TORN IDENtītīES

A Kāi Tahu Story of Whiteness

Adrian Woodhouse

DOCTORATE OF PROFESSIONAL PRACTICE

Torn Iden*tītī*es

A Kāi Tahu Pūrākau of Whiteness

Like the contents of this manuscript, the cover image of the weathered trees at Oneki (The Neck) on the backdrop of the overcast sky of Rakiura serves as a metaphorical reminder to those who whakapapa to this tūrakawaewae: from the time that our Pākehā ancestors first stepped onto this whenua, we have existed within differing worldviews. However, what has empowered us as a community of mixed race is that we have learnt the power of whanaukataka, manaakitaka and aroha; even though our Southern Māori and Pākehā cultural identities have collided, and at times, been torn apart.

Adrian Woodhouse, January 2020

Student Name and ID : Adrian Woodhouse (91004601)

Qualification: Doctor of Professional Practice

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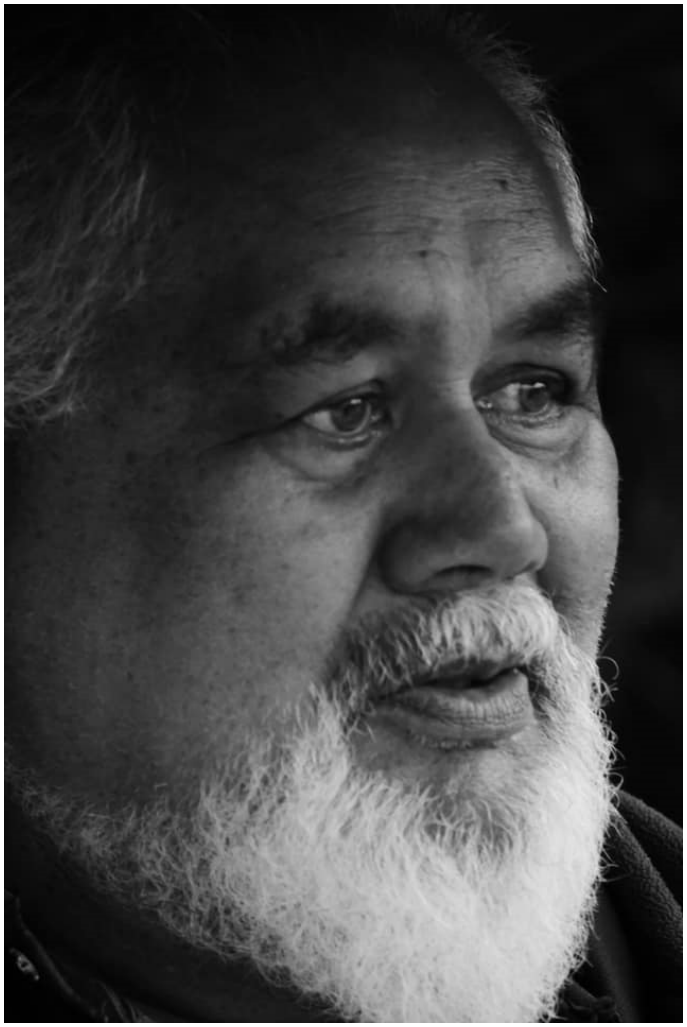
Academic Mentors: Dr Martin Andrew, Dr Richard Mitchell and Kelli Te Maiharoa

"I hereby declare that this submission is my own work and that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, it contains no material previously published or written by another person (except where explicitly defined in the acknowledgements), nor material which to a substantial extent has been submitted for the award of any other degree or diploma of an institution of higher learning."

1st April 2021

Dedication

The following work is dedicated to Joseph Lane Ruka; the most beautiful pūrākau I have ever known.



15th November 1950 - 4th October 2020

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To my whānau, from the ‘cups of tea’ research sessions to the more formal endeavours of Gwenda Bowman and Dawn Leask, I am grateful for all the conversations that contributed to this work. Of note, I would like to acknowledge my Aunties, Margaret Huckstep for her mahi into the recording of Woodhouse history and Lynette Api for her recollections of life on the Woodhouse farm. To Aunty Dawn Leask, thank you for spending endless hours with me as I poured over whakapapa, and you recounted stories of growing up in a world where being Kāi Tahu was not advantageous. Gwenda Bowman, the Palmer whānau is forever grateful for the work that you have undertaken in recording the lives of our tīpuna; it has always been my kaupapa to add in a meaningful to your recorded histories. Special mention needs to be made to Corey Bragg and his pūrākau of the mutton bird island. Thank you for the kōrero of whānau life and the tītī harvesting practices on the mutton islands. Your kōrero enabled me to make sense of the islands without ever stepping foot on them.

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Finally, to my tīpuna; I heard your call and this work is my contribution to restor(y)ing our cultural identity and mana which has been eroded through the cultural traumas of the past.

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Papakupu/Glossary

Names

Aotearoa	New Zealand
Haumia-tiketike	atua of all uncultivated food
Io	the supreme creator
Kāi Tahu	South Island iwi
Maitapapa	present day Henley
Māori	usual or ordinary
Ōtepoti	Dunedin
Pākehā	different-usually in reference to non-Māori
Papatūānuku	Earth mother
Tāne	atua of the forest and the name for man
Rakinui	Sky father
Rakiura	Stewart Island
Tāwhirimātea	atua of the weather including wind, thunder and lightening
Takaroa	atua of the ocean
Te Waipounamu	South Island

General Terms

Māori	English
Ahi-kā-roa	keeping the fires of occupation warm
Ahi mātaotao	fires that become cold
Aroha	love, respect, compassion, empathy
Atua	gods or deity
Hapū	sub tribe
Harakeke	flax
Īnaka	whitebait
Kai	food
Kāik	home/settlement
Kaimāka	Knowledge which is made easier to digest
Kai manu	food birding grounds
Kaihaukai	trading and feasting festivity
Karakia	to recite ritual chants
Kāura	a type of sugar
Kaitiaki	guardian
Kō	digging stick
Kōrero ahiahi	stories told by the fire

Kupu	word
Mahika kai	migratory harvesting
Mātaotao	to go cold
Manaakitaka	care towards
Mana Māori	to have authority, presence or prestige
Manawa	universal heart
Manu	bird/family tītī harvesting area
Manu waimāori	water fowl
Māramataka	enlightenment, insight, understanding
Māoritaka	Maori culture, traditions, and way of life
Mātauraka Māori	Māori knowledge
Mauri	Life force and energy
Mōkihi	raft made of bundles of raupō, flax stalks or rushes
Mōteatea	traditional song
Noa	profane
Nanao	first part of the tītī season
Pā	fortified village
Pakiwaitara	legend/folklore
Pātiki	flounder
Pōhā	a natural storage vessel made from bull kelp, flax and tōtara bark
Poutama	steps/levels
Pūrākau	traditional form of Māori storytelling
Rā	sun
Rama	torching season in the tītī harvest
Raupō	bullrush
Raraka	weaving
Rimurapa	bull kelp
Rohe	area
Taki	funeral
Taniwha	water monster
Tātai	to measure, arrange, set in order
Tapu	sacred
Te ao márama	the physical world
Te hopu tītī	the harvesting of sooty shearwaters
Te korekore	the void and all potentiality
Te Pō	the dark
Tī kōuka	cabbage tree
Tikaka	customary ritual
Tīpuna	ancestor

Tītī	sooty shearwater bird
Taoka	treasured item
Tohuka	revered experts within Māori society
Tōtara	native tree of New Zealand
Tuhika	piece of writing
Tuna	eel
Tūrakawaewae	place of standing
Urupā	burial site/cemetery
Wānaka	tribal knowledge, lore, learning
Wairua	spirituality/mind
Waka	canoe
Wakawaka	division of a harvesting area
Wāhine	women, female
Whaikōrero	speechmaking
Whakairo	carvings
Whakapapa	genealogy or layering and connection between
Whakataukī	proverbs
Whare	house, building, residence
Whānau	family
Whānui	extended family
Whanaukataka	relationships
Whenua	land, ground, country, state, placenta

Conventions

A Note on Dailect

It is with respect for the past and its guidance for the future, that I have intentionally embraced the traditional Southern Māori dialect of my tīpuna to encapsulate their hopes, dreams and aspirations, in my voice of today. This often means that within this work ‘k’ is substituted for ‘ng’ when common usage dictates and when kupu are specific to Southern Māori. However, exception has been made for direct quotations, where out of respect to the indigeneity of the authors, the original spelling has been retained.

A Note on Southern Māori, Kāi Tahu and Ngāi Tahu as Labels of Identity

A key theme which is explored within this work is the appointment of identity labels which devalue the uniqueness of the cultural identity and history within. As such, I have resisted the temptation to use a generic identity label such as Kāi Tahu throughout this work. Instead, out of respect for the various Southern Māori identities which have resided in Te Waipounamu, where known and appropriate, I have used the specific hapū or iwi title within this work. This results in a fluidity of identity labels within this work, however, a fluidity which attempts to value the uniqueness of each whānau, hapū and iwi. As such, I have adopted the following terms within this work;

Southern Māori: refers to the collective iwi of Waitaha, Kāti Māmoe and Kāi Tahu and the hapū of Kāti Kurī, Ngāti Irakehu, Kāti Huirapa, Ngāi Tūāhuriri and Ngāi Te Ruahikihiki ***before*** the passing of the Te Runanga o Ngāi Tahu Act 1996 No 1. Whilst this is a collective term, it is not iwi specific and respects that in pre settlement society many Southern Māori still framed their identities within specific iwi and hapū frameworks.

Kāi Tahu Whānui: refers to the iwi of Waitaha, Kāti Māmoe and Kāi Tahu and the hapū of Kāti Kurī, Ngāti Irakehu, Kāti Huirapa, Ngāi Tūāhuriri and Ngāi Te Ruahikihiki ***after*** the passing of the 1998 Ngāi Tahu Settlement Act. It reflects the contemporary position where the specific iwi and hapū identities of the past, are now referred to as a collective whole.

Kāi Tahu: The use of the iwi title of Kāi Tahu is reserved for the description of myself. Whilst there are links to Moriori and Ngāti Kahungunu within my whakapapa, there are no known links to

Waitaha or Kāti Māmoe. Likewise, all references to Mere Tamairaki Te Kaiheraki and Annie Holmes (my Tīpuna) have them acknowledged as Kāi Tahu only.

Te Rūnanga o Ngāi Tahu: Refers to the organisation which acts on behalf of contemporary Kāi Tahu whānui.

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Voice of Māramataka: Born into the Shroud of Whiteness

Roxburgh, my place of birth some forty plus years ago. As my newly born body gently lies down, they bathe and cleanse me of my bodily mess. I release a soft cry as they start to enrobe me in a shroud of soft white cloth. The cloth's presence makes me feel safe and secure, the tight and taut binding of the swaddle now protects me from myself and those unwanted things in this world. Within this cocooned blanket of perfect whiteness, I can traverse easily within this world, at the same time relent my control over what I might see or where I might go.

"Whiteness what did you do with my placenta"? The precious gift of whenua from Papatūānuku that nourished and fulfilled me during the time of hapū, but now spiritually feeds me under the ancestral calls of 'He taonga nō te whenua, me hoki anō ki te whenua'. Did you consider my whenua to be disconnected from the land and my being, an unsavoury by-product of this new individual self? Did your cultural lens blur your moral judgement and fail you in seeing that for Māori, what is gifted from the whenua should be returned to the whenua.

No, instead your ideologies told you to burn this unsightly thing, for it has no relevance to you and; its culture warrants no place in your world. From the moment I was born you controlled me, weaving the threads of your cloth into the entanglement of my life. For years I walked in the haze of your whiteness, too oblivious to your power and too taken by your desires. Only now do I feel empowered to pull back your veil of distortion, to expose your inner-being and to cut your cloth from my entrapment. For you, nourishment and fulfilment come from the control and power over "the other", but for me, this whenua now feeds me in ways in which your world can never imagine.

Tihei mauri ora

Introduction

A Personal Introduction: Who am I?

The opening pūrākau was crafted on my 44th birthday as I penned the first words of this manuscript. The opportunity for me to draw connections between the symbolism of the day of my birth and the conversations within this manuscript seemed a natural place to start this journey of Kāi Tahu identity (re)clamation. My opening words speak of the social constructs and realities that I was born into, and how they have intentionally - or unintentionally - shaped and moulded my identity. Its suggestive and implicit nature presents the concept of *Whiteness*, an ideological cultural power that has carved a distinctive mark on the experiences of my life, and the construction of my personal and professional identities. As Whitinui (2014, p. 11) states "how we choose to start a story is not only an important determinant in how we place ourselves within, it is also dependent upon how we really see ourselves in the world we live". As such, this manuscript is an insider's perspective from a self-labelled "white guy", as I journey through the process of (re)claiming and (re)positioning my indigenous Kāi Tahu identity within my life. Within this wānaka (learning journey) of self-discovery, I have engaged in a process of sense making and self-healing through my own cultural restor(y)ing processes.

Like many others who whakapapa to the southern reaches of Te Waipounamu, I am a descendant of an early mixed race marriage between a Kāi Tahu wahine and a European whaler, which occurred in the early part of the Nineteenth Century. As I have come to realise throughout this process of self-decolonisation, the agendas of the settler colony in Aotearoa (New Zealand) and the actions of cultural assimilation have left me roaming in a wilderness of confusion as to the validity and legitimacy of my Kāi Tahu identity. It is within the heart of this confusion that the kaupapa of this work is situated, as I start the journey of (re)claiming, (re)writing, and (re)patriating my authentic indigenous self (Whitinui, 2014). As a story of Kāi Tahu cultural dislocation, it is situated within a wider Kāi Tahu whānui narrative, where the legitimacy of our indigenous identity has been challenged by social and cultural constructs derived from a western worldview (O'Regan, 2001).

Throughout my life, the whānau stories of my tīpuna have provided a frail lifeline to my Kāi Tahu past. In this journey of (re)connecting to my authentic self, I have been identity way-finding by gathering the stories of the past, and restor(y)ing them through a new lens so they may act as a cultural healing tool for Kāi Tahu whānui. This has meant, that many times within this project, in order to see new perspectives and to grow as an individual, I have had to step outside the construction of my realities and the normalities within them. It is only through the processes of stepping outside of self and venturing into places of the unknown, that through the process of conscientisation, I have found a deeper understanding of self. As such, this is a story about the departure from an identity which has provided me with safety, security and privilege, and captures my journey of cultural awakening through the wings of curiosity and a flight of self discovery.

This journey of self exposes and questions the ideological powers that influenced the construction of my early white eurocentric belief systems, and how through the power of *Whiteness*, I had become entrapped within the western paradigm of thought and logic. To this end, this work explores the development of my self-identity in relation to the imaginaries and actions of the social architects and agents of society by wiping away the film of *Whiteness* that once dominated my worldview. In doing so, I have started a process of cultural self-healing by (re)claiming and (re)positioning my identity as a proud kaitiaki of my Kāi Tahu whakapapa (genealogy) and the cultural identity held within it.

Kaupapa; He Toki for Restor(y)ing of the Kāi Tahu Self

The wider kaupapa which surrounds this project is that it is an enabling tool for Kāi Tahu whānui cultural reconnection, revitalisation and empowerment. In particular, it is intended to resonate with those Kāi Tahu whānui who do not see themselves as meaningfully connected or authentic within their indigenous selves. As Hana O'Regan (2001) notes, there is a significant group of disconnected Kāi Tahu whānui who cannot speak te reo, practice tikaka or undertake traditional cultural practices; important factors which impact on how people interpret their Māori cultural identity. For some, this has meant that they have drifted from their indigenous selves, resulting in their Kāi Tahu identity having limited importance within their lives (O'Regan, 2001). This lack of

Kāi Tahu cultural connectivity has meant that for some, they have also come to view their indigenous identity in a negative light, and, as such, have also chosen to denounce affiliation with the iwi (O'Regan, 2001). Therefore, a key driver within this work is to present to those members of the iwi, reasons why they might feel disconnected, and how through exposing and eradicating the *whiteness* within our lives, we can learn to reimagine and reconnect with our Kāi Tahu culture.

Until recently, I have had a limited understanding of te reo, tikaka or kawa, and as such, I would classify myself within this group of peripheral and disconnected Kāi Tahu whānau. As Herbert (2011) suggests, I am kiritea Māori, someone who is fair skinned and physically doesn't look Māori but has a whakapapa and is therefore Māori. At the beginning of this Doctor of Professional Practice journey I knew very little of the Māori worldview, even though in my childhood I was exposed to it in various forms. Yet, I know that I am Māori because I have a Kāi Tahu whakapapa and I am registered with the iwi; a Māori on paper some might say. I have spent a limited amount of time on marae, and, while always feeling welcome, I have always felt awkward regarding the kawa (protocol) and tikaka (cultural etiquette) involved because I was never raised within this setting. I can say a basic karakia (acknowledgement) kai, but only in recent years because social pressures have forced me to learn one.

For reasons unbeknown to me, I can only see the world through a white western lens. I say this with a sense of confidence because I see it in my classroom every day. When I look at the class register and it has (M) for Māori next to a student name, most of those students have little white faces just like me. When I talk about Māori education scholarships and grants, it is those little white faces who are more likely to deny any association with their culture. Not all of them, but many of them don't acknowledge their culture and some have even mentioned they don't want to be seen as getting a 'hand out'. I now suspect that many times within their lives, being public about their Māori identity has not been advantageous. Like me, I suspect they have learnt to hide their indigenous identity within the shadows of a white society. In this way, "being white skinned or kiritea Māori, means that others view me [*us*] as knowing, being and doing whiteness", a

position which allows us to socially blend into a white society without persecution (Carey, 2016, p. 10).

It is only now, in the mid-stages of my life that I feel confident to ask why I have acted and felt this way. I could put this down to a mid-life identity crisis; however, it is the opportunity this study brings to restore the Mana Māori (authority and prestige) within my whānau, which has now brought me to this point in time. It was looking at an image of Oneki (The Neck) at Rakiura (Stewart Island) on a 2019 Te Rūnanga o Ngāi Tahu calendar that first drew me to this work. As I reflect, I now acknowledge it was an ancestral calling from the whenua and my tīpuna which stirred my wairua (spiritual self); a spiritual invitation to speak on their behalf. I believe that my tīpuna sensed that the social climate is now ready for this korero (conversation), unlike the past, when social stigma and cultural oppression worked to silence the indigenous voice.

Within this project, as I have spoken to my whānau and engaged with the critical thoughts of others, I have come to understand that my relationship with my Kāi Tahu identity has been influenced and formed "from within existing social contexts, structures, and environments over time" (Whitinui, 2014, p. 9). As both a tool and artefact of cultural healing and critical awakening, this work continues to support Hana O'Regan's (2001) call to embrace our culturally authentic Kāi Tahu selves and to be proud of our unique Kāi Tahu story. As Hana O'Regan (2001) asserts, many members of Kāi Tahu carry the burden of loss and guilt due to the actions of the past; actions that have unfortunately left them disconnected to their native language, tikaka and cultural traditions. Furthermore, O'Regan (2009) contends that if Kāi Tahu are to continue to grow and gain strength within their identity, then a reconnection to both the language and traditional customs will be critical within their own cultural restoration processes.

This project supports O'Regan's kaupapa. However, it presents another possible pathway towards Kāi Tahu cultural revitalisation and regeneration; this being through the restor(y)ing of the cultural self. Through this restor(y)ing pathway, one can learn to let go of the white social imaginaries which dominate our lives. Instead, we can look to (re)connect to our Kāi Tahu selves

through the acknowledgment of our cultural values and wairua within. As Mead (2016) comments, every Māori is born with wairua within them, and from the moment our eyes are formed in the womb of our mother it enters our lives and guides us in our actions. Although, while our wairua is immortal through our spiritual dimension, it is still vulnerable to damage especially when it is attacked by others (Best, 1941). As this story will demonstrate, my wairua and the wairua of my tīpuna has been relentlessly attacked in the past, so much so, that it has now learnt to suppress itself within my life. With this kaupapa (purpose) in mind, this restor(y)ing of Kāi Tahu identity, has allowed me to wipe away the burden of guilt: thus healing my wairua and manawa (mind and heart); bringing me closer to my Kāi Tahu self.

Professional Identity

In my professional life I have been a chef and taught culinary arts at Otago Polytechnic for the last 17 years, with the last decade primarly teaching on the Bachelor of Culinary Arts programme. From an early age I had a passion for cooking which led me to train in the classical French curriculum in my youth and practice as a chef in the field of Haute Cuisine (more commonly referred to as Fine Dining). As a chef and a culinary arts teacher, kai (food) is a natural medium for me to encapsulate my way of seeing and making sense of this world. Therefore, I have intentionally underpinned the stories within this work to be about kai and the whenua (land), with the narrative that my interactions with kai and the whenua are an expression of my cultural identity.

Within this personal narrative of kai, culture and self-identity, is the meta-narrative that the construction of my personal and professional identities has been influenced by the worldviews and social imaginaries of a dominant *white* society. Through an indigenous storytelling methodology, I have chosen to explore the concept of kai, whenua and cultural nourishment as symbolic metaphors for knowledge construction and identity (re)clamation. The opening voice of māramataka within this work presents an initial questioning of how we might view our understandings of cultural nourishment within our lives. In doing so, I start to ask the critical question: can our identities only be nourished by the individual fruits of our labours or can we be spiritually nourished by allowing ourselves to embrace our culturally authentic self? As this project

highlights, Pākehā and Māori have completely different worldviews when it comes to this question. Worldviews which manifest in Pākehā having different social structures, beliefs, values, and norms to Māori; or as I like to refer to them, sense making enablers within their *white* social imaginary.

The Social Imaginary as the Cultural Backdrop to Life

With this difference in worldview in mind, I have positioned my story within Charles Taylor's (2002, 2004) notion of the social imaginary and the *whiteness* that exists within it. As a conceptual notion, it draws heavily from Taylor's (2002, p. 106) definition of the social imaginary as being "the ways in which people imagine their social existence, how they fit together with others, how things go on between them and their fellows, the expectations that are normally met, and the deeper normative notions and images that underlie these expectations". As Taylor (2004) argues, the social imaginary can be likened to an implicit background which exists within our lives and provides us with a common understanding that enables us to carry out our shared social practices. Thompson (1984, p. 6) adds weight to the social imaginary concept when he states that it is "the creative and symbolic dimension of the social world, the dimension through which human beings create their ways of living together and their ways of representing their collective life".

For Taylor (2002), the social imaginary is formed from our implicit understandings of how we should operate socially within our economic, political and public spheres. As Taylor (2002) observes, it is usually initiated by the elites and influential thinkers within a society and governs how groups of individuals imagine their relationships with others and the normative expectations within these relationships. These social expectations of normativity, enable and reinforce the group's collective social imaginary (C. Taylor, 2002, 2004). In this way, the social imaginary is not a set of prefixed ideas about how the social world operates, "rather it is what enables, through making sense of, the practices of a society" (C. Taylor, 2002, p. 91). As Bell (2014) notes, our social imaginaries are not fixed in one time, as new ways of knowing and seeing the world "can penetrate and transform the social imaginary". By unpacking the historical social imaginary of the New Zealand colonial settlers and the institution of haute cuisine, this work explores how the

whiteness embedded within them has influenced my relationship with my Kāi Tahu identity. As Adams, Blokker, Doyle, Krummel, Smith (2015, p. 15) note in their critique of the social imaginary highlight, as a paradigm-in-the-making, the social imaginaries offers "valuable means by which movements towards social change can be elucidated as well providing an open horizon for the critiques of existing social practices".

A Study of Self through the Lens of Critical Whiteness Theory

It is the critical call to challenge the social imaginary in Adams *et al.* (2015) that draws Critical Whiteness Theory to this work. The last two decades has seen the scholarship of Whiteness emerge as an important area of study in exploring ethnic and racial power relations (Hartmann, Gerteis, & Croll, 2009). At its core, Whiteness Theory explores how those who possess white identities, social practices, cultural beliefs and ideologies are blind to the set of privileges which are afforded to them in a white centric society (Ahmed, 2007; Lipsitz, 1995; McIntosh, 1989). These privileges are known and referred to as, white privilege (McIntosh, 1989). With white privilege being centric within many western cultures, Whiteness Theory explores how white cultures and social practices operate freely with within society through its sense of righteous normality. As critical white theorists, Dyer (1997) and Frankenberg (1993, 1994) note, a sense of *normality* which leads to the *invisibility* of white privilege within society.

As such, a key concept within this field is that white identity and cultures can be so powerful and deceptive, that it "secures its dominance by seeming not to be anything in particular' (Lipsitz, 1995, p. 369). McIntosh (1989, p. 1), when describing her own white privilege, described it as being "an invisible package of unearned assets which I can count on cashing in each day, but about which I was 'meant' to remain oblivious". It is from this normative, yet dominant, state of whiteness that other minority groups are often judged and racial and cultural marginalisation occurs (Frankenberg, 1994).

Along with the normalising of white culture, Whiteness Theory explores how the possession of a white identity and culture allows for locations of privilege within society (Terruhn, 2015). Drawing

upon McIntosh's (1989) notion that whiteness is an invisible package (she also refers to it as a knapsack) which white people carry with them. Hage (2000, p. 57) suggests, that whites possess social and cultural capital which they carry into the 'field of whiteness'. Hage (2000) draws upon Bourdieu's Field Theory where sites of social interaction are governed and controlled by a set of social and cultural rules that must be successfully performed if one is to jostle for a location of privilege within the group. Hage (2000) claims that it is the social privilege that comes from successful occupation within the field of whiteness that drives people to want to enter the field in the first place. By entering the social field of whiteness and successfully negotiating a way through it, one can legitimately feel white and reap the benefits of whiteness (Hage, 2000). Lewis (2003) refers to the understanding of the cultural and social rules within the field of whiteness as forms of symbolic capital (Bourdieu & Wacquant, 2013), which Lewis (2003, p. 171) states can "be accessed or deployed to provide access to additional resources"; resources which in turn act as privilege.

In relation to our cultural identities, Byrne (2006, p. 3) argues that "whiteness is much more than a conscious identity, it is also a position within racialised discourses as well as a set of practices and imaginaries". As such, whiteness plays a significant role in constructing the identities that white people express. It is these sets of white cultural practices and discourses that Turrhun (2015, p. 46) states, "serve to reinforce white supremacy". With these power dimensions of whiteness in mind, the stories that I have crafted here are about the everyday *white* events within my life: stories which have played out within a *white* social imaginary.

The Storied-Self: Our Life Stories and Identity Formation

A key tenet within this work, is that we construct our self and cultural identities through the storytelling of self. McAdams (2003, p. 187) states, our "identity takes the form of a story, complete with setting, scenes, characters, plot, and themes", thus presenting our identities as our storied-selves. It is through the retelling of stories of our everyday lives that we co-construct our identities within our narratives; an identity which is therefore entangled within an evolving story of life. The storied-self is an important concept within this work, as I am presenting a personal story of self,

within the wider story of a collective social imaginary. As Taylor (2002, p. 106) notes, the social imaginary is a story within itself as “we express our social imaginaries in images, stories, and legends, rather than theoretical terms”. It is at this critical intersection, where individual and collective stories collide, that enables me to expose how the *whiteness* of the historical social imaginaries of the colonial state and the institution of haute cuisine, have played a role in orchestrating my personal and professional life and my relationship with my Kāi Tahu identity.

This work spans different stages of my life, including insights into my formative years, my career as a professional chef and now in my current profession as a kaiako (teacher) of the culinary arts. As a Māori, my storied self also extends into my whakapapa and is part of the collective story of my whānau and tīpuna (Carey, 2016; Whitinui, 2014). Within these stories, I will provide you with rare insights into the lived experiences of my tīpuna, as well as and inner tensions that exist for a food practitioner when operating within Pākehā and Māori identities. More importantly, I explore what this means in terms of identity formation, when white social imaginaries and white institutional norms are privileged in our society, over the worldviews and values of the Kāi Tahu *other*. As Turruhn (2015, p. 15) reminds us, through the “social imaginary we come to understand the world through the collective narratives that surround us and that our social imaginaries and identities are both enabled and constrained by the cultural frames we are embedded in”. In my case, the social imaginary is beneficial in framing the cultural whiteness which has existed within my life.

Research Methodology and Method

Kaupapa Māori Theory: An Indigenous Space of Decolonisation

With the focus of this research being on Māori cultural regeneration, I have intentionally situated this work within kaupapa Māori Theory. Kaupapa Māori Theory is a research space that is built upon Māori values and epistemology (ways of knowing) and promotes the self-development of Māori through the use of *conscientisation* (critical awakening), *resistance* (rejection of hegemonic ideologies) and *transformation* (changes to our thoughts and actions) (G. H. Smith, 1997, 2003, 2017). According to Graham Smith (2017), Kaupapa Māori Theory allows Māori to operate within a counter hegemonic movement, freeing their minds of colonisation and enabling them to reimagine a future which prioritises their aspirations and needs. As such, the agenda of kaupapa Māori is to politically empower Māori into forms of self-determination and to culturally reclaim traditional Māori ways of knowing that have been suppressed by processes of colonisation (Bishop, 1999; L. Pihama, 2012; G. H. Smith, 2017; L. T. Smith, 2013).

Gramsci's (1971) concept of hegemony and Smith's (G. H. Smith, 1997, 2017) application of it within kaupapa Māori Theory, allows this research to bring together stories of the lived experience, illuminating how we can unconsciously entrap ourselves within white belief systems that continue to isolate, those culturally dislocated Kāi Tahu whānui members from their indigenous identity. In positioning my work in this space, the stories within this manuscript and the insights gained from within them are intended to critically and spiritually awaken those Kāi Tahu whānui members who see themselves as culturally dislocated from their indigenous self. As Pihama, Reynolds, C Smith, Reid, L.T Smith and Te Rihi. (2014) note, there is still a void of knowledge and understanding within Aotearoa, as to the role that colonisation has played in creating historical trauma for Māori, and what that means in terms of the physical, cultural and spiritual health of Māori today. This work contributes towards that understanding by examining how cultural dislocation acts as a form of cultural trauma and impacts on our internal understandings of *self* and our external displays of cultural self.

A Question of Self Permission: Practicing Western and Māori Epistemologies within Kaupapa Māori Theory

With this work being positioned within a kaupapa Māori Theory framework, I will address what might appear to be, the *white* epistemological elephant within the room. If kaupapa Māori Theory is primarily focused on restoring traditional Māori epistemology, for what valid reason would western concepts such as the social imaginary and Whiteness Theory be situated within a kaupapa Māori knowledge paradigm? Furthermore, I pose the rhetorical question; why should concepts which are deeply rooted in western philosophy be present within kaupapa Māori Theory, when kaupapa Māori Theory is premised on celebrating and embracing Mātauraka Māori (L. Pihama, 2012)?

The answer to these questions lies in the mixed identity which exists within myself, the researcher. Similar to others with Pākehā and Māori identity (Carey, 2016; Grennell-Hawke & Tudor, 2018; Herbert, 2011; Webber, 2008), I have internally struggled with possessing both Māori and Pākehā ways of knowing and how these can legitimately be applied within kaupapa Māori Theory. As Hoskins (2017) notes, kaupapa Māori Theory has an explicit political and cultural agenda; with its political agenda primarily being concerned with tino rakatirataka (self-empowerment) and its cultural agenda focusing on reclaiming and normalising Māori knowledge (epistemology). As such, kaupapa Māori Theory has provided a separate place within the academy for Māori to create knowledge which is meaningful for Māori, by embracing Māori ways of thinking and knowing. However, as Hoskins (2017, p. 95) notes, this separation of Māori knowledge from western knowledge through the structural space of kaupapa Māori Theory creates a political orthodoxy, “that, unwittingly, sometimes conforms to the very colonial binary logic it seeks to criticise”. As Grennell-Hawke and Tudor (2018) comment, a binary which has existed between Māori and Pākehā identity that has been important in the past, as Māori have needed a collective strength of identity in order to push back against the powers of colonisation.

This separation of identities has led to the use of binary identities within kaupapa Māori Theory, as through the distinctive separation of social and cultural identities, we can analyse the power

relations and structures within them (Hoskins, 2017). These binary labels typically entail settler/coloniser and indigenous/colonised identities; identities which are often associated with dominance and power and sub-ordinance and weakness (Hoskins, 2017). Thus, the binary position is dependent upon the notion that identities are fixed; a position which is problematic for those of us who operate within blended Māori and Pākehā ancestries. As Hoskins (2017), Grennell-Hawke and Tudor (2018) note, those researchers with hybrid Māori and Pākehā identities can find it challenging for their experiences and knowledges to fit comfortably within kaupapa Māori Theory. Likewise, Webber (2009, p. 3), states, "it [kaupapa Māori theory] reflects the point in time in which it was theorised and written, and the goodness in its intentions. Like any theory or ideology, kaupapa Māori can be liberating and it can be constricting". As someone of a bicultural identity, it is this tension of liberation and constriction that I find myself at times battling within this work.

With this project being the story of my journey from a fixed *white* identity to an identity which has Kāi Tahu culture comfortably situated within it, it is only natural that my sense-making processes (epistemology) are transitional. Similar to Carey (2016), a "white*"* Māori brought up in Australia who as part of her doctoral studies researched her own journey back to her Mana Māori self, I have struggled with self-permission to operate within a kaupapa Māori research framework. This permission stems from the kaupapa of this work, in which feelings of non-legitimacy and cultural dislocation manifest in my concerns of an outsider operating within the indigenous space. As such, I am very much aware of the "dirty" insider/outsider research debate which underpins kaupapa Māori Theory (L. T. Smith, 2013, p. 1). Bhabha (1994) describes these feelings of discomfort as 'un-homely' moments, times when you feel at a loss as you cannot see yourself in one coherent community or identity.

With these perspectives in mind, this work contains a fluidity of epistemology as it relates to my state of cultural self and my relationship with my evolving Kāi Tahu identity. In simple terms, as you read through my work, my initial sense-making processes are deeply informed by Western knowledge constructs such as the social imaginary and whiteness theory. However, as each

pūrākau is retold, analysed and reflected upon, I learn to understand and question the role of *whiteness* in my life, thus acquiring illuminating insights into my relationship with my Kāi Tahu identity. These illuminating insights are forms of māramataka (illuminations and wisdom) of self and act as forms of cultural nourishment, which in turn, heals and strengthens my wairua within. With time, these māramataka reach a point where they ascend above the haze of whiteness, thus healing my wairua within and culturally relocating closer to my Kāi Tahu self.

Through my wānaka (learning journey) of self-discovery, the fears and concerns of my Kāi Tahu legitimacy start to fade, and as such, my sense making process transition towards Māori epistemology and te ao Māori. As Graham Smith notes within his own presentation and discussion of kaupapa Māori Theory,

> "The position taken here is that all theory is important; the critical point is that theories, because they are socially constructed phenomena, are likely to be laden with cultural and social, interests. In this sense the validity of a particular theory will obtain its true worth in the outcomes of its practice and application." (1997, p. 67)

In claiming this position, I now relate how my work is situated within Graham Smith's (1997) kaupapa Māori project considerations. In part, they validate my project as being kaupapa Māori, but they have also guided my thoughts when constructing the kaupapa of this project. According to Graham Smith (1997) the four considerations are,

1. The praxis test: *Are both practical and theoretical elements present?*
2. The positionality test: *What is the record of the researcher/commentator that lends legitimacy to their work in this area?*
3. The criticality test: *Does the commentary or analysis adequately take account of culturalism and structuralism aspirations and political analysis?*
4. The transformability test: *What positive change is there for Māori as a result of your engagement or your application of kaupapa Māori?*

The application of the praxis test ensures there is a relationship between theory and practice, with a view that an equal importance is placed on both (G. H. Smith, 1997). As Smith (1997) notes, theory informs criticality, and practice informs transformability. Within this project, it is the critical inquiry into the construction of Kāi Tahu identity through the influence of the worldviews, social imaginaries and institutional practices of Pākehā, which leads us to deeper understandings of indigenous (and specifically Kāi Tahu) identity formation. Its practical application is that the stories that I create allow members of Kāi Tahu whānui to become consciously aware of how our cultural identity can be influenced by the interests and social forces of others; forces which at times are unknown to us and beyond our immediate control. It is this critical awareness which allows members of Kāi Tahu whānui to live their lives with a greater awareness of the social, cultural and political powers which exist within it.

The positionality test, includes appropriate language, tikaka (ethics) and identification (G. H. Smith, 1997). With the stories within this work being the recounting of whakapapa, it is the honouring and restor(y)ing of whakapapa which brings self-identification to this work. Through the process of researching and analysing my whakapapa, I begin to interpret how the worldviews and social imaginaries of the colonial state created a racial prejudice towards my whānau. A racial prejudice which created a lasting negative impact on my whānau and their relationship with their Kāi Tahu identity. As Whitinui (2014, p. 17) states, whakapapa as an analytical tool was traditionally employed by Māori “to help understand the nature, origin, connections, and trends related to a particular phenomenon—as an organic process”. This means that whakapapa is not just an understanding of the layering of human genealogy, but it is also a means to explain our realities through tātai, the metaphorical cause and effects of our physical or spiritual interactions (Royal, 2005).

This project examines my own genealogical whakapapa and how, through its interactions with the *white* social imaginary, it has manifested into the *white* worldview I possess today. A whakapapa of phenomena which has shaped the events and experiences of the past and present, yet one

which has the ability to provide guidance and meaning in our future lives and endeavours (Jackson, 2008).

The criticality test explores the manner in which the project accounts for its culturalist and structuralist aspirations and the depth of political analysis that exists within (G. H. Smith, 1997). The understanding of the hybrid cultural identity presented in my project, has, at its core, an analysis of the culture and power structures that exist within the political context of Aotearoa. The intention of this project is to critique my own personal perspectives and identity constructs, as they lie in relation to the perspectives and identity constructs of others. As Grennell-Hawke and Tudor (2018) note, kaupapa Māori Theory represents a critical theory space which reclaims knowledge and history. As such, the criticality within this work is afforded by kaupapa Māori as it allows for me to decolonise my manawa and acknowledge my indigenous self.

The final test is an examination of how the project transforms the lives of Māori as a result of engagement or application of Kaupapa Māori principles (G. H. Smith, 1997). As this project is politically situated within a wider Kāi Tahu whānui narrative of identity dislocation through the processes of colonisation, it supports the critical call of others (Armstrong, 2016; O'Regan, 2001) to be proud of our unique Southern Māori culture. By making explicit within this work how my whānau and I became entrapped within the white social imaginary, the intent of the work is to free the minds and transform the lives of other Kāi Tahu whānui members who see themselves as culturally dislocated. As this project will demonstrate, the processes of research, reflection and writing have been a means by which to culturally heal myself from the colonial wounds and social traumas of the past. Having established that the positionality of this project is situated within a kaupapa Māori Theory framework, I now turn my attention to the study of self through an indigenous paradigm.

Indigenous Autoethnography and the Study of Self

This project is a study of self within the cultural context of others, that uses the umbrella research methodology of autoethnography. By its nature, writing in the autoethnographic methodology is

an intertwined process of research and writing as it seeks to describe and systematically analyse (graphy) the personal lived experience (auto) in order to understand cultural experiences (ethno) (Bochner & Ellis, 2016). The power of autoethnography is that through its reflective and emotional means, we can break cultural silences, reclaim voice and evoke a critical consciousness within each of us (Holman Jones, Adams, & Ellis, 2013). The methodology of autoethnography deeply resonates with me; as it acts as a reflective tool for enabling critical consciousness, whilst at the same time ensuring that the voice of the researcher is not lost.

The philosophical position of autoethnography is that it connects emotionally and cognitively to the reader and invites them to ask questions as to how we might live our lives in more meaningful and moral ways (Bochner & Ellis, 2016). Within autoethnography and its inherent processes of praxis and conscientisation, we can potentially expose and emancipate ourselves from a set of personal embodied dispositions that can influence our everyday professional practices and views of the world (Ellis, Adams, & Bochner, 2011).

There are many forms of autoethnography and each has its own intent and form of expression. Some of these forms include analytic autoethnography (*a theoretical study of self through boarder social understandings*) (L. Anderson, 2006), exo- autoethnography (*the role of historical trauma in the understanding of self*) (Denejkina, 2017*),* evocative autoethnography *(a study of self to evoke emotional responses and new understandings*) (Bochner & Ellis, 2016), and performative autoethnography *(interpreting self through our cultural performances*) (Spry, 2001). All of these forms of autoethnography have elements which are relevant to this work, yet it is indigenous autoethnography (Whitinui, 2014) which brings all of these elements together in a way which can be meaningfully applied to this project. As Whitinui (2014, p. 6) states, autoethnography is situated within the interpretivist paradigm and provides us with cultural, political, and social meanings and understandings, although it “lacks a certain esoterically, metaphysical, and w(holistic) edge, specific to an indigenous reality”. Perspectives which have spiritual dimensions and provides indigenous autoethnography with a means to communicate in ways other forms of autoethnography cannot (Whitinui, 2014). Furthermore, Whitinui (2014) notes that Indigenous

Autoethnography is framed within a collective premise related to replenishment and nourishment; these being internal (social, cultural, emotional and spiritual) as well as externally (people and the environment). To that end, Whitinui describes Indigenous Autoethnography as being a resistance-based discourse which,

> "aims to address issues of social justice and to develop social change by engaging indigenous researchers in rediscovering their own voices as "culturally liberating human-beings." Implicit in this process is also the desire to ground one's sense of "self" in what remains "sacred" to us as indigenous peoples in the world we live, and in the way we choose to construct our identity, as Māori." (2014, p. 2)

Whitinui (2014) suggests that there are four considerations that need to be balanced within indigenous autoethnography when crafting stories as indigenous peoples. These are considerations Carey (2016) also notes have overlaps with Kaupapa Māori principles of conscientisation, resistance and transformation. Whitinui (2014, p. 24) states that these considerations are;

- The ability to ***"protect"*** one's own uniqueness by writing and celebrating who we are as Māori. Implicit within this, is celebrating and maintaining our differences, identity, language, culture, and ways of knowing and being.

- The ability to ***"problem-solve"*** by making a number of adjustments that help to craft a story that is well-reasoned, trustworthy and authentic. This position considers that making adjustments is also about coming to know more about 'self' as it reflects being indigenous in a world that is constantly changing and evolving.

- The ability to ***"provide"*** greater ***"access"***. This comes through access to different methods and experiences that support both the individual and the collective within their social, cultural and spiritual well-being. Access also relates to (re)engaging in environments that help to self-determine, (re)connect, (re)discover or inform ways of coming to know our identity, uniqueness and potential as Māori.

- The ability to ***"heal"*** is achieved when ***"learning"*** about ***"self"*** is seen to be critical to one's existence and survival as a collective of cultural human beings.

Adhering to the guidance of Whitinui, this work balances these considerations by providing access to knowledge about historical cultural trauma and its impact on contemporary Southern Māori cultural dislocation; knowledge that allows us to learn about the past and to culturally heal through restor(y)ing our indigenous identity and the lives we lead. As such, the pūrākau (stories) that are contained within this work are not simply that of my own (the self and the knower). Instead, they embrace Heshusius' (1994) notion that within the pursuit of a deeper sense of kinship, coming to know the cultural self reflects the needs of the cultural collective. To that end, the pūrākau within this work speak of our collective struggles for self-determination, autonomy and empowerment, whilst bonding us through our whakapapa to our tūrakawaewae and our traditional ways of knowing and being.

Pūrākau: Traditional Māori Storytelling

It is through our stories that we can find many answers to the questions within our lives (Pihama., Campbell., & Greensil., 2019). I have intentionally chosen pūrākau (a traditional Māori form of symbolic and metaphorical storytelling), as a core element of my indigenous autoethnographic approach to conceptualise and express my thoughts. As Carey (2016, p. 40) reminds us, "The use of metaphor, *kupu whakarite*, is important to Māori people. Much of the pre-colonial Māori language was in the form of traditional metaphoric poetry". As an emergent critical indigenous scholar, the use of pūrākau allows me to express epistemological constructs and creative cultural expressions that are unique and fundamental to Māori ways of knowing and being (Bishop, 1997; Lee, 2008, 2009; Lee, Hoskins, & Doherty, 2005; L. T. Smith, 1999).

The application of pūrākau as a research method, allows me to act in a culturally responsive manner through the construction of insight and the dissemination of thought. When discussing the potentiality of pūrākau, Lee states,

> “the purpose of pūrākau is primarily concerned with the production, retention and dissemination of knowledge - teaching and learning for, about, and as Māori. The goal of pūrākau is not to try and convince non-Māori or ‘outsiders’ of the value of our voice or the worthiness of our beliefs, practices, values and experiences, but to teach and learn as Māori about the things that concern us.’ (2008, p. 76)

Adopting a pūrākau method allows me to embrace te ao Māori and contribute to the decolonisation of the research space; a space which is criticised as being heavily dominated by Western ideologies and its associated methodologies (L. T. Smith, 1999). As an apparatus of decolonisation, this body of work joins Lee (2005), who also views pūrākau as a powerful and important tool when one is in pursuit of cultural and identity regeneration.

As an approach to research, pūrākau is situated within a wider global movement of indigenous academics such as Archibald (1997) and Iseke (2013) who are *writing back* and decolonising knowledge construction through story work. Within this space, indigenous storytelling acts as a form of resistance to the dominant western constructs of hegemonic scientific research and its associated ideologies of imperialism and colonialism (Archibald, 1997; McIsaac, 2000; Sium & Ritskes, 2013) and provides a space for meaningful knowledge creation for indigenous peoples (Christensen, 2012; Iseke, 2013).

Pūrākau: Origin and Roles within Māori Society

In Māori society, storytelling has always been a key tenet of knowledge creation and retention (Lee, 2009; Pouwhare, 2016; L. T. Smith, 1999). In traditional times, pūrākau were an important element of mātauraka Māori (Māori knowledge), as they were constructed to condense and convey, complex philosophical and moral views of the world, through an easily digestible medium (Hikuroa, 2017). With Māori historically being an oral language, pūrākau was the integral element within their society to capture and communicate important knowledge through the narrative medium (Lee, 2008). Pūrākau took many shapes and forms within Māori society; however, Lee (2008) notes that pūrākau could broadly be categorised into two distinct types. The first of these

was in the oral format, such as pakiwaitara (legend/folklore), kōrero ahiahi (stories told by the fire), mōteatea (traditional song), whaikōrero (speechmaking) and whakataukī (proverbs). The second format being storytelling through the embodiment of an object, hence whakairo (carvings) and raraka (weaving) also became important knowledge carriers and creative expressions within Māori culture (Ballantyne, 2011; Hall, 2015; Lee, 2008). The commonality that existed between all of these forms of pūrākau was that they provide insights from the past to help guide Māori in their present and future lives; a concept that we see embodied within traditional whakataukī.

The Power within a Word: Decoding the Kupu of Pūrākau

"In former times a wealth of meanings was clothed in a word or two as a delectable as a proverb in its poetical form and in its musical sound"

Tā Apirana Ngata (quoted in Mead & Grove, 2004, p. 450)

Wirihana's (2012) decoding of the kupu (word) pūrākau provides us with one view or perspective to interpret the importance and understandings embedded in the practice of pūrākau. Broken down into its four source words pū (source), rā (light), ka (past, present and future) and ū (from within) we can see that the kupu embodies the principle of a source of enlightenment from the past that can guide us in the present and into the future (Wirihana, 2012). Lee-Morgan (2019), an authority on pūrākau as a method, also provides us with another interpretation of the kupu. Lee-Morgan (2019) discusses that when the kupu is broken into pū (source, origin) and rākau (tree) there are deep correlations between the method and its inherent connection to nature. As Lee-Morgan (2019) states, Māori have their origins and identity born from the natural world (including the tree) and the symbolism of the tree with its roots, base, trunk, branches and leaves directly embodies and reflects the Māori world view. When viewed from its metaphorical perspective, it is from the pū (roots and base) of the tree we can draw knowledge from, which provides us with teachings that can give us strength (trunk), in turn, sheltering us from harm, allowing us to grow (as branches and leaves) within this world we inhabit Lee, Hoskins, & Doherty,(2005). When viewed from this position, pūrākau are never viewed as individual sources of knowledge (as in a single tree) but are viewed holistically and collectively as a forest of integrated and interconnected knowledge (Lee-Morgan, 2019).

Pūrākau and its Different forms of Expression

Within the varing elements and aspects of Māori society, different types and approaches to purākau were called upon. This could include the use of pūrākau to explain cosmological concepts such as origins of the universe through to more specific stories of tribal whakapapa and the naming of important landmarks and events (Walker, 1990). As such, pūrakau had no set format (Pihama. *et al.*, 2019), and they took many forms depending upon their purpose. Some pūrākau where highly accurate and factually based, while others were crafted in an evocative manner to invoke the wairua (spirituality) and the mauri (life force) of the story (Lee, 2008).

Social hierarchies also played an important role in the communication and performance of the pūrākau. According to Lee (2008), only those members who were deemed to be highly esteemed within the social group where given the gift of the most precious knowledge and the privileged honour of the performance. Likewise, for the receiver of the pūrākau, a multiplicity of meanings were embedded within a pūrākau and it was common for these meanings to unfold over a lifetime. As an individual passed through childhood and ventured into adulthood, only then might they move past the surface of the story and discover the deeper and more thought-provoking insights held within. Some pūrākau also contained knowledge which only the most reserved people, such as tohuka (reserved experts within Māori society) were privileged to know (Lee, 2008; Tau, 2003).

A pūrākau was always never explicit, nor was its desire to provide a truth. Its role was more of an inspiration or guide for life, inspiring the reader to reflect and became more critical in thought about how the embedded messages applied to their own lives (Lee, 2008). In doing so, the receiver is encouraged to activate reflective practices as they interpret and reinterpret the story in a way that it provides meaning to their own lives (Lee, 2008). Subsequently, pūrākau is always inherently pedagogical as the crafter and receiver of the story employ the concept of ako (reciprocal learning). It is through the reinterpretation of the story that both the storyteller and listener co-create and re-create new knowledge (Lee *et al.*, 2005).

In recent years, pūrākau has been readily adopted by Māori academics who want to embrace ancestral ways of knowing within the contemporary academic field. Māori academic Jenny Lee (Lee, 2008) popularised the method in her doctoral research into Māori teachers and their use of ako in the classroom. Pūrākau has also successfully been utilised as a method in research areas such as cultural reconnection (Armstrong, 2016), indigenous therapeutic healing (Cherrington, 2003), the weaving of indigenous and western knowledge's (Nopera, 2015), wāhine leadership (Wirihana, 2012), domestic violence and maternal bonding (Hall, 2015), whānau storytelling and indigenous pedagogy (Pihama. *et al.*, 2019) and empowerment through creative writing (J. S. Pihama, 2019). This has led to pūrākau as a research method coming into its own right and it is now recognised as one of the leading kaupapa Māori research tools when undertaking narrative based research within contemporary Māori life (Lee-Morgan, 2019).

