

# Ockhams Sampler

Extracts from  
the finalist books in the  
**Booksellers Aotearoa New Zealand  
Award for Illustrated Non-Fiction**  
at the 2022 Ockham New Zealand  
Book Awards

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## Booksellers Aotearoa New Zealand Award for Illustrated Non-Fiction



The Booksellers Aotearoa New Zealand Award for Illustrated Non-Fiction at the Ockham New Zealand

Book Awards recognises excellence in works – by one or more authors – with combined strength of illustration and text. Prize money in this category is \$10,000.

The Illustrated Non-Fiction category in 2022 is judged by convenor Chanel Clarke (Ngāpuhi, Te Rarawa, Ngāti Porou, Waikato Tainui), a museum curator; photographer, author and urbanist Patrick Reynolds; and former publisher and co-founder of Godwit Press Jane Connor.

The judges found the four finalists impossible to exclude in both their exemplary individual qualities as books, and the insight and depth they all bring to their varied and valuable content. “Particularly outstanding this year are a number of well-researched yet not so well-known histories and herstories, beautifully delivered, that invite surprising new understandings of ourselves.”

This Ockhams Sampler gives you a taste of the craft at play in each of this year’s illustrated non-fiction shortlisted books. You can read the judges’ comments about each finalist in pink at the start of that title’s extract.

Look out for samplers of the finalists in the other three categories in the Ockham New Zealand Book Awards. As they are rolled out in the coming weeks, you will find them here:

[www.issuu.com/nzbookawards](http://www.issuu.com/nzbookawards)

[www.anzliterature.com](http://www.anzliterature.com)

<https://www.nzbookawards.nz/new-zealand-book-awards/resources/>

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**THE ARCHITECT AND THE  
ARTISTS: HACKSHAW,  
MCCAHLON, DIBBLE**

Bridget Hackshaw

Published by Massey University Press



Published by **Te Papa Press**

# Dressed: Fashionable Dress in Aotearoa New Zealand 1840 to 1910

## JUDGES' COMMENTS

This beautiful and beguiling book will seduce a wide audience with its stunning images and informative text, focusing on our ancestors' lives through the lens of their clothing. Elegantly designed and sumptuously presented, it covers the diversity of sartorial experience in 19th Century Aotearoa as it addresses simple questions such as: Who made this garment? Who wore it, and when? A valuable addition to our nation's story, it will have wide cultural and educational reach, and is an outstanding example of illustrated non-fiction publishing.

Selected spreads overleaf

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In 1844 Charles Heaphy painted Anna Bishop on her wedding day, for which she wore a plain but striking green silk dress, which had interchangeable bodices for day and evening wear. Two of the bodices survive.



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1838, and later another in Old Bond Street, much to the chagrin of local shoemakers.<sup>17</sup> As well as selling readymade shoes, lingerie, gloves, handkerchiefs, fans and other 'Parisian Novelties',<sup>18</sup> the business offered a competitive made-to-measure service, with orders arriving back 'from France in the space of a week'.<sup>19</sup> Priscilla's slippers bear Melnotte's Old Bond Street label, and probably came in one of the many parcels the Saxtons received from family in England. Lizzie Barker, however, may have worn a heel to dance in, as they returned to fashion in the 1850s.

Dancing shoes were not very durable, and too much vigorous dancing could put a very quick end to them. In May 1851, while attending a picnic-cum-dance in a woolshed, Elizabeth Watts Russell (née Bradshaw, c. 1833–1905), who, according to her friend Charlotte Godley always got 'into uproarious spirits on any festive occasion', danced so much – forty times in fact – that she 'wore out the only tidy pair of thin boots she had'. Charlotte stressed in a letter to her mother, 'you can not realize what a misfortune that means here'.<sup>20</sup> As George Earp had forewarned, 'you can not replace articles in new colonies so favourably as you can get them at home'.<sup>21</sup>

Not only did Elizabeth dance her shoes to pieces, but when her friend Mrs FitzGerald left the ball soon after 5am she also left Elizabeth there 'with a dilapidated dress, and her hair all danced down'.<sup>22</sup> Elizabeth had arrived in Canterbury with her husband John in December 1850. As an 'Irish girl of no particular family' she was considered a 'very bad match' for her husband, according to Charlotte.<sup>23</sup> Her lively and charming personality, however, secured her position as one of Canterbury's leading hostesses.<sup>24</sup>

