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TE ROOPU WHAKAMANA I TE TIRITI O WAITANGI
IN THE WAITANGI TRIBUNAL

WAI 856

IN THE MATTER OF

The Treaty of Waitangi Act
1975 (as amended)

AND

IN THE MATTER OF

a claim by **PUKA MOEAU** for
and on behalf of **NGA URI O
TE KOOTI RIKIRANGI**

**BRIEF OF EVIDENCE OF MAEVER MOEAU
ON BEHALF OF NGA URI O TE KOOTI RIKIRANGI: WAI 856**

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Whakapapa

1. **MY** full name is Maever Cherie Hei Ariki Moeau. I was born in Turanganui-a-Kiwa (Gisborne) on the 8th of August in 1965. I currently reside in Hamilton.
2. I am the fifth child of Elizabeth Kataraina Katorangi Moeau (nee Algie) and Lewis Ruihi Tawai Moeau. My maternal grandmother who is still living is Hei Ariki Algie (nee Smith), known also as Nanny Tihei, or Nanny Algie. Her mother was Putiputi Kamiria Airini Te Hiri Raukawa Rikirangi Smith but we called her Nanny "Mitts". Nanny Mitts' father was Wetini Rikirangi the only child of Te Kooti Te Turuki Rikirangi, in his original marriage to Irihapeti Puakanga. Therefore, I am proud to say that I am a great great great grandchild of the koroua, Te Kooti, and can clearly state that I am an uri o Te Kooti Rikirangi.

3. **IN** addition to this, my whakapapa closely connects me with the iwi of Turanganui-a-Kiwa whanui, and all of the claimants in the Gisborne inquiry district. I affiliate with Ngati Ruapani, Rongowhakaata, Ngariki Te Aitanga a Mahaki, Ngai Tamanuhiri, Rakaipaaka, Ngati Rongomaiwahine, and Ngati Hine Hika (ki Waikaremoana). These connections denote other significant and historical tribal connections to, and associations, with the koroua, which I have always been aware of, and which have impacted on my experience as both an uri of the koroua and of those tribes

Work History

4. **THE** professional experience I have been fortunate to gain over the past 18 years, has taken me to many areas of the public service, as well as the education sector. For most of those years, I have also worked either in or alongside iwi Maori as an integral part of my mahi, and particularly the whanau, hapu and iwi of Turanganui-a-Kiwa, which has frequently been through different projects with Te Runanga o Turanganui-a-Kiwa.

Role in the WAI 856 claim

5. I have had a key co-coordinating and co-organising role throughout the course of our whanau claim – since its inception - and have found it to be an enlightening, challenging and sometimes frustrating process – particularly with the Tribunal's new and accelerated approach.
6. **THIS** is an outline of some of my own personal experiences and perspectives regarding my tipuna, Te Kooti Rikirangi, and the effects for me as an uri, regarding events and circumstances for which the Crown and successive governments are responsible which, both criminalized and stigmatised my tipuna, and consequently, have also stigmatised me, and my whanau.

7. I need to say that my statement has been closely guided by my koroua's own testimony, which exists in his waiata, particularly E Pa To Reo. For me, his waiata reveals quite telling insights, whilst conveying messages of past, present and future relevance. This waiata has been featured in previous presentations.

Telling Experiences

Ringatu twelfths

8. I can remember being taken by my mother on occasions along with two of my brothers in particular to the Ringatu "Twelfths" from about the age of eight years old. From the time I was first able to talk in ("grown-up") words, I also loved to sing and I had to know all the words. What I thought of as "singing" in the twelfths, were the karakia, himene and waiata of the Haahi Ringatu. Initially, I was only vaguely aware the Haahi had been founded by my tipuna. I always wanted to join in but didn't know the words so sometimes I'd just stand and "sway" dance to the rhythm of the songs. Of course, the length of the songs at times used to outlast the energy of my young legs and body particularly those sessions that went long into the night at which point I would have to sit down to rest, and/or fall asleep.
9. **WE** were not always able to go regularly to the twelfths, and mainly (as I recall) went when some of us kids had been sick, or there had been some kind of family problems or troubles, or when a particular one of my brothers was having his "nightmares" or "unwanted visitors" again in the night. So I was never really able to learn the words and rhythms properly – because I was not fluent in te reo Maori - so I'd "hum the tune" instead or, as I said, I would just go to sleep when it went on for too long and too late.

