REVIEW ESSAY

A. T. Ngata and Hirini Moko Mead. *Nga Moteatea—The Songs, Part Four*. Auckland: Auckland Univ. Press, 2007. Pp. 398. ISBN 9781869403867. NZ$70.00.

Reviewed by Edwin Napia

Mokemoke (Longing): A story/ies about and beyond discovering *Nga Moteatea, Part Four*

I WAS TEN YEARS OLD when my family first got a TV. It was after we had moved to Auckland City, Aotearoa-New Zealand's largest city.[1] Prior to that it was not uncommon for us to be huddled around the wireless listening to 1XN or the national station (New Zealand's version of public radio). I seem to recall the national station would play music to milk by in the mornings to be enjoyed by both milker and milkee. However, I used to listen to the junior request session. Kids from the north could send in requests, and for fifteen minutes a day, the station would try its best to honor all requests. That is when I was first exposed to Maori cosmology. "How the Kiwi lost its wings" was one of my favorites. It told of the birds of the forest and the forest God, Tane.[2]

When I was twelve, I left home and the junior request session for boarding school, but my love for storytelling did not end. One of the greatest storytellers I have ever known was "Uncle Jim" (Elkington), my Maori language teacher. We loved it when we could sidetrack Uncle Jim into telling stories, but he really did have the last laugh because through his stories we discovered the Maori universe. Tane was joined by Tumatauenga,[3] Tawhirimatea,[4] Rongo,[5] Haumiatiketike,[6] Tangaroa,[7] and their primeval parents Rangi,[8] the Sky Father, and Papatuanuku,[9] the Earth mother. These

God-sons created from the earth of their mother Papa the first human being, who was Hine Ahuone.[10] And Tane breathed into her the breath of life, and she sneezed. Tane took her to wife, and to them was born Hine Titama,[11] the dawn maiden. Tane also took Hine Titama to wife, but when she discovered the nature of her parentage and her relationship to her husband, she was offended and left the world of the living to become Hine-nui-i-te-Po,[12] the Goddess of Death.

I have often been told that an important step to understanding a people is to go back to their origin stories. Even though in the ancient genealogies of the Maori, Rangi and Papa are not first, for me they represent the beginning. Nga Moteatea, Part Four *has evidence of the shared cosmology of the many* iwi[13] *of Aotearoa. There are songs that refer to Tane (306 and 350), Hine Titama (302 and 350), and Rarohenga,[14] the underworld where Hine Titama dwells and welcomes the spirits of the dead. Poroporoaki[15] are rife with* mihi[16] *to Hine-nui-i-te-Po and urges for the souls of deceased to join her. Now, in my midyears, with my mind less encumbered by Western ideologies, these are more than just stories. They are my epistemological foundation.*

That Hine Ahuone, a woman, was the first human being is a departure for the Christian version of creation. However, what rings close to the Christian version is that she was made formed from the earth, and Tane breathed life into her. This sounds very similar to the Garden of Eden story of Adam and Eve in the Holy Bible. I heard a different version from a person who was from the Tauranga[17] area. He said that in their stories, Hine Ahuone had always existed. She knew she was being pursued by the God-sons and hid herself in the bosom of the earth mother whenever they neared. On one such occasion, she sneezed, and that is how she was found and taken by Tane to wife. The circumstances of that taking were not told to me, but it creates quite a different picture and gives us new questions to consider. Have the stories of our people evolved through time and space to meet our changing spiritual needs? When our people settled in Aotearoa, a land so much larger than their most recent island homes, did Tangaroa, the God of the sea, lose the prominence he has in other Pacific Islands and Tane gain prominence? Did Hine Moana,[18] the Ocean Maid, Rangi's other wife, slip into semiobscurity in favor of Papatuanuku (Papa)?

And what of Hine Titama's separation from her mother and her husband-father? It has been suggested that a people's values are woven into their stories and that Hine Titama's choice to leave the world of the living suggests that incest is not acceptable to Maori society. I don't

know if or how the stories of Hine Ahuone and Hine Titama have changed through time, but I have observed that some Christian beliefs seem to have been indigenized into Maori practices. I believe that Maori, by nature, are a spiritual people and that the connections with their ancestors and their past are deeply rooted. I also believe that spiritual beliefs are created over centuries of experiences and should enhance, not diminish, the survivability of a people. Christianity is relatively new in Maori experiences, and it brings with it a new set of challenges, not the least of which is its marginalization of those who do not fit into the Christian mold. I believe also that Christianity has done some serious damage to human sexuality.

My parents never talked to me about sex. Perhaps that was because I left to go to boarding school at age twelve. As children, we "knew certain things," but the first full explanations came to me in third-form[19] PE class and fourth-form[20] math class at boarding school. My math teacher was also a science teacher. I think he detected that most of us were relatively uneducated in sexuality, and he brought in a science model of a human that he had nicknamed Fred. Apparently, as we saw, Fred had interchangeable parts and could easily become a Fredricka. My math teacher took a lot of the mystery out of procreation and portrayed it as a very natural thing. Frankly, I think I preferred hearing it from my math teacher than from my parents. I don't remember my parents ever being explicit about sex, but I seem to recall some of the adult conversations being somewhat colorful. It is confusing that our adult relatives could be so "puritan" and yet joked about sex.

