wall was the black opaque glass. The black glass is reflective and when seen from the back the viewer is confronted with a mirror like image of their own eyes. For future exhibitions of this project I would bring them off the wall and install them in such a way that the glass is visible. This would also connect visually to the highly reflective van.



Fig 38. Papawai Marae, c 1920



Fig 39 & 40 Whakapakoko, Papawai Marae, 2013

4.6.3 INFLUENCES

The whakapakoko that stand around the perimeter of Papawai Marae have pāua eyes. They face inward toward the meeting house as a sign of peace. I have interpreted this inward gaze as also being a reference to whanaungatanga and community guidance.



Fig 41. Areta Wilkinson, 2002, Tohu Aroha, Digital image courtesy of the artist

Pāua is commonly associated with kitsch souvenir objects and jewellery. Artist Michael Parekōwhai elevated the status of pāua in his work, *He Korero Purakau mo te Awanui o Te Motu: Story of a New Zealand River*, 2011, through a conceptual shift from a souvenir material to the realm of high culture.



Fig 42. Brian Adams, pāua glasses, 1981. Image courtesy of the artist



Fig 43. Google Glass, 2013

4.7 THE OLD PLACE, GREYTOWN

4.7.1 OVERVIEW

The Old Place, Greytown (2014) is a multimedia installation. The film is set within a slowly deteriorating family home that over time has accommodated four generations of my family. It is the old house that Te Aitu visits in *Beyond the Corners of Our Whare*. Remnants of the old domestic space are contrasted with the present through the fragmented and dislocated scene reflected within the mirror ball.

This video was motivated through a desire to reconnect with the Old Place, a former family home. On visits to the Old Place it was intriguing to imagine what it might have been like to live there all those generations ago - when an orchard grew on the grounds and the house was filled with family life. Superimposing scenes from my current domestic family life with the Old Place was a way of

4.7.2 DEVELOPMENT AND PROCESS



Fig 44. The Old Place & The Black Cherry Van, Greytown, 2014



Fig 45. The Old Place, Front Room, Greytown, 2014



Fig 46. The Old Place, Kitchen, Greytown, 2014

connecting with those tupuna across time. This is also an important reason for the house featuring in *Beyond the Corners of Our Whare*.

This video was also informed by thinking about the mirror ball in terms of being a camera as it appears in *Beyond the Corners of Our Whare* and the merging of public/private binaries. In the past privacy was a principle usually associated with the domestic sphere and technology is shifting that perception. David Lyon (1994) alluded to this when he stated: 'The sheltering walls of privacy have been digitally dissolved' (pg. 180).



Fig 47. Video Still, 2015

4.7.3 MIRROR BALL

I began by making a small pāua mirror ball for the van which led to experiments with other sizes until settling on a 50 cm diameter ball for the final PhD exhibition. During this process the mirror ball was written into *Beyond the Corners of Our Whare* and became a central element in the narrative.

My interest in mirror balls was initially inspired through their connection with karaoke, and their unassuming yet ubiquitous presence that takes pride of place at the center of a room. The mirrors are like small pixelated screens that scatter light and break up the scene into partial units. These qualities seemed like an appropriate metaphor for the nature of surveillance data, as partial and incomplete. The pāua additions were for me about shifting the perspective to a gaze that acknowledges the inherent mana of people and the environment, the way that carved tupuna might view the world through their pāua enhanced eyes.

4.7.4 PATTERN

The navigation of pattern on the mirror ball aligns methodologically with John Ford's (1992) writing on pattern, symmetry and asymmetry where he states,

'...The niho taniwha (*dragon tooth*) shape (*a triangle*) which helps accelerate the line of movement along a carving or a taniko border also engages ideas about high other worldly meanings, through it's association with the taniwha principle, of great psychic and natural energy beyond the control of human beings. The mana that results from being the bearer of such a pattern is immense...Asymmetrical breaks in a repeating pattern can be read as the uncertainties of life. The unbalanced elements across a central line as the way in which even the regular balances of night and day, ingoing and outgoing tides, right and wrong, tapu and noa do not always occur with equal measure and in fact cannot be

totally relied upon to happen forever...Therefore asymetry can also be thought of as a message promoting the need for vigilance and attention, an important element in survival. In artistic terms these inequalities, these little breaks in the divine rhythm, are elements providing a works sense of tension, increasing it's expressive power. Its artistic power is concerned with, and a mirror of, the survival skills and needs of human beings (pg.5).