As with shoes, gloves, which were worn tightly fitted, did not last long. Their seams were prone to bursting, and it did not take long for a cream pair to look unacceptably grubby. Charlotte Godley, finding that she wore 'more gloves than I expected, being so much out', sent home to her mother for 'a few gloves', explaining that 'I left all of mine at home . . . and they are things you cannot get here'. Her order included '(seven Courvoisier at Waterloo House) a dozen short ones, if you please, two pair of black,



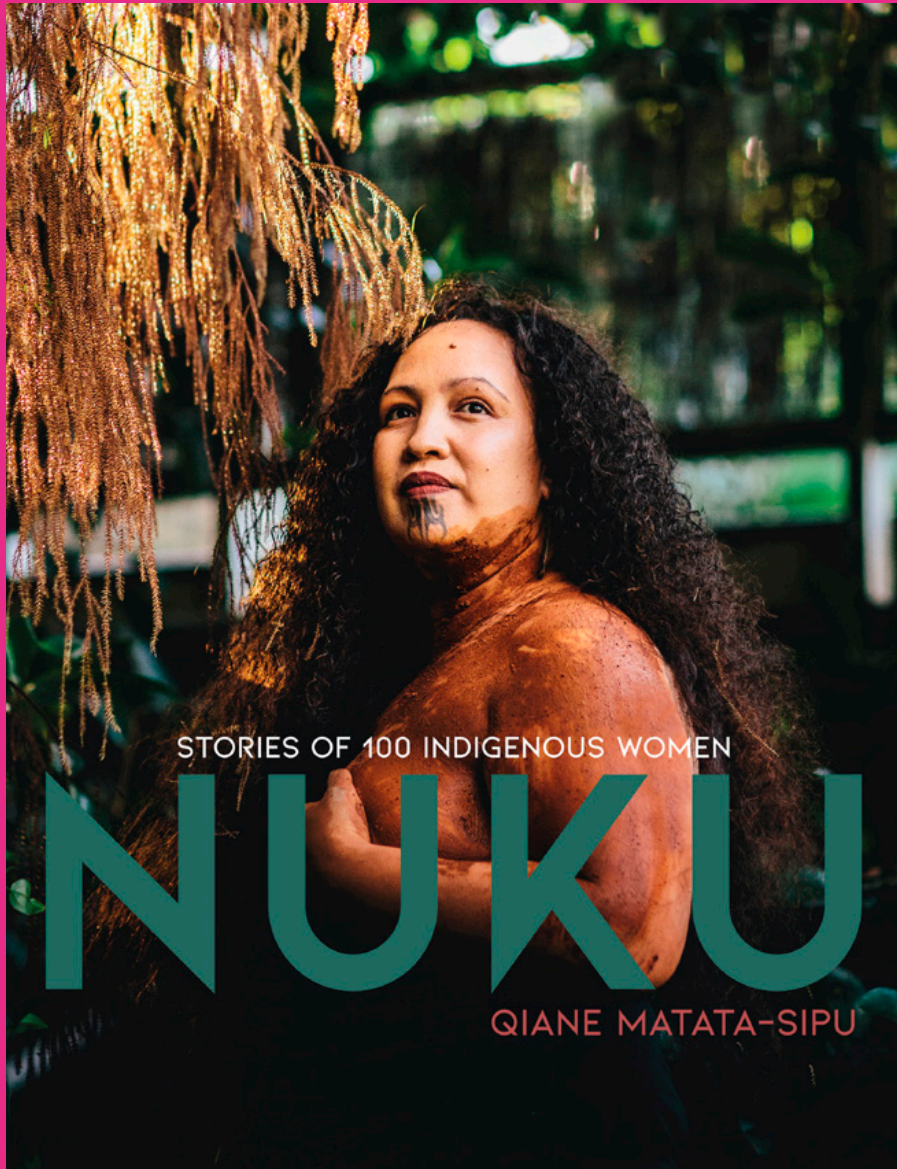
Right Flat-soled silk slippers were popular for dancing in from the late eighteenth century through to the middle of the nineteenth century. These cream slippers by the French company Melnotte were sent to Priscilla Saxton in Nelson, and feature hand-written inscriptions on the inner sole for 'left' and 'right'.