It was also in the third form that I had my first instruction in Maori *kapa haka*[21] in Uncle Jim's Maori Culture classes. Kapa haka seemed to come easy for me, in part because of my increasing competency with Te Reo and in part because I had a good memory. The first real challenge was learning Ruaumoko,[22] an east coast haka (see song 329). I remember that one of the senior boys took it upon himself to give his explanation of the haka.[23] For some reason, he seemed to focus on the "*rakau tapu*"[24] and its accompanying action. Was it a good opportunity to talk about the male organ in a state of erection at a "good" church school? I don't know for sure, but thinking about it, this must have been the earliest days of my skepticism because I remember thinking, "Oh God, so what? Just get on with teaching us the damn haka!" (I am chuckling at this very moment thinking about the weaponry nature of the rakau tapu. Great metaphor I think!)

The metaphor in song 351 is explicit and beautiful and definitely not confusing. The Songs of Solomon in the Holy Bible are similarly explicit and definitely have their own sense of color.

How can it be that religious dogma founded in the Holy Bible can talk about sex and sexuality in such a disparaging way? Some religions that were born in this dogma believe that children are born in sin. My sense of logic screams to me how illogical this is and how it sets a dangerous precedent.

Sexuality and spirituality are, in my mind, inseparably connected, even in biblical dogma. God commanded Adam and Eve to "multiply and replenish the Earth," but at the same time he commanded them not to partake of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, which some Bible consumers claim would give them the knowledge to procreate. Some may call that a dilemma requiring critical thinking. I call it a setup. Either way, it leaves room for confusion and irrational thinking. Let me check my math: if sex = bad and marriage = good, does sex + marriage = good + bad? (Well, looking at the success rates and longevity of the institution of marriage in Christian countries, it could be argued that the math is correct.) Is that why "the children born in sin" syndrome persists? (This must be true in light of worldwide infant mortality rates.)

Frankly, I am more comfortable with how the woman lays claim on her husband's procreativity in song 351. I am comfortable with dalliances, love trysts, marital practices, and perceptions of the human body and procreativity suggested by Maori stories. Those I understand. I am also comfortable with a kinship structure in which children are born into family structure of many mothers and fathers. I also argue that there have been thriving polygamous and polyandrous societies.

I am not comfortable with a religious dogma that sets up the natural human as an enemy of God. This can lead to sexual confusion and behavioral dysfunctionality. I am also not comfortable with a religious dogma that espouses a "chosen people." If there is a chosen people, then there must be an "unchosen" people, and the chosen people have God, might, and right on their side, and the unchosen people do not. This notion can give rise to racism and has been responsible for multitudinous deaths through warfare, racial and religious purging, and colonization. And colonizer/conquerors have purged colonized populations of their "degenerate, inferior" lifeways, stories, and spirituality.

A people are diminished when their origin stories slip into obscurity or are relegated to "mythology." Before I see an offended woman becoming the powerful, possible "dreaded" Goddess of death, I see the mother of all with arms out open, waiting to embrace us all when we leave the world of the living. Yet it seems to be that we continue

to buy into the notion that native beliefs are shrouded in ignorance, idolatry, and darkness and that only the spirituality brought to us by people whose own origin stories are not even born of their own traditions can save us from darkness and destruction. I take my cue from my *whangai*[25] American Indian family and from my limited knowledge of American Indian values. Spirituality is a very personal thing; that is, only you can decide what works for you. When your spirituality helps you make better sense of your world, encourages you to become a better person, helps you to become more respectful of others (even if they have different beliefs), and helps you to connect with the spiritual powers of the universe, is that not a good thing?

I cannot move on from this portion without making a comment on how indigenous societies have been diminished when their lifeways have been painted by Western observers with a Western paintbrush. I admit that critiquing Margaret Mead and her *Coming of Age in Samoa*[26] is old news and that her work has been severely scrutinized, but Margaret Mead is just one example of colonial brainwashing, a brainwashing that comes not only from the condemnation of or paternalistic commentary of indigenous practices but also from the absence of deeper analysis of such practices. Western theorists often are short on considering that the inferior, savage, and seemingly irrational practices may have been based on deeply rational and empirically based thought. Take, for example, a scene for the movie *Hawaii*, where a Hawaiian father escorts his daughters to an arriving sailboat for the purposes of "entertaining" crew and passengers. I am not here to say that such things did not happen. Rather, I entertain the notion that Western sailors should not take total credit for inventing the "girl at every port" syndrome. (I recall my mother and aunts making comments about girls "going down to the boats" when there was a ship in our little port.) I believe that presenting your daughters to entertain visitors pre-dates contact between Pacific Islanders and westerners.

Could it not be possible that early Pacific Islanders had an awareness of the dangers of diminishing gene pools and understood how visitors could help diversify their gene pools? No, nonliterate people could not have been capable of such advanced thinking.

