History Making a Difference

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New Approaches from Aotearoa

Edited by

Katie Pickles, Lyndon Fraser,
Marguerite Hill, Sarah Murray
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Our authors have been a joy to work with, sharing their expertise and swiftly responding to our sometimes mundane demands. Colleagues at the University of Canterbury, Canterbury Museum and Lincoln University and family and friends have enthusiastically supported this co-production through its many stages. We hope the publication of this volume results in further conversation and collaboration.

Katie Pickles, Lyndon Fraser, Marguerite Hill,
Sarah Murray and Greg Ryan
Christchurch and Auckland, December 2016

INTRODUCTION

HISTORY MAKING A DIFFERENCE

KATIE PICKLES

Why care about the past? Why teach, research and write history? History at the service of nation and empire is no longer necessarily the objective. Instead, the answer to these questions often lies in the intention of "making a difference", of learning from the mistakes of the past and enabling a better day. But a better day for whom? What are the dangers of engaging with the past? Whose voices are included, who remains silenced, and who has the authority to speak for whom? For historians, these questions are all difficult to approach and even harder to answer. Which theories and methodologies are the best ones to use? How do we learn from the mistakes of some historical research and not repeat them? The intention and ability of history to make a difference is complex and contested. It is the constant struggle to get it right that makes working with the past worth the effort.

How the pursuit of history involves making a difference is the theme explored in this volume. Leading and emerging scholars, activists, and those working in the public sector, archives and museums bring their expertise, beliefs, passion and honesty to provide both useful direction and informed debate. They offer up new approaches to history that traverse the geographical regions of Aotearoa/New Zealand, Australia, the Pacific and Britain. While a common theme unites the chapters, authors employ a wide range of methodological approaches: social, cultural, Māori, oral, race relations, religious, public, political, economic, visual and material history are all represented. Likewise, the authors use a diversity of styles to express their perspectives and their work, and co-authorship and collaboration is a common feature. Demonstrative of the state of historiography in Aotearoa/New Zealand, grand narratives, parochialism, and writing with unfettered confidence and authority have made way for dynamic, internationally engaged, and locally situated work. Historians engage with

interdisciplinary work, especially in postcolonial, intersectional and cultural studies.

The chapters in this volume began as papers at the December 2015 biennial New Zealand Historical Association conference that was held at the University of Canterbury in Christchurch. The theme for the conference emerged out of the devastating 2010–11 Canterbury earthquakes in which 185 people lost their lives, many more were injured, and every day public and private lives were forever altered. In the post-quake environment, historians in Canterbury worked in new ways. There was more collaboration and community awareness, and more co-production of historical knowledge. Out of adversity came the need to think harder, to be more daring and to put in extra effort. Working across previous boundaries—whether public, academic, or along race, class or gender divisions—was necessitated by challenging times. It was this climate that led to the conference theme of History Making a Difference.

This volume is divided into three sections, each containing chapters that critically address a specific aspect of the History Making a Difference theme. Section I, "Challenging Power and Privilege", explores history as a colonizing tool that continues to frame the way Māori and other Pacific peoples understand themselves. Ani Mikaere's chapter interrogates the extent of Pākehā historians' complicity in the past. Who controls the telling of history? she asks. Mikaere's piercing chapter demands engagement. In a similar vein, Te Maire Tau and Martin Fisher's chapter on Ngāi Tahu and land title reform argues for the importance of mana motuhake (sovereignty or independence), asserting that while there has been some redress for the injustices of the past, there is an ongoing struggle over the specific issues concerning land and zoning that have their roots in the 1848 Kemp's Deed. Safua Akeli's chapter explores power and privilege at the 1939–40 New Zealand Centennial Exhibition in Wellington. Focusing on the display of the Pacific Islands, especially Sāmoa, she argues that New Zealand government officials had the power to claim authenticity for the Pacific traditions they invented.

Margaret Pointer further complicates the challenges of power and privilege, reflecting on her work and position as a Pālagi and outsider in documenting the history of Niue. Questions of gaining trust and endorsement underscore her involvement. Pointer considers it a privilege to research and write history that she hopes will be beneficial to Niueans. Peter Lineham's chapter on the role of history-making in sectarian communities serves as a warning for those who seek to make history relevant. Extending the theme of the section, he demonstrates the Exclusive Brethren's deliberate use of historical knowledge to justify their

sectarianism. Lineham demonstrates how history can be deployed to advance sectarian grand narratives. Together, the chapters in this first section of the book offer insights into colonization, power, privilege, the position of the researcher, and the need to be ever conscious of the potential use and abuse of history.