Creating an Authentic Indigenous Storytelling Voice

With this work being situated within the space of cultural reclamation and the decolonisation of hegemonic Western epistemologies, it is important that I create pūrākau which embodies these principles. As the metaphorical nature of knowledge creation is important to Māori, pūrākau have an important role to play in tino rakatirataka (self-determination), spirituality and cultural reconnection (Bishop, 1999; Carey, 2016). Metge (1999) suggests that a fundamental cornerstone of Māori storytelling is the ability for the creator to read their audience and to craft their work in a creative manner to engage and connect with them. To achieve such connections, Metge (1999) states that it is important for the storyteller to ensure that the story is composed in a language that the audience understands, and in a manner that reinterprets historical understandings into contemporary thought. Royal (2005) further adds, that in creating contemporary mātauraka, Māori should be inspired by the wisdom of their tīpuna but need to acknowledge in their work that a contemporary world is vastly different to traditional Māori society. Royal (2005) recommends, that for contemporary mātauraka and cultural retention to occur, the integration of cultural creativity is essential. Therefore, the contemporary Māori storyteller has the responsibility to ensure that their voice and messages are relevant to today's people and the times we live in, while not losing sight of the traditions of the past.

Wānaka of Self: An Indigenous Autoethnography Purākau Framework

With indigenous autoethnography premised on evoking critical consciousness and discovering and empowering one's voice, the pūrākau and analysis of them within this work are a means to break cultures of silence and to reconnect culturally dislocated Kāi Tahu whānui members to their indigenous selves. In doing so, each pūrākau within this work is situated within a *Wānaka of Self,* a process in which the pūrākau is told, analysed through critical theory and reflection upon to reveal new insights, knowledge and understandings of self. Through this approach, I have adopted Royals (2005, p. 11) definition of wānaka, as "going through a process whose outcome is a new idea, a new understanding, new knowledge". In doing so, as each pūrākau is analysed and reflected upon, the new knowledge which emerges is layered upon prior knowledge and understanding, thus developing an ascending staircase of māramataka (illuminating knowledge and wisdom) into whiteness and its powerful impact on my relationship with my Kāi Tahu self.

In keeping with the creative storytelling philosophies of Metge (1999) and Royal's (2005) understandings of the differing forms of mātauraka Māori, my wānaka of self-process has three distinctive voices which reveal three phases of knowing within the work. As I express each voice, they are an embodiment of the different levels of understanding/knowledge which have emerged. Each voice does not operate in isolation, instead, it is a reflection of the level of understanding and knowing within that specific phase of the wānaka of self. Like all pūrākau, it is therefore important that the differing voices and phases of understanding are considered collectively, to interpret the knowledge as a whole (Lee-Morgan, 2019; Lee, 2008).

With each of the pūrākau within this work being positioned within wānaka of self, the pūrākau are situated within a process of coming to new understandings of self, and, in turn, the healing of cultural self. The first phase within the wānaka of self is to recall the lived experience. The second phase is to analyse and reflect on the lived experience in relation to other stories and voices (theories in this case). The third phase is to present the deeper learnings within the wānaka of self through the voice of māramataka.

As such, I have defined the voices in this work in the following manner; ***the lived experience*** (the recounting of the story with facts and people***), kaimāka and kai*** (the analytical "chewing over of the story" to create new forms of knowledge which nourishes ones wairua and cultural identity) and finally ***māramataka*** (illuminations of self).

Voices of Knowing and Expressing

The first voice of expression I will discuss is ***the lived experience***. This voice draws upon the past experiences of my tīpuna and whānau, as well as my recent experiences as a chef and kaiako. It is a voice which speaks of historical people, places and events, creating stories which are connected to, and relatable to many. These stories embrace life and humanity, and where possible, are crafted for you to *feel* the raw emotions of the lived experience. In particular, the crafting of emotional feelings occurs predominantly within the later sections of this work in which the author expresses their own realities. Therefore, unless historically recorded, the emotional dimensions of historical events are not presented within this work.

The second voice is ***Kaimāka and Kai*** and this voice follows the voice of the lived experience and its role is to 'chew over' and the pūrākau and provide new 'nourishing' knowledge. As Royal (2005) comments of *kaimāka* and *kai* as concepts within knowledge construction, in traditional Māori society it was important to *kaimāka* (to chew over) knowledge, so that the complexities within it could be made more "digestible and palatable" to those who received it. Thus, the voice of Kaimāka And Kai 'chews over' the lived experience through the processes of critical analysis and makes the deeply embedded learnings within easier to interpret and 'digest' as kai for the receiver. As Royal comments of knowledge and kai,

> *In traditional times, knowledge was sometimes referred to as a nourishment (kai), something that was fed (whāngai) from one person to another. This perspective of knowledge as a food is reflected in numerous places in traditional literature such as proverbs (whakataukī) and other expressions* (2005, p. 6).

Therefore, I have adopted Royals concept of *kai* as nourishing knowledge, and within the voice of Kaimāka and Kai, *kai* is the expression of the *reflective learnings* which have eventuated from *kaimāka* (critically analysing) the lived experience. As such, kai also metaphorically embodies the cultural nourishment found within the wānaka of self, which in turn, heals my wairua and brings me closer to my Kāi Tahu self.

The final voice is ***Māramataka***. The voice of Māramataka is deeply embedded in self illumination and metaphysical thought and is crafted in response to engaging in the previous three voices. Its metaphorical and encoded messages are my creative interpretation and expression of my ever evolving relationship with my Kāi Tahu self. As Marsden (2003a) astutely reminds us, for Māori, knowledge and spirituality can never be separated.

The voice of māramataka is represented in the opening title “Born into the Shroud of Whiteness”. The voice draws its mauri (life force and energies) from my wairua (spiritual realm) and expresses how I perceive my relationship with my Kāi Tahu self within that particular time and place. As discussed previously, if our stories are our identity, then my metaphorical and spiritual voice is the performance of my evolving Kāi Tahutaka. Nevertheless, this voice can only be accessed and crafted once one has moved through the previous voices and acquires the insights and understanding which comes from within them.

Within the pūrākau “Born into the Shroud of Whiteness”, the voice of māramataka starts at a place of frustration and anger as I come to the realisation that I have had no choice in being born into whiteness. The voice embodies this frustration and acknowledges that whiteness has played a role within culturally dislocating myself from my Kāi Tahutaka. However, what eventuates throughout this work is a subsiding of frustration and anger as I discover the normative power of *whiteness* and how it possess the ability to cloud my world view. From a stylistic perspective and as a means to identify itself to the reader, the Voice of Māramataka is situated at the opening of each wānaka of self within a text box and is expressed in italics. It sets the theme for the wānaka of self and starts the process of illuminating the key insights within.

The inspiration for each of these voices are derived from Hall's (2015) concept that a pūrākau can operate within five poutama's (steps/levels) of knowing. According to Hall (2015) the levels of knowing within a pūrākau are,

- Poutama Tahi: this relates to the basic facts of the story including the subject, verb and objective of the story.

- Poutama Rua: this is the relational level in which the storyteller makes connections to other important people. These connections can also include historical and other worldly understanding. Connections to celestial or spiritual dimensions may exist within this poutama; however, they mainly emerge within Poutama Toru.

- Poutama Toru: this is the emotional level which expresses the feelings (such as love, hate, fear, alienation, acceptance and rejection) and the subjective nature of the event as it has unfolded along with its impact on the storyteller (such as who is responsible and why and what really happened).

- Poutama Whā: this is the analytical level in which the storyteller/researcher adds another level of meaning to the story. It can include how the pūrākau connects with other pūrākau that have similar messages. This level is about extending and connecting for the purposes of wider sense making.

- Poutama Rima: this level acknowledges the wairua or spiritual level of engagement. It provides a space for those who interact with the pūrākau to create an existential relationship with the work. This level allows us to see how life is connected and can be touched by others, while standing at a distance and forming new insights and interpretations for the self. It is at this level of poutama that the wairua is ignited and spiritually binds and connects us.

Within Hall's (2015) work, she utilises Te-āta-tu-pūrākau as a framework to symbolically represent the unfolding of insights, understandings and wisdom which exist when one examines their story. The Te-āta-tu-pūrākau framework views each poutama (step) within the pūrākau as a platform for gaining new levels of understanding and deeper levels of critical insight. With this research being the story of my critical awakening to the influences and impact of whiteness on my Kāi Tahu self, I have adopted and adapted Hall's (2015) storytelling framework to reflect my own kaupapa, story and voice.

How to Read and Interpret this Work

The following table presents Hall's (2015) five poutama levels of pūrākau, and how it has been adapted within this work to create the *Three Voices of Expression and Knowing* within the *Wānaka of Self*.

Figure 1: Poutama and Voices of Expressing and Knowing Framework

<table>
<tr><th>Hall's (2015) Pūrākau Poutama Levels</th><th>Voices of Expression and Knowing within the Wānaka of Self framework</th></tr>
<tr><td>Poutama Tahi: Basic facts of the story including the subject, verb and objective of the story.</td><td rowspan="2">The Voice of the Lived Experience
This voice embraces the lived experience speaks of the experiences of past and present.</td></tr>
<tr><td>Poutama Rua: Relational level of storytelling in which the storyteller makes connections to other important people and events</td></tr>
<tr><td>Poutama Toru: Emotional level and its impact on the storyteller</td><td rowspan="2">The Voice of Kaimāka and Kai
The kaimāka voice critically analyses the lived experience by "chewing over" and reflecting on it. The insights created through analysis and reflection then become culturally nourishing kai</td></tr>
<tr><td>Poutama Whā: the analytical level in which the storyteller adds another level of meaning to the story through connections with other pūrākau that have similar messages.</td></tr>
<tr><td>Poutama Rima: Wairua or spiritual level of engagement. It provides a space for those who interact with the pūrākau to create an existential relationship with the work.</td><td>The Voice of Māramataka
Derived from the personal insights acquired within Voice of kaimāka and Kai, this voice illuminates my ongoing relationship with my Kai Tahu Self</td></tr>
</table>

When presented visually, the wānaka of self and the pūrākau and learnings within them, appear in the following manner.

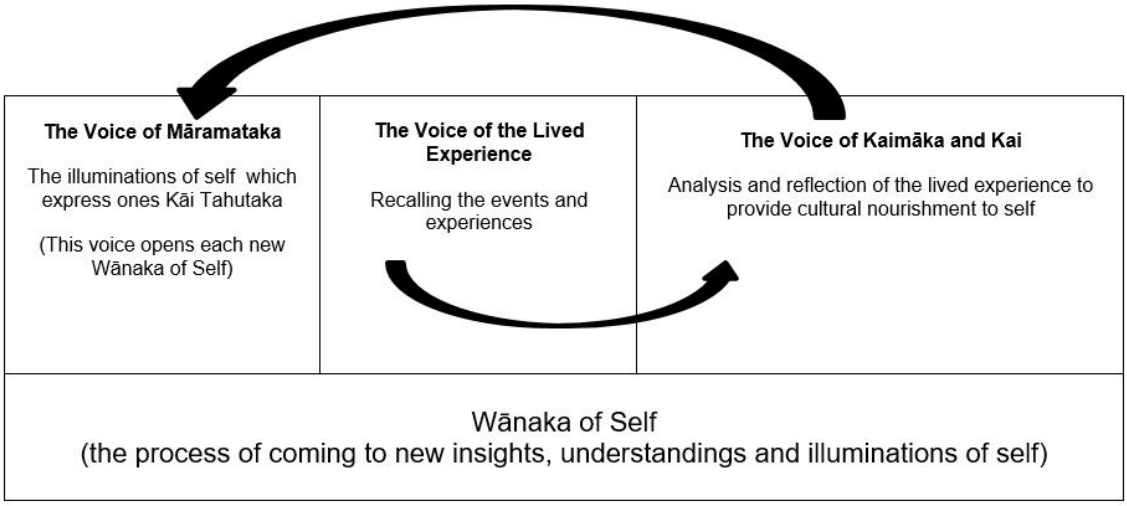


Figure 2: Wānaka of Self and the Three Voices of Knowing and Expressing

With this work situated within kaupapa Māori theory and an application of Māori epistemology, this work does not entirely follow a traditional thesis format. Instead, the work is arranged around a series of unfolding wānaka of self, which when considered as a whole, presents the reader with an unfolding understanding of self. This means that knowledge generated within each pūrākau is always unfolding onto prior knowledge and understanding; a process which is reflective in ones own learning journey in life. This unfolding knowledge creates what O'Malley, Owen, Parkinson, Herangi-Searancke, Tāmaki and Te Hira (2008) refers to as a poutama (staircase) of higher knowledge and understanding. Within this work, this poutama is situated within a trajectory of self-māramataka (self illumination). With this perspective in mind, the following diagram visualises the layered structures of the wānaka of self, and its relationship to the unfolding poutama of self māramataka.

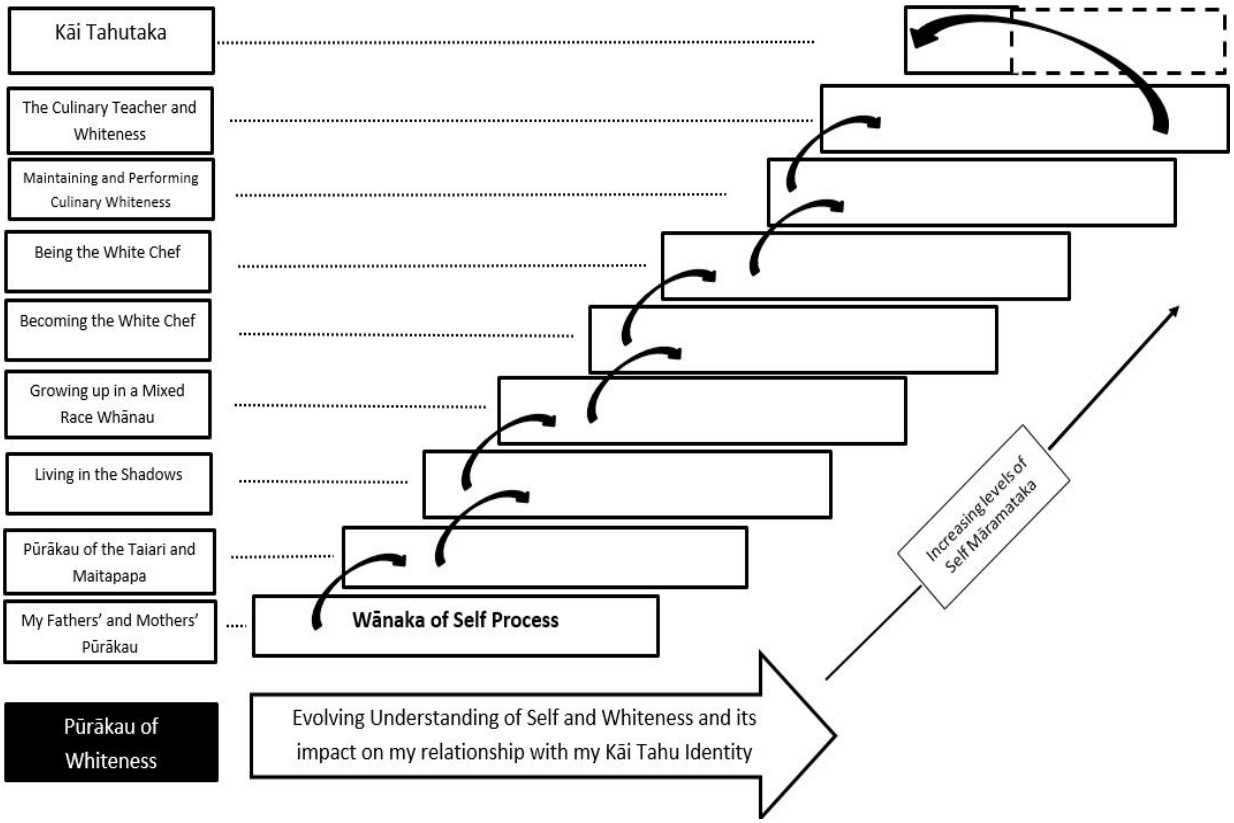


Figure 3: Pūrākau and Wānaka of Self Framework

Within this work, there are eight Wānaka of Self which are based on pūrākau of the lived experience of self (including my tīpuna) and whiteness. As I recall each lived experience and examine the role of whiteness within it, knowledge and understandings in relation to my Kāi Tahu identity starts to emerge through self-māramataka. At the conclusion of each Wānaka of Self, I present the key conceptual learning of self and whiteness; learnings which when viewed as a whole present the holistic picture of self and whiteness.

In concluding this opening section, I have presented Kaupapa Māori research as the theoretical epistemology which underpins the academic positioning of this work. I have explored how this work is situated within an indigenous autoethnography methodology, and how through the storytelling method of pūrākau, this work contributes towards creating contemporary Māori mātauraka. Through the development of the Voices of Expression and Knowing, I have developed a Wānaka of Self framework which allows for different but appropriate forms of mātauraka to be developed and expressed within this document.

To see how these philosophies, theories and frameworks work together in unison, I must return to the first five years of my life and introduce you to the normalities of my *whiteness*. These early years were extremely important in influencing how I viewed kai and the whenua, and in later years, these experiences would express and embody my personal and professional worldviews and my relationship with my Kāi Tahu self.

My Fathers Pūrākau

The Voice of Māramataka: Man of the Land

I am the first to be born to them, and the first grandson at that. If the social etiquette of this land unfolds, my right of birth will entitle me to take ownership of the family farm. Like my forebears before, I will work hard to manage this rugged landscape, harnessing its natural powers and procuring them for the betterment of my family. These ways of seeing and being within this landscape will put food on my table and undoubtedly brand me with the identity of landowner and farmer. I was born into this identity, and to that end, I will know of no other. Eventually, I will realise that the true nature of this land has been lost on me. Its tapestry of colours and its cloak of stories has been erased from my mind by the constant cloy of whiteness that now grasps my realities and fades my view of the world.

With time, I will master the tools of Western science to control this wild and unruly earth, engineering will divert its precious moist offerings into the deep valleys below, whilst the bitter sprays of chemistry will destroy the pests that threaten to eradicate my possessions. Only then will the fields fully blossom, allowing me to reap the fruits of my labour and the indulgences of the table.

The Voice of the Lived Experience: Pioneering Settlers and Kiwi Farming Lifeways

My Fathers Ancestry in Aotearoa

I was born in Roxburgh, a small town in Central Otago, New Zealand on the 16th of February 1975 to Cheryl (nee McCunn) and Bryan Woodhouse. The township of Roxburgh was founded by my great, great, great grandfather, James Woodhouse in spring of 1862, while he and his fellow travelling companion Andrew Young, were traversing the Teviot Valley in search of the riches of gold. Having just crossed the Teviot Creek, James and Andrew decided to rest and dry their wet clothes, and while waiting, tried their luck at a little prospecting. To their delight the creek was rich with gold, and herein lies the origins of gold mining in the Teviot district which was to last as an economic activity well into the 20th Century. James continued to mine in the region for a number of years before he eventually turned his hand to hospitality. In conjunction with his business partner, George Cordon, they established the Union Hotel to meet the thirst and lodging needs of the local travellers and miners.

In 1869 James married dressmaker and local school teacher Bridget Fitzgerald. Following their marriage in 1874, James purchased land in Roxburgh East and went on to establish Woodlands Farm with the primary purpose of raising sheep for wool and meat production. As an early pioneer in the valley, James was an active member of the Roxburgh Borough Council along with the local school committee. With James' previous experiences overseas in engineering, he was instrumental in the development and implementation of the Roxburgh East high country water race network. The natural landscape of the Teviot Valley is extremely dry and barren, even though the mighty Clutha River runs deep and swiftly through the valley floor. As a means to bring much needed water to the valley, James and his other neighbours developed a series of sophisticated water races systems which diverted much needed water from the residing lakes of the back country, into the dry and desolate Teviot Valley below. It was these incredible feats of sophisticated and precision engineering that finally brought agricultural life to the Teviot Valley, thus allowing the local families

to raise animals and cultivate crops for the domestic and export market, and to regularly put food on the family dinner table.

James and Bridget's eldest son, Robert Gerald Woodhouse, would be the natural successor of the family farm and would go on to be the first person to transport, via the Roxburgh railway, lambs from the region into the markets of Dunedin. As a devoted Christian, in 1901 Robert married Annie Baillie, however they struggled to bear a large family due to rhesus blood factors and the lack of blood transfusions at the time. In 1907, Robert and Annie finally gave birth to a boy, my great grandfather Cecil Henry James Woodhouse. Cecil was an academically gifted individual and was the Dux of the Christian Brothers School in Dunedin in 1918. Like his forebears, Cecil was tied to the family farm, and upon completion of his studies, Cecil returned to the Woodlands Farm to resume his normal farming duties. It was in 1923, that Cecil married the neighbouring farmer's daughter, Emma Rebecca George and gave birth to my grandfather Robert Eugene Woodhouse. It is through my interactions with Robert Eugene Woodhouse and my grandmother Betty May Woodhouse (nee White) that my fond memories of Woodlands Farm were fostered and developed throughout my formative years.

Life on the Farm

As a young boy, the Woodlands Farm would become my place of play and exploration as well as an emotional abode. For the first couple of years of my life, I lived in the farm cottage with my parents just down the road from the main farmhouse. My memories of this time are now slightly faded, but I can still clearly remember trips up to the big house at the end of the road where my grandmother could always be found in her kitchen. As a little lad, I would sit in her kitchen on the radiator, warming myself up from the cold grip of winter, whilst sipping away on a cup of piping hot homemade vegetable soup. The best time to be in her kitchen was when the shearing gang arrived to crutch or fully shear the sheep. As is customary in small rural communities, the farmer would provide the shearing gang with a fully cooked lunch each day, often in the form of a roast of home kill followed by a baked pudding containing fruit from the family orchard.

These shearing gangs were primarily comprised of hard working local men that would spend every hour of their working day wrestling rowdy high country sheep while being bent over the working tools of their trade. Sweat could be seen cascading off their heads as they would go through the rhythmic motions of shearing sheep after sheep. As a young boy I would play on the stacks of the finished wool bales. High and safe from the woolshed floor, I had a viewpoint where I could witness all that was happening below. I would watch in awe at the dance below me, as the shearers worked in a timed manner with the sweeps of the rousey's and the rousey's worked in time with the throws of the wool classers.

As lunchtime beckoned, the mass of muscles that were the shearers, needed refuelling. And so it was, that my grandmother's kitchen table was transformed into a refuelling station. As each of the shearer's hand pieces were systematically turned off, clusters of the gang would peel off into the pickup trucks and head down to the family's big house. Their unshaven and rugged faces would be awash with great big smiles, as they knew a banquet of 'country tucker' now awaited them.

My grandmother's table would welcome them with a large platter of succulent roast meat that only moments before had been carved off the bone. In the supporting role would be bowls of vegetables freshly harvested that morning from the family garden. I remember the shearing gang liking their vegetables, but I doubt in the late 1970's any of them were vegetarians! As the meat and vegetables were brought out of the oven, an apricot sponge would be quickly thrown together and fired back in. There was no real timing for when the sponge would be done, but a quick visual check for a golden surface followed by a gentle press of the finger were all that were needed to ensure the perfect pudding met the table on time. No matter how full everyone was from the main meal, there was always space to squeeze in a bowl of pudding. With its rich buttery sweet vanilla sponge and its tongue-quenching fruity tartness, it was the main act dressed in disguise.

Farm Life: Everything is a Commodity and has a Value

After the meal, the shearers would slowly drift outside. Many would light a cigarette and the odd one would walk up to the dog sheds and lob one lucky canine the remnants of the bone. A bone

would be a rare treat for these working dogs, just like the shearers, their role was that of disciplined worker within the family farm. While most dogs are domesticated for the purposes of being pets, farm dogs are generally considered business assets, much like tractors and motorbikes.

Like all farm objects, dogs play a functional role within the working unit, and in so doing, they have an inherent value. This value means they can be traded and sold when needed, just like every other object on the farm. What I learned, was that on a farm, valuable and utilitarian objects are to be worked and controlled to meet the needs of the land and ultimately the farmer they serve. Farm life is pragmatic like that, everything serves a practical and meaningful purpose and it is the farmer who determines their needs and actions when trying to attain their personal goals.

Eventually, it would be time for the gang to return to the woolsheds and for them to start their next working stretch. As they jumped back into the trucks to head back up to the shearing sheds, my grandmother and I would head to the chicken coop to collect some eggs for that afternoon's baking. Hand in hand, my grandmother would carry the plastic bucket of kitchen scraps while I carried the wicker basket to collect the freshly laid eggs. As we opened the coop's wire framed door, we would be careful not to allow any of the chickens to escape. As a naive and vulnerable four year old child, I can recall the chicken coop being this barren, dry and somewhat scary place. The coop was constructed of large fence posts dug deep into the ground, creating a square caged space about twenty by twenty meters in square. The structural posts were lashed together with roll upon roll of industrial chicken wire and attached to the posts with steel nails.

The ground was golden, tanned and dusty from the harshness of the Central Otago sun and about 30 chickens scratched the parched earth. To prevent the chickens from flying away their wings would be regularly clipped. A simple technique where you spray open the wings, and with a sharp pair of scissors you cut off the primary wing tip feathers. No matter how much those damn chickens would flap their wings, they could never take flight and escape into the depths of the wild. The perimeter fencing served an additional role as it protected the chickens from the stray cats that would prey on the sitting birds.

My appearance within the coop would be meet with a tense yet cautious response as the birds quickly processed whether this unknown being and its plastic bucket would bring them their next meal or pose an immediate danger to their lives. As my grandmother and I moved quickly around the coop, the birds' movements would become frantic and erratic as they chased the scraps of food that were now being tossed frantically into the air.

At the centre of the coop was the resting place of the laying barn. It was an old weathered wooden structure that housed the birds at night whilst allowing them to lay their eggs in peace in the early hours of the morning. Upon approaching the barn door, my grandmother would remind me to be quiet as we entered so as not to disturb or upset the sitting birds. As we opened the door, the light rays would beam into the darkness of the space exposing a room full of small, yet radiant eyes that were now staring directly back at you. As instructed, our initial steps into the barn would be slow and calculated with the first task being to collect any eggs from the sitting boxes within.

The next act was certainly more challenging and required you to slide your hand under a sitting chicken and gently feel around for the presence of a warm smooth egg. You needed to be careful as you did this, as any sudden moves would result in a retaliation of a sharp spur being plunged into the soft flesh of the hand. Usually watchful, the eyes of the chicken would reveal if they were content with your actions or readying themselves for a full on attack. With the eggs now collected and the basket fully laden, it was time to return to the kitchen to prepare the shearers afternoon tea. It was only later on in life that I learnt that my grandmother had constructed the chicken coop as a means to provide her with a little personal income. Even though the feminist movement was well under way in the 1970's, in the small rural town of Roxburgh, the dominant male within the family unit still controlled who had access to money as well as for what reasons and purposes.

Converting Sheep and Pigs into Boxes of Chops and Bacon!

The couple of hours after lunch was the time to prepare the food for the following day. From the tattered pages of her cookbook, I would gaze upon my grandmother as she effortlessly whipped up

a batch of biscuits to fill the shearers ‘smoko’ tins. With an excess of eggs in the house, it wasn’t uncommon to see a bacon and egg pie also in the oven. Often this would be cooked the day before and served cold at the following morning tea. My grandparents’ farm was primarily a sheep station, however, and like many within their community, they also had a pig pen containing future meals. These innocent pigs were aptly named “pork chop”, “ham” and “bacon”.

While it may be foreign to some people, seeing a pig, sheep or cow walking around in a pen, to only minutes later seeing it slaughtered and hung from a rope, is a perfectly natural occurrence within a farming community. Likewise, I was always impressed when these beautiful beasts of nature were dropped off at the butcher, to arrive back home a few days later, reformed into brown square boxes containing wrapped plastic bags of chops, bacon and steak. Thinking about it now, its strange how as humans we like to rename animals if we are going to eat them. Maybe “pig” is a little to hard to swallow? I never saw the processing of these farm animals, but I inherently knew how they were to be raised and what economic value they had to the family.

As three o’clock drew closer it would be time to fill the thermos with hot tea and coffee and to pack the smoko tins into the truck before driving up to the woolsheds. My grandmother would set up a small table for the hot drinks and would display her tins of homemade baking in a ‘best in country show’ kind of manner. As the shearing gang broke from their work, they walked over to the table and grabbed a hot drink and something to eat. Many would drift out for a well-earned cigarette while many of the younger shearers would boast of their growing daily tally.

Sometimes one of the older shearers would take this break as an opportunity to take a young rowsey under their mentorship and guide them through a particular aspect of sheep shearing. This was the means by which you learnt to become a shearer, you did the time on the floor working hard to earn the respect of the shears. If you could prove your worth, you would be shown a few ‘tricks of the trade’ in the smoko breaks, and with practice and time, you eventually become a shearer in your own right. This rite of passage from rowsey to shearer is fairly typical within shearing gangs, it’s about learning to master the ways of the shearer, which ultimately leads to a better pay check

one day. Of course, not all rowseys choose to become shearers, as they are simply content working on the floor.

As a young boy, I flourished in the love and experiences of my grandparent's farm. At the age of five, my parents separated and I moved to Dunedin to live with my mother. Later that year my grandfather decided to retire early and he sold the family farm. Fortunately for me, he kept a small yet modest apricot orchard up the back of the farm which would become my place of play and bonding with him and my other whānau throughout my teenage years. As the apricots came into fruit in January, my grandmother still brought her tins of baking over for the fruit pickers smoko. It was a wonderful experience to sit under an apricot tree laden with fruit, eating my grandmother's home baking while starring down at the beauty of the Teviot Valley. The valleys beautiful chequer board of paddocks was memorising, a true example of the pioneering spirit. These were innocent times in my formative years; years that were to leave an enduring impression on my memory and a distinctive mark on my psyche.

My Mothers Pūrākau

The Voice of Māramataka: With Nature, For Nature

The dark cloud of the tītī shifts and sways in the breeze of Rakinui and the temporal winds of Tāwhirimātea, the mātauraka of the whenua is now once more upon us. The crisp air of the artic breeze whips swiftly across my face: a reminder from nature's calendar that it is time for kai heke anō kit e kai hopu tītī.

While Takaroa and Tāwhirimātea are at peace now, we offer karakia to them, seeking safety and protection on our passage. Once there, we offer karakia to Papatūānuku, acknowledging her generosity as she relinquishes her children so that we may have food, shelter and clothing. Just as she has sustained our tīpuna before, the generosity of Papatūānuku's breast will be the source of spiritual and physical nourishment for hapū, whānau and I. She clothes, shelters and feeds us, and, in return, we endeavour to enrobe her with tapu, nourish her body with aroha and shelter her mauri from harm.

Guided by you our spiritual mother, we have learnt to work in harmony with one another, taking only what we need, so that we may co-exist as one. It is these ways of being, that we come to learn to work with nature and through nature but ultimately, for nature. Our binding relationship has taught us to act as one.

The Voice of the Lived Experience: Southern Māori, Kai and Cultural Lifeways

My Mothers' Whakapapa

My mother, Cheryl Gaye Ruka, is the daughter of Pearl Colvin and Raymond (Butch) McCunn, wonderful and loving grandparents of mine who I spent many precious years with growing up in Ōtepoti (Dunedin). Sadly my grandfather, Butch, passed away when I was only five but I continued to have a very close relationship with my grandmother, Pearl, right up until the time of her passing. As a school boy I would call into her house every day after school, a biscuit and a drink were always on offer but it was her company that I enjoyed the most. It is through her, that I whakapapa to Southern Māori (Kāi Tahu specifically) and my tūrakawaewae (place of standing), Rakiura. Sitting around the whānau table listening to my grandmother, my aunties and my mother tell stories of their tīpuna Ann Parera Holmes and William McLuer Palmer, was how I came to learn of my tīpuna and my Kāi Tahu identity.

On a couple of occasions growing up, our whānau attended the graves of Ann and William Palmer at the urupā at Maitapapa (present day Henley) to pay our respects. It was during these whānau storytelling times and the visits to their graves that I began to slowly piece together the narratives of the lives of Ann Holmes and William Palmer. In more recent years, through a sense of curiosity and cultural rediscovery, I have also been exploring the lives and stories of my other tīpuna. Like others within my whānau, I am interested in where my tīpuna resided and how they lived their lives, but as a chef, I am particularly interested in how they interacted with the whenua and kai within and how this translated this into their everyday food cultural practices.

My great, great, great grandmother Ann Holmes (also known as Heni Parera, Annie Williams, Hannah Parera and Annie Palmer) was the granddaughter of Haumai Te Kaiheraki and Rihia (also known as Lisey) Hinekoau who resided at Ruapuke, one of the main islands just north of Rakiura. Haumai Te Kaiheraki and Rihia Hinekoau's relationship bore six children, one of which was Mere (Mary) Tamairaki Te Kaiheraki who would give birth to Ann Holmes in 1836 through a

relationship with sealer James Holmes. Little is known of James Holmes, and for reasons unknown to us, Holmes choose not to stay with Mere Tamairaki and to bring up his daughter. Following the departure of Holmes, Mere Tamairaki married John Owen in 1839, who along with eight other children, brought Ann up in a cave at Smokey near Otaku (Murray's River on Rakiura).

Following the demise of sealing from the 1820's, Otaku became a small settlement for a number of mixed Pākehā and Māori families where they engaged in timber milling for the boat building and local construction industries (A. Anderson, 1990). Years later, Mere Tamairaki and John Owen would move to Oneki (The Neck) to live with other mixed race families. Oneki was a common place of settlement for the families of mixed race with accounts noting that in 1864 approximately 28 families resided there (K. Stevens, 2008). Mere Tamairaki is also believed to be buried at Oneki (Bowman, 2008). Today, her spirit continues to live on with the other founding mothers of the early Southern Māori and European intermarriages, in the form of a carving by artist Cliff Whiting at Te Rau Aroha marae in Bluff (A. Anderson, 1990).

Little is known within my whānau of the lives of our tīpuna before European contact. Our oral records only go as far back as Ann Holmes and written accounts only include the interactions of Mere Tamairaki with her husbands. However, through the research of Gwenda Bowman (2008) and her book *Taonga; A Palmer Family Whakapapa* we know that through Haumai Te Kaiheraki ancestral lines, my whānau whakapapa to Kāi Tahu. In addition, we know that Haumai Te Kaiheraki and Rihia Hinekoau are recorded as residing at Ruapuke in Walter Mantells 1852 Census of Māori Inhabitants of Ruapuke Island (Bowman, 2008) and, like other Southern Māori at the time, māhika kai (collecting resources from nature) and te hopu tītī (the harvesting of sooty shearwaters) would have been an important aspect of their cultural lives.

Traditional Southern Māori Cultural Food Practices

Since the arrival of early Māori on the shores of Aotearoa, the distinct and unique climates of the North and South Islands have directly impacted on Māori approach to food and resource procurement (A. Anderson, 1998; Beattie, 1994; M. J. Stevens, 2006). In Te Ika a Maui (the North

Island), Māori had the benefit of a warm, and at times, hot climate. With this climate, came the ability for those residing in Te Ika a Maui to have an agriculture-based approach to food production. In the central and lower parts of Te Waipounamu (the South Island), the cooler climate meant that Southern Māori needed to adopt a migratory approach to food harvesting to sustain them throughout the year (Ballantyne, 2011; Russell, 2000; M. J. Stevens, 2006; Williams, 2004a).

This migratory approach embodied the practices of *māhika kai* and while the custom is often associated with food harvesting and preservation, it also extended into resource gathering for carving (pounamu), weaving (harakeke) and personal beautification (taramea for perfume) (Dacker, 1990). The social practice of māhika kai entailled hapū (small groups of people) moving from settlement to settlement throughout Te Waipounamu at different times of the year and harvesting the natural resources of the rohe (area). Some foods were consumed immediately, while others were preserved for later consumption or for trading with others (A. Anderson, 1998; Beattie, 1994; M. J. Stevens, 2006). As part of Southern Māori society, mahika kai was the key resource for their trading practices, as well as being critical in providing variety within each hapū diet (Beattie, 1990).

The landscape of Te Waipounamu presented Southern Māori with an abundance of food to gather and preserve, but only if one knew how to respect and work with the lifeways of the natural eco-system (Williams, 2004a). The foods included plants and fruit, ferns and roots, land and sea mammals as well as an extensive range of lake, forest and sea birds (Williams, 2004a). While many foods were regularly harvested throughout the year, certain species such as tuna (eel), tī kōuka (cabbage tree), kāura (sugar) and tītī were only harvested annually (Dacker, 1990; Russell, 2000). These annual harvest foods became highly desirable items and were regarded by Southern Māori as delicacies.

With certain foods only being available within specific rohe of Te Waipounamu, it became common practice to move about Te Waipounamu trading and sharing with others your specialised kai (Dacker, 1990). The practice of exchanging and trading specialised foods is known as *Kaihaukai*

(A. Anderson, 1998; Dacker, 1990; Kaan & Bull, 2014). Kaihaukai was, and still is today, a traditional Southern Māori cultural practice where important sources of food are traded with other Southern Māori or with northern Iwi counterparts. While most foods and other resources (such as poumanu and natural perfumes) were widely traded, the tītī was and remains to this day, one the most desired foods by Southern Māori with demand reaching the extremities of the far north through the kaihaukai network (Dacker, 1990).

Māhika Kai: Importance and Rights within Southern Māori Society and Culture

Throughout Te Waipounamu each of the places of māhika kai was divided up into individual divisions of harvesting areas, known as wakawaka, where only certain whānau or hapū had the right to harvest from (Dacker, 1990). These rights were handed down through whakapapa and were in place as long as they were "kept warm" (Dacker, 1990, p. 16). The continued use of māhika kai through the generations is known as ahi-kā-roa and literally translates as keeping your fires warm. Failure of a whānau to regularly harvest from their manu (food grounds) could result in ahi mātaotao (fires that become cold), the practice where the rights of occupation and harvesting rights were relinquished due to the lack of continued use (Dacker, 1990; Mead, 2016).

Today many Kāi Tahu whānui still harvest from their traditional places of māhika kai, not always for the purpose of collecting kai, but to prevent their rights from going mātaotao (cold) (Dacker, 1990). The harvesting of foods through the practice of māhika kai continues to be symbolic within the identity of Kāi Tahu whānui as it continues to maintain their relationship with their culture, histories and traditions (Dacker, 1990; Kaan & Bull, 2014). As such, the practice of māhika kai is more than just physical and economic sustenance for Kāi Tahu whānui, it also has significant cultural and spiritual importance (Russell, 2000; Williams, 2004a). As Russell (2000) argues, the landscape and the practice of māhika kai within it, are deeply interwoven and embedded within Southern Māori culture and identity. Thus, through Southern Māori relationship with māhika kai, their culture continued to survive even in times of colonisation.

Within our own whānau, the tītī has always been interwoven within our lives even though our tīpuna have long abandoned their occupational fires on the Tītī Islands. Each year, a bucket of tītī would turn up at our whare (home) via the Brown Whānau on the cusp of winter. The bucket would often be stored in the laundry with the cooking of the tītī strictly banished to the garage. Eating tītī was never an everyday occurrence with their consumption being reserved as a treat or for a special occasion. Even though we were physically disconnected to Rakiura, our turakawaewae, it is through the consumption of the tītī that we still remained bonded. However, as this project will later reveal, the cooking and consumption of tītī has also been at the centre of tension within my professional culinary life.

Māhika Kai and the Tītī Islands

Rakiura and Ruapuke are important landmarks to Southern Māori due to their proximity to a cluster of small islands which are the breeding grounds and kai manu (food birding grounds) of the tītī. Collectively, these offshore islands are now more colloquially known as the Tītī Islands. In traditional times, Southern Māori would travel from all over Te Waipounamu for the annual harvest, with each hapū having their own specific island to harvest the tītī from (M. J. Stevens, 2006; Wilson, 1979). Radiocarbon dating from a fire pit found on one of the Tītī Islands places it at 1470 -1660 AD, suggesting that Southern Māori have been heading down to these islands to collect and preserve tītī for a number of centuries before the arrival of the first Europeans (Kitson, 2006).

As Eva Wilson (1979) discusses in her book *Tītī Hertitage: The Story of the Muttonbird Islands,* each year, hapū would make the dangerous trip through the southern seas to the islands. For some, the trip could be up to three weeks as they moved from island to island, catching fish for sustenance along the way and resting and sheltering under their canoes at night. Upon arrival at their allocated island, their struggles were still not over as they attempted to navigate a safe landing on the treacherous rocky shorelines. Having successfully landed, they then had to acquire the necessary materials to build a shelter to protect them from the heavy southern storms which often frequented the islands. Suffering such hardship and placing one's own life in danger speaks

of the importance of the tītī to Southern Māori. As such, Wilson (1979) comments that the chiefs as the owners of the islands placed strict protocols on the islands to ensure their protection.

Tītī Kawa and Tikaka

In Wilson's (1979, p. 63) book chapter, *Reminiscences of Veteran Muttonbirders,* she discusses the three most important protocols that have always existed on the Tītī Island. These are

- Do not light fires outside, lest the trees that safeguard the island are destroyed
- Do not damage the ground or the burrows, lest the birds will not use them again
- No feet are to walk on the manu between seasons.

Wilson (1979) states that the intent of not permitting fires to be outside of the domestic quarters was for the fear of them getting out of control and potentially destroying the trees on the island. The only time that fires outside of the domestic quarters were permitted was in the time of *Rama,* the end of the birding season when the tītī would venture out of their burrows at night to flex their wing muscles and shake off their down. During the time of rama, birders would collect harakeke (flax) stalks and soak them in tītī fat before lighting them and turning them into natural torches so as to see and catch the tītī at night (Sciascia, 2000).

The trees act as a natural protection to the undergrowth of the windswept islands, providing cover and shelter to the nesting tītī birds below. Wilson (1979) comments that the strength of the wind on the islands is such that at times the trees were often uprooted during a storm. Protocol stated that only wood from uprooted trees and fallen branches was permitted as fuel for the fires. Likewise, the cutting down of trees was not permitted because the gap in the forest canopy that was left "invited the wind in" (Wilson, 1979, p. 64) and could potentially damage the landscape. The cutting down of a tree and the ending of its life force was also seen to have negative supernatural connotations for both the island and the individual.

Protecting the habitat, and in particular the tītī burrows, was (and still is) of most importance to birders on the island. Even contemporary muttonbirders note, that when they are back on the

island, they even start to walk differently so as not to disturb or break any of the burrows (Bragg, 2019).

In the first part of the season (known as nanao), *te hopu tītī* occurs during the daytime and entails the birder placing their hand into the burrow to retrieve the young tītī. In traditional times, if the birder could not reach the young tītī, then a destalked fern branch would be extended down the burrow and twisted to entangle the chick's soft down, allowing it to be pulled from the burrow. At times, there would be a need to cut a trench into the burrow to access the bird. Having dug the trench and retrieved the bird, it was important to repair the cut burrow section by overlaying sticks on the cut section and placing the dirt back over it. Failure to do so meant that there was potential for water to penetrate into the burrow, causing damage within, and potentially preventing the birds from re-nesting there in the future.

The final protocol as discussed by Wilson (1979), was that no one would visit the islands between the seasons, as human presence had the ability to contaminate the islands and the tītī would not rest there. Superstition played a significant role in the enforcement of this protocol as it was said that bad luck would behold those who chose to break it. As Dacker (1990) comments, both the place and working areas of māhika kai were strictly controlled by tapu (sacredness) and for people to enter these places and work within them, proper tikaka (customary ritual) needed to be performed by a tohuka to remove the tapu. Even once the food was harvested, the preservation and consumption of the food was still controlled by tapu. The use of tapu meant that resources were harvested wisely while also preventing those who did not have rights to the area from entering and working there. Failing to abide by tapu could mean sickness or, in a worse case scenario, death (Dacker, 1990).

Tītī Preparation and Storage

Preparations for the tītī harvest started in the warmer months before heading to the Island in mid-March. Tītī was traditionally preserved in a pōhā, a natural storage vessel made from bull kelp, flax and tōtara bark (Dacker, 1990). From early October, Māori would head to their coastal areas

and collect bull kelp (rimurapa), which would form the main basis of the pōhā. The kelp would be split down the middle creating a natural bag shape (M. J. Stevens, 2013). The kelp would then be filled with air, tied at the mouth, then left to dry in the sun before being flattened and stored away for the months ahead (M. J. Stevens, 2013; Wilson, 1979). At the base of the pōhā was the supporting flax basket. Harakeke (flax) would be harvested and processes, before being woven into bespoke kete for each uniquely shaped kelp bag. The final preparation was the collection of the tōtara bark which acted as an exterior protection to the kelp bag. As the tōtara tree shed its bark throughout the year, it would be collected, cut into sections and bundled for transportation to the islands. The final assembling of the pōhā would occur on the Island, with the work being communal and almost always multigenerational (M. J. Stevens, 2013). All members of the hapū played a functional role within the pōhā construction process, allowing environmental, technical and pedagogical knowledge to be developed (M. J. Stevens, 2013).

After catching the tītī, it would be plucked of its feathers and down before being slowly cooked. As the tītī cooked, its fat would be rendered and collected before finally being poured over the tītī once it was cooked and placed into the kelp bag (M. J. Stevens, 2006). The remaining air would then be removed and the bag would be tied shut, preserving the birds for the many months ahead. The next stage of construction of the pōhā would be to brace the exterior of the kelp bag with shards of tōtara bark. The tōtara bark would be slid between the kelp bag and the bottom flax basket and brought together at the top of the kelp bag. The bark would then be bound and secured around the kelp bag with flax rope. The last act would be to attach a flax sling for easy transportation and trading with others (Te Rūanaga o Ngāi Tahu, 2015).

Today, descendants of Rakiura Māori still make the annual migration to the tītī islands to undertake their cultural harvest. Instead of paddling their waka through the bitter waters of the Fouveaux Strait and collecting kelp, flax and tōtatra bark to make their pōhā in the warmer months, the use of helicopters for transportation and plastic buckets for storage is now the everyday in the contemporary practice of *te hopu tītī.*

The Voice of Kaimāka and Kai: Māori and Pākehā World Views of Kai/Food and Whenua/Landscape

An Insight into the Māori Worldview

In these opening pūrākau, I have introduced you to the social histories of my parents, the formative years on my family farm and the traditional mahika kai practices of tītī harvesting by my tīpuna. Inherent within each of these stories, is the notion that our self-constructs and cultural identities influence our social interactions between food/kai and whenua/natural landscape. As Sauer (1925) notes, it is through humans and their cultural interaction with the natural landscape, that humans transform the natural landscape into that of the cultural landscape.

The pūrākau of my formative years invited you into my youth, allowing you to experience a way of seeing and interacting with food on a kiwi farm, that I would learn to interpret as "normal". These early experiences were important in shaping my initial world views and would go on to enculturate me into the *white* cultural ideologies, which would later inform and influence my culinary and early teaching philosophies. As Ka'ai and Higgins note of our social lives and the imprinting of our world views:

> *The cultural imprint of socialisation determines our perspectives on the world in which we live. Each individual is socialised as a member of a specific cultural group. Thus, each person learns to see the world in a particular way* (2004, p. 19).

Without question, these childhood experiences were some of the happiest and most memorable times during my youth. Along with many other positive encounters, my early experiences on the family farm would eventually instil in me a cultural ideology that believed that, through human will and power, I could learn to take control over nature. It is only now, through the process of praxis and conscientisation, that I have come to realise that these early interactions with kai/ food and whenua/landscape, were part of a process of enculturation into a dominant, yet narrow, *white* Western world view. To make sense of how I have come to this point of critical awakening, let us first look into the worldview, values and practices of my tīpuna and see how they differed to that of the "normal" *white* worldview that I experienced in my youth.

The Māori Universal World View

The Māori world view is heavily influenced by the fundamental themes and elements that exist within the creation pūrākau (Henare, 2001; Marsden, 2003a; Royal, 2006; Tau, 2001). Therefore, if one is to understand how Māori view themselves and their relationship to the whenua and the wider universe, it is important to see how these relationships were traditionally constructed through the creation narratives. As Marsden notes:

> *Cultures pattern perceptions of reality into conceptualisations of what they perceive reality to be; of what is to be regarded as actual, probable, possible or impossible. These conceptualisations form what is termed the "worldview" of a culture. The worldview is the central systemisation of conceptions of reality to which members of its culture assent and from which stems their value system. The worldview lies at the heart of the culture, touching, interacting with and strongly influencing every aspect of the culture* (2003b, p. 56).

As Royal (2006) further notes, creation within pūrākau invites people to see how Māori view the world, as these pūrākau stand as models of individual and collective behaviours, aspirations and potentiality. To understand how Māori have constructed their worldview, Reilly (2004) suggests the following three creation pūrākau as noteworthy moments. The pūrākau that define Māori genesis are:

- The story of the creation of the universe;
- The story of the separation of Rakinui and Papatūānuku and the creation of the physical world we live in; and
- The story of the creation of humanity through the actions of Tāne.

It is important to note here that each iwi have their own version of each of these pūrākau; however, each of the individual creation stories essentially contain the same key themes and ideas (Reilly, 2018; Royal, 2006). Kāi Tahu scholar Tau (2001) argues, when tohuka met and discussed the creation pūrākau, it is likely that debates would have ensued as to which version was correct. Tau

further comments “whichever tradition one chooses, one is simply choosing one metaphor over another, because all myth-traditions are simply degrees of 'poetic inventiveness' or poetic projections from observation” (Tau, 2001, p. 142).

With these perspectives in mind, the commonality in the creation pūrākau between iwi includes the development of the universe from a void of nothingness and darkness, the creation of the world through the struggled separation of Rakinui and Papatūānuku, and the creation of humanity through the creative actions of Tāne. Although this work primarily focuses on the well-known Southern Māori narratives of creation, I have also included the lesser known, and at times controversial, pūrākau of Io. The pūrākau of Io is included in the creation narrative by Southern Māori scholar and leader, Hone (Teone) Taare Tikao within the Te Keepa manuscripts (Beattie & Tikao, 1939). The Io pūrākau is important to this work because it outlines some of the key principles which are universal within te ao Māori. Namely, the interconnected relationship between the spiritual and the physical world in both material and emotional states of reality.

The Creation Pūrākau: Io the Creator of All Creations and Potentiality

For many iwi, Io is central to all creation within the universe and the world that we inhabit (Reilly, 2004). In this version of creation, the “world” is divided into three phenomenological states of existence titled: Te Korekore (the void); Te Pō (the dark) and; Te Ao Mārama (the world of light) (Henare, 2001; Marsden, 2003a; Walker, 1990). Marsden (2003a) describes these three states of existence as being: *Te Korekore*, the place of potential being; *Te Pō*, the world of becoming portrayed, and; *Te Ao Mārama* the world of being.

Te Kore translates as *nothing* (Barlow, 1991). However, in Māori language when a word is doubled it intensifies its meaning. An example of this is kai, which translates as food, however when expressed as kaikai, it translates as greedy (Marsden, 2003a). Therefore, Te Kore is known as the realm of the void and the nothingness, but when expressed as Te Korekore, it also represents the place where the seeds of all potentiality exist (Walker, 1990).

Before the existence of anything within the universe, there was Io, the supreme atua (god) and creator of all, who resides in Te Korekore (Marsden, 2003a). For Māori, Io is the creative being who possesses the ability to instigate both positive and negative thoughts, as well as both active and passive actions (Marsden, 2003a). It is within the womb of Te Korekore that potential thoughts and actions exist in the form of primal, elemental and latent energies that can, at any time, be realised through Io and transformed into existence (Marsden, 2003a). While all potentiality for "being" exists within Te Korekore, it contains no organised form and will only eventuate and consolidate once it moves beyond the realm of Te Korekore and into the realm of Te Pō (Barlow, 1991).

