

RONGOĀ REMEDIES

CONTENT

- 8 FOREWORD**
K. EMMA NG
- 11 RONGOĀ MĀORI:
TRADITIONAL MAŌRI MEDICINE**
ARIHIA LATHAM
- 14 FROM RA'iatea TO RANGIĀtea, WITH LOVE**
LIS ELLISON-LOSCHMANN
- 18 RIDING PULSES**
CASSANDRA BARNETT
- 25 HEALERS: ACTION, DANCE!
LYRICS & PARTICIPANTS**
- 28 LOUISE RUTLEDGE**
- 30 SASHA HUBER**
- 32 MICA HUBERTUS MICK**
- 34 JORDANA BRAGG**
- 36 CHRISTOPHER ULUTUPU**
- 38 ARIHIA LATHAM**
- 40 ROSIE EVANS**
- 42 ELISABETH POINTON**
- 44 TESSA HALL**
- 46 MICHELLE SCULLION**
- 48 PETRI SAARIKKO**
- 50 TASHA DANGERFIELD SMITH**
- 52 SCOTT MORRISON**
- 56 CONTRIBUTORS**
- 60 POSTSCRIPT**
PETRI SAARIKKO
- 61 THANK YOU**
- 62 COLOPHON**



FOREWORD

K. EMMA NG, CURATOR/MANAGER, ENJOY PUBLIC ART GALLERY

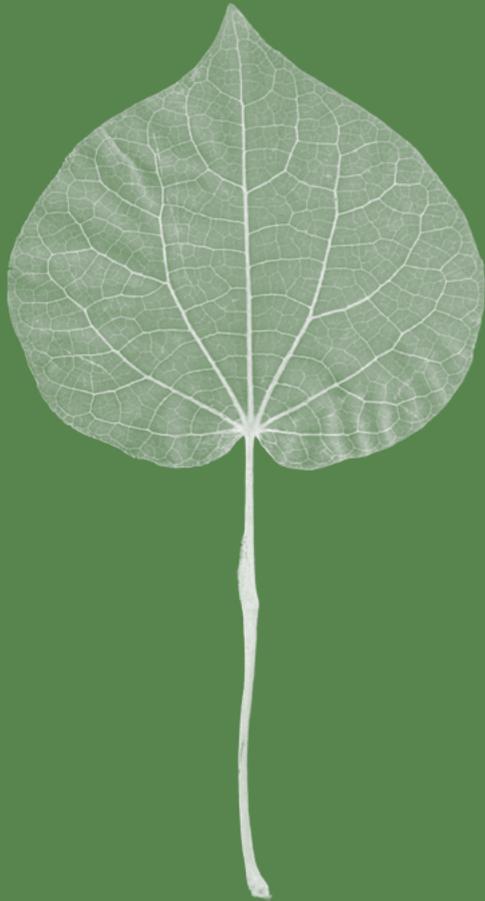
For the past six months we have been fortunate to have Sasha Huber, Petri Saariko, and their son Basil join our community here in Wellington. They are the second artists to take up the recently established Te Whare Hēra Wellington International Artist Residency, and have been living and working in the residency apartment at the prow of Clyde Quay.

At their best, artist residencies are sites for learning and exchange. Sasha and Petri have engaged with local artists and art spaces at every turn, feeding into and enriching our community with an incredible openness and generosity during their time here. While in New Zealand they've made new work, produced three exhibitions (including one featuring a number of local artists), presented a plethora of talks and lectures, become involved with local art schools and galleries, and have been interviewed for radio and magazines.

Not long after their arrival they hosted a public brunch and workshop. We sat in the February

sunshine down on the quay, eating, conversing, and being introduced to Remedies – their publication and video project exploring traditional remedies from a community in Fittja, Sweden. This initial event set the tone for the rest of Sasha and Petri's time here – time centered around the free exchange of knowledge, and the recognition of these acts as mutual gifts that establish and nurture relationships.

Rongoā Remedies is an extension of Remedies, and product of their time in Wellington as well as their sincere interest in our local context. For Rongoā Remedies Sasha and Petri invited Wellington artists to take part, collecting their remedies and developing these into collective dance and action performances. The result is this publication, accompanied by a video work. We're thrilled to be publishing Rongoā Remedies together, cementing the connection between Sasha & Petri, and Enjoy, and celebrating the time and knowledge we've shared together this year.



RONGOĀ MĀORI : TRADITIONAL MĀORI MEDICINE

ARIHIA LATHAM

Whenever I sat with a Tohunga, a practitioner of traditional Māori medicine, I would rarely get the answers to the questions I had come with. Mostly I was told many stories, pūrakau that filled my mind with imagery. I was never allowed to take notes. Remembering was part of what I was getting ready for. If the story stayed then it was there as a taonga, a gift to pass on. Mostly I was told to go and sit with the trees and to notice.

The practice of medicine by Māori acknowledges all aspects of a person. The diagnosis and treatment of an illness is based not only on the physical, but on the mental, spiritual and physical equally. It is acknowledged that the origin of the illness may be due to many factors such as environment, action, thought, or injury. Mason Durie (1994) describes the principles of Māori healing as holistic, incorporating the mind, body and spirit in which the concepts of tapu (sacred/restricted) and noa (unrestricted) provide guidelines in modes of healing practices.¹ These concepts are deeply bound in all practices and guide access to people, places or plants with careful protocol in the case of tapu, or allow everyday protocol and access in respect to all things noa.

Disease can be defined separately as mate atua, disease without physical cause, or mate tangata, an illness due to physical causes such as accident or injury. These definitions inform the type of treatment required. Karakia (blessing), mirimiri (massage) and wairākau (plant medicine) are used to treat the person accordingly. Karakia is used to ensure the patient is

¹ Mason Durie, *Whaiora: Maori Health Development* (Auckland: Oxford University Press, 1994)

protected and supported. Karakia is said at the harvesting of herbs, when administering them and at the end of a treatment to acknowledge the different elements and different states of each part of the process. It is also used to lift the tapu of a place or person by a tohunga.

The oral communication of rongoā means storytelling and whakapapa (lineage) are inseparable from the remedies. Many of the plants have stories that tell of their actions on the human body, or that are linked to their leaf shape, time of flowering or the origin of their species. Because of the oral records, many stories were held only in particular areas and with particular people, and so sometimes these stories were lost. What was recorded in books was transcribed by European settlers, and many things have also been lost in translation of these texts. The creation story is one that differs slightly but tells the beginning of the whakapapa of existence from a Māori world view:

‘I te kore, ki te pō, ki te ao mārama’.