Section II, "The Co-production of Historical Knowledge", turns to the co-production of historical knowledge. The contributors to this section are interested in how they can truly share authority in new ways that include but extend beyond oral history. They demand that perspectives outside of the university be an active part of producing new knowledge, and explore how public and community histories challenge and change the way historical research projects are conceived, researched and written. It follows that some of the chapters in this section are co-authored. Paul Ward and Elizabeth Pente's chapter offers British-focused insights into understanding people's lives, emotions and intellectual reasoning to deepen understanding of people's self and community identities. They argue that blurring boundaries between academic historians and communities enables multiple voices to be heard in the historiographical record.

Researching at the intersections of health, medicine and public history, Mark Smith, Catharine Coleborne and John Armstrong focus on history in the local community. Academics, museum and medical professionals, and volunteers worked together on the Waikato Health Memorabilia Trust. The authors argue that these people's work reaches out to medical professionals and mental health service users, speaking to current concerns about health and medicine. Jane McCabe writes auto-ethnographically about the co-production of knowledge that occurred as a result of her PhD thesis research into the history of 130 Anglo-Indian child migrants to New Zealand. A second and related project was working with the descendants in the transformative process of tracing family histories. Contemplating heritage as a strategy for minority improvement, Nadia Gush, in her chapter about the Charlotte Museum, asks if museums can offer positive identity for minority groups, and at what cost. Gush writes as both an employee at the museum and a historian, and brings these perspectives together to critical effect. Likewise, Rosemary Baird is upfront about working as a public historian and her relationship with academia. She comments on oral history and heritage outreach, in particular from the context of post-Canterbury earthquake learning legacy projects. Put together, the chapters in Section II provide examples of the co-production of knowledge, and raise the advantages and potential difficulties of engaging with this new terrain.

Section III, "Public and Material Histories", continues the focus on public history, but turns specifically to material histories, which have held an important place in new approaches in history during the past decade. The chapters in this section are grounded in new methods in public, digital and material object history. Kate Darian-Smith's chapter is about the history of press photography in post-1950s Australia. She explores how photographs shape public understanding, and become history markers of key events and social and cultural changes. Iconic photos may shape and evoke public memories of past national and global events. Oral histories of press photographers also play an active part in this history. Through the study of a nineteenth-century bonnet preserved in the Te Manawa Museum of Art, Science and History, Fiona McKergow seeks to bring material culture and local history into closer dialogue; her intention is to simultaneously materialize local history and localize material culture. Through recovering the importance of gender and textiles, McKergow's chapter contributes to the intricacies of colonial culture in 1860s Wellington. Kirsty Ross continues the engagement with museum objects, turning to war-related artefacts and their part in telling First World War stories. She reveals and interprets the vast and diverse number of items that were collected after the war in New Zealand and internationally, examining how focusing on objects of war changed over the years. Completing the section, Joanna Cobley turns to a living object in the environment—a rare and endangered buttercup at Castle Hill in the South Island of Aotearoa/New Zealand. She considers an ever-evolving history of biological heritage, and argues for collaboration between educators working with museum collections and local communities, such as Ngāi Tahu, all of whom share an interest in ecological biodiversity and conservation management.

Taken together, the chapters in this volume reinvigorate historical dialogue and debate. They engage with uncomfortable and difficult issues. As well as questioning current and past practices, they dare to offer new ways of thinking and working. Challenging power and privilege, the historical co-production of knowledge and public and material histories are important new approaches in the historiography. It is a sign of maturity that multiple perspectives are represented through these pages. Proceeding with care, it is time for dialogue and collaboration.

List of Abbreviations

AJHR	*Appendices to the Journals of the House of Representatives*
ANZ	Archives New Zealand
ATL	Alexander Turnbull Library
BDM	Births, Deaths and Marriages
DEA	Department of External Affairs
NZPD	*New Zealand Parliamentary Debates*

SECTION I:

CHALLENGING POWER AND PRIVILEGE

CHAPTER ONE

CONTENDING WITH THE WEIGHT OF HISTORY: POWER, PRIVILEGE AND THE PREDILECTION FOR PRESUMPTION

ANI MIKAERE

> Colonialism is not satisfied with snaring the people in its net or of draining the colonized brain of any form or substance. With a kind of perverted logic, it turns its attention to the past of the colonized people and distorts it, disfigures it, and destroys it.
> —Frantz Fanon, *The Wretched of the Earth*

Haunani-Kay Trask has described historians as "part of the colonizing horde", a breed of people who have played a crucial role in the colonization of the indigenous mind and spirit. Citing Frantz Fanon's famous statement about the colonial strategy of distorting and destroying the history of the colonized,[1] Trask explains how the rich historical past of her ancestors became "small and ignorant" in the hands of white scholars, thereby justifying the inevitable demise of the Hawaiian people in the face of Western dominance.[2]

Within the context of Aotearoa, examples can readily be found to support this view of historians as intellectual colonizers whose work rationalized Pākehā ascendancy by degrading Māori. Even historians who saw themselves as championing Māori rights blithely undermined the worth of those on whose behalf they otherwise so energetically advocated. Lindsay Buick, one of Ngāti Raukawa's most vigorous supporters during the appallingly unethical Crown campaign to acquire the Manawatū for settlement, concluded that Māori "were not altogether devoid of those higher ideals which make for the elevation of man", being "imbued with a