How comfortably I acknowledge that my home is on Te Hiku o te Ika, the tail of the fish of Maui.[27] Uncle Jim told me about how Maui captured the Sun and beat it until it promised to move more slowly through the heavens. (I watched a documentary recently reported on how astrophysicists claim that before the moon was created, an earth day lasted about five hours.) Maui is also famous for fishing the North Island of Aotearoa-New

Zealand from the ocean using a magic hook. Uncle Jim referred to Maui as the "mythological" discoverer.

He said the "legendary" discoverer was Kupe,[28] who made his discovery while chasing Te Wheke a Muturangi, the Octopus of Muturangi. Kupe was not only an explorer but also a fisherman. He and his friend Ngaue observed Muturangi's Octopus robbing their fish traps, and Kupe pursued the Octopus to kill it. The Octopus led Kupe to the far distant regions of the south to Aotearoa and a bay close to the bottom of the North Island, where it was killed.

Song 302 mentions Te Wheke a Muturangi. The explanation for song 333 mentions Kupe's Canoe Matahorua.

On one of my trips home to Aotearoa, my sister took my whangai brother and I walking up the Waipapa River. We waded up the shallows through some beautiful native forests typical of the far north. The river is not very far from Hokianga,[29] where, according to some Ngapuhi traditions, Kupe refitted his waka, Matawhaorua, and renamed it Ngatokimatawhaorua. Some stories say that Kupe lived in the Hokianga area for many years before sailing back to Hawaiki,[30] where he gave his waka to his grandson, Nukutawhiti. In later years, Nukutawhiti and some of his people sailed from Hawaiki, accompanied by the waka Mamari, and became forebears of Ngapuhi. The Waipapa River is close to where Kupe portaged his waka from the Hokianga Harbor to the Kerikeri inlet and the Bay of Island for the journey back to Hawaiki.

Ngatimaru[31] *and other tribes claim that Kupe's waka was Matahorua, and the circumstances by which the waka first came to Aotearoa and later returned differ from Ngapuhi*[32] *(see song 333). I have heard some people even claim that the Kupe of the Ngapuhi traditions was not Kupe, the discoverer. Regardless, Ngapuhi hold tightly to their Kupe traditions, naming one of their sacred* taonga,[33] *the great waka at Waitangi,*[34] *Ngatokimatawhaorua. I was there when they relaunched Ngatokimatawhaorua after many years of nonuse. The paddlers clumsily scrambled into the great waka and began paddling into the bay. They may have been inexperienced, but waka with its great* mana[35] *rode high above the waves anyway. Nowadays, the crews have risen close to matching the mana of the great waka.*

While I suspect that Te Popo may have been referring to the Matawhaorua of Ngapuhi traditions in song 322, I am not sure Waipapa is the Waipapa that I know, but Hauraki people were familiar with Ngapuhi places. However, this allows me to make a couple of important points. One of the difficulties Dr. Mead must have faced when translating some of these *waiata*[36] is that words such as Matawhaorua and Waipapa may be understood in the local context

and not generally understood beyond local tribal areas. Dr. Mead, in the footnotes after some songs, has had to resort to "This is not clear" or "TMR. No explanation." And yet there are some place-names that do transcend tribal boundaries, such as "Muriwhenua" and "Taiamai" from song 304 (from Taranaki) and "Rangaunu" in song 355 from Ngati Porou. These place-names I am familiar with, as they are places in the north.

Perhaps we forget that tribal alliances, shared genealogies, or intertribal gatherings cultivated shared knowledge and cosmologies.

Song 322, however, challenges the pan-Maori version of Kupe's discovery. Some stories say that Kupe's wife, Hine i te Aparangi, saw a cloud on the horizon that she interpreted as "land-sign." She is said to have uttered the words, "He Ao! He Ao!" (A Cloud! A Cloud!), from which Aotearoa (Land of the Long White Cloud) is derived. Song 322's explanations claim that Aotea[37] and Kupe's waka were made from the same tree trunk and that Aotea's full name was Aotearoa. This suggests that the word "Aotearoa" was already in use and possibly not attributed to Kupe's discovery. Ngapuhi translate Aotearoa as "long shining days" from an account that Ngatokimatawhaorua made its return journey to Aotearoa in four days, during which there was no darkness.

Just a couple of days ago, I googled my dad's name and discovered that I was registered on a site as Edwin Bryers Arena-Napia. Having a surname[38] starting with the letter "A" was not good in primary (elementary) school because that meant you were always close to first in line when vaccinations were given. Names can be so interesting, complex, and history laden. My name is no exception. Edwin and Bryers comes from my grandfather Eru Nehua. Some of his children (i.e., my aunties, uncles, and mother) took the surname Nehua-Bryers, some took Nehua, and some took Bryers. My grandfather was born to George and Mere Bryers but was whangai'ed by Eru and Tawaka Nehua. My Aunty Hinauri Tribole referred to the older Eru as Tupu Eru. He was the son of Kapiri, who was Hone Heke's mother's younger sister, and an American whose name was Edwards. Tawaka's grandfather was Eruera Patuone,[39] a Ngapuhi chief of renown. About the time I was hearing these stories from Aunty Hinauri, I was entering a new phase in my life. I discovered my interest in art and pursued a full-time career as a sculptor in clay. I regretted for just a moment that my mother had named me Edwin instead of Eruera, and I called my family to see how they felt about my taking on the name of Eruera. These days, I sign my art Eru "Ed" Napia.

