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EMIEMI E NGĀ TĪMOKAMOKA KI TE TĀTAI I TE ARA NUKUNUKU – MAPPING *MIGRATORY PATTERNS* THROUGH WHAKAPAPA, PLACE AND HOME

Hayley Walmsley

I was rushing down Lincoln Road in Christchurch, heading home late from a potluck with colleagues. I'd had three drinks – not drunk, just that soft buzz where your pride gets louder. So, when I saw a guy in a hoodie that read 'Matauri Bay,' I didn't hesitate. "That's where I'm from!" I called out, smiling, and launched into telling him about *Migratory Patterns* – the show I'd just curated – and how several works came from, or near, Matauri Bay. He lit up, tipsy too, and said he couldn't wait to see it. Connection sparked – over a hoodie.

From 31 January to 16 March 2025, *Migratory Patterns* ran at Toi Moroki, Centre of Contemporary Art (CoCA). It featured works by Jonny Waters, Jesse-James Pickery, Nikita Rewha, Aidan Geraghty, Aroha Novak, Heramaahina Eketone, Moewai Marsh, Isaiah Okeroa, David Garcia, Jon Jeet – and me.

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Figure 1. (Gallery Wide Shot of 3 paste-ups) Hayley Walmsley (Ngāpuhi, Ngāti Porou, Ngāti Pākehā)
From left to right,
She wasn't sure if she could afford to move back, paste up, 1340x1370mm, 2024.
It's much smaller than I remember it, paste Up, 1600x1600mm, 2016.
She always knew where home was… paste up, 1900x1900mm, 2024.

Emiemi e ngā tīmokamoka, part of this essay's title, evokes fragments coalescing, scattered parts seeking shape and direction. *Tātai i te ara nukunuku* speaks to tracing a migratory path through space, identity and layered belonging. Sometimes it's crooked. Sometimes it doubles back. Still, we follow it, hoping it leads somewhere that feels like home.

Whakapapa, place and home aren't fixed – they're dynamic relationships, places we carry and reshape. Tātai is a word meaning: lineage, naming, constellation.[1] Nukunuku suggests movement that shifts and returns. For Ngāpuhi, it echoes Nukutāwhiti, navigator of Ngātokimatawhaorua, named for the waka Matawhaorua, first captained by Kupe.[2] These ancestral pathways remind us that migration is generational, holding space for lives in pieces, and the work of aligning them into something navigable.

Before Christchurch, I lived in Dunedin, where I completed my Master of Visual Arts in 2019. Even after nearly a decade, it was never home; I was there for school, a job or a boy. I got stuck – couldn't afford to move closer to home, despite wanting to.

Still, I was surprised to find I missed Dunedin. I considered how migration affects mana and wairua. Whether it's across the street or across the world, we're always following a migratory path, moving closer or further from parts of ourselves.

What even is "home"?

I was born in Auckland, raised in Kerikeri but my roots lie in Pupuke and Matangirau, along Whangaroa Harbour. Home isn't static.[3] I've moved many times. If you rent, move for work, survival or love, the number creeps up fast.

Who am "I"?

> Tēnā tātou katoa
> Ko Emiemi tōku maunga
> Ko Whangaroa tōku awa
> Nō Kerikeri ahau
> Ko Walmsley tōku whānau
> Ko Hayley tōku ingoa[4]

My father says we all lose interest in a long pepeha. My maunga does the talking, to those taught to listen. Only those trying to prove something, or who don't really know where they're from, drag out their pepeha, unless it's a ceremonial moment where whakapapa carries mana.

I am Ngāpuhi, Ngāti Porou and Ngāti Pākehā, English and Irish, a mother and daughter. My Ngāpuhi whakapapa spans several hapū, some older than Ngāpuhi itself – autochthonous, with no waka, present since the creation of Whangaroa Harbour.[5] My mother is adopted and doesn't know enough to pass on – but it's there. She is where my Irish and Ngāti Porou heritage come from. I carry my decidedly English surname, always.

An absurdist by nature, I am contradiction and complement, grounded and floating. Never just one thing – I live inside the spaces between,[6] within the word "*and*" – I make peace with it, even draw strength from it. I am a navigator, shaping space as I go, carving out places to fit inside when the world forgets to leave them.

A practice grounded in becoming. Holding myself, without apology, together.[7]

I'm layered and narrative driven, I use allegory and humour to speak to difficult things. Typically working in photography, a medium always about presence and disappearance. It asks to be remembered, even as it captures what will be lost.[8]

I talk about myself a lot. Odd, for someone introverted. But it's not performance: If anything, it's an overdeveloped urge to explain my existence. To hold tight to anything that might steady my ground.[9]

The exhibition *Migratory Patterns* came from that tension – feeling fragmented, wanting to make meaning. I used the tools I had: story, whakapapa, memory, whenua, people.