[1] Frantz Fanon, *The Wretched of the Earth* (New York: Grove Press, 2004), 149.
[2] Haunani-Kay Trask, *From a Native Daughter* (Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Press, 1999), 114.

love of poetry, which enabled them to appreciate in a rude way the beautiful in life and to preserve in quaint song and fantastic tradition the story of their wanderings".[3] Similarly, anthropologist Felix Keesing professed his "admiration for the race",[4] but still described us as "retarded by lack of stimulus and bound by conservative tendencies to remain in a semi-childhood stage of mental development".[5]

These examples typify the way that generations of Pākehā scholars have written about us. It may be tempting to argue that such work belongs in the past. However, I am interested in considering its contemporary significance: how have Māori been influenced by the way these scholars presumed to know us, writing about our tūpuna in ways that undermined our humanity, subtly or otherwise, while bolstering their own sense of racial superiority? What has been the impact of their work on the way the historians of today conduct research?

I should begin by noting that dredging up the commentaries of historians from generations past typically provokes a number of fairly predictable responses: they were men of their time and it is unfair to judge them by current standards; they meant no harm and, in fact, many of them were trying to help Māori; whatever the shortcomings of their interpretations, we owe them a debt of gratitude for the information that they recorded … The list of justifications continues. I am not convinced by the apologists' procession of excuses for the attitudes revealed by these early writers. In fact, I find attempts to assuage the culpability of scholars past who were responsible for these damaging portrayals of our tūpuna decidedly irksome.

My irritation is bound up with Linda Smith's observation that history is inextricably linked to the issue of power:

> History ... is the story of the powerful and how they became powerful, and then how they use their power to keep them in positions in which they can

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[3] Thomas Lindsay Buick, *An Old New Zealander: Te Rauparaha* (Wellington: Whitcombe & Tombs, 1911), 12. Buick also authored *Old Manawatu* (Palmerston North: Buick & Young, 1903) in which he argued fervently in defence of Ngāti Raukawa rights over the Manawatū Block (see ch. 4).

[4] Felix Keesing, *The Changing Maori* (New Plymouth: Thomas Avery & Sons, 1928), xii.

[5] Keesing, *The Changing Maori*, 39. I should note that, as one historian has since pointed out (somewhat gleefully, I might add), Felix Keesing was an anthropologist, not a historian. However, I have little doubt that Trask would have included anthropologists as part of "the colonising horde": she describes historians, anthropologists and archaeologists as "purveyors of intellectual colonialism": Trask, *From a Native Daughter*, 124.

> continue to dominate others. It is because of this relationship with power that we have been excluded, marginalized and 'Othered'.[6]

It is this crucial question of power that renders irrelevant any musings about the good intentions of these early scholars, or the incidental benefits that their work may have produced. To paraphrase Edward Said,[7] they were part of the corporate institution for dealing with the Māori "other": making statements about us, authorizing views of us, describing us, teaching us, settling us, ruling over us. In so doing, they actively facilitated the colonial project of domination. Given the complicity of these men in the colonial oppression of our tūpuna, expecting Māori to temper our criticism of their work is not merely unrealistic but actually offensive.

Both of these relate directly to my own hapū. My purpose for doing this is not to gloat. It is to demonstrate the long-term implications of their mistakes. It is to try and explain why the fact that they got things wrong in their time continues to matter in ours.

Let us begin by returning to *The Changing Maori*, written by Felix Keesing and published in 1928. It appears that some of his research was conducted within the district of Ngāti Raukawa.[8] One of the photographs in the book is of Ngātokowaru marae, belonging to Ngāti Pareraukawa[9] and located on the banks of the Hōkio stream, close to Lake Horowhenua and within a few kilometres of the present-day township of Levin. Beneath the photograph appears the following caption:

> THE MODERN KAINGA (SETTLEMENT).
> In districts long in contact with the *Pakeha*, such tiny hamlets as this may be seen. In the foreground is the house of the head man, the meeting-house is behind, and a garage and motor-car are significantly in the picture.

The house which Keesing describes as that of "the head man" is the homestead that was built by my great-grandparents around the year 1900. Building on this site was part of a whānau strategy to keep Ngāti Pareraukawa's fire alight on the whenua at a time when the few remaining

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[6] Linda Smith, *Decolonizing Methodologies: Research and Indigenous Peoples* (Dunedin: University of Otago Press, 1999), 34.
[7] Edward Said, *Orientalism* (London: Penguin Books, 2003), 3.
[8] For example, the photographs on pp.68 and 109 of Keesing's book are of my own marae, Ngātokowaru; and references are made to the sale of the Manawatū Block (66) and to a significant hui that took place at Motuiti (at 173 & 178), which is near Foxton. Ngāti Raukawa is named after our common ancestor, Raukawa.
[9] Ngāti Pareraukawa, the hapū of the author, is named after a common ancestress, Pareraukawa.