The formation of potentiality occurs once the energies of Io within Te Korekore enter the realm of Te Pō and venture through Te Pō's varying planes of manifestation and realisation (Marsden, 2003a). Te Pō is also the celestial realm, and it possess the varying states of physical and conscious emergence (Walker, 1990). As these differing levels of consciousness and potentiality emerge within Te Pō, they eventually enter the final state of existence, Te Ao Mārama; the place of light and reality (Walker, 1990).

For Māori, Te Ao Mārama is the physical world that they exist within, however it is never viewed as separated from Te Korekore or Te Pō, rather, it is viewed as the physical and spiritual extension of them, where the activities of the everyday are seen as the expression of the spiritual atua (Ohlson, 2020; Shirres, 1997; Walker, 1990). As such, Marsden states that Māori conceive of the universe "as at least a two world system, in which the material proceeds from the spiritual, and the spiritual (which is the higher order) interpenetrates the material physical world of Te Ao Mārama" (2003a, p. 20).

Rakinui and Papatūānuku: The Creation of Te Ao Mārama from a Southern Māori Perspective

The pūrākau of the creation of Te Ao Mārama is primarily based upon the story of the separation of Rakinui (Sky Father) from his lover Papatūānuku (Earth Mother) (Phillips, Jackson, & Hakopa, 2016b). The following account is the story of the creation of Te Ao Mārama which has been

informed by the writing of Southern Māori tohuka, Matiaha Tiramōrehu, in Ballekom and Harlow's (1987) book *Te Waiatatanga Mai ao te Atua: South Island Traditions recorded by Matiaha Tiramōrehu.* While there are many versions of this pūrākau, the following is uniquely Southern Māori is adapted from the account as noted in Ballekom and Harlow (1987).

For Kāi Tahu the universe was brought into creation through the singing of the atua. The universe is conceived and brought into existence as it passes through a series of stages of light and void, in much the same way as that of the Io narrative. Te Mākū lived with Mahiora-nui-ātea and they produced a son whom they named Raki (or Ranginui as he is known to northern iwi). Raki had a series of wives with whom he produced a number of offspring.

Papatūānuku was at the time married to Takaroa, but Takaroa had left Papatūānuku as he had to travel far to bury the placenta of their new born child. Takaroa was away for an exceptionally long time and in her loneliness, Papatūānuku sort comfort in Raki. Raki and Papatūānuku become an item and together they produced a number of children including Rehua and Tāne. Eventually Takaroa returned to Papatūānuku and in a state of rage, demanded to fight Raki on the beach. Through the piercing of his spear, Takaroa wounded both of Raki's buttocks. Eventually Takaroa left Papatūānuku, leaving Raki and Papatūānuku to be together again.

From that day, Raki would always cling onto Papatūānuku, but in doing so, he prevented light from entering the world. It was Raki who suggested to his children that for light and life to enter the world, that they must kill him by separating him from Papatūānuku. While Tāne suggested that his brother Rehua undertake the deed, Raki insisted that the strength of all of the brothers would be required. Standing on Papatūānuku and with Raki on their shoulders, the brothers forced their parents apart. As Raki farewelled Papatūānuku he said, "in the eighth month I shall weep for you". This is now known as the dew, the tears of Raki weeping for Papatūānuku. He further replied "in the winter I will miss you"; this the ice we experience in winter. In response Papatūānuku said to

Raki "old man go, in the summer I shall greet you" This is the mist we experience, the earthly sign of love of Papatūānuku for Raki.

Tau (2003) further adds that after the separation of Rakinui from Papatūānuku, Tāne wanted to create space and light for his siblings to grow, as well as a means to clothe his now exposed mother. To achieve such a task, Tāne went to the ten heavens, where his brother Rehua resided, and sought knowledge for the protection for his mother. Rehua responded to Tāne's request by providing him with birds from his hair and the instructions not to eat them. Rehua then advised Tāne that once he returned to Papatūānuku, that he would need to plant trees so that the birds could live there. Tāne descended back to Papatūānuku where he planted forests of trees for the birds to live within. The creation of life in Te Ao Mārama is a result of knowledge passed from Rehua (an atua) to Tāne, then all life in Te Ao Mārama is derived from the spiritual domain, and as such is tapu (sacred) (Tau, 2003).

Principles of Tapu, Noa and Tikaka

For Māori, everything that exists within Te Ao Mārama is derived from the spiritual realm, and as such, commences its state of existence as sacred through the principle of tapu (Shirres, 1997). In so doing, the Māori worldview operates within the constant dichotomy of tapu and noa (profane) and to help guide Māori through this dichotomy, kawa (protocol) and tikaka are fundamental principles within the Māori way of life (Walker, 1992).

The atua (including Rakinui and Papatūānuku) act as kaitiaki (guardians) over the elements and natural resources of the world (Marsden, 2003b; Walker, 1990). Marsden (2003b) notes that, while Māori are able to use the resources of the atua (which are tapu), they are bound by tikaka to gain permission (thus making them noa) when harvesting from them. In practice, this means that if a tree (which is tapu) was to be taken from the forest of Tāne, then rituals seeking

permission needed to be performed to make them noa. Once the tree is felled, tikaka states that the first chips would be burnt and sent as an offering of gratitude and thanks to Tāne (Marsden, 2003b). Similarly, if you needed to go fishing or go harvesting from the wild cultivation areas, then the fruits of your first harvest had to be offered to the respective atua, in an endeavour to ensure the natural world would always be abundant (Walker, 1990).

Tānemahuta and the Creation of Humanity: The Duality of the Spiritual and Physical Being

As noted earlier, each iwi has their own interpretation of Tāne and the creation of humanity. The following account is the Southern Māori narrative and has been adapted from the account of Tiramōrehu, as noted by Reilly (2018).

> *Tāne would later go on to create a trial of humanity by crafting Tiki-auaha, the first man, from which he fashioned from the earth of Hawaiki. Being pleased with his work, Tāne then decided to create a female partner for Tiki-auaha of which he named Io-wahine.Tāne then decided to name and activate the various body parts of Io-wahine. Having created both Tiki-auaha and Io-wahine, Tāne then decided that his creations should become husband and wife. Through their relationship, Tiki-auaha and Io-wahine brought forth humanity into the world.*

It is through the acts of Tāne bonding in unison the earth with the life force of mauri to create humanity, that Māori conceive of themselves as both physical and spiritual beings (Marsden, 2003b). Human life only exists in Te Ao Mārama when the body and the wairua are brought together and held in unity through the bond of mauri (Barlow, 1991). Likewise, Barlow (1991) states that all living things within Te Ao Mārama such as birds, forests, rivers and seas contain mauri, and once something dies, then the mauri returns to the spiritual world.

> *…mauri has the power to bind or join. Those who die have been released from this bond and the spirit ascends the pinnacle of death. The mauri enters and leaves at the veil which separates the human world from the spiritual realm.*

(Barlow, 1991, p. 83)

Whenua: Māori Identity and Underpinning Values

Understanding Māori concepts of creation allows us to understand how Māori view and act in 'the world'. Through the stories of creation, Māori hold onto the belief that the physical and human elements of Te Ao Mārama are viewed as both constantly emerging and unfolding through the cosmological and spiritual domains (Henare, 2001). As such, the Maori worldview adheres to relationships between the material and the spiritual and the secular and the sacred (Marsden, 2003b). A fundamental tenant with the Māori worldview is the reciprocal relationship that Māori have with the land (Mead, 2016).

As a source of identity, the whenua /land is fundamental within Māoritaka (Mead, 2016). As Mead (2016, p. 299) states, by being born of the land, Māori not only view themselves "of the land" but also "as the land". In adopting such a view, Māori view themselves as an integral part of the landscape, connected through whakapapa to that of both the physical and spiritual worlds (Ka'ai & Higgins, 2004; Russell, 2000).

This deep, interconnected relationship between Māori and Papatūānuku is also expressed in the term whenua, which translates as 'land', 'ground', 'country' and 'state' but it is also known as the Māori word for placenta (Mead, 2016). Thus, whenua as a word, represents the placenta which feeds the foetus as well as a metaphor for the land which also feeds and sustains the people (Mead, 2016). Marsden (2003b) remarks that this wording was intended to be a constant reminder to Māori that they are born from the earth, and along with the other non-human siblings of Papatūānuku, are part of the network of living things which share the benefit of her nourishment. Marsden eloquently describes this when he states:

> *Just as a foetus is nurtured in the mother's womb and after the baby's birth upon her breast, so all life forms are nurtured in the womb and upon the earth's breast. Man is an integral part therefore of the natural order and recipients of her bounty.*
>
> (2003b, p. 66)

With Māori being the kaitiaki (guardians) of Papatūānuku (earth mother), their worldview is also heavily built upon the values of manaakitaka (care towards) and whanaukataka (relationship with). Through their role as kaitiaki, Māori view themselves as the caretakers of Papatūānuku, with their function and purpose being the protectors of their earth mother through the caring of her natural life support systems (Marsden, 2003b).

With each living generation acting as a kaitiaki of the whenua, their guardianship holds the links to their tīpuna and the past, as well as, the future and their tīpuna (Mead, 2016). Hence for Māori, it is the whenua which is the eternal bond which connects the dead with the living and the living with those yet born (Williams, 2004b). As kaitiakitaka, Māori know that their actions within the whenua are being observed by both the living and the dead. Therefore, Māori must "meet the expectations of their audience (the living and the dead) and with the knowledge that their actions would be carved upon the earth and minds of the people" (Tau, 2001, p. 139).

In taking on the role of the active custodian of their Earth Mother, Māori also consider themselves as the conscious mind of Papatūānuku (Marsden, 2003b, 2003c). As such, Maori never consider themselves to be the owners of the whenua but hold the position that they are the eternal guardians of Papaptūānuku (Ka'ai & Higgins, 2004; Marsden, 2003c). As Marsden (2003c) observes, when you are not an owner of Papatūānuku but are merely a recipient of her generosity, it is only natural that one would act as a steward towards her.

Conclusion of the Māori World View

The Māori worldview operates in a universal and holistic nature where the spiritual and the physical are intertwined in the everyday. Māori view their identity as both having physical and spiritual elements; of which both are born of the atua and the whenua. As all physical creations within Te Ao Mārama are the manifestations of the atua, they are inherently tapu in their nature. Adhering to the practices of tikaka, provides Māori with a cultural navigation tool, so as to operate safely within the dichotomies of tapu and noa. When Māori care for the land, they do so out of

respect for their tīpuna, as well as considering the future implications, thus ensuring the prosperity of their future generations.

Reflections on Kai, Whenua and Worldview of Youth

I now return to my original question of how does the worldview, values and food practices of my tīpuna differ to those I experienced growing up on a kiwi farm. To answer this question, I will now reflect on the farming food practices I experienced in my youth and how these are situated within the worldview of Māori and Pākehā.

Upon reflection, the cultural activity of hopu-tītī were important social and cultural practices for my tīpuna which embodied, through its practice, their Southern Māori view of the world and cultural identity. According to Carter (2018), the preparation, harvesting and trading of tītī were important elements in forming and strengthening Southern Māori cultural identity, group and individual social structures, economic trading ability as well as spiritual connectivity. Each stage of the preparation, harvesting and trading of tītī allowed my tīpuna to engage, connect and express, their Southern Māori cultural identity. The harvesting of the materials to make the pōhā was a time for them to connect with the spiritual realm through karakia to the atua. Through the harvesting of the materials, my tīpuna applied tikaka to ensure respect towards both the physical and spiritual worlds, safeguarding the resources for not only the immediate needs of the present but the future needs of the generations to come.

My tīpuna, had developed a way of knowing with the land that was informed by indigenous ways of knowing that was unique to Kāi Tahu. Carter (2018) defines *indigenous knowledge* as a deep form of traditional knowledge which is developed through the observation and interaction within an environment over a significant period of time. My tīpuna developed their indigenous knowledge by learning to work ***with*** the natural order of things; to listen and work with nature through the principles of manaakitaka and whanaukataka. It is a world view and a way of practicing with food that is holistic and integrated and is founded on a value system of care, respect and the consideration of others.

As a direct consequence of colonisation, my own Kāi Tahu connection *with* the whenua had been replaced by a way of knowing and acting which was *not from* this place. A foreign way of seeing and being and as such a foreign way of feeling and acting. As Bell (2014, p. 11) notes, when the colonial settlers arrived in New Zealand they brought with them social imaginaries from their own homeland. These settler imaginaries embodied "the set of ideas and values that underpin a peculiarly settler discourse of nationhood, identity and indigenous-settler relations". Deeply embedded within these settler social imaginaries were social and cultural constructs that normalised *white* ways of knowing and practicing (Terruhn, 2015).

Transforming the landscape by developing a tapestry of lush green fields from where sheep and cattle can gently graze, is fundamentally part of the British rural idyll; the bucolic ideal (Holloway, 2007). In many ways this is a romantic notion of the countryside; and, as Holloway (2007) notes, it is a transformation of the landscape which represents a very *white* perspective of nature. Furthermore, Holloway (2007, p. 8) states that, "the image of the countryside as an idyllic white landscape is problematic because it is used as a standard against which to judge desirable and undesirable whiteness".

As I have now come to realise, what I viewed as a "normal" way of interacting with the countryside, is in fact an embodiment of *whiteness*. The fact that it appears as the everyday and "normal", only serves to reinforce these white practices within my life. As Frankenberg (1994) would state when discussing the power of normativity within whiteness, its ability to appear as nothing of particular attention only serves its continued position of cultural dominance. Upon reflection, my early world views were deeply shrouded in a white and Western world view and a cultural value system premised upon environmental control, economic preference, and capitalistic ideologies. As I had entered into a western worldview and a capitalistic mode of thought, which, as Marsden (2003b, p. 68) describes, "commodifies its land, people and resources" all for the short term betterment of self.

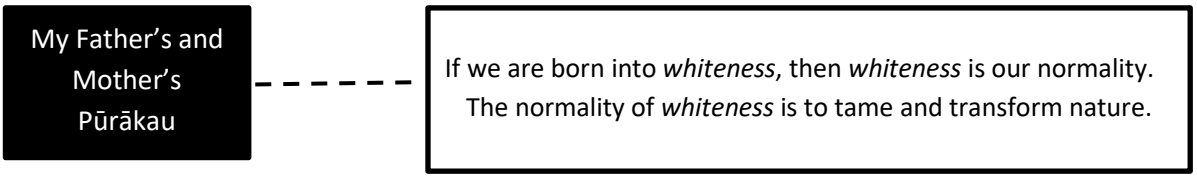
When viewing the whenua and its ability to provide kai through this *white* Western lens, I had learnt to deny the whenua of its human and spiritual values and replace them with Western motives of economic profit and self-benefit. In my mind, I was not born “of the land” nor would I ever be “as the land”, but instead I had learnt to believe I was *“the lord and controller of the land”*. My early relationship with the whenua is best summarised by Challenger when he states:

> *Instead of Pakeha having developed an easy equilibrium with the land, they have established an exploitative stance that sees land as a means to an end and as something from which they are distanced* (1985, p. 35).

As I look back on my worldview of youth, Papatūānuku as a beast to be controlled and her resources were treasures to be exploited. I held a world view that positioned mankind above that of nature, where Western tools and science could control the natural order of things, and where everything could be commodified and quantified with a price. A pākehā world view towards nature, that White (1967 as cited in Challenger, 1985, pg 29) suggests is “ infected with arrogance (where) we tend to think of nature as a captive (to be) raped, rather than as a partner (to be) cherished."

Without question, I felt connected *to* the land on the family farm. Often standing in awe of the magnificent landscape before me, encountering a spiritual connection *to* both its grandeur and natural beauty. However, I never felt connected *with* the land through a spiritual connection; a connection that Russell (2000) argues is inherent and typified within Southern Māori identity, culture and worldview. It is only now that I realise that the Southern Māori worldview of tīpuna, with its multiplicity of considerations and values towards the whenua, had become reduced to a singular notion of a capitalistic resource for individual fulfilment. The critical awakening inherent in this journey of self and whiteness has now illuminated to me, how, through the social and cultural interactions between the whenua and kai within my family farm, have contributed towards my Western world view and ultimately my white identity.

With these insights in mind, I now wish to present the first learning and understanding about whiteness and self which have emerged from this work. These key conceptual learnings will form the foundations form which other key learnings of whiteness and self will emerge.



As I reflect upon my days on the farm, I am reminded of the comfort and familiarity that it brought into my life. Through the affectionate actions of my grandparents towards me, the family farm was a place of love and emotional security. As such, white cultural lifeways had created emotional familiarity, comfort, and security for me; all important factors for humans to flourish in life. However, all of this this poses several questions.

- Can the explanation of one's identity and reality of the world be reduced to being brought up on a farm?
- Is it even possible that a few formative years on a sheep farm with an adjacent fruit orchard really shape one's world view?

Or, maybe there is more at play? Maybe there are pūrākau from the past that are no longer spoken of? As this project will reveal, growing up on a kiwi farm is only a minuscule part of the explanation of why I have felt so comfortable operating within white cultural lifeways; lifeways which have culturally dislocated me from my Kāi Tahu self. Discussing the differing interactions of kai/food and the whenua/land between my tīpuna and the family farm is only intended to highlight the worldviews of Māori and Pākehā; it is certainly never intended as blame. The reality is, my worldview was shaped many generations before my birth by the agendas of the colonial architects and the social imaginaries of the early settlers. People from a land afar who established an agenda of British colonisation for economic benefit.

In an attempt to make sense of how my white worldview was formed before my birth, I now return to whakapapa to examine how the events of the past influence the actions of today. Through the conceptual and genealogical application of whakapapa, this research once again leads me back to my tīpuna and their home at Maitapapa (present day Henley) on the Taiari Plains. It is through this pūrākau of my tīpuna and their cultural interactions with the whenua and kai, that I will start to unlock the historical reasons why my worldview was so white, and ultimately, why I have felt culturally dislocated from my Kāi Tahu self.

Pɒrakau of Taiari and Maitapapa

The Voice of Māramataka: The Draining of Cultural Identity

She lays there in all her magnificent glory, naked, exposed and draped over the cool moist floor of the Taiari wetlands. With each gentle tidal surge, her manawa beats in time with the rhythmic pulse of Takaroa. As her watery veins lift and fall, they flood her body with mauri and aroha. Through her gracious movements, a steady stream of kai and wairua flows into our lives, feeding not only our mortal waka, but also nourishing our spiritual selves.

Alas, her natural beauty and relevance is lost on others. Her fluid lifeways are seen as obstacles to their ways of knowing; clogging the "landscape" of pastoral production and hindering the advancement of settler progression. Through the political swab of colonial legislation, the ailment of Western logic is applied to this whenua. Its ideology numbifies her vulnerable body; more cruelly, it's unjust powers sedates the cultural mind. With a brute strike of their tools they slash, cut and tear her natural lifeways. Ripping and tearing her body apart before manipulating and curating her into something more desirable. At first she will bleed the spoken word, but with time, her ways of knowing will drain into the derelict gutter of cultural poverty and identity dispossession.

The Voice of the Lived Experience: Maitapapa and the Convergence of Pākehā and Māori Worldviews.

The Pūrākau of Annie (Holmes) and William Palmer

In 1850 at the age of fourteen, Annie Holmes (my great great great grandmother) was baptised by Rev Wohler's at The Neck, Rakiura, before moving northward shortly after and settling at the kaik (village) of Maitapapa (present day Henley) (Bowman, 2008). There are no known reasons within my whānau histories for Annie's move to Maitapapa; however, as Maitapapa was known as a significant site of mahika kai for Southern Māori and a place of trading for colonial settlers (Wanhalla, 2009), this may have played some role in her decision to move there. It is here at Maitapapa on the lower reaches of the Taiari[1] Plains on the 20th of October 1853 seventeen-year-old Annie Holmes married thirty eight year old ex-whaler, carpenter and boat builder William McLuer Palmer in a Western marriage ceremony (Bowman, 2008).

William Palmer was born in Sydney on the 18th of July 1815 to settlers Elizabeth Tetley and Richard Palmer. Due to the premature deaths of his parents, William, then aged eight, was placed in the Parramatta male orphanage where he stayed until the age of eleven before taking up a carpenters' apprenticeship at Berry and Wollstonecraft. From the age of eleven to sixteen William continued to train as a carpenter. In December 1831 he made the decision to follow in the footsteps of his older brother Edwin (a whaler at the time) and head to the fruitful shores of Aotearoa (New Zealand). William arrived at Port Bunn located in Cuttle Cove, Fiordland in February 1832 on the schooner *Caroline* skippered by Captain Worth. Port Bunn was the site of the first on-shore whaling settlement in New Zealand, having been established by Sydney firm George Bunn and Co in 1829 (Bowman, 2008). William was immediately put to work alongside another 50 men and in his first season alone, landed 52 whales with his fellow crew.

[1] Taiari is the correct spelling of what is now commonly referred to as Taieri. Taiari translates as *to smash up*, while some say its name, tai (sea) and ari (to appear/resemble), is derived from its particular tidal movements on the eleventh day of the moon. By the turn of the 20th Century the traditional spelling and pronunciation of the Taiari had been abandoned in Pākehā society in favour of the work Taieri. See Roberts, W. H. S. (1909). Maori Nomenclature: Early history of Otago. Otago Witness. Otago, Otago Witness. 2861.

It was during this time, that William married his first wife Titi (Kāti Māmoe) and bore his first child Elizabeth, whom he named after his mother (Bowman, 2008). By 1838, William, now known as Parara or Pama by the local Māori, decided to move to Kureru (home to Molyneux Bay and the Molyneux River) to establish his own whaling station (Bowman, 2008). Coincidently, Palmer whānau historian Gwenda Bowman (2008) notes that William's whaling activities at Kureru are the first documented Pākehā settlement in the Catlin's region. With limited whale catches in his first year at Molyneux Bay, William re-established his whaling operation in 1839 in Tautuku Bay with business partner Tommy Chasland. In 1846, William's wife Titi died, and he subsequently remarried her sister Te Haukawe (also known as Hana Aukane). Tragically, Te Haukawe also died the following year whilst giving birth to their daughter Hannah.

By 1848, whaling had died out at Tautuku, and William, together with his young family of five girls, eventually moved to Maitapapa, the Māori settlement on the northern banks of the Taiari River. According to Bowman (2008), Te Rahui, the grandmother of William's daughters, resided there and was the most likely reason for his decision to move into the area. It is at the settlement of Maitapapa that William meet Annie Holmes with whom he fathered a further 15 children over the next 23 years.

Figure 5: William Palmer 1902

Source: Photographer unknown, P1951-003/1-177, Hocken Collections, Uare Taoka o Hākena, University of Otago.

Figure 4: Annie Palmer (nee Holmes)

Source: Gwenda Bowman (Personal Collection)

Whānau Life for the Palmers

William and Anne lived at Otokai[2], a short distance just north of Maitapapa. At Otokai they brought up their family, and first born and eldest son, William Junior, is my great great grandfather. Their relationship was typical of many within the lower Taiari Plains, with ex-sealers and whalers marrying local or southern iwi wāhine - many of whom were "half castes" from earlier sealer/whaler relations (Wanhalla, 2009). Families such as the Browns, Bryants, Campbells, Cranes, Crossans, Drummonds, Lows, Overtons, Sherburds, Smiths, Stevensons, Tanners, Wellmans and Williams are but a few of the officially documented interracial and mixed descent families who lived at Maitapapa (Wanhalla, 2015). Kāi Tahu historian and scholar Angela Wanhalla's (2004) doctoral research into the sociocultural and political history of Maitapapa notes the importance of the continued drift of Pākehā into the Māori settlement and its eventual impact on the racial and cultural makeup of the community. Wanhalla (2009) comments, that, through the continued marriages with the descendants of the earlier sealer/whaler and Southern Māori relations and the steady influx of Pākehā settlers, the 20 or so Southern Māori who resided at Maitapapa in 1844, grew to a population of 170 by the early 1890's and approximately 90% were of mixed descent. During this time, the community of Maitapapa would become one of the highest concentrated population of half caste/mixed descent people within all of Te Waipounamu (Dacker, 1994).

By 1844, the local whaling industry based at Moturata Island (just offshore from the Taiari River) had died out and William had now turned his hand to his original trade of carpentry and was boat building (Bowman, 2008).Like other mixed race families in the region, for the Palmer whānau, boat-building, timber-milling, agricultural farming and labouring would become essential ways to live off the land. However, these Western ways of perceiving and interacting with the landscape were in contrast to the traditional lifeways of Southern Māori, who had traditionally occupied the land for the customary purposes of māhika kai (Wanhalla, 2004). These differing worldviews of

[2] Otokai is often spelt and pronounced Otakai however this is incorrect like many other place Māori place names in Te Waipounamu. O-Tokai translates as the place of fairweather or dampness and like Taiari, is the traditional spelling of the location. See Roberts, W. H. S. (1909). Maori Nomenclature: Early history of Otago. Otago Witness. Otago, Otago Witness. 2861.

the Taiari landscape, compounded with the ideologies of settler colonisation, would, eventually radically transform both the physical and the sociocultural geographies of the land. Likewise, the ideologies of settler colonalisation would also impact on Southern Māori's ability to economically and culturally sustain themselves through the traditional practice of mahika kai (Wanhalla, 2009). As a community of both Māori and Pākehā descent, a distinctive sociocultural imprint was to be etched onto the identity of many of the families; an imprint that would cut so deep, it would mark their indigenous cultural identity for many generations thereafter (Wanhalla, 2004, 2009, 2015).

Southern Māori Settlement at Maitapapa

Maitapapa is located at the southernmost point of the Taiari Plains where the Taiari and the Waipori Rivers come together. The English translation of Maitapapa is the "the Mataī tree (Black Pine tree) lying flat down" (Roberts, 1909, p. 18). Specifically speaking, Maitapapa is on the northern banks of the Taiari River just below the historic Omoua Pā on the eastern hills of the Taiari Plains. As a location, Maitapapa is the central convergent point of a complex river and wetland system which traditionally stretched to the northern reaches of the Taiari plains (present day Mosgiel) and included Lake Waihola, Lake Waipori, Lake Potaka, Lake Tatawai and Lake Marama Te Taha (Wanhalla, 2004). It was this complex waterway system that shaped the early Southern Māori settlement patterns and mahika kai practices and influenced early economic activity in the area (Wanhalla, 2009).

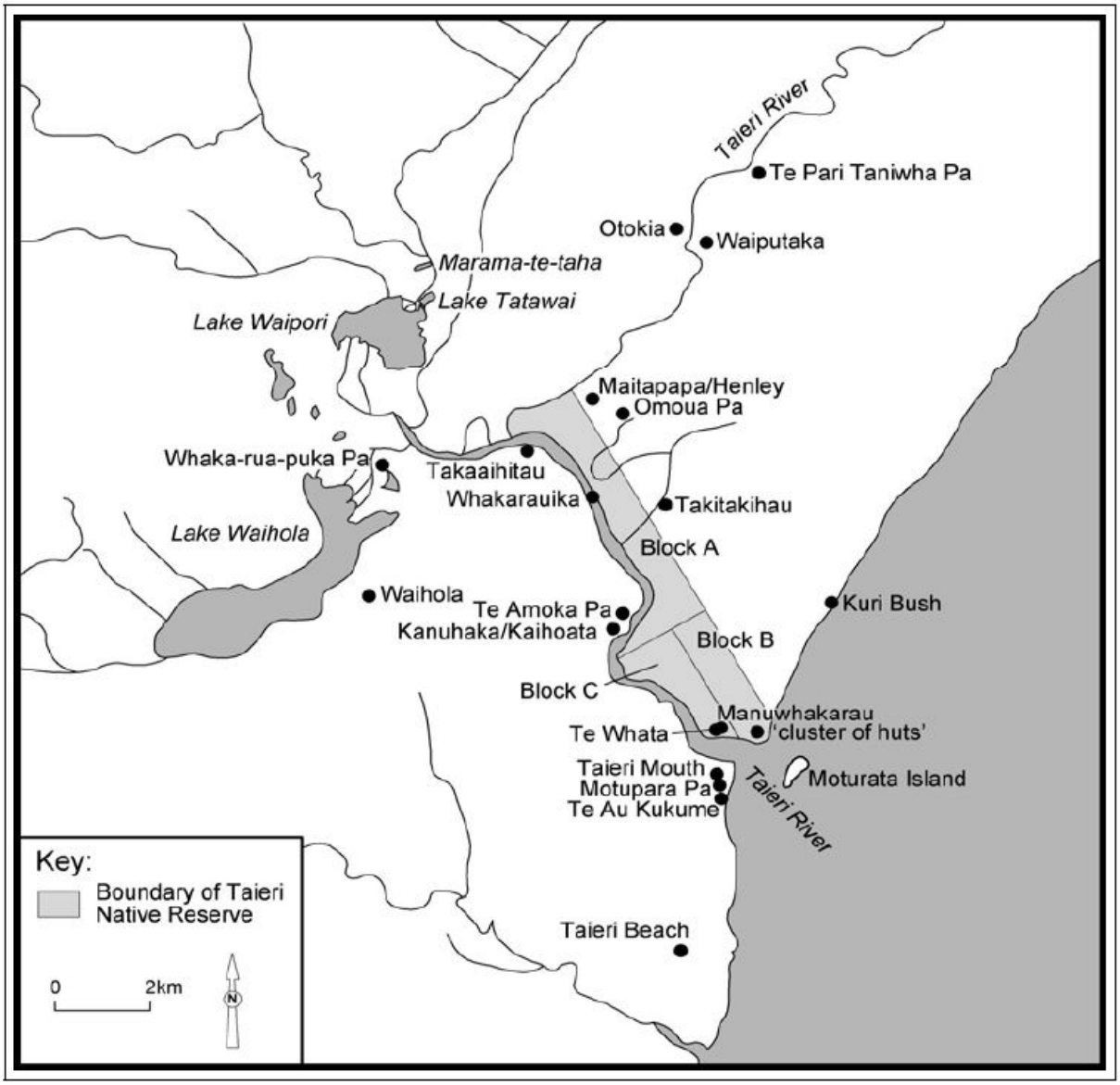


Figure 6: Lower Taiari Place Names

Source: Angela Whanhalla (Personal Collection)

As with all Te Waipounamu place names, the pūrākau inherent within the whenua have shaped and nurtured the cultural relationships with the whenua and Southern Māori (Russell, 2000). For the wetlands and surrounding hills of the Taiari Plains, the social, cultural, and spiritual lives of Southern Māori have long been cast into the whenua (A. Anderson, 1998; Dacker, 1994; W. A. Taylor, 1950; Wanhalla, 2004). In doing so, the place names and associated stories embodied within the whenua act as cultural memory markers and oral survey pegs for Southern Māori (Dixon, 2001; Russell, 2000).

Waitaha Pūrākau of the Taiari Whenua

Waitaha are acknowledged as the first to occupy Te Waipounamu having arrived there on the waka Uruao under the guidance of Rākaihautū (A. Anderson, 1998; Evison, 1993; Tau & Anderson, 2008). Upon his arrival in Te Waipounamu, Rākaihautū moved down through the island and with his kō (digging stick) formed and named the Island's inland lakes and other significant landmarks, such as Tuhiraki, which is said to be the hill formed from his kō when he thrust it into the ground before settling in Akaroa (A. Anderson, 1998; Evison, 1993; Tau, 2005). As he went about his travels within Te Waipounamu, Rākaihautū consecrated the whenua with the mauri and whakapapa of his Polynesian ancestors (Tau, 2005). It was on Rākaihautu's travels in the lower Te Waipounamu that he stumbled across the spreading waters (Waihora) of the lower Taiari Plains (New Zealand Geographic Board, 1990)[3]. He named the waterways Waihora, a place name which is now more commonly referred to as Lake Waihola (New Zealand Geographic Board, 2018). With time, the natural landscape of Te Waipounamu, including the Taiari Plains, would be sanctified and classified as the tīpuna of the people of Waitaha (Tau, 2005).

Today, these ancient Waitaha tīpuna and the pūrākau of their lives make up the physical and cultural landscape of the Taiari Plains. One significant tīpuna within the plains is Manga atua, a survivor from the wreckage of the Arai Te Uru canoe at Matakaea (Shag Point) which was navigated by Rokoitua, a descendant of Rākaihautū (A. Anderson, 1998). According to the pūrākau, after the canoe was wrecked a number of the crew (including Manga atua) were permitted that night to explore Te Waipounamu on the proviso they returned before daylight. However, most of the crew did not return in time resulting in them being turned into stone and mountains within the landscape of Te Waipounamu. Manga atua was one such crew member not to return, and subsequently he was turned into the rock which now forms the Western mountain range that overlooks the Taiari Plains (A. Anderson, 1998). Interestingly, from his high vantage point, he now oversees the dead taniwha (water monster) which once lived in the valley below.

[3]Note that the chapter Rākaihautū: Naming the Great Lakes is informed by the writings of Beatie and the kōrero of Tā Tipene O'Regan. See page 92 of New Zealand Geographic Board (1990). Rākaihautū: Naming the Great Lakes. Place Names of the Ancestors: A Māori Oral History Atlas. J. Wilson. New Zealand, The New Zealand Geographic Board: 90-92.

The pūrākau, recorded by Taylor (1950), states that the physical makeup of the wetlands and surrounding hills of the Taiari Plains are derived from a taniwha who once occupied the area. The pūrākau tells the story of a taniwha who lived in a swamp up the Silver Stream Valley in present day Whare Flat. Being restless in nature, the taniwha often headed downstream to rest where present day Mosgiel now stands. The hollow where Mosgiel is now situated, is a result of the weight of the taniwha's body and was known to Southern Māori as Te Konika o te Matamata. Having rested, the taniwha would wiggle its way down the Taiari River to Maitapapa, thus creating the distinctive sharp bends of the Taiari River. When the taniwha finally died, it became Saddle Hill on the eastern side of the plains, with Saddle Hill's two main humps named Puke Makamaka and Turi Makamaka (Taylor, 1950).

Kāti Māmoe Pūrākau of the Taiari Whenua

Waitaha continued to occupy Te Waipounamu until the mid-16th century, when Kāti Māmoe where drawn to Te Waipounamu from the eastern coast of Te Ika te Maui (A. Anderson, 1998). Through war, strategic marriage and peace making processes the two iwi eventually came together (A. Anderson, 1998; Tau & Anderson, 2008). Settlement in the lower Taiari Plains by Kāti Māmoe lead to a series of permanent pā (fortified village) being established in the area (Tau & Anderson, 2008; W. A. Taylor, 1950). The first pā to be settled was Whakaraupuka which Kāti Māmoe chief Tukiauau established at the northern end of Lake Waihola after he fled from his northern enemies (Tau & Anderson, 2008). With these settlements came new stories of the landscape; stories that would continue to add place names and become significant cultural markers. These cultural markers are evident in the Taiari rohe with place names such as Te Rereka-o-hakitekura (the flight of Hakitekura). The place is named after the incident in which Haki Te Kura leapt from a cliff to join her lover Korokiwhiti (the son of Tukiauau) below, only to fall short and come to her untimely death on the rocks below (A. Anderson, 1998; Roberts, 1909; W. A. Taylor, 1950). As such, through Southern Māori shared social, cultural and spiritual interactions within the Taiari landscape, their cultural identity with the whenua was forged and continued to be reinforced with each and every generation.

Kāi Tahu Migration and Ngāti Toa Raids

The final migration from Te Ika a Maui into Te Waipounamu was Kāi Tahu in the later part of the 17th century, however this time it was under the directive of Tahu Pōtiki (A. Anderson, 1998; Tau & Anderson, 2008). Again, through processes of war, peace and inter-marriage the differing histories of Waitaha, Kāti Māmoe and Kāi Tahu that had been carved within the landscape of Te Waipounamu, now became woven into the collective identity of the three iwi (O'Regan, 2001)

In the 1820's and early 1830's, the Ngāti Toa leader Te Rauparaha undertook a series of raids on Southern Māori settlements in the upper and central areas of Te Waipounamu. In 1831, Te Rauparaha was successful in overturning the pā strongholds at both Kaiapoi and Akaroa, resulting in significant numbers of deaths and the displacement of many of Southern Māori's tribal members (Wanhalla, 2009). In response to the attacks by Te Rauparaha, many northern based Southern Māori took refuge in the southern reaches of Te Waipounamu with a number establishing themselves at the kaika (home/settlement) in the lower reaches of the Taiari Plains (Wanhalla, 2009). These settlements included Pā Omoua, Maitapapa, Takaaihiau (Taiari Ferry), Pā PariTaniwa (near Momona) and Pā Whakaraupuka (Ram Island). From the early 1830's, Maitapapa with its rich abundance of resources, once again transitioned from a seasonal place of māhika kai occupation to a small yet permanent Māori community. With the threat of war from the north now gone, Southern Māori living on the fortified hill top Pā Omoua, reestablished themselves at the Maitapapa kiak on the Taiari Plain (Parkes & Hislop, 1981)

Maitapapa: A Traditional Place of Māhika Kai

As spoken of earlier within this work, the practice of māhika kai is deeply embedded within the traditional lifeways and cultural identity of the Southern Māori people (A. Anderson, 1998; Beattie, 1994; Dacker, 1990). With the lower reaches of the Taiari Plains possessing lakes and a supporting vibrant wetland system, the Southern Māori cultural practice of mihika kai was a key activity within the area (Dacker, 1990; Wanhalla, 2004; Williams, 2004a). Southern Māori

occupied and frequented the Taiari area for māhika kai; collecting and preserving throughout the year: weka, manu waimāori (water fowl), pātiki (flounder), inaka (whitebait), tuna (eel) and tī kōuka (cabbage tree) (Wanhalla, 2004). With the lakes and surrounded waterways offering a rich and abundant eco system of life, Southern Māori also gathered and preserved other materials such as harakeke (flax) and raupō (bullrush) within the area, for cultural and industrial purposes such as mats, fishing nets and rope making (Davis, 1973).

The Taiari Plains are connected via a complex and integrated water system, so waka (canoe) and mōkihi (raft) were the most common means to traverse, trade and communicate across this watery landscape (Wanhalla, 2009). More importantly, the waterways directly connected to the coastline via the Taiari River, strategically linking the inhabitants of the Taiari Plains to the well-established traditional trading routes that existed along the Araiteuru (Otago) coastline (Dacker, 1994). The abundance of natural resources and it's prime location (next to a key trading route) ensured that Maitapapa was not only of culturally important place for Southern Māori, but it was also one of their most important economic assets (Wanhalla, 2004).

Imposition of Colonial Worldviews onto Southern Māori Cultural Lifeways

> *When the waves rolled in upon us from England, first one post was covered, then another till at last the water scared us and we tried to protect ourselves. That is, we entered into agreements with those who purchased our lands for the Queen, but when the flood tide from England set in, our barriers were cast down and that is why you find us now clinging to the tops of these rocks, called Native Reserves which alone remain above the waters.*
>
> (Wi Naihera, 1891 as quoted in Dacker, 1994, p. 82)

As early as 1824 there were plans being conceived for a colonisation scheme for New Zealand (Evison, 1993). After the Napoleonic Wars in 1815, England was in a state of economic depression. Edward Wakefield, through the formation of the The New Zealand Company,

proposed a scheme of systematic colonalisation as a means to disperse the poor from the shores of Britain, whilst providing the rich with new investment opportunities in the form of foreign land purchases (Evison, 1993). Wakefield's enterprising plans entailed purchasing vast quantities of land from Māori chiefs at a cheap price and subdividing these into plots which could be sold back to aspiring British subjects for a healthy profit (Evison, 1993). Inherent in Wakefield's plan was a colonial agenda "to replicate the mother country through importing Anglo-centric institutions and value systems"; but, without the crippling British class systems (Terruhn, 2015, p. 18). The colonial agenda pursued "plante', which Simon (2016, p. 64) notes was the colonial intent to "plante Britishness on the lands, minds and people of the desired possession; in this case, Aotearoa New Zealand". Terruhn (2015) notes, the colonial agenda involved creating a social perception within Britian, which presented the colonial settler as the conqueror of foriegn untamed lands, as well as, the opportunity maker who could take full advantage of the possibilities presented by a new homeland.

Between 1844 and 1864, Southern Māori chiefs and the Crown entered into a series of sale and purchase agreements. These agreements resulted in the purchase of ten substantial blocks of Southern Māori whenua, amassing a total of 34.5 million acres and included the southern island of Rakiura and around 80% of Te Waipounamu (Te Rūnanga o Ngāi Tahu, 2020). In 1844, the Otago Purchase was the first block of land to be negotiated by William Wakefield (the younger brother of Edward) on behalf of the New Zealand Company, a negotiation which resulted in Kāi Tahu chiefs selling 533,600 acres of land within the wider Otago region for £2,400 (Evison, 1993; Wanhalla, 2015). However, such was the importance and significance of the Taiari area to Southern Māori, that during the negotiations for the Otago Purchase, the land at Taiari along with lands at Ōtākou and Te Karoro, were excluded from the sale and were set aside as "Native Reserve" blocks for continued occupation and use by local Māori (Dacker, 1994; Wanhalla, 2015).

The first signs of a clash of world views happened as a consequence of the Otago Purchase. The Otago Purchase conducted by William Wakefield was in fact part of a wider new world colonisation scheme known as the New Edinburgh project (Evison, 1993; Wanhalla, 2015). Acting in collaboration, the New Zealand Company and the Scottish Free Church formed the Otago

Association; with the New Zealand Company surveying the land and Scottish Free Church selecting suitable Scottish migrants to populate the new territory (Dacker, 1994; Wanhalla, 2015). The Otago Association created a new southern colony within the Otago landscape, emulating the characteristics and cultural designs of their capital Edinburgh in Scotland (Hocken, 2011). Embedded in this colonial movement was a world view that valued individual ownership of land and living one's life in a *civilised* gentile manner (Evison, 1993; Wanhalla, 2015).

The loss of Communal Guardianship Through the Adoption of Individual Land Titles

In early 1844, as part of the preparations for the New Edinburgh scheme, in the presence of Crown surveyors and representatives of the Native Courts, the Taiari Native Reserve was mapped and subdivided by the New Zealand Company (Wanhalla, 2009). Wanhalla (2009) comments that during the survey party expedition, while Southern Māori chiefs were present, the final boundary markers developed by the survey party bore no relation to the oral survey pegs and māhika kai cultural boundary markers indicated by the travelling Southern Māori chiefs. At the time of surveying, the Taiari area was still under full custody and collective ownership by Southern Māori. However, the colonial state was already constructing alternative agendas for the *"improvement"* and "*civilisation"* of the land and the Indigenous people within it (Wanhalla, 2009).

Post-sale disagreements entailed between Southern Māori chiefs and the New Zealand Company about what lands were to be set aside for Māori as part of the sale and purchase agreement. Pre-sale negotiations stated that a "tenth" of the land sold would be made available for Māori occupation once the land was surveyed and sold (Dacker, 1994; Evison, 1993; Wanhalla, 2009). However, in 1845, Captain Cargill, acting as an advisor to the directors of the New Zealand Company, recommended that "no other Native reserves ought to be laid out within the boundaries of this settlement" (Dacker, 1994, p. 21) as he believed the local Māori numbers were too few and any further reserves would be "an absolute hindrance to the progress of the settlers" (Dacker, 1994, p. 21). The New Zealand Company directors acted upon his advice and in 1848 they abandoned the "tenths" policy, resulting in Southern Māori only retaining control of their small

Native Reserves from that point forward (Wanhalla, 2009). For the growing mixed race population at Maitapapa, the consequences of the abandonment of the tenths policy meant that they were now having to create an existence from the small, and in many parts unproductive, block of Native Reserve land at Taiari (Dacker, 1994). More importantly from a cultural and spiritual perspective, the sale of the Otago Purchase meant that access to the surrounding lakes and waterways near Maitapapa was no longer a cultural right for Southern Māori, even if they were still practicing Ahi-kā-roa within their whenua mahika kai.

In 1865, the Native Land Act was passed. This Act did away with customary land titles and consequently freed up Māori land for sale (Gilling, 1993). In 1867, changes to the Native Land Act required all Māori land to be brought under colonial rule (Gilling, 1993). It wasn't long before the Taiari Reserve was brought before the Native Land Court, and in 1867, the court ordered that the land be divided into individual ownership (Wanhalla, 2004). The Taiari land was carved into blocks A, B and C, with individual titles allocated accordingly to those who resided in the area (Wanhalla, 2004). Block A contained the settlement of Maitapapa, which held the most productive land at 68 acres, but consequentially it also had to support the largest number of families (Wanhalla, 2015).

Many of the families could no longer solely survive off their allocated land and by now had become more reliant than ever on the supporting lakes and wetlands for their everyday survival (Wanhalla, 2015). Furthermore, with the New Edinburgh project now in full operation, the Southern Māori families (many of which were of mixed descent) at Maitapapa were about to come into conflict with the colonial state. Tensions rose, as access to traditional makiha kai waterways were being compromised and the colonial agenda to develop the flat land of the Taiari for farming and settler progression were now being enacted.

Draining of the Waterways and the Demise of Traditional Mahika Kai Cultural Practices

In 1879 the Smith Nairn Royal Commission Inquiry was established to investigate grievances associated with a number of the Crown's purchases of land from Southern Māori. Southern Māori chiefs Taiaroa and Hoani Korehu Kahu identified a total of 1712 mahika kai sites in Otago and Canterbury as being of cultural and economic importance to Southern Māori (Revington, 2015). The inquiry also noted that the mahika kai reserves promised as part of the sale of the Ōtakou block and the separation of the native reserves (which included the Taiari Reserve Block) had not been honoured, and, were in fact, a violation of the sale and purchase contract.

> *Reserves were promised which have never been made, and that eel preserves, kauru groves, and other sources of food supply, which, under the term "mahinga kai," were not to be interfered with, have been destroyed. In many ways the terms of contract have been violated. To restore is impossible.* (T. H. Smith & Narin, 1881, p. 5)

In addition, Taiaroa and Hoani Korehu Kahu also claimed that, through the land sales between Southern Māori and the Crown, Southern Māori had lost its access to its natural food resources and the economic strengths associated with them (Revington, 2015).

The mixed descent families living at Maitapapa were living at the cultural intersection of both Māori and Pākehā worldviews and cultural lifeways. As indigenous people of the whenua, Southern Māori at Maitapapa held the perspective that the Taiari Plains with its network of rivers, lakes and wetlands was a place of significant cultural identity and associated customary practice (Wanhalla, 2015). Furthermore, the Taiari Plains contained an abundant larder of kai and natural resources, which in turn contributed considerably to the collective wellbeing and wealth of its people (Wanhalla, 2015).

The natural moist disposition of the landscape and the regular flooding that occurred within the Taiari wetlands became the key drivers for the state and local authorities making the decision to drain many of the waterways and to re-engineer the landscape through the development of an extensive flood prevention scheme (Wanhalla, 2015). While the process to drain the Taiari Plains did not occur overnight and without resistance from local Māori, from 1868 until 1920 a series of

legislative acts were developed and enacted that permitted the Taiari Plains to be systematically drained and repurposed with colonial farming, settler housing and a network of transportation causeways (Wanhalla, 2015).

With a western economic and ecological ideology directing and shaping the nature of the Taiari Plains, Lakes Potaka, Marama Te Taha and Tatawai were to eventually disappear from the landscape. The last lake to be drained was Lake Tatawai, which was contested by the reserve families through a legal battle with the local authorities. In 1885, Maitapapa community leader Tiaka Kona (also a half caste from The Neck, Rakiura) successfully petitioned the government to return Lake Tatawai back into the control of the Maitapapa community (Wanhalla, 2015).

With increasing land pressures on the Taiari Plains, in 1901 the Maitapapa community decided to appoint a trustee committee to lead the charge to protect Lake Tatawai legally so that the community could still harvest from within it (Wanhalla, 2015). William Palmer, as an elder statesman within the community at the time, was appointed to this committee with four others. The committee led the battle to retain the lake by legally instating it as fishing reserve for the natives of the Taiari Plains (Wanhalla, 2015). Unfortunately, in 1920 (17 years after William's death) the legal native Māori fishing rights to Lake Tatawai were finally extinguished by the enactment of the 1920 Taieri River Improvement Act, and the lake was eventually drained, making way for settler advancement and progression (Wanhalla, 2015).

Education, Surveillance and Performing White Identity

With a growing population at Maitapapa, it was only a matter of time before state education was to be introduced within the community. Along with the introduction of religion, education was considered by the colonial state as an agent of civilised transformation for the growing number of half and quarter caste children within the new colony (Dacker, 1990; Evison, 1993). The colonial view of half castes were that they were “troublesome or dangerous, and if not properly managed, would potentially undermine the process of civilisation” (Wanhalla, 2004, p. 154). In response to the growing population of mixed decent children within the new colony, the Native Schools Act

was passed in 1867 allowing for the establishment of schools within Māori communities; such schools enabled the assimilation of children and, by incident, their wider family into British language and cultural practices (Wanhalla, 2004).

A native school was first proposed at Taiari in 1868 but an initial visit to the area by Native Commissioner Alexander Mackay found a lack of “natives” concluding that a mixed race school would better meet the community’s needs due to the existing mixed race community. Shortly after, Taieri Ferry School was established with regular state inspections to check on the advancement and progress of the children’s education (Wanhalla, 2004).

At Taieri Ferry School, Māori children were referred to by their English equivalent names and the classroom register recorded them by their blood quantum (Wanhalla, 2004). On a particular school inspection in 1875, the pupils were noted as being “well taught, clean, and well-behaved, and seem to be greatly improved by intercourse with Europeans” (Appendices to the Journals to the House of Representatives, 1875 pg 10 as cited in Wanhalla, 2004, p. 154). As a result of regular state inspections in the school, the colonial metrics of blood quantum, command of the English language, adoption of European dress and social etiquette were being used as measurements of effective cultural assimilation for the mixed descent school children of Maitapapa (Wanhalla, 2009).

The constant gaze of colonial education combined with the continued inter-marriages with Pākehā who did not speak te reo Māori, resulted in the loss of the Māori language at Maitapapa more rapidly than any other Māori community within Te Waipounamu (Dacker, 1994). Subsequently, after decades of education in the English language, the Māori language within the families of the Maitapapa was all but lost by the 1920’s (Wanhalla, 2009). In addition to the loss of language, the allocation of individualised land titles and the restricted access rights to supporting makiha kai whenua presented challenges for those of mixed descent to live and practice their traditional Southern Māori cultural lifeways. Lifeways, which would not only have provided physical

sustenance to the whānau but would have also nourished their cultural and spiritual senses of Southern Māori identity.

Maitapapa: The Final Resting Place and Eventual Cultural Drift

By all accounts, William and Annie Holmes were well respected and active members of the Maitapapa community. In their time at Maitapapa they would have seen the small kāik grow and transform with the initial influx of sealers and whalers and later with New Edinburgh settlers and those chasing their fortunes in the goldfields of Central Otago. While William was seen as an active custodian in his attempts to save Lake Tatawai, I cannot help but think of what Annie thought as she watched the whenua and Southern Māori physically and culturally transform around her. The loss of communal lands, access to mahika kai and the Māori language were only some of the cultural practices that she would have witnessed slipping away in her lifetime. Sadly, at age 50 after five days of continued illness, on the 6th of September 1886 Annie passed away. William continued to live for another 17 years before finally passing away from chronic bronchitis aged 88 on the 27th of March 1903. Such was the mana of William that both he and Annie were buried at the Maitapapa Urupā.