Out of the nothingness, into the night, into the world of light.

In the beginning the atua (gods/protective elements) Papatūānuku (Earth mother) and Ranginui (the sky father) were in a tight embrace. They had many children and there was a decision made by the offspring, though not unanimously, to separate their parents to allow light and life to expand. Tānemahuta was the child to finally push his parents apart, and was also the one to clothe his mother with plants, trees, birds and insects. This origin of the plants made them superior to humans who later came to being. As a result the plants have the ability to heal the illness of humans, and are therefore revered.

A story of the plant kawakawa (*Macropiper excelsum*) tells that

it was sent from Io Mātua Kore (the infinite nothing/greater awareness that surrounded the bound beings) to Papatūānuku to heal her broken heart after separating from her lover. The heart-shaped leaves of kawakawa remind us of this story, and the chemistry and medicinal actions of the plant do, indeed, seem to aid the heart, as kawakawa is a warming circulatory stimulant. It warms the heart by increasing and strengthening the heart's ability to pump blood throughout the body. It is also an effective analgesic, relieving pain and inflammation. A true remedy of the broken hearted.

Whauwhaupaku (*Pseudopanax arboreus*) is another plant with an ethereal story. It was said to be the offspring of two stars: Rehua and Puanga. These stars sent this plant to the youngest atua sibling Rūaumoko, the controller of earthquakes and the changing of the seasons. Rūaumoko pushed the star-leaved plant into the light and the small clusters of flowers on Whauwhaupaku marked the beginning of summer. Interestingly this plant was used to clear infections of the eyes and loss of eyesight. The eyes are often referred to and related to stars in mythology around the Puanga (Rigel) and Matariki (Pleides) constellations.

When using any plant as medicine it is assessed for its health, and a karakia is said upon harvesting. Foliage or bark is only ever collected from the north-eastern side of the plant, where sunlight is able to restore the plant quickly. Only small samples from each plant are taken, and any plant material left over is then returned to the earth.

This connectedness to where we are and what is happening in our bodies and our environment is something that allows us all to take note, to slow down. As a healing practice it asks us to be present with the habitat, stories and the lineage of the treatment and, as a result, have a deeper understanding of our health.

FROM RA'IA TEA TO RANGIĀ TEA, WITH LOVE

LIS ELLISON-LOSCHMANN

This is a story about healing in my family, which will be different to your family and to every other family, but there may still be some things that you recognise or can, at least in part, relate to. As much as anything, this story is a representation of a way of communicating, a manner in which information gets passed from generation to generation. Like any form of family knowledge that springs from both the reality and fiction camps of life, some parts of the story are wrought from hard facts and others were invented on the spot, to plug the gap that needed filling at the time.

This story of healing comes from a bottle of vanilla essence.

When I was a child, my mother told me the best vanilla beans came from Ra'iatea, the island where she was born. I believed her — what choice did I have? I could see the large, shiny vanilla pods peeking through the dark brownish liquid that surrounded it. Sometimes it was almost impossible to discern anything in there other than the liquid. Other times, when the liquid level was low, you could see the pods, standing up proudly, about 20 of them stuffed into the confines of a hip flask-sized, ancient looking (even then) French brandy bottle.

The vanilla arrived as part of my grandparents' luggage allowance, wrapped in tin foil and heavily secluded, presumably to get through customs, under many tifaifai (hand sewn quilts) and pareu (similar to a sarong) brought to Aotearoa for the family. The vanilla was unwrapped, smelt, discussed — quality, where brought, when and for how much — smelt some more, and then transferred, pod by pod, into the brandy bottle.



These new arrivals weren't much to look at initially, all skinny, dry and wizened up, but within weeks they appeared as plump and happy as the companions they had joined in the dark bath. That liquid was sweet medium sherry and my mother would re-fill the bottle only when there was one-third or less remaining, so that the maximum flavour, which became the 'essence', was retained each time. After a top-up, mum would not use the essence again until it had had a chance, usually about 2 months, to take on the flavour of the pods — and so the happy cycle of vanilla essence renewal was (re)set in perpetual motion.

Every recipe book and well known chef in the world now tells us to split the pod and scrape out the tiny black seeds within in order to extract the most flavour from these wonderful beans. That is all very well and good except, back when mum was refilling the hip flask, you would have very quickly ended up with no more pods. There was not an endless supply: you could not buy them at the supermarket, let alone the non-existent specialty food store. You had to wait until your grandparents smuggled them into the country on their 5 yearly visits. The way around this was to preserve pods whole in the sherry that, over the months and then years, took on the exquisite flavour of the vanilla without the pods giving up any of their precious seed cargo.

A whole bean could be floated out carefully on a low tide of essence, then, having done its job, be rinsed under warm water, dried in a clean tea towel and returned back to its glass bottle home until the next time it was needed. Without fail that need arose at Christmas, when two whole pods flavoured the home-made custard for the trifle; at Easter (same as for Christmas);

once a month on a Saturday, 3 teaspoons of vanilla essence for the post-rugby and netball games madeira cake, eaten hot with butter straight out of the oven; and for the odd in-between times, one pod baked in a dish of po'e as a dessert treat given to us with cream when we were children and then, as adults, served with coconut milk to accompany raw fish.

In this way, I learnt the value of preserving limited supplies of something precious. Perhaps this value is reflective of why, often, we feel the need to try very hard to extend life. Much later, while visiting a vanilla plantation in Taha'a with my husband and daughter, I discovered another level to the worth of vanilla. As commodity, what makes vanilla one of the most sought-after spices in the world is the intensive labour involved in hand pollinating the flowers, and the many months of curing and drying processes following harvesting — all before the beans can be used.

It is said that vanilla is a remedy for fever or stomach troubles. It may also be an aphrodisiac and a stimulant. Mum gave me that bottle of vanilla essence about 15 years ago and I have never used it for anything other than to hold memories and flavour the rice pudding. Some of the vanilla pods are new, given the much wider availability of them now, and they replaced ones, which after many years of being rinsed and put back into the bottle, just disintegrated. Others of them are over 60 years old, preserved in successive refills of cyclical sweet sherry turned essence. I don't know which beans are which, and I don't mind not knowing. The bottle sits in my kitchen cupboard, gets topped up every now and then, and keeps the family story going.