Heels began to make a comeback in the 1850s. These satin evening shoes are by another celebrated French shoe designer, François Pinet, whose products were available in New Zealand from the 1880s.





The bodice of the Tudor-themed costume worn by Lavinia Coates to Lord and Lady Ranfurly's ball at Government House in 1898. The outfit was very similar in style to the costume worn by the Duchess of Roxburghe to a ball in Britain in 1897; however Lavinia's was more frugally made from a repurposed dress.



Published by **QIANE+co**

# NUKU: Stories of 100 Indigenous Women

## JUDGES' COMMENTS

The strikingly successful outcome of an ambitious project to showcase indigenous women going about their daily lives, doing both ordinary and extraordinary things. The 100 varied examples of talent and triumph are presented in a simple magazine-style format that is as accessible as it is effective. The author gracefully presents her subjects in their own words, stepping aside in the text but being wonderfully present through her tremendous portrait photography, which works seamlessly with the elegant, unpretentious typography in a beautifully cohesive package.

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Selected spreads overleaf

Lissy is a contemporary artist using fluoro-coloured crochet as her medium, making clothing, wheku, pou and, one day, a full-scale crochet marae. She is also a body positivity advocate.

# MELISSA ROBINSON-COLE

// Ngāti Hine, Ngāti Kahu

001

**T**he first major death in my life was my nana. I was seven. It had a profound effect on me, as I was faced with the reality of death and having to figure out what it meant. I was 15 when Dad died. Still so young. I didn't yet know who I was. He and I had been really close.

Dad was a fashion designer. I would go to his salon all the time — after school and on the weekends — and tutū with everything. I loved it, especially on Sundays because it was only ever him and me. I would be cutting stuff up. I'd hate to think how many dollars of fabrics, from places like Switzerland, I used to make things for my teddies, going from machine to machine. Dad's salon had a whole wall of trims, beads, feathers and all of the beautiful sparkly things that I adored.

Mum died when I was 23 and that death sent me on a deeper journey to discover God and who I was in this bigger picture. I've got seven sisters and I was 34 when my sister Annabel died in a car accident. It changed the course of all our lives irrevocably, forever.

The grief of all of these deaths was horrific. After six months of heavy grieving for Annie, I felt her whispering in my ear daily, "Lissy, life is fleeting. If you're not happy, do something about it."





Hinewirangi is a writer, poet, activist and a tohunga of taonga puoro. She has worked in rape crisis centres and in prison rehabilitation.

# HINEWIRANGI KOHU-MORGAN

// Ngāti Ranginui, Ngāti Kahungunu, Ngāti Kahu, Ngāti Porou

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I'm the oldest mokopuna. I was raised by my kuia, Hinewirangi Whakaware-Brown nō Mohaka, nō Pāhauwera. I'm 73. I came out of school being bashed for speaking te reo so I put it in my head somewhere a long time ago that there was something wrong with being Māori. I got the bash when I said it wasn't Captain Cook who found anything — it was Kupe. School was the first place you were assimilated, to get you out of your history.

The greatest gift you can give your tamariki is your history, your story.

I was raped as a child. I was raped by a tohunga whakairo. He was my favourite uncle. My father had a whare whakairo where he was training, and every day we walked past them, across the estuary up to Huria Marae, to go to school.

My mother saw the blood down my legs. She believed me. I had made her cry. I decided I would never make my mother cry again, so I never talked about it again. But it happened all the way till I was 15. Then again by two other men at college.

I became a drug addict. I became a prostitute in Wellington, bashing men for doing what they were doing to me, punishing them. I got pregnant and lost that child.

To heal, I realised I had to go back into my life experiences. And where did I need to start? I needed to rebirth. This time to know that I was powerful, I was strong. I needed to play like a child, hear my songs like a child. I needed to sing all of those waiata my nan used to sing, and her song saved my life.