The Voice of Kaimāka and Kai: White Settler Imaginaries and the Demise of Southern Māori Cultural Identity

Wanhalla's research into the socio-cultural and political situation at Maitapapa brings to light many of the contributing factors that led to the demise of indigenous cultural identity for many whānau at Maitapapa. As Wanhalla (2004, 2009, 2015) identifies, continual Pākehā inter-marriage, loss of traditional mahika kai grounds, enforcement of individual land titles, adoption of a colonial schooling system and the eventual physical and cultural drift from the Taiari whenua were all factors which played a part in the community's Māori identity. Her research exposes how the explicit and implicit agendas of the state all played a role in aiding the demise of Southern Māori cultural identity within the Maitapapa community.

These factors, combined with the implementation of colonial social institutions of education, health and justice, all contributed to a changing world dominated by white ideologies. This included the passing of the Magistrates Court Act 1893 which judged Māori under British sovereignty law as opposed to the traditions of Kupe's law (Pratt, 1999). Similarly, the Tohunga Suppression Act 1907 no longer permitted Māori to practice their traditional healing methods, a further legislative alienation of Māori culture and identity from settler society (Pratt, 1999). However, as Wanhalla (2009) notes, the seeds of colonalisation were most likely sown at The Neck when Annie Holmes and her mother Tamairaki interacted with the missionaries. Standards of accommodation, dress and behaviour were continually observed and documented by the missionaries at The Neck and were used as measurements of the mixed race communities shift into "Christian family life and respectability" (Wanhalla, 2009, p. 6).

Implementing and Enforcing the White Settler Imaginary

Terruhn's (2015) doctoral research into whiteness within New Zealand settler society draws attention to the colonial agenda of creating the *white* settler imaginary. This social imaginary presented New Zealand as the reproduction of a new and better Britain beyond the seas of the homeland. Part of the colonial agenda was to make this new world homely through the

transplantation of plants and animals from the motherland of Britain (Bell, 2014; Terruhn, 2015). Bell (2014, p. 14) comments, that not only did the colonial settlers make themselves at home with their animals and plants, they surrounded their social world with their colonial "political, economic, legal and social institutions and practices". Similarly, Bell (2014, p. 14) points out that the settler colonisation project within New Zealand was not "a project of *creating* a new world, rather than a project based on the *finding* of one". As the name settler typifies, it embodied something which is already in existence that is allowed to "settle" within a new place (Bell, 2014). This presents challenges to indigenous peoples who already have established their own ways of life, social institutions, laws and values; all cultural factors which continue to validate indigenous claims to their homelands (Bell, 2014). Bell (2014, p. 10) argues that "the settler imaginary seeks to reduce indigenous identities to its own terms"; an ideological phenomena which is evident within the story of Maitapapa.

The implementation of the white settler imaginary can be seen clearly through the transformation of the Taiari Plains. An excerpt from a travelling reporter for the *Otago Witness* in 1887 encapsulates the settler imaginary when discussing the wetland draining and landscape reconstruction:

> *A considerable area of this rich plain is still as nature left it. Particularly…in the vicinity of Henley, where there is a great scope of undrained swamp covered with Māori head tussock (that) mars the beauty of the Taiari summer green. Well I remember a time when most of the plain represented this untoward appearance, when the Māori's (sic) fished for eels and captured teal ducks where smiling homesteads now stand…But we have changed all this, and the native rat has disappeared along with the teal ducks, the eels and quails that kept him company.*
>
> (Otago Witness, 1887, p. 15 as quoted in Wanhalla, 2015, pg. 148)

The colonial agenda viewed the landscape and the natural food resources within it as not being to their cultural taste nor in alignment with their agenda, as this was at odds with the cultural position of Southern Māori (Wanhalla, 2015). The settler social imaginary facilitated a settler belief

system that viewed white cultures, values and lifeways as being superior to those of the indigenous peoples of New Zealand (Bell, 2014; Terruhn, 2015). As Bell comments, the forcing of settler imaginaries onto indigenous land presents power relationships in respect to authentic indigenous identity:

> *This primary desire for indigenous land as a settler homeland sets up a particular relationship between settlers and indigenous peoples, one in which the settler seeks to replace the indigenous as the people of the land, to become indigenous themselves.* (2014, p. 7)

Today, we see this "settler Indigenous identity" portrayed in calls from white New Zealanders to move on from the grievances of the past, as we are all equal people (Gray, Jaber, & Anglem, 2013). This call to be equal and viewed as one with Aotearoa, stems from the white settler imaginary which believed everyone would be equal and free, and therefore the same (Terruhn, 2015); a belief that existed only in the minds of the settlers and not within the lived realities of Māori. Instead, the white settler imaginary failed to see and acknowledge how ideologies of 'equality" were fraught, as it reinforced cultural privilege towards its new white inhabitants. As white critical theorist McIntosh (1989) would argue, the adoption of British economic, political, legal and social institutions as cultural norms within the new settler colony, only served to highlight the *white* cultural blindness that exists within the colonial belief system.

Whiteness and its Need to Civilise the Indigenous Savage

Maitapapa represents the role that the colonial state had in shaping and affirming the cultural identity of its Southern Māori members. As Terruhn (2015, p. 52) comments of pioneer social and cultural narratives, "they were instrumental in creating and popularising an imaginary of settler colonisation as natural, progressive, laudable, and caring towards the indigenous population and, subsequently, shaped settler identities and their normative expectations of settler colonial relations". As such, within many British colonies, indigenous people were often viewed as possessing an unsophisticated intelligence and inferior culture compared to the British; therefore in need of cultural salvation (Fletcher, 1999).

Following the arrival of the settlers, the colonial agenda was that the civilisation of the Māori would be required, so as to save them from "extinction, because it seemed his old way was killing him" (Evison, 1993, p. 395). As O'Regan comments, the colonial government was…

> *"consistent in its efforts to define, shape, change and construct an identity* ***for*** *[emphasis placed] Māori which is consistent with its own objectives. In order to do this the Crown needed first to destroy the existing identities…"* (2001, p. 125).

O'Regan (2001) further adds, that the introduction of the Native Land Act (1867) was the first means to destroy this identity by dismantling the existing and highly successful shared communal resource, and replacing it with individualised land titles of which individual ownership and responsibility entailed.

The colonial worldview, held an ideological position that individual land ownership would help the Southern Māori transition from their organic and somewhat "wandering" approach to food production into a system which was civilised and self-respecting (Evison, 1993, p. 336). As Wanhalla notes of the individualisation of land titles and civilisation:

> *The establishment of the Native Land Court drew on a long held and clearly articulated policy from the 1840s that individualization of Māori land assisted in the 'improvement' and 'civilization' of Māori morally and socially. Importantly, the establishment of fixed individual boundaries within native reserves was perceived as essential to the Māori achievement of 'civilization' and 'improvement'*. (2004, p. 109)

For centuries communal land had been the thing that brought Southern Māori together; a togetherness which allowed them to act collectively and in the interests of the wider collective (O'Regan, 2001). However, the colonialist viewed this form of land ownership as being socialistic, communistic and even barbaric in nature (Evison, 1993). With the loss of their land, the social structure and unified strength of the tribe was eventually broken down, with its members becoming culturally deprived and economically impoverished (Dacker, 1994; O'Regan, 2001). Along with

the loss of their land was the loss of access to traditional places of mahika kai. Likewise, with mahika kai being fundamental to Southern Māori identity (Dacker, 1990; Kaan & Bull, 2013; O'Regan, 2001; Russell, 2000), its loss within the Maitapapa community and Palmer whānau would have been another tragic blow to their already damaged Māori cultural identity.

Learning to "Fit In": Adorning the Cultural Whiteness

By the time of William and Annie Palmer's deaths, the decline of te reo Māori was already in train in their community (Wanhalla, 2004). By the turn of the century, those Southern Māori who could still speak te reo, generally only did so at formal ceremonies or within Māori contexts (O'Regan, 2009). As noted within my own whānau oral histories, there is no living memory of any of my tīpuna ever being able to speak the language in the last 100 years. Success for the mixed decent population now rested on how best its members integrated into the now dominant and mainstream white Pākehā lifestyle (Wanhalla, 2009) and, parents actively encouraged their children to "fit in" and to succeed socially within this new white Pākehā world (Wanhalla, 2009, p. 138). Speaking English and denouncing te reo Māori was central to this "fitting in".

Socially fitting also entailed adopting the hybrid body, in the form of a Pākehā physical appearance and education and the adoption of western standards of dress and social etiquette (Wanhalla, 2004). In situations where it is common to see minority/majority ethnic group clashes (such as in the Southern Māori/Pākehā situation at Maitapapa), it is not uncommon that the minority group can be coerced into accepting negative stereotypes in regard to their language and culture (O'Regan, 2001). In these situations, social advancement and economic success for the minority group will only come about if they can learn to successfully integrate into the cultural norms and practices of the more powerful and dominant group (O'Regan, 2001).

Concluding Reflections

As I reflect on the experiences of my tīpuna, I have come to realise that I am simply a living manifestation of the western world view and the white settler imaginary that was brought to these shores over two hundred years ago by the colonialists. As I have researched the stories of my

whakapapa and rediscovered of the pūrākau of the Taiari whenua, I have felt the threads of my Kāi Tahu identity cloak start to be woven together again.

I no longer see Saddle Hill, the Maungaatua or the Taieri River, instead I see the stories and lives of my tīpuna carved into the landscape. This journey of self has made me consciously aware of the social, cultural and political agendas that my tīpuna endured and how this impacted on their struggle to maintain their Southern Māori identity. The realisation that my whānau didn't make the simple choice to walk away from their Southern Māori identity, but where forced to abandon it due to the *white* colonial agenda, provides me with a sense of ease. This reconnection to the stories of my whakapapa has been critical to my cultural healing processes, so that today, I feel comfortable referring to myself as "the perfect artefact of the white settler imaginary", an embodiment of whiteness.

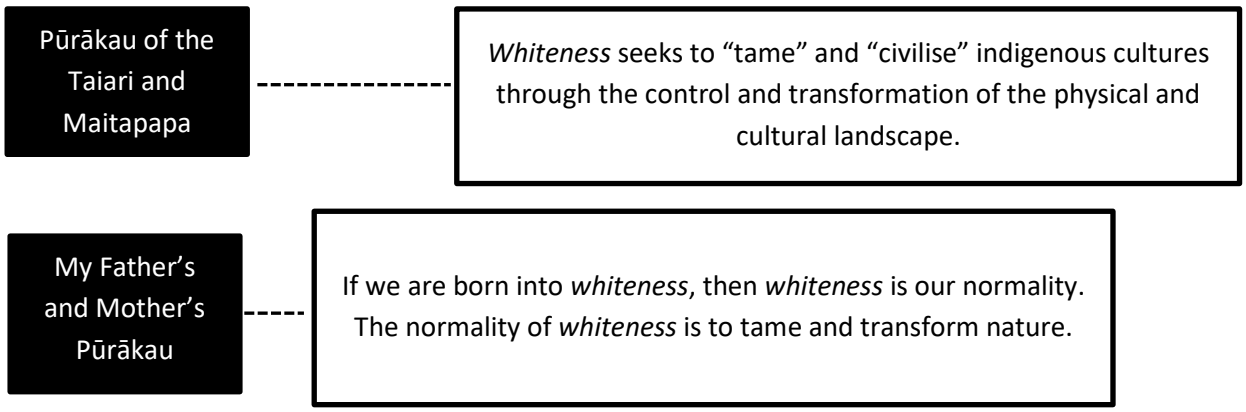
I can now see how white values, cultures and belief systems became normalised within early settler society, are driven by the settler imaginary-imposed Aotearoa. The whiteness inherent in these social imaginaries provided those who abided by them with advantage and privilege in society. As Dyer (1997) notes, whiteness is evident when white culture becomes the invisible norm within a group, thus adopting the dominant position from which other cultures are judged and categorised. Dyer highlights the righteousness of cultural normativity within whiteness when he states:

> *White people have power as they believe that they think, act and feel for all people; white people, unable to see their own particularity, cannot take account of other people's; white people create the dominant images of the world and don't quite see that they thus create the world in their own image; white people set standards of humanity by which they are bound to succeed and others are bound to fail.*
>
> (2005, p. 12)

As I now bring this pūrākau to a conclusion, I will add another key conceptual learning about whiteness and self. Again, as I lay it upon my father's and mother's pūrākau, it becomes obvious

that whiteness seeks to “tame” and “civilise” indigenous cultures through the control and transformation of the physical and cultural landscape. Through the power and dominance of whiteness within settler society, I now realise that if my tīpuna (and the other families at Maitapapa) were to escape from the colonial entrapment of landless poverty, their future lay in how best they acculturated themselves into this new *white* settler world. To understand how this happened in the lives of my tīpuna, the story now turns to my whānau and their departure from the lands of the Taiari and how they seamlessly blended into what Terruhn (2015) terms, the whiteness of settler society.

“Wānaka of Self Key Conceptual Learnings”



Living in the Shadows

The Voice of Māramataka: The Protective Shawl of Whiteness

She is weak now, her mauri barely glowing as the Pākehā ways have battered her cultural body into submission. Her pale body moves slowly with the short and frail whispers of her breath. Her survival now rests on accepting their offering of the shawl of whiteness. Although hesitant at first, she knows if she is to survive, she has no choice. Its abundance warms and nourishes her mortal body, while its embroidered whiteness protects from future travesties.

Within the shawl's armour, she is hidden from harm: her identity obscured and masked; with her eyes only peering outwards when safety permits. Forgotten by many, it will be through the eyes that the wairua will continue to guide and support her in life. Its wisdom discreetly protecting her spiritual self, only to be acknowledged, when the burden of the shawl falls by the wayside.

The Lived Experience: The Pūrākau of William Palmer Junior, Una Palmer and Pearl Colvin

William Palmer (Great Great Grandfather)

In 1884, William Palmer Junior (Figure 8) married Jessie Ferguson (also known as Clifford), the daughter of Scottish settlers Peter and Margaret McLaren in a civil ceremony at Outram (Bowman, 2008). Like many other Scottish settlers, in 1857 Jessie's grandparents Peter and Jessie McLaren (nee McGregor) and their children Margaret, Peter and Jessie boarded the Robert Henderson in Clyde, Scotland for the opportunities presented by the new southern colony (Bowman, 2008). On 9 February 1858, having spent 84 days at sea, the family arrived at Port Chalmers before eventually moving to the lower reaches of the Taiari Plains where they made their new home. Margaret McLaren gave birth to Jessie in 1863.

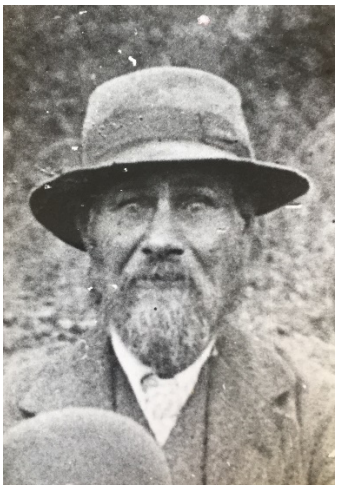


Figure 7: William Palmer Junior

Source: Adrian Woodhouse (Personal Collection)

A photo (Figure 7) of the McLaren family circa 1870, has the presence of a young Jessie, her mother Margaret and Aunty Jessie as well as her grandparents Peter and Jessie McLaren. The photo is suggestive that the wider family was responsible for Jessie's upbringing in her earlier years.

Figure 8: McLaren family at Otakai

Photo taken at Otakai circa 1870 of a young Jessie Palmer standing by her mother Margaret McLaren. To the left of Margaret is her sister Jessie McLaren, mother Jessie McLaren Senior and Father Peter McLaren. Source: Adrian Woodhouse (Personal Collection)

In 1873 Margaret married William Chas Clifford, however this marriage was not to last. Margaret remarried local farmer and Scottish settler Robert Ferguson, and sometime afterwards, Jessie changed her name from Clifford to Ferguson. a large family of 16; their sixth born, Una, is my great grandmother.

William married later in life (he was 30 when he married 21-year-old Jessie) and up until that time he had helped his father William Senior with farming on the Taiari. William was known as an extremely athletic man and was admired for his ability to play any musical instrument, including a flute made of straw grass (Bowman, 2008). Jessie, on the other hand, was known as a woman of marked refinement with an extensive knowledge and love of Shakespeare and the Royal family (Bowman, 2008). With the mounting pressures of a growing family and the limited and poor land at Maitapapa, sometime before the turn of the century, William Junior and his family had moved north of Dunedin to Goodwood and then Bushey Park to farm on his own. Through his farming knowledge and good work habits, William had the fortune of paying off his farm. However, while the funds for the sale of his farm were in the security of his lawyer, his lawyer escaped with the money resulting in William losing both his money and farm (Bowman, 2008). According to my aunty and whānau historian Dawn Leask (2020), up until that point the Palmer family lived a life

of “milk and honey”, however following the financial travesty of losing the farm their family existence was that of poverty.

Little can be recalled within my whānau regarding the social and cultural lives of William and Jessie’s family. However, the following photograph (Figure 9) of William and Jessie’s children outside their house in Flagswamp attests to the family living in European dwellings and adorning Victorian dress, as typified by settler lifeways and their associated social and cultural identities of the times. Following the loss of the farm and the family home, William and his family moved to Palmerston where William Junior and Jessie resided until their deaths.

Figure 9: Palmer whānau at the “Little House” on the farm at Flagswamp

Source: Adrian (Personal Collection)

Una Palmer (Great Grand Mother)

Una Carolie Palmer (Figure 10) was born at Henley in 1898. As a young girl she attended Flag Swamp School near Palmerston and on the 3rd of June 1918, at Kaitangata, South Otago, she married trucker Harold Colvin the son of local miner Thomas Colvin. Una and Harold would go on to have just two children, Pearl (my grandmother) and Alan. Unfortunately, Alan would come to

an early death suffering a heart attack at 44 years of age while playing tennis with his friend in Mosgiel.

As a young boy I would visit my great grandmother Una at her pensioner flat in Mosgiel. My brief and early recollections of her, were that she was a small and quietly spoken lady who always sat in her living room chair with a woollen red shawl gentle draped over her shoulders and her modest white purse by her side. Una lived her life in the most basic of fashion, owning only the barest of possessions in her small council flat. The whānau still laugh now at memories of her washing her clothes in a laundry tub in a council flat, even when electric washing machines were the norm and freely available for her to use. Once her husband Harold developed a deliberating disease, and through his weakened state of mind, Harold became indoctrinated into the local Brethren Church. While Una was quite content living with very few possessions in her life, it was Harold's entrance into the brethren community that stripped her of some of her most precious possessions and pastimes. The first of these was Una's ability to play cards, something she took great pride in playing and winning. As my Aunty Dawn (2020) recalls, when she did play cards it was never in the presence of Harold. The second loss in her life was her ability to listen to the "wireless", following its removal due to its damaging and corrupting messages from the unholy outside world. The playing of cards and listening to the radio were two everyday indulgences that would bring much happiness and meaning into Una's life; sadly, these everyday activities were stripped from her due to their distain by the brethren church.

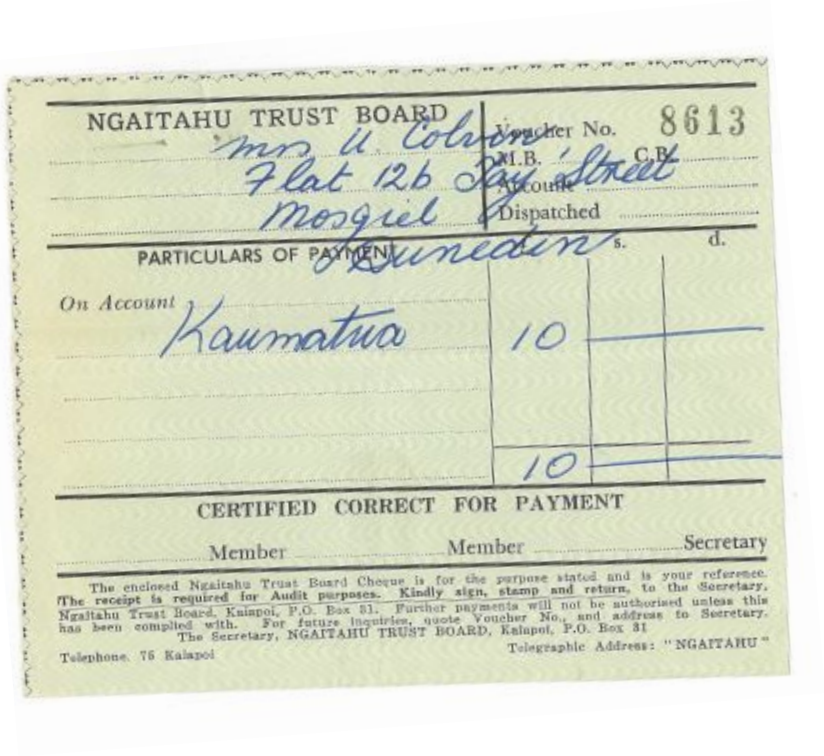
Figure 10: Una Colvin: Circa 1910

Source: Adrian Woodhouse (Personal Collection)

Growing up knowing she was of Māori descent must have been a challenging experience for Una. While Una continued to be registered with the Ngāi Tahu iwi, she was reluctant to identify privately or publicly with her Māori identity. My aunty Dawn (2020) recalls being intrigued to find out as a young girl that she was of Māori descent. However, when she pressured her grandmother Una to tell her what tribe she belonged to, it was only under duress that she finally conceded that the whānau whakapapa to Kāi Tahu. For a young Dawn, Una's concession came with words of advice *"that one should not worry themselves with these things, as those ways are gone"* (Leask, 2020).

The social and racial pressures of living in the Otago region in the early and mid-twentieth century, meant that, for Una, being Māori was not advantageous in a Pākehā dominated society. As my mother recalls, even once Una was of the age to receive her annual Ngāi Tahu kaumātua grant, she would always ask her grandchildren to cash the cheque at the bank because she did not want the tellers to know she was Māori. In 1962, her annual Ngāi Tahu kaumātua grant of £10 (figure 11) went unclaimed because Una couldn't face the shame of someone at the bank potentially

realising, she might be Māori. As such, the cheque still exists in the possession of the whānau, and todays acts as a historical artefact and social and cultural reminder of the racial shame that existed in the life and times of Una and many of her descendants thereafter.


NGAITAHU TRUST BOARD

Voucher No. 8613

Mrs U. Colvin
Flat 12b Jay Street
Mosgiel
Dunedin

N.Z.B. C.B.
Account
Dispatched

PARTICULARS OF PAYMENT s. d.

On Account Kaumatua 10

10

CERTIFIED CORRECT FOR PAYMENT

Member Member Secretary

The enclosed Ngaitahu Trust Board Cheque is for the purpose stated and is your reference. The receipt is required for Audit purposes. Kindly sign, stamp and return, to the Secretary, Ngaitahu Trust Board, Kaiapoi, P.O. Box 31. Further payments will not be authorised unless this has been complied with. For future inquiries, quote Voucher No., and address to Secretary. The Secretary, NGAITAHU TRUST BOARD, Kaiapoi, P.O. Box 31

Telephone 75 Kaiapoi

Telegraphic Address: "NGAITAHU"

Figure 11: Una Colvins uncashed 1962 Ngāi Tahu Trust Board Kaumatua cheque

Source: Adrian Woodhouse (Personal Collection)

Una passed away on the 22nd of October 1983 and was laid to rest at the East Taieri Cemetery under the protective gaze of the Mangaatua mauka.

Pearl Corralline Colvin (Grandmother)

Pearl Corralline Colvin was born on the 6th of November 1919 in the coal mining town of Kaitangata, South Otago. Her father Harold worked at various jobs, including driving trucks, general labouring and working at the local coal mine. By all accounts the family lived a basic life and with minimal possessions. At the age of 19, on the 21st of December 1938, Pearl married 23-year-old labourer Raymond Albert McCunn at the Mogiel Masonic Hall. Raymond McCunn was born on the 28th September 1915 in Dunedin and was affectionally known as Butch to all of his

friends and family. The origins of his nick name has never been revealed to me, however coming from a family of butchers may have had something to do with the moniker.

Figure 13: Pearl Colvin aged two

Source: Adrian Woodhouse (Personal Collection)

Figure 12: Raymond McCunn aged two

Source: Adrian Woodhouse (Personal Collection)

Butch and Pearl would go on to have five children, Margaret, Dawn, Murray, twins Averill and Raylene and Cheryl, the youngest, my mother. When Cheryl was born in 1951, it was often joked that she was the milkman's daughter due to her pale complexion. While Pearl and the other children were of a darker complexion, Cheryl and her blonde looks were in stark contrast to her mother and her other siblings.

Figure 14: Cheryl McCunn aged two

Source: Adrian Woodhouse (Personal Collection)

Butch McCunn was a hardworking man with a deeply embedded entrepreneurial spirit. Never one to miss out on an opportunity, he had a number of ventures throughout his life including a mobile fruit and vegetable business, working as a travelling commercial salesman, and in his later years, operating as a real estate agent. Butch had a particular passion for wrestling and as a young man in the 1930's, he competed in many amateur wrestling competitions. After his retirement from the wrestling pit, his passion for the sport transitioned into refereeing and club administration. In 1943 he went on to establish the Taieri Wrestling Club where he continued to contribute both in time and financial input, sponsoring many trips away for aspiring young wrestlers as well as prizes for wrestling competitions. Throughout all of this, Pearl continued to take on her domestic responsibilities of raising the children and attending to the duties of the house.

These community interactions, alongside my grandfather's successful business endeavours ensured that the McCunn family were socially accepted and connected, within a society which was dominated by Western lifestyles. The family lived a comfortable life in a stately two storeyed family home in Abbotsford on a large corner section.

As a young boy, my cousins and I would always look forward to family gatherings at our grandparent's house. With its basement full of hidden treasures and its garden laden with tasty treats, we could spend hours exploring its wilderness while our parents chatted at the dining room table. I recall these family experiences as being very *white* or Pākehā in nature. There was no te reo spoken in the family, no karakia before kai (the word kai wasn't even used) and no practice of tikaka at all. When it came to food, as a family we ate a traditional British diet.

This meant that at Christmas time, we would indulge ourselves on the colonial delights of glazed ham and steamed plum pudding, while at other family gatherings the tables were laden with platters of roast beef, mutton and lamb. Like other "normal" families of the time, indigenous kai such flounder, Bluff Oysters and Blue Cod adorned the table, however these were always prepared through western culinary practices and consumed in white European cultural protocols. As a whānau we never ventured into the wild and practiced mahika kai and my grandfather's prized vegetable, or flower garden would have never been dug up for the purposes of cooking a hangi! However, there was one exception to this colonial preference, that being the tītī that was savoured by the family and consumed when fortunes were good, and finances permitted.

Of course, all of this "normal" white lifestyle served as a backdrop to the lack of acceptance of Māori and their cultural practices within the southern society. Sadly, like her mother Una, Pearl also suffered a backlash towards her Indigenous identity in her younger years. As my mother recalls, Pearl once told her of the traumatic experience of being stoned as a young child in her hometown of Kaitangata. According to the story, Pearl had left school one day and was making her way home on foot when, along the way, a small group of children ganged up on her and hurled stones at her. At the time, Pearl questioned why the children were trying to hurt her, their reason for doing so was simple…she was a Māori and, therefore, she should be stoned.

As my mother recalls from the conversation, the incident left a young Pearl distraught about her Māori Identity; an identity she would learn to shun in her public life but would speak of comfortably in the safety and security and her whānau. But the racial slurs and abuse did not end with my grandmother. Some of her children (including my mother) also experienced racial abuse from local children, again in the form of verbal attacks directed towards their Māori identity. Some of

my auntie's recall being racially abused because they were Māori, however this surprised them at the time because they didn't see themselves as Māori at all, but "normal" and just like everyone else.

Figure 15: Raymond (Butch) and Pearl McCunn in 1969

Source: Adrian Woodhouse (Personal Collection)

Sadly, on the 3rd of November 1981, Butch eventually passed away after a series of mini strokes. Pearl was to live another 20 years supported by her loving children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren. In her last weeks of life, she had only one request in life- for the taste of the tītī to touch her lips once more. Pearl finally passed away on the first day of spring (1st September) 2001, and she was returned to Butch's side at the Anderson's Bay cemetery.

The Voice of Kaimāka and Kai: The Seeping of Whiteness into Whānau Life

Colonisation and Assimilation into Whiteness

The previous two sections unpacked my whakapapa through the living memories of my whānau, as well as the research endeavours of Gwenda Bowman (2008), Angela Wanhalla (2004, 2009, 2015)[4] and other academic storytellers. Within these research and reflective process, I have connected with and retold the stories of my tīpuna's lives, as they have attempted to navigate their Indigenous identities within the whiteness of the settler imaginary and colonial communities they inhabited. The whakaaro of Wanhalla (2004, 2009, 2015) and O'Regan (2001, 2009) has been particularly demonstrative in shedding light on why members of my whānau and wider iwi (including me), have felt culturally lost due to the lack of Southern Māori te reo and tikaka practices.

The ability to look back upon the historical landscape and integrate the perspectives of others has allowed me to reflect on these events and make sense of my own dislocated Kāi Tahu identity. It is through this investigative and reflective process, that I can now see that, following the drift from Maitapapa, my tīpuna became fragmented from their whānui support systems and their role as kaitiaki of the mana whenua. An important cultural identity marker, and one which O'Regan (2001) notes would have made them vulnerable to Pākehā assimilation.

Because Māori hold a deep connection between the cosmological worlds and their ancient whakapapa (Marsden, 2003a), the dislocation of Māori (including my whānau) from their traditional lands has been acknowledged a critical factor in the demise of Māori ability to culturally identify with their indigenous selves (Durie, 1997). Furthermore, the loss of the cultural food practice of mahika kai within my whānau only added to the loss of their Southern Māori identity (Dacker, 1994). As Wanhalla (2004) points out, the eventual move of William Juniors' from the Taiari and into the rural farming community of East Otago, would have almost certainly

[4] Both Gwenda Bowman and Angela Wanhalla share whakapapa with me, and as such, form part of my wider whānui.

accelerated the assimilation process. As (Wanhalla, 2004)suggests that those families that relocated themselves into outside farming communities tended to lose their Indigenous cultural links sooner than others.

By the time Una Palmer attended school, all of her lessons were taught in English as a result of the 1871 education policy which stated all lessons would now be delivered in English (Selby, 1999). This would have only reinforced the irrelevance of te reo (and Māori culture) in Una's life, as there is no living memory of her ever acquiring the language nor practicing it within the whānau. As Una transformed into a young woman, she lived in a white dominated society that held negative attitudes towards her Māori culture. As Evison (1993, p. 483) comments, in the 1920s and 30s in New Zealand it was common societal practice to ridicule Māori through "coon humour" and everyday slang words such as darkies and niggers. As was typical of many Southern Māori of her time (O'Regan, 2001), it appears Una tried to hide her Kāi Tahutaka from the public as a simple means of self-preservation. With the passing of each generation and as their features started to "pale", it was also common practice for those of mixed descent to deny their Māori heritage in the hope for a better integration into the evolving settler society (Dacker, 1994, p. 85). The desire to appear white and therefore 'normal', meant that many Māori remained "unseen as Māori" as they hid their cultural identity, allowing them to assimilate more quickly into Pākehā society (L. T. Smith, 1996, p. 27).

As someone who rarely spoke of her indigenous identity, a comment made by Una to one of my aunties provides us with a insight into the life she lead. As recalled, Una commented that one of my cousin's (who had darker skin as a result of his father being a North Island Māori) was was an absolutely beautiful baby: however, because of his skin colour, she feared dearly for him as the life ahead would be hard indeed. Such remarks provide us with small glimpses into the life of Una and what it meant to be Māori in those times.

By the time my grandmother Pearl was born, the colonial vision of cultural assimilation was deeply embedded within southern society. With the exception of the occasional direct racial abuse, the

whānau was now fully enculturated into white culture and was succeeding not only within the social networks of an evolving settler society, it was now also financially embedded with the within economic structures of this burgeoning British colony.

Whiteness and its Violence towards the Cultural Other

The process of researching my whakapapa has been one of conscientisation and self enlightenment. As I have researched, reflected, and retold the story of Maitapapa, it is now clear to me, why I have viewed the whenua and the kai within it only from a western worldview. In fact, my brief years on the family farm in Roxburgh did not solely enculturate me into a white world view, instead it was part of a social schema that had been cast by the social architects of colonialisation many generations before. When I walked on the land of the family farm and looked out at the food that was within it, I was simply enacting the settler imaginary and marvelling at the creation of the white idyll of the British countryside. As Evison (Evison, 1993)would say, I was living the white settler dream. What I viewed as perfectly normal, was in fact not normal at all to my tīpuna. Evision (1993, p. 338)comments:

> *European settlers did not want to eat eels, weka, putangitangi, ti kauka, kiore, kanakana or freshwater crayfish. Māori food was not to their liking. They wanted to eat beef, mutton and dairy produce, and plenty of it.The European vision for the future of Te Wai Pounamu was not a Māori vision. Europeans wanted their children to grow up and prosper in a land that would be as much like "home" as possible a new "Britain Beyond the Seas.*

As a white kid spending many happy moments on a farm that was the very essemce of the white imaginary, this was my construction of normality. A normality that fails to acknowledge its own particularity of whiteness, or as Dyer (2005, p. 12) states, strangeness within its self.

My reflections have allowed me to identify that acculturation has allowed me to feel comfortable in the *white* world and enculturation has been the tool that has allowed me to navigate and *"succeed"* within it. My whānau were both victims, and with time, benefactors of a colonial agenda of whiteness assimilation. Whiteness being defined within this context as being "a system of

racialised domination that affords white people a normative and privileged position at the expense of non-white Others"(Terruhn, 2015, p. 44). By adopting settler lifeways and the inherent *white* social and cultural normalities that existed within them, my whānau was provided with a means to free themselves from their culturally enslaved and socially deprived situations. However, to successfully do this they had to abandon their Kāi Tahu identity and bow to what Wolfe (1994) has described as the "logic of elimination": the elimination of their indigeneity and the adoption of the identity of the colonial Other.

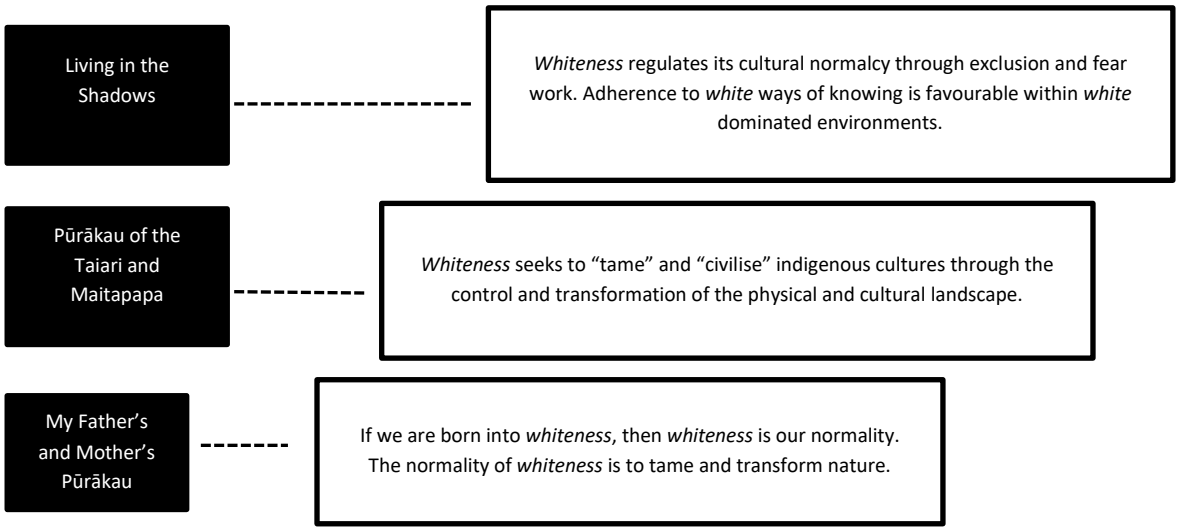
As a Southern Māori with a mixed descent whakapapa, I no longer view my inability to speak the language or to function within tikaka as a form of personal shame; instead, I recognise this is a consequence of the lived experiences of my tīpuna. As I have now come to realise, I do not stand here today on my own, instead I stand here bearing the weight of my whakapapa on my back. As such, I also carry the burden of grief of those members of my wider Kāi Tahu whānui who also had to bear the shame of the loss of their whenua, te reo and tikaka.

With these insights and reflections in mind, I now present the next layer of learning and understanding of whiteness and self. This learning is summersied by the following two key principles,

1) *Whiteness* regulates its cultural normalcy through exculsion and harm.
2) Adherence to *white* ways of knowing is favourable within *white* dominated environments.

Along with the two previous insights, I will now add these learnings and understandings of whiteness and self to the previous two pūrākau. As these pūrākau unfold, the theme of control is emerging within whiteness.

"Wānaka of Self Key Conceptual Learnings"



Concluding Reflections

The tragic reality is that my whānau story of colonalisation is not unique to me, instead, it sits alongside other similar Southern Māori stories (Armstrong, 2016; O'Regan, 2001; Wanhalla, 2009). As such, my story is but one of many thousands that exist within the wider Kāi Tahu whānui narrative; a meta narrative of a marginalised group, forced to live and culturally function within the ideologies and worldviews of the culturally dominant other. This is the narrative of one culture learning to suppress its ways of being (ontology) and knowing (epistemology), instead choosing to exist by adapting its lifeways to the hegemonic cultural tastes of the dominant Other. As French philosopher and sociologist Pierre Bourdieu (1984) would note, the practices of cultural assimilation are an act of symbolic violence, and as Southern Māori were forced to acquire and exhibit the cultural and aesthetic taste of the dominant colonial other, they too experienced symbolic violence in their lives.

As such, my whānau and Kāi Tahu whānui story is situated within a darker story of human nature and its sociological violence towards those who are marginalised in our communities through its direct, structural and cultural forms (Galtung, 1990). As Galtung (1969) notes, direct violence is the violent actions that maim a marginalised Other, while structural violence is the implementation of structures that create social inequality. Overarching both direct and structural violence is

cultural violence; a form of violence that permits the dominant ideologies of direct and structural violence to be legitimised, acceptable and practiced (Galtung, 1990).

My whānau experienced direct violence, when members of communities threw racial abuse towards them because they disapproved of their physical appearance or traditional lifeways. A form of violence that for many generations taught them to hide their Southern Māori identities into the background of society. However, direct acts of violence were only the tip of the iceberg for my whānau - the ugly public aspect that everyone could see. It was the longer-term impact of the colonial state policies, legislation and agreements, which forced them off their whenua and away from their traditional communal and collectivist group structures. These acts by the colonial state served as structural forms of violence towards the whānau as it stripped them from their whenua and their whānau, the core foundations of Māori identity.

Finally, the implementation of the colonial agenda eventually normalised and mainstreamed western worldviews and cultural lifeways within the communities they lived in. Its white hegemonic powers forcing the suppression of their traditional Southern Māori ways of life and the inherent embodiment and expression of culture and identity within them. This final act of cultural violence towards my whānau would go barely unnoticed within the everyday of colonial society. As Southern Māori tikaka, culture and worldviews continued to fade from the everyday lives of my whānau, one of my whānau would no longer see themselves as Māori. That whānau member is me, and within the next pūrākau, I will expose my own story of white cultural identity and self-control within the professional kitchens of haute cuisine.

Growing up in a Mixed Race Whānau

The Voice of Māramataka: Ahikāroa of Identity

For generations, the fires of occupation have culturally warmed us in the gentle glow of our tīpuna. As we sit as one, the light within our mauri ora imbues our bodies, minds, and souls. With our cultural fires burning, they rage brilliantly against the starkness of the dark night sky.

Alas, through the winds of sanction, our fires are being challenged; and with each passing generation, our fire burns less bright. As our fire languishes into the night; one by one they slowly drift from its magnificence. For now, we must find security, warmth and comfort in something foreign to us; its snugness wraps tightly around our bodies and its cover and hides what darkness lies beneath.

In time there is no one left to tend to the fire and all that remains are a few scattered embers in the ashes of cultural identity. Ahi mātaotao, the whenua is cold now and the fire is all but gone.

The Voice of the Lived Experience: My Formative Years in Dunedin

Growing Up in a Black and White Family

Following her separation from my father just before my fifth birthday, my mother returned home to Dunedin with my sister Natasha and me. As a young mother raising two children on her own in the late 1970's, there were times my mother faced a societal backlash towards her domestic position. Without the presence of a male breadwinner in the family unit, support from her parents and an initial reliance on government welfare was a means for my mother to start a new life. As a young boy, I recall having few possessions; however, visits from my grandfather Butch ensured we had a steady flow of fresh fish in the fridge and new socks in the drawers. Although my mother was separated from my father, I still spent most of my holidays in Roxburgh with my cousins on the family farm, and in later years, on my grandfather's apricot orchard.

Around the age of seven, my mother met her future life partner, Joseph Ruka, a Māori of Ngā Puhi, Ngāti Pukenga and Ngāti Ruahine descent from Tauranga. In a strange twist of fate, Joseph (or Joe as he is commonly known) was the brother of Dennis Ruka, who was also at the time dating my mother's sister Averil. In an attempt to get away from the *"Māori's up North",* the brothers had moved south to flesh out a different life for themselves. And so it was that two brothers became the life partners of two sisters, enduring relationships which both couples have shared for close to 40 years. It was through my mother's relationship with Joe, that Richard my (step) brother entered my life.

Following the separation of Joe from his previous wife, Richard had come to live with Joe in Dunedin. Unlike me, a pasty, timid and somewhat reserved white boy, Richard was a lean, muscled and outgoing dark skinned Māori kid. Likewise, where I somewhat fumbled and stumbled my way through sport, Richard was a natural talent, excelling to the point of representing Dunedin Metropolitan in rugby. As kids, we had so much fun growing up. Riding our bikes on the streets of our neighbourhood, building huts over the back fence in the crevasses of the Abbottsford slip, and performing pretend WWF wrestling matches on our bedroom floor, were our normality. On a number of occasions, I would adopt the wrestling name of Ravishing Ray McCunn in honour of

my grandfather and take Richard on in an amateur wrestling match. While I may have had the wrestling linage, an older and more buff competitor was always going to beat the weeny kid. Many a time during my youth, my body would end up on the bedroom floor, contorted and entangled, with my desperate pleas of submission going deafly unheard!

Without sounding cliché, the outdoors was also a big part of our playground and looking for a 'free feed' was a natural part of our adventures. Whether it was 'yabbies' in the creek or blackberries in the bushes, if it could be found in the wild and eaten, it was fair game to us kids. Part of our adventures would be to head to the sea to collect buckets of tuatua, cockles, sand oysters and mussels. Similarly, being at the beach and fishing from the rocks would be a great way to spend an afternoon *"out of my mother's hair"*.

It was during these coastal outings that I was first exposed to Joe's perspective of the world. Many a time, I would spend the day waiting patiently for a fish to hook onto my line before eventually dragging it on to the rocks. As was typical, Joe would walk to my fish, unhook it from my rod and throw it back into the water saying, "that ones for Tangaroa". In my state of youth, I wasn't in a position to verbalise my thoughts, but deep inside I was always thinking "*why is this guy throwing a perfectly good fish away to some mystical god*?" Fears of missing out on food only added weight to my concerns and thoughts such as "*what will happen if we don't catch another fish today?"* and *"what will we be eating tonight?"* raged wildly throughout my mind.

On the one occasion I did ask Joe why we threw the fish back; his reply was simple *"its bad luck to keep the first fish".* His response was a basic explanation to me, and it did not possess any spiritual, philosophical, or metaphysical reasoning behind it. I never really challenged Joe on his reasons, but just shrugged my shoulders and went along with the process. I viewed it like finding a four-leaf clover, some things bring you luck in life and others don't.

On one such fishing adventure, my best friend from school came with us. We went to a spot that we hadn't been to before, and within minutes we were landing some of the biggest fish I had ever seen. As I looked over my shoulder, my friends face was filled with excitement as he felt the sharp tug of a massive fish on his rod. I yelled at him to quickly reel it in. As he fought the fish, he struggled to haul the monster from the deep onto the jagged basalt rocks. He was pretty buggered

after the ordeal but extremely pleased with his efforts. As he gazed upon his prized catch, Joe went over and removed the hook from the fish, and just as he had done every other time, he walked over to the water and said, “that ones for Tangaroa”. I watched the blood drain from my friends face as he turned to me and said, ‘*what the f**k is that about”,* to which I replied, *“It’s a Māori thing, it’s just what they do*”.

Of course, I didn’t need to worry about this Tangaroa bloke when I went on holiday in Roxburgh. My cousin Blaine and I would spend many hours on the Clutha River catching eels, salmon, and trout, splitting them in half and grilling them over the open fire that we had built next to the river. I can recall one time when we caught a trout, Blaine mentioned that it was good luck to let it go. Nevertheless, this idea quickly passed as our Lord of the Flies mentality demanded we cook and eat the fish right there and then.

In the early years of their relationship, both my mother and Joe worked low paid jobs. Initially, my mother worked nightshift at a local supermarket and Joe worked days at the local brickworks. Through an encounter with their neighbour, they both ended up working as government social workers at the local youth residence. This change in career meant that the family now had more financial income, and from that point forward we had a comfortable but humble life. We never went without food, but I wouldn’t say we always ate the finer cuts of meat. Our humble upbringing meant that we often ate humble pie, not literally, but a figurative assortment of discount proteins and convenient frozen vegetables.

My mother and Joe worked shift work, this allowed one of them to always be at home, yet it was a rarity for both of them to be there together. On those rare occasions that we were all at home together as a family, we would often feast collectively over a roasted piece of prized meat. The process of cooking, serving, and eating the roast in our household had its own set of customs, rituals and associated social roles.

The roast was often on a Sunday and my mother would start the cooking process late in the morning, sometimes just after lunchtime. Its timing all depended on the type and cut of meat we were eating that night. The meat would be sprinkled with salt and pepper before being placed into

a gentle oven to slowly cook for up to five hours. As the meat gently roasted away it would give forth its natural juices to the bottom of the pan. As it did so, we would take turns as children to rebathe the meat in its own moist deliciousness. Such is the way with a roast, some of its natural juices would escape the basting process and begin to caramelise on the bottom of the pan. These juices, combined with the rendered fat from the joint of meat, would eventually form the basis of a liquid that would be lacquered over the potatoes before they were returned to the roasting pan and cooked on their own. What resulted, were potatoes that were light and fluffy like little pillows but with a crispy exterior that was speckled with pockets of umami richness.

Later on, as the meat and potatoes rested in a side dish, the ritual of making the gravy would begin. As a young boy with a growing interest in food, I was often granted this responsibility. It was part of the social ordering of the whānau, the first step on the pilgrimage before one gets handed the knife to the sacrificial lamb (leg). The roasting pan would be sprinkled with a dash of flour and returned to the warmth of the flame before the nourishing water from the cooked vegetables was added to the pan. This nutritious elixir would be brought to the simmer and seasoned with salt and pepper before finally being poured into the communal gravy jug. On the odd occasion it lacked flavour, a sprinkle of stock powder might be added to give it a boost. What went into the sauce didn't matter to us at all, it just had to moisten the meat and fill our tummies.

When we sat at the table, the social conventions would once again play out their respective roles. As hungry children, we would wait patiently for the platters of vegetables to be handed our way. We only took what we could eat because it was important within our family to respect the wants and needs of others. The meat was always rationed, and if any of it was left over, it became the focus for the following meal. Once our dinner plates were filled, we would plunge our forks into the soft moist meat and stuff our mouths with its succulent richness. The first few mouthfuls were always the most enjoyable; the top pieces of meat would naturally be blanketed in the warmth of the silken, thick gravy. As we ploughed our way through the food on the plate, we would find ourselves searching out for any lost remnants of gravy. Eventually there would be no more gravy on your plate, and you would kindly ask one of your family members to pass you the jug - a

symbolic act of being inclusive and caring towards each other - the building of family ties which ultimately bonded us together.

This act of giving and receiving the gravy jug would break the silence in the room. This breaking of silence was a call to bring forth and share the individual and collective family stories of the week. Because my parents were hardly ever at home together, we would often talk about what we had been up to in sport or school. Most of the conversations were trivial and meaningless but they were important to us children and we felt a real desire to share them with our parents. Our parents also enjoyed listening to them – well at least they pretended to most of the time!

This Ain't Normal Food…What is this Māori Kai?

When Joe was at work, it would be my mother's turn to cook dinner for us children. My mother is not a great cook (her words not mine), which meant her meals were a fairly standard repertoire of either grilled hogget chops or crumbed sausages served with lumpy mashed potatoes and frozen mixed vegetables. On the other hand, Joe was a more adventurous cook, often experimenting in the kitchen with random foods and condiments that he had discovered in the international section of the supermarket or Asian grocery store. When Joe cooked, strange smelling spices, chilli sauces and meat and vegetable dishes called *"stir-fry"* ended up on our dinner table.

On a regular basis we had boil-up, Joe's favourite dish for dinner. As a kid, I didn't even need to be told we were having boil-up for dinner because its smell hit me in the face the moment I walked in the door from school. For those unaccustomed to boil-up, it typically includes segments of the backbone of pork boiled in water to make the bone meat tender. Towards the end of cooking, potatoes, and other leafy vegetables such as cabbage and watercress are added to the pot. Sometimes when we didn't have access to watercress from the creek, Joe would add puha to the boil up. Puha was a strange kind of weed that he found down the back of the house and one which my sister claimed made her feel healthy when she used to get sick.

If we were lucky, flour-based dumplings were poached on the top of the broth and served on the side with salt, pepper and butter. When it came to eating boil-up, we would each be dished a bowl of vegetables and pork bones, and we would pick up the bones with our hands, and, with a knife, pick away at the bones to remove the scrapings of meat on them.

The first time Joe cooked a boil-up, I remember thinking *"what is this thing?",* and *"why do we have to pick around bones to find scraps of meat?"* Suddenly, my mother's burnt crumbed sausages didn't seem that bad at all! On special occasions we had bacon bones, a flash version of the boil-up, whereby the pork bones are brined and smoked before being cooked as per usual. I was a little bit more receptive to bacon bones, but generally speaking, I wasn't a big fan of the boil-up. It was just so weird and foreign to me. I mean, surely life hadn't become so bad that all we could afford to eat was bones! Worse still, I might invite a friend over to stay and we could end up serving them bones for dinner; good god, what would the other kids at school think of me!

About once a year we used to have a hāngi and a party with friends and family. If it wasn't bad enough eating bones for dinner, we were now cooking meat on rocks in the ground! Just over our back fence, on the farmland that was once the Abbotsford slip, we would go about digging a big hole and creating a massive fire to heat some river rocks for us to cook the food on. When I say we, I really mean Joe and Richard, as my growing interest in becoming a chef meant that I was always in the kitchen, stuffing the chickens, cutting up the vegetables and making the puddings with my mother. As Richard used to jokingly say to me, "*best you go hang out in the kitchen with Mum as women aren't allowed near the fire and hāngi pit anyway'.* It was Richard's typical sense of humour, but I didn't really care because digging holes in a paddock never rarely appealed to me, and anyhow, in my opinion real chefs cooked on stoves and not in pits in the ground.

The putting down of a hangi meant that we would have friends and family around to feast. While the hangi was the main event, our friends and family brought plates of other delicious foods to eat. As a future pastry chef in the making, I always looked forward to the desserts and the dining table adorned with bowls of trifle, stacks of eclairs dipped in chocolate and neat rows of brandy

snaps filled with light fluffy cream. The beautiful swirling of Chantilly cream and the light dusting of icing sugar on the desserts was actually what appealed to me.