Ngāti Raukawa land holdings in the area were being persistently eroded by the machinations of the Native Land Court. While everything I have heard about my great- grandfather suggests that he was a lovely, special man, adored by his children and grandchildren and well known throughout the district, it is incorrect to refer to him as "the head man" of Ngāti Pareraukawa. He was from Ngāti Parewahawaha and had no direct relationship with the land at Hōkio. The people who were most intimately connected with it were his in-laws, my great-grandmother's whānau.

What are the implications of this factual blunder? To begin with, it is an indication of Keesing's complete lack of respect for his research "subjects". The book credits him with taking the photograph, which tells us that he was physically there. This means that he clearly had the opportunity, to say nothing of the responsibility, to ensure accuracy in his use of the image. Whether he actually bothered seeking permission to take the photograph or talked with my whānau about his work seems doubtful. He does not refer to any of them by name, in the same way that he does not refer to our tupuna whare, our wharekai or our hapū by name. This calls to mind a phenomenon that Albert Memmi describes as "the mark of the plural", whereby colonizers condemn the colonized "to drown in an anonymous collective". The lives of the colonized, in a specific sense, are of no interest to the colonizer; they are not entitled to their own identity.[10] *The Changing Maori* is riddled with evidence of this approach. Quotes from Māori sources are unerringly attributed to "a Maori" or "the Maori",[11] while Pākehā sources are respectfully named and meticulously referenced.

What Keesing chose to omit from the photograph is also significant. The house in the picture was not the only dwelling at Ngātokowaru at this time. There were other members of my great-grandmother's whānau, siblings and first cousins, whose connection to the land was of equal significance, whose determination that the land should not be lost was just as great. Some of them also lived on this land, in other dwellings (all of them smaller, some constructed from ponga) that are not visible in the photograph. The fact that Keesing focused solely on the largest and, in his opinion, grandest-looking house—and then assumed that it must house somebody "important"—tells us rather more about him than it does about

[10] Albert Memmi, *The Colonizer and the Colonized* (London: Earthscan, 2003), 129.

[11] For example, "'We thought it would be easy to vanquish and kill the *Pakeha*. We looked on them as merely a large number of thistles easily cut down and rooted up.' So said the Maori." (47); and "'Rugby football was invented for the Maori race' said a Maori to the writer" (178).

the people whose home he gave himself free licence to photograph and to describe.

The same can be said for his invention of a mythical "head man". The society from which the British colonists had come was intensely hierarchical and underpinned by patriarchy: these concepts were considered so normal that they twisted the colonists' perception of all other societies with whom they came into contact. Accordingly, Keesing would not have felt the need to inquire whether Ngāti Pareraukawa had a "head man" or where he lived; he would have regarded these things as so obvious as to render any inquiry unnecessary. He would have assumed that it was in the natural order of things that we should have a patriarch and that he should live in the largest house.

The problem with this set of assumptions is that while they may have applied to the notion of "family" as Keesing understood it, they made no sense whatsoever in the context of my great-grandparents' household. My great-grandparents had fourteen children in all, a number of whom lived with them or close by, along with numerous grandchildren. From the numerous stories relayed to my generation by those grandchildren (our parents, aunties and uncles), it is clear that our great-grandparents had extremely busy lives. Raising their whānau, while establishing themselves on the land and fulfilling numerous hapū and iwi responsibilities, was a team effort. Both were much loved by their grandchildren, but it is apparent that while our great-grandfather was a gentle man who loved nothing better than to indulge his mokopuna, our great-grandmother was a rather more forceful character. I have heard it said on many occasions that within their household her word was law. It also seems that she played a significant role within Ngāti Pareraukawa and beyond, carrying responsibilities that were largely assumed by my grandmother with the passage of time. Both my great-grandfather and my grandfather appear to have been sufficiently secure in their own masculinity, and in their own unique roles within their whānau, hapū and iwi, to have felt not remotely threatened by the strength of their wives.

You may wonder why I am making such a fuss of a single expression in the caption to a photograph: after all, my knowledge of my whānau history is more than enough to debunk the suggestion that patriarchy is part and parcel of what it means to belong to Ngāti Pareraukawa. Part of my answer has to do with the way that opportunities to know ourselves more intimately by talking to the generations before us inevitably diminish with the passage of time. While I may have been lucky enough to have had direct access to people who told vivid, first-hand stories about my great-grandparents, not all of my Pareraukawa relatives will have been so

fortunate. Nor, now, are they likely to be: there is nobody left within our whānau who lived when my great-grandparents were alive.