As someone who's cried flying over One Tree Hill, I can tell you – this is personal. But it's also structural. For those of us in the afterlife of colonisation, with layered identities and multiple locations, creation is resistance. Reclamation.[10] It says: "I'm still here. I exist. I'm not dead yet …"[11] Drawing a line – however crooked – back to somewhere that felt like home. Resisting erasure.

When I asked the artists to take part, each of them said yes – to the ache of leaving, the weirdness of return, the work of re-making identity. Whether we left homes that never felt like home, or never lived there at all, we were reimagining. My story became ours. We'd been carrying fragments – silently. But through the work, we found shared commitment to where we come from, even when it was complicated, shifting or far away – claiming those places. For home. For tūrangawaewae. Even when we're still figuring out what that means.

The artists in *Migratory Patterns* work with whenua, food, adornment, memory and the cultural markers we carry or collect, to explore home as something lived. Each artist draws on whakapapa not as a static marker, but a living thread that binds us to place, memory and others. Many of us are Māori and several hold mixed ancestries – layers that aren't side notes, but central to how we live and make. The exhibition also included artists of Pacific, Filipino and Pākehā descent. Our work contains survival, disruption, reimagining and return. We ask what it means to belong when the places we belong to are changing, distant, or hard to reach.[12] We create space in a world that hasn't always made space for us.

There are frameworks that hold this – Kaupapa Māori, Indigenous resurgence, the politics of refusal, decolonial aesthetics, food sovereignty, critical geography, Queer Indigenous thinking.[13] But mostly this is lived knowledge, the kind that comes from movement and includes finding echoes of yourself in whenua that isn't yours – and making something anyway.

In that process, communities of practice form – quietly, slowly – through shared making, presence, and care.[14] They become another kind of home, especially when the ones we've come from, or long to return to, are shifting underfoot.

Some I've met through art school or group shows, others through the art scene. In every case, we've stayed in meaningful contact. Not a collective. Not a formal group. A web of connection, built through time and shared questions, through whakapapa, admiration, resonance. These relationships keep you from disappearing. They remind you you're not alone, bringing community back into what can feel like the siloed experience of individual artist practices. That's community – not the kind you apply to, but the kind you find by being in the world, making work, having conversations, paying attention. When you live in the in-between – of places, roles, selves – these people help hold it together. That's how it starts. And if you're lucky, it grows – quietly, with care.

The exhibition opened with a mihi whakatau – warm, grounding, spiritually charged. Jade Cavalcante, CoCA's Exhibition Delivery Manager, and I gave speeches to welcome our communities, anchoring the kaupapa. The next day we held a community potluck, bringing food, whānau and laughter into the gallery. Seven artists gave a floor talk, followed by a waiata session – not a performance, but a shared breath. Later, we ran a jewellery and windchime workshop using leftover beads from one of the artworks – another way of making, holding and remembering through touch. I gave four curator talks to Ilam and Ara students about communities of practice – how to contextualise the show together. These moments mattered. They were the work, the threads that stitched everything together.

Before anything else, we bring stories. Even ones we don't fully know. A name you've heard your whole life. A tune. The smell of a kitchen. Stories travel with us through hands, bodies, work, whether we mean them to or not.

Whakapapa isn't always a tidy chart.[15] Sometimes it's a gesture, memory or question you've circled for years. The works in *Migratory Patterns* treat ancestry as a living practice: asking, honouring, remaking.

Whenua, too, is an ancestor.[16]
Not just a setting – it's the work.
The memory.
The material.
The body.

Jesse-James Pickery's *He ārai ke* suspends porcelain beads across the gallery entrance – a soft threshold. Grounded in the whenua we both come from, the beads are made from some of the finest porcelain in the world.[17] As they knock together, they echo the sound of shells at Matauri Bay when a wave recedes. There is the healing of lives in that sound; the work creates a shift, marking movement between inside and out.[18] A moment to arrive.

Heramaahina Eketone's ceramics echo this gently. Hung in a clean vertical line at the far end of the gallery, they signal a stop – or a return. *Roimata (Those Tears that we let fall for home when we are away from our tūrangawaewae)* holds a constellation: memory, grief, hope. The work feels like a body remembering something older than itself and reaching toward it.

Moewai Marsh's earth pigment works and handmade paper are quiet, patient, full of aroha, gathered as much as made. Each piece holds time and care – the kind that comes from being with land, not just taking from it. You can feel the warm caress of Papatūānuku. The labour is love. The material is trust.[19]

Figure 2. Jesse-James Pickery (Ngāti Whātua, Ngāpuhi). Detail – *He ārai ke*, wood, nylon, Matauri Bay porcelain, 1800x2350mm, 2025.

These artists shape whenua and story – because earth remembers. Their practices are slow, embodied, deliberate.[20] They ask us to listen to what's held in the unsaid. In these works, clay and pigment are whakapapa, carrying memory, intention and return. Curating them felt like watching a conversation unfold: between artist and whenua, between memory and form and between whānau.