The “burden” of descent

10. **THIS** was okay until I was about ten years old, which is when I first really became self-aware that I was a direct descendant of Te Kooti Rikirangi, and it then began to dawn on me that I *should* know these things, at least simply because my tipuna composed them. But I didn't and it bothered me. I began to feel self-conscious and at those times especially I began to feel the “burden” (of expectation) of being a descendant of Te Kooti Rikirangi and yet it was a burden not of my making, and it was something I could do little about, because I knew so little about my own tipuna.

11. **THE** fact that I, and the rest of my wider whanau including aunties, uncles, cousins and nannies knew so little about our own ancestor has always bothered me and it was also, at times, something I was acutely self-conscious about.

12. I love going to twelfths, they are generally a source of great personal peace, comfort and rejuvenation for me. Even the smell of kanga kopiro which I associate with the twelfths whilst pungent and somewhat off-putting to my “civilised” nose, I still regard with fond nostalgia.

Stigmatisation

13. **HOWEVER**, what began supposedly harmlessly enough as the conscious thought of a ten year old that “I should know these things”, grew into a source of self-perpetuating embarrassment, self-reproach, guilt and even shame each time I attended a twelfth especially in adult life and had to read (!!)
- the words from a prayer book. Or on the occasions when I could not join in discussions or answer questions about Te Kooti because I knew so little. There have been many of these particularly uncomfortable moments when I have felt stupid, self-conscious and ignorant.

14. **WHILST** I have memorised some of the “simpler” karakia of the Haahi, I have found it to be virtually impossible to learn both the words and the intricacies of timing, rhythm and “tunes” of the himene and waiata, without the aid of the whakaminenga to “sing” it with ... and it was always a “no no” to even consider *taping* the sessions. For one who has done a lot of her growing up actively involved in kapa haka performing which demanded learning new (or at least, “previously unknown”) words, actions and choreography for new items and performances, this mental learning block regarding the Haahi Ringatu karakia, and himene, etc had me both stumped and frustrated. I now know very clearly, that this block was a result of not knowing anything much about my tipuna and the Haahi he founded, and the personal sense of shame I felt about that. The stigma of this is what created this learning barrier - which incidentally only ever occurred in this context - but was still the cause of much personal guilt, embarrassment and heartache. This is part of the burden and inextricably part of the “stigma”.

The high school “kupapa” lesson

15. I can recall an occasion in high school during a third form reo class in 1979 when the word “kupapa” came up in discussions. The main translation or definition given for that word was “traitor”. During the discussion, one of the students said that the British had accused Te Kooti of being a traitor. Another student said that he was also accused of being a kupapa or traitor against *both* sides because he fought with the British against the Hauhau on one hand and then supposedly betrayed them (ie the British) on the other. Then of course as another pointed out he was also supposed to have been a Hauhau himself. This is what was commonly “known” by them (and their parents) about him through the history they had been taught. The discussion was not a lengthy one, but it left a lasting impression.
16. I had never heard of the word “kupapa” before then, and whilst I do not believe the intentions were deliberately derogatory or hurtful on the part of

those other rangatahi, I was shocked to hear the associations being made quite flippantly regarding my tipuna and the notion of him as a (supposed) “traitor”. I immediately felt hurt and angry at the association being made, and only felt a little relief when the teacher (eventually!) pointed out that those were largely the views in history books written by Pakeha authors, and that such accusations were never actually proven to be true.