Fig 49. Terry Urbahn, The Karaoke, 1995-97



Fig 48. Black and White Mother of Pearl, Mirror ball experiment, 2013



Fig 50. Kaz: Never the Same Stream, 2012. Double Projection Installation

4.7.5 INFLUENCES

Jonathan Schipper's *Invisible Sphere* (2005-2009) shows 215 different points of view through camera's linked to monitors on the opposite side of the ball. This description of the work resonated with what I was wanting to explore in my own work: 'Even with multiple cameras centered on one subject, the perspective afforded by any one display remained hopelessly incomplete; each camera offering a slightly different view' (Nachmann, pg.1, 2013).



Fig 51. Jonathan Schipper, Invisible Sphere, 2005- 2009

4.8 TE ĀHUA O TE HAU KI TE PAPAIOEA

4.8.1 OVERVIEW

Te Āhua o te Hau ki te Papaioea is a video that is made to be shown inside the black cherry surveillance van as an alternative to the HUD video. The film presents a fictional alternative to conventional visual surveillance by visualising the hau, mana, tapu and mauri of the occupants and landscape of Palmerston North. It is also a reference to *Beyond the Corners of Our Whare* and the way that protagonist Te Aitu, might visualise the world.

The video traces the landscape of Palmerston North as it navigates through the town - filmed from the dashboard of a moving vehicle. The pseudo surveillance van takes a round journey through the streets of each of the four houses raided in Palmerston North as part of the 2007 Terror Raids. The houses are located in the suburbs of Milson, Roslyn, Hokowhitu and Highbury. Along the way the fictional surveillance system reads the auras of people, objects and cars as it passes through the streets, obfuscating personal identities and objects through auric energy fields of colour. This final video brings the journey back home to where it began in terms of the 2007 terror raids.

The video is converted through Aura Reading Software and the information interpreted in Adobe After Effects. Pāua patterns were used in the process of developing the auras around people and objects. Rob Thorne, a local musician in Pamerston North, developed the music for the video using a combination of taonga puoro and experimental instruments.



Fig 52. *Te Āhua o te Hau ki te Papaioea*, video stills, 2015

5.0 CONCLUSION

The aim of this research was to explore how Māori concepts straddling literary and visual art might respond to state surveillance in Aotearoa New Zealand. The research is outlined in accordance with the whakataukī: He kokonga whare e kitea, he kokonga ngākau e kore e kitea. *The corners of a house can be seen, the corners of the heart cannot be seen.* The first objective, he kokonga whare e kitea, explored how state surveillance might impact on Māori concepts such as mana, tapu, mauri and hau. The second objective, he kokonga ngākau e kore e kitea, investigated the hidden nature of people beyond the scope and limits of surveillance.

HE KOKONGA WHARE E KITEA

The impacts of state surveillance on the Māori concepts outlined were explored through a combination of literature, theory and practice-based research.

The literature research examined how surveillance inhibits intrinsically motivated behaviour and therefore negates the opportunity to enact pertinent cultural values. Mana and the interrelated concepts of mana motuhake and whanaungatanga were posited as critical values because of their close alignment with values outlined by Schwartz (2000, pg. 7), 'Self direction (Independent thought and action-choosing, creating, exploring)' and 'openness and creative freedom.' Scharztz's values also align with Charles Royal's contention that mana is a positive attribute that enhances relationships and community (Royal, 2006, pg. 12).

HE KOKONGA NGĀKAU E KORE E KITEA

This part of the whakataukī, he kokonga ngākau e kore e kitea - the unseen heart, prompted ideas around the hidden nature of people beyond the scope and limits of surveillance.

The technical limits of surveillance were reviewed in literature, such as McGrath's (2004) analysis of the different attributes of video and audio surveillance and the limitations within these different methods. Edmund & San Roque (2013) discussed how surveillance data produced as evidence in court, is often complicated by 'experts' selected to interpret data objectively and Finn (2012) described video surveillance as partial and incomplete. These factors can make surveillance data prone to misinterpretation, which is of particular concern when indigenous, and minority communities are disproportionately subjected to surveillance (Wood, 2006; Morse, 2010).