My brother Sam told me that Patuone and Te Rauparaha[40] were friends and allies. The introduction for song 327 refers to an alliance between Te Rauparaha, Ngapuhi, and Te Atiawa.

Aunty Lou was Uncle Jim's sister, and she was quite a character with whom I had hours of conversation. One time, Aunty Lou and I were comparing *whakapapa*.[41] We were following our lines from Hoturoa.[42] I saw that I was a descendant of the Tainui brothers Whatihua and Turongo. Some stories say that through his shrewdness, Whatihua married Ruaputahanga, whom Turongo was courting, and the disconsolate Turongo left their home in Kawhia and headed to the east coast. It was here he met and fell in love with the high-born Heretaunga beauty, Mahinarangi. Their romance is one of the most beautiful in Maoridom. They named their son Raukawa after the *kawakawa* fragrance that brought them together. To Raukawa was born Rereahu. This is where Aunty Lou and I came to a stumbling block because I did not have the name Rereahu in my whakapapa. My whakapapa said "Ahurere," and the names changed from there on. It took but a second before I realized that Rereahu and Ahurere were the same person.

Nga Moteatea take on a different meaning when names in the song or explanations are familiar or part of your own family histories/stories. Song 372 sings of Ruaputahanga, Whatihua, and Mahinarangi. The explanation for song 329 mentions Te Wera, a Ngapuhi chief, and Te Whareumu, originally from Ngati Kahungunu, both of whom feature in our whanau[43] *histories. Even the derisive song 342 recalls names familiar to me: Ngai Tawake, a Ngapuhi Hapu into which my father's* hapu *Te Whiu was absorbed after being culturally genocided by the government for the sake of prime land in the Kerikeri area; Tautari, ancestor of the Tautaris of Taumarere, whom I remember from childhood; and Te Kapotai, another Ngapuhi hapu originally from Opua, which is just over the hill from where I grew up.*

Some songs speak of names, places, and items less familiar or, at least, older. Song 374 has a litany of names that look like they might pre-date the settlement of Aoteroa. Song 345 is one of several songs that refer to Hawaiki. Song 337 mentions Whiti (Fiji) and Tonga. Song 359 mentions uru *(breadfruit), and song 369 mentions* taro.

There can be a variety of reasons why these names find their way into Maori waiata. Some songs may have been written in post-European contact times so that knowledge of places such as Fiji and Tonga. However, it is also possible that they are just part of the remarkable remembered history of the Maori and their journeys through faraway places.

Such may be the case with Aromanga Tane and Aromanga Wahine from song 347, which, the explanation claims, are islands in the New Hebrides. Familiarity with taro comes as no surprise to me because taro grew in the north. Memories of breadfruit are a little more interesting because there is nothing is the pre-European contact diet that I can think of that would keep its image fresh.

White owls have showed up a couple of times in my life. One came in the form of a drawing done by my whangai brother and which my sister now has. It should be mentioned that my whangai brother is a Nuche,[44] a Ute Indian from the Uintah and Ouray Reservation in northeastern Utah. Indians generally steer shy of owls, especially white owls, because they bring messages of death. He can't quite explain why he did that drawing or why his mother loves the sound of owls hooting in the trees by their reservation home, but when we told him that our grandfather had a white owl that protected our family, he knew that drawing should go to our family. I thought the white owl was unique to my grandfather and his descendants, but was I wrong. Another time, a white owl showed up was in Aunty Hinauri's house. It didn't click at the start, but I soon discovered that Aunty's house was filled with owls, including a model of a white owl that now watches over me in my bedroom. Apparently, the white owl is a *kaitiaki*[45] for many Whakapara[46] families.

Uncle Jim said the kaitiaki, Pelorus Jack, referred to as Tuhirangi in song 349, was the kaitiaki for his family. Kaitiaki are prolific in Maori stories. In Ngapuhi traditions, many are taniwha, *such as the taniwha Niwa, Araiteuru, and Puhimoanaariki.*

I still have not come to terms with how the word *taniwha* is translated as "monster" and the negative connotations that come with the translation. It is one of those situations where you lose meaning when you translate from one language to another, in this case from Maori *reo*[47] to English, or where you know what the word means but can't explain it in English.

Speaking of English, there is one area where Uncle Jim and I had different opinions. Uncle Jim talked about how the Ngapuhi dialects early on cleverly adapted to new English words through transliteration. I was concerned that transliteration was dangerous because in a hundred years from now, a majority of Maori words could be transliterations.

There are several transliterations in Nga Moteatea, Part Four: paraikete *(blanket) and Kawana (governor) in song 354,* pitara *(pistol) in song 313,* tupeka *(tobacco) in song 309, and* rama *(rum) and* ruuma *(room) in song 312, to name a few.*

These are reminders that many of the songs in *Nga Moteatea, Part Four* are from post-European contact.