However, there is more to my concern for accuracy than the acute sense of loss that comes with the passing of the generation before mine. My real objection to Keesing's description of my great-grandparents' house concerns the power of myth and the central role that it has played in the colonial project. The fact is that his seemingly casual comment is but one very small brick in a colossal wall of Pākehā myth-making about the nature of Māori society prior to contact with Pākehā ideas.

Pākehā have told us over and over again, for example, that patriarchy prevailed in Māori society: that women were regarded as inherently noa, born to perform menial tasks, while men, being inherently tapu, were the leaders; that women were associated with misfortune and death while men were associated with divinity and life; that taking multiple partners, in the case of a man, was the mark of a rangatira, while multiple partners, in the case of a woman, were proof of her promiscuity and depravity; that female babies were put to death while male babies were celebrated. These and countless other half-baked, vile assertions had absolutely nothing to do with our reality but, importantly, enabled Pākehā to feel good about themselves.

This is a classic illustration of what Haunani-Kay Trask calls the colonial habit of describing the West's view of itself through the degradation of the Indigenous past.[12] Her recollection of growing up, caught between conflicting versions of "truth" about her people, captures well the sense of confusion that is produced for the Indigenous person in these circumstances:

> From my *'ohana* (family), I learned about the life of the old ones: how they fished and planted by the moon; shared all the fruits of their labors, especially their children; danced in great numbers for long hours; and honoured the unity of their world in intricate genealogical chants … At school, I learned that the "pagan Hawaiians" did not read or write, were lustful cannibals, traded in slaves, and could not sing. Captain Cook had "discovered" Hawai'i, and the ungrateful Hawaiians had killed him. In revenge, the Christian god had cursed the Hawaiians with disease and death.[13]

Given the omnipresence of Pākehā misinformation about who our tūpuna were, those of us who find ourselves caught between competing versions of our history are probably the lucky ones; at least we still have access to

[12] Trask, *From a Native Daughter*, 117.
[13] Ibid., 113.

our own whānau-based counter-narratives, on which we are able to draw in order to critique the colonized nonsense that has, for far too long, passed for scholarship. I am more worried about those for whom our own accounts have long since been drowned out by the din of Pākehā disbelief.[14] Everywhere they look they can expect to find suggestions, subtle and overt, that patriarchy has always been at the heart of who we are. Take, for example, the *Otaki Mail*'s obituary for my great-grandmother, which incongruously described her as "one of the rapidly diminishing number of the old rangitira [sic] who had imbibed the true patriarchal spirit of chieftainship".[15] When my great-grandfather died a few years later, the *Mail* thought it entirely proper to name each of his eight sons but to refer to my grandmother and her five sisters simply as "the daughters".[16]

This is the wider context within which a seemingly minor inaccuracy, such as that perpetrated by Felix Keesing in his description of my great-grandparents' house, must be seen if we are to understand fully the implications of his mistake. For those of you who think that I am making too much of this, you cannot comprehend how it feels to grow up trying to navigate your way between what you know about the strength of your nannies and aunties, on the one hand, and a relentless barrage of negative messaging about the secondary status of women according to so-called Māori "tradition", on the other.[17] I may have survived the experience with my sense of self-respect—with my respect for who we are as Ngāti Pareraukawa—relatively intact; others may not have been so fortunate. Many more will not be so fortunate.

A second example of Pākehā historians getting it wrong concerns Te Whatanui, who was responsible for leading a contingent of Ngāti Raukawa from Waikato to the Kapiti coast during the 1820s. Te Whatanui came at the urging of his close relative, Waitohi, and she gave him an extensive area of land in the Manawatū and Horowhenua upon which to settle. At this time, hostilities between Waitohi's brother, Te Rauparaha, and one of the formerly resident iwi in the Horowhenua had escalated to the point where Te Rauparaha had resolved to exterminate them if at all possible. Te

[14] I have borrowed this phrase from Trask, *From a Native Daughter*, 120.
[15] *Otaki Mail*, 8 October 1923, reprinted in *Otaki Historical Society Journal*, 5 (1982): 91.
[16] *Otaki Mail*, 9 April 1929, reprinted in *Otaki Historical Society Journal*, 5 (1982): 91. The *Mail* also included information about the sons' rugby achievements.
[17] The way that such contradictions are reconciled is often to characterize women such as my great-grandmother, and my grandmother, as exceptions to a rule of male leadership—instead of realizing that there was never any such rule, other than in the colonial imagination.

Whatanui, upon his arrival in the area, pledged to shelter the earlier residents from this fate so long as they remained within the territory that had been allocated to him. When asked by one of those to whom he offered protection whether he was able to make good on his promise, effectively thwarting Te Rauparaha's wishes, Te Whatanui replied confidently: "Heoi anō te mea e pā ki a au ko te ua anake o te rangi."