# CHELSEA WINSTANLEY

// Ngāti Ranginui, Ngāi te Rangī

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Based in Los Angeles, Chelsea is an Oscar-nominated film producer and acclaimed director and documentarian.

**G**rowing up in and around Māori and with my nan — she's my number one idol and hero forever — I always think about her story of being a young Māori girl who was beaten for speaking her own language, growing up being ashamed of being Māori. When you hear those stories, it's like: *What the hell?* You start building up a base of knowledge that you know just intrinsically doesn't feel right. And I started to feel like I wanted to say something about that, so I got really interested in telling the untold story; there are so many amazing stories to be told. Ours is such an oral culture — we share stories but don't necessarily capture them.

This particular industry has been run and dominated by white men for so long and those are the stories that we've been fed for so long. Yet, our most successful Aotearoa stories are either of Māori content or made by Māori

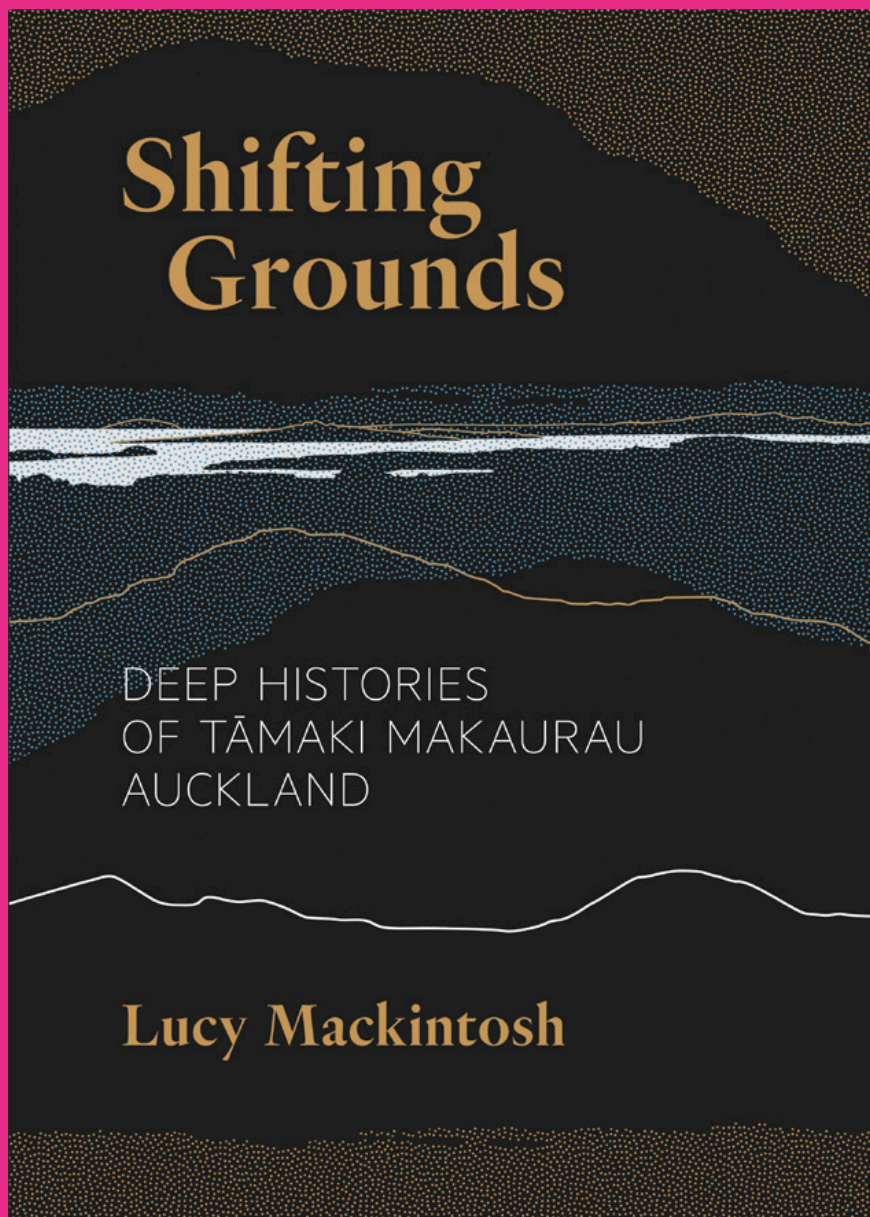
people, which is insanely awesome. But that message is not getting through; that we are good enough to be in control and make our own stuff. It's that funny thing of having to jump through hoops and jump over that colonial fence post; to have to keep explaining that I'm actually quite good and I can do this.