Lasting effect

17. I have since heard the word *kupapa* used on many occasions by adults (mostly Maori). On every occasion, it was meant and directed in a very deliberate and very derogatory way and I would instantly recall the discussion in the third form when my tipuna had been described (innocently enough?) as one and my blood would boil a bit. Its lasting effect has been that, until relatively recently, I could not hear the word, without getting a bit angry about it.

He mana to te kupu – Power of the word

18. OUR people need to take more care with the words they use especially Maori people and regarding kupu Maori, *e ai ki a ngai tatou, he mana ano to te kupu*. In our people’s present general state of significant ignorance regarding our own reo and tikanga, we have become adept at parroting the ignorant perceptions of others especially the government’s and biased Pakeha historians’ as if they were our own perceptions, and using our own reo to express them, *he kuare rawa tera!* In Pakeha terms they say, “Sticks and stones may break my bones but names will never hurt me” – in Maori terms, it can be the complete opposite. The spoken word can do immeasurable harm. At the very least, it can damage – even kill – a person’s spirit. My tipuna opposed the colonisation of our minds and this is also a crucial part of the stigma.

19. **AT** that time in the third form, it also grated me to hear him being labelled as a Hauhau themselves labelled by history as being extremist, savage, murderous and fanatical in their beliefs and practices. This has been of particular annoyance because, if little else, I have always known that Te Kooti was *never* a Hauhau. My mother always told me this, as her mother did, and her mother before her (ie Nanny “Mitts”, Te Kooti’s grandchild).

A lesson in “history”

20. **THAT** day in the third form I learnt very clearly how the so-called official “history” of this country, especially about my tipuna, relied so much on a lot of people’s (usually Pakeha’s) written and published opinions, “labels” and personal interpretations of events (and have even been based on personal agendas and vendettas), without really knowing (or wanting to know?) the full story or especially *his* story. This was in the end, quite a formative experience, from which (with other experiences) I formed a generally low opinion of historians, especially Pakeha ones and regarded them with a large dose of mistrust and suspicion. I also began to notice more how some of those key early historical works were often also written by ex-government or British military officers, and/or were otherwise supported or sponsored by government therefore having a strong, immediate and inevitable bias. Many of those works are still key reference sources for books being published now.

Young Adulthood: “Leo Fowler became my hero”

21. **IF** ever anybody came close to being a hero in my estimation for a long time, it was the author Leo Fowler. Why? Simply because he wrote “*Te Mana o Turanga*” which featured the history and korero about the our carved whare at Whakato marae – Te Mana o Turanga – and also, a whakapapa chart showing ancestry and connections of Te Kooti Rikirangi, all the way down to my Nanny “Mitts”(!!). He also wrote the play, “*The Taiaha and The Testament*”. I treasured that whakapapa chart as a taonga.

Finally – positive affirmation

22. **IN** my mind as a young adult who loved words, language, books and reading (although not about NZ history) when I first encountered my parents' copies of these books, they became my first example of a Pakeha author who *finally* acknowledged something positive about being Maori, and about our whakapapa to the koroua. It was like a whisper of positive affirmation to me, to my whanau, and to my tipuna (albeit indirectly) and because that's how the world is about the "great printed word" it created in me the hope that perhaps one day people will come to know the whole story, and not just a distorted and patronising version of it. As I saw it, he gave my tipuna and therefore me and my whanau back some legitimacy and credibility, which our tipuna had never before had (in historical or rather, 'hysterical' print media literature). He made something supposedly "infamous" and shameful into something more positive and I actually felt grateful for that. In a way, my immediate family members and I have always been very "precious" about our individual copies of this book, "*Te Mana o Turanga*", because of the taonga (ie the whakapapa, as well as the korero about the whare itself) it carries.
23. **THEN** in more recent years further beacons of hope and literary integrity have been achieved in the meticulously sound, balanced and credible (academically and historically) works of Judith Binney. Literally a god send.