A number of historians have translated this statement as a promise that "nothing but the rain from Heaven can touch you".[18] This has been rolled up into a version of history that proclaims Te Whatanui as an almost instant convert to Christianity, indeed as someone who practised Christian charity over a decade before Christianity even appeared in the region at the end of 1839. Writing in 1842, Jerningham Wakefield described Te Whatanui as the perfect gentleman, observing Christian prayers and adopting Pākehā domestic habits in his household at Raumatangi, not far from where Ngātokowaru now stands.[19]

However, the correct translation of Te Whatanui's statement, "nothing but the rain from the heavens can touch *me*", carries an entirely different set of connotations. This was, in fact, an assertion of his mana over the area he had brought his people to settle upon, in response to a direct invitation to do so. Perhaps his decision to protect this group was a test of Te Rauparaha's resolve; if so, Te Whatanui seems to have felt confident about the outcome. In later years, evidence was given before the Horowhenua Commission[20] that he had also stressed to Te Rauparaha that "no one must climb up my backbone", a statement that conveys a similar sentiment.

While Te Whatanui was known as a peacemaker when he determined such a course of action to be appropriate,[21] generating the aphorism "te

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[18] For example, Buick, *An Old New Zealander*, 207; William Thomas Locke Travers, *Stirring Times of Te Rauparaha* (Christchurch: Whitcombe & Tombs, 1906), 154; Patricia Burns, *Te Rauparaha: A New Perspective* (Auckland: A.H. & A.W. Reed, 1980), 152; see also Elsdon Best, "Notes on the Art of War", *Journal of the Polynesian Society*, 12 (1903): 162.

[19] Edward Jerningham Wakefield, *Adventure in New Zealand Vol II* (London: John Murray, 1845), 240–41.

[20] Evidence of Kipa Te Whatanui to the *Horowhenua Commission*, *Appendices to the Journals of the House of Representatives* (*AJHR*), 1896, G-2/225.

[21] For example, he is credited with securing peace between Ngāti Raukawa and Ngāti Apa and Rangitāne in what is known as "the peacemaking at Karikari" around 1830, during which his calm display of personal courage earned the admiration of Ngāti Apa and Rangitāne who greeted him with the exclamation: "Manawaroa" (stout-hearted or brave hearted). As a result of Te Whatanui's actions, Te Awe Awe (a Rangitane rangatira) is said to have broken his tokotoko

manawaroatanga o Ngāti Raukawa" (the stout-heartedness of Ngāti Raukawa), this does not mean that he was averse to conflict under any circumstances. On the contrary, he was a skilled military leader with a lengthy record of successful campaigns to his credit.[22] Many years after Te Whatanui's death, Octavius Hadfield recounted a story that he had been told of Ngāti Raukawa's retreat during a battle in 1839. Conscious that they were being hotly pursued, one of Te Whatanui's companions suggested that the two of them would be better off hiding in the bushes, to which Te Whatanui responded that he would rather "die standing".[23] This particular incident occurred many years after the expressions of peaceful intent and generosity, for which he has become most famed, had taken place.

As to whether he was really an enthusiastic convert to Christianity, there must remain a healthy degree of scepticism. Rangatira of Te Whatanui's generation did not convert readily. Media reports of the day suggest that his Te Arawa friend and ally, Te Heuheu, remained staunchly opposed to Christianity.[24] Other contemporaries, such as Te Rangihaeata and Te Rauparaha, never converted, and missionaries expressed doubt at the veracity of Taratoa's claimed conversion.[25] Rangi Topeora remained openly scornful of Pākehā ways throughout her life. Interestingly, she was baptized, but her insistence on receiving the name "Kuini Wikitoria"

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across his knee, casting it at the feet of Te Whatanui. Other chiefs followed his example and "the peace of Te Whatanui" was secured: "Te Whatanui", http://horowhenua.kete.net.nz/en/site/topics/75-te-whatanui.html (accessed 11 July 2016).

[22] See, e.g., the waiata "Takoto rawa iho ki te pō", composed by Matangi Hauroa and directed specifically at Te Whatanui, urging him to exact utu for the defeat of a group of his relatives under the leadership of Te Māhunga. Te Whatanui subsequently did as he had been asked: Charles Royal, *Kāti Au I Konei: He Kohikohinga I Ngā Waiata a Ngāti Toa Rangatira, a Ngāti Raukawa* (Wellington: Huia, 1994), 68–72; see also Neil Grove, "Te Whatanui: Traditional Maori Leader", MA thesis (Victoria University of Wellington, 1985), 40–53.

[23] Octavius Hadfield, *Maoris of By-Gone Days: Matenga Te Matia* (London: J.B. Shears & Sons, 1929), 7.

[24] See, e.g., the report of him blaming Christianity for Ngāti Raukawa's failure to join with Te Rangihaeata in attacking government forces after Te Rauparaha's capture by Governor Grey: A Correspondent, "Manawatu", *New Zealand Spectator and Cook's Strait Guardian*, 14 October 1846, 2.