Sound moved through *Migratory Patterns*, not just literally, but as a vibration that lingered. It ran through the talks, the quiet conversations, the shared breath of the waiata session. Not a performance – just proud. Collective. Gallery hosts were heard stating, "It's OK, you're allowed to touch this one,"[21] encouraging people to play with the porcelain beads, which tinkled like long-forgotten magic.

The sound of ceramic on ceramic.
A story told sideways.
The silence after a song.

Not always visible. Not always loud. But carrying us from one work to the next. Making space. Asking only that we listen – just for a moment – before we move on.

Adornment was evident in the exhibition not as decoration but reclamation, protection, visibility, whakapapa and a way of claiming space – showing who you are before saying a word. Aroha Novak's work, *Whānau Whakaahua*, made that intention clear. Her materials held protest and memory, softness and edge. Fibre served as reclamation – something many once used as rongoā.[22] It reminded me of dressing for a funeral or a hīkoi – knowing your clothing speaks, bringing that care into the everyday.

Figure 3. Nikita Rewha (Ngāti Kuta, Ngāti Wai, Patukeha, Ngāpuhi).
Huri, jute twine for the whenu, sisal for the hukahuka, cotton crochet yarn and pheasant feathers, 1110x260mm, 2025.

Nikita Rewha's kakahu, *Huri*, looks like it would wrap the body and wairua like a ritual – a shield to be worn like karakia, woven from connection with care. Her naked-style weaving, rooted in Te Tai Tokerau practice, reveals every decision.[23] It is protective and exposed, something worn when you need to be held, a lineage made visible. Her work, like mine, is part of that long weaving that comes from a life of multiplicity. These works aren't made to just sit on bodies. They speak to them, through them. "Here I am." "This is mine." "I belong to something." "Know that – before I even open my mouth." Nikita and I understand that our adornment can be shield, signal and thread. The body carries whakapapa. Even when we don't know the full story, the shape of it still sits under the skin.

Food was one of the first things I talked about when dreaming up *Migratory Patterns*, not as something nice – like "oh, let's feed people" – but as something we carry, across flats, cities, generations. It lives in the pantry in an old biscuit tin, or in the way someone stirs a pot, or weird combinations your parents fed you as kids – edible memory, lineage shared through taste. [24] So, we held a potluck to embody the ethos of feeding the body to feed the mind. Everyone brought a dish that reminded them of home, however they defined that. Recipes were inherited, improvised or reheated with love. That was the point: to bring those reminders we carry with us.[25]

Aidan Geraghty's sculptures speak to kai systems, tuna trails and ecological memory – what's been lost, and what remains. Based on hīnaki, woven pots used to catch tuna, his works draw on childhood trips to the Wairewa drains. His ancestral awa, the Waimakariri, once connected Kāi Tahu to the rich mahika kai of the high country. Now, runoff from industrial farming seeps into it. His skeletal forms echo that breakdown – of waters, of taoka – but also hold space for sustenance. For survival.[26]

David Garcia's *Canoe Spread* maps relationships, anchored by a tapa cloth gifted to him by Tui Emma Gillies.[27] His work crosses oceans, Philippines to Aotearoa, currently without a way to return. His tiny terracotta canoes recall kinship journeys, a gentle nod to shared connections across words and food. The canoes are joined by tapa and metal – an empty can of liver spread, the spoon resting like quiet protest, a mouthful of memory. The can echoes Aidan's work, not through form but through a nod to shared meals, homesick cooking, the emotional weight of kai.

Figure 4. Aidan Geraghty (Kāi Tahu, Ngāi Tūāhuriri) *Pī*,
galvanised/oxidised steel and aluminium sculpture, kōkōwai and kota, 980x400x380mm, 2025.