It is amazing how word of a death gets around even before it gets in the obituaries. It seems that even before my father's body had left the morgue, people came to our house in Port Chevalier to ask for his body. I remember Uncle Mahu Witchira coming over and insisting that the body lie in state at the Marae[48] in Mangere.[49] I was most annoyed, probably because I was young and ignorant, until my dad's older brother explained to us that this was the Maori way of paying respect to our father. In the context of the *tangi*,[50] I learned other things, including the art of debate. People would come to tangis and literally argue as to why they had the right to take the body of the deceased to their *marae*. Some of the mihi would appear to be quite heated, with the participants apparently expressing their extreme points of view. But the dialogue would evolve, and opposing parties would reach a point of congruency rather than compromise.

I am reminded of that through songs 309, 315, 322, 323, 324, 325, and 326. While there is no resolution or point of compromise, I find it very interesting that songs can be used as responses to accusations or for dialogical debate.

Of all the stories that Uncle Jim told me, the one that always remains foremost in my mind is the story of Ponaiti and the young woman of the Te Popoto Hapu[51] (one of the mother's main hapu) who saved her people from being slaughtered by Ngatiwhatua. *I have to connect Ponaiti with the Hine Titama stories as in song 350 and the theme of* tapu wahine *on line 5 of song 352.*

Maori women occupy different types of positions of prominence from tribe to tribe. On my father's marae, that includes mihi. Ngapuhi women arriving at our marae will mihi if there is no male speaker in their group, and I was quite used to the fact that the final decision maker and authority was my Aunty Rewa. Maori women, especially high-born women, were also trained in the art of warfare. Ponaiti was a woman warrior. Puhi Huia, a famed woman from Maungawhau (present-day Mount Eden on the Auckland Peninsula), was accomplished in *taiaha* and defeated each of her mother's women warriors.[52] Prominent women of the north were Reitu, Waimirirangi, and Hine Amaru, after whom the powerful Ngapuhi hapu, Ngati Hine, is named.

I had wondered why my Aunty Hinauri decorated her living room in her house in the hills about Bountiful, Utah, with a vibrant blue carpet, rich wood walls, and touches of *pohutukawa* red. It was at her tangi that I realized that they were the colors of Whangaruru,[53] where Aunty had grown

up. It was in that same living room that I met Dr. Mead and his wife, June. Their warm and encouraging manner caused me to forget that I was a person of little consequence in the presence of great people (so don't expect objectivity in this review; I don't think human beings are capable of that anyway).

I considered Dr. Mead a pioneer who, along with other Maori scholars such as Dr. Pat Hohepa and Dr. Mason Drury, had pioneered the way for the next generation of young Maori scholars such as Dr. Mead's own daughter, Linda, and her husband, Graeme Smith, in the same way that Sir Apirana Ngata, Te Rangihiroa/Sir Peter Buck, and Pei Te Hurinui Jones may have paved the way for them. These two living generations of Maori scholars have challenged the exclusivity of Western epistemologies in its own stronghold, the universities, and created a case for the existence of and antiquity of Maori epistemologies.

I believe that all four parts of *Nga Moteatea* are evidence of the antiquity of Maori epistemologies and are woven with memories that go back a thousand years and more. The rhythms, poetry, metaphor, and tonality of *Nga Moteatea*, not unlike the content of the rituals of encounter on the marae, are the heartbeat and flow of Maori knowledge. This is explicit in the explanatory note, which, I argue, is a discourse on Maori epistemologies.

When I was asked to write this review, I consented to do so very, very reluctantly. It is like being asked to do a review on the Bible. What do you review? The content? The selection and order of songs is explained in the second paragraph of the explanatory note, and I have no critique to offer. The translations? That would be like telling my aunties how to make steam pudding, and I assure you I would not emerge from either task unscathed. In fact, I felt like I had nothing of substance to offer. I left Aotearoa and moved to the United States in my late teens, and my reo and *tikanga*[54] are pretty much based on those early years. Similarly, my theoretical frameworks are not only heavily influenced by the academy but also locked in the 1990s.

But when I first received a copy of *Nga Moteatea* and opened its pages, I wept deeply for what I lost when I chose to become a Maori in the diaspora.[55] I recalled my discussion with my *teina*, Sam, on the knowledge flow at *hui*.[56] Sam said that the tidbits of knowledge that come out in the many mihi make you not want to miss a hui. Obviously, the waiata, especially lullabies (e.g., song 350), are also laden with knowledge.

It was because of that emotion and the fact I was asked do this *mahi*[57] by a person whom I hold in great esteem that I accepted the task. It has

not been a *hoha*[58] task but a difficult one nevertheless. I am no longer walking on an academic path. I am a clay-artist who expresses his emotions in clay, not in the written word or in the rhetoric of academia, but I am also a clay-artist who has a story for almost every piece of art that he has created. This, then, is three interwoven stories: one of my personal experiences, one of my experiences with the book, and one of the thoughts that emerged when the two crossed paths. All together, they are the story of how, through Sir Apirana Ngata and Dr. Hirini Mead, the waiata of *Nga Moteatea, Part Four* reached across the Great Ocean of Kiwa,[59] crossed mountains and deserts of the West, and fed my soul and how the early years of my life came flooding back.