Starved for literary objectivity

24. **IT** is important to cite these points of reference because I think it is fair to say that until the fruits of the labours of these rare and emphatic literary Trojans came into being and into the public arena, my (immediate and extended) whanau and I had been virtually starved for some mere crumb or morsel of literary objectivity to sustain us, and to cast some glimmer of light on the foreboding and dark ignorance of this country's so called recorded history (or rather, "their story") particularly regarding the koroua. They have begun to

provide some more reliable “landmarks” by which we may return to and retrace the events of history.

25. **IT** could perhaps also be said that I had been waiting almost in limbo for someone with some real common sense, dedicated research ethic and integrity, and mixed with the right amount of nouse influence and access to resources to get it into print to drag the blinkered views of our society out of the dark ages and into the world of light!
26. **HAVING** sung the praises of those so-described “literary Trojans” however, theirs still only tells just one part of the “our story-history” regarding our tipuna, as the rest remains to be expressed by us, ourselves.

Shameful legacy of history

27. **BEFORE** Binney ma, however, myself, and my whanau have grown up in Gisborne with the painful and shameful legacy of Pakeha-written history, which has generally painted our tipuna to be a savage and drunken murderer and womaniser of lowly birth, most infamous in Poverty Bay for supposedly being responsible for the so called massacre at Matawhero and he was despised for it. Perhaps they never successfully captured and executed him in the end, but for a very long time – even after his demise - they successfully *character-assassinated* him, and the impact of that is still evident for myself and my whanau today.

Tribal history of suspicion, jealousy and betrayal

28. I have grown up in Poverty Bay / Gisborne in a dichotomy of *tribal* history of suspicion, jealousy and betrayal on one hand which primarily blame Te Kooti for the punitive repercussions visited upon iwi, hapu and whanau (ie the “*non-loyal*” natives) by the colonial and settler militia and government forces; and

on the other hand, those who (more recently) have acclaimed him as a prophet and unrivalled leader.

29. **ALMOST** secretly (whilst growing up) and thanks primarily to the humble but steadfast resolve, the unconditional love and the quiet, solid will of my mother, coupled with the unstinting bilingual, bicultural and biliterate integrity, “from-the-hip” honesty and professionalism of my father, my direct whanau and I have *always* been hugely proud of our tipuna of the obvious qualities of the man, and his unrivalled achievements against unimaginable and even unspeakable odds. But we have not been outwardly very public about this. We are undeniably the products of his heritage and in many ways we continue to carry on as much as we can in our own way, his work and his vision – at times, it seems, against similar obstacles. But up until now, and for reasons largely beyond our control, our voice and our standing as his uri have been withheld or deliberately kept low key for fear, at times, of direct reprisal against whanau members.
30. I have directly observed and felt the harmful effects of the legacy of tribal suspicion, jealousy and betrayal within and amongst members of our own extended whanau, as well as within the wider context of hapu and iwi and inter-iwi dynamics and it’s heart wrenching. It’s heart wrenching particularly because it is so divisive and self-defeating. I have experienced how government policies, actions, bureaucracies and their minions have fashioned, fuelled and then “feasted” upon whanau, hapu and iwi divisiveness for their own ends – this ensures that the stigmatisation is self-perpetuating. A direct impact of this is that it has stifled the full realisation of our potential as individuals, and as an immediate whanau. And I know that this is also a further impact for our wider whanau of *Nga Uri* because in many ways I know that I’m a supposedly “lucky” one.