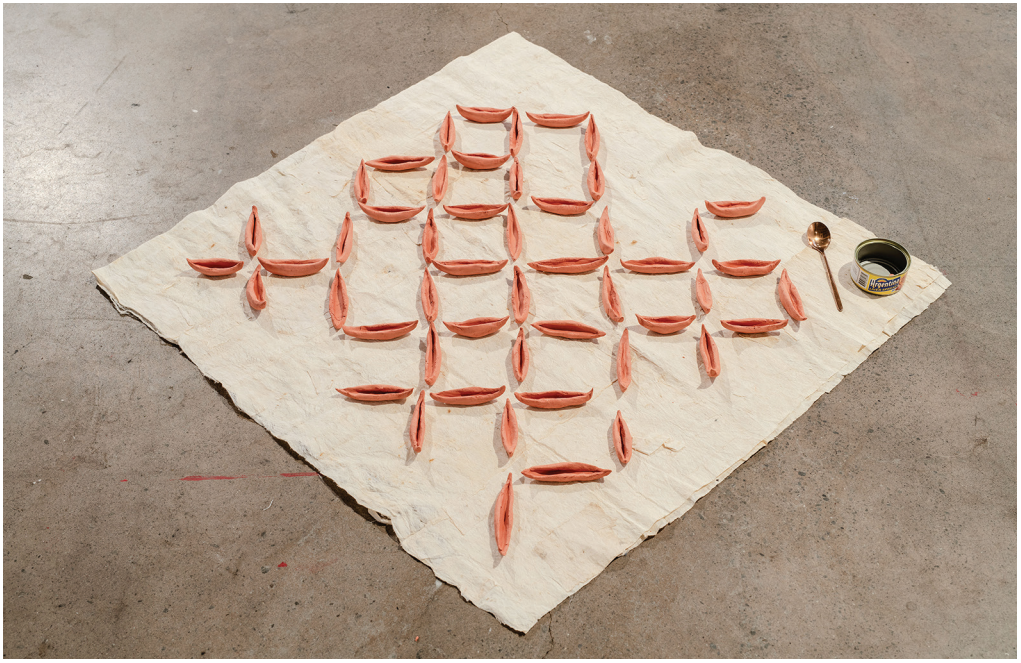

Figure 5. David Garcia (Kapampangan, Tagalog) *Canoe Spread*,
tapa gifted from Tui Emma Gillies, terracotta, can, spoon, 750x730mm, 2025.

David keeps stealing my potluck recipes. We first met at a potluck hosted by Tui. I took a green chicken curry and he asked for the recipe. Then he made it for the potluck. So, I made my mother's meatballs and again he asked. We joke he'll serve them next time. Recipes are meant to be shared. You make something, someone takes a bit and maybe it turns up later, slightly changed, slightly theirs, still somehow yours. That's how it travels – through aroha.

Movement was always there – behind the gathering, the kai, the kōrero. It lingered in the shifting of bodies and the memories stirred by taste. Migration isn't always dramatic. Sometimes it's your nana's doughboys (dumplings), a maunga remembered from afar, a longing unnamed until it stirs.[28] From these threads, the questions unfolded. What does it mean to carry home – or to seek it, not knowing if it wants us back? For all of us, movement is remembering, remaking, survival.

Jonny Waters' *Pou* holds the story of Hine Paaka. Once a towering mataī situated near Ashburton, she was named after a local chief's wife. She was a way marker for many, standing solidly in the surrounding landscape. She fell in 1945.[29] Jonny placed a baby mataī beside the *Pou*, marking remembrance, resistance and return. His work holds a quieter voice. Stillness, not silence.[30]

Isaiah Okeroa's *Io* creates space for Queer whakapapa and the quiet in-between as it moves through the process of developing into existence.[31] It honours masculine energy through a takatāpui lens – sacred, embodied, expansive. His body becomes a tether, holding us to a promise to reflect on gender, identity and belonging. Whakapapa doesn't live in databases; it lives in flesh, in voice, in the space between silence and saying.[32] This is a migratory practice through self rather than space. It returns through movement and sound – to home, a concept of memory as much as whenua.

Jon Jeet's *Jai jai Hanuman, connecting my dad home* is a tribute to his father. No spectacle – just reverence. Whakapapa meets remembrance. Jon's father, Richard, taught his children belief. Jon is of Maniapoto and Fijian Indian descent. His work carries all of that – Māori, Indian, Black, male, "exotic," labels others gave him before he could name himself. The piece draws on the memory of watching *Barangabali*, a 1976 film about Hanuman, the god of strength. In one scene, Hanuman throws rocks into the sea to build a bridge. Jon used 65 rocks, one for each year of his father's life, each inscribed with "Hiraman" or "Hanuman." They span a wooden bridge from Fiji to Bluff, anchored by Fijian stones.[33]

Not just an artwork – a map.
A memory walked.

My practice is layered, materially and conceptually.[34] The paste-ups are tiled A3 sheets, hand-trimmed. I use photography for its contradiction: proof of something real and a marker of what's lost. Like memory, these works are held not by permanence but attention. In the gallery they were pasted onto the wall as temporary offerings that lived briefly, then disappeared. They were overlaid with white gouache, fragile as breath, a gesture of *wairua*, a connection to places I don't always feel allowed to return to.

Figure 6. Jonny Waters (Tauiwi, Tangata Tiriti)
He Pou Whakamaumahara a Hine Paaka,
burnt matai and matai sapling,
Pou- 1000x210x105mm, 2025.

She wasn't sure if she could afford to move back shows Matauri Bay, remote, unaffordable, beloved.[35] The gouache glimmers like heat waves. Longing and impossibility, side by side.[36] *It's much smaller than I remember it* returns to my whāngai grandmother's homestead. Prickle grass. Slow mornings. Not grand, but formative. Then *She always knew where home was* ... – Whangaroa, a site of love, war, loss. Taratara lost his head refusing Maungataniwha a wife, his body scattered across the harbour and valley floor. Emiemi cried rivers.[37] The gouache became a protection, a kind of shield – quiet, but deliberate.[38] In Ōtautahi, Northlanders recognised Taratara. Some came just to stand with their maunga. Whether Māori or Ngāti Pākehā, it meant something.