About once a year, Joe would acquire a bucket of muttonbirds from the Brown's down in Stewart Island. As my mother didn't like the smell of muttonbirds being cooked in the house, they would often be boiled outside with their *aroma* drifting throughout the neighbourhood. Joe would usually cook about three or four at a time, with two being eaten that night, and another couple left in the fridge for him to "snack" on during the week. As kids, we were usually allowed one bird to share between us all. Muttonbirds were a real treat for us kids and their tender meat and salty taste was something we all craved. The most prized piece of the bird was the leg meat, followed closely by the breast. However, with only one bird between three growing teenagers, sucking on the bones to savour the last morsels of flavour was a fairly typical event. As a child I didn't really know much about were these muttonbirds came from, but I remember someone once mentioning that due to my mother's whakapapa, the family had at one point the right to harvest them. As a teenage boy I didn't care about any of that, they were simply a tasty treat to me.

Harden Up Son and Welcome to the World of French Gastronomy

At the age of ten I convinced my mother that I wanted to return to Roxburgh to live with my father. Reluctantly my mother agreed for this to happen. Between the ages of ten and thirteen I lived with my father and these three years of my life deeply shaped my work ethic, resilience, and self-determination. At first, I lived with my father and his partner in Roxburgh and attended the local area school. In the mid 1980's, Roxburgh could best be described as a town of rugby, beer and [horse] racing - in no particular order! Initially it was a pleasant return to a life with my father's family and playing in the valleys and hills of Roxburgh with my cousins brought much joy into my life. Sadly, shortly after my return, my father purchased a dairy in Invercargill with the intention of making a handsome fortune, thus abandoning the rural pastures of Roxburgh for a better life in the city. Unfortunately for my father, he procured a dairy at the very time that supermarkets were starting to dominate the grocery landscape.

The reality was, it was a time when being financially stable as a dairy owner was becoming increasingly difficult. As a result, my father was often out drinking heavily with his friends, and I was left in his dairy alone with no indication of when he might return home. At times, he could be absent for days having gone on a drinking bender. In light of my father's heavy drinking and his financial difficulties, I was a cheap labour force to support his lifestyle. Each day for three years I worked endlessly in his dairy amassing a staggering 51 hours a week in addition to my schoolwork. I finished school at 3pm each day and commenced work in his dairy from 5-10pm each night. On a Saturday I worked from 8am in the morning to 10pm and on a Sunday from 9am to 9pm at night. I was trapped in a life that I hated, and as a young boy, I was powerless within it. I had always excelled at school, but for the first time in my life my grades were suffering, and my life was slipping from my control. As a young boy, I could already see what the future entailed if I continued to stay with my father. At the age of thirteen I managed to escape *(literally)* from my father's control with the help of my grandmother and I re-joined my mother and Joe in Dunedin. Living with my father in Invercargill was some of the darkest days of my life; a life I never wanted to experience again.

It was while living in Invercargill, that I made the conscious decision to dedicate my life to the world of food. One rare afternoon when I wasn't at work in the dairy, my friend and I made a batch of pikelets at his house. I was so impressed by the fact that you could blend a few basic ingredients together and create something magical and amazing to eat. From this moment forward, cooking and food would be my passion. Although I hadn't yet decided if this newfound passion would lead me to become a chef or a baker, I just knew deep down within me that cooking was my calling.

By the time I returned home to live with my mother and Joe, it was widely known within the family that I was the kid passionate about cooking. My chosen career field wasn't a real surprise for my family, as I already had another cousin who was a chef at the time. Around this time, I also saw a cooking show on television hosted by English celebrity chef Keith Floyd. The show was part of

a series called Floyd on Fish[5] and I was instantly drawn to Floyd's witty humour, natural charisma, and passion for all things food. At the time, the show featured Floyd dapperly dressed in a dinner jacket and bow tie cooking a classic French dish of sautéed coquille Saint-Jacques (scallops) with a sauce vin blanc.

As Floyd cooked away, I became mesmerised by his use of the exotic French culinary language and his effortless ability to create what I considered to be a beautiful plate of food. As Floyd prepared the dish, the French culinary rhetoric of julienne, sauté, deglaze, liaison and nappé flowed effortlessly off his tongue. All the time, Floyd chirped away at the camera crew, cheekily reminding them that he was the chef and was therefore in control of the show. It was from that moment watching Keith Floyd on television, that I made the public announcement that when I grew up, I would become a chef. However, not just any chef, but a real chef like Keith who cooked real French food with real French knives and in real chef copper pans.

Such was my obsession to be a chef like Floyd, that I tailored all of my high school subjects to align with the culinary profession. Home Economics would provide me with the technical skills. French would help me with the kitchen language. Biology was useful as it related to digestion and nutrition. Mathematics would help me with the financials when I eventually opened my own restaurant. In my spare time I grew vegetables, and, because Floyd said real chefs only use fresh herbs, I planted a massive herb garden around the back of the family home. At Christmas time I always wanted cookbooks as gifts, and if there was a cooking show on television, I made sure I wouldn't miss it.

Food and cooking were now my calling and obsession, and in my eyes, French food was the pinnacle of achievement for me. As a tender young boy, I had now set the trajectory of my career and I didn't care how much work and dedication it would take. Anyhow, unbeknown to me, I had already served my apprenticeship of hard knocks in the aisles of my father's dairy.

[5] The show Floyd on Fish, scallops and sea bass, can be found at the following hyperlink Floyd on Fish. As a chef, it is also interesting to note a young Rick Stein featured in this episode.

The Advantages of being White and Quiet.

I now had my culinary career planned out and my school subjects strategically aligned with it, while my siblings were happy meandering along at school with no clear career thoughts. As my father's family was catholic, my sister and I went to the local catholic school, while Richard went to the local state school. By all accounts, the kids at my school never really knew Richard was my (step)brother. With us both attending different schools, we each developed our own friend groups. We would walk home with our own friend groups after school, sharing lollies and soft drinks that we had brought from the dairy with recycled bottles we had found on the streets. As children, friend groups were important when you are walking to and from school. Friend groups provided you with your own small gang, so that, if challenged by other kids, you had the collective security and forces of your friends, to defend yourself against an attack, even if the threat of attack was rare for me and my friends.

Around the age of eight, one day my sister and I meet up with Richard on his way home from school. For some reason, we had all been delayed at school and as such we didn't walk home with our usual friend groups. This was in the early 80's and it was a time when New Zealand started to see the emergence of the skinhead movement. Skinheads were a group of young white angry nationalists who physically distinguished themselves in society through their shaven heads, black clothing, and black Doc Martin shoes with white laces. They were also commonly referred to as 'boot boys' and they often had younger associates hanging around in the wings. In the suburbs surrounding our home, they hunted in wolf packs on their BMX bikes.

On this particular day, my sister, Richard and I were heading through the Green Island motorway tunnels when three associate skinheads pounced upon us. Their general demeanour alone was enough to frighten me, but Richard knew there was more to the situation than general intimidation. Richard often spoke to the family about being verbally tormented on the streets by these white supremacists. Initially I thought we were all going to get hit by them, but instead the three of them attacked Richard, violently punching him in the face and head, while calling him a black bastard

and a nigger. Richard was a fairly well built young man and he defended himself as best he could. Unfortunately, he was outnumbered by the gang and suffered punches to the head and body, as well as the racial distress of being labelled “a black bastard”. While I was frightened by the whole ordeal, I was happy not to be a victim of their attack. I remember thinking at the time, here was my bigger and stronger brother being innocently attacked by these skinheads just because he was Māori. By now I had come to realise, it was better to be known and seen as the white kid, because being Māori and “Black” served you no favours in life. Worst of all, being outwardly known to be Māori, would only bring you physical and psychological harm.

The Voice of Kaimāka and Kai: Escapism Through the Social Imaginary of the Chef

Within this story of my formative years, I have presented a personal account of my childhood growing up in a mixed race, and at times, unstable family environment. At first, I thought this pūrākau would be easy to write. However, as I delved back into my childhood, I was flooded with an amalgam of emotions, many filled with joy and some more melancholic. Recalling the innocence of my youth was heart-warming reliving the fun moments I had playing outside with my brother and sister; simple pleasures in life, yet ones we all seemed to have moved on from. Alas, returning to these early years also brought up a number of darker memories; forgotten memories from the past that I had moved on from a long time ago.

While revisiting and reflecting on my childhood, I was forced to reconnect with a raw and darker story of my life. A dark personal history which is filled with *whiteness,* and a raw, helpless state of emotion that was the catalyst to escape a life of entrapment through the world of French cuisine. As Maxine Alterio, a long-time collaborator and a respected authority in academic storytelling says,

> *Stories often need to be told in different forms before they feel complete, and learning can be consolidated…as tellers and listeners we consciously and subconsciously draw on our past experiences to make sense of current situations.*
>
> (Alterio, 2008)

By re-entering my childhood and re-engaging with my state of being at that time, I have come to make sense of my identity at the time through the crafting of the storied-self (McAdams, 2003). It is this story of my younger self and the role of whiteness and self-escapism, that I now turn my attention towards.

Whiteness and Self

It is now evident to me that, as a young child my cultural understandings and preferences for food, were defined and constructed through a British settler, Euro-centric lens. Typical settler foods of

roast meat and British puddings were familiar to me, and more importantly, I sought emotional security and comfort from within them. As a young boy, my mother and biological fathers' socio-cultural backgrounds enculturated me into the social familiarity and cultural etiquette of food practices derived from the settlers. Embedded within this enculturation is a set of western socio-cultural belief systems that defined what *good food* is. Western culinary practices and rituals of food preparation and consumption appealed to my taste in food and not always within the sensory and gustatory, but most certainly the cultural tastes of consumption (Bourdieu, 1984). Deeply inherent in these western food values and beliefs, was a worldview that viewed these cultural food practices as being *normal*.

As a result of these enculturated beliefs, when I came into contact with food practices that were not within my construction of normal, I viewed them as foreign and labelled them negatively as "weird" and "strange". This was my perception of Māori food as a child *because Māori food did not represent my perceptions of normality*. Dyer (1997), writes that whiteness represents itself powerfully when it does not need to speak its name, but chooses to categorises and label what is foreign to it as *other*. From this position, whiteness holds the privilege of normality in society and therefore does not need to defend itself or its actions towards *others*. Dyer (1997) continues that white beliefs, values and practices have their own set of strangeness yet, set against the cultural backdrop of whiteness, the strangeness of white culture is invisible because it appears as being normal.

While whiteness has the power and privilege of normality and invisibility, the process of categorising and labelling what is foreign and exotic to the west is referred to as *othering* (Said, 1978*)*. Fundamental to the notion of othering, is that differences become the distinguishing boundary markers that form the characteristics of *in group identities* (groups that people belong to) and *out group identities* (groups that people do not belong to) (Staszak, 2008). The concept of othering becomes relevant within this work, as an examination of my reactions towards Māori tikaka kai, reveals that I regarded and treated it as *other* to me. Thus, by perceiving Māori food as *other*, I was socially and culturally reinforcing and reconfirming my *in group* white identity.

I can now see that the normality that existed within my youthful worldview was an expression of my *white* identity and its embodied *whiteness*. As I noted previously, this sense of normality has been brought about through the process of enculturation, however I cannot ignore the racial tensions that surrounded me in my youth. These racial tensions were evidenced by the violent attacks towards my brother. In the 1980's there were still members of society who held negative stereotypical attitudes and extremist racial views towards Māori (Hazlehurst, 1988). Experiencing these negative attitudes first-hand only served to subconsciously reinforce to me the safety and security of the *white* identity. Not possessing dark skin, knowledge of tikaka and kawa or command of te reo, benefitted me in society because I could hide my Southern Māori identity when challenges were made towards my Māori culture.

Frankenberg (1993, p. 1), one of the seminal academics in the field of critical whiteness studies, states that being white "is a location of structural advantage, of race privilege." When I look at the actions towards my brother and me that day, it was apparent that my white skin provided me with the racial advantage of not being violently attacked. Likewise, growing up in the deep south of Te Waipounamu, it was common to hear comments in the public domain that there were "no real Māoris anymore, because there are no full-blooded Māori's left". As a child who knew of themselves as 1/64th Māori, these comments only served to reinforce my belief that I was not a 'real Māori'.

The White Social Imaginary of the Chef: Escapism to a Better Life

From a position in life where you have freedom and choice, to a situation where you powerless due to the control of others, is both traumatic and transformative. It is almost impossible to describe what it feels like unless you have lived through the experience yourself. These types of lived experiences embed themselves deep within your inner-self and carve into your psyche a need for control over one's destiny that is almost impossible to escape from. The three years that I spent away from my mother and working in my father's dairy, did exactly that to me. This state of despair and desperation is almost impossible to describe, but I crafted the following piece of prose so that you may enter this world briefly. It only now feels right to share it with you, because as an autoethnographer, its *shows* you my world (Ellis, 2004).

No Blanket will Protect You Now

You lay in your bed in the darkness of the room, you are motionless as you listen to the voices in the distance….

Its late at night, possibly the early hours of the morning, time is irrelevant in your situation….

Your room is detached from the house, it's an old brick outhouse separated from the others. You are not permitted to live with them, their needs are more important than yours. You are an insider but an outsider all at the same time.

You can smell and feel the dampness in the air - you can't escape its presence – its stench permeates deep within your skin and clothing.

You lay there in your tee shirt and underpants; it's all you have, pyjamas aren't considered a priority right now. You have worn them for a couple of days now, they are dirty, not by choice, but because you haven't gotten around to washing them yet. No one will do that for you now, at the age of eleven you must learn to do everything for yourself.

The end of your nose is numb, your senses have been stolen from the bitterness of the chill in the room. In a desperate attempt to warm your body, you cover your head with the duvet cover. It makes little difference; the rawness of the cold has now steeped into the bones of your body.

You close your eyes and try to go to sleep. Slowly you start to drift away, then suddenly the voices get louder.

They are outside of the house now; you have been here before, you know there will be a few departing words, before the voices stumble into the darkness of the night.

The door shuts and at last the air is filled with silence. You don't move; you know you need your hearing to be fully attuned as you start the waiting game.

The door opens again…the emotive state of fear now takes over your body

Shit what did I miss! I thought I had done a good job this time…

You close your eyes and pretend to be asleep.

The door bursts open and your duvet is ripped from your body. The rush of the cold now strips from your body what little warmth it harboured. You feel the grasp of a firm hand on your leg…

Your hands protect your head, it's instinctual…

The comfort of the bed is gone; your body is now floating

Brace yourself, you are going to hit the ground

Now cry…. your innocence will make them feel guilty

But you have tried that before…it doesn't work

No……. that's not the answer this time

This time you need to try something different…

Innocence doesn't work in these situations, it can easily be exploited

This time try something different…

Maybe something like

"Harden Up"

Yes, let's do that for now, what could possibly go wrong…

Just stay quiet, take what is thrown at you, work your way through it and get to the other side, it will be better then…Yeah…. that's it, I've figured it out…. it's head down, be quiet, and simply….

HARDEN THE FUCK-UP

Living an existence where one feels totally trapped and visualising a life trajectory which is full of turbulence and instability is, from my experience, one of the worst places to be. In those three years living away from my mother, I made a pact with myself that I would not live this life anymore. Instead, I would lead a life where I had total control of its direction and could represent myself in an honourable and noble manner. I was looking to escape from a world that I believed I had little hope of success. No matter how I reframed the situation, I was always going to be powerless within it. Having lived previously with my mother, I had seen another way to experience life and I knew what was possible. As someone who had to also pick her life up and start over again, she had been successful in her relationships, career, and financial position. It was now my chance to walk a different path in life, and with my growing interested in food and cooking, becoming a chef would be my means to do this.

As I reflect on my youth, I now face the reality that when I watched Keith Floyd on television, I wasn't so much interested in what Floyd was cooking, but what Floyd *represented*. To me, Floyd represented a more aspirational, cultured and noble sense of self. Floyd's dinner jacket and bow tie was a way of distinguishing himself from others, his attire made him appear more sophisticated than me. Even though the camera crew was under the directive of the BBC, Floyd directed the

crew telling them the shots to film, when they should start filming and why his chosen shots were important to the viewer. Floyd's total command and control of the camera crew allowed me to see someone with the power to be in control of the situation. What at first started out as Floyd cooking a dish of scallops, was actually an introduction into another world that I desperately wanted to be part of. This world just happened to be that of French gastronomy.

In that brief moment of watching Keith Floyd cook, I was introduced to what I now term the social imaginary of the chef. As the salesman, Floyd presented me with a world where I could live my live with the freedom of choice that I desired. Within this social imaginary of the chef, I would hold a noble and honourable position and an authority on all things culinary. The social imaginary of the chef was my ticket to a new chapter in my life; a life absorbed with self-direction, self-control and self-reward.

Concluding Reflections

The ability to stand back from a situation allows us to see things that were previously clouded from our view. Looking back on myself as a thirteen year old boy, the emotional experiences of my youth paints a clear picture for my desperate desire to escape from a world I no longer wanted to inhabit. Like many others, escaping from a world you know longer want to live in, is a normal way to restart your life. As I reflect on the actions of my settler ancestors, I can now accept that they left their homes in England and Scotland because they also wanted to escape from the harsh realities of their lives. As Evison (1993) points out, after the end of the Napoleonic war in 1815, as a nation Britain was awash with unemployment, misery and unrest. Moving to New Zealand to start a new life was the opportunity those settlers desired; it was its own form of escapism from a life they no longer wanted to live.

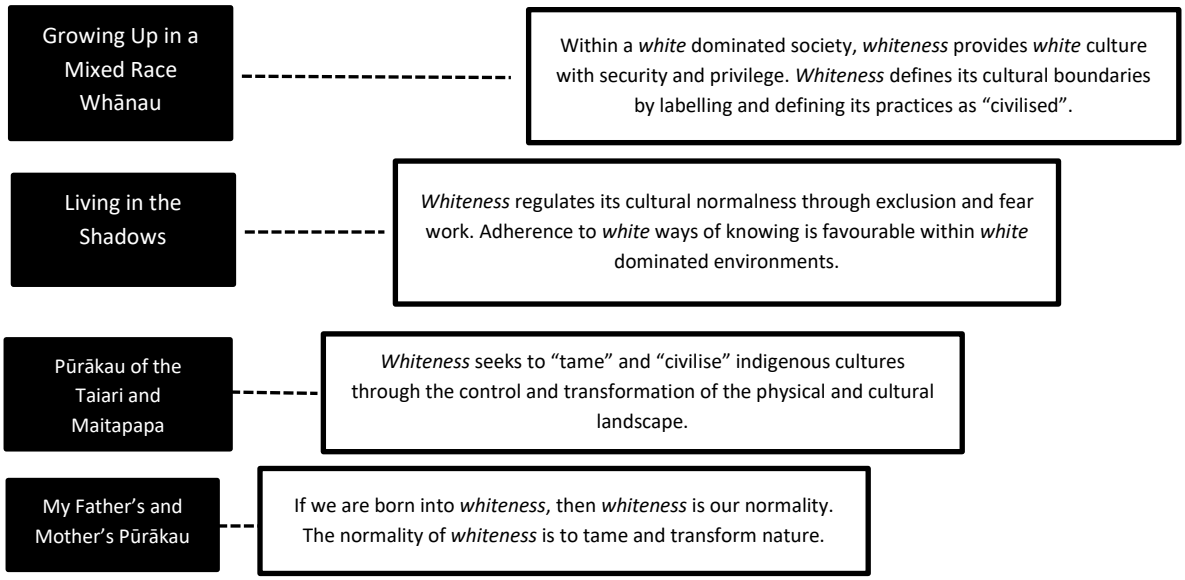
Where I had Floyd as the agent for a new life in the social imaginary of the chef, my ancestors had Wakefield and his settler imaginary of a new life in New Zealand. In the previous pūrākau, I highlighted the harm that this *white* settler imaginary brought to the Indigenous People of Aotearoa, yet having been in a similar situation to them, I can now somewhat understand and empathise with their actions. As pawns entangled in economic and political agendas of the colonialists, I can see how transplanting their families and lives in New Zealand would have made

logical sense to them. Furthermore, as part of the colonial agenda, Wakefield's use of stadial logic convinced these settlers that moving to Aotearoa would *improve* the lives of Māori by accelerating their transition from primitive wanderers and hunters to a civilised life featuring agriculture, manufacture and commerce (Steer, 2017). Hence, when the settlers brought their agrarian practices to New Zealand (including agrarism's wider social, cultural and economic practices), they believed their European ways of knowing were more advanced and therefore more culturally sophisticated and civilised than Māori (Bell, 2014; Evison, 1993).

Thinking about this begs the critical questions: as a boy did, I unconsciously view the cultural practice of food being cooked in the ground (a hāngi) as being primitive? Likewise, did I consider eating bones with my hands as uncivilised? As someone who is adorned with *whiteness* and who operates "normally" in the world of the settler social imaginary, I now believe the answer to those questions is yes. Deeply embedded within my subconscious were the seeds of a cultural belief system that held the view that there were primitive and civilised food practices in this world. Those food practices that were embedded in nature and worked alongside nature with minimal technological intervention were deemed less advanced and therefore "primitive", while those food practices that used western forms of control to manipulate and curate food were more advanced and therefore "civilised". With the normality of my social imaginary being founded on the belief that there are primitive and civilised forms of food within this world, I now wonder how these values and beliefs might be placed within the social imaginary of the chef and the world of French gastronomy? Professional kitchens are the abode of the social imaginary of the chef, so to answer this question, I must return to my youth and my formal and informal culinary education. However, before we do so, let us now add the next layer of learning and understanding of whiteness and self. This pūrākau has unearthed two more key conceptual learnings of whiteness and self. These being,

1) Within a *white* dominated society, *whiteness* provides *white* culture with security and privilege.
2) *Whiteness* defines its cultural boundaries by labelling and defining its practices as being "civilised".

“Wānaka of Self Key Conceptual Learnings”



Becoming the White Chef

Voice of Māramataka: Adornment of the Jacket

As I slide my arms into its narrow, crisp sleeve, I start the journey of white transformation. The double breast swaddles my naked chest, its noble history and cultural traditions secures my needs within the world. The kitchen lore speaks of its bodily protection, yet the whiteness of its cloth declares its philosophy of taste.

With time the starchiness of its fabric softens from the constant rubbing against my skin. An agitation which reveals a new cultural logic and a different aesthetic of culinary taste. A cultural logic and culinary taste which sees it as normal to take the gifts of mother nature, and to twist and contort them into gastronomic theatre.

The Voice of the Lived Experience: Entering the World of the Professional Kitchen

Welcome to the Professional Kitchen

At the age of fifteen I started to make plans for my immediate entry into chef training at the local polytechnic directly after finishing secondary school. In the 1990's, the local polytechnic had a low intake and high demand for places on their chef training programmes, and it was common practice to be denied entry on your first attempt. This admission process was common knowledge in the culinary industry and was seen as a way to screen students who were deemed less committed to the profession. I decided that I would apply for the cookery programme at the end of sixth form (Year 12) knowing I would be turned down, as it would align with my time plan which would see me accepted into the programme at the end of seventh form (Year 13). My cousin was a chef at the time and his advice was to get some professional kitchen work experience to better support my application. Leaning upon my cousin's workplace, I was offered the opportunity to work for free on Saturday nights at a local hotel.

I clearly remember my first day of work experience. I had asked my cousin what to wear, to which he replied, a tee shirt as it would be very hot in the kitchen. On the drive into the hotel with my cousin, I could barely contain my excitement of finally entering a professional kitchen with real working chefs. Once we arrived at the hotel, with my cousin safely at my side, I hesitantly made my way to the kitchen back door. As I approached, I could see a white fluttering of chefs at work; some were carrying platters of food, while others had their heads down at their bench preparing food for that night's dinner service. They were all dressed from top to bottom in their white chef's uniform, and around their necks they wore a beautifully tied white neckerchief. As I ventured closer to the kitchen, they were speaking in strange tongues. Phrases such as *"where is the mis en place for the morney?"*, "*has the sole been pané yet?*' and *"are we making Pommes Hongroise as the potato of the day?"* flowed throughout the kitchen. Everyone seemed happy, with general banter and good humour all round. I remember one of the chefs replying to another with the phrase *"in the open your eyes department, chef"*, which I was later to learn was the culinary

terminology for, *"next to your bench, chef"*. As I sheepishly walked into the kitchen my cousin handed me an apron and I was introduced to the head chef, Scotty.

Scotty was a well-groomed man, who unlike the other chefs, wore a red neckerchief instead of the regulation white. We briefly chatted about my aspirations to be a chef and to study at the local polytechnic, before he guided me around the kitchen and introduced me to the rest of the kitchen brigade (team). They all seemed like really nice people, but I was instantly drawn to Scotty's mild manner and the fatherly smile he wore on his face.

As it was the afternoon shift, the kitchen emptied out, which left Scotty, my cousin and myself working alone for the afternoon. I was placed at the main preparation bench beside Scotty, with my first job being to breadcrumb some sole fillets with him. As I recall, the conversation unfolded as such:

> *Ok young fella, this is what we call pané and it basically means to breadcrumb around here, in this case we are going to pané some sole. Now, you grab that tray of eggs and crack them into this bowl while I cut up the fish. Make sure you don't get any egg shell in there and here's a little trick for you son, add a teaspoon of salt to the egg because it will break down the mixture and provide a thinner coating on the fish. That way, we don't need to use as many eggs and we can save a few dollars on the food costs. Right, so you need one hand to remain dry and one hand to remain wet, wet hand and a dry hand… it's that simple. Now when you go to polytech, they will teach you about different ways to coat fish, à la Anglaise where you coat the fish in flour and milk before deep frying it and the à la Meunière technique where you coat the fish in flour before swallow frying it in butter. They are nice techniques but that stuff doesn't sell around here, breadcrumbs and pané son, that's what kiwis want. On the menu it's called Filets de Sole Panés to sound a bit fancy for the punters, but basically it's just crumbed sole.*

As I stood at the bench with Scotty, I could see my cousin cutting steaks in the corner of the kitchen. I casually asked Scotty what he was preparing: he replied *"fillet steaks son, but only your cousin and I cut the steaks around here because we are the senior chefs. If you want to cut up steak, then you do your time in the trenches first cutting vegetables"*. As the afternoon whiled away, I helped with other basic jobs in the kitchen. I prepared the hotel's infamous shrimp cocktail by counting out the designated number of pre-cooked shrimps and placing them on a bed of chiffonade of lettuce in a retro cocktail glass. I made trays of "garnish", a universal accompaniment to every main meal that comprised of leaves of lollo rossa, alfalfa sprouts, slices of tinned peppers and the quintessential twist of orange rind.

At 5pm, we took a short break for our tea, as the restaurant dinner service started at 6pm. I was allowed anything on the menu, just as long as it wasn't too expensive, and as Scotty would say, wouldn't upset his food costs. I had the sole fillet which I had pané that afternoon, and it tasted way more delicious than the frozen fish fingers my mother often served me at home. As it was Saturday night, Scotty explained that the kitchen would be busy, and I would need to hang out in the vegetable preparation room to the side of the main kitchen. As someone who was just excited to be in a real kitchen, I explained to him it didn't really worry me.

The vegetable preparation room was positioned between the main kitchen and the outside chiller. This meant that during service, when the chefs needed to get back up prep, the door to the outside would be left open. With the door constantly being opened, the vegetable preparation room was an extremely cold place to work. From 6pm until 10pm I stayed in the chill of the vegetable preparation room, peeling potatoes in basins of water while the chefs were cooking in the heat of the kitchen. Every now and then I would poke my head through the vegetable prep room glass door to watch the chefs cooking. There would be large flames coming from the stoves and the chefs would be floating around the kitchen like ballroom dancers.

In those days, it wasn't uncommon for hotel kitchens to have an electric potato peeling machine. The hotel had one of these machines, but due to the loud rumbling noise it made, I couldn't use

it during service. That night in my desperation to prove my worth, I peeled over 80kgs of potatoes by hand, yet it didn't worry me at all because my time in the dairy had taught me how to work hard and push through any pain barriers. Every now and then, a chef would walk through the vegetable preparation room, and they would say comments like *"good to see you're getting through the work young fella"*, which only fuelled my desire to impress them and to work even harder.

As I prepped the potatoes and other various vegetables throughout the night, all of the trim from the carrots, onions and celery was saved for Scotty's brown stock. Sunday night at the hotel was carvery and buffet night. On Sunday afternoon, two whole lambs would be roasted on a rotating spit before being carved that night on the buffet for the hotel guests. After dinner service, the remaining lamb carcasses would be placed into the refrigerator overnight, and, on Scotty's return to the kitchen on Monday, they would become the basis of Scotty's brown stock or estouffade as it was also known. Scotty loved making estouffade because it was the basis of his demi-glace sauce. Scotty often declared that any chef worth his salt was judged on their ability to transform the humble meat bone, and vegetable into a delicious estouffade.

Scotty took great pride in his sauce making abilities. His favourite sauce preparation was demi-glace, which is a rich French brown sauce made from estouffade and a cooked brown roux. As a *"mother sauce",* it was the foundational sauce of the many other sauces on the hotel's restaurant menu. Meat sauce's such as Sauce Bordelaise (a red wine sauce served with beef), Sauce Robert (a mustard and onion sauce served with pork) or Sauce Chasseur (a sauce made with mushrooms and shallots and served with chicken) all made appearances on the hotel menu at some point in time. It was Scotty's sacred ritual every Monday morning; the spit roasted carcasses, together with the carrot, onion and celery trim were placed in a stock pot and gently simmered away for a few hours to create the estouffade before being strained and thickened with a brown roux to create the demi-glace sauce. Nevertheless, as a simple country boy from Roxburgh, it just looked like tasty brown stock to me, and when thickened with flour, it resembled my mother's gravy!

For the next five months I worked at the hotel every Saturday night for free. At the completion of every shift I would ask Scotty to sign off my kitchen experience hours in my journal. In early November of 1991, at the age of sixteen, I went for my interview at the Polytechnic for a place on the chef training programme. Through a combination of good school grades, culinary work experience and a genuine passion for cooking, I was accepted into programme the following year. Although this was a year sooner than expected, I had accomplished what I set out to achieve and was on my journey to becoming a chef.

Welcome to Culinary School: Brunoise and the Cultural Aesthetics of the Carrot

As part of my induction into culinary school, I was provided with a list of the cheffing equipment and uniform requirements that I would need to obtain from the local catering supplier. The list contained a large number of knives, including a full-length French cook's knife for general purpose work, a paring knife for vegetable preparation, a tourné knife for turning vegetables, a fillet knife for fish filleting, a boning knife for butchery, a carving knife for slicing roast meat, a palette knife for pastry work and a channel knife for decorative vegetable work. These knives were considered the basic entry level tools of the trade. Along with the knife requirements, I also collected a set of piping bags and nozzles as well as a temperature thermometer for meat cookery. The uniform on the other hand was less complex, a standard double breasted white chef's jackets, checked black and white trousers, white neckerchief, white mid-length apron and a white skull cap. As I was to learn later, the length of the apron and the height of the hat were reflective of one's place and seniority within the kitchen structure.

My first day at culinary school was like most others in education. Due to my eagerness to study, I was naturally early and waited patiently at the pre-designated student meeting place. As others joined me, I wondered who they were and what personal backgrounds and culinary experiences they had. Eventually the class of 16 students gathered together and we were greeted by our lecturer, an Englishman, who took us inside the building for a morning of classroom induction. The morning session consisted of personal introductions as well as a basic overview of the

cookery programme and a quick introduction to French vegetable cuts and stock production; practical activities we would be completing that afternoon in the kitchen.

New All Blacks often speak of the experience of their debut test and of the emotion of walking into the changing rooms, and for the first time seeing the All Black jersey hanging above their changing room seat. A number of them have commented that they had dreamed of that moment since they were small boys playing rugby. I was never going to be an All Black yet putting on a chef's jacket for the first time was a similar emotional experience for me.

As I slowly buttoned the jacket's double breast, I could physically feel myself changing, while in my mind, I thought *"look at me now, I am finally a real chef".* As I wrapped the apron around my waist and drew the apron string close to my waist, I could feel my body becoming tall and taut with the feeling of tradition and pride that was bound up in the uniform. Without sounding weird, it was a spiritual experience, all-embracing; everything that I had desired up until that point in time. When I first put on the chef's uniform, I felt like I was joining an elite secret society, with our culinary language being our secret handshake and our uniform and knives being our outward symbols of exclusive group membership.

As is typical of culinary education, our first lesson was the classical French vegetable cuts of julienne, brunoise and macédoine, with the trim of these cuts being reserved for estouffade. The practical demonstration commenced with my lecturer giving us a discussion as to why we were undertaking the task in such a set way. Firstly, we were instructed that, to be a good chef we needed to learn to master the knife. Our lecturer explained, that as a chef, we would be expected to use the knife, and, with our skill and the precision of the blade, we would be shaping and reforming all manner of food items within the kitchen. As we were trainee chefs, our lecturer explained we would develop our initial knife skills with vegetables; however, as we mastered our craft over time, we would transition to more expensive types of foods. I fondly remember my lecturer telling the class the skill of our craft lay in our ability to take an ordinary piece of food and, through the manipulation of our knives and tools, transform it into something beautiful and worthy of a place on the dining room table.

Next, the classed watched in awe as our lecturer took his knife and transformed the slightly cylindrical carrot into a perfect mound of 3x3mm carrot brunoise. We were then invited to inspect his work and to marvel at its precision. While we all passed around the plate of brunoise carrot, my lecturer replied *"right there is the skill and craft of the chef. Look at the precision and beauty of that carrot. See how they are all perfectly the same size. When you incorporate this type of perfection onto a plate of food it just looks beautiful. So, chefs, if you want to make beautiful food, then you must learn to control your knife and cut with precision."*

We were then given 30 minutes to cut our carrots into brunoise before placing them onto a plate for the judgment of our lecturer. We did not question the reasons for our task, as we assumed our expert lecturer; with years of industry experience knew what was good for our culinary learning. Having completed the task, I brought my brunoise carrots up to lecturer's bench for him to pass comment. As he ran his paring knife through my brunoise carrots, he asked me where I worked. I told him of Scotty and the hotel, to which he replied, '*that's not a bad one, some of your classmates work at cowboy establishments so I will have to knock a few bad habits out of them"*.

At the end of the day, our final task was to empty and cool a large pot of estouffade. The estouffade looked like the one Scotty prepared at the hotel, except the bones from the carvery were replaced with beef neck bones roasted in an oven. Another couple of boys and myself had the task of draining the stock pot and discarding the bones and vegetable trim in the rubbish bin. As I carried the pot of bones over to the rubbish bin, I thought to myself what would my stepfather Joe, think of this? *Why are those people throwing away all these good neck bones?* However, as a promising young chef in the making, I knew where those boiled bones belonged, right there in that dumpster!

Voice of Kaimāka and Kai: The Social Imaginary of the Chef

My recollections of my early experiences in the hotel kitchen and culinary school are intended to invite you (the reader) into the world of the culinary arts. The professional kitchen is acknowledged as being a world unto its own; with its own set of rules and rituals, and whereby individuals are expected to abide to the behavioural norms the group (Bourdain, 2001; Deutsch, 2014; Palmer, Cooper, & Burns, 2010; Ramsay, 2007; Shewry, 2012; M. P. White, 2006). The late celebrity chef, Anthony Bourdain (2001), stated that chefs share a peculiar world-view, that, when combined with their unusual customs, rituals and practices, shapes and defines their membership of the group's identity. Bourdain writes,

> *I want to tell you about the dark recesses of the restaurant underbelly…….*
>
> *…because I find it all quite comfortable, like a nice warm bath. I can move…around easily in this life. I speak the language….I know how to behave (as opposed to real life when I am on shakier ground)….a life many of us have lived and breathed for most of our days and nights to the exclusion of 'normal' social interaction.* (2001, pp. 3-4)

Bourdain's comments are insightful, as they allude to the notion that some chefs feel they do not sit well within the norms of society. Palmer, Cooper and Burns (2010, p. 22) and their research into chef identity formation and group belonging, state that the shared kinship and comradery of the chef community provides "a kind of security blanket with which to protect themselves from a world in which they feel slightly out of step, in which they do not quite fit in". Palmer *et al*. (2010) suggests that the everyday structures, rituals and practices of the professional kitchen are critical in the formation and sense of belonging within the identity of the chef. Furthermore, the environment of the professional kitchen "resembles a highly organised, rigidly hierarchical, tightly knit community where individuals are expected to learn and abide by the rules and behavioural norms of the group" (Palmer *et al.*, 2010, p. 9). It is within the environment of the professional kitchen that a chef learns to acquire the technical skills of their profession, but it is also where they are enculturated into the identity of the chef (Palmer *et al.*, 2010).

Scottish celebrity chef Gordon Ramsay remarks that a chefs identity is formed through the acquisition of *the knowledge*; the systematic transference of the rules and norms of professional kitchen life (Palmer *et al.*, 2010). When referring to the educational experiences of young chefs, Ramsay states, “you have to bow down and stay focused until the knowledge is tucked away…The weak disappear off the face of the earth” (as quoted in Duncan, 2001, p. 10). When reflecting on my own educational experiences in the hotel, I can now see that I was also encultured into *the knowledge.* As my story illustrates, peeling potatoes in the cold was part of my initiation into *the knowledge.* Only by acquiring this legitimate knowledge, could I start the process of being accepted into the collective membership of the kitchen and ultimately the identity of the chef.

As Palmer *et al.* (2010) observes, chefs are taught to action the orders of their superiors and not question them. This results in a workplace culture, in which *oui chef* (yes chef), and not, *why chef*, is the normative practice (Mitchell, Woodhouse, Heptinstall, & Camp, 2013). Hence, to survive the initial training and to be accepted into the group’s membership, young chefs have to learn to acquire and adapt to the shared beliefs, traditions and languages of the professional kitchen (Palmer *et al.*, 2010). Nevertheless, once accepted into the group, a chef often feels a sense of deep kinship; a kinship which is further reinforced through shared culinary language and the informal ways in which chefs talk to each other (Palmer *et al.*, 2010).

Often these informal conversations are framed around friendly banter and jokes, resulting in humorous phases such as *“in the open your eyes department chef*’. However, if we are to understand how the normative behaviours and interactions of professional kitchen have come to arise, we need to examine the historical and cultural backdrop which frames the professional kitchen. By examining the historical roots of the professional kitchen, we can understand what has (in)formed the socio-cultural and political normalities of the chef and how this has impacted on the normative actions of the chef.

Culturally Framing the Social Imaginary of the Chef

Those of you familiar with my previous research interests will note that my Master’s thesis explored the role of formal culinary education and its impact on the formation of a culinary

student's professional identity (Woodhouse, 2015). Here, I explored how the innocent action of cutting a carrot into brunoise was an embodiment of the culinary arts' hidden curriculum of obedience. At the time, I proposed that the explicit and implicit formal curriculum of the culinary arts was a critical factor in a culinary arts student developing a Francofied culinary identity. While I still hold this position, this return and re-examination of my early years in culinary formal and informal culinary education (including the action of the cutting carrots into brunoise) is intended to explore the cultural "normality" of this logic. By presenting the historical origins of the socio-cultural and political belief systems that are subconsciously embedded within the professional kitchen, I unpack the cultural logic which frames these normalities. In this way, when I present the historical origins of the restaurant and the chef in the following sections, I am exposing the cultural backdrop that frames the social imaginary of the chef.

As discussed in the opening section, Taylor's (2002, p. 106) concept of the social imaginary is premised on "the ways in which people imagine their social existence, how they fit together with others, how things go on between them and their fellows, the expectations that are normally met, and the deeper normative notions and images that underlie these expectations". As Taylor (2002) comments, social imaginaries are usually historically situated, and are often initiated by the elite in society. This means that the social imaginary is deeply embedded with the social, economic and political constructs of our lives, and provides the cultural backdrop for our shared understandings and permissions which allow us to act and behave in the ways that we perceive as normal (C. Taylor, 2002, 2004). It is this backdrop of cultural normality that allows us to achieve sense-making within our lives. In my case, the social imaginary of the chef is the cultural normality that exists within the life of a chef that allows us to practice in ways that is normal to us and those who interact with us.

French Gastronomy: The Cultural Backdrop of the Professional Kitchen

The modern restaurant has its historical roots in the European guilds and the master craftsmen of the Middle Ages (Emms, 2005; Spang, 2000). Up until 1789 and the French revolution, the food guilds of France were responsible for enforcing the regulations which stated what foods could be prepared and by whom, where and when (Spang, 2000). In total, there were 25 different food

guilds ranging from the boulangère, (the bakers of breads and pastries), the charcutier (the purveyors of hams, sausages and cured meat) and the rôtissiseur's (the roasters of meat) (Spang, 2000).

Also within the food guilds were the traiteurs, who practiced their trade in France's taverns and inns by providing travellers and working people with food that was served at a shared table at an allocated time (Kiefer, 2002). This form of communal meal service is the birthplace of the table d'hôte menu (set menu), and is named in reference to the traiteur's daily set food offerings hosted at the shared table (Mac Con Iomaire, 2015). Traiteurs governing regulations stated that guests had no choice in the food offerings and payment was for a seat at the table, rather than the food on offer (Kiefer, 2002). As Kiefer (2002, p. 59) comments of this dining arrangement, the positioning on the table was important for guests, "as table service was "family style," and portioning was competitive".

At the same time, restaurateurs who were also providers of food but not members of the guilds, were free to trade in any way they wished within the city of Paris. Restaurateurs' food differed to the traiteurs as it was deemed to be of a medicinal nature and was consumed for the purpose of one's general health and wellness (Kiefer, 2002). The word restaurant, from the French verb restaurer, meaning "to restore or refresh", derives its name from the health foods these establishments served (Spang, 2000). Initially restaurateurs served a wide range of solid and liquid foods including creamy rice puddings which the restaurateur claimed benefited those who suffered from pleurisy. With time, the restaurateurs focused their menu offerings on liquid elixirs called bouillons and consommés (condensed bouillons) which they made from gently simmered meat, bones and vegetables (Kiefer, 2002). Parisians believed that simmering meat and bones to make a broth produced all the nutrition of the meat "without taxing an invalids weakened digestive system" (Spang, 2000, p. 2). For the socialites of Paris, going to the restaurateurs' room to drink restorative bouillons for their weakened chest, was comparable to today's culture of having a "pick me up" coffee in a café (Spang, 2000).

Unlike the traiteurs, the restaurateur's commitment to their customers wellbeing meant that they were always open for service and their customers had the added pleasure of a private dining room

with individual service (Spang, 2000). With restaurateurs' food being socially accepted as a health food, it was considered fresher and of better quality than the traiteurs' offerings. As Spang (2000, p. 72) observes of the societal bias between the food offerings of the traiteurs and the restaurateur, "the restaurant provided a meeting place for the delicate and sickly, whose health could not tolerate the food served by most caters". The other distinction between the traiteurs and the restaurateur was the entertainment novelty factor which occurred at restaurateur table (Spang, 2000). The traiteur, like the boulangère and the charcutier often had their food offerings on display to their customers; however in the restaurateur's room the customer unknowing selected a dish from the menu, only for that dish to magically appear from the alchemy of the kitchen (Spang, 2000). By the 1770's the food scene with Paris was becoming competitive and with the restaurateurs free of the constraints of the guilds, they started to add other healthful and delicate food offerings to their menus. By now, the restaurateur's room was transitioning from a restorative food, to a luxurious space where one's personal food needs could be met in the privacy of your own table (Spang, 2000).

Haute Cuisine: Food Fit for a King

While the everyday people of France dined at the shared table cooked by the traiteurs, the French aristocrats feasted at the *grand couvert* cooked by their entourage of chefs. The *grand couvert* dinners were elaborate feasts and public spectacles where the elite of French society feasted on the gastronomic pleasures of the sea and lands, while hungry public spectators watched from a distance (Spang, 2000). Each aristocrat's château or manor had its own team of chefs and waiters, who would prepare, cook and serve the family's daily food, as well as organise celebratory dinners for when guests stayed (Clark, 1975). These dinners were elaborate feasts which lasted many hours into the night and contained a multitude of courses featuring the bounty of the lands (Clark, 1975). Dishes such as whole chickens baked inside a blown up sheep's bladder, brought fun and theatre to the night, with the bladder being "popped" at the table revealing the cooked chicken inside (Wheaton, 2011).

For the French aristocracy, the expression of high culture was of utmost importance, and as such, the social etiquette and cultural entertainment expressed through the pleasures of the table was

a means to enact this among their contemporaries (Clark, 1975). As Clark (1975) points out, where French literature and the arts were regulated by highly codified standards, so was the haute (high) cuisine[6] of the French aristocracy with its elaborate social rules and cultural regulations of food production.

For the French aristocrat, food worthy of the dining room table had to adhere to "the social control of the dining ritual by the aesthetic control of the cuisine" (Clark, 1975, p. 35). This meant that "the stylization of nature, (and)[sic] its aestheticization", became a defining gastronomic characteristic of the cultural aesthetic taste of the French social elite (Clark, 1975, p. 35). As such, food from the haute cuisine kitchens of the aristocrats of France had to adhered to the social etiquette and the culinary aesthetics of the cultural elite, and as such, within French society haute cuisine was deemed to be of higher cultural taste (Spang, 2000). Inherent within the cultural tastes and culinary aesthetics of the French elite, was a cultural normativity and ideological permission that encouraged chefs to transform the bounty of nature, into the aesthetics of the cultural elite (Clark, 1975; Kiefer, 2002; Spang, 2000).

By 1789 the French Revolution was underway, and the French aristocracy had fled their homes. Most of the private chefs who had previously worked in the kitchens of the French elite, now found themselves without employment (Kiefer, 2002). The *grand couverts* that were once the domain of the elite, were now regular public celebratory feasts held on the streets of France (Kiefer, 2002; Spang, 2000). These public celebrations and feasts spurred the demand for all chefs and cooks to display their skills more widely, while this democratisation of the craft also celebrated the ideas of social equality underlying the new Federation (Kiefer, 2002).

In response to this new-found freedom, many of the private chefs who had previously been employed as servant staff became entrepreneurial restaurateurs in the city of Paris (Kiefer, 2002; Spang, 2000). By the mid 1790's, Paris was awash with high end restaurants forming the basis of

[6] The term Haute Cuisine within this text is intended to encompass all historical and present culinary phases and paradigms of high cuisine including the Grande Cuisine of Marie-Antoine Carême, Haute Cuisine of Escoffier, Nouvelle Cuisine in the 1960's and the Modernist Cuisine movement which emerged at the turn of the 21St Century. *See* Mac Con Iomaire, M. (2015). "Haute cuisine restaurants in nineteenth and twentieth century Ireland." Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy. Section C: Archaeology, Celtic Studies, History, Linguistics, Literature 115: 371-403.

today's modern haute cuisine restaurant (Mac Con Iomaire, 2015; Spang, 2000). Free from oppression, the people of France no longer wanted to eat the set food offerings of the traiteurs' communal table. Instead, like the lords of aristocracy before them, they wanted to be entertained at their own table, while having the freedom to choose their own individual dishes from the restaurateurs' menu offerings (Kiefer, 2002). Already offering individual table service and personal choice within their menu offerings meant that the restauranteur quickly capitalised on this new social demand for gastronomic social equality (Spang, 2000).

With the French aristocracy now removed from society, it was the bourgeois (upper-middle class) of French society who flocked to the haute cuisine restaurant (Kiefer, 2002). By the middle of the 1820's restauranteur guides were being produced, with the guide *Almanach des Gourmands* dictating which Parisian restauranteurs were the best (Spang, 2000). These publications stimulated public debate amongst diners as to the cultural aesthetics of good food, and, in doing so, they gave birth to the gourmand, the authority on the art of gastronomy (Spang, 2000).

By the middle of the nineteenth century, the original restorative bouillons of the restaurateur were now relegated to a small offering at the start of the meal. The restaurant had transitioned from a social institution that offered food as health and wellness, to cultural institutions that expressed social class and high culture (Spang, 2000). Furthermore, with mid nineteenth century Paris hosting many American and English travellers and tourists, it was only a matter of time before the pleasures of the haute cuisine restaurant would find itself exported to the corners of the globe (Spang, 2000).

Exporting the Cultural Logic of French Gastronomy to the Corners of the World

One of the most influential exporters of the haute cuisine restaurant, was French Chef Auguste Escoffier. Escoffier, often cited as the father of modern cuisine, in the late 19th and early 20th Century reorganised many of the professional kitchens of leading European hotels to create a revolutionary new food production system called service *a la russe* (Mitchell, Woodhouse, Heptinstall, & Camp, 2013). A key component of Escoffier's *a la russe* service model was the development of the hierarchical kitchen brigade system (Mitchell *et al.*, 2013). Developed from his time in the military, Escoffier constructed a production system with the chef de cuisine at the top,

sous chef as the overseer of general production, the chef de partie as section leader and the demi-chef and commis chef as junior production chefs (Cullen, 2012). This new production system allowed Escoffier to create some of the most well-known dishes, many of which were named after female socialites of the time (James, 2002). By creating unique dishes and naming them in honour of the female elite, Escoffier made the honourable guest the muse of the table.

It was while working at the Savoy Hotel in London that Escoffier wrote his 1903 book *Le Guide Culinaire* as a hotel training model for apprentices (Cullen, 2012). Within this book, Escoffier codified the food of haute cuisine, creating the foundations of many of the menus we see today. His book created standardised recipe formulations and defined what adaptions could be made to these recipes. From these formulations Escoffier created a set of culinary rules which defined which dish elements could go together according to his taste. This is why today sauce Bordelaise is always served with beef and never served with lamb, chicken or fish.

Escoffier, advocated for formal culinary education for young boys which lead to the opening of Britain's first cookery school at Westminster Technical Institute in 1910 (James, 2002). The boys were trained as chefs and learnt to cook from Escoffier's book. From a historical perspective, this is the pivotal point where the informal canon of the French culinary repertoire transitioned into the formal knowledge of western culinary education. In most parts of the world today, the formalised western culinary curriculum is still arranged around the content and structure of Escoffier's 1903 *book Le Guide Culinaire* (Deutsch, 2014). Furthermore, the formal and informal master-apprentice model of culinary arts pedagogy is still primarily based upon the hierarchical structures developed by Auguste Escoffier (Cullen, 2012; Deutsch, 2014; Mitchell *et al.*, 2013).

The Social Imaginary of the Chef: The Cultural Logic and Taste Aesthetics of Haute Cuisine

While most contemporary haute cuisine chefs no longer cook in the kitchens of the French elite, the historical and cultural backdrop of French gastronomy culturally frames many modern professional kitchen practices. The structures of Escoffier's kitchen are evident in chef's professional titles and French gastronomic language is ever present in restaurant menu structures and everyday kitchen language. Through the use of exotic dish descriptions and the manipulation

of food through their technical craft, the haute cuisine chef is still expected to create theatrical experiences at the table of the gourmand (Stierand, Dörfler, & MacBryde, 2014).