I was going to write the following:

> The challenge that I faced in this mahi is nowhere near the challenge the new generation of Maori scholars faces. How does one maintain fidelity to one's people while operating in academia?

I believed that yesterday, but I don't believe that today. The challenge is to get through the academy with your humanity intact, to not be lifted up in pride born of beating the colonizer at his own game (although I think that's a great thing) but finding that space between heritage-born pride and heritage-born humility. The challenge is to find that space between the knowing that comes from being—where genetic memory or something kicks in and verification comes from some non-objective, unscientific feeling—and the analytical/empirical knowing that claims to be objective and scientific. (Jingoes! I have only just noticed the "empir[e]" in "empirical.") The challenge is to never forget that the reality of the world created in "thought halls" of the academy may not exist beyond the "hallowed halls of ivy," and analysis more than likely creates a world rather than defines it. (Don't fret. I have a feeling that culture and reality are being created and re-created all the time. I think that's called creating new paradigms or making paradigms shift because "By Jingoes! This other one doesn't work!") Analysis is not a bad thing. Analysis, along with imagination, exploration, and interrogation, keeps our brain synapses well lubricated. Analysis, however, can be bad when you marginalize others whose realities do not match your own.

The challenge to young Maori is to not take themselves too seriously and yet take themselves seriously, to understand themselves as cultural persons living, acting, and reacting in a series of cultural experiences. It is understanding that culture is a dynamic organism that changes through time down to the second and space down to the square inch.

It is acknowledging the probability that no two people perceive culture in the exact same way. It is understanding how reo and other cultural knowledge can provide a place on which to stand. It is acknowledging that cultural acquisition should be for the enlightenment of self and others and not for the intentional marginalization of others. It is understanding how and when intent trumps action and results.

When Sir Apirana Ngata wrote in his explanatory note:

> *The classic period of Maori Literature ended, where so many other elements of the ancient Maori culture revealed the widespread loss of support in the economic, social and religious life of the people, with the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi at the beginning of 1840.*

I don't think he could have imagined that same treaty would fuel the renaissance of reo and tikanga. I suspect, however, that Ngata believed that tikanga could never be the same because Maori lifeways had changed forever. Even the introduction of writing, a technology not previously utilized by Maori, has changed tikanga forever. Walter Ong, in *Orality and Literacy*,[60] discusses how writing is a solitary task where knowledge can be constructed and preserved by the individual. Orality, on the other hand, requires group involvement where knowledge construction and preservation takes place in groups of at least two people. This is certainly the case with the composition and preservation of *Nga Moteatea* as described by Ngata in the explanatory notes. Although there may have been one person whose passion and inspiration gave impetus to the artistic process, composition involved a group of several people who, together, remembered the rhythm and stanzas.

I was born into the lost generation. Like many parents of their time, my parents did not raise us with reo, but they did take us to many hui and tangis and unintentionally raised us with a Maori identity in a time when it was not popular to be Maori. We may have been lost to the reo, but we were Maori nevertheless. Now, today's *rangatahi* have the opportunity to be raised with reo, *kapahaka*, *mahi toi*,[61] *mahi rakau*,[62] and many other Maori taonga. Such activities enrich the lives of young Maori today and provide for them a *turangawaewae* on which to stand. However, it should not be forgotten that Maori tikanga, with its waiata, haka, mahi rakau, and mahi toi, live and breathe in a new context. Dancing a haka or learning and mastering rakau exercises is not the same as being a *taua* going to war with taiaha, *mere*, *patu*, or *tewhatewha*, knowing that defeat could mean death and being eaten.

A couple of Aprils ago, I traveled with a kapa haka group from Salt Lake City to a *whakataetae*[63] in Hawai'i. We had participated in that same whakataetae in August of the year before and accepted the challenge of creating and performing nine new and original waiata/haka for this one. To do so in eight or nine months was no small task, especially for a group in the diaspora. Adding to that the fact that we had decided that our waiata/haka should reflect our experiences as Maori living in the high mountain and desert valleys of Utah, the tasks took on a new difficulty. Then, when Maori from northern and southern California and Las Vegas, Nevada, joined our group, that created new challenges because of the distance. Nevertheless, we did our best to prepare for the whakataetae through video, through our *kaiako*[64] traveling to Las Vegas, and through using time after we arrived in Hawai'i for refinement. We designed *kakahu*[65] that would survive the dry climate in which we lived. We used designs that reflected our mountains and valley homes. We used materials that could be obtained locally. We used feathers given to us by people for the Ute Tribe, our way of acknowledging the *iwi-whenua*[66] on whose land we resided. Our whakaeke compared us to a twin-hulled waka, a metaphor for the two communities, Salt Lake City and Las Vegas, that most of us came from. Our *waiata tira*[67] described our understanding of our place in the universe. Our *powhiri*[68] named the U.S. communties in which we lived and the challenges we faced holding on to our Maori identities and teaching our children. Our chant recalled an old story from Ngapuhi of a mysterious sacred bird that appeared one day and was believed to have flown from the legendary homeland. We suggested that bird's nest was located somewhere in our Utah mountains, and we compared the migration of Maori to the United States to that bird gathering seeds to be planted here. Our *waiataringaringa*[69] saluted the *kanaka maoli*[70] and the community that hosted the event and offered our spiritual support to their sovereignty activities. Our *haka poi*[71] described Iosepa, a lonely desert location west of Salt Lake City where a Polynesian colony existed from about 1898 to 1915. Our haka identified the challenges of living in a modern society in the United States, and our *whakawatea*[72] recalled the Hawaiian story of the Naupaka blossom, an unusual plant where half of the flower is found growing by the ocean and the other half is found in the mountains. Aunty Lovey Apana from Kauai told me that two lovers were not allowed to wed because of their difference in rank and were separated, one to the ocean and the other to the mountains, which each became half of the Naupaka blossom. We compared ourselves to the mountain half of the flower and the people in Hawai'i to the ocean portion.