A marker of home, seen from afar.
Mapping a broken thread. The ache of belonging. The tenderness of return.

Figure 7. Hayley Walmsley and Nikita Rewha, *Please take your shoes off at the door*, shoes, various dimensions, 2025.

As an initial threshold to the show, Nikita and I created *Please Take Your Shoes Off at the Door*, a line of shoes placed at the gallery entrance. Part joke, part challenge, it nodded to tikanga: the quiet ritual of removing shoes before entering a wharenui or someone's home, a gesture that changes how you step inside.[39]

CoCA sits on Ngāi Tūāhuriri land and acknowledges mana whenua as rightful custodians. This isn't just symbolic; it shapes how the space works, how it opens, who is invited in. Our exhibition opened with a mihi whakatau, grounding the kaupapa in whenua – in relationships that precede and outlast us. The gallery has matured through phases: art society, dealer gallery, public space. In 2016, it became Toi Moroki, with bilingual signage to reflect Aotearoa's renewed commitment to a bicultural reality. By early 2025, CoCA had already weathered waves of transformation – earthquakes, rebuilds, partnerships.[40] By the time I arrived, it knew how to hold a contradiction, to be many things – and still feel like home. The gallery wasn't just a container, it was part of the kaupapa, shaped by legacy, disruption and care. It was a place where we could ask questions about movement, identity and belonging, and be met not with answers but with room to explore. Public programming was also integral, from the potluck to waiata to quiet conversations. The drinks after closing and the laughter and snorts during install were enactments of whakapapa as story, food as memory, voice as presence.

Art doesn't live in isolation. It makes space – to be awkward or weird. Sometimes that energy takes hold, gathering people, which was always the ache at this show's heart: the tension between moving away but still holding something close; the grief of leaving places that don't wait for you; the discomfort of missing somewhere you're not sure ever truly held you.

The works provoked people into sharing when something clicked – a memory or truth recognised. Maybe that's the point. This isn't art, it's life. It didn't just sit there. It made room.[41] At times it was tangled, but something kept pulling us toward each other. Something that held. This was a place to sit with identity, memory, longing, joy and contradiction, without tidying it up. There was aroha in the generosity of people just showing up, in the clay, food, waiata, in the awkwardness and chaotic gremlin energy of myself and my friends.[42]

That's what this writing is: a space to hold. But I have unresolved tension between holding space for others and speaking from within it. I worry that I say too much or not enough, and that I linger in curatorial context when what I want is to bring the artists forward. Though the exhibition layout matters, what I mean is the conceptual weaving, the whakapapa of the kaupapa, the relational threads that guided who was included and why. The logic of the exhibition lives in the frameworks of whakapapa, memory, care, survival, refusal and return. The curatorial, here, is about more than arrangement; it's about intention, context and the way a show can hold lived experience without needing to explain itself too neatly.

I know that I need to show the shape of the conceptual idea, to make its edges visible, even as I try to stay soft within them. The shape of that space is made from values held together by memory, story and the ache of wanting to belong. There are no clean lines. But there's structure in the way we arrive into it – through aroha, through trust, through a willingness to sit with contradiction. That, too, is curatorial thinking: how you hold people, how you frame questions, how you decide what stories are invited in.

I think that's why I cling to these frameworks so tightly: because they echo the shape of the stories I come from. My whakapapa is a little broken; there's a small incision in my grandparents' generation. Both my parents were raised by others: one through whāngai, one through closed court adoption. I've never had that tidy ancestral thread. I am a direct descendant of Hongi Hika, but the line feels blurry. My mother's is blurrier still, half-developed in the dark. Mine's a net – patched, re-tied, held together, not perfect, but strong, the kind that shows up in what we fix, fold and make again. But I've been doing the work.

Stitching what I can.
Listening. Asking.

On the afternoon that my dad told me about Hongi Hika, I stayed with an honorary auntie; I know we're related, just don't know how. Her daughter grew up alongside me. Years of kapa haka, changing the TV with a bamboo stick and watching Juice TV. I don't know the exact whakapapa line between us, but I know we belong together. That aunt's house sits on whenua where Hongi Hika built a pā and chose to die.[43] My whānau – at Pupuke – still remember the exact tree he died under. And now, because someone told me, I carry that too.

Whakapapa isn't confined to hereditation.[44] Everything has whakapapa, from the rocks and dirt to the formation of landscapes. The people who raised my parents, who fed them, held them, made them who they are – those lines are part of me too, not just inherited but passed on through action, care and survival. That's what *Migratory Patterns* became: a map of active care and survival, drawn crooked with a crayon, scratching out our ideas of home, unlike Cook's expedition south, which was clumsy, brutal, built on theft and draped in the illusion of discovery. *Migratory Patterns* remained a way to say: This is home.