While these theatrical experiences are easily recognised in the field of haute cuisine, they are still practiced across many different restaurant setting. Spang (2000) comments that even the ability of the guest to select a dish from a menu (generally having no idea what it (the dish) actually is), creates a theatrical surprise when the dish finally arrives at the table. Today, haute cuisine chefs use their technical tools and craftsmanship to manipulate and re-form foods from the market, into the culinary theatrics and aesthetics of gourmands table. When describing the logic of haute cuisine in action Spang states:

> *Restaurants were cornucopia in theory, but in practice the full bounty was never seen: the complete harvest…remained concealed in the kitchen, the pantry and the storeroom, allowed to emerge only in individual portions…the invisible hands of dozens of unseen workers transformed the dirty, hairy, slimy or feathered products of the market, into neatly balanced pyramids of fruit and tidy columns of minuscule print*. (2000, p. 235)

As such, when a haute cuisine chef is provided with a natural food resource from the land or sea, their cultural logic and institutional normative practices (in)forms their decision making process to transform the food into a dish suitable for the cultural tastes of the gastronomic elite. When describing the inherent value of haute cuisine for the gourmand, Stierand (2015, p. 4) notes, “its value is created through aesthetic and symbolic work…(its)… usefulness in haute cuisine may often relate to a creation’s effective surprise or aesthetic qualities”. This description starts to explain why a chef operating within the cultural normativity and institutional logic of haute cuisine, when presented with a game bird, will most likely bone the bird for cooking. Therefore, those chefs who practice their craft within the classic repertoire will have a tendency to stuff the bird with a forcemeat, roll it into a cylinder, and cook the bird with technical precision.

While the game bird dish I have described is a galantine, this cultural normativity and institutional logic can also be seen when a whole sole is transformed filleted and pané into a dish of Filets de Sole Pané in the three star hotel where I first entered the culinary world. Even crumbed sole

reframed as Filets de Sole Pané can be an exotic surprise for some diners! These examples only serve to illustrate that the socio-cultural and political norms of the chef's social imaginary permit them to transform and manipulate the 'ordinary' from nature, into a dish that meets the cultural tastes and aesthetics of the gastronomic elite. As Trubek (2000, p. 4) comments, for haute cuisine to even exist at all, "haute cuisine must have some relationship with an elite population".

Social Imaginary of the Chef; Transforming Nature into Culture

Just as the 19th Century European settlers of New Zealand wanted to escape from the class system and landless oppression of Britain, so did the people of France in the late 18th Century when they demanded access to the food of the elite. Whereas the new settler wanted to be *lords of the land*, the French were just happy being *lords of the table*. Through this historical and cultural overlap, I now wish to discuss the power relationships between the l logic embedded within French gastronomy and the logic of the colonial agents, in order to illustrate the cultural powers inherent within both social imaginaries.

Within the haute cuisine kitchen, the logic of French gastronomy provides the social and political permissions and norms to justify the actions of the haute cuisine chef to manipulate food to create gastronomic pleasure for the food elite. Similarly, within the colonial landscape, Wakefield utilised the logic of positivist science to employ the rules of stadial evolution to justify the settler taming the 'uncivilised' Māori (Steer, 2017). Without the logic of positivist science and its rules of categorising and labelling human behaviour, there would be no permissive and cultural normativity within the settler imaginary to colonise the new colonial lands and the Indigenous people within it. Hence, when the settler viewed the waterways of the Taiari Plains, the cultural logic within their social imaginary permitted them to drain the wetlands and transform them into the cultural tastes and aesthetics of the European manicured paddock. In this sense, the social imaginaries of the settlers and the chefs of haute cuisine have significant overlaps, this being to transform (*tame*) and stylise *(civilise)* nature into an aestheticisation which appeals to the higher cultural tastes of their own worldviews.

Bell (2014) reminds us that the social imaginary of the settler believed that their white cultures, values and lifeways were superior to those of the Indigenous peoples; white settler ways were

civilised, and indigenous ways were uncivilised. As Mintz (1996) notes, there are sectors of society who believe in the evolution of food hierarchies. First there is food which is simply for survival. This is followed by cuisine, which is the food that a collective of people habitually eat and recognise. Finally there is haute cuisine, the food of the court of the elite (Mintz, 1996). Likewise, Claude Lévi-Strauss states that cooking is a language through which society reveals its structures (Lévi-Strauss, 2012). I argue, though, that French gastronomy, as expressed through the embodiment of the haute cuisine restaurant, sits at the top of this food hierarchy because it views itself as culturally more "civilised" than the cuisine of its domestic other.

Where the settler sees racial civilisation and *white* aesthetic beauty through the draining of the wetlands and the segmentation of paddocks, the chef sees gastronomic civilisation and *white* aesthetic beauty in the transformation and segmentation of the carrot bruniose. In both imaginaries, the power of their respective identities permits the taming and manipulation what they perceive as uncivilised. While the settlers that first came to our shores almost 200 years ago are no longer with us, their social imaginaries have lingered in the social institutions and cultural normativity of our everyday lives (Bell, 2014). While the settlers colonised the natural landscape with their cultural logic of agarian practices, the cultural institution of the restaurant has colonised the indigenous foodscape through the cultural logic of French gastronomy both here and across the globe.

Concluding Reflections

From the wellness in the cup of bouillon to the theatre in the bounty of the table, the evolution of the restaurants' identity has metaphorically mirrored my own journey of culinary identity. Where I once nourished myself on boil-up and family roasts, I now wanted to theatrically entertain others at the table of the gourmand. Upon reflection, I now see my journey into professional kitchens as a stadial evolution from the uncivilised foods of the domestic kitchen to the civilised foods of the gourmand's table; a culinary evolution that slowly transforms your self-identity and enculturates you into the dominant logic of haute cuisine.

As I reflect on my experiences of professional kitchens, I recognise that this enculturation into haute cuisine's normalities starts with its physical adornment of its language and clothing and a

social positioning of oneself within the structures of the kitchen. Unbeknown to me, this language was encoded with a history and a cultural belief system which slowly indoctrinated me into its wider cultural logic. Demi-glace is no longer just the term for a brown sauce, but it is also a symbol of gastronomic elitism and culinary civilisation over its domestic gravy other. When viewed this way, Sauce Bordelaise, Robert and Chasseur are not just accompaniments to meat on a plate but are an application of the logic and rules of French gastronomy. This is a logic which states how the aesthetics of food should be presented and an expectation of adherence to the cultural rules of what are appropriate food relationships. As Trubek (2000) reminds us, even the production of sauces to serve with meats is a distinctive characteristic of the principles of haute cuisine.

Likewise, the chef master instructing the apprentice to cut a carrot into brunoise enacts the political hierarchies of the kitchen, while at the same time, reinforcing and subconsciously reminding the chef of their servility to the gourmand. Even the innocent tip of putting a little salt with eggs to thin them, embodies the act of culinary secrecy that is the alchemy of the restaurateur's kitchen. On reflection, my experiences of identity enculturation into the professional kitchen and culinary school was an immersive and gradual process; there was no gestalt step. It is only by standing back to examine and reflect on the wider nature of the whole that I can gain insights into what has framed my 'culinary normativity'.

As a determined young boy who found solitude in the social and cultural security of the professional kitchen, the process of enculturation was seamless for me. Within this, self-determination was a willingness and desire to accept and adopt to the cultural norms, beliefs and practices of the chef community. This willingness, combined with the enculturation processes inherent in my formal and informal culinary educational experiences, allowed me to dislocate myself from my domestic roots. Wolfe (1994) defines the willingness of self-cultural dislocation the logic of cultural elimination, a logic evident in my own story.

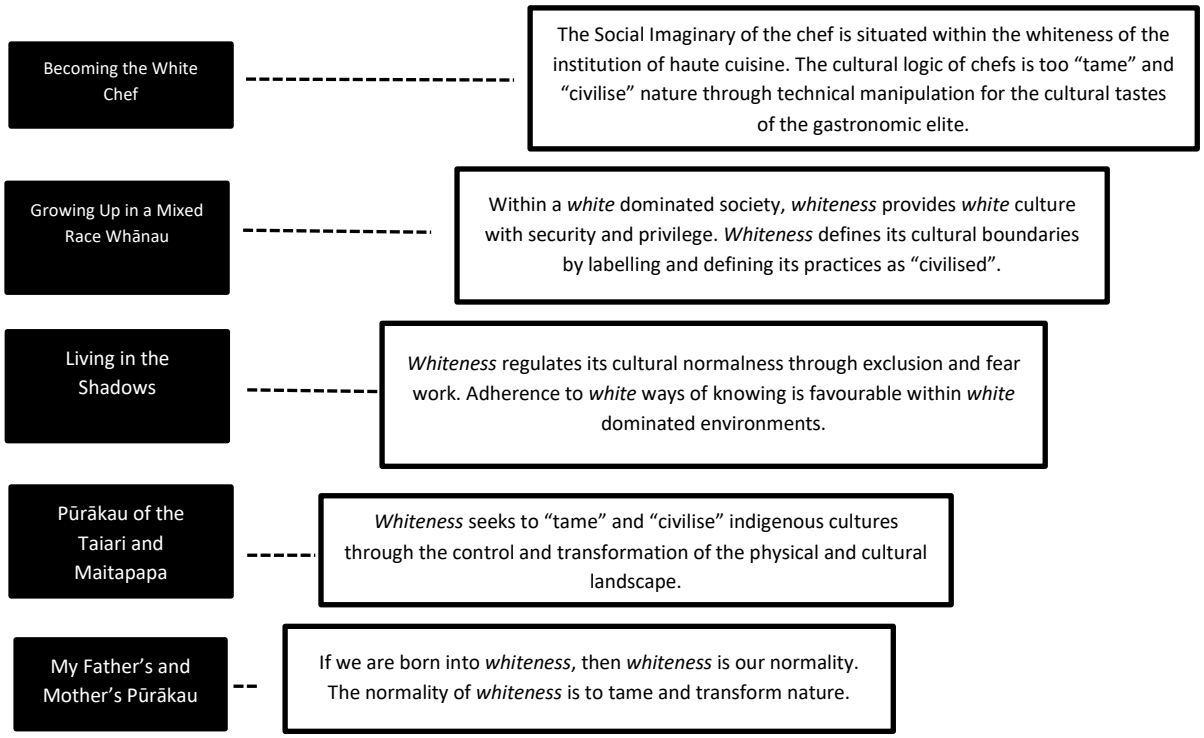
In this new cultural foodscape, my culinary instincts started to change. Before, when given a lamb leg we would roast it whole as a family. Now, my culinary culture told me to bone, season and truss the leg for cooking. An innocent act on the surface of things and one which might add more ease of carving, but one that now speaks of my enculturation into the social imaginary of the chef.

Yet, in my desire to be a restaurant chef, I had naively abandoned the restaurant of the home. The family *"ritual of making the gravy"* was now replaced by the cultural logic and Francophile lore's of the professional kitchen. Where I once created gravy, which was a *"nutritious elixir of liquid",* I was now creating the social and cultural capital for the gastronomic elite. Meat that was previously *"blanketed in the warmth of the silken thick gravy",* was now gently nappé (to coat) with the cultural taste of jus lié (highly refined meat juices). Where whānau kinship was drawn together through the sharing of *"the communal gravy jug",* I now created individualistic gastronomic pleasure through the silver service theatre of the saucière (sauce boat).

Exploring and examining the historical and cultural backdrop of the restaurant and haute cuisine has allowed me to make sense of the normality that has existed in my culinary life. The exploration of the restaurant through its historical evolution has allowed me to make sense with my own culinary whakapapa. Like all whakapapa, my culinary whakapapa forms my identity and allows me to make sense of my place within the culinary world. As I reflect on my experiences of youth, I can see the haze of *whiteness* has entered my culinary life. I was now trapped in the *whiteness* which exists in the institutional norms and culture logic of haute cuisine. Yet to fully explore the totality of this *whiteness*, I would have to leave the wash-sink of the hotel and enter the stoves of haute cuisine, but, with haute cuisine being an exclusive and elite club, this task was easier said than done. However, before we explore this world, I would like to add another layer to my learnings and understandings of *whiteness* and self. These insights and understandings of *whiteness* and self are:

1) The Social Imaginary of the chef is situated within the *whiteness* of the institution of haute cuisine.
2) The cultural logic of chefs is too "tame" and "civilise" nature through technical manipulation for the cultural tastes of the gastronomic elite.

“Wānaka of Self Key Conceptual Learnings”



Being the White Chef

Voice of Māramataka: All Dressed Up Pretty

Oh, so you think you are one of us just because you wear our clothes. All dressed up pretty, keen, and eager, you sure look the part. Well, boy, that's only the start of it; the clothes and the talk are just the things the outsiders see. It's your mind we really want to knock into shape. Better learn to brace yourself boy; it might get a little rough, but don't worry, trust me… it will be good for you boy. On the slight chance you survive ….

….welcome to the club, you can now be one of us.

The Voice of the Lived Experience: Life within the Kitchens of Haute Cuisine

Cooking Up a Storm; Learning to Stand within the Winds of Fear

Prior to starting full time study at Polytechnic, I was offered a part-time job at the hotel. At first it was on a casual basis, often being called in at the last moment on busy weekend nights to help plate desserts and finalise the accompaniments for the cold entrees. The job consisted of toasting bread for the pate, piping rosettes of cream along with the tranche (wedge) of daily gateaux and plating cream caramels and ice cream sundaes; tasks I genuinely enjoyed and took great pride in completing. Eventually, the hotel offered me a permanent weekend job as a kitchenhand, which when combined with my Monday to Friday studies at the Polytechnic, meant that I was now spending seven days a week in professional kitchens. I didn't particularly enjoy being a kitchenhand, however I recognised it was a natural pathway to a chef's position at the hotel.

Towards the end of my first year at Polytechnic, I was pulled out of class by my lecturer and offered the opportunity to attend a small chef-owner restaurant as part of my end of course work placement. The restaurant was reasonably well respected within the industry, and I considered it a gastronomic step up from the three-star hotel I was currently employed at. Excited and eager to learn in a better kitchen, I agreed to take up the placement offer and organised with the chef-owner a two-week placement.

Being served in a small 35-seater restaurant, the food appealed to a more discerning market and was more intricate and sophisticated than the hotel's offerings. My vegetable mis en place (kitchen preparation) entailed preparing individual serves of spinach soufflé and tomato farci gratiné, technically more challenging than the chaffing dishes of cauliflower mornay I helped to prepare at the hotel. At the end of my placement, I was offered a commis (junior) chef position at the restaurant, and I reluctantly handed in my notice at the hotel. Handing in my notice was a hard for me, as Scotty had always treated me well by tucking me gently under his nurturing wing. However, both of us knew that the job offer would be good for my career and Scotty gave me his blessing when I finally completed my last shift with him.

The nineties were a time when many haute cuisine kitchens resembled military boot camps and the restaurant that I now found myself working in was no exception. As a young chef I was paid well and for every hour I worked. This was the positive aspect of the job, as haute cuisine restaurants are well known for placing you on a salary and demanding you work 60-80 hours per week. While my labour was not financially abused, I did experience psychological abuse through the art of the *kitchen bollocking.*

I can still vividly remember my first real bollocking and the impact it had on me. It was a graduation night, and the restaurant was double booked with two separate sittings. Dunedin is an education city, so graduation nights are big revenue, high pressure nights for restaurateurs. This evening was no different and from the onset, there was already an air of tension in the kitchen. Due to the heavy bookings and extra demands on the kitchen, the head chef asked if my sister would work, washing dishes to help us out. I agreed to arrange this for him.

As six o'clock struck, the guests started to flow into the restaurant and the orders flooded into the kitchen. Quickly the docket rail loaded up and I could see the pressure building in the chef's face. As his face became bent and contorted with the pressure, his tone towards the front of house staff became sharp and acute. In a similar situation to the kitchen, the front of house had also brought in casual staff members to assist on the night. I remember one of these casual waitresses taking a new order and placing it on the order board yelling, *"new order",* before turning her heels and striding back into the restaurant. Regrettably and unbeknown to her, the young waitress had compiled the order incorrectly. As the head chef scanned his eyes over the order you could see the rage boiling in his blood before he eventually exploded and yelled *"what the fuck is this!'* out into darkness of the restaurant. By now the waitress was at another table taking another order. Immediately the head chef demanded that the maître d'hôtel drag the waitress straight back into the kitchen, where in a torrent of rage, he screwed up her order docket and threw it in the waitress's face, screaming "*write it fucking properly or don't write it at all!"* The young girl was barely holding it together but left the kitchen immediately to rectify her work.

Things were about to go further downhill. Having dealt to the waitress it was my turn to feel the full force of his fury. By now the whole kitchen was on edge and in my tense and worried state,

as we were about to start plating the main course for a table of ten, I dropped the tomato gratiné sides from the oven. Instantly I could feel the shockwave of verbal abuse as it hurtled from his mouth. I tried to hide my eyes in shame, yet deep down inside I realised there was no escaping from the situation. Instead, I knew all I had to do was just stand there and withstand the lahar of abuse flowing from his mouth.

YOU FUCKING IDIOT,

WHAT THE FUCK HAVE YOU DONE?

FUCK BOY, YOU HAVE A BRAIN THE SIZE OF AN ANT!

I can clearly remember his words to this day. In the chaos of the moment, somehow, we managed to rectify the situation and continued to plate the main course. Just as the dishes were about to leave the kitchen, the head chef leaned over to me and whispered, "*and boy…do you know how fucking small an ant is?"* Inside I was enraged with anger and just wanted to punch him in the face. Part of me just wanted to yell back at him, the other part of me wanted to burst into tears. Instead, I held the frustration and anger within and stoically went about my work.

I had learnt to take a fair dollop of s**t in my time, but in the presence of my sister, his words of abuse and personal attack cut deep inside of me. Just as I had to watch my brother get physically attacked and verbally violated in his youth, my sister had to helplessly watch her other brother take a fair old kitchen bollocking. On the car ride home, she asked me why I put up with his behaviour, to which I replied,

> "*I know he's an arsehole…. but he's a good chef and it's a good restaurant which is great for my C.V. I've just learnt to harden up and suck it up. To retaliate means he wins, anyhow, I am stronger than him so he will never beat me down*."

I worked at the restaurant for a year before I returned to Polytechnic to complete my final year of culinary study. By now I was working in a reputable restaurant and was developing some basic culinary skills. It was while at Polytechnic, that an opportunity to compete in the regional salon culinaire, (cookery competition) was presented to me. A salon culinaire is the bringing together of the region's best chefs to compete in various cookery competitions, including restaurant and chef

of the region. I decided to enter the venison main course event, because as a category, it had a provision for junior chefs to compete against each other. With the help of one of my Polytechnic lecturers, I created a dish and trained for the event before and after class over a two-month period. Training for cookery competitions often revolves around endless hours of dish design, practice, and refinement, preparing the dish from scratch and serving it within the allocated time. During the competition you are then judged on your hygiene practices, technical execution, as well as the final taste and presentation of the dish.

As the competition day rolled round, I turned up at the town hall (which was where the event was held) with my freshly pressed uniform and my pots and pans. As I glanced over the sheet of registered competitors, I could see that I would be cooking against other junior chefs from the large hotels in Christchurch and Queenstown. All of a sudden, a feeling of sickness entered my stomach as I realised I would be competing against the “big guns” and the daunting thought that my venison dish might not be up to the creative and technical abilities of my competitors. As most of the hotels had premier dining restaurants, access to the economic and culinary knowledge to design and execute a great dish would never be an issue for these young competitors.

With the competition about to start, I was allowed onto the stage to set up my cookery station. I tried to put aside fears by placing all my food and equipment precisely in order. I checked my run sheets at least three times while I patiently waited for the judges to start the competition clock. As the clock ticked off, I knew I had one hour to prepare and serve my dish; failure to do so would result in my automatic disqualification from the competition. The first 20 minutes I was on autopilot, butchering the meat and starting the starch preparations. The next 20 minutes became a haze of action as I made the sauce and started work on the dish’s vegetable components. As anyone who has ever entered a cookery competition will tell you (and those of you who have watched MasterChef), the real test is in the last 20 minutes when the pressure mounts with the time slipping away.

With ten minutes to go, the other junior chefs started to present their dishes. As the competitors approached the judges table, the audience gave them a round of applause in recognition of their efforts. One by one the competitors raced their finished plates to the judge’s tables. With only four

minutes on the clock there was now only me left on the competition floor. From the side-lines I could distantly hear words of encouragement, as my classmates yelled *“don’t give up Adrian, you know you can do it!”* In the training sessions I had practiced for this exact moment with my lecturer moving the clock forward forcing me to cook and plate faster in the final stages of the practice. However, this time it was totally different, and I found myself mentally buckling under the pressure from the gaze of the judges and audience. I could feel what felt like a thousand eyes watching me, monitoring my every move and commenting to others on my performance. My mind told me that it was impossible to plate the dish in time with the technical and aesthetic execution required by the judges. I was debating with myself if I should just put something on a plate and not worry about delivering on the excellence I had trained for. Feeling at a loss and totally out of control, I really wanted to run off stage, but to the public pressures around me meant that wasn’t going to be an option.

I really don’t know how I managed to do it, but with five seconds to spare I presented my plate of *Venison noisette, pasta roulade of spinach and tomato, tian of confit garlic and ratatouille vegetables with a red wine jus lie* to the judge’s table. From the emotional low point of almost running off stage from my perceived inability to perform, I somehow found the internal strength and resilience to push on through and plate the dish. At the competition prize giving two days later, I was called on stage to receive my gold medal for winning the competition. As they placed the gold medal around my neck I was overcome with emotion, a moment of personal joy; however, my efforts on the day were noticed by others and were to pave the way for far greater rewards.

The Voice of Kaimāka and Kai: Fear and Haute Cuisine

Regulation and Maintenance of Haute Cuisine Institutional Logic through the Practice of Fear

My previous chapter introduced the historical origins of the restaurant and how these have shaped the cultural framework, social hierarchies, language constructs and normative technical practices within the social imaginary of the chef. These factors are important in formulating the cultural logic and institutionalised rules of the professional kitchen; however, they do not explain how these institutional normalities are regulated and maintained in everyday practice. By turning the attention to my own experiences, I will examine how a chef's emotional reality is a critical factor within haute cuisine's institutional logic and the social imaginary of the chef.

In the last decade there has been an emergence of research conducted into chefs' professional lives and workplace cultures (Burrow, Smith, & Yakinthou, 2015; Fine, 2008; Nilsson, 2013; Palmer et al., 2010; Woolcock, 2011), yet there is limited research into the psychology which underpins this. However, Gill and Burrows' (2018) research into fear work and institutional maintenance and regulation within haute cuisine provides us with illuminating insights not seen within previous phenomenological chef studies.

The hierarchical nature of the professional kitchen provides the social structures which dictate the authority and technical practice of chefs (Cullen, 2010, 2012; Deutsch, 2014). This means that if you are a senior chef, you have more authority in the kitchen and are tasked with technically more complex duties, while as a junior chef you have limited authority and are tasked with more basic culinary duties. In haute cuisine this hierarchical structure is the explicit social stratification framework which enables chefs to perform and maintain their professional identities as expressed through their craftwork. Therefore, it is through the explicit adoption of the hierarchical brigade structure that the institution of haute cuisine continues to implement and enforce its Francophile institutional logic. However, as Gill and Burrow (2018) note, beyond the explicit hierarchical structures, the emotional realities of chefs are an important factor in the regulation and maintenance of haute cuisine's institutional logic. In particular, Gill and Burrow (2018) note that

fear is a significant regulating factor in the professional behaviours and technical performances of haute cuisine chefs.

As I reflect on my experience of dropping the tray of tomato gratiné during a busy service, I expect many chefs reading this work may think, "*yeah he deserved that'.* At the time of the event, I also held that opinion. While I didn't agree with the personalised nature of the attack, I knew that I had failed in my job and therefore should be reprimanded. This comment may appear unusual to an outsider of haute cuisine; however, due to my personal and professional experiences, my reaction made sense to me. Gill and Burrow (2018) refer to a chef's fear of making a mistake in the kitchen as *practice fear*. Practice fear exists in the life of a chef because *"haute cuisine is an institution defined by the individual and collective adherence to an ideology of culinary excellence"* (Gill & Burrow, 2018, p. 14). Failure by a chef to deliver on this ideology, usually results in negative consequences from the institutional actors (often their master chef) towards them (Burrow et al., 2015; Wellton, Jonsson, & Svingstedt, 2019). As such, living in constant fear of your inability to prepare and cook food that meets the cultural taste of haute cuisine, often results in chefs developing an intense focus on the task at hand (Gill & Burrow, 2018). As one young chef in the Gill and Burrow study said:

> *"when you work in the kitchen […] you don't, you don't see really what's happening outside. You are, your focus [is] just on your job and I think it's not really good. You [pause] maybe you lost your humanity, a little bit I think. It's … you became a machine I think."* (anonymous chef as quoted in Gill & Burrow, 2018, p. 15)

By switching off and staying focused on the task at hand, chefs learn to shut out outside influences and push on towards internalised institutional objectives of delivering excellent culinary offerings (Gill & Burrow, 2018). This means that haute cuisine chefs are more likely to be entrapped into haute cuisine institutional conformance through their internal fears of being professionally reprimanded (Gill & Burrow, 2018). As such, practice fear is developed in chefs through the use of verbal, physical and psychological abuse, and is a significant contributor in the regulation and

maintenance of the institutional logic of haute cuisine (Burrow et al., 2015; Gill & Burrow, 2018; Nilsson, 2013; Palmer et al., 2010).

As a young chef on the receiving end of a bollocking, I learnt to '*harden up"* and conform to the institutional logic of the haute cuisine kitchen. My approach is not unique to me, in fact Gill and Burrow state it is a natural part of the haute cuisine institution itself:

> *Fear was a tool used to support the institution, but also as an essential ingredient of the institution itself, passed on through generations of teaching and training. Many chefs were willing to endure feeling afraid and to conduct fear work to be a part of the elite institution of haute cuisine* (2018, p. 21)

For me, leveraging off my practice fear allowed me to be become highly disciplined and detailed focused culinary practitioner. As Gill and Burrow (2018) highlight, the ability to stay *focused* provides the chef with mindful control of their craft, while mitigating the negative reactions of the institution towards them. By developing the *focus,* you stay internally fixated on the task at hand and put in multiple checks and measures to ensure your practice meets the demands and requirements of the institution (Gill & Burrow, 2018). Gill and Burrow (2018, p. 14) also suggest that, by adopting the *focus,* chefs not only reduce the chance of making mistakes, but they also make sure "nothing goes wrong".

This means that the practice of haute cuisine chefs is in a constant process of adjustment and refinement, yet this practice is always in alignment with the institutional logic of haute cuisine (Gill & Burrow, 2018). Consequently, the continued focus on refinement has its downside, as chefs are "relentlessly reproducing rather than reflecting on or resisting established practices" (Gill & Burrow, 2018, p. 16). As such, hospitality employers who choose to adopt practice fear cultures, are part of the system which continues to socialise chefs into the violent practices and dominant logic associated with many haute cuisine kitchens (Burrow et al., 2015).

Professional Fear and Haute Cuisine Institutional Regulation and Maintenance

Having spoken of the art of the bollocking, I now wish to revisit my culinary performance on the competition floor. As a profession, the culinary arts is a challenging occupation, not only from the

long and physically demanding hours, but also from the traditional workplace cultures and the mental pressures of having to perform one's work within the constant judgement of the public (Burrow et al., 2015; Nilsson, 2013; Palmer et al., 2010; M. P. White, 1990, 2006; Woolcock, 2011). Today, the plethora of reality cooking shows present the daily challenges and stresses of the professional kitchen as a form of entertainment to enlighten the banality of our midweek post-work lives (Ketchum, 2005). In the safety, comfort, and warmth of our living rooms, we unassumingly watch innocent cooks succumb physically and emotionally to the challenges of preparing a simple dish for the judgement of an anointed few. Personally, I liken this culinary voyeurism to that of a modern-day public flogging. An anonymous voyeuristic practice in which the security of the private living room acts as the contemporary camouflage of the public crowd. As "innocent" onlookers we are hidden in the blur of the masses, entertaining ourselves through the public judgement and infliction of pain on others. However, what these clock ticking reality cooking show's fail to present, is the fear that is at play in the minds of these cooks.

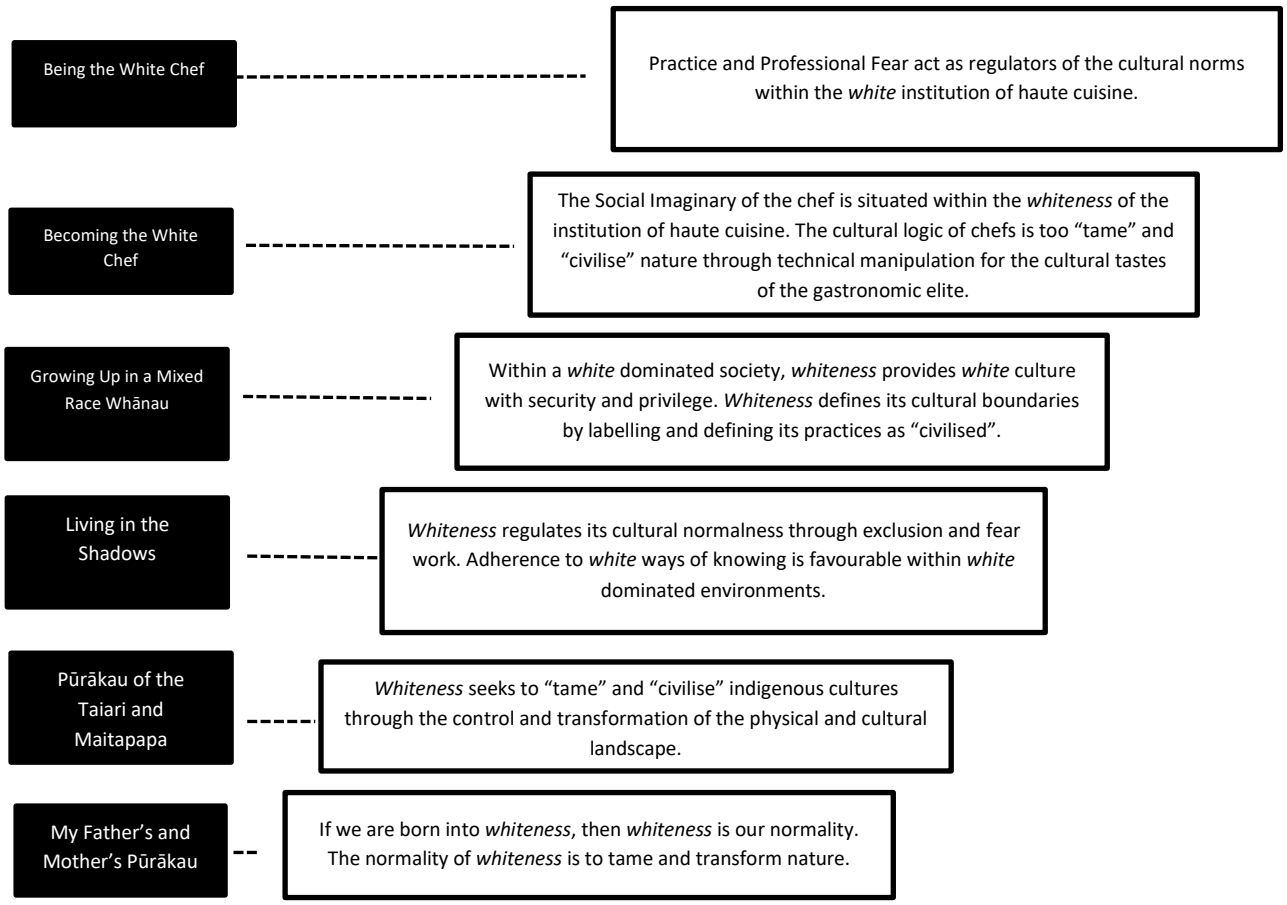
My own experience of competing in a cookery competition demonstrates that I was overcome with the emotional fear of not being able to present my food on time, yet in such a public arena I was never going to be verbally or physically attacked. Gill and Burrow (2018) define the performance anxieties and fears I encountered in the competition as *professional fear*. Professional fear is the worry that chefs possess relating to "not being good enough" when performing their craft amongst their peers (Gill & Burrow, 2018, p. 13).

Professional fear theory provides an insight into and explanation of my fragile and complex emotional state on the competition floor. With the time ticking away, the fear of making a technical mistake was clearly front of mind; however, my greatest fear was not living up to the high expectations of my lecturer and my classmates. Compounding the situation, having never been in a culinary competition before, I was experiencing the professional fear of not knowing how my performance would be judged in comparison to others. I now realised that where practice fear could be internally controlled by learning to master your culinary craft, my professional fears in haute cuisine could only be controlled through the acquisition and mastery of the institutions social, cultural, and political norms. From an early age I learnt that assimilation into the institutional

logic of haute cuisine would provide me with both the cultural tools and emotional means to control my practice and professional fears.

Practice and professional fears are therefore important factors in institutional cultural and practice regulation and maintenance. Therefore, if the institution is premised upon white cultural practices (such as the institution of Haute Cuisine), practice and professional fear can be regulating elements within whiteness. On that note, I will now add another layer to our understandings of whiteness and self.

"Wānaka of Self Key Conceptual Learnings"



Maintaining and Performing Culinary Whiteness

The Voice of Māramataka: The Gaze of Whiteness

Is it fun being the "creative" chef and putting all those pretty things on a plate? The freedom and will to do what you want, when and where. I guess you could say you are in…total control; but you and I know that's a lie. Yet, you put on a brave face…"look at me" you say, I'm so clever. But your bluff doesn't fool me at all…it's us who pull the puppet strings. Yes us, those people sitting over there and gazing upon you from the side lines…the gatekeepers of the institution. Oh, and what a lovely white institution it is after all.

The Voice of the Lived Experience: Performing the Culinary Identity

Welcome to the Elite White Jacket Club

Culinary competitions provide chefs with the opportunity to showcase their creativity and to acquire awards to help bolster their curriculum vitae. This means that culinary competitions are natural environments for haute cuisine chefs to congregate and network with their peers. Unbeknownst to me, in my state of panic on the competition floor, my polytechnic lecturer was coordinating with another haute cuisine chef, my final course placement in his kitchen. As both my lecturer and the chef gazed upon my performance of the culinary stage, they orchestrated a two-week placement at his restaurant. A placement which through a series of well-timed events, opened the door for me into the world of elite chefs[7].

During my placement, the head chef was recruiting for a new sous chef. A number of candidates applied for the job, and after a series of trials, a sous chef from another well-established haute cuisine restaurant was offered the position. The new sous chef worked just two shifts before handing in his notice, stating he was burnt out and in desperate need of time out from cooking. The head chef now finding himself without an immediate replacement sous chef, turned to me and offered me the sous chef position. I knew that I was out of my depth at the age of 19 but it was an amazing career opportunity, so I accepted the job offer without hesitation.

I worked at the restaurant for the next five years where I mastered my craft, and the restaurant won many national awards. It was while working at this restaurant that I was introduced to the exclusive community of elite chefs. Elite chefs are the small group of chefs (usually no more than about 20 in Aotearoa) that at any one point in time, are considered by the gastronomic community as being the most creative and influential within the practice. These chefs are often featured in the media and their opinions carry weight and influence within the gastronomic community. There is no “official” membership, but through competitions, restaurant reviews and professional

[7] I am using the term Elite Chef as defined by Leschziner (2015). With this definition, Elite chefs are different to everyday chefs as they are seen as the key influencers within the field of haute cuisine. See Leschziner, V. (2015). At the Chef's Table: Culinary Creativity in Elite Restaurants. USA, Stanford University Press.

networking opportunities, the gastronomic community develops a shared understanding of who is leading the practice in regards to culinary creativity and the execution of haute cuisine. Like other exclusive groups, elite chef group membership is hard to acquire; however, working alongside an elite chef means by default you enter the peripheral circle of this group's membership.

The group's membership is regulated through an initiation of *shared blood*. Shared blood requires a chef to give up their lives for the quest of culinary excellence; failure to do so, usually results in *spilt blood* and a hasty exit. As a young chef you are expected to give your life to the restaurant and your chef master, with compliance being enforced with threats of denied access to others within the elite chef network. This means that operating within the elite chef network is a constant game of learning the political, cultural and social rules of the elite chef network and applying the rules of the network to ensure you have continued access to other elite kitchens. Thus, compliance allows you to continue to develop haute cuisine culinary knowledge and progressing your career aspirations within the network. However, every day you come to work within the elite chef network, you know it could be your last if you break the rules or put a foot out of line. I can recall many chefs being unceremoniously dumped from the network. As such, this next story of sous chef and the confusion of dauphinoise potatoes is vividly etched into my mind.

Dauphine or Dauphinoise: The Trouble with Potatoes

After five years working in Dunedin, I headed to Christchurch to work with another elite chef who had just opened his new restaurant. As was typical he was churning through the staff, and I replaced the out-going pastry chef. Along with the larder, sous and head chef, we were a small team of four cooking for up to 45 people a night. Within months, the head chef and I won restaurant of the region at the local salon culinaire, resulting in demand being placed on the head chef to give guest cooking appearances throughout the country. On one of these guest appearances, the head chef and I were flown to Wellington for a week of pop-up dinners at various locations. The first night was a banquet for 150 people at a five-star hotel where I had to prepare his signature dessert *"Assiette of Citrus".* Where most chefs would prepare one dessert, I was

required to prepare four miniature citrus desserts. The menu description read as such, *Burnt silken citrus crème under golden threads, mandarin parfait glacé, lime muscovite with orange and sesame tuile, lemon sorbet with minted citrus salad.* Not only did I have to prepare all of this from scratch, but the *golden threads* were wafer-thin sugar run out sticks which were blow-torched and stuck onto the plate to make a three-sided sugar tower. The workload was massive, and I expected the head chef to have buckled and let me away with not making the 150 sugar towers due to the enormity of the task. However, giving in doesn't happen in haute cuisine, it just never does. Those towers were going to be erected, regardless of the human cost.

In the following days, we performed a menu take-over at a well-known Wellington restaurant. Again, the workload was intense and by now we had been working 18-20 hours a day for the last three days (slightly more than the usual 14 hours we worked at the restaurant in Christchurch but enough to be noticeable). After a week of limited rest and sleep, my body and mind were starting to feel the effects of exhaustion.

Due to our Christchurch restaurant being fully booked on the weekend, I had to return to Christchurch on the Friday, with the head chef staying on in Wellington until the Saturday afternoon to fulfil his engagement requirements. On my return to Christchurch, I headed straight to the kitchen to start my pastry preparations. By now the effects of exhaustion had kicked in and, once at work, the kitchen walls started to sway and move. I remember asking the other chefs if they felt the earthquake. They looked at me strangely and said no. Throughout that night's service I felt like I was at sea and my head was in a constant blur. I pushed on through service and at the end of my shift, I checked myself into the after-hours doctors. They couldn't diagnose my condition at the time, so they made an appointment for further specialist tests the following week.

In the haze of my exhaustion, the head chef had rung the restaurant and left a message for the sous chef to prepare a tray of dauphinoise potatoes for a large group that was coming in on the Saturday night. Being farming friends of the head chef, he wanted to ensure there was plenty of starch accompanying the meal to satisfy their hunger.

Preparing dauphinoise potatoes in a haute cuisine restaurant is a two-day process. On day one you slice and layer the potatoes with cream and seasoning, before baking them slowly for a

number of hours, eventually pressing and chilling the dish overnight. The following day you remove the potatoes from the baking dish and cut them into the required shape, ready for re-heating at service.

In the process of communicating this directive to the sous chef, the sous chef was not sure if the head chef said dauphinoise potatoes or dauphine potatoes. The potato dishes sound the same; however, dauphine potatoes are made from mashed potato and choux paste and fried to order. Dauphine potatoes bear no resemblance to a dauphinoise potato and at the time were considered too “old school” to be featured in a haute cuisine restaurant.

Throughout all of Friday the larder chef and I insisted the sous chef check with the head chef regarding the exact potato dish he wanted prepared. Instead, the sous chef stated that when the head chef arrived on the Saturday afternoon, he would seek clarification and make the dish then. Deep down the larder chef and I were worried because we knew you couldn’t prepare dauphinoise potatoes in the limited amount of time proposed by the sous chef; in my exhausted and confused state I even offered to make the dish for the sous chef. Needless to say, due to the sous chefs’ seniority within the kitchen he rejected my offer.

At 4pm on the Saturday we were expecting the head chef to arrive back in the kitchen. Unfortunately, his plane was late and he only arrived in the kitchen at 6pm just as the first diners were walking in the door. The scene unfolded as such:

Head chef: *how’s everyone going, is all the prep done for service?*

Kitchen Brigade: *yes chef!*

Head chef: *you alright Adrian, heard you haven’t been feeling too well?*

Me: *yeah I’m ok, just pushing through it chef.*

Head chef: *good to hear. Now Jamie (Sous chef), where’s the dauphinoise?*

Sous chef: *Well….I was going to talk to you about that, did you mean dauphinoise or dauphine potatoes?*

Head Chef: *Jamie, please tell me the dauphinoise are all trayed up for service!*

Sous chef: *well not really because I wasn't sure what potato you actually wanted me to make…was it dauphinoise or dauphine potatoes*

Head chef: *are you telling me the dauphinoise isn't even fucking pressing!!....are you for fucking real…*

(The kitchen is now deadly silent as the head chef stares into the eyes of the sous chef)

Sous chef: *yeah, I thought we would just sort it out when you arrived at 4pm….*

Head chef: *for fuck's sake! You know that you can't make dauphinoise in two fucking hours. Are you for fucking real? Fuck, fucking hell, you can't even follow my simple fucking instructions.*

(by now the larder chef and I are keeping our heads down, frightened that we are next in line)

Head chef: *get the fuck out of the kitchen right now Jamie…*

...and by the way… you're fired for being a total fucking idiot. Pack up your bags and get the fuck out of here…

We never saw the sous chef again. Dauphine or dauphinoise potatoes, a simple communication mistake wiped the last five years of haute cuisine experience off the sous chefs curriculum vitae. I later found out that he ended up cooking pizzas in a ski town café; excluded from the elite chef network, it was the only work he could get at the time. Worse still, he had just found out he was a father-to-be. Here today, gone tomorrow, this is how the environment of the elite chef works. You shed a lot of blood to get accepted into it, and, from my experiences, it usually ends in blood spilt on the kitchen floor.

When the walls start moving around you, most normal people go to the doctor and usually take a few days off work to recover. I didn't and neither would other haute cuisine chefs. The reward for pushing through the pain and putting my health at risk? A promotion to the newly departed sous chefs' position. I continued to work at the restaurant where eventually I become the head chef while the owner ran the kitchens at Te Papa, Aotearoa's National Museum. After a year or so I followed the head chef to Wellington; however, in need of a break from the long hours I chose not to approach him for a job, choosing instead to work 40 hours a week at a local café.

Within a couple of months, I was approached by a well-known Wellington restaurateur to take over his kitchen. He explained to me that the previous head chef was creatively very good, but

had blown the kitchen budgets, leaving the restaurant in a difficult financial position. My recommendation for the position had come from my previous head chef in Christchurch; the benefits of the elite chef network were now fully operating in my favour.

After a brief meeting, the restaurateur and I agreed upon the terms of the contract. The first few weeks in the kitchen were about establishing my financial agenda with the kitchen brigade. The kitchen brigade was very loyal to the previous head chef due to his industry reputation; however, none of them had been exposed to the financial implications of producing haute cuisine food. In an attempt to turn around the financial position of the restaurant, my first menu was constructed around utilising the excess product in the kitchen as well as a number of 'greatest hits' from my repertoire at the time. This caused some friction within the brigade and the first chef to leave was the pastry chef, annoyed that I hadn't designed the dessert menu in consultation with her. Other chefs quickly left; but, I didn't care because I wanted to recruit the previous chefs I had worked with in Christchurch. It wasn't long before my gentile 40hour weeks were back to a typical 80-100 hour haute cuisine week.

Within the first month, the restaurant was reviewed by Des Britton, the food critic for the Dominion newspaper. Three weeks later his review appeared in the food section Saturday paper and his positive review and comment that *"a visit was obligatory"* meant the restaurant was overcome with bookings. Another positive review from Cuisine magazine[8] quickly followed, describing my food as being *"Jackson Pollack"* inspired*,* a gastronomic endorsement that my food embodied and expressed the artistic principles of haute cuisine. Later in the year I was named The Dominion Post's "Up and Coming Chef of the Year". These media accolades brought attention to my work, and later that year I was invited to be a guest chef at the (New Zealand) Restaurant Association's 2000 Famous Chef's Dinner.

Culinary Gatekeepers: The Trouble of the Tītī

The Restaurant Association Famous Chef's Dinner is an annual event held for 450 of the most influential people within the hospitality industry. Being invited to cook at such as event is often a

[8] Cuisine magazine and its restaurant reviews are considered the eminent gastronomic authority in the elite chef community. In New Zealand, its authority is similar to that of the Michelin Guide in Europe.

recognition of your achievements and success within the field of haute cuisine. Along with three other chefs, I was invited to design and serve a course for the dinner. As chefs will know, the safest course to execute within a large scale event is the cold starter; the course I offered to execute. The weeks leading up to the event revolved around designing a suitable dish for the event. In the kitchen at work, I was experimenting with curing meats and had successfully made beef bresaola, an Italian cured beef product. After working closely with the sous chef, I finalised a dish of *Sugar cured bresaola in a savoury tuile, rocket greens, Kapiti granda pandano, white truffle oil and horseradish mascarpone.* From a sensory perspective, it ate well and visually it adhered to the aesthetics of haute cuisine. Most importantly, it could be plated in advance removing the element of stress from service. I had almost fully committed to the dish, when sitting at home one day I had another idea for a dish.

As the dinner was sponsored by growers and artisan producers from the Kāpiti Coast, my first course needed to incorporate Kapiti Granda Pandano (a parmesan cheese made in Kāpiti) and leafy greens grown in the Ōtaki region. I had an idea to do a kiwi adaption on a classic Caesar salad. Traditionally, (and there is much debate over this within the culinary world) a Caesar salad is prepared with cos lettuce, croutons, parmesan cheese and anchovies. The concept I wanted to work with was to make the Caesar salad more reflective of New Zealand by replacing the anchovies with shredded tītī. On my return to work, I presented my idea to the sous chef, who replied that he had never heard of tītī (for historical accuracy I actually called it muttonbird at the time). Likewise, no one else in the kitchen had heard of tītī except for a young Māori chef from the East Coast, who proclaimed to have heard of it but never tasted it.

In an attempt to introduce the tītī to the kitchen brigade, I ordered a bird from one of the local fish suppliers. The bird turned up the next day and I placed it in a pot and slowly simmered it away just as we did at home. As the owner walked into the kitchen said *"what the hell is that smell?"* I explained it was a tītī cooking and he queried me as to why I was cooking it in the kitchen. I replied that I was exploring a potential dish for the dinner; of which he replied*, "muttonbird, you must be bloody joking!"* By now I could really feel the kitchen support for the tītī dish waning. However, I stubbornly I continued to cook the bird and plated the dish as I had conceptualised it a couple of

days earlier. With the final dish now beautifully arranged on the plate, I invited the brigade to critique the dish.

Young commis chef: *The dish looks great, pretty cool idea as well chef.*

Sous chef: *It looks a lot like duck but it tastes like oily fish chef?*

Me: *Yeah that's because it lives on fish and it picks up a slightly fishy flavour in the meat. That's why I want to use it to replace the anchovies in the dish.*

Sous chef: *Do you think it's a bit out there…have you thought about going with something safer like confit duck? Duck confit also has the moistness of this muttonbird. Maybe you could smoke the duck confit to make it interesting?*

Me: *But confit duck doesn't have a fish profile and that's the whole point of the dish. I want to replace the anchovy with the muttonbird and surprise the guests with its flavour.*

Sous Chef: *Yeah I get that… it's just that it's a bit out there and duck is a safer bet because the people at the dinner know what confit duck is. If they know what it is they will most likely be more receptive towards it. With 450 covers you really can't afford to fuck this up.*

Me: *But everyone knows what duck confit is. I'm trying to present something which isn't known to them and present it in a way that it plays with their minds. I'm thinking of just calling it "New Zealand Caesar Salad", just leave it at that. Later I will let them know it was muttonbird-surprise them, freak them out a bit.*

Sous chef: *Point taken, but I don't reckon this is the place to do this… there's way too much at risk here.*

Feeling despondent from the feedback on the tītī dish, I decided to park it overnight and revisit it the following day. Upon my return to the kitchen, the sous chef said to me, *"Hey chef I spoke to my dad last night about that muttonbird, he said it was seagull - did you feed us a bloody seagull yesterday?"* The sous chef's comment was the death knell for the tītī experiment. I immediately pulled the pin on the dish and decided to submit my beef bresaola dish to the event planners. For reasons I could not explain at the time, there was no way that the tītī was going to appear on that

menu. Only years later, can I now see how internal fears and external regulators prevented it from happening.

The Voice of Kaimāka and Kai: Gatekeepers and Conforming to the Cultural Normalities of the Institution

In the previous section, I spoke of the role of practice and professional fear as a means to regulate and maintain the institution norms of technical practice within the field of haute cuisine. These types of fears are internalised by chefs and are often brought on through the judgement of their work by other chefs (Gill & Burrow, 2018). In this section, I explore the role of external gatekeepers and how this contributions to the regulation and maintenance of the institutional logic of haute cuisine. In doing so, I will present how these external gatekeepers play a critical role in the socio-cultural and political networks which inform the social imaginary of the chef.

The Gatekeepers of Haute Cuisine

What defines elite chefs from other chefs is their ability to create new technical and philosophical approaches to the culinary arts that inspire other chefs within their practice. Elite chefs become recognised as the innovators within the field of haute cuisine as their creative outputs diffuse into the wider culinary community (Leschziner, 2007; Stierand, Dörfler, & Lynch, 2008). The authority for elite chefs to create culinary practice knowledge is created through the institutional jurisdiction bestowed upon them by haute cuisine gatekeepers (Stierand et al., 2008; Stierand & Lynch, 2008). In practice, this means that, if an elite chef has an idea for a new dish, it will be a combination of the institutional gatekeepers (primarily the elite chef community and the gastronomic community) that determine the validity of the idea (Stierand & Lynch, 2008). As such, within haute cuisine "new culinary ideas are thus embedded in both conformity and consensus and in conflict and change." (Stierand & Lynch, 2008, p. 5). This means that the phenomenon of culinary creativity is not solely controlled by the creative cognition of the chef but is also heavily influenced by the social environment and the empirical world of gastronomy (Leschziner, 2007; Stierand et al., 2008). In simple terms, it is the elite chef network and the gatekeepers of the institutional logic who have the power to regulate what creative practice is adopted and diffused in haute cuisine.

Returning to my story, the first level of institutional gatekeeper are the elite chefs themselves. Through institutional fear, they make the initial decisions around a person's eligibility to operate within the field of haute cuisine. Through their positional authority and professional networks, Elite chefs dictate who has access to haute cuisine kitchens. Access to haute cuisine kitchens directly impacts on a chef's ability to acquire the required forms of capital to be successful within the field because of this most chefs are journeymen (Emms, 2005; Leschziner, 2007). Gomez and Bouty (2009) in their Bourdieusian research into the social dimension of haute cuisine, note that the acquisition of symbolic, cultural and social capital (referred to as habitus) is critical for chefs to be successful in haute cuisine. Gill and Burrows note that:

> *Fear was a tool used to support the institution, but also as an essential ingredient of the institution itself, passed on through generations of teaching and training. Many chefs were willing to endure feeling afraid and to conduct fear work to be a part of the elite institution of haute cuisine* (2018, p. 21)

As a result, fear work limits access to the capital necessary for the effective operation in the world of haute cuisine.