Guilty by association

31. **IN** my experience, nobody wants to be associated in any way with, much less related, to Te Kooti the so-called *drunken murderer*. One particularly famous Maori leader damningly described him as “the last and greatest *representative of the worst side of the Maori character, its subtlety, cunning and treachery also cruelty and love of bloodshed and its immorality*”. Statements such as this especially coming from prominent Maori leaders would have made some individuals of government, the literary field, and the Poverty Bay community feel very happy and self-affirmed. Whilst appreciating the other achievements of this particular figure, I personally find the statement insulting and based in ignorance, and regard them as directly contributing to the ongoing stigmatisation of our whanau as Te Kooti’s descendants, alongside those others who have portrayed him in such derogatory terms.
32. **ON** the other side of the coin however, countless others love to lay claim sometimes exclusively (ie to the direct exclusion of my own whanau) to “Te Kooti the prophet leader”, as their own, and (it would seem at times) theirs alone. For example, many people Maori and Pakeha alike seriously believe that he was from Tuhoe, and have argued with members of our whanau about that “fact”.
33. **THEREFORE**, my whanau as his direct descendants have lost out on both counts. We are frequently rendered virtually invisible at times by supposedly well meaning intent until it suits someone else’s purpose to “parade” some of us. We have repeatedly been disregarded, disenfranchised and invalidated.

Disassociation

34. **MY** great great grandfather’s, my great-grandmother’s and even my grandmother’s generations were actively and deliberately discouraged from any public admission of association with or relationship to Te Kooti

Rikirangi, often for very fear of their safety and wellbeing. They were instead taught to revere things Pakeha, to the deliberate neglect of things Maori as was common for their respective generations. We have heard about the incident concerning my great-grandmother and her brother, where they were threatened in town, and after that, she was sent out of Poverty Bay to live and go to school. Consequently, our reo and tikanga were lost to my mother's generation, they were inadvertently "traded-off" in the struggle to survive in the now Pakeha-dominated society. It is only in my own generation that some of us have actively endeavoured to reclaim those aspects of our indigenous heritage which the "legacy of Pakeha history" has consciously, deliberately and actively denied us.

Te Reo

35. **WHEN** I began formally learning te reo Maori at school, my grandmother who I knew could speak Maori fluently (but never did to us kids only to some of the other nannies) never seemed to actively encourage it. She would generally not respond in Maori when I used to try using the bits of reo I'd learnt with her. She would only speak English to me. This would both frustrate and disappoint me. In my immaturity and impatience, it seemed to me that she was indicating that being more "Pakeha" was better than being Maori. Such was the impact of the "white is right" stigma. I know now, that there's been a whole lot more to it than that.
36. **NOWADAYS** my former perceptions have matured a bit, and, in her advancing 89th year, when I converse with my grandmother in Maori, she is thankfully more likely to respond in Maori - when she can hear me, of course. The reo, was another one of those things, which Te Kooti actively endeavoured to preserve and maintain through the establishment of the haahi. And the reo of course is one of those things successive governments and their policies have (previously) actively sought to eradicate, whilst endeavouring to assimilate my ancestors and turn them into brown-skinned Pakeha.

37. **IT'S** a matter of considerable concern and mamae to me that I, and most (if not all) other Maori who have endeavoured or are endeavouring to learn Te Reo Maori, the indigenous language of our tipuna, have had to pay thousands of dollars in order to regain our own language - something which is naturally ours as birthright, as well as being the indigenous language of this country. We are made to pay in many different ways for what has been deliberately and consciously taken from our parents' & grandparents' generations especially, and therefore which has been denied to us – our language, our culture, our identity, our self-esteem, our legitimacy. For us as Nga Uri o Te Kooti Rikirangi, it was even more targeted, because we were denied our tipuna and made to inherit instead the stigmatisation with which he had been so deliberately and repeatedly defamed.
38. **IT'S** sadly ironic that we have virtually had to buy back what remnants of our language and culture that we could, by paying to attend courses at universities, etc.
39. **FURTHERMORE**, for myself – as well as others in our whanau (largely of my generation) - this has largely only been achieved by depending on Maori and/or tribal assistance grants to help pay for the costs of being educated (at high school as well as university). In itself, this has been another source of embarrassment and stigma – for example when having to take a note to the high school (or university department) office, to get special dispensation to obtain stationery and/or books until the grant was available, I would generally try to go when the office was not likely to be very busy, or have many other people around, in order to avoid embarrassment.