Even if it arrived in fragments.
Even if I had to put it together myself.

(With glue from Mum's kitchen drawer, and stories she only tells after two coffees, a vape and yelling at us to get in the car to head north.)

Hayley Walmsley (Ngāpuhi, Ngāti Porou, Ngāti Pākehā) is a visual artist, curator, and writer based in Ōtautahi Christchurch. She holds a Master of Visual Arts from Dunedin School of Art and works in a professional role at the University of Canterbury. Her upcoming platform, Provocation Station, supports critical and Indigenous art practices.

1 From my understanding, *tātai* carries a particular resonance in Te Tai Tokerau due to its connections to whakapapa, naming and navigation. While not exclusive to the region, the term evokes a layered sense of lineage that feels especially significant within my own whakapapa and experience.

2 "The Ngātokimatawhaorua Canoe, *Te Ara – The Encyclopaedia of New Zealand*, accessed 23 April 2025, https://teara.govt.nz/en/photograph/4134/the-ngatokimatawhaorua-canoe.

3 Gary Bramley, "Brief of Evidence of Gary Bramley," Wai 1040, #A47 (Waitangi Tribunal, 2006), 4-6. Bramley affirms that certain hapū of Whangaroa trace their lineage to before the arrival of waka, connecting identity to whenua through creation stories rather than migration.

4 See Jacinta Ruru, "Who Are Your Waters?" *e-flux Architecture* (July 2019), https://www.e-flux.com/architecture/liquid-utility/259674/who-are-your-waters/. Ruru discusses the Māori understanding of water as integral to identity, where questions like "Ko wai koe?" ("Who are you?") literally ask, "Who are your waters?"

5 Karanga Pourewa, "Brief of Evidence: Karanga Pourewa," submitted to the Waitangi Tribunal, Wai 1040, 7, accessed 16 February 2025, https://whangaroapapahapu.org.nz/wp-content/uploads/2023/08/BoE-Karanga-Pourewa.pdf. Whakaki, an ancestor of Ngāti Kawau, lived during the 1700s – prior to the formation of Ngāpuhi as an iwi. His role maintaining ahi kā at Whakaangi underscores Ngāti Kawau's presence in the region before Ngāpuhi's emergence. The term 'autochthonous' refers to people, cultures or entities that originate in the place where they are found. In this context, it reflects whakapapa passed down through kōrero tuku iho (oral transmission), affirming ancestral presence in Whangaroa prior to the arrival of named waka. This understanding was also discussed with my father in April 2024.

6 Albert Camus, *The Myth of Sisyphus*, trans. Justin O'Brien (New York: Vintage, 1991); Linda Tuhiwai Smith, *Decolonizing Methodologies: Research and Indigenous Peoples*, 3rd ed. (London: Zed Books, 2022); and Carl Mika, *Indigenous Education and the Metaphysics of Presence: A Worlded Philosophy* (London: Routledge, 2017).

7 Georgina Tuari Stewart, *Māori Philosophy: Indigenous Thinking from Aotearoa* (New York: Bloomsbury Academic, 2020).

8 Craig Owens, "The Allegorical Impulse: Toward a Theory of Postmodernism," *October* 12 (Spring 1980): 67–86; Albert Camus, *Create Dangerously: The Power and Responsibility of the Artist*, trans. Sandra Smith (New York: Vintage, 2019); Roland Barthes, *Camera Lucida: Reflections on Photography*, trans. Richard Howard (New York: Hill and Wang, 1981); Geoffrey Batchen, *Forget Me Not: Photography and Remembrance* (New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 2004); and Larry Sultan, *Pictures from Home* (New York: Harry N. Abrams, 1992).

9 Pourewa, "Brief of Evidence," para. 60. "I think that I should have been taught more about my traditional history, about my own culture. We later taught this traditional knowledge in the training schemes I set up."

10 For further discussion of Indigenous methodologies and resistance, see Smith, *Decolonizing Methodologies*; Leanne Betasamosake Simpson, *As We Have Always Done: Indigenous Freedom Through Radical Resistance* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2017); Gerald Vizenor, *Manifest Manners: Narratives on Postindian Survivance* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1999); and Dylan Robinson and Keavy Martin, eds., *Arts of Engagement: Taking Aesthetic Action in and Beyond the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada* (Waterloo: Wilfrid Laurier University Press, 2016).

11 Hayley Walmsley, "I'm Not Dead Yet" (unpublished artist book, Dunedin School of Art, 2018).

12 Claudia Bell, "Local Claims to Fame: Rural Identity Assertion in New Zealand," *Space and Culture* 10, no. 1 (2007): 131. Bell is critical of how some local identity markers simplify or sanitise history in favour of more easily consumable or marketable versions of place.