When we arrived in the islands, we insisted that we pay our respects to the kanaka maoli before being powhiri'ed[73] by the Maori living in Hawai'i. We were disappointed that none of the officials organizing the whakataetae or the judges who came up from Aotearoa participated in that event, which we thought was appropriate protocol. In Utah, we and other Pacific Islanders understand the importance of recognizing the people of the land. We were further disappointed to discover that the rules of the whakataetae had be changed without our knowledge and that we would not be getting extra credit for each of our original compositions. That was our only competitive edge. We were even more disappointed when we discovered that one of the judges gave us zero points for leadership because we had different people leading each song and she couldn't tell who the leaders were. She never got the explanation that we are made up of Maori from many waka and that leadership was not encapsulated in any one individual. I think some of the judges did understand where we were coming from, but I am not sure if all of them understood the stories that we were trying to tell in what we thought was a very Maori way.

And what of we in the diaspora? Certainly, *Nga Moteatea* can speak to us and become part of the fabric of our cultural identities. We too must remember the dynamic nature of culture. Our identities are not being woven in the exact same way as those of our people back in Aotearoa-New Zealand or even in Hawai'i, where island people represent a large part of the population. What we think it means to "be" Maori may be different because of the different contexts. The memories that drive our efforts to "stay" Maori are separated from our present by time and distance, whereas for our people at home, being Maori just "is." At home, it is not something you have to work on or seek to discover. It is all around you. It is the land you walk on, the sea you swim in, and the air that you breathe. In the diaspora, we walk on someone else's land, swim in someone else's seas, and breathe someone else's land. We have become hyphens: Maori-Americans.

My name is Eruera "Edwin" Bryers Napia. I am of the Te Popoto, Te Honihoni, and Te Whiu Hapu of the Ngapuhi Iwi. I am a clay-artist. In the days following 9/11, I created three sculptured pots. One, which I named "Kotuku Rerenga Tahi—Flight of the White Herons," depicts five herons flying upwards. It was the centerpiece for the Utah Lieutenant Governor's Art Show in 2002 and is now part of the collection of Art Access Gallery in Salt Lake City. It is not my most elaborately carved pot. Another I named "Wairua—Spirit Rising." Its carved design has a feeling of agitation and captures the angst I felt on those memorable days following that tragic event. It is about four feet tall and is finished in a white *raku*[74] with

uncanny uniformed cracks. It was difficult to fire because of its size, and the bottom blew out during the raku firing. That supposed flaw is what makes it attractive to buyers. When it was on show in our gallery, I was explaining its significance to a young man, and he wept. It now sits in my house. I don't believe I will ever sell it. The other I named "E Tu noa nei—Lonely and Alone," the title of which comes from Tuini Ngawai's classic, "E Te Hokowhitu."[75]

Nga marae e tu noa nei	The marae stand lonely and alone
Nga maunga e tu noa nei	The hills stand lonely and alone
Auc ra e Tama	Alas young men
Te mamae te pouri nui	Deep and dark is the pain
E patu nei i ahau.	That smites me within.
Kia kotahi ra	Be united!

The pot depicts eleven women of different heritages holding hands and facing inwards looking at exploding bombs and nine children sitting and standing. When it was showing in our gallery, a couple of women were interested in hearing about it. I explained its significance, including the song from which its name came and how, when menfolk go to war, the women are left "lonely and alone" to look after the children and keep the culture alive. They wept.

How does art work? Do the pieces capture the emotions the artist was feeling at the time of making? Does the artist impart some of his or her *wairua*[76] into the piece? Does this spirit reach out and touch the spirit of others? Was the emotion in the telling of the story? I think all of these things may happen. As an artist, I know that there are pieces of art that reach out and touch my core. As an artist, I also believe that when you create a piece and display it, whether it be in a gallery, an art show, or the privacy of your own home, you put it into the public domain for public consumption, and other people are entitled to interpret it in their own way.

I have engaged that same entitlement with *Nga Moteatea, Part Four*. Similarly, I am putting this review in the public domain for you to interpret it and react to it in any way you please. (I should have added in the "challenge section" that the real challenge might be trying to make sense of what I am saying.)