Extending beyond the immediacy of the kitchen, institutional fear work is performed by the institutional gatekeepers who judge the chef's practice and its conformity of the institution's cultural aesthetics of taste. These external gatekeepers include restaurant reviewers who evaluate the appropriateness and aesthetics of the chef's dishes and how these correlate within the culturally normative tastes of haute cuisine (Gomez & Bouty, 2009; Stierand et al., 2014).

Consequently, elite chefs and restaurant reviewers have a symbiotic relationship, with the restaurant reviewers evaluating the ideas of the chefs, who then share/sell this evaluation to customers, who then choose whether to enter a commercial relationship with the chef (Stierand et al., 2014). This means that, in practice, a haute cuisine chef's creative self-expression, is actually heavily regulated by the normative cultural tastes of the gatekeepers of haute cuisine (Gomez & Bouty, 2009; Leschziner, 2007; Stierand et al., 2014; Stierand & Lynch, 2008).

Tītī and Institutional Regulation

Exploring the notions of external and internal institutional regulation has provided me with insights into the challenges I faced when considering how I designed the tītī dish for the 2000 Famous Chef's Dinner. From a gustatory perspective, the taste and texture of the dish was balanced as it adhered closely to the traditional sensory elements of the classic dish. By now I was a chef with years of experience working in the elite chef community; therefore, making any dish look "good" on the plate was always going to be an easy task to achieve. Therefore, if from a sensory and aesthetic perspective the dish was fine, why, was the tītī dish abandoned? The answer to this question lies in the make-up of institutional landscape and the comments from the owner and the other chefs in the kitchen.

As haute cuisine chefs are constantly being judged by the gatekeepers (gastronomes and restaurant reviewers) within the field, haute cuisine chefs have developed strategies to combat their fears of professional judgement and institutional exclusion (Gill & Burrow, 2018). This combatant strategy often entails haute cuisine chefs observing the dominant modes of thought within the field and mimicking them in their own culinary practice (Gill & Burrow, 2018). This means that haute cuisine chefs are more likely to operate within the known parameters of the field of haute cuisine and be incremental innovators, than they are to challenge the status quo and be radical innovators (Stierand, 2015). Therefore, being a successful chef in haute cuisine often means operating within the paradigm of fear and conformity. These fears include learning to perform practices modelled by other elite chefs which are already approved by the gatekeepers of the institution. As such, this practice modelling reduces the chances of criticism towards their work and allows them to seek legitimacy and acceptance within the field (Gill & Burrow, 2018).

The reaction and critique of tītī dish from the owner and kitchen brigade revealed that the mutton-bird would most likely not meet the cultural tastes of the dinner guests. In this case most of the dinner guests were other elite chefs, members of the food media or artisan producers. When the brigade commented that confit duck would be a better inclusion in the dish because the guests would be more receptive towards it. What they were saying was the tītī didn't have the gastronomic cultural capital to be at the table. In this way, when I sought feedback about the dish, I did not receive feedback about the gustatory taste of the dish, but how the dish would be received

within the institutional norms and logic of haute cuisine. Today, presenting muttonbird in a haute cuisine restaurant would be more accepted in Aotearoa. However, at that time (the year 2000) in Aotearoa, there was still a hierarchy of food within haute cuisine.

This meant that exotic foods from Europe had more symbolic cultural capital than the foods of New Zealand and going out for dinner was a social and cultural means to immerse oneself in this culinary romantic exoticism. Sugar cured bresaola in a savoury tuile, rocket greens, Kapiti granda pandano, white truffle oil and horseradish mascarpone embodies the romantic exoticism of European food. Tītī was not part of this romantic exoticism because it was still viewed at that time by the gastronomic elite as *uncivilised* Māori food. Hence, the abandonment of the tītī dish had nothing to do with the gustatory taste and visual aesthetics of the dish, instead it was my fear of not conforming to the normative cultural tastes of the gatekeepers that influenced my dish choice.

Fear of breaking the rules and not fitting into cultural and institutional norms was the backbone of my life as a chef. My desire to present tītī at the dinner could be viewed as a valouristic attempt to showcase the taoka of Southern Māori within the institution haute cuisine; to decolonise it of its Francophile whiteness. Sadly, this isn't the case, as my decision to feature the tītī was driven by my desire to present something novel and new for the entertainment of the gastronomic elite. It was my gastronomic theatrical version of the popped sheep's bladder at the table; instead of revealing the chicken, I now was revealing the muttonbird.

As a 'white' chef fully enculturated into the world of haute cuisine, I had learnt to perform the cultural rules which provided me with the security blanket of the institution. Furthermore, when I considered showcasing the tītī, I was attempting to position myself as an explorer and discoverer of lost native foods of Aotearoa. A wild indigenous food which needed to be discovered, tamed and reformed into the aestheticisation of the haute cuisine canon. Like the colonial settlers, I saw it as my God-given right to go forth and discover the wildness inherent within indigenous nature, tame it and reform to for the approval of the cultural elite. McDonell (2019) is critical of the contemporary practice of elite chefs to (re)discover indigenous foods as these chefs often fail to acknowledge or preserve the cultural relevance that these foods have in the lives of the Indigenous peoples.

Therefore, my agenda to present a deconstructed Tītī Caesar salad was not a genuine attempt to embrace tikaka or te ao Māori but was a symbol of my allegiance to culinary a logic which valued Francophile cultural norms. Furthermore, my modification of the tītī into a deconstructed Tītī Caesar salad without consideration or inclusion of its cultural importance for Southern Māori is a form of culinary appropriation and colonisation. When indigeneity (kai in this case), cannot be accepted and honoured within its own cultural nativeness; instead, being forced to perform in a manner which meets the cultural norms of the dominant Other, is a form of colonisation. To that end, because from the outset I didn't have the appropriate kaupapa in place when I conceptualised the Tītī Caesar salad, I was in fact always going to colonise the indigeneity of the tītī and disregard the mana of its kaitiaki.

Concluding Reflections

In the last two chapters I have taken you into the world of the professional kitchen and allowed you to experience my realities of working in haute cuisine: from the young boy who sought freedom through the adornment of the chef's uniform, to the young man who lost his self and creative control through the institutional gatekeepers of haute cuisine. My assimilation and enculturation into the world of haute cuisine through its Francophile hierarchical structures, institutional logic and cultural norms dominated my culinary world view and regulated and maintained my professional behaviours.

Gazing upon my professional practice were a series of institutional gatekeepers who judged and legitimised my work, ensuring that the dominant and normative cultural values and institutional practices continued to be regulated and maintained. At first, what I thought to be a world of freedom and culinary creativity, was actually a world of imprisonment and cultural obedience through servitude to the gastronomic elite. Over the course of my career, I learned the institutional norms, which allowed me to get ahead and achieve a privileged social position within the institution. Ultimately, I had to abandon who I was and *my inherent nature*, and learn to bow down to the dominant ways of the institution; *harden up* as its commonly known in the culinary world, or, as Bourdieu (1984, 1993) would say, adherence to the doxa of the field.

Through the process of reflexivity, I can now see how practice and professional fear have played a significant role in regulating and maintaining the institutional logic of haute cuisine within my professional life: fears born out of violent attacks towards my practice and fears of group exclusion when my practice was publicly judged and compared to others. As my culinary story illustrates, chefs and their professional identities are regulated through a combination of the explicit hierarchal social structures of the workplace and the internalised fears they bring to their work each day. When these factors are considered in the context of the wider social imaginary of the chef, social, cultural and political regulation and maintenance is also expressed through the expectations of dress, use of legitimate language and application of cultural practices (such as food preparations) which are sanctioned by the cultural elite.

Does all of this sound slightly familiar? A changing world and a fear of being excluded and therefore not fitting in. A world where one's daily practices are gazed upon, judged, and regulated by the cultural tastes and aesthetics of a powerful higher order. A higher order that has the self-appointed jurisdiction to authorise what is *normal* and therefore what is culturally permitted. This all sounds a lot like the process of colonisation that my tīpuna experienced. As Wolfe (1994) notes, colonisation can be a gradual process in which the process of the 'logic of elimination' slowly erodes indigenous identity through the structural displacement of traditional cultural practices.

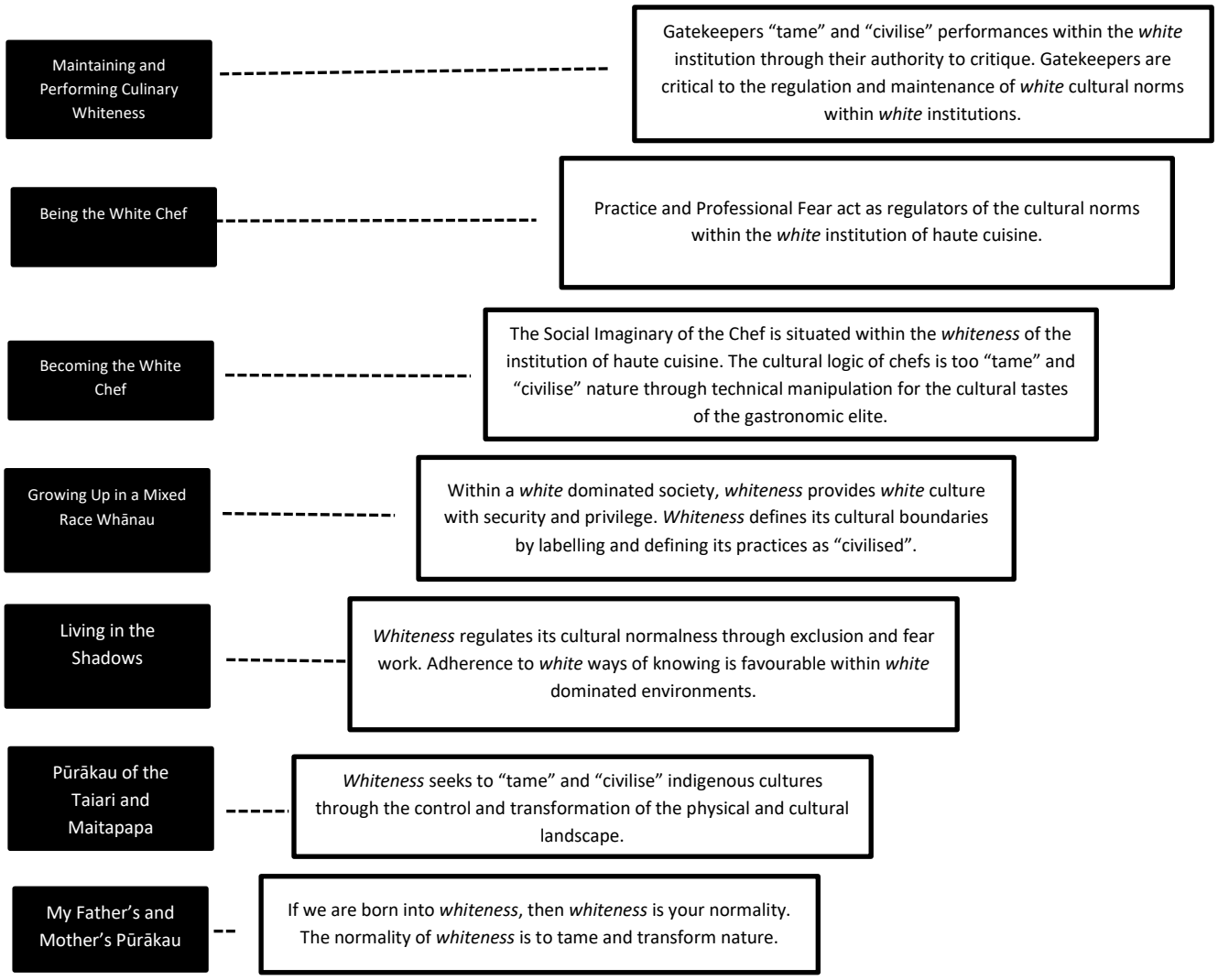
My tīpuna (as well as many other Southern Māori) quickly realised that to succeed within the new colony, adornment of western clothing and mastery of the foreign tongue would best prepare them to socially adjust and *fit in (*Dacker*,* 1994*)*. Compounding the situation, fear most likely also played a role in cultural assimilation. Upsetting comments from my Great Grandmother Una about the fear of being found out as Māori (and therefore not fitting in) are suggestive of fear work at play. Likewise, being fearful of physical and emotional attacks towards my Grandmother Pearl because she was Māori and, therefore, didn't fit in, are also evidence of fear work.

The fear of not fitting in and, therefore, learning to play by the rules of the dominant cultural logic eventually makes you see the world through a different lens. For my whānau, most of us see the world through a Western lens because our tīpuna were forced to be enculturated into it. With time

you can only see this world through this lens, a lens which is clouded by whiteness, yet it is ultimately a hegemonic lens of the world.

As a chef, successful enculturation into the world of haute cuisine also makes you look at the food world differently. You look down on the spaghetti pizza that your mother feed you as a child; spaghetti and pizza are two separate dishes and spaghetti should *never* arise from a can. Chefs never really *cook* anymore, instead the practice of our craft has given us permission to manipulate and transform the *ordinariness of nature* for the *cultural appeasement* of the gastronomic elite. Today we no longer cook a chicken in a sheep's bladder, yet we find it incredibly difficult not to Francify the chicken, to contort and freakify its inherent nature by presenting it on the plate as gastronomic theatre. These practices are what define us as chefs. It's what we do every day in our practice. It's the reality within our social imaginary…It's just the way it is. It is how we were taught and enculturated into the profession, and, since we are culinary masters, it's how we enculturate others into our world. Let us see how this enculturation happens, as I share with you a pūrākau of myself as a teacher in the field. However, before we do so, I must add another layer to my wānaka of self.

“Wānaka of Self Key Conceptual Learnings”



The Chef Teacher and Whiteness

The Voice of Māramataka: The Privileged Shroud of the White Jacket

Wow, a culinary arts teacher. My goodness haven't you done well? You managed to learn all the rules of the game: and your reward; you get to teach them to the others. It's nice isn't it? …and the perks' aren't bad either. No more crazy hours or dirty work, you sure did hit the pay dirt after all! Hey, have you figured out the best part of all? The bit nobody really wants to admit or talk about … you know … the privilege. Yeah, the privilege to say what is real and what is not. To control how one should perform, to whom and when … but hey, there's no argument from me son, … because I know your story, you bloody well earned that privilege.

The Voice of the Lived Experience: Formal Culinary Education within the Institution of Haute Cuisine

In the spring of 2001 my grandmother, Pearl McCunn, passed away and I returned to Dunedin to be with whānau during her taki (funeral). Although her passing was a sad event, it was wonderful to be back home and spend time with whānau again. By now, I had been working in haute cuisine for a decade and the workload had taken a heavy toll on my body and mind. My feet were constantly aching from the long hours standing and I often had body rashes from the constant sweating over the hot kitchen stoves. Vaseline provided a slight relief at times but as most chefs know, fresh air is the best treatment; something of a rarity in the working life of the haute cuisine chef. On my days off, I would sleep until lunch time, exhausted from the long hours and desperately seeking relief from the pain rippling throughout my body. The few hours that I was awake were dedicated to developing the draft of the next menu.

My life had been consumed by my work and I felt like I was running on a treadmill, only the faster I ran, the harder I knew I would fall. The only way I could see a break from the hectic work/life imbalance was to move somewhere quieter and try to kick start my life again. By now I was married to a girl who I had met while working in Dunedin. Shortly after my grandmother's taki, while in Ōwhiro Bay, Wellington staring back towards the South Island, we both decided to return to Dunedin to be close to whānau again. With me being a chef, getting a job was never going to be an issue, so we waited until my wife had a job, before we uprooted our careers and headed back home. Early the following year, we returned to Dunedin where we reconnected with whānau.

It was while looking for a cooking job that I went to visit my old polytechnic lecturers for an impromptu catch up. In a fortuitous sense of timing, one of them was leaving after 25 years of service, and having followed my professional career, he recommended me to the Head of School as his replacement. Culinary arts teaching positions are primarily Monday to Friday and slightly better pay than the average head chef position and physically less taxing on your body than the industry, so these positions are highly desired within the industry, and often difficult to acquire. After a short conversation with the Head of School, during which he briefly looked over my

curriculum vitae and discussed the various chefs I had worked with, I formally applied for the job, and I soon found myself employed as a culinary lecturer at the Polytechnic. To be honest, I couldn't believe the ease of my employment. However, the Head of School was keen to inject some young fresh blood into the department, as he noted to me some of the lecturers *"were institutionally entrenched and very comfortable in their roles".*

In my new role as a culinary teacher, I was responsible for a class of 16 students, half of whom were already working in the industry and just wanted the industry 'ticket'. As a chef, getting your qualification 'ticket' has always traditionally been seen as a means to work and travel around the world. This culinary rite of passage meant that many of the students in my class were there to go through the academic motions. I naturally connected and related to these students, they were from the harsh coal face of the industry and their legitimacy within the professional culinary field was already scarred onto their forearms. These scars were borne out of professional endeavours, namely, their battles with the kitchen stoves; I shared special kinship with these students. As we shared stories of our professional experiences, we built a different kind of learning trust; one built on a genuine respect for each other's shared professional experiences. As such, I never really viewed these young chefs as students, instead I saw them as part of the wider culinary fraternity; similar to me, only slightly younger and just starting their journey into the world of professional cookery.

I had previously worked with a couple of the culinary lecturers in the industry and the other lecturers were my own teachers from when I was a student. This provided me with a strong sense of community, and I never experienced 'imposter syndrome'. From the outset, I felt at ease with the technical skills required of the job, and, as the other lecturers had also worked in haute cuisine, I naturally aligned to the department's master-apprentice pedagogy of teaching. Like the kitchens of haute cuisine, teaching at the Polytechnic was a Francophile world of "Oui chef" commands and an indoctrination into the technical and cultural rules of haute cuisine. As I was straight out of industry, I was initially put on dinner service, which, at the time, I understood to be an acknowledgement of my professional ability. However, I soon realised, this actually played into

the lifestyle of other culinary lecturers who were reluctant to work nights. It didn't worry me at all. Hey, I had been working 80-100 hours per week for the last ten years, what was the hassle in working three weekday nights and finishing at 9pm instead of midnight!

Even though the café scene was well alive in New Zealand in 2002, the School of Hospitality's training restaurant was still framed around traditional haute cuisine service practices. Lunch service was a three course menu consisting of starter, main course and dessert, with dinner being a six course degustation (set tasting) menu consisting of; amuse bouche, soup, warm starter, main course, dessert and petit fours. Where previously I had been cooking for gastronomes, politicians and the cashed-up Wellington corporate sector, I now found myself teaching students to cook for busloads of "blue rinse brigade" grannies, on a day outing from the local rest-home. To be honest, professionally, it was a hard pill to swallow; however, I viewed it as a small price to pay to have a sense of normality in my life again. I supervised the culinary students in the restaurant service shifts for a couple of months, before I was unleashed on the culinary student's theoretical studies.

Culinary Whiteness and the Official Knowledge of Soup

Initially, I did not have access to formal pedagogic education. Instead, I was invited to observe a fellow lecturer's classroom lesson to get a "grasp" and "feel" for teaching. The first lesson I observed was the theory of soup, a subject which I had studied when I was a culinary arts student. A few days later, and with a different class, I was allowed to repeat the soup lesson on my own, with a fellow lecturing observing my performance from the back of the class. The lesson was about the codification of the classical classifications of soup. This lesson entailed the instruction of the classical classifications of soup, their technical rules of their preparation techniques and their classical garnishes and appropriate portion sizes. All this soup theory information would be important, as it would be tested in the theory exam which the students needed to pass to acquire their cookery qualification.

Just as my fellow lecturer had demonstrated previously, I started the lesson by going through each different soup classification, instructing the students as to what constituted its technical production and what was its classical garnish. With western culinary education being founded on Escoffier's classical repertoire, I informed the students that soups are traditionally classified into four general categories, these being: clear, thick, cold, and international soups. For your reference (the reader), I have attached a visualisation from the course for you to see how soups are structured and classified within the classical culinary curriculum. Refer to Figure 16

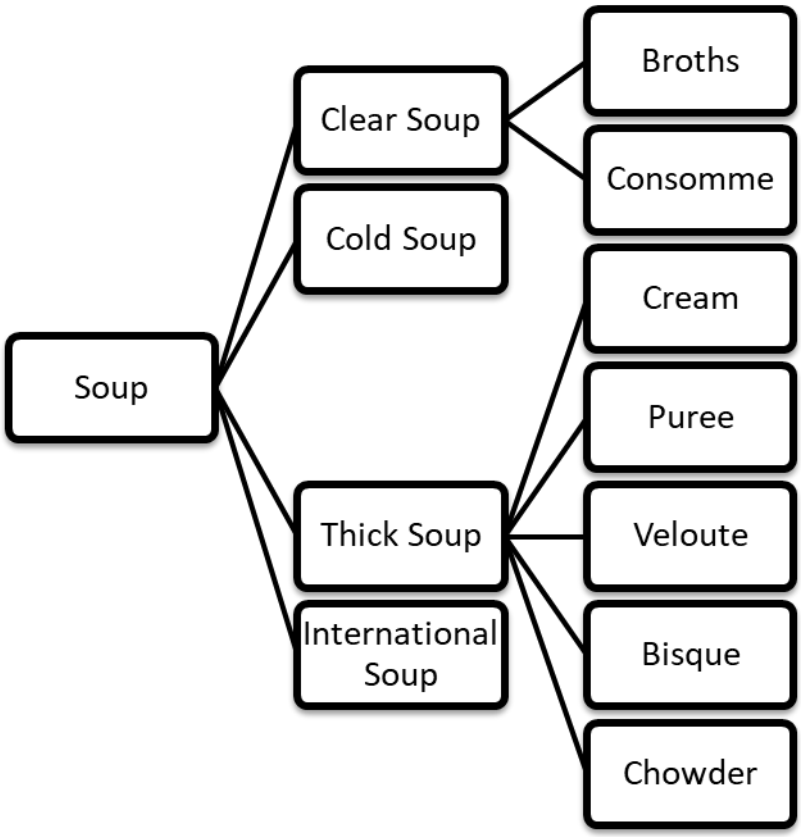


Figure 16: Traditional Classifications of Soup

The first soup classification I introduced the students to was broth, with the example being a scotch broth comprising of an unclear rich stock finished with a brunoise of vegetables and pearl barley. I followed this example with the classification of consommé, using consommé célestine and its garnish of a julienne of savoury crepes as the example. As I noted the different soups to the students, they bowed their heads and willingly noted them in their workbooks. When it came to instructing the students about the various derivatives of thick soup, I had to break down the

various classical rules defining what soups had blond or brown roux bases, and what soups were finished with cream or a liaison (a mixture of egg yolk and cream). I next turned my attention to cold soups, stating the students only had to remember Gazpacho (a tomato and pepper Spanish soup) and Vichyssoise (a leek and potato French soup), as they were only two examples that ever came up in the theory test.

The final soup classification was International soups, which I explained was the classification that all *other* soups fell into, if they were not French-derived or did not fit within the previous classical classifications. I then asked the students to think about examples of International soups and I wrote their responses on the whiteboard.

Me: *Ok, what are some international soups that you can think of?*

Student One: *Miso from Japan and Tom Yum from Thailand chef*

Me: *Awesome, that's right, both great soups and super tasty for sure. What other examples did others come up with?*

Student Two: *My grandmother is Greek and we have Avgolemeno at home sometimes*

Me: *Isn't that the egg droplet and lemon soup?*

Student Two: *Yeah that's the one, my grandmother makes it when the whole family is around.*

Me: *Nice, I'm not sure how to spell it but I'll put it on the board anyway*

Student Three: *Phở chef, it's from Vietnam*

Me: *Correct, it's awesome as well, such a great street food dish as well.*

(It was at that point that one of the mature students sheepishly raised their hand.)

Student Four: *Excuse me chef, but I backpacked thru Vietnam in the 1980's and ate Phở on the streets of Hanoi many times. From memory Phở is a Vietnamese adaption of the classical French dish pot au feu which was introduced into Vietnamese society during the French colonisation. Basically it's a broth with meat, vegetables and noodles, so wouldn't it fit the classification of a broth. Surely it be classified as broth as well?*

Me: *Well yes it could; however, according to the classical curriculum it would be defined as an International soup and when you take your test on soup theory, the assessors will be wanting it to be classified as an International soup.*

(Student Four now sensing that the classical classification of soups had conceptual limitations, now wanted to challenge the status quo)

Student Four: *So, if I write Phở as an example of a broth soup, wouldn't I also be right? Surely it's a broth and an International soup all at the same time. Also what would happen if I also said Phở was a stew? Like Irish stew, which is made with white stock, meat and vegetables? When is a soup not a soup but actually a stew, who makes up these rules?*

Me: *Look, I don't write the tests, I just prepare you for them. You could chance your arm and write Phở as an example of a broth, but a safer bet would be to write Scotch broth. I get your point but the test is looking for Phở as an example of an International soup. Don't even talk to me about soups and stews, because there's rules around that as well. At the end of the day it's all just a point of view, but when it comes to the theory test, the example in the book, is from an examiners perspective, the right answer.*

(By now the other students were becoming confused due to the nature of the conversation and another member of the class sought official clarification)

Enter Student Five: *Ok, can we just be clear about what the answer is, because I want to ace the test next week. Can you just tell me the official answer so I can be right!*

(Sensing that the 'learning" was now getting out of control, the lecturer who had been observing the class from the back row, now raised his voice)

Fellow Lecturer: *If you want to pass the test, then this is the official answer: Scotch broth is an example of a broth and Phở is defined as an international soup, ok are we all clear on that. Adrian, you might want to cover portion sizes next.*

Me: *Thanks, yes portion sizes. So a thin soup is 250 mls per portion because they are light to consume, likewise thick soups are 200 mls per portion because they are more filling.*

Student Four (again hesitantly raising their hand): *just saying I had a bigger bowl than that on the streets of Hanoi… probably half a litre, but I'll write 250 mls if that's the "official" answer chef!*

The class burst into laughter with the student's witty comment, but deep down, everyone knew the student had a point and ultimately the joke was about the codification of soups and the totality of the truth with the test.

The culinary theory sessions consisted of learning the technical rules of classical cookery, yet most of the students I taught preferred their learning to be hands-on in the kitchen. Where theory exams tested a culinary student on their knowledge of the technical and theoretical rules of classical cookery, practical exams tested students on their application of these rules in the professional kitchen. Practical assessment days always ensured a student put their best performance forward; the scruffy students made sure their chef's jacket was ironed, while the less hygienic students ensured they washed their hands more often. With the gaze of assessment hovering over their heads, many students abandoned their typical kitchen practices, choosing instead to 'perform' the dance of assessment.

On assessment day, as a culinary lecturer, your job is to look out for mistakes. From the moment the student walks into the kitchen they are assessed. At first it is the uniform; is it all complete? Secondly the hygiene; has everything been cleaned and sanitised correctly? And so the game goes on, until the food is served and finally the floor is mopped. If they do everything that has been asked of them, they get a little tick in the box next to their name, failure to do so often means a re-sit for the student at a later date.

I remember the first student I had that failed. They didn't finish the velouté soup with the prescribed cut chives; left cut on their bench, in the panic to present the soup and prevent the liaison from

splitting, they forgot to add the chives at the last moment. FAIL…it's as simple as that. In the case of this student, they had to come back at the end of term and repeat the dish again.

That's the pedagogy of a culinary arts lecturer, it's a pretty simple lesson plan really, watch what I do…now repeat it precisely for my judgement. I should know, as it is the lesson plan I wrote for the first three years of my teaching!

The Voice of Kaimāka and Kai: The Whiteness of Formal Culinary Education

Reflecting on my early days in teaching, I now wish to explore the theme of white socio-cultural privilege and its impact on my role as a culinary educator within the institution of haute cuisine. In the first instance, I will look at the social and cultural capital that provided me with the symbolic *white* capital to be offered the position of a culinary arts lecturer. Secondly, I will discuss how the *white* Francophile cultural logic embodied within the institutional frameworks of haute cuisine informs and controls what practice knowledge is disseminated within culinary education. In particular, through the case study of the classical soup classifications, I will examine what forms of food knowledge are included (and therefore privileged) and excluded (and therefore not valued) within the institution of haute cuisine.

Culinary Arts Lecturers and White Symbolic Privilege

As discussed in the previous pūrākau, formal culinary education is a place of indoctrination into the cultural norms, values and practices of the institution of haute cuisine and the social imaginaries of the chef; an institution and social imaginary that are both embedded in *whiteness*. As Deutsch (2014) notes, the formal institutional knowledge of culinary arts is founded upon the work of Escoffier; work which is premised around the Francophile structures and technical practices particular to the institution of haute cuisine. As such, being a formal educator situated within the wider institution of haute cuisine, my role (and associated social position) allows me to indoctrinate students and judge them on their acquisition and performance of haute cuisines *white* institutional culinary knowledge.

Czarniawska (2009) comments that institutional actors (such as teachers), whose occupation is to judge and award legitimacy to others within an institution (such as formal education), are known as institutional gatekeepers. Institutional gatekeepers hold an important role within the field of haute cuisine, as they help to preserve, regulate and maintain, the ongoing institutional arrangements (Bouty, Gomez, & Drucker-Godard, 2013).

Apple (1982) argues that within educational institutions, the teaching of a discipline's unspoken cultural values, beliefs and norms, are communicated through the 'hidden curriculum'. Apple (1982, p. 38) further proposes that educators are part of the institutional reproductive apparatus which allows educational institutions to teach the "norms, values, dispositions and cultures, that contribute to the ideological hegemony of the dominant group", aspects evident within my own teaching practice. However, if my role as a culinary educator permits me to play such a pivotal role with the institution of edcuation, *"what privileges me to be awarded this institutional position in the first instance?"* To answer this critical question, we need to explore the symbolic white capital that is required to practice as a culinary arts lecturer.

Winning culinary competitions, working in haute cuisine restaurants and having gastronomic critics speak favourably of your work, not only creates social and cultural capital that has value within the *white* institution of haute cuisine, it also creates *white* symbolic capital which privileges you when pursing a job in culinary education. From my experience, it was the *white* symbolic capital of haute cuisine that benefitted me when applying for a culinary educator's position in a formal learning institution. As Ahmed (2007, p. 154) would comment, a sense of whiteness which created "an orientation that puts certain things within reach.

In my case, my white symbolic capital was embodied and expressed through my curriculum vitae; my own version of McIntosh's(1988) white 'knapsack'. A career roadmap encoded in symbolic whiteness which meant I did not need to explicitly express my whiteness in practice, as it was implicitly communicated within the manuscript of my professional career. As Lewis comments of the power of *white* symbolic capital,

> *"They (symbolic capital) are part of our social language referring to a whole set of social relationships or narratives the significance of which would be unintelligible to an outsider… they serve as an instrument of communication and knowledge (tells us things about people before we even know them) and as an instrument of domination that sorts and ranks groups.* (Lewis, 2003, p. 171)

Lewis' insights help explain why I was offered the position of a culinary lecturer with little effort on my behalf. My interview was extremely brief, and the focus was on where I had worked and with

whom – a momentary assessment of the white symbolic capital encoded within my curriculum vitae.

Why did I get the job over others? I believe the answer to this question is simple; because I possessed advanced levels of haute cuisines' white social, cultural and symbolic capital which is desirable within culinary tertiary education. As a recognised practitioner within haute cuisine, my possession of white culinary symbolic capital continued to support the culinary school's organisational position as a legitimate knowledge authenticator within the institution of haute cuisine (Woodhouse, 2015). Likewise, as culinary institutions need to be positioned as gatekeepers of legitimate knowledge, hiring educators possessing haute cuisine's white symbolic capital strengthens their position of legitimacy. As Ahmed (2007, p. 157) observes, when recruitment occurs within white institutions, "recruitment functions as a technology for the reproduction of whiteness". Of particular concern, is that "some bodies more than others are recruited, those that can inherit the 'character' of the organization, by returning its image with a reflection that reflects back that image (Ahmed, 2007, p. 158). It is no real surprise then that the *white* institution haute cuisine education recruited and employed a *white* chef like me!

Hage (2000) refers to social and institutional spaces where social, cultural and symbolic whiteness dominates as "fields of whiteness". Based upon Hage's definition, formal culinary education can also be seen as a field of whiteness; a field where the habitus of the lecturer, allows them to regulate and maintain cultural whiteness through the judgment of their student's performance of culinary whiteness. As Lasater-Wille (2018, p. 236) highlights in their research into the adoption of western culinary educational practices in Peru, the challenge of operating within this institutional logic is "that it encourages students to adopt traits associated with whiteness in order to progress".

Within the culinary education *field of whiteness*, my role as an educator allows me to preserve and regulate normative institutional arrangements, thus ensuring that I am provided with a structural location of privilege within the institution's social ordering (Hage, 2000). As a culinary arts lecturer, I have the white culinary privilege to examine and judge others on the credibility of their whiteness, ensuring, as Frankenberg (2009, p. 528) states, "the stability of whiteness – as

location of privilege, as a culturally normative space, and as standpoint – is secured and reproduced." A structural location of privilege which means as a culinary educator I dictate what is institutionally right and wrong, premised upon the institution's normative *white* cultural values and belief systems.

Having acknowledged that formal culinary education is a site where white social, cultural and symbolic capital is privileged and reproduced through recruitment, I now wish to explore how this privilege manifests in the formation of haute cuisines technocratic culinary knowledge. In particular, what forms of knowledge are included and excluded within formal culinary education, and what might be the institutional cultural logic, beliefs and values, which frame these knowledge preferences.

Obedience to the "White Truth"

My first year of teaching presented me with the challenge of having to reconnect and familiarise myself with the Escoffier-centric canon of formal western culinary education. In my professional working career, I had learnt and practiced the cultural rules of haute cuisine; however, haute cuisine and its creative pursuits meant that many of the taut rules defined within Escoffier's technical classifications and structures had now been slightly adapted for the modern diner. These modern adaptions challenged the totality of Escoffier's truth, but not significantly enough to abandon the dominant cultural logics or technocratic structures inherent within the institution of haute cuisine. An example of this is when Escoffier's repertoire stated that a cream of puree soup should be finished with cream (dairy), in practice, a contemporary puree soup such as a Thai butternut, lemongrass and ginger soup, could now be finished with coconut milk or cream. Escoffier's technocratic rules were still in place, they were now just *slightly* more relaxed and modified for the contemporary diner.

As a culinary arts lecturer, teaching students the classical French repertoire is easy as it provides a single culinary truth which can be taught and later tested. Through the technocratic culinary structures established by Escoffier, all food within the haute cuisine kitchen can be structured and codified in a manner that provides it with sense making within the working lives of chefs. These structured and codified culinary "truths" made up the culinary curriculum I taught and were part of

a cookery student's summative assessment schedule. The pedagogical rationale for learning these classical culinary structures and codes was that they provided students with a technical roadmap for the production of food.

For instance, if a chef was to prepare a Creamy Cauliflower ***Velouté*** soup, the classical structures and codes informed the chef that the soup's preparation entailed sweating cauliflower in butter, the addition of flour to create a blond roux, chicken stock as the liquid and the finishing of the soup after an hour of cooking with a liaison. Likewise, if the soup was a Cream of Cauliflower ***Puree*** (classically referred to as Crème du Barry), this would indicate that the soup would be prepared by sweating onions and cauliflower, the addition of chicken stock and potatoes to thicken, before being cooked until tender, pureed and finished with cream only. In this way, the language structures and technocratic codifications of the classical curriculum, indoctrinate students into the cultural logic and rules of food preparation, inherent within the institution of haute cuisine.

In my experience, teaching singular truths provide a sense of certainty for some students as they are not objective. Likewise, as the culinary world is founded on chefs receiving and fulfilling orders from their masters above, operating within a paradigm of certainty (and therefore truth) is valued by many chefs. As noted in my own professional experiences and the research of others within the haute cuisine field (Burrow et al., 2015; Gill & Burrow, 2018; Wellton et al., 2019), failure to deliver on a directive from a chef master can lead to various forms of harm; including both physical and psychological harm. Hence, as a chef knowing exactly (the truth) what to do, is of utmost importance. As such, the master-apprentice pedagogic model I was now operating within, ensured the students I taught were acquiring *the knowledge*[9]*;* not always the explicit classical cookery knowledge, but the hidden curriculum of learning to deliver on the directive and 'truth' of the master. Within the culinary arts master-apprentice relationship, replicating and not questioning the knowledge and work of the master is the cornerstone of the pedagogy (Stierand et al., 2008).

[9] The knowledge, is in reference to Gordon Ramsay's comment in chapter 3 of this work. See Palmer, C., et al. (2010). "Culture, identity, and belonging in the "culinary underbelly"." International Journal of Culture, Tourism and Hospitality Research 4(4): 311-326.

White Culinary Sense-Making Frameworks

Returning to my lesson on soup theory, I now want to discuss haute cuisine's institutional practice knowledge as it is embodied and expressed through the classifications of soup. In particular, I will discuss what cultural and practice *truths* these soup classifications privilege and how these *truths* exclude other food cultures which exist outside of the culture of haute cuisine.

Recently, when discussing my early experiences of teaching soup theory with one of my culinary educator contemporaries, I was informed that the classification of international soups is no longer taught within Aotearoa culinary education. Instead, my fellow lecturer informed me that international soups were now all classified within the technical structures of soup production. To that end, my contemporary informed me that Tom Yum, Miso and Phở, which were previously classified as International soups, were now in fact all classified as being broths. As my contemporary informed me, what at first may have appeared to be a form of culinary "othering", was no longer the case as these International soups were now all classified by their technical and aesthetic properties within the existing classical soup classifications.

My response to him, was that from a French culinary technocratic perspective he was correct. However, the reclassification of International soups only serves to reinforce the point that formal institutional culinary knowledge can only exist within the dominant Francophile cultural frameworks present within haute cuisine. To explain my point, I referred him to the example of Phở.

Phở: Manipulating and Reframing Food's Cultural Nativeness

Like the mature student who had eaten Phở on the streets of Hanoi, I too have sat on a child-sized stool drinking Bia hơi, while slurping on a bowl of piping hot Phở in the Old French Quarter of Hanoi. As I have lifted a bowl of Phở to my mouth, my senses have become overcome with the herbaceous fragrance of the broth and the supporting wafting scents of BBQ street food. Like other large limbed westerners, I have jostled my stool around the Phở vendors table desperately trying to find comfort for my body and a place stretch out my legs. While relaxing in the humble

abode of the street vendor's restaurant, I have watched the ebb's and flow of daily Vietnamese street life; the daring antics of Vietnamese scooter drivers and the persistent sales efforts of the mobile sunglass vendors.

With my bowl of Phở in my hand, I have observed the standing still of a Vietnamese nation as a crackly speaker on a busy street corner bellows out the daily communist party broadcast. A reminder from the government to the people of Vietnam to be grateful for their lives and to acknowledge the efforts of those who fought for their freedom. As I stare into my bowl of Phở, these experiences remind me that what I am holding in my hand is not a bowl of Phở; rather, it is a bowl of culture which represents the Vietnamese people's cultural identity and supporting lifeways. A bowl of Phở which is a powerful symbol of the Vietnamese colonial past, yet at the same time, acts as a gastronomic reminder of what a post-colonial cultural identity means to the people of Vietnam.

The point that I make here, is that when we reclassify Phở as a broth under the cultural constructs of haute cuisine, from a cultural sense making perspective, fundamentally it is still the same as classifying it as an international soup. I make this statement because labelling Phở as a broth still signifies and frames Phở *being* in a way that conforms to the cultural frameworks and underlying technocratic logics embodied within the institution of haute cuisine. Therefore, the reclassification of Phở as a broth within this institutional framework acts as a signifier to those who understand its cultural logic that the dish is less technically refined or culturally elevated than that of a consommé.

By labelling and classifying Phở as a broth, Phở becomes denuded of its cultural importance to the people of Vietnam, instead, its cultural nativeness is replaced with a cultural and technocratic identity that is unique to the institution of haute cuisine. In this way, the labelling of Phở as a broth reframes the dish through knowledge reference points (in this case the classical knowledge "boxes" of haute cuisine) which exist outside of its natural being; an identity reframed through an external culinary gaze.

This conversation about the classical labelling of soups is intended to expose the cultural logic, values, beliefs, and knowledge's which underpin formal culinary education. The labelling of Phở as a broth, manipulates and reframes Phở in a way that Phở makes sense and provides value to the institution logic of haute cuisine. Classifying and labelling Phở in this way, reduces the inherent cultural nativeness evident within Phở to *au sec* (nearly dry)! Its rich tapestry of Vietnamese cultural history and food identity is stripped away and replaced with a foreign label and Euro-centric Francophile classification and identity. To that end, haute cuisine (and therefore culinary arts education) and its traditional practice knowledge and cultural sense-making frameworks are solely premised on how food makes sense within its own cultural logic. Formal culinary education is not interested in *other food* and its relationship with its own cultural guardians and natural world. Instead, due to its self-centred and insular perspective of *other food*, it continues to reframe it always within its own cultural logic.

A case in point is the Pavlova dessert. When I went to cookery school, I learnt that a Pavlova was a derivative of a French meringue (which is correct when viewed from a classical French culinary technocratic position). However, this technocratic classification pays no respect to the people of Aotearoa who hold this dish dear to their cultural identity. Instead, the cultural nativeness of a Pavlova and the role is plays as a cultural anchor within the festive activities of Aotearoa, is not acknowledged formally within culinary education. As such, labelling and defining Pavlova as a French meringue colonises the Pavlova of it cultural identity, instead, reforming its cultural being through a Francophile lens.

Concluding Reflections: From the Colonised to the Coloniser

From the oppression of colonisation to the privileges of the white culinary coloniser, this has been the pūrākau of my whakapapa. Where at first you find your white performances being gazed upon, in the next breath you find yourself shining the gaze of whiteness onto others. It is strange how quickly the tables can turn. As I reflect on my early days of teaching, I have attempted to console myself by acknowledging, that, at the time, I did not intend my actions of *whiteness* to be culturally

insensitive or harmful to others. I truly believed I was helping my students achieve a better culinary life by teaching them how to *perform* culinary whiteness, gastronomic civilisation through enculturation into the cultural logic of the haute cuisine kitchen. Upon reflection, this was a culturally naïve thought, yet it's the same culturally naïvety that the settlers brought to these shores when they thought they were doing Māori a favour by saving them through civilisation. Even though you have the best intentions at heart, as my experiences highlight, you can easily slip into the role of the white coloniser and saviour of the uncivilised soul.

Looking back on my early years in teaching, I have been presented with some stark realities about my teaching practice. The first of these realities, is that my white symbolic capital privileged me in obtaining a social location (appointment) of white privilege as a culinary lecturer within western culinary education. Furthermore, this social location within the institution of haute cuisine is that of an institutional gatekeeper. Secondly, the critical analysis of the classical culinary curriculum has highlighted to me the culturally exclusive nature of legitimate knowledge of formal culinary education. Of particular concern, is the way in which the traditional classifications and technocratic structures inherent within culinary education exclude the cultural nativeness of *other foods* which exist outside of the cultural frameworks of haute cuisine. As an institutional gatekeeper, I continue to be part of a system which promotes and rewards these cultural exclusions. Perhaps even more daunting is the realisation that I am a Southern Māori whose whānau were colonised through whiteness and has now become someone who colonises others through whiteness.

As an institutional gatekeeper, I was creating *fields* (Hage, 2000) and *social locations* (Lewis, 2003) of *whiteness* in my classroom experiences through the teaching of the classical culinary curriculum. Learning spaces which were premised on maintaining and reproducing white culture and logic, as expressed through the formal curriculum of haute cuisine. As Byrne (2006) argues, when whiteness is embodied within ones social and cultural position (such as mine as a culinary educator), your embodiment enacts and privileges a set of white practices and imaginaries. As I reflect on my teaching, I am also reminded of Lewis' (2003, p. 163) comment that, "whiteness is

a social location, as opposed to any shared, collective identity", and as such those who possess whiteness and innocently operate within it, can be oblivious to their own privilege.

As a culinary teacher, I have taught students the classical culinary curriculum; a curriculum structure that formulates the world of food into a technocratic knowledge of French gastronomy. Embedded within my teaching, was a hidden curriculum and this enculturated students into a white culinary world view; a worldview which excluded outsider food cultures. As Bourdieu and Passeron (1990) would suggest, I was part of an educational system only interested in the transmission of elite cultural capital: this elite capital being the white capital of haute cuisine. In so doing, I suppressed culinary students' desires to engage in learning beyond the cultural knowledge of the chef master, something which Deutsch (2014) sadly remarks, is not uncommon within culinary education. Instead, my students were enculturated into the normalness of *taming* and *civilising* the cultural nativeness of *other foods*, through the classifying and labelling of these foods within the logic of French gastronomy. As such, I excluded the student from immersing themselves into a world of cultural diversity and opportunity as embodied and expressed through the medium of food.

Whiteness and Cultures of Fear and Silence

In my authority as an educator I unconsciously created a *culture of silence* (Freire, 1970); a genuine fear from students to not challenge the knowledge of the master, as passing the course and getting their "ticket' to travel and freedom would be at risk. Yet, ironically, I too was trapped in a culture of silence. Deep down, I agreed with the mature student and his challenge of haute cuisine's *white* culinary logic and its codification of Phở as an International soup. However, I chose not to support the student and challenge the cultural logic and rules of the institution. *Why not you may ask*? The answer lies embedded within my life story, the pūrākau of my apprenticeship of obedience to the white master and the white institution. It started in my youth, and I completed it cooking at the stoves of haute cuisine. A lifetime of acquiring personal-, practice-, professional- and institutional- fears, ensured I would not upset the natural order of events; especially when institutional fear was at play.

Personal fears experienced in my early years taught me to ‘harden-up”, manifesting in me hiding in the corner and learning to remain quiet even when things were wrong. As a young chef I acquired practice fear through the daily judgement of my craft from my chef master. As such, I was always double checking my actions and ensured they ‘performed’ in ways which meet the approval of the master. As an emergent chef, I developed professional fear and dark thoughts of “not being good enough” as my culinary practice was critiqued and judged more widely amongst my culinary peers. Finally, I experienced institutional fear through the food critic gatekeepers who controlled, regulated and maintained my obedience to the cultural norms, values and beliefs logic, inherent within the *white* institution of haute cuisine.

Fear work within the *fields of whiteness* of haute cuisines taught me be to be obedient, moreover, it rewarded me in its own peculiar way. Salvation from physical and emotional harm, favourable critiques of your work and even social locations of privilege and power, all made up the reward system for my compliance and obedience within the *white* institution. In this way, whiteness was a double-edged sword; through fear work it made me conform, and through conformance, I was socially rewarded. Simply put, *performing whiteness* put certain privileges within reach and allowed me to be accepted within a culinary world which valued white ways of knowing.

Breaking Free of Whiteness

Born into whiteness, professionally enculturated into whiteness and a white coloniser; is there any saviour for the culturally displaced *white* Southern Māori? In recounting my own pūrākau (and the pūrākau of my tīpuna), I have highlighted the role that *white* social imaginaries and institutions played in the formation of *whiteness* within my life. A whiteness that views white ways of knowing and being as culturally ‘normal’ and therefore ‘benefitting’ to our lives. A whiteness which has also provided me with a location of privilege within my professional and personal life.

The reality is that within Aotearoa, due to the white social imaginaries brought to these shores by the colonial settlers, most of us continue to live and operate within white social imaginaries and

white institutions (Terruhn, 2015). While my pūrākau is specific to my role within the white social imaginary of the chef and the white institution of haute cuisine, white imaginaries and institutions exist in all corners of Aotearoa. As such, whether you are indigenous to this whenua or not, many of us still have to 'perform white' everyday just to get by and survive within our society.

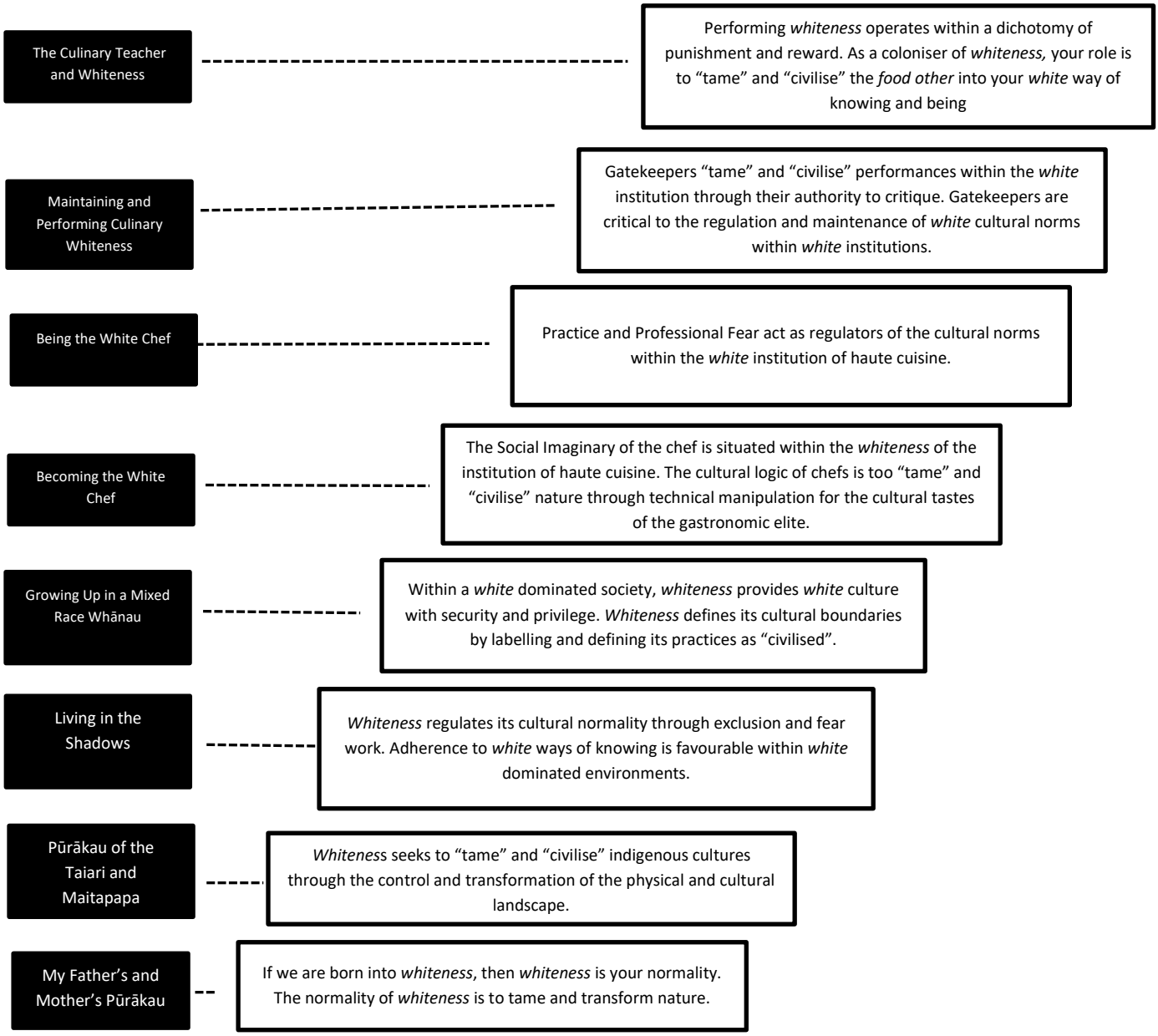
As I have intended to illustrate, for those Kāi Tahu whānui who have been displaced from their indigenous culture, the *whiteness* that we consciously or unconsciously perform within the white institutions and social imaginaries we operate within, continues to colonise both our mind and body. Sadly, these white social imaginaries are so deeply embedded within the fabric of our lives, that whiteness " secures its dominance by seeming not to be anything in particular" (Lipsitz, 1995, p. 369).