Externalised & Internalised Stigmatisation

40. **JUST** as victims of abuse are coerced into keeping secret the names of their abusers, and will often even blame themselves for the abuse they've received

– and we have examples of those who have experienced this amongst our own whanau; our whanau - particularly in the earlier generations - were indirectly coerced by distorted versions of history transmitted and reinforced by a biased media sector and education system, to blame our tipuna, to blame our Maoriness, and therefore, to blame ourselves for the ills, the suffering, the loss and the deprivation that we and other whanau, hapu and iwi in Poverty Bay in particular have experienced over the generations, as well as (and especially) for the wrongs supposedly done to Pakeha in Poverty Bay by our tipuna, Te Kooti Rikirangi. This is where the stigmatisation has become internalised because of the ultimate [Pakeha-dominated] instruments of power - such as the media and education. As early as my great-great-grandfather's (ie Wetini's) generation, we began to "own it" as our own supposedly inherent flaw. The considerable influence and impact of this powerful and all pervasive phenomena still exists today and is ongoing. To me this is by far the worst impact. We are fringe-dwellers in our own whenua – locally, regionally, and nationally.

Maori won't get you anywhere

41. AN example of community stigmatisation I have experienced occurred at the end of 1983 when I was preparing to go to university the next year. One of the teachers asked me what I was going to do at university. When I replied that I was intending to do a BA degree, double-majoring in Maori and English, he straight away commented "What do you want to do Maori [pronounced "Marry"] for? That's not going to get you anywhere". How ignorant and arrogant was that?! My reply was simply "Just wait and see". This is just one example of countless others which could be cited which highlights the negligible regard which exists in the education sector about things Maori – and how it is reinforced by those purporting to educate. Incidentally, his reaction gave me a fairly good idea what other reaction I might have received if the teacher concerned knew I was also a descendant of Te Kooti Rikirangi.

Double-life

42. **ONE** might assume that being fair-skinned would have made things easier for me. In some ways it did – at least superficially – but in other ways, it didn't. **SOMETIMES** whilst growing up I felt like I lived a double-life. In my wider whanau, I stuck out uncomfortably and I used to despise my blue eyes and fair skin and wished I could have brown eyes and brown skin like most of my Manutuke village cousins (we were the “townies”). I disliked being so fair because I looked too much like those whom I regarded as the ones responsible for the persecution and misrepresentation of my tipuna. At school however, it was easy to recognise the advantage in having “nice” blue eyes and fair skin – I could blend in easily (sort of) until a teacher had to read out my name. I could just enjoy school most of the time. But even then, I would sometimes feel guilty for enjoying school and doing well at school and I felt as if I'd betrayed my own Maori heritage. This again, is part of the dilemma, and the stigma.

Being invisible

43. **THERE** have been countless times throughout my life when I have observed and/or experienced firsthand, or otherwise come to know of, situations where people of, often even indirect connection to the koroua have been afforded respect and acclaim in matters where they have been consulted or otherwise acted as spokespeople or advisors supposedly on behalf of our whanau and/or regarding our tipuna. Sadly, this has often been done without any reference to my kuia or our whanau. Sometimes this was done with no contact or consultation whatsoever with any member (senior or otherwise) of our whanau. At other times, it was with merely “token” consultation. More often than not, it was undertaken as an afterthought when the primary and key decisions had already been made and arrangements for specific events and developments were already put into motion. Regrettably, this is continuing to

this day. It is distressing to us that this still happens when knowledge of the koroua and the fact that he had descendants (us) is more widely known than it ever was.

44. **THIS** is what I refer to as the occasionally frenzied scramble of “Who’s Who” in the increasingly popular and almost trendy “Te Kooti circuit” of more recent times. In some circles it would seem, being linked with Te Kooti no matter how indirectly or superficially is quite a fashionable thing.