In this regard, surveillance as a 'systematic focus on personal information in order to influence, manage, entitle, or control those whose information is collected' (Bennett, C. et al, 2014, pg. 6) has limitations and certain types of information are inaccessible by these methods.

In terms of a Māori paradigm this idea can be looked at as tapu (restricted physical and psychological space) where cultural codes and values are indecipherable through surveillance. This idea was formulated around Linda Tuhiwai Smith's (1999) reference to language as embedded with codes of resistance and John McGrath's (2004) use of the poem Reggae Head to illustrate that the state was

incapable of getting inside the head of the poet. The theme of resistance is highlighted by the idea that concepts like mana, mauri, tapu and hau are unquantifiable through the definition of surveillance outlined above and so hold their own innate power. This research proposes that the interconnected relationships between these concepts mitigate the tendency to replicate the power dynamics within state and civilian surveillance, and are therefore able to resist it.

By grounding this project within the local - geographically, culturally and historically - this project offers a conceptual Māori response to a surveillance culture born out of global events. Currently the majority of rhetoric around surveillance is theorized in terms of dominant hegemony and indigenous perspectives remain largely under-represented. Given that Māori culture encompasses an epistemology unique to Aotearoa New Zealand, it makes sense that as a bicultural nation New Zealand's social policies should be equally cognizant of Māori epistemology. Currently Aotearoa New Zealand's surveillance and anti-terrorism legislation is grafted from other countries and its relevance to our cultural reality is questionable.

State surveillance of civilians needs to be carefully considered given the potentially harmful affects (Macnish (2011). Counter surveillance might be regarded differently because it has a different origin of intent (McGrath, 2004), which is about protection as opposed to that of police surveillance, which he describes as 'disapproving and potentially destructive' (pg. 213). This perspective of counter surveillance as protection aligns with the concept of whanaungatanga. The contrast between the power dynamics of state and civilian surveillance and the concept of whanaungatanga emerged in this research through consideration of the watchful

pāua eyed gaze of tūpuna. Whanaungatanga, which is about looking outwards as well as inwards (Metge, 1995).

The realisation of the concepts outlined within this research in relation to surveillance came about through an evolutionary process that can be traced through the different projects. Each project, while encompassing an individual response to the ideas explored, have coalesced into the overarching narrative - *Beyond the Corners of Our Whare*.

The methods of inquiry were navigated through a combination of the philosophical perspectives outlined in the methodology and through the connections made between different projects. The spaces between these projects allowed for unexpected surprises and new trajectories to occur in the way the projects linked together. These links determined to large extent the direction of the narrative.

Within the early stages of this research I focused my projects around visual indicators of surveillance, such as the pseudo surveillance van and HUD video with animated lines that track and identify people and the landscape. The video experiments in Palmerston North and at Papawai Marae contrasted CCTV conventions with karaoke as an inquiry into how regular situations could be manipulated through classic conventions of CCTV footage to appear sinister.

AuraSecure was conceived as a parody of surveillance within the security industry. The performance itself took an unexpected trajectory in the way participants related to the project and in working through that tension a turning point was made in the research. The concept of hau (te āhua o te hau o te tangata) was incorporated into the overall project at this point. As the research progressed I wanted to move away from direct representations

of surveillance in the work as I felt weary of perpetuating the surveillant gaze as opposed to exploring ways to mitigate it.

It is for this reason that the projects exhibited in the final PhD exhibition do not contain direct references toward state surveillance, but follow materials and ideas that prioritise a conceptual Māori paradigm. The concepts surveyed in this research are grounded in part around current events and in part around fiction in order to facilitate a space for new connections and perspectives around surveillance.

This idea is explored in the literary prologue, *Beyond the Corners of our Whare* where the impact of surveillance on creativity is in the reticence of people to perform in private karaoke booths once they become aware of being filmed. *Beyond the corners of Our Whare* occupies a fictionalized world where power and security threaten the mana of people and land by disabling a person's ability to enact intrinsically motivated values through surveillance.

The narrative features Māui an ancestral archetype for challenging the status quo with Mahuika the ancestral origin of fire playing out the well known story of how people acquired fire with the intervention of miniature modern day surveillance drones. The juxtaposition of the old with the new builds on the theme of comparing the tipuna gaze with that of the State.