[25] Taratoa was christened by Richard Taylor in 1853 but James Duncan is said to have been unhappy about the baptism, believing Taratoa's commitment to be lacking: "Nepia Taratoa", http://horowhenua.kete.net.nz/en/site/topics/322-nepia-taratoa.html (accessed 11 July 2016).

(Queen Victoria)—and that one of her husbands be baptized "Arapeta" (Albert)—suggests that her decision was about mana rather than religious conversion. She was subsequently known as "Queen of the South".[26]

It is also interesting to note the interaction between Te Whatanui and the Church Missionary Society stalwart Henry Williams when the latter arrived in Ōtaki in November 1839, bringing with him the region's first resident missionary, Octavius Hadfield. A significant military encounter had only just occurred between Ngāti Raukawa and Te Āti Awa. Williams spent nearly two weeks in the area, during which time he visited Te Whatanui on a number of occasions, talking about Christianity and doing what he could to encourage a peaceful resolution of the differences between the two iwi. He noted the "gracious welcome" extended to him by Te Whatanui, and recorded "much conversation" taking place with him and with others. Eventually, satisfied that both iwi had agreed to peace, he took his leave from Hadfield and began his return journey to Paihia.[27]

As the first part of Williams's trip was to take him through Taupō, Te Whatanui asked him to convey a letter to Te Heuheu. Upon arrival there, the missionary found to his dismay that the letter urged Te Heuheu not to believe a word that Williams had to say and asked his old friend to come and assist in a renewal of hostilities with Te Āti Awa.[28] In the face of the courteous way in which he had been received by Te Whatanui, Williams took this as evidence of duplicity, a quality for which the missionaries were constantly on the alert amidst their prospective converts.

I suggest that Te Whatanui's actions were driven by a set of cultural imperatives that were wholly unfamiliar to the missionary. For Te Whatanui, the quality of manaakitanga extended to manuhiri, including the likes of Williams (or even Wakefield), would have been a question of mana. That he would feed them, entertain them, indulge them in their choice of topics of conversation or even permit the incorporation of Christian prayers into the occasion in order to make them feel welcome is not unusual.[29] Indeed, it is an entirely predictable way for a rangatira such as Te Whatanui to have behaved. It does not mean that he believed

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[26] *Ngā Tāngata Taumata Rau 1769–1869,* ed. W.H Oliver (Wellington: Allen & Unwin, Te Tari Taiwhenua, 1990), 362.

[27] Williams describes his journey to the Kapiti coast in Caroline Fitzgerald, ed., *Te Wiremu: Henry Williams—Early Years in the North* (Wellington: Huia, 2011), 289–307.

[28] Fitzgerald, *Te Wiremu*, 306.

[29] Many of us continue to behave in this manner, e.g. allowing Christian prayer into our otherwise non-Christian homes if we feel it will make our guests feel more comfortable.

everything —or indeed anything—that they said. It did not equate to a promise that he would completely change the way that he lived, based on a few brief encounters with these rather odd new people.

The Pākehā participants in these meetings, however, interpreted them differently. Imbued with a colonizing arrogance that regarded the superiority of their ways as self-evident, they could not fail to interpret the extension of manaakitanga as a sign that the Natives had seen the error of their ways and succumbed to the inevitable, gratefully adopting the newly introduced ideas and abandoning their own former practices. Any deviation from this expected pattern of "progress" (such as Te Whatanui's message) was to be deplored as regression and as proof of Native "unreliability".

Despite Te Whatanui's fall from grace in Williams's estimation, the overwhelming majority of historians have participated in the construction of his image as the great humanitarian: benevolent, hospitable, religious, gracious, and quick to adopt Pākehā ways within his domestic arrangements. You may wonder what possible fault I could find with this charitable depiction of the tupuna to whom Ngāti Pareraukawa owes the fact of our being based at Hōkio in the present day.

It is partly a simple dislike of inaccuracy: there was so much more to Te Whatanui than the way he has been typically portrayed in historical accounts. But there is more to it than that. A perusal of the early texts reveals that Māori were almost always depicted in simplistic and predictable ways, reduced to a series of caricatures that denied the fact of their humanity. The human complexity of my tūpuna was expunged from the record; they were unerringly assigned to one of a series of categories within the overarching class, "savage". Te Whatanui was a noble savage; Te Rauparaha a ruthless and wily savage; Te Rangihaeata a brooding, recalcitrant savage, and so on.