Whanau overlooked

45. A recent example was an event, which included a “*kawe mate*” ceremony for returning the *wairua* of my tipuna home, since he had never been allowed to – even in death. On this occasion, I witnessed my grandmother – as Te Kooti’s eldest and most senior living descendant – and whanau of other descendants being overlooked – other than at a very token level even though they were supposedly the “*whanau pani*” or the “*kiri mate*”.

Window dressings

46. I watched with both pity and annoyance as some of our whanau unbeknownst to them were being “arranged” at the last minute in seats on the *mahau* of the wharenuī, almost as if “on exhibition” or like “window-dressings” during the opening stages of this “event”. And then they were simply ignored throughout the major parts of the proceedings. To me this occasion did little to genuinely acknowledge or commemorate my *tipuna*, in whose name so much was supposedly being done and commemorated.
47. **THIS** kind of thing has happened repeatedly throughout my life, whereby my grandmother and our whanau have been overlooked and other groups and individuals have been consulted and/or involved (supposedly on our behalf), but never with our express permission. I have had to endure many other

individuals and even iwi lay their claims to him, as if my whanau never existed or were invisible. Certainly, in their view, we were not even a consideration.

48. **IN** fact, the tendency for this to happen is also the exact circumstance, which gave rise to our whanau registering the current Tribunal claim, because another group had presumed to act on our whanau's behalf and supposedly in our whanau's interests. Yet when asked directly were not willing to share any of the apparently "considerable" research information to our whanau, which had supposedly been collated over many years regarding our tipuna. My whanau and I are dismayed that this still happens. It saddens me that even some of our own people cannot seem to understand what they are doing to us. It highlights in another way the extent and impact of the stigmatisation we have been made to endure. However, that is in the past and we will no longer accept it continuing to happen.

49. **THERE** have been many occasions – and especially so since we've been preparing this claim – that I've thought about my tipuna, and about the impact of the Crown's actions against him, and I have asked myself the following questions.

What did my tipuna, Te Kooti lose?

50. **HE** lost:

- (a) **FREEDOM** – When he was wrongfully imprisoned – twice;
- (b) **WELLBEING** – When his health suffered during his exile in extremely poor conditions at Wharekauri, and in the kinds of conditions in which he had to live – just to survive – whilst being hunted;

- (c) RIGHTS AS A CITIZEN & IDENTITY – When he was denied a fair trial or outcome – twice - regarding trumped up charges; when he had to suppress his own identity in order to survive; when he was never allowed to return to the home and whanau he loved in Turanganui-a-Kiwa; when he could not even be buried safely at home – for fear of his grave being desecrated;
- (d) TURANGAWAEWAE – Again, when he was never allowed to return to Turanganui-a-Kiwa;
- (e) WHANAUNGATANGA – When he was unable to live among his own whanau in Turanganui-a-Kiwa, to nurture, develop, maintain and contribute directly to those relationships and ties of kinship; more was also lost (I believe) when Wetini was sent up the East Coast and – to some extent – turned against his father;
- (f) WHENUA & PERSONAL PROPERTY – When his lands, assets and other property were immediately taken - or mysteriously just “disappeared” - as soon as he was deported to Wharekauri;
- (g) BUSINESSES & BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES – When his businesses and trading interests mysteriously “disappeared” as soon as he was deported to Wharekauri;
- (h) PERSONAL STANDING & LEADERSHIP ROLE – When individual Pakeha and Maori were allowed to publicly discredit, malign and abuse him verbally, and in print – over the past century and a half;
- (i) POTENTIAL – For himself and for his future generations when he was not allowed to communicate and transfer his own knowledge, skill and expertise directly onto his direct descendants, as a natural course of events.

What did we – his uri – lose?