With this analysis and reflection on culinary teaching and self-coming to an end, it is important that I now place another wānaka of self onto my poutama. Having stepped back, analysed and reflected on my early teaching within the formal culinary curriculum, this wānaka of self contains the following key learnings and understandings of self and whiteness,

1) Performing Whiteness operates within a dichotomy of punishment and reward.
2) As a culinary coloniser of *whiteness*, I have "tamed" and "civilised" the *food other* through haute cuisines *white* ways of knowing and being.

As I lay down this wānaka of self, you will see that *Whiteness* is everywhere within our lives, and what may at first appear an innocent action, can be a practice of *Whiteness*. Herein lies the power of *Whiteness.*

"Wānaka of Self Key Conceptual Learnings"



For the first four years of my teaching career, I performed the *whiteness* required of my teaching role and was obedient to the rules of the white institution. However, as anyone who has met me in recent times would attest, I no longer fit naturally into the conventional box of the culinary arts teacher. Instead, people have spoken of my approach to teaching as unconventional and boundary pushing, a challenger of the dominant logic; dare I say, even innovative at times[10]. Yet,

[10] In 2008 I received a National Tertiary Excellence Award for Sustained Excellence in Teaching for my teaching within the trades sector of the culinary arts. In 2014 in collaboration with my fellow Bachelor of Culinary Arts teaching peers, I received a second National Tertiary Excellence Award for Sustained Excellence in Teaching. Both of these awards acknowledge innovative pedagogic practice inmy discipline.

what allows a *white* Southern Māori to break free of the white social imaginary and its cultural norms, values and beliefs which dictate 'this is just how we do it'? I believe the answer to this is situated in something which is so powerful and immortal, its true magnificence lies beyond the realms of white social imaginary. A unique cultural compass which speaks directly to one's manawa, your inner heart, mind and wairua, which guides you so that you may act in culturally appropriate and responsive ways. The challenge is that those who are culturally displaced from their Māori identity (like me), we are often not aware of its existence.

Are you interested in how a *white* Māori boy came to remove the haze of whiteness from their worldview? Then come with me, as I share my pūrākau of breaking free of the shackles of whiteness and its control of my relationship with my Kāi Tahu cultural identity.

Ascending Above the Cloud of Whiteness

The Voice of Māramataka: Ascent, Clarity and Nature's Beauty

As we ascend to Māramataka, the cloud of whiteness fades.

Only now can we finally see the full radiance and beauty of Papatūānuku.

The Voice of the Lived Experience: Values and Gut Instinct

During my first couple of years teaching, I attended night classes at Teachers College studying towards a Certificate in Adult Teaching and Learning. I enjoyed the classes as I got to meet other teachers who were also new to vocational education. I was introduced to concepts such as pedagogy (the theory of teaching), andragogy (the teaching of adult learners) and heutagogy (self-determined learning). To be honest, at the time these concepts were just meaningless words to me, and although I completed all of my assignments to the required standard, I struggled to see how any of these theories would impact at the coal face of teaching.

As a culinary teacher, I had now become complacent and content within my teaching. I had mastered the knowledge that students needed to know to pass the tests, and with the curriculum not changing in the last 100 years, there was limited updating of the teaching resources required. I had written lesson plans for every session I taught; however, as it was the same learning strategy repeated every time (student watches me then repeats my actions), the lesson plans were more of a time plan for the kitchen session food production. With the job now boringly repetitive, I ran an artisan bakery selling bread and pastries at the Saturday Farmer's Market to occupy an additional 40 hours of my week.

Chocolate Fudge and Brownie: Wiping Away the Haze of Whiteness

While the hours and working conditions of the job as a culinary lecturer were pleasant, I was becoming frustrated with an education system which I viewed as antiquated. It was while teaching and assessing students on their bread and pastry skills, that I thought it would be a good idea to create a 'farmer's market' at the Polytechnic for the students to sell their food direct to the consumer. I approached my Head of School with a proposal to run a small market day, and she supported the concept as she felt it would be good for the students' learning and it wouldn't impact negatively on the schools operating budget. As I had come to realise, budgets significantly influence what educational activities are able to be pursued within a classroom. Nevertheless, my Head of School agreed that any small profit that was made could be used to fund a small class field trip at the end of the year.

It was during the presentation of the concept of the farmer's market to the class that two of my mature students asked if they could make food items which were not part of the curriculum to sell. These additional items were a white chocolate and pistachio fudge and a salted caramel and chocolate brownie. My immediate response was to say no as we could only cook what was already approved within the curriculum, but at that very moment in time, I had a gut feeling that I should let them do it. Even though it was unconventional at the time to allow culinary students to have a say in what they produced in the kitchen, it just felt like the right thing to do. Without permission from the Head of School, I agreed to the request, resulting in two very excited students!

As the day of the farmer's market approached, there was still a lot to be organised. As with all student cohorts, there are those students who naturally lead the group and others who are content going along with the flow of things. However, things weren't playing out in their usual way, in fact, the classroom vibe was more upbeat than usual and there was a general sense of positivity all round. The natural student leaders were going about their roles of supporting and organising the group, yet the laggards seemed to be more engaged than usual. In the day leading up to the event, there was a still a significant amount of food to be made and assessed. Part of the arrangement with my Head of School, was an assurance that the food produced, would still meet the curriculum requirements. To be honest, it was a right royal pain in the butt to undertake the assessment during the food production because the students were more preoccupied with getting everything ready for the market. As such, our kitchen session ran over by two hours, meaning we finished class that night at at 7 pm instead of the usual 5 pm.

Being a baker and selling fresh bread means you go to bed early and set your alarm to get you up early. On this occasion, the group had agreed to be back in the kitchen at 4 am the next day to start baking the bread for the market. As I stated earlier, many of these students were just there to get their ticket, and what I was asking them to do was technically outside of the programme's requirements. To be honest I wasn't very optimistic as to how many students would arrive back in the kitchens at 4 am the next day. To my surprise, when I arrived at the Polytechnic kitchens the following morning at 3.30 am, there were students already there waiting for me to unlock the building. Having put on my uniform and turned on the kitchen lights and ovens, I watched in

amazement as the steady stream of students flowed into the kitchen doors. Even though these students were not being assessed, they all turned up and worked as a team creating a fantastic farmer's market event.

The farmer's market was a raging success with praise all round for the students and the quality of their offerings. As for the two students who wanted to make their chocolate fudge and brownie recipes, inspired by the reception towards their product offerings that day, they went into business together after their studies. Their business was a success story and after a number of years trading, they sold it to another one of my graduates. Today, I can proudly say that the business those students started is the premier catering company in Dunedin.

Inspired by the student response to the farmer's market project, I started to look at the rest of the curriculum differently. While I was happy to see students producing food that was contemporary (as opposed to the Escoffier curriculum which was still being formally taught), it was my relationship with students which impacted on me the most. While other lecturers still commanded a hierarchical respect, I was now becoming more interested in the positive relationships and reciprocal learning that was happening between myself and the students.

As would be expected within a formal learning environment, the students were still learning the technicalities of cookery, yet, the classroom dynamics had changed and I found myself starting to learn from my students. At a surface level, I was acquiring some new and interesting recipes (for the record, I still have the white chocolate and pistachio fudge recipe) but another type of learning was also occurring. Strange as it may sound, I didn't see my learners as students anymore, instead I viewed them as practitioners of kai with different philosophical approaches. I abandoned the title of chef (which is a common title for a head chef in a kitchen), and insisted students now called me by my first name. In my mind I no longer saw myself as the only source of knowledge, instead, I viewed myself as a teacher whose role it was to help students navigate their knowledge of food.

With this rebirth in pedagogic practice, while looking at the assessment criteria for the practical assessment of soup, it dawned on me that culinary education had entrapped itself into a non-existent belief system. When examining the course outline for the practical production of complex

soups, the criteria for passing was two observations of the student making the soup “as per the establishment’s requirements” and the “verification of legitimacy” through the products acceptance from a relevant stakeholder such as a customer or qualified chef. The assessment criteria were worded in a flexible manner as it was the criteria that was also used by the workplace assessors of apprentice chefs. As such, the criteria needed to be flexible enough to be applied in a range of diverse and varied culinary settings.

It was at that moment that I realised that there were no curriculum requirements stating Escoffier’s formal rules needed to be followed, rather, it appeared Escoffier’s work was a convenient truth that had become part of the institution of culinary education. I then thought to myself, if I am the establishment, then I can state what the assessment criteria is. Furthermore, as a chef educator, I didn’t even need to make the decision whether the food offering was legitimate or not, just as long as the guest found the food offering to be to their satisfaction. Fuelled by these revelations, I once again approached my Head of School with a proposal to radically change how we taught and assessed soup making.

In order to ‘cover my bases’, my Head of School asked me to make sure that on the first practical observation the students produced soups from the classical curriculum. However, on the second observation I had the full mandate to allow the student to make any soup they wanted, as long as the soup met the technical criteria for the production of that soup. Fuelled by the support from my Head of School, I turned the tables on culinary assessment by allowing students to create their own soups. As a creative stimulus, I then asked each student to choose a chef or culinarian[11] and use them as inspiration for their soup.

By allowing students the freedom to express themselves within their food, the classroom atmosphere changed overnight. Where in the past it had been a culture of hierarchy and power, now it was a classroom based on a culture of shared learning and collective knowledge growth. Learning concepts that were not always found in the kitchens I had worked in, yet strangely reminiscent of my own childhood growing up around food.

[11] A culinarian is someone involved in the practice of food preparation.

Inspired by the freedom to express themselves, the students produced soups inspired by the theatrical presentations of Heston Blumenthal and Ferran Adria (both popular modernist chefs at the time), as well as homely soups inspired by Charles Royal (the foraging Māori chef) and Alison Holst. As each student made their soup, I would ask them who their culinarian was and how they had inspired their dish. As the students conveyed to me their culinarian and the soup they had created, I found their replies to be insightful and invigorating, with each of the students revealing a little bit about themselves through their dreams and aspirations in life.

What started out as a hunch to do something different, ended up with me radically questioning the dominant logic of culinary arts education, that dominant logic being; as a chef lecturer I had the power and authority to define what success looked like for the learner. Ten years later I have followed each of these students in their careers and the soups they made within that project have provided me with powerful insights into their lives. The girl who made the soup inspired by Heston Blumenthal has gone on to become a secondary school food technology teacher, a wonderful teacher who brings life and theatre to her classroom each day. The young boy who made the Ferrian Adria soup followed his dream and travelled to Europe working in some of the most respected Michelin starred kitchens. The young Māori boy who made the Charles Royal soup broke free of gang life, and today he still works in a local seafood restaurant. And finally, the middle aged lady who made the soup inspired by Alison Holst, runs the kitchens at one of the local boarding schools feeding young boys healthy and hearty comfort food when living far from their families. Each of these students is now living their own life of food; for filling their own hopes and dreams, yet here I was, arrogantly believing all along that these students wanted to be just like me!

The initial gut feeling to trial an alternative approach to culinary pedagogy has meant that the certificate programme which I first taught on, by 2011 had morphed into Otago Polytechnic's Bachelor of Culinary Arts programme, Aotearoa's first culinary arts degree. A culinary programme premised on working alongside and with students, helping them achieve their own food dreams and aspirations within the diverse world of food. The Bachelor of Culinary Arts (BCA) programme rejects the notion that haute cuisine sits at the top of the food hierarchy (in fact it rejects all food cultural hierarchies) and views all cultural food/kai practices as equal. The BCA programme

understands and accepts that there are different food wants and needs across the world and it is important to understand and respect the cultural practices and needs within each foodscape. As culinary educators teaching on the BCA programme, our philosophy of teaching is to nurture and support the cultural nativeness which already exists within the student, so that they may find their own place within a foodscape and contribute to it in their own meaningful way.

As I bring this pūrākau to an end, I am reminded that it is only natural for Māori to 'way find' in this world through our values. For some of us (especially those lost to whiteness), we walk in this world being unconscious and unknowing in how these values influence and guide our everyday actions. We make decisions and act on our thoughts based upon a natural gut feeling or what just *feels right* and *makes sense* in our hearts and minds. As I now return to the Voice of Kaimāka and Kai, I would like to share with you how responding to gut instinct can act as a cultural compass even when you are lost within the haze of whiteness.

The Voice of Kaimāka and Kai: Cultural Way Finding through Values

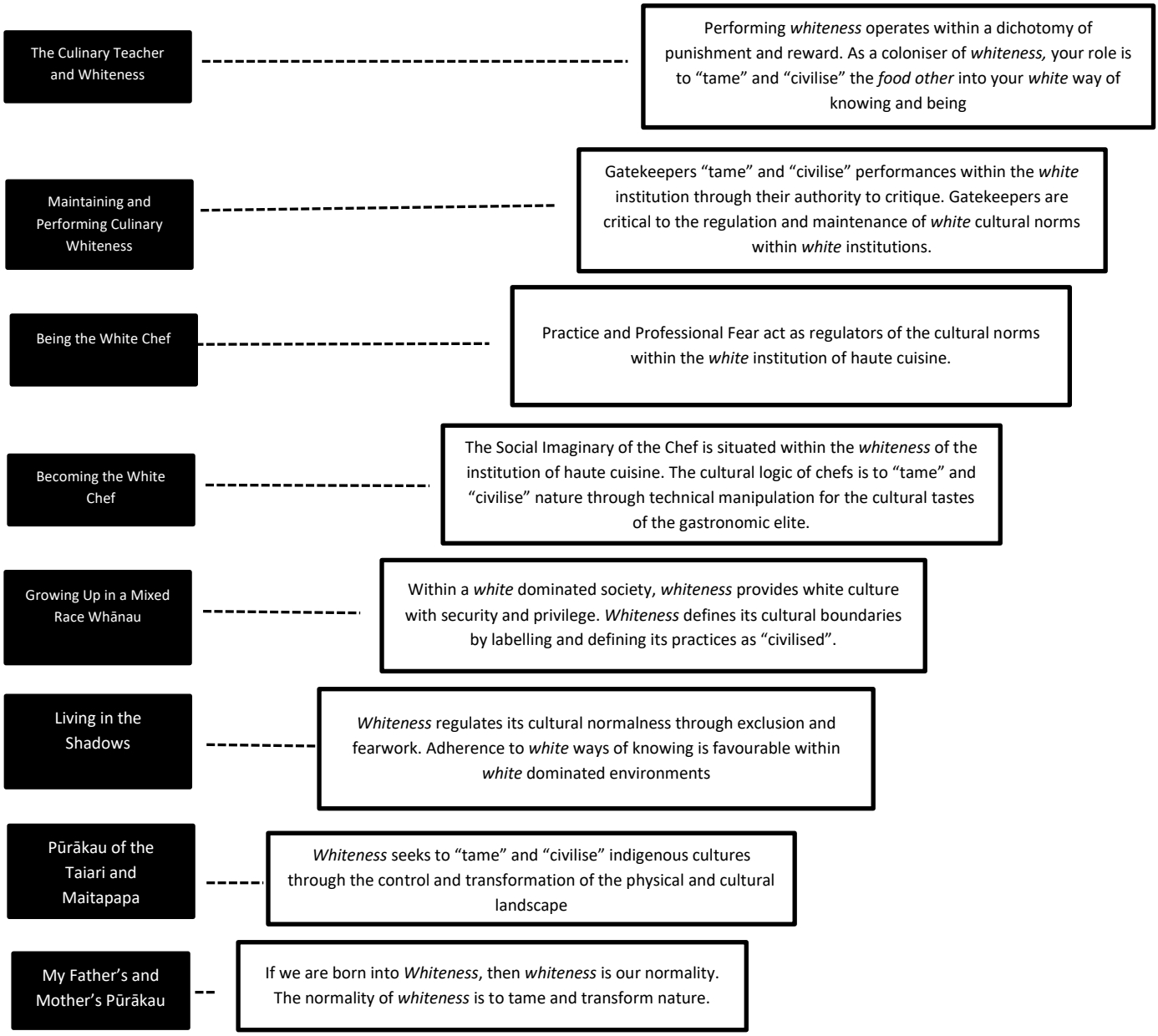
Throughout this journey, I have recalled pūrākau from the past and kaimāka them to provide kai to nourish my cultural self; a form of cultural healing which has started the process of strengthening my wairua, allowing me to once more see the world through a uniquely Kāi Tahu lens. This process of self-healing has been achieved through the cultural restor(y)ing processes inherent within the analytical, reflective, and illuminating pūrākau of this work. As Wirihana (2012) reminds us, when pūrākau is broken down into its four source words pū (source), rā (light), ka (past, present and future) and ū (from within), the kupu embodies the principle of a source of enlightenment which guides Māori into the future. It is this enlightenment from my work that I would now like to share with you; an enlightenment which has been critical to the self-healing process and has reconnected me with a unique Māori worldview.

Pūrākau and Māramataka: To Ascend above the Cloud of Whiteness

Engaging in the cultural restor(y)ing processes of these wānaka of self, has allowed me to ascend through several layers of learning and understanding, finally reaching a point of cultural clarity and self-illumination situated above *the cloud of whiteness*. As I journeyed through each level of learning, I have been able to critically examine the lives of my tīpuna and my practices as a chef exposing the power of whiteness within the lives of my tīpuna and I. Today, I have come to see how whiteness has entrapped and culturally dislocated many Southern Māori (such as myself) from their indigenous culture and identity.

In order to make overt the dominance of whiteness in my life, I have created a visualisation of the Wānaka of Self: Key Conceptual Learnings below. Here you can see the power and characteristics of whiteness (in the white box), and through the retelling of my pūrākau (in the black box) how I have reflected on its impact upon my life. Most importantly, it demonstrates how whiteness has clouded my worldview and culturally dislocated me from my Kāi Tahu self.

"Wānaka of Self: Key Conceptual Learnings"



The unfolding pūrākau within each wānaka of self-show a pattern of reoccurring themes and insights. The first of these themes is that by being born into a world dominated by white ways of knowing, it is likely that your cultural orientation will also be white. Secondly, the white social imaginary of the chef plays host to the institution of haute cuisine; an institution situated within a cultural *field of whiteness* (Hage, 2000). Haute cuisine's cultural *field of whiteness* possesses a value system which believes it is 'normal' to tame (through manipulation) and civilise (through reformation) the cultural nativeness of *others,* for the benefits and needs of the *white* cultural elite. While these *others* are often indigenous people, they also include nature (in the form of the

whenua/ landscape and the kai/food within it) and cultural knowledge (in the form of appropriate kai/food cultural knowledges and practices). The final theme is that the *field of whiteness* operates within cultural boundary markers that are defined by white cultural frameworks and defended and maintained by institutional gatekeepers.

It is only by standing back and considering all my pūrākau as a forest of related and intertwined knowledge, that I can interpret how whiteness has played a significant role in regulating my *white* cultural normality. As such, the restor(y)ing and emancipatory processes within the Wānaka of Self have allowed me to engage in a process which wipes away the haze of whiteness, thus finally allowing me to experience a te ao Māori perspective of the world. To attain this new perspective, we must first abandon the grip of whiteness and return to the world of te ao Māori.

Abandoning the Cultural Logic of Whiteness and the Desire to Tame and Civilise Culinary Students

As I have illustrated throughout this work, haute cuisine and culinary education is located within a field of whiteness and its technical practice is premised upon taming and civilising (through manipulation and transformation) nature, into forms which are suitable for the gastronomic table. As a chef, this has been my craft for most of my professional life. When I entered formal culinary education, I was also part of an institutional system which tamed and civilised the *food other* in a manner that provided sense making within the cultural logic of haute cuisine. In readily adopting this logic, my culinary practice has been premised upon disregarding the cultural nativeness inherent in nature, instead, manipulating and reforming the nativeness of nature in ways that meet the pleasures of the cultural elite. To that end, practicing within a profession whose cultural ideology is to tame and civilise the *food other*, it would not be unexpected that my teaching practice sort to *tame and civilise* the *food other* learner. Once again, allow me to explain my thoughts, through the pūrākau of the students and their desire to make chocolate fudge and brownie.

When the two students asked if they could prepare something that was not from within the official culinary curriculum, my hesitation at first was not about the feasibility of the offering, it was about the control of the learning environment and what might eventuate when control was relinquished.

As a *white* chef, I was still primarily concerned about the *control* of the *cultural nativeness* of these students; a deep sense of control which had the authority and power to *tame* and *cilivise* students into *white* culinary performances that were *culturally normal* to me. As a chef I had always tamed and civilised the food of nature, yet now as a culinary teacher, I was now taming and civilising students at the expense of their cultural nativeness.

Nevertheless, my gut instinct provided me with an intuitive feeling that providing these culinary student's the agency to embrace and express their cultural nativeness, would be the right thing to do. By acting on this gut instinct and intuitive feelings, I transformed my classroom into a food learning space which fostered the inherent nature within the learner through values of respect and care (Mitchell & Woodhouse, 2019). A value system I have struggled to explain to other educators, until I engaged with this Wānaka of Self.

Meaningful relationships have become the positive foundation of my transformed classroom environment. When these (positive) relationships were not in place, I found myself acting in a didactic, souless state of content transmission. To develop positive relationships, I realised I needed to show respect and care towards my students.

In the years that followed the pedagogic experiment of the farmer's market project, my teaching practice attracted attention from my community of practice. I was often invited to give guest lectures to share my thoughts on culinary pedagogy at institutions here in Aotearoa and overseas. Initially, I stated that my approach to culinary pedagogy was based upon enquiry based learning, a learning approach that is student-driven and lead and which is widely accepted as effective pedagogic practice within contemporary western pedagogy (Kahn & O'Rourke, 2005). A few years later, with the advent of the Bachelor of Culinary Arts programme, I reframed my pedagogic practice as design-based, project-based learning (Mitchell & Woodhouse, 2018, 2019; Mitchell et al., 2013); again, a Western pedagogical construct.

By defining my approach to teaching and learning through a Western pedagogic lens, technically my work could be classified as enquiry and project-based learning (in a similar cultural dislocation as the French meringue Pavlova!). More recently though, this (Doctor of Professional Practice) journey of self has allowed me to wipe away the haze of whiteness and the Western logic within

it, allowing me to acknowledge that my pedagogic values of relationship and care are embodied within te ao Māori. Upon deep reflection I now realise I was exposed to these values everyday of my youth; a learning exposure I now know as ako.

The Whānau Dinner Table: Ako, Whānaukataka and Manaakitaka

In my earlier pūrākau titled *Growing Up in a Black and White Whānau*, I recalled the story of cooking the leg of lamb for the Sunday roast. On the *white* face of it, the story appears Euro-centric in nature, it could be any 'Kiwi' family tucking into a typical Sunday roast dinner. However, as I have attempted to illustrate within this work, pūrākau are always complex and require kaimāka to decode and unlock their inner kai and māramataka. By recalling the story of the Sunday roast, I would like to illustrate how ako and its supporting values of whānaukataka and manaakitaka were instilled in me as a child.

In my youth I enjoyed white settler food as part of my everyday food interactions. As you know by now, foods such as roast meat, trifle and chocolate eclairs were favourites of mine. It is only now, that I can see within the cultural practices surrounding these foods (practices I now acknowledge as tikaka), I was introduced to a set of values that were unconsciously premised on te ao Māori. These values were implicitly embodied and practiced by both my Kāi Tahu mother and Northern iwi stepfather; however, until now, I could not recognise them due to the haze of *whiteness* in my life.

Being brought up in a white dominated society, we did not practice karakia at the table; colonisation had stripped our whānau of this cultural practice many generations before. Needless to say, our whānau dinner table was a place where we would sit together, share kai and tell the stories of our lives. Unbeknown to me at the time, the dinner table was the place where ako (the reciprocal process of teaching and learning) was practiced, and as children we learnt how values could guide our actions in life. Metge (1986, p. 3), when discussing the unique nature of ako notes, it is a holistic and everyday approach to teaching and learning which is founded on "education through exposure". This means that, for Māori, ako is not a segmented and isolated learning process; rather, it is an integrated philosophy of teaching and learning within the everyday facets of life (Pere, 1982, 1994).

The stories we shared around the dinner table with each other, were about the everyday events of the week. As we told each other the stories of our life, we engaged through pūrākau in the process of ako, as both parents and children shared the stories of their lives and the learning and lessons within them. With the sharing of each story the emotional bonds of the whānau strengthened and the importance of forming meaningful relationships continued to be reinforced.

In te ao Māori, this type of family relationship building is referred to as whānaukataka, and within the structure of the whānau, whānaukataka is a pedagogical model for ako (Hoskins, 2005). As leading Māori pedagogic scholars L. Pihama, Smith, Taki, and Lee (2004, p. 14) comment, it is important for the early education of Māori to be "couched within the structures of whānaungatanga", as it teaches the child the importance of creating meaningful relationships. As an approach to engaging Māori in meaningful learning, whānaukataka is also a culturally responsive means to value and acknowledge the uniqueness of the Māori child and the indigenous world they come from (Bishop, Berryman, Cavanagh, & Teddy, 2007).

At the whānau dinner table, the learning process inherent within whānaukataka provided me with guidance in how to approach people and value and respect my relationship with them. This was an embodied practice of learning through the experiences of the dinner table, whereas children we were taught to only take what was necessary to fulfil our needs 'because it was important within our family to respect the wants and needs of others'. The innocent act of "passing the vegetable platters" and sharing "the communal gravy jug" was my everyday lesson in manaakitaka, the act of respect and care towards others. As such, embodied within the whānau dinner table were learnings in whānaukataka and manaakitaka, the care of the people and the environment we live in (Mead, 2016). Likewise, it is impossible to genuinely practice whanaukataka and manaakitaka without the commitment of aroha (Pere, 1982); the desire for love and complete wholeness in life. Aroha, as expressed through the nurturing and care towards others, also allowed us to practice the values of whānaukataka and manaakitaka within the whānau unit.

As a child, the whānau dinner table was a wonderful place of ako which allowed me to acquire many embodied lessons in whānaukataka, manaakitaka and aroha. Today, these values are

expressed in the meaningful relationships I form with my students and the care that I have towards each and every one of them. I no longer want to control and tame the learning environment and attempt to cilivise the students within it. Instead, through the values of whānaukataka, manaakitaka and aroha, I nurture the students' inherent nature, thus allowing them to live their own dreams and aspirations.

Concluding Reflections: Titiro whakamuri, hoki whakamua (Look to the past in order to move into the future)

One of the most important māramataka within this journey of self was that I could never see or acknowledge the values of te ao Māori within my teaching practice. Yet, these values were always there, subconsciously being played out, just never acknowledged or celebrated due to the cloud of whiteness hanging over me. It is only now, having ascended above the cloud of whiteness and reconnected with my Māori identity, that I can finally acknowledge that it was my wairua which rakaka whatumanawa (the calling of gut instinct) that day; a stirring that allowed me to finally let go of my control of nature and embrace the my Māori values in my teaching practice.Today, I have come to understand and accept that my gut instinct to act on these values is a Māori intuitive phenomenon known as whatumanawa (Pere, 2014 as cited in Carey 2016). For Māori, whatumanawa allows for the gut of Māori, to communicate through their wairua, knowledge deemed for the heart and mind (Carey, 2016; Pere, 2014). As Carey (2016) reminds us, through our own creation and the connectivity between our gut, pito (umbilical cord) and whenua (placenta), as Māori we are always spiritually attached to the greatest knowledge of all, our earth mother Papatūānuku. Unfortunately, as Māori, when our wairua becomes damaged through attack from others (Best, 1941; Mead, 2016), we may not always be able to sense the call of Papatūānuku. To which I would contest, when our wairua is attacked by whiteness it damages our ability to sense the calls of Papatūanuku and therefore our ability enacts our te ao Māori values; values, which when enacted within my classroom and beyond, allow me to finally feel culturally connected to my Kāi Tahu self.

As I bring this Wānaka of Self to a close I am reminded of the whakaaro of Kāi Tahu scholar Jim Williams (2004a), when he wiely stated; even our tīpuna Aoraki is occasionally masked in a cloud

of whiteness, yet when the cloud has dispersed, we can be assured that Aoraki will still be standing there. This korowai (cloak) of whiteness only temporarily hides what has always been there, whether others can see it or not – it remains. While Williams was talking about his own research journey and finally seeing the relevant information within his data, his words are a metaphorical reminder to Kāi Tahu whānui that whiteness is only a temporary state of being, and, like a cloud, it fails to possess the permanence and grounding of whakapapa. Like all cultural identities, the Kāi Tahu whānui culture is unique to us. A uniqueness I have now embraced and reconnected with as I have finally culturally relocated myself through this this Wānaka of Self.

Kāi Tahutaka me te kai

The Voice of Māramataka: 'E Pākihi Hakinga A Kai'

'E Pākihi Hakinga A Kai

A Traditional Southern Māori Whakaktaukī which translates as,

A featureless plain, at first glance, will appear barren, but when searched by one who knows how to look and what to look for, will reveal its foods.

This is a metaphor suggesting that the bounty of nature is always there,

but only if you know where to look for it

(attribution of this whakataukī is given to Williams, 2004a, p. ii)

The Voice of the Lived Experience: A New Dawn, Working *with* Natures Beauty

15th February 2021: The First Day of Teaching

It has been a couple of weeks since I submitted my doctoral project for examination. I would be lying if I didn't say it is a relief. For the last three years I have been working and studying and the workload has taken its toll. It seems like a lifetime ago that I wrote a proposal for the Doctor of Professional Practice admissions committee. Sitting in a room with five of my peers questioning me on why I wanted to be on the programme and what impact my work would have on my community of practice. Initially, I proposed that my work would be an interrogation into the resilient mind of the chef and why some chefs stay in the industry and others leave. Yet, there were so many ancestral callings along the way, that upon reflection, I shouldn't really be surprised in the final direction of the work.

I can still remember the day half way through my first year of study when I emailed my supervisor Kelli and asked her if Māori ever used metaphors as forms of knowledge construction. The need to send that email in the first instance illustrates just how white my worldview really was! It was a Friday and Kelli couldn't talk on the phone as she was busy. Instead, she replied with an unequivocal yes and sent me a link to the work of Jenny Lee. I remember downloading Jenny's work and placing it in my bag ready for a weekend of writing at Lake Ōhau while my daughter went skiing.

Lee's work instantly captivated me as I resonated with her kaupapa. It was at that moment that I felt that I had finally found a means to communicate knowledge which seemed natural to me. I had experimented with a similar metaphorical writing style in my master's thesis. However, in that study, encoded and metaphorical writing about my lived experiences was framed as 'personal vignettes' that were a personal adjunct to the assessment of the 'real' knowledge.

The second calling was on the trip home from Lake Ōhau, when for reasons unbeknown to me, I decided to take a detour and head to Aoraki for the first time. As I walked up to Aoraki, I spoke to

my wife about how I could embrace the metaphorical power of pūrākau within my writing and how I could see my work fitting together in a more holistic way. Having worked closely with Māori in the research space in the past, my wife was encouraging and supportive of the direction of my work. Aoraki was in all his full radiance that day, so I can't help but think that it was also a calling from Aoraki to walk this cultural path.

The final calling was in early January 2019, when scanning through the landmark images on the annual calendar sent out from Te Rūnaka o Ngāi Tahu, I spotted a picture Oneki (The Neck). I had heard of The Neck when my aunties spoke of Annie Holmes but knew little of its history. The image of The Neck lead me to reading about the first contact relationships between European and Southern Māori at Whenua Hou and Rakiura. A couple of days later I came across the work of Angella Wanhalla and the Taiari and by now my wairua was stirrring as I first started to see how I had become cultural dislocated from my Kāi Tahu identity. These callings became the stimulus to ask deep questions of my cultural self, which eventually became the focus of this work. However, today is the first day of teaching and I need to refocus my attention as I have a new cohort of students arriving on campus.

Like most other first days, there is a slight nervousness all round as I hover in the courtyard waiting for the new students to arrive. Slowly the students trickle in, and as I do so, I greet them with a smile and quick personal introduction before we eventually head over for the pōwhiri with the other 200 or so students. Today's pōwhiri is different to others, with Covid 19 still in our lives, our ability to hongi has been put on hold for now. Personally, I am sad and upset that we cannot hongi, as the chance to share breath is my chance to express and embody whānaukataka, manaakitaka and aroha as an ancient ritual to achieve kotahitaka.

After completing the pōwhiri and sharing kai with each other, we head over to a classroom to complete introductions and to get to know each other a little better. When we arrive at the classroom the students naturally take their seats. As always, those who have formed early acquaintances with each other sit together, while the eager ones always sit at the front and those who are more reserved will sit towards the back of the room (the Siberia of the classroom as Ira Shor once said).

Everyone is nervous (including myself) and it is my task to start the process of making everyone feel at ease. I break the silence in the room with a personal introduction: where I was born and raised and where I have worked; what forms of study I have undertaken, and, why I love to teach. I treat my opening words with caution as I know my first impressions are being judged by the students. With my desire to get to know my students, I then turn the floor over to them. I ask them to introduce themselves, a little about their reasons for enrolling programme and what food they like. In so doing, I stand back and listen, observing the student's inherent nature, whilst starting the process of trying to understand them and how best I can support them in their growth. The room is silent for a couple of seconds before a brave student breaks the ice and finally stands up and introduces themselves to the class.

Student One (Matt): *Gidday I'm Matt from Greymouth and I left school last year. My family is all into mining but that's not really my gig. I really like hunting and I've shot a few pigs and deer over the years. What food do I like? Venison back steaks and I once watched Al Brown cook them on telly and it looked pretty cool. Ahhh, why am I here?*

(at this point Matt starts to rub his tummy)

Oh, that's easy, because I loooove eating food!! Cheers

The class giggles at Matt's response and the nervous tension in the air now starts to fade. As I reflect on Matt's address he reminds me of the kea, the colourful and cheeky one.

Me: *Kia ora Matt, looks like you are breaking with whānau tradition by entering the world of food, although I suspect that you might be called on to be the chief cook in the hunting huts in the future*. *Nice to meet you Matt. Who else who like to introduce themselves?*

Student Two (Rewa): *Kia ora I am Rewa from Tauranga and like Matt I finished school last year. So, I'm on this course because I want to be a food teacher one day. My mum's a teacher at the local Kura Tuatahi so I guess I've just grown up around education. What food do I like…hum, Toroi especially my Aunties version, google it if you haven't heard of it before. Yeah, I guess that's me. Kia ora.*

Me: *Kia ora Rewa, we have had a number of students go onto teacher's college so we might get a few graduates in to talk to you about the BCA and teacher's college down the track. Yeah, I've tried Toroi before as my step father is from up north, he loves it as well! Kia ora, nice to meet you Rewa. Who would like to go next?*

Student Three (Kim): *Hi I'm Kim and I am from Dunedin. I have a couple of kids and after I got made redundant from my job last year with COVID, I thought I would follow my passion and do something I have always wanted to do. I really like Eleanor Orzich from Petit Kitchen because her food is wholesome and nature based, it's the type of food I cook all the time at home for my family. Why did I enrol on the BCA programme? Well, one day I would love to set up a business selling healthy food products at the local farmer's market. As for what kind of food I like? Food which is as close to nature as possible. I'm not really into highly processed food.*

Me: Kia ora Kim, awesome to meet you. The teaching team here on the BCA is well connected to the world of food start-ups so I am sure we can help you with that career aspiration.

The rest of the class continues to introduce themselves and tell me a little about themselves. The telling of stories of self-starts the journey of learning for both myself and my students. A learning journey which acknowledges, that, by providing the students with a whenua nourished in whānaukataka, manaakitaka and aroha, through kotahitaka they will be encouraged to grow and express their own uniqueness.

The Voice of Kaimāka and Kai: Whenua, Ako and Kai

The scene from my first day of teaching in 2021 brings you (the reader) into my future classroom. As a kaiako on the BCA programme, I teach a diverse range of students from all over Aotearoa and abroad, meaning my classroom is naturally populated with a variety of worldviews and cultural perspectives. Having undertaken this Doctor of Professional Practice journey, I would now like to share with you the framework of practice that has emerged from this work and how this now relates to my teaching practice.

In the first instance, I would like to reiterate that the kaupapa for this research has been to act a tool for Kāi Tahu whānui cultural restoration. As such, the changes to my framework of professional practice are deeply founded on embracing and integrating the worldview of Southern Māori into my teaching practice. As such, my new framework of practice is primarily focused on how I see myself as a kai kaiako and how te ao Māori values and practices philosophically informs my current teaching practice. As noted in the Wānaka of Self, until recently, my professional identity and the theories which informed my framework of teaching practice were located within a pedagogic paradigm founded on *white* education theories. Having exposed the limitations of whiteness within my life and practice, I have now chosen to philosophically reframe my professional practice through a distinctly Southern Māori world view.

For Māori, the whenua is a source of identity and is fundamental within Māoritaka (Mead, 2016). Of note is the nurturing and caring symbiotic relationship which exists between Māori and Papatūānuku (Marsden, 2003b, 2003c). As such, how Māori operate within the whenua (Papatūanuku) can be illuminating of their relationship with their cultural identity. As a Southern Māori food practitioner, this means that my practices with kai (which is almost always situated within the whenua) is an embodiment and expression of my relationship with my Kāi Tahu cultural identity.

Inā kei te mohio koe ko wai koe,
I anga mai koe i hea,
kei te mohio koe.
Kei te anga atu ki hea

(Translation)
"If you know who you are and where you are from
then you will know where you are going"

Like other Southern Māori, I still practice mahika kai with my whānau when I fish annually for inaka (whitebait) in the awa (rivers) of Te Waipounamu. As whānau, we do not possess ahi-kā-roa to gather our kai anymore, as these fires went out many generations ago. However, through this doctoral journey my fire of cultural identity has been reignited, and these fires continue to glow within new and alternative foodscapes.

As highlighted within this work, mahika kai is an expression of the Māori world view (Phillips, Jackson, & Hakopa, 2016a) and a defining cultural aspect of Southern Māori identity (A. Anderson, 1998; Carter, 2018; Dacker, 1990; Kaan & Bull, 2014; Russell, 2000; M. J. Stevens, 2006; Williams, 2004a). As Kāi Tahu scholar Khyla Russell (2000) argues, Southern Māori culture and identity has always existed in continuum with the spirituality of the landscape and the practices of mahika kai. So, when Southern Māori were forced to live within the cultural constrains of colonisation, mahika kai was still deeply embedded within Southern Māori cultural lifeways (Russell, 2000). When discussing the importance of mahika kai within Southern Māori cultural identity, Kaan and Bull state:

> *It enables us, as Kāi Tahu, to connect to our whakapapa (those who have gone before us) and to consider the role of culture in our future generations…All of this [mahika kai] provides us with a sense of identity, our connections to place, people and*

resources: to the past and to the future; all articulated through the practices of mahika kai (2014, p. 90)

Kaan and Bull (2013, 2014) note that mahika kai, is an embodiment and expression of Kāi Tahu cultural identity. Their comments highlight that for Southern Māori, mahika kai is not just a food working practice, it is also a form of expressing cultural identity and a philosophy of practice which guides Southern Māori in their interactions with the natural foodscape. As Kaan and Bull (2013, p. 72) discuss of the relationship between mātauraka and mahika kai, mahika kai "assists in the transfer of knowledge and continuation of [Māori] cultural practices". In this way, Kaan and Ball are also referring to mahika kai as the embodied practice of ako, as enacted through the various *food working* sites within Te Waipounamu.

Today, through the onset of colonisation and the white ideology brought to the shores of Aotearoa by the settlers, the whenua and cultural foodscapes have been severely altered. As such, where in traditional times mahika kai allowed for ako to be readily practiced within the 'food workings' of nature, today, I propose that ako can be practiced within alternative, contemporary *food working* sites. One such contemporary *food working* site is the culinary classroom, and for me, this *food working* site allows me to embody and express my Kai Tahutaka through the practice of ako.

As Māori, our world view stems from a belief and value system that includes our physical and spiritual relationship with Papatūanuku (Marsden, 2003a; Royal, 1998). This world view creates "ultimate reality and meaning" for Māori (Marsden, 2003a, p. 3) and contains values which are the instruments for Māori to "make sense of, experience, and interpret their environment" (Harmsworth & Awatere, 2013, p. 275). As kaitiaki of Papatūanuku, our relationship with her is situated within the values of manaakitaka and whānaukataka (Marsden, 2003b, 2003c); values which require aroha to be practiced (Mead, 2016). Therefore, to practice māhika kai in a culturally responsive manner, one must also enact the values of whānaukataka, manaakitaka and aroha.

As a result of this journey of self, I see my classroom as a contemporary site of māhika kai (*food working)* which allows me to embody and express whānaukataka, manaakitaka and aroha through the practice of ako. As such, my framework of practice is a philosophical and metaphorical embodiment of the practice of mahika kai as expressed through ako and contemporary *food*

workings. In adopting this position, I would like to remind you of the mātauraka of Royal (2005), when he states that kai is the ancestral term for knowledge which nourishes. As such, in my framework of practice when I refer to kai, I am not referring to physical self-nourishment, but nourishment of self through the acquisition of knowledge; knowledge which allows me to grow as an individual, to unleash my potential, and to realise the aspirations and moemoeā of my tupuna.

In the past, my *white* pedagogic practice has been to *tame and civilize* students for the cultural needs of others. This white framework of practice is premised on a belief system which sees humans as possessing *control over nature.* In adopting a māhika kai framework of practice, I have rejected this belief system and now view myself as an integral *part of nature,* working alongside and with nature. As with all forms of nature, for its diversity to flourish and grow, it needs specific conditions which are unique to itself. When operating within a pedagogic paradigm that works *with nature*, it is my role as a kaiako to interpret the differing needs of nature so that I can learn to work with its natural lifeways.

As a kai kaiako, I see all my tauira as unique parts of nature. In the past I have viewed them as a barren landscape of cultural identity which needed to be manipulated and controlled to make it 'productive' for society. Today, I have learnt to seek out the natural cultural beauty which exists within each tauira. This framework of practice embraces the worldview and philosophies of my tīpuna, as they too learnt to work with the natural lifeways of nature to provided them with kai within their lives (Williams, 2004a). Not only does this approach allow my tauira uniqueness to grow and flourish in its own particular way, it also provides me with personal growth through the kai which is produced through the process of ako. In this way, I refer to the traditional Kāi Tahu whakataukī in the opening Voice of Māramataka:

'E Pākihi Hakinga A Kai

What at first may appear as featureless plain, at first glance, will appear barren, but when searched by one who knows how to look and what to look for, will reveal its foods.

If I consider this whakataukī in the context of my classroom, it reminds me; while at first a tauira may appear as a barren landscape of knowledge and cultural identity, through mihika kai and its values of whānaukataka, manaakitaka and aroha, a tauira will reveal its abundance. An abundance which will also provide the kaiako with kai. Yet, to adopt such a philosophy of practice, as kaiako we need to learn to work with the inherent nature of the tauira and as Bishop (2010, p. 61) states "care for and acknowledge the mana of the students as culturally located individuals".

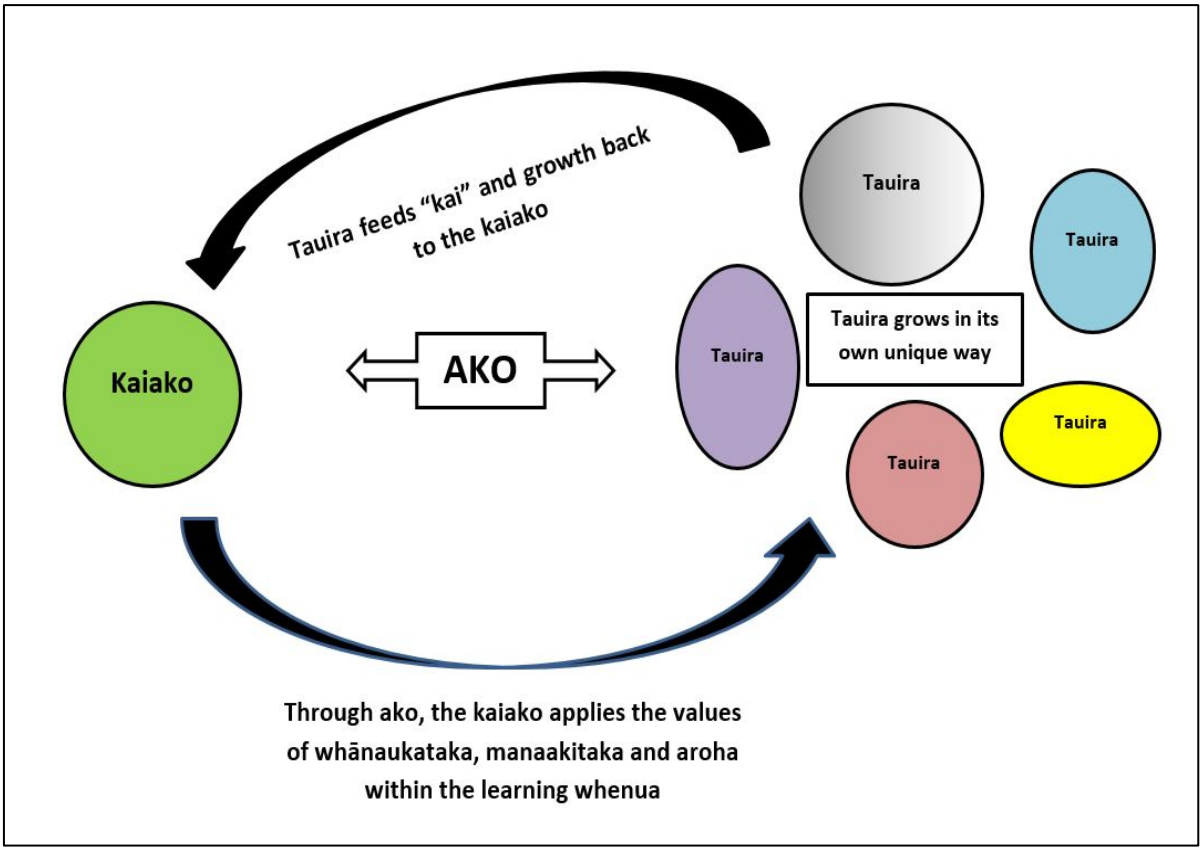


Figure 17: Mahika Kai informed Framework of Practice

In adopting a mahika kai framework of practice, through the practice of ako I bring the values whānaukataka, manaakitaka and aroha to the learning environment with these values being the growth stimulus for the tauira. It is a culturally inclusive learning environment in which both tauira and kaiako mutally benefit and grow. When practicing ako with this Māhika Kai Framework of Practice, there is an inherent need to accept, that like all forms of nature, each and every tauira will grow and flourish in their own unique way.

So today, when I listen and observe my students, I see them as these unique elements of nature. The young boy Matt from Greymouth reminds me of the kea, the colourful and cheeky one who needs space to spread his wings and for his true radiance to shine. When I listen to Rewa, she reminds me of the Tōtara, the tall one who others look up to, as she naturally shelters and nourishes others in her life actions. Finally, Kim, the soothing and calming kawakawa, whose gentle graciousness provides relief and wellness to those who have acquaintances with her. She may not have the striking call of the kea or the mesmerising stance of the Totāra, yet she sits quietly in the corner with her calming presence always there.

In this way, the Totāra and kawakawa cannot grow in an alpine environment and the kea needs space which the kahere (bush) and wao (forest) cannot provide. All nature is unique, and as a kaiako I have learnt through this journey that it is my role to respect and work with the diversity and beauty of nature.

Concluding Reflections

Within these concluding words, I am once again reminded of my journey into the power of whiteness. Through its worldview and cultural constructs, it possesses a desire to tame and civilise nature. Nevertheless, I acknowledge that whiteness is woven into the fabric of our lives and is largely at play within the *land of the long white cloud*. As my story illustrates, whiteness exists within the logic of our agricultural practices, restaurant activities and the education of our young chefs; however, the reality is that white ways of knowing are still seen as ‘normal’ within our society. This work does not seek to abolish these food cultural institutions, rather, it encourages these institutions to learn from Māori epistemologies and ontologies in order to reimagine its practices so that they are more culturally inclusive and sustainable.

In today’s world, through the events of climate change and the onset of COVID, operating as ‘normal’ is no longer an option. White (industrial) agricultural practices have meant that our whenua and awa are hurting in ways that we have not witnessed before. Covid 19 has led to many restaurateurs reconsidering their business models and how they lead and manage their staff. Where in the past, it has been ‘normal’ to operate through the practice of fear, the future needs restaurant leaders and chefs who practice whānaukataka, manaakitaka and aroha within

their working environments. Likewise, a culinary education system whose canon is premised solely on the 100-year-old logic of Escoffier needs to reconsider how best it can prepare young chefs for a changing foodscape. As Escoffier even noted of his own work,

> *If the art of cookery in all its branches we are not undergoing a process of evolution, and if its canons could be once and forever fixed, as are those of certain scientific operations and mathematical procedures, the present work would have no raison d'être.* (2011/1903, p. 1)

As culinary educators, we should no longer look at our students as a barren landscape of knowledge and identity. Our traditional pedagogies have been culturally oppressive towards our students, as we have traditionally viewed them as empty vessels to be filled with our white culinary knowledge. As Freire (1970, p. 57) would state, our pedagogy is culturally oppressive and where a student's "tranquillity rests on how well people fit the world the oppressors have created, and how little they question it". Our world is changing…and so must we. Now is the time to question everything.

Furthermore, within Aotearoa cultural oppression is still a reality for Māori tauira, as culinary arts pedagogy continues to be premised on deficit knowledge theories. By not embracing the cultural capital which naturally exists within our Māori tauira, we will continue to hold them back in reaching their full potential. As Bishop notes of the continued harm of seeing Māori as possessing a deficit of appropriate knowledge.

> *If we think of other people as having deficiencies, then our actions will tend to follow this thinking, and the relations we develop and the interactions we have with these people will tend to be negative and unproductive* (2010, p. 58)

If we continue to embrace *whiteness* within our lives, then none of the changes I have outlined will be possible; 'normal' is no longer 'normal' in a world that now requires radical change. Yet, change can only happen if those who are privileged by whiteness are brave enough to step outside of its comforts. Like the tītī who abandons the comforts of the whenua each year to travel

the oceans seeking out alternative perspectives so that it may grow and return wiser, we too must be prepared to abandon the comforts of whiteness and seek out alternative perspectives for growth. I know this for sure, as it has been the path that I have taken within this journey of self. As I type these final words, I return to my opening words in this work, who am I? Today, I can answer this question. Like the tītī, I too have stretched my wings and undertaken a journey of self-discovery, only to return home and finally see myself as a proud, yet distinct kaitiaki of the whenua.

I will leave The Voice of Māramataka to have the final words on this matter…

Voice of Māramataka: Ko Wai Au

Ko Motupōhue te mauka

Ko Te Ara a Kewa te tai

Ko Tākitimu kā waka

Ko Tahu Pōtiki te whare

Ko Te Rau Aroha te marae

Ko Kāi Tahu te iwi

Ko Adrian Woodhouse tōku ikoa

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