Forever Fresh Talanoa Series

Episode Ekolu/Three: Blood Memory (Moana Futures)

by AJ Fata, Anne-Marie Te Whiu, Drew Broderick, Josh Tengan

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Our third offering in this talanoa series is entitled Blood Memory (Moana Futures) *as we explore and unravel in circular time - seeking that ancestral knowledge elixir for the historical future. Drew Kahuʻāina Broderick, Josh Tengan and AJ Fata share time, words, voices and dreams across the Moananuiākea that joins us from Hawai'i to Aotearoa - we are on a journey to the pastfuture in the in between. Not sure what to expect? Same. This one is deep, but come and sink in with us...*

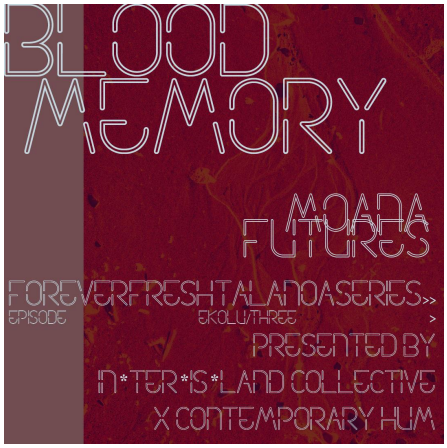
Click here to watch the third episode of the Talanoa series, and continue reading below for Anne-Marie Te Whiu's response to the video.



Forever Fresh Talanoa Series, Episode Ekolu/ Three with AJ Fata, Josh Tengan and Drew Kahu‘āina Broderick, 2021. Image courtesy Jessica Palalagi/In*ter*is*land Collective.



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Josh Tengan and Drew Kahu‘āina Broderick.



AJ Fata.



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Time 4
A
Triptych

Te Moana-nui-a-Kiwa poets Karlo Mila, Kahi Brooks and Richard Hamasaki swam into a blank page and wove a waka[01] of words which they sailed out beyond the reef and edge of books. They paddled past libraries and universities and folded pages and listened to the wairua of the night. They drew stars and held each wave close, curling up to the lip of memory and imagination. They closed their eyes and breathed in every new poem. They used reels to haul up fresh words hooked at the end of a line. Once their kete was full, whales sang their way back to the shore.

When they returned, they lit a small fire which burned and crackled in the sand. Driftwood once still, then gently collapsing in sometimes-blue flames, pulled them in closer. They sat and shared kaimoana and laughed about the times they had written from their belly and got to the heart of the matter. They saw the blacks and browns of their eyes and the white moon in the centre. Their cheeks shone with salt. Their kōrero slowly turned quiet in the more-dark. They dreamed, they remembered, they shared. They lost track of time. Or did time lose track of them?

Daylight split the horizon and with the rising sun came an ancient wind which leaned in to hongi each of them. The wise wind had travelled many stories and seas, and blown across many tides to finally meet them. They remembered themselves, their ancestors and the children who were yet to be born.

Breathing in the breeze of another time brought them home.

I want to get my dreams back

Anything can mean anything to me

Dreams are very much the act of listening

1. I am gliding. It is dark and light at the same time. It is from a time before and it is a time to come. At once it is the evening then, the sky is blush pink and my body fly-runs above a corridor of majestic eucalypt trees. When my feet touch the earth, I am weightless. I prefer the sensation of flying, so I decide to take flight again. People see me flying and don't bat an eyelid. I am neither here nor there yet I feel more myself than I ever have.

2. There are 12 whare in a circle with one main larger structure in the middle. They are all made of the most beautiful wood. The location is the Hokianga. Friends, travellers, musicians and visitors stay in the 12 buildings. The centre structure has a bar and kitchen downstairs with a ladder set of stairs you climb up to get to an area where performances happen. The place is packed. Music is playing. The floorboards are throbbing with love and energy.