Te Aitu, the protagonist, has an inherited ability to see the mana of people and the land as hau through pāua eyes. Pāua eyes are a common feature of carved representations of tipuna in many whare-nui, building on the idea of the tipuna gaze as a point of comparison to state surveillance culture. This repositions the gaze from one motivated by the need to control through power and security to

the values of whanaungatanga and mana motuhake; encouraging reciprocal trusting relationships, creative freedom and autonomy. The project *Pāua to the people* is an extension of these concepts into wearable objects that allude to devices such as Google Glass offering an alternative metaphysical perspective.

The Old Place, Greytown video project contributed to a contextualisation of these concepts within my immediate family and community history, linking traces of the past with current domestic life. The appearance of the old place in *Beyond the Corners of Our Whare* was significant because it linked historical Wairarapa narratives within a scenario of contemporary surveillance society.

Te Āhua o te Hau ki te Papaioea was the final project developed for this research and signifies a return home. The film is shown inside the black cherry van that journeys through of the streets and suburbs of the four houses raided in Palmerston North. The view from the van is augmented with the hau of people and the landscape as a reconstruction of Te Aitu's outlook on the world. The gaze has been switched from a perspective of policing to one that sees beyond the physical thereby, acknowledging the inherent mana in people and land.



Fig. 53. *Pāua to the people*, 1 of 12, 2015



Fig 54. Unregistered and Unwarranted (van) and Te Āhua o te Hau ki te Papaioea (video playing on the windscreen), 2015

GLOSSARY

Anana – an expression of admiration or surprise

Aro – pay attention to, consider

Auē – to cry, groan

Ehara tonu – expression of surprise

Ēnei - these

Hui – gathering

Kino – bad, to dislike something

Kōrero – To speak, say, address

Kai moana – sea food

Kapa haka – Māori performance group

Kaupapa – Māori approach, ideology

Kererū – New Zealand pigeon

Kete – basket

Kite – to see, find, discover

Koroua - elderly man

Kui/kuia – grandmother

Hau - vital essence, vitality - of a person, place or object

Heke - to fall, descend or decline

Hine – girl

Hoha - boring, annoying

Huna – hide, to be hidden

Ira atua - supernatural life

Ira tangata - human element, mortals

Māku – for me, I will

Mākutu - bewitching, magical, supernatural

Mana – spiritual power, supernatural force in a person, place or object

Mana motuhake - separate identity, autonomy, self-government, self-determination, independence, sovereignty, authority - mana through self-determination and control over one's own destiny

Māui – A ancestor in Polynesian cosmological narratives

Mauri – life principle, essential quality of an individual, ecosystem, social group or object

Mokopuna - grandchildren

Noho - stay, sit

Pae maunga – mountain range

Paepae – where orators stand when welcoming guests onto the marae

Pai kare - exclamation, 'good gracious'

Pākehā - New Zealander of European descent

Pāua – abalone
Pōkokohua – expression of anger, insult, swear word
Pōkōtiwha – strong insult, curse
Pōrangi – insanity, madness
Poropiti – prophesy
Pounamu – greenstone, jade
Pūkeko – swamp hen
Rātou – they, them (three or more)
Raupō – bulrush
Rohe – district, region
Taea – to be able, possible
Tangaroa – god of the sea
Tāngata – people, human beings
Tangata whenua – local people, hosts, indigenous people
Tango – remove
Taonga – valued object, resource or idea
Tapu – sacred, prohibited, set apart
Te Ika a Māui – North Island of New Zealand
Teina – younger sister or brother of the same gender
Te Matatini – kapa haka festival
Tikanga – protocol, custom
Tohunga – an expert in a particular field
Tokotoko – walking stick
Tūi – a parson bird, native to New Zealand
Tūrangawaewae - place to stand, connection to place through whakapapa
Ua - rain
Wāhi – place
Wairua – soul of a person that exists beyond death
Waiata - song
Waiporoporo – purple
Wānanga – meet and discuss philosophy, tribal lore, history etc.
Whaikōrero – formal speech
Whakapakoko – statue, figure, image
Whakapapa – genealogy
Whakaputa mōhio – to be a know-all
Whakataukī - proverb
Whānau – family, extended family
Whanaungatanga - relationship, kinship, sense of family connection - a relationship through shared experiences and working together which provides people with a sense of belonging.
Whare - house

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