13 See Smith, *Decolonizing Methodologies*; Simpson, *As We Have Always Done*; Eve Tuck and K. Wayne Yang, "Decolonization Is Not a Metaphor," *Decolonization: Indigeneity, Education Society* 1, no. 1 (2012): 1–40; and Aileen Moreton-Robinson, *The White Possessive: Property, Power, and Indigenous Sovereignty* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2015).

14 Etienne Wenger, *Communities of Practice: Learning, Meaning, and Identity* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998); and Moana Jackson, *He Whaipaanga Hou: The Report of the Māori and the Criminal Justice System* (Wellington: Department of Justice, 1987). See also Moana Jackson, "Where to Next? Decolonisation and the Stories in the Land," *The Spinoff*, 7 March 2020, https://thespinoff.co.nz/atea/07-03-2020/where-to-next-decolonisation-and-the-stories-in-the-land; and Moana Jackson, "Globalisation and the Colonising State," in *Resistance: An Indigenous Response to Neoliberalism*, ed. Maria Bargh (Wellington: Huia Publishers, 2007), 89–98.

15 Pourewa, "Statement of Evidence," 8. This evidence supports the recognition of kōrero tuku iho (oral histories) as legitimate repositories of whakapapa, intergenerational memory and place-based identity.

16 Te Ahukaramū Charles Royal, "Whenua – Land," *Te Ara – The Encyclopedia of New Zealand*, 2005, https://teara.govt.nz/en/whenua-land.

17 For further reading on the geological context of halloysite clay deposits in Northland, see Robert Brathwaite, et al., "Geology, Mineralogy and Geochemistry of the Rhyolite-hosted Maungaparerua Clay Deposit, Northland, New Zealand," *New Zealand Journal of Geology and Geophysics* 57, no. 4 (2014): 357–368, https://doi.org/10.1080/00288306.2014.920889.

18 See Bill McKay and Antonia Walmsley, "Māori Time: Notions of Space, Time and Building Form in the South Pacific," *Idea Journal* 4, no. 1 (2003): 85–95, accessed 12 May 2025, https://journal.idea-edu.com/index.php/home/article/view/236. This kind of threshold space aligns with Māori understandings of *paepae* – not just as a physical entry point, but as a temporal and relational moment of arrival. In Māori architecture, particularly the whare, entry is experienced in time rather than space, through a sequence of steps and pauses.

19 See Sarah Hudson, "Moewai Marsh – Tauraka Toi: A Landing Place," *He Kapunga Oneone*, February 2022, accessed 12 May 2025, https://www.kauaeraro.com/matauranga/moewai-marsh; Sinead Overbye, "Te Hīkoi Toi: He Toi He Whenua – Artworks of the Earth," *The Post*, March 2023, accessed 12 May 2025, https://www.thepost.co.nz/culture/350089705/te-hikoi-toi-he-toi-he-whenua-artworks-earth; and Sian Montgomery-Neutze, "Earth Pigment Practices in Aotearoa: Advice for Non-Māori," *He Kapunga Oneone*, March 2023, accessed 12 May 2025, https://www.kauaeraro.com/akoranga-1/advice-for-nonmaori.

20 Garth Harmsworth and Shelton Awatere, "Indigenous Māori Knowledge and Perspectives of Ecosystems," in *Ecosystem Services in New Zealand – Conditions and Trends*, ed. John Dymond (Lincoln: Manaaki Whenua Press, 2013), 276. Māori knowledge systems perceive ecosystems as interconnected and animate, shaped by values like *mauri* and *whānaungatanga*, which align with curatorial approaches grounded in listening, care and reciprocal relationship.

21 We wanted people to hear the sound the beads in Jesse's work made, but most gallery visitors are hesitant to touch artworks unless explicitly invited to.

22 See Aroha Novak, "Portfolio," accessed 23 February 2025, http://www.arohanovak.com/. Novak's work frequently incorporates plants connected to rongoā Māori – traditional systems of healing that use native plants for spiritual and medicinal purposes. Many of these, once valued, are now often regarded as weeds or without benefit, yet remain tied to practices of care, protection and whakapapa. This was discussed with Aroha in a video call while preparing for the show.

23 As discussed in Nikita Rewha's artist talk, *Migratory Patterns*, Toi Moroki CoCA, Christchurch, 1 February 2025. *Huri* is a tribute to her tūpuna buried at Kororāreka Cemetery, beside one of the oldest churches in the country. The work was described as an ode to the act of turning – a gesture of change, "in my strange native mind." For regional context, see "Māori Clothing and Adornment – Kākahu Māori," *Te Ara – The Encyclopedia of New Zealand*, accessed 1 May 2025, https://teara.govt.nz/en/maori-clothing-and-adornment-kakahu-maori.