3. I am handwashing clothes in a freezing cold awa. My hands can barely do the mahi because of how cold the water is. I breathe out and see the exhale of air in front of me. I am at the bottom of a very steep hill. I look up and see a shack with a dim light on. Inside I see a man who I do not recognise. I am scared but determined. He does not know the whenua like I do.

In her brilliant book *False Divides* (2018), Lana Lopesi suggests that "*the internet is making it possible for the peoples of Te Moana-nui-a-Kiwa, our great ocean continent, to get to know each other again.*"[02]

Whilst taking in the conversation between AJ Fata & Drew Broderick & Josh Tengan, I could really sense the catch22-ness of them thriving on connecting via their screens as well as feeling their pang to be with each other kanohi ki te kanohi – eye to eye – energy to energy – face to face. So far, this is the first video of the Talanoa series which includes three people gathering; previously the conversations have been between two people. The dynamic of having three people is really exciting in this context – it opens something up, like birds at dawn, each wing knowing which current to follow.

yeah100

wind went through me

never weave over zoom

let go of defining ourselves in resistance

do my ancestors see me ??? ??? ???

Footnotes

01. If you'd like to understand an interpretation of the te Reo words used in this piece I encourage you to go to resources such as www.maoridictionary.co.nz/

02. See E-Tangata Reflections: False Divides – how do we get to know each other again? and False Divides by Lana Lopesi

Biographies



AJ Fata: She is way finding through vā in the dimension of now, balancing energies of ancestral narratives for future voices. she finds herself, planting her bones in plantations of taro, resting in the shade of kawakawa leaves, listening to the call of the tui bird.

With waters that flow from the WAIKATO river into OCEANIA - ajFATA also known as aije has held space within her voice for story to be told in Aotearoa and London / / exploring through forms of poetry/film/sound - she finds focus on work that holds honest meaning for more than just us.

she is not one, but many
she is a kete
collector of kupu cultivator of kai.
- //\\ >< //\\ -



Anne-Marie Te Whiu (Te Rarawa) is a poet, editor, cultural producer and weaver based on unceded Gadigal lands in Australia. She has edited works such as *Solid Air: Australian and New Zealand Spoken Word*, *Whisper Songs* by Tony Birch and *More Than These Bones* by Bebe Backhouse. She is dedicated to platforming the creative output of Indigenous peoples around the world and is especially interested in the rigour of the artistic collective. She was previously the Co-Director of the Queensland Poetry Festival and was a recipient of The Next Chapter Fellowship through The Wheeler Centre. Her writing has been widely published in journals, books, sites and magazines such as *Another Australia*, *Sport*, *Te Whe ki Tukorehe* Volume 1, *Cordite*, *Rabbit*, *Australian Poetry*, *Tupuranga*, *Debris*, *SBS*, *Running Dog*, *Ora Nui*, *In*ter*is*land Collective* and *Contemporary HUM*. She is an Associate Editor of *Contemporary HUM*.



Drew Broderick is an artist, curator, and educator from Mōkapu, Kailua, Koʻolaupoko, Oʻahu. His work is guided by the actions of many Kānaka women and is the result of a specific form of social organization commonplace across the Hawaiian archipelago—deep-rooted matriarchy. Currently, he serves as director of Koa Gallery at Kapiʻolani Community College, as an associate curator for the upcoming Hawaiʻi Triennial 2022, Pacific Century - E hoʻomau no Moananuiākea, and as a contributor to the film collective kekahi wahi.



Josh Tengan is an independent curator and writer from Pauoa, Oʻahu, Hawaiʻi. He is a generational islander of Kānaka ʻŌiwi, Ryukyuan, and Madeiran descent. He was the Assistant Curator of the second Honolulu Biennial 2019, To Make Wrong / Right / Now, with curator Nina Tonga. Since 2015, he has worked with Hawaiʻi-artists, through the arts non-profit Puʻuhonua Society, to deliver Hawaiʻi's largest annual thematic contemporary art exhibition, CONTACT, which offers a critical and comprehensive survey of local contemporary visual culture. He is currently working on a book project, with Drew Kahuʻāina Broderick, to memorialize that effort.

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