51. **THE** experience of Nga Uri o Te Kooti Rikirangi is particularly unique in that we have lost:
- (a) **OUR TIPUNA** – We have never known where he is buried;
 - (b) **WHAKAPAPA** – Accounts of his other whanau members – eg his sister, and brother – have also been lost to our whanau and the possibility of any other (legitimate) descendants);
 - (c) **WHANAUNGATANGA** – His immediate whanau (of the time) were separated from him, and some were even deliberately turned against him – thereby severing the relationship ties;
 - (d) **REO** – Te reo Maori (fluency and use) became suppressed, and was then lost to a whole generation of his uri;
 - (e) **TIKANGA** – Knowledge, understanding and practice of tikanga Maori traditions, rituals, customary practices – even values - was also suppressed and became virtually lost in most contexts for following generations;
 - (f) **WHENUA** – Whanau were dispossessed of lands;
 - (g) **TAONGA** – We have very few of his taonga or possessions, and many are held by other (non-whanau) individuals and institutions;
 - (h) **MATAURANGA** – The largest body of information and knowledge re his expertise remains with the Hahi Ringatu and those associated with it; other sources (reliable or not) remain in the literary field or have

been institutionalised; to my knowledge, nothing is held by the whanau which directly came from him (re writings, books, diaries, etc);

- (i) RANGATIRATANGA – Areas of whanau control and authority have been severely fragmented and individualised;
- (j) MANA – All whanau members have experienced a lack of confidence and self-esteem – in different contexts – as a result of the stigmatisation process;
- (k) INHERITANCE – Of property, possessions, and more importantly, of knowledge, information, experience, and expertise.

Why & how is the Crown/Government responsible?

52. THE Crown and/or Government are responsible in the following ways:

- (a) Two wrongful arrests and incarceration periods of Te Kooti;
- (b) Failure to control Poverty Bay hysteria and vigilantism at the time of Te Kooti's second arrest;
- (c) Deliberate and widespread manipulation of inter-tribal hostilities to pursue Government/settler agendas in the pursuit and stigmatising of Te Kooti Rikirangi;
- (d) Providing ongoing and substantial financial, capital and human resources for hunting Te Kooti like a wild animal – eg paid militia, rewards for his “head”, military campaigns and expeditions (eg Onepoto) and; sponsoring publications, etc;

- (e) Failure to honour and uphold all four articles of the Treaty of Waitangi;
- (f) Failure to protect Te Kooti's basic human rights;
- (g) Failure to honour the pardon granted to Te Kooti and allow him to return home to Turanganui-a-Kiwa;
- (h) Misuse and abuse of legislative role and power to the direct and deliberate detriment of Te Kooti Rikirangi and his uri, and iwi Maori generally;
- (i) Criminalising and stigmatising the person and memory of Te Kooti Rikirangi as a rebel and murderer;
- (j) Failure to re-educate New Zealand society as a whole as to the truth regarding Te Kooti Rikirangi and NZ history generally;
- (k) Failure to properly identify and equitably resource appropriate remedies and solutions to past and present grievances;
- (l) Destruction of te reo Maori, tikanga Maori, kaupapa Maori and ritenga Maori through successive socio-economic and educational policies;

Closure

53. **ULTIMATELY** the numerous impacts and stigma of the Government's raupatu and criminalising of our tipuna; and its capacity for manipulation and deceit have visited themselves upon *Nga Uri o Te Kooti Rikirangi* in many ways - *Whenua Raupatu, Taonga Raupatu, Tipuna Raupatu, Whakapapa Raupatu* (and the list goes on) for the seven generations since the time of the koroua, and we put the question: *Awhea Mutu Ai?* When will it end?
54. **THE** beginning of the end rests with a just conclusion to this claim. The potential for a new beginning first blossomed when we came together as a whanau and unanimously decided it was no longer acceptable to live with the impacts of these many forms of raupatu and stigmatisation, and to take the claim to the Tribunal by, for and on behalf of our tipuna, and ourselves. *Mauri ora ki a tatou!*
55. **OUR** tipuna has already foretold closure.

Kei te haere tonu mai nga ture

The laws are still coming

56. **THAT** is all I have to say.

Maever Moeau