As for the women, they were erased almost completely: only remnants of them remain within the Pākehā-authored texts that recount my iwi history. That so few Pākehā have heard of Waitohi while her younger brother, Te Rauparaha, is so widely known is but one illustration of this phenomenon. This despite the fact that many of Te Rauparaha's successes were attributable to what has been described as his sister's "genius": few of his major undertakings were entered into without her advice and counsel. [30]

[30] Her brother Te Rauparaha, for instance, has had at least four books written about him; there are no corresponding works about Waitohi. Yet, when asked about Ngāti Raukawa's decision to leave Maungatautari in order to come and help Te Rauparaha hold the southern lands which he had recently secured, Manahi of Ngāti

Denying the humanity of Indigenous peoples has been a defining feature of the colonizing endeavour. As a consequence, instances of my tūpuna being characterized in a simplistic or misleading way are not the exception, but rather the rule. Collectively these portrayals form an all-pervasive, colonizing narrative that presumes to tell us who our tūpuna were. In doing this, it presumes to tell us who we are. Moreover, because the writing of history has been, until comparatively recently, almost completely monopolized by Pākehā, competing narratives have been all but drowned out. Our own versions of history are either buried beneath layers of Pākehā interpretations of events, or they are dramatically skewed in an attempt to ensure consistency with these "authoritative" accounts.

Consequently, in the same way that I have struggled to reconcile what I know about the women in my whakapapa with the work of white male writers who insisted upon grafting their own patriarchal notions of normality onto their historical accounts of my hapū and iwi, it is extremely difficult to construct a portrait of Te Whatanui that is not tainted by the preconceptions of colonial writers about the stereotypical "noble savage": dignified, respected, respectable and (most important of all) respectful.

It is hard to admit that, even as a child, I had an uneasy suspicion that perhaps Te Whatanui and others of his generation had succumbed rather too readily to Pākehā influence. I always wondered why they had not resisted the power of the Pākehā religion more stoutly. For instance, could it be that what we had beforehand really *was* inferior, deemed by them not to have been worth fighting for? The stomach-churning sense of betrayal engendered in me by the accounts of Te Whatanui, the "perfect Christian gentleman", seemed matched only by the smug superiority of the Pākehā who had written the stories and by the resigned look of my own relatives who repeated them.

These are painful issues to deal with. I have been assisted in doing so by Jeremy Waldron's discussion of historic injustice. Pointing out that remembrance is a crucial part of human identity, he argues that to neglect or forget history (to which I would add, to distort it) is to do violence to the identity of communities, undermining and insulting the individuals who belong to them. He summarizes the harmful effects of a failure to

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Huia famously replied: "We came at the desire of Waitohi. Had Te Rauparaha called, the people would not have assented. It was at the word of Waitohi": Wakahuia Carkeek, *The Kapiti Coast* (Wellington: A.H. & A.W. Reed, 1966), 23. Waitohi was also responsible for allocating the land to those who answered her call and went south. It is Carkeek who recounts that "many of [Te Rauparaha's] strategic plans and successful conquests could be attributed to the genius of his eldest sister".

remember in a way that resonates with the feeling of disquiet that I experienced growing up in the shadow of Te Whatanui's legacy. In place of truth, he says, we end up with plausible tales of self-satisfaction on the one side and self-deprecation on the other. Those who have benefited from their ancestors' injustice soon persuade themselves that their good fortune is due to the virtue of their race, while the descendants of their victims often accept the story that they and their kin were always good for nothing.[31]

During the past few years, I have been doing an increasing amount of work on the history of my own hapū and iwi. Waldron's analysis has helped me to articulate the extraordinary misgivings I had when I first decided to re-centre my work in this way. It helped me to understand and, more importantly, to overcome the fact that I was quite literally afraid of what I might find. Discovering that my tūpuna were, in fact, fully human has been exhilarating. Unearthing layers of crucial subtext within stories that have been trotted out for so long without much thought, layers that are still able to be clearly discerned by those of us who have the competence to see and understand them, has been hugely uplifting.

So, to the Māori historians amongst us, you will not need me to remind you how important your work is. I am sure that, unlike me, you will not waste precious time grappling with your personal doubts or wondering how best to confront the self-deprecation that may have been drummed into your iwi over successive generations. You will be well aware of how severely historians of past generations distorted your stories and of the extent to which your own whanaunga may have internalized those distortions. You will, of course, be brave enough to investigate and to challenge the "received truths" of your iwi when your instinct tells you that they are suspect. Perhaps the most important piece of advice that I can offer is to trust your instinct. I have found that if something does not sit well with me, further investigation usually reveals that there is good reason for my discomfort. I particularly like Native American writer Paula Gunn-Allen's frank admission that, when all else fails, she has learned to trust her inner self:

> Whatever I read about Indians I check out with my inner self. Most of what I have read ... is upside-down and backward. But my inner self, the self who knows what is true of American Indians because it *is* one, always warns me when something deceptive is going on. And with that warning, I

[31] Jeremy Waldron, "Historic Injustice: Its Remembrance and Supersession", in *Justice Ethics & New Zealand Society*, eds Graham Oddie and Roy Perrett (Auckland: Oxford University Press, 1992), 142.