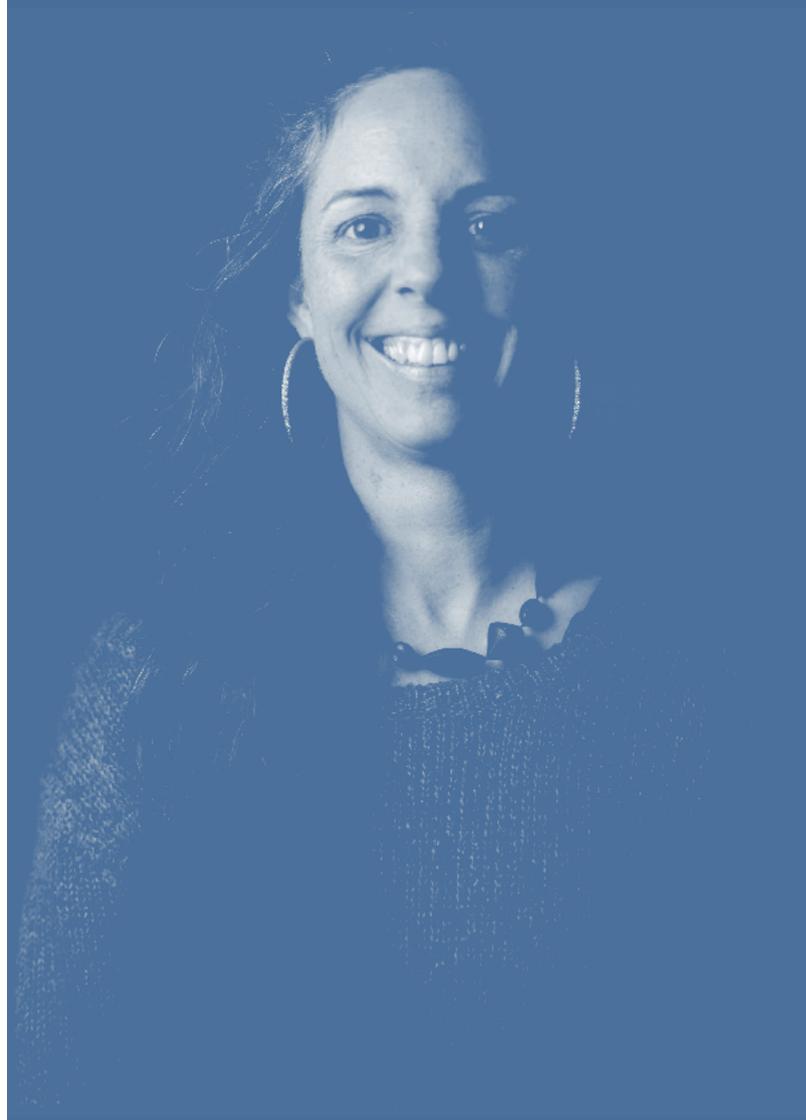
RIDING PULSES

CASSANDRA BARNETT

N'dop: A healing ceremony of the Wolof people, Yoff, Senegal, January 2011

Late afternoon, warm, blue-skied, sunny – but we are packed into a tight courtyard surrounded by high-walled buildings, and the sun cannot reach the corners. Since the action is in the centre, we look on from the dark edges, jammed against the walls. Or maybe I remember it like this because in hindsight I am just a spectator seeking theatre — spotlight on the action — even though that was the last thing on my mind.

Three just-landed toubabs, that's us.¹ Conspicuously white, whatever our roots, and all the more so for having embraced the full-colour mode of dress. At first led in somewhat proudly by a 'friend' to join the packed throng, we are immediately left alone: language-less, custom-less, protocol-less. Monkey see monkey do. Taking in the formation we force our way into whatever pockets we can find and I soon find myself perched apart, among locals, on a low wall offering a fragmented view of the action. The clamour of raised voices presses in, but louder still is the bombardment of drums. Sabar drumming, always likened to artillery — by toubabs that is — and my mind flies to Thiaroye and back, wincing at the ignorance of the gun analogy.² Sabar. Rapid blasting, staccato strikes of sticks and hands on tight animal skins. A pack of them too, layer upon layer, strikes that drive interminably through my brain, between my ears, ricocheting like, yes, bullets around my skull. Yet I am a sometime drummer. This is why I am here. So as I perch, both gazing too-hungrily and monitoring the crowd for behavioral



cues, I zone also into the aural thicket. Seeking patterns. Seeking at the very least a pulse, and even that is hard.

But the woman who dances, the woman in full sunlight, she feels it. She needs no cues. Clothes messy, body trembling, ever-nearly-falling, eyes rolled back. I can't say this without falling into a deep vortex of ethnography — O Divine Horsemen — attempt, error, attempt, disaster...³ We are the outsiders. I watch her dance, convulsing, almost rhythmless, though everyone knows it's the music moving her. Lifting her. Dropping her. Shaking her. Back forth back forth rough as guts. Violent, brutal even. Or is that my remembering again? Rattling her, shaking it out, shaking out that thing. It's in so tight. Shake that thing. Shake it for hours. Till darkness, till the crowd has reconfigured, people drifting in and out... Shake it till the final drop. One of my companions, seated on the ground, the front line, participates. *CRASH* - the dancing woman lands in her lap, throwing her flat, lying on her, still convulsing, crying. My toubab friend, horrified, enacts motherly gestures, strokes the dancer in consternation - but she is soon up and at it again.

I cannot lie. Though she falls and drags herself up again, straining or forced to keep moving, it is not such a spectacle. She's exhausted. She flails weakly, for hours now she has flailed so weakly. A beaten runner at the end of a marathon. Watching, I feel tired too. Vaguely disappointed. Exorcism? Is this it? Wrong word of course. The one constant force is the audio barrage and that is also a blur.

As for her, the dancing woman, she has finally dropped. Did it work? Is it out? Is she healed? I know so little, but it seems she is.

Banakuma: Another healing ceremony (via Zimbabwe and USA), Tangihua Lions Lodge, Waiotira, Aotearoa, Easter 2013

Heat, buzz, crazed intensity. Hot breath coming in puffs and gasps, fast hearts beating, pounding. Air patterns then fire patterns; Utanatu then Ziassou... For two hours we have been dancing and only now are we entering the water, Shiniwa. My legs all shakes and wobbles I keep moving through it, just. Buoyed up by the rhythmic mass, transported through these moves I have committed myself to dancing. Not the dynamically graceful kicks, leaps and turns of my mind's eye, which lure my own limbs to match — not those. But this abbreviated flailing that gets me from step to step and, if nothing else, keeps me inside the rhythm.

The rhythm. The rhythms. How to say what they do? Utanatu, air rhythm (with a triplet feel say Westerners who like to count), circulates energy in eternal swirls - *a spiralling slipstream that carries us upwards and upwards and upwards and upwards again in a blustery flutter of flappings and gusts...* When your body is moved by an air rhythm you don't just fly, you dance on the crests of whirlwinds. Ziassou, the fire rhythm, blasts fast too, but always burning around a crackling heart (that echoing pulse of quadruple time), *down — and up it blazes, down — and up it blazes, down — and up it blazes...* We roar and flare. We are the hearts, exploding stars in a firestorm. Then Shiniwa, water rhythm. Slow with the constancy of ocean waves, washing us inside and out (more flowing triple time)... *hearts and minds and cells all soothed by the rolling splashing pouring...* All coming together in a new dynamic, one more rhythm to dance us home to Earth.

In other years I have been one of them, the rhythm keepers, applying the same commitment to the drums. They, unlike my dancing, must not flail; they are the drivers after all. Or rather it is the rhythm itself - and that place whence rhythms spring — that drives the drumming. *That* will hold us all up for as long as we collectively commit to it. For as long as we perform this ceremony connecting us to it. As long as we open ourselves, our hearts. As long as we surrender to its force the rhythm will move us, carry us, unite us, transform us... In we go.

In the thick of this surrender, especially towards the end, comes the stumblings, twistings, pausings. Exhausted micro-rests, grimaces exchanged with glazed drummers. Shadowy glimpses of blurred makeup, lost clothing, problems, the cliché of it all. And, for all we know, Waiotira tupuna and Shona spirits bending our dance their way too.^{4,5} Endless slippage across insides, outsides, contact zones. For now we are the ones falling, the ones rattling, the ones shaking. We are the messy spectacle, entertainment, performer, patient, channel, remedy... Everything is opened up, everything undone.

Are we healed? I know so little, but it seems we are.

Hear it and jump in

A rhythm is like a wave, or is a wave — a wave you must jump into. When we were children we used to jump into a waves of double helix skipping ropes swung by a pair of friends, instantly jump-hop-skipping at just the right tempo to keep our feet clear, of the ropes' flow, aligning our body's movements to the larger repeating pattern. There are thousands of rhythms, thousands of these patterns in time, and each one, as you meld your own body with it — molecularly, cellularly, kinetically,

intensively, extensively — has its own special way with you.

I drum and dance to feel right. I drum and dance to connect with African bloodlines that run in my son's veins, though not in mine. I drum and dance to share the healing I feel in these rhythms. I drum and dance to interrogate myself: How dare I practice an artform, a taonga I know so little about — decontextualising it, altering it — when so many others have done the same to the healing arts that run in my own veins, causing us suffering?⁶ Why do this when I have other birthrights? I drum and dance in surrender. I've held and been healed by rhythm and I cannot put it down. I understand little, I worry a lot. I don't know deeply enough, I don't have enough faith. Still I drum and dance...

Culturally bereft. Trying to get healed. That's us, I guess. Yet we are blessed with remedies, memories, small healing actions to attempt. Suspecting they belong to larger wholes we still burrow in, seeking openings, feeling for that healing whole. And through small actions passed down on bloodlines or other lines we strive to remedy our ills, both small and large. Our performances are our acts of faith. Acts we ride back up the line towards the depths of knowing, towards contact. With the right spirit, the right orientation, can our performances make bloody pasts and wrong words and crossed lines and thefts and losses and pulsating futures cohere? Can we do time, entrain ourselves to these distant spacings, feel the beats and offbeats until it all finally comes together? Listen for the remedial rhythm space. Hear it, and jump in.

Ngā mihi nui ki ōku kaiako pūoro katoa.

- 1 Toubab – Wolof word for a person of European descent.
- 2 Thiaroye – Senegalese town in which, in 1944, French armed forces turned on their own West African troops massacring dozens of soldiers.
- 3 Divine Horsemen: The Living Gods of Haiti (1985) – a documentary film about dance and possession in Haitian vodou, shot by experimental filmmaker Maya Deren between 1947 and 1954.
- 4 Tupuna – Māori word for ancestors.
- 5 Shona – a group of Bantu peoples from Zimbabwe.
- 6 Taonga – Māori word for a treasure or anything prized.

HEALERS: ACTION, DANCE! LYRICS & PARTICIPANTS

HEALERS: ACTION, DANCE LYRICS

TOHUNGA RONGOĀ NGĀ KUPU

Palms, part, breathe

Ringa, e wehe, whakangā

Palms, part, breathe

Ringa, e wehe, whakangā

Palms, part, breathe

Ringa, e wehe, whakangā

Palms part breathe,
bubbles, bubbles

Ringa e wehe whakangā,
mirumiru, mirumiru

Palms part breathe,
bubbles, bubbles

Ringa e wehe whakangā,
mirumiru, mirumiru

Place your palms upon your stomach

Kia tau ōu ringa ki tōu puku

Breathe until your fingers part

Whakangā kia wehe rā anō ōu matimati

Place your palms upon your stomach

Kia tau ōu ringa ki tōu puku

Breathe until your fingers part

Whakangā kia wehe rā anō ōu matimati

Wart, sleep, scrape, apply

Kiritona, e moe, rakua, pania

Wart, sleep, scrape, apply

Kiritona, e moe, rakua, pania

Wart, sleep, scrape, apply

Kiritona, e moe, rakua, pania

Wart, sleep, scrape, apply

Kiritona, e moe, rakua, pania

After sleep scrape the tongue,
place on the wart

Ā muri i te moe, rakua te arero,
pania ki te kiritona

After sleep scrape the tongue,
place on the wart

Ā muri i te moe, rakua te arero,
pania ki te kiritona

Sore joints joints, swim, flow

Swim to help sore joints,
cold sea

Swim to help sore joints,
cold sea

Centre, centre, centre, centre

Sustain, sustain, sustain, sustain

Stillness, Stillness

Soothe, hands, warmth, soothe, hands

Kawakawa, broken heart

Kawakawa, broken heart

Kawakawa, broken heart

Kawakawa, broken heart

Kawakawa heals

a broken heart

Kawakawa heals

a broken heart

Pona pona mamae, kauhoe, e rere

Kauhoe kia ora ai anō ngā
pona mamae, moana makariri

Kauhoe kia ora ai anō ngā pona mamae,
moana makariri

Mauri tau, mauri tau, mauri tau, mauri tau

Toitū, toitū, toitū, toitū

Marino, marino

Mamahu, ringa, mahana, mamahu, ringa

Kawakawa, ngākau pūkatokato

Kawakawa, ngākau pūkatokato

Kawakawa, ngākau pūkatokato

Kawakawa, ngākau pūkatokato

Mā te kawakawa te ngākau

pūkatokato e ora ai anō

Mā te kawakawa te ngākau

pūkatokato e ora ai anō

Give, receive, love, breathe
Give, receive, love, breathe

Give, receive, love, breathe
Give, receive, love, breathe
Give, receive, love, breathe
Give, receive, love, breathe

Be, complete, service
Be, complete, service

When you're feeling stressed
Be of complete service
When you're feeling stressed
Be of complete service
When you're feeling stressed
Be of complete service
When you're feeling stressed
Be of complete service

Hiccups, key, back
Hiccups, key, back
Hiccups, key, back
Hiccups, key, back

When you've got the hiccups
Drop a key down your back
When you've got the hiccups
Drop a key down your back

Hoatu, homai, arohaina, whakangā
Hoatu, homai, arohaina, whakangā

Hoatu, homai, arohaina, whakangā
Hoatu, homai, arohaina, whakangā
Hoatu, homai, arohaina, whakangā
Hoatu, homai, arohaina, whakangā

E noho, whakaotia, whakarato
E noho, whakaotia, whakarato

I ngā wā o te māharahara
Whakaratohia katoatia
I ngā wā o te māharahara
Whakaratohia katoatia
I ngā wā o te māharahara
Whakaratohia katoatia
I ngā wā o te māharahara
Whakaratohia katoatia

Tokomauri, kī, tuarā
Tokomauri, kī, tuarā
Tokomauri, kī, tuarā
Tokomauri, kī, tuarā

Inā pāngia koe e te tokomauri
Tukuna he kī ki tō tuarā
Inā pāngia koe e te tokomauri
Tukuna he kī ki tō tuarā

Bee sting, vinegar, baking soda
Bee sting, vinegar, baking soda
Bee sting, vinegar, baking soda
Bee sting, vinegar, baking soda

Vinegar and baking soda
For a bee sting
Vinegar and baking soda
For a bee sting

Tsunami, tsunami,
tsunami, tsunami,
Tsunami, tsunami,
tsunami, tsunami,
Run, run, run, run,
Hills

Wero pī, winika, pēkana houra
Wero pī, winika, pēkana houra
Wero pī, winika, pēkana houra
Wero pī, winika, pēkana houra

Winika me te pēkana houra
Hei rongoā mō te wero pī
Winika me te pēkana houra
Hei rongoā mō te wero pī

Tai āniwhaniwha, Tai āniwhaniwha,
Tai āniwhaniwha, Tai āniwhaniwha
Tai āniwhaniwha, Tai āniwhaniwha,
Tai āniwhaniwha, Tai āniwhaniwha
E oma, e oma, e oma, e oma,
Hiwi

LOUISE RUTLEDGE

Place your hands on your stomach

Fingertips touching

Palms facing inwards

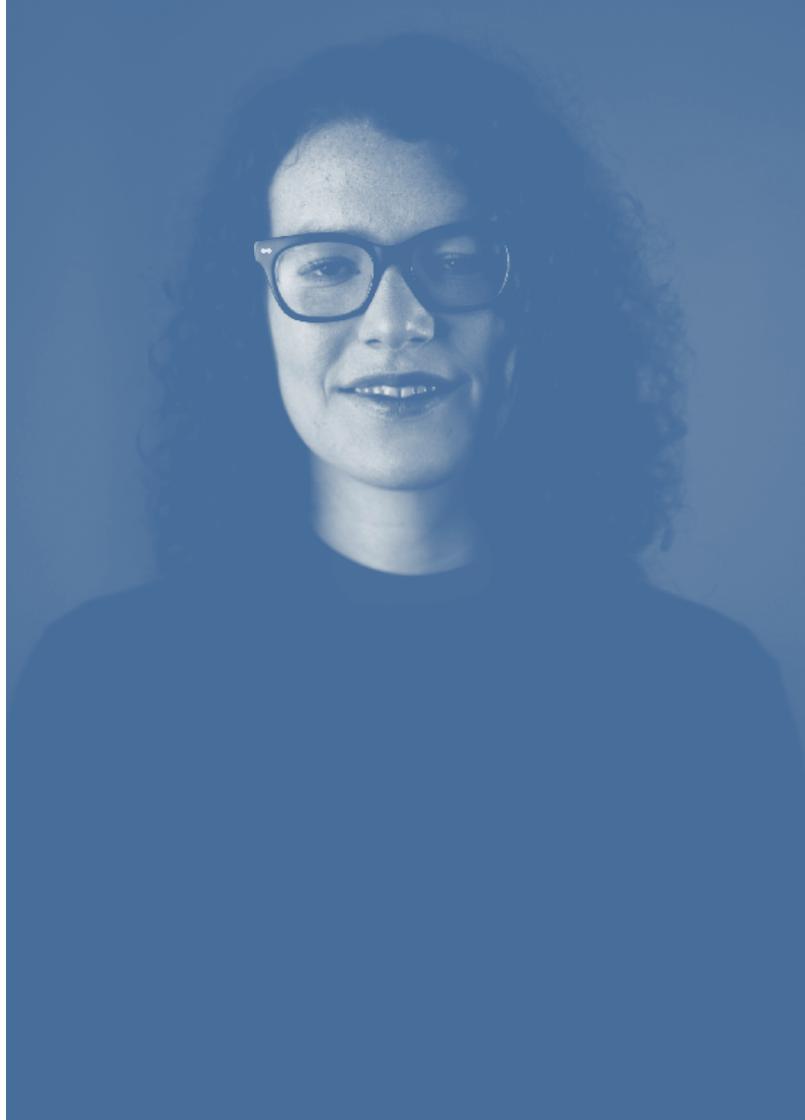
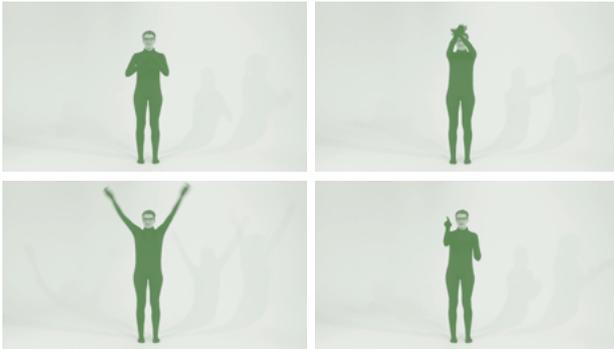
Just below your belly button

Just above your waistline

Breathe in

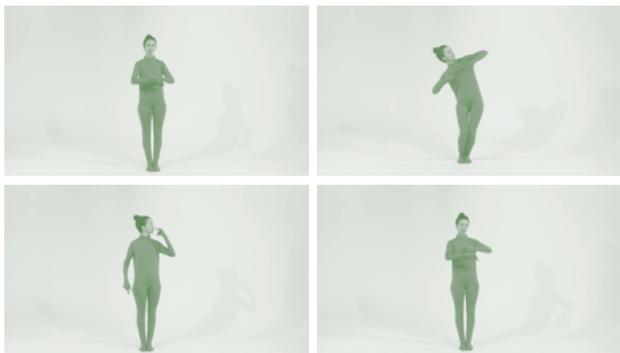
Breathe until your fingertips part

Repeat



SASHA HUBER

My grandfather told me how to remove two strangely symmetrical warts that I had on my left and right thumbs. He recommended an old Haitian method of scraping early-morning saliva from the back of your tongue and rubbing it onto the warts. After some time, the warts began to shrink, and then disappeared permanently within a few weeks.



MICA HUBERTUS MICK

Swim or briefly submerge yourself in cold seawater helps to loosen up sore joints.

The reason is the free and easy movement of the joints in water, which is possible when weight of the body is taken of them. Combined with the increased circulation and blood flow through the body, which is achieved through the stimulating temperature change. These affecting also your general wellbeing and stimulate your immune system.

This is based on my own experience which was partly inspired by Sebastian Kneipp, who became known as the water doctor.



JORDANA BRAGG

11. An artist's relation to silence:

An artist has to understand silence

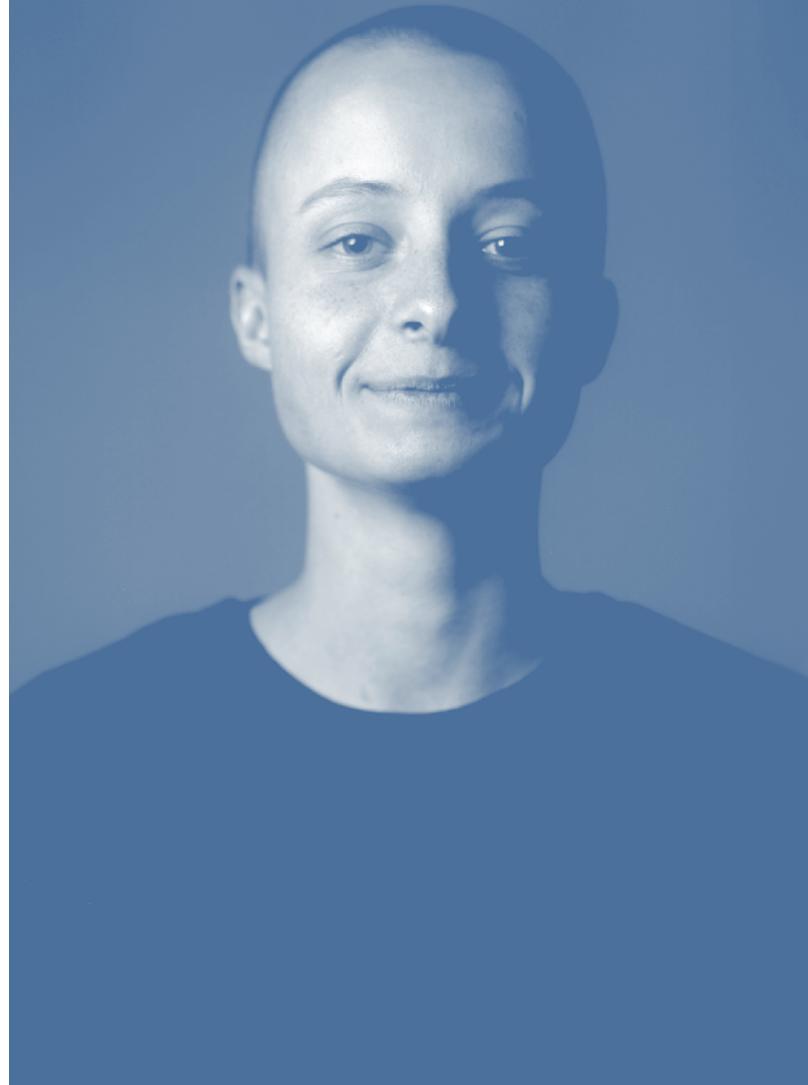
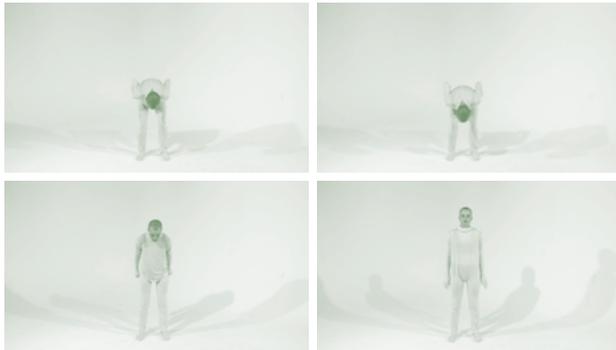
An artist has to create a space for silence to enter their work

Silence is like an island in the middle of a turbulent ocean

Silence is like an island in the middle of a turbulent ocean

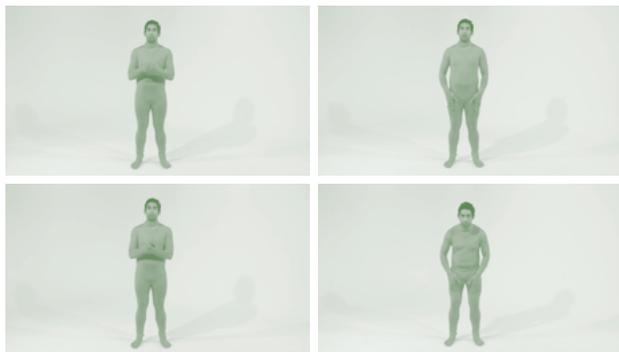
Silence is like an island in the middle of a turbulent ocean¹

¹ Marina Abramović, "James T. Demetrian Lecture: : Guest Marina Abramovic Discusses How Performance Art is Entering the History of Art" Lecture, Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Smithsonian Institution, Washington DC, April 5, 2011



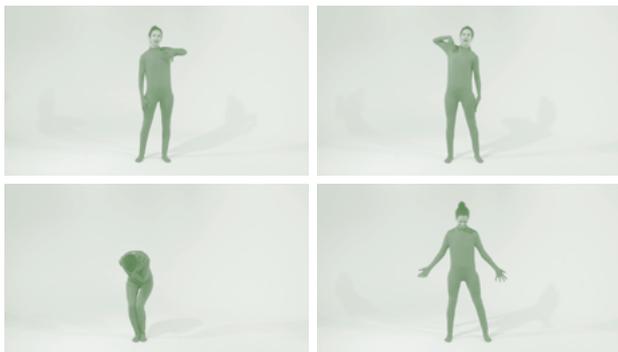
CHRISTOPHER ULUTUPU

My grandmother would collect Lau ti (tea leaves) and Fanu'u (coconut oil). Then she would start to massage me with these items. I remember her hands gently rubbing into my back and sore joints. As time progressed she would then sing a song to accompany the massage. Usually they would be old Samoan songs about love. The massage would generate a lot of warmth and was very comforting as a child.



ARIHIA LATHAM

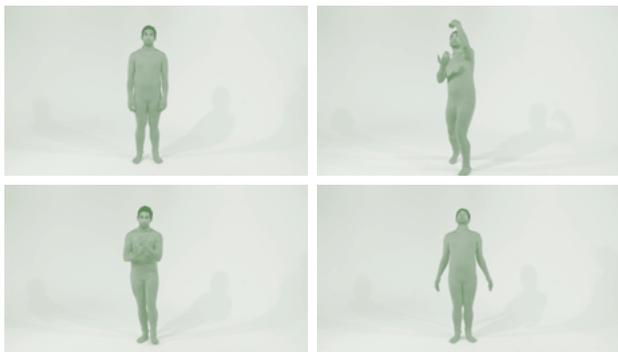
Kawakawa was sent to Papatūānuku, the Earth mother, to heal her broken heart after separating from her lover Ranginui. The heart-shaped leaves of kawakawa are in fact a warming circulatory stimulant. It warms the 'heart' by increasing and strengthening the heart's action to pump blood throughout the body. It is also an effective analgesic, relieving pain and inflammation. A true remedy of the broken hearted.



ROSIE EVANS

Place your hands upon your friend, one hand on their forehead, the other on the base of their skull. Send love from your base-hand to the hand on their forehead. Apply slight upward pressure with your base-hand and breathe out slowly. Hold pose for minimum one minute.

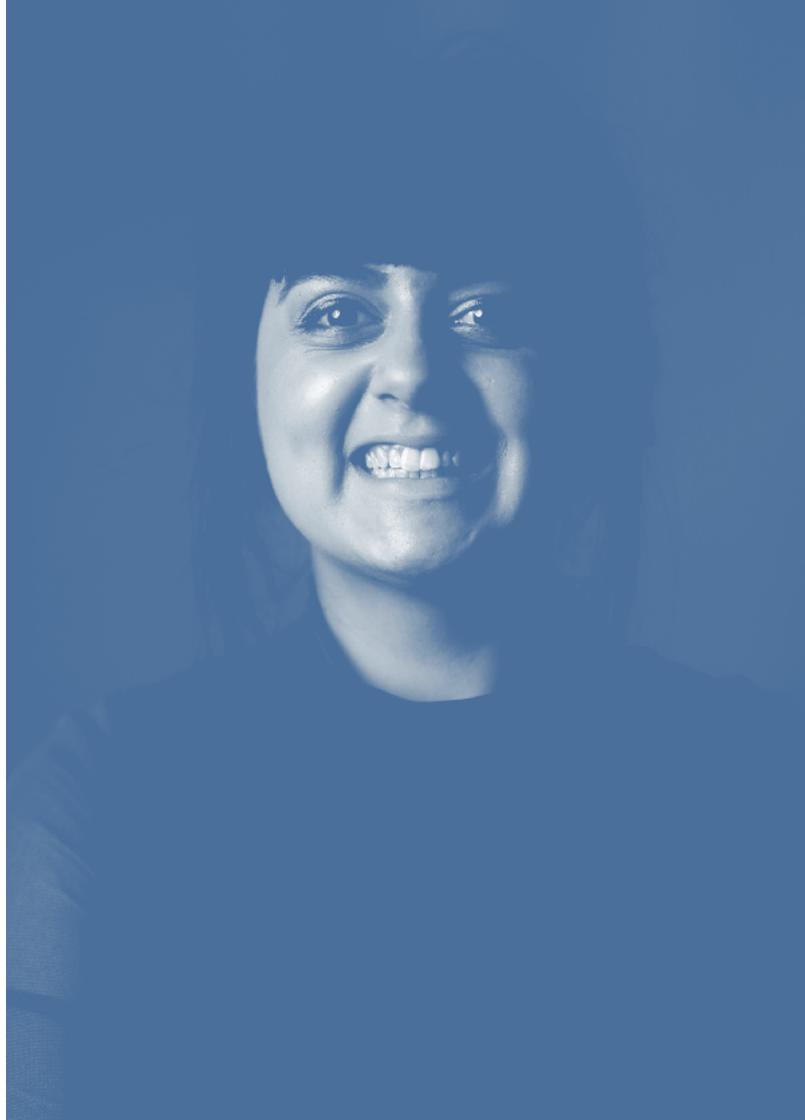
Good for friend's head-colds, panic and worry.



ELISABETH POINTON

If you find there are times when you are completely overrun by your emotional world, by anything that detracts from attending to the true and present moment, here is a remedy I learnt from my father:

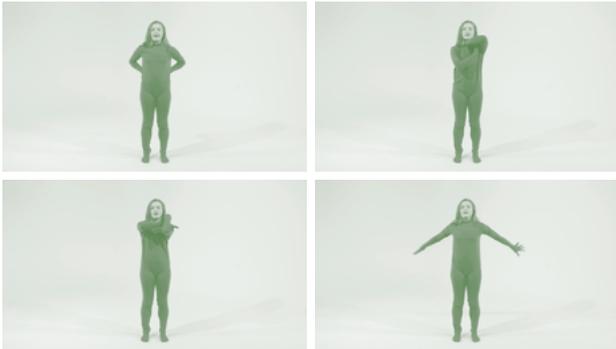
In order to be free from whatever misery or anxiety is running you, just return to what is happening in the now, by attending to the now. The trick is to be of complete service to anyone or anything. For it to be complete it must be done with your whole heart, and this comes easily and lovingly with attention. You are now free to just be.



TESSA HALL

“If you have the hiccups drop a key down your back.”

This is a remedy from my grandmother Kate who has many old wives’ tales up her sleeve. I don’t know whether it works or not because I’ve never actually tried it but next time I have the hiccups I will!



MICHELLE SCULLION

If someone is unlucky enough to get stung by a bee, flick the sting out as quickly as possible. If they are allergic to bee stings, the sting must be removed very carefully. Do not squeeze the stung area, as the poison from the sting barb will enter the stung area. Flick the area with something thin—even a credit or business card. If you can, suck the stung area and spit out the poison. Once the sting has been removed, make up and apply the following:

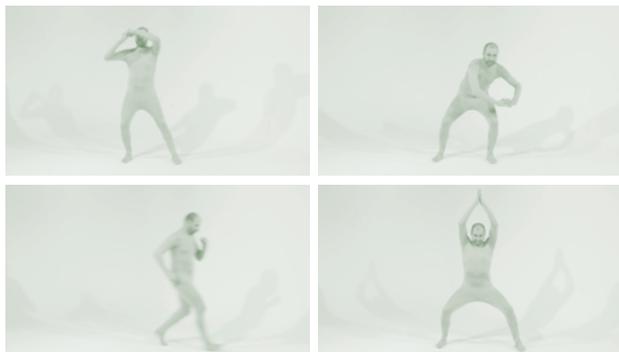
Put baking soda into a jar or glass and add vinegar. It will froth up. Apply to the stung area and cover with a wet soft cloth. Keep applying the fresh solution, removing the old crusted vinegar/ baking soda.



PETRI SAARIKKO

When there's a tsunami run for the hills.

I came up with this remedy after getting a chance to stay in Wellington Oriental Bay area on the newly-built Clyde Quay Wharf development. The building hosts an amazing artist residency entitled 'Te Whare Hēra, which translates from Māori as 'House on Sails'. I also learned there was a recently discovered underwater fault line called the Aotea fault running underneath the building. I spent the first months of the residency being afraid for my life. Luckily I was granted an opportunity to create a collaborative exhibition on this particular fault line with local artists. They taught me that the potential earthquake would not just kill me but the whole community. I accepted my fate and ever since — slept like a baby.



TASHA MAREE DANGERFIELD SMITH

Boxing to de-stress, de-anger and become happy. Front kicks, crescent kicks, hammer punches, jab, cross, hooks, reverse elbows, rips. Punching it out to allow a sense of calm to come in.



SCOTT MORRISON

If John Key steals both your feet. Just pick your nose and milk your teat. Then put that medium on his nose. It will dissolve. Shoes will come out of him, made of gold AND toads.





CONTRIBUTORS

Sasha Huber from Switzerland with Haitian roots and **Petri Saarikko** from Finland are a visual artist duo living and working in Helsinki, Finland together with their son Basil. They have been working and exhibiting both collaboratively and individually in museums, independent art spaces and residencies around the world since 2000. In 2011 they initiated an independent art space Kallio Kunsthalle based in Helsinki, directed by Saarikko with over 40 curated exhibitions from artists around the world. In 2011 they started the Remedies project during their residency at Botkyrka Konsthall in Sweden and have now realized the second edition of Remedies with the local community during the Te Whare Hēra international artist residency in Wellington, New Zealand.

Tessa Hall graduated from the New Zealand School of Dance in 2014 as a contemporary major. During her time there she seconded with Sydney Dance Company and also spent time dancing in Brussels. In 2015 she performed with Footnote's ChoreoCo and Java Dance Company, while working as a choreographer and teacher.

Michelle Scullion is a Musician, Composer, Performer, Photographer, Dancer and Actor. She has composed for film, theatre, contemporary dance and music for decades. As a flute player, percussionist and vocalist she plays in her jazz and blues combos, and composes and records in her studio, on the Kapiti Coast.

Arihia Latham is a writer, natural medical practitioner and facilitator. She is Kai Tahu Māori, English, Irish, Dutch and French. She often speaks publicly on traditional Rongoā Māori and the modern contexts for medicinal applications of the native plants of Aotearoa. She writes essays, poetry, and is currently working on a novel for young adults.

Lis Ellison-Loschmann belongs to the islands of Ra'iatea and Huahine and the people of Te Atiawa, Ngāi Tahu, Ngāti Raukawa and Ngāti Toa Rangatira. She has three children, Hanahiva, Edi and Taiaroa, and lives in Wellington, New Zealand.

Dr Cassandra Barnett (Ngāti Raukawa) is the daughter of a healer, a mother, an art writer, a lecturer in the School of Art at Massey University, and a sometime drummer/dancer.

Tam Webster works with lens based media and has an extensive background in live theatre design and the motion picture film industry where he worked for over a decade. As part of his ongoing project *Mr Webster's Marvellous Photo Booth* he produced portraits for this publication.

POSTSCRIPT

PETRI SAARIKKO

What's in a piece of knowledge? Is it a piece of information, a gap or a loop? An ancient verse — or a remedy? Cherry picked pressure points for assimilating trauma, words to sing, dance and perform our somatic freedom. Can words heal and hurt in concert? The initial form of the Healers project sailed within distance of the action songs of kapahaka or the traditional medicine of rongoā, both sacred to the Māori heritage of Aotearoa.

A first impression of a cultural practice, emulating rather than appropriating it. What can the 'enlightened' art forms of Eurocentrism learn from indigenous forms of art and nonviolent healing? Real healers would not hijack underlying beliefs and enforce political systems — they would become one with other healers and abandon coercive social currencies.

All that lame, conformist, globalised monoculture, the painful colonisation of cultures. Try instead connecting with personal and collective remedies. Can you discover a singular or truly painful one? Can you revive a sense of collective self-help – while avoiding the enlightenment impulse? Perhaps you still need to take that pill or chew that piece of root?

Try for a moment to tear down the arrogant supremacy of Western body politics. That medically quantified self. What's left? Pure presence or Excel sheets of burned calories? Your circadian anatomy? Filled with a primeval wisdom of unconditional care? When there's nothing left to heal or explore will we still have one another to embrace? Once the care is colonised there will be very little left to believe in. If the healers can no longer heal, then who can?

THANK YOU

Arihia Latham
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Tessa Hall

COLOPHON

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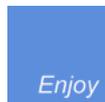
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Me Heke Ki Pōneke