And what is the future of *Nga Moteatea, Part Four*? If only, for just a moment, we could be the composers of the waiata, to see what they saw, to hear what they heard, to feel what they felt. Unfortunately, the written word can accomplish only so much. *Nga Moteatea* may end

up collecting dust on some library shelf, or they may become part of the curriculum of some zealous reo teacher or insightful literature professor. I would hope that young New Zealanders might read them as we read Browning or Wordsworth and that their language and thinking might be enriched. And I hope that *Nga Moteatea* will inspire living Maori to sing them and new waiata, whether that be in a new place or home.

NOTES

1. I use "Aotearoa, New Zealand," and "Aotearoa-New Zealand" interchangeably. Aotearoa was the name given to my home country by its first Maori settlers. New Zealand, of course, was the name given by Able Tasman, cited by Western historians as its discoverer.

2. Maori God of forest and man.

3. Maori God of war.

4. Maori God of wind.

5. Maori God of cultivated food.

6. Maori God of uncultivated food.

7. Maori God of cultivated food.

8. Maori Sky Father-God and father of all things.

9. Maori Earth Mother and mother of all things.

10. The first human in the Maori creation story.

11. The daughter of Tane and Hine Ahuone.

12. The Great Lady of the Night, Maori Goddess of Death.

13. Tribes.

14. The Maori underworld.

15. Eulogistic speech of farewell to deceased.

16. Speeches, especially those paying tribute to someone.

17. A community on the east coast of the North Island of Aotearoa-New Zealand.

18. The Ocean Maid and wife of Rangi.

19. First year of high school (most third formers are thirteen years old).

20. Second year of high school.

21. Literally Maori dance group, I use it to refer to all Maori song and dance.

22. Ruaumoko, in some Maori traditions, is the unborn son of Papatuanuku and is responsible for tectonic movement, after whom a well-known east coast haka is named.

23. Haka refers to types of traditional Maori dance but most commonly is associated with war dances.

24. Literally translated as "sacred stick," he said that the accompanying action meant that it referred to male genitalia.

25. Adopted.

26. See http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Coming_of_Age_in_Samoa.

27. In Maori stories, the North Island of Aotearoa-New Zealand is a fish that was fished out of the ocean by the Polynesia explorer Maui. The peninsula north of Auckland City called Tai Tokerau is also known as the "tail of the fish."

28. According to Maori history, Kupe is the traditional discoverer of Aotearoa-New Zealand.

29. Hokianga is a harbor located on the west coast in the northern part of the North Island of Aotearoa-New Zealand. It is said the Kupe sailed his waka, Matawhaorua, up the Hokianga Harbor. It was here that he saw the great Kauri Trees, and he used this opportunity to refit his waka. Some Ngapuhi stories say that the Kupe stayed in the Hokianga for several decades before returning to Hawaiki.

30. Hawaiki is the name given to the traditional homeland of the Maori. Hawaiki may have been located somewhere in Central Polynesia but also may refer to other places where Maori ancestors lived.

31. In my experience, Ngati Maru refers to Tainui tribes located in the Thames area of the Hauraki Plains and also in Tauranga. However, the *Nga Moteatea, Part Four*, text states that song 333 comes from Ngati Maru and iwi (tribe) from the Taranaki area.

32. An iwi located in the Tai Tokerau District, which is the peninsula north of Auckland City.

33. Valuable possession.

34. Located in the Bay of Islands.

35. Spiritual power.

36. Song/s.

37. One of the many waka that brought migrants from central Polynesia to Aotearoa-New Zealand between about AD 1000 and 1400.

38. Family name.

39. Eruera Patuone and his brother Tamati Wakanene both played key roles in convincing many Maori Ariki (paramount chiefs) and Rangitira (chief, noble) to sign the Treaty of Waitangi.

40. Historic Ngati Toa figure.

41. Genealogy.

42. Captain of the Tainui, one of the migratory waka.

43. Family, extended family.

44. Literally translated as "people," Nuche is one of the names members of the Ute (Northern Ute) Tribe of Utah call themselves.

45. Protector.

46. Small community in the center of Ngapuhi where my grandfather was raised.

47. Spoken language.

48. Ceremonial plaza.

49. One of the many cities making up Auckland.

50. Funeral.

51. Subtribe.

52. I first read about Puhi Huia in *Treasury of Maori Folklore* written by A. W. Reed and published by A. H. and A. W. Reed of Wellington and Auckland in 1963.

53. Coastal community on the east coast of Tai Tokerau.

54. Cultural practices.

55. I use this term for Maori who have left Aotearoa for permanent residence in another country.

56. Gathering.

57. Task.

58. Bothersome.

59. Pacific Ocean.

60. Walter Ong's *Orality and Literacy* was first published in 1982 by Methuen & Co. Ltd of London.

61. Art.

62. Training in self-defense.

63. Maori kapa haka competition.

64. Teacher or instructor.

65. Dance attire.

66. People of the land.

67. Choral number.

68. Song/dance of welcome.

69. Action song.

70. Hawaiian people.

71. Poi dance.

72. Exiting song/dance.

73. Ceremonially welcomed.

74. Crackle low-fire glaze.

75. I learned "E Te Hokowhitu" when I was in high school, and I understood that it was written by Tuini Ngawai during the World War II era. It lamented that absence of Maori men, including my father, who were fighting in Europe and Africa.

76. Spirit, soul.