24 My own parents were experts at this: mince and canned spaghetti 'stew,' cold canned spaghetti sandwiches at the beach and Maggi oriental noodles with cheese.

25 Jessica Hutchings, Jo Smith and Garth Harmsworth, "Elevating the Mana of Soil Through the Hua Parakore Framework," *MAI Journal* 7, no. 1 (2018): 92–95; Harmsworth and Awatere, "Indigenous Māori Knowledge and Perspectives of Ecosystems," 278. These authors describe food sovereignty and kai systems as deeply relational, grounded in whakapapa, care, mauri and intergenerational survival. Hua Parakore values inherited food practices and memory as cultural knowledge, while mahinga kai and ecological systems are framed through kaitiakitanga and ancestral responsibility.

26 Mya Morrison-Middleton, "Off the Beaten Track with Aidan and Moewai," *Pantograph Punch*, 12 July 2023, https://www.pantograph-punch.com/posts/off-the-beaten-track-with-aidan-and-moewai.

27 For more information on David Garcia's mapping-based art practice and Filipino heritage, see David Garcia, *Satellites*, accessed 10 May 2025, https://www.satellites.co.nz/archive/people/david-garcia. The tapa used in Garcia's *Canoe Spread* installation was gifted to him by Tui Emma Gillies and used with permission in *Migratory Patterns*.

28 See Alice Te Punga Somerville, *Once Were Pacific: Māori Connections to Oceania* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2012), especially her discussion on the emotional and cultural geographies of migration.

29 *Kia Kaha Hine Paaka*, Ashburton Museum, November 18, 2016, accessed November 12, 2024, https://ashburtonmuseum.wordpress.com/2016/11/18/kia-kaha-hine-paaka/. This resource provides the historical context for Hine Paaka, a towering mataī named after a local chief's wife, which stood near Ashburton until 1945. Her story informs Waters' *Pou*, which marks remembrance, resistance, and return.

30 For Jonny Waters' broader practice, see Charles Clark, "Jonathan Waters: Graffiti on the Fringe of Society," *Critic Te Ārohi*, accessed 10 May 2025, https://www.critic.co.nz/culture/article/7286/jonathan-waters-graffiti-on-the-fringe-of-society.

31 For information about another iteration of this work, see *Isaiah Okeroa: Io*, Arts House Trust, accessed 10 May 2025, https://www.artshousetrust.co.nz/current-exhibitions/isaiah-okeroa-io.

32 Georgina Tuari Stewart, "Mātauranga Māori: A Philosophy from Aotearoa," *Journal of the Royal Society of New Zealand* 52, no. 1 (2022): 18–24, https://doi.org/10.1080/03036758.2020.1779757.

33 See Jon Jeet, "Jon Jeet Artist Website," accessed 10 May 2025, https://www.jonjeet.com/. In the *Ramayana*, Hanuman builds a bridge to Lanka using floating stones inscribed with the name of Lord Rama – a narrative referenced through the inscribed rocks in Jeet's installation.

34 See Hayley Walmsley, "Suzie No Friends," *Scope: (Art & Design)* 20 (2020): 91–95, https://doi.org/10.34074/scop.1020002.

35 "Kerikeri Market Insights," realestate.co.nz, accessed 30 April 2025, https://www.realestate.co.nz/insights/northland/far-north/kerikeri. The median house price in Kerikeri – the nearest major town to Matauri Bay, which is too small to have its own housing data – is $868,000, highlighting ongoing affordability challenges for many Māori families seeking to return.

36 Owens, "The Allegorical Impulse," 70–73. Owens frames allegory as a structure that fixes the ephemeral through recontextualization.

37 "Ōhākīrī Pā (St Paul's Rock) Scenic Reserve Historic Heritage Assessment," Department of Conservation, 2020, 7, accessed 3 May 2025, https://www.doc.govt.nz/globalassets/documents/conservation/historic/by-region/northland/ohakiri-pa-st-pauls-rock-scenic-reserve-historic-heritage-assessment.pdf.

38 Robert Jahnke, "He Tataitanga Āhua Toi: The House That Riwai Built, A Continuum of Māori Art" (PhD diss., Massey University, 2006), 22–23, 129.

39 See McKay and Walmsley, "Māori Time," 91. The wharenui is often understood as an embodiment of an ancestor, addressed like a living person. Removing shoes becomes not just courtesy, but recognition.

40 "History," CoCA, https://coca.org.nz/history/.

41 Owens, "The Allegorical Impulse," 74–75.

42 We had wanted to play music for the opening, so David brought in a speaker, but we forgot to turn it on. It wasn't perfect. But it was real.

43 As told to me by Zita Nathan (the aunt whose house is situated where the communal garden of this pā used to be) in April 2024.

44 Jahnke, "He tataitanga āhua toi," 79; Bramley, *Wai 1040 #A47*, 8.