It's about us believing in ourselves, too, so you've gotta create your tribe around you, who support you and believe in you and say, "Yes, your ideas are valid". Because, sometimes, if you're working within that colonial construct, they're all just box-ticking — they don't really know what it means to have true representation or consultation from a creative or cultural perspective. They don't know because they haven't really bothered to understand who we are. So I think the people with the purse strings, the gatekeepers, need to be bold and brave enough to maybe just step aside.

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Published by **Bridget Williams Books**

# Shifting Grounds: Deep Histories of Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland

## JUDGES' COMMENTS

A fresh and timely study that weaves multiple narratives across time and space into a highly readable story, revealing the deep histories and continuous remaking of selected landscapes across Tāmaki Makaurau. The clean presentation of both often startling historic images and contemporary photography, and the skilfully written text informed by serious scholarship, fill some of the gaps in the stories of Auckland. The inviting format and careful, uncluttered design will appeal to a wide audience. An impressive first book.

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Selected spreads overleaf

02.

# ‘A Strange Sight’

TE WHEROWHERO’S COTTAGE  
AND PUKEKAWA / AUCKLAND  
DOMAIN, 1840–1860



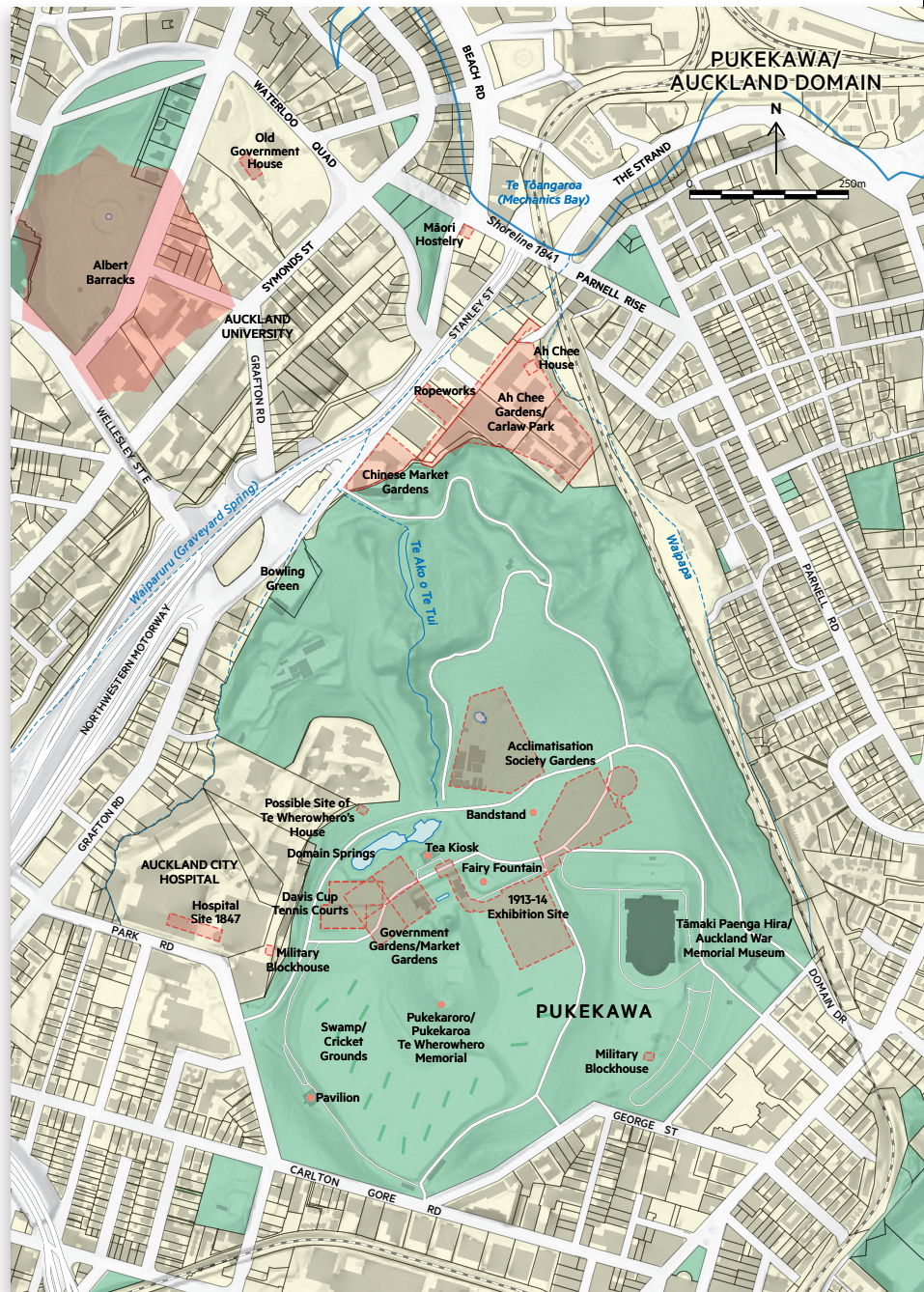


Tāmaki Paenga Hira/Auckland War Memorial Museum sits prominently on the crater rim of Pukekawa, the volcanic cone in the Auckland Domain. Built in 1929 to commemorate those who died in the First World War, this imposing structure is the centrepiece of the park and a major landmark in central Auckland.<sup>1</sup> Its neo-classical façade, with an Ionic colonnade across the front elevation, projects a strong statement about identity in New Zealand, forged through the tragedy of war and remembered each year with Anzac parades outside the front entrance. The building is also a focal point of memory and history, framing the way many people see and experience the Domain as a place of patriotism, pride and commemoration.

The Museum is monumental, in both size and purpose. Yet amid the prominent, carefully crafted narratives in the Domain, there are other less visible places that tell longer, more complex stories about Auckland's past. In the early colonial period, for instance, when Auckland was the capital of New Zealand (from 1841 to 1865) the Auckland Domain was owned and managed by the colonial government. At this time, parts of the Domain were transformed from fern, trees and wetland into a fenced and orderly terrain of pasture, botanical gardens and exotic specimen trees. Within this rapidly evolving colonial landscape, a cottage was also built for Pōtatau Te Wherowhero, a leading Waikato rangatira. Te Wherowhero lived there periodically for several years, conducting business and regularly hosting Māori and Pākehā leaders at his house. The material traces of these stories in the Domain have largely disappeared from the landscape and from histories of the city.<sup>2</sup> Despite this, they are still potent spaces that open up the history of Auckland and disrupt the grand narratives of a war memorial built on twentieth-century European notions of commemoration and recreation. The solidity and permanence of monuments can often make them appear as autonomous structures separate from the evolving world around them; fixed in time and place.<sup>3</sup> If, however, the Museum is approached as part of a web of historical connections across the Domain and beyond, rather than as a single, separate structure, it becomes part of a more expansive and complicated story about Auckland.

Pukekawa/Auckland Domain is part of the 3,000-acre (1,200-hectare) parcel of land offered to Lieutenant-Governor William Hobson by Ngāti Whātua in 1840, which extended from Maungawhau (Mt Eden) to Matakerehere (Hobson Bay) to Ōpou

The tōtara planted by Kingitanga leader Te Kirihaehae Te Puea Hērangi (Princess Te Puea) on the central scoria cone Pukekaroro (also known as Pukekaroa) in Pukekawa/Auckland Domain. The tree was planted in 1940 to commemorate Hērangi's great-grandfather, Pōtatau Te Wherowhero, who lived in the Domain in the 1840s and 1850s. Ancestral carvings, made in Ngāruawāhia, were erected around the tree in 1942 and restored in 2017.



LEFT Ngāti Whātua Ōrākei leader Āpihai Te Kāwau (left) and his nephew Rēweti Tamahiki at Ōrākei, c.1844. In 1840, both Te Kāwau and Tamahiki signed the Treaty of Waitangi in the Manukau region, and Te Kāwau offered land at Tāmaki to Governor Hobson to establish the government settlement of Auckland.

RIGHT Pōtatau Te Wherowhero, of Ngāti Mahuta, the paramount leader of Waikato. Te Wherowhero escorted the Tāmaki tribes back to their ancestral lands from 1835 following the intertribal musket wars, and subsequently lived in a number of houses in Auckland, including one at Pukekawa/Auckland Domain built for him by Governor FitzRoy in 1845. Te Wherowhero became the first leader of the Kingitanga in 1858.

(Cox's Bay), and covers the central city area of Auckland today.<sup>4</sup> Known to Māori as Tāmaki, or Tāmaki Makaurau, the government settlement was named by Hobson after his patron, Lord Auckland.<sup>5</sup>

Tāmaki has often been described by historians as 'empty' and 'unsettled' when Pākehā arrived, yet as discussed in the previous chapter, it had been shaped by Māori, and before that by ecologies and geologies formed over millions of years.<sup>6</sup> These long processes were key historical factors in the development of the new colonial town, and continued to influence both its shape and the experiences of Auckland's early residents. Our cities, writes historian Nēpia Mahuika, 'were, and still are, colonial sites built on the bones and warmth of earlier Māori histories and settlements'.<sup>7</sup>

When the Tāmaki tribes returned to their ancestral lands in 1836 at the end of the intertribal musket wars, Ngāti Whātua resettled their ancestral land at Māngere initially, but then began to reoccupy their land on the Waitemātā Harbour and established their main base at Ōrākei. Te Ākitai Waiohūa moved back to their lands between Ihumātao and Papakura, Ngāti Pāoa and Ngāi Tai reoccupied their lands on the eastern coastline of the Waitemātā and the inner Hauraki Gulf islands, and Ngāti Te Ata returned to the western and southern shores of the Manukau Harbour.<sup>8</sup>



# The Architect and the Artists: Hackshaw, McCahon, Dibble

## JUDGES' COMMENTS

A thorough and beautifully produced triangulation of creative practice that shows the value of collaboration in the arts, as evidenced in the collective projects of James Hackshaw, Colin McCahon and Paul Dibble. Archival material (including personal correspondence and sketches), informative and reflective text, and powerfully evocative photography are delivered cohesively through clean and lively design and typography. The author's clear labour of love is reinforced by excellent external contributions, making for an enlightening and brilliant whole. Another impressive and assured first book.

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Published by Massey University Press

Selected spreads overleaf



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# ST PATRICK'S CHURCH

## Te Puke

This parish church in Queen Street, Te Puke, was commissioned by Bishop Reginald Delargey and completed in 1969. It needed to be economical and fulfil the requirements of the new liturgy formulated at Vatican II.

James Hackshaw talked about this church as being his 'henhouse structure with posts and beams', a reaction to other church buildings of the era, which he regarded as characterless halls.<sup>1</sup> Instead, he used materials and created a structure that would express the local character of the town and the people the church would serve. It is simple and fine. He also designed the rimu timber altar furniture. A fine strip of concrete runs around the building interior at the top of the walls, which has indented crosses in it.

The floors are concrete slab construction, the walls are two skins of brickwork and the roof is of corrugated fibrolite. The timber for the exposed rafter posts and beams was sourced from the local timber yard and Hackshaw designed low external walls to reduce the costs. He loved this building and the quality of its spaces and light. Sadly, it does not meet twenty-first-century earthquake codes and is not used by the parish.

Note

<sup>1</sup> James Hackshaw, 'Colin McCahon and Church Architecture' (lecture at the *Gates and Journeys* exhibition, Auckland City Art Gallery, 23 February 1989). EH McCormick Research Library, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki.

Colin McCahon's large windows in the clerestory are extremely simple coloured panels, created for the effect of colour spilling down onto the congregation. The window behind the tabernacle on the altar shows the Te Puke hills, with the central hill representing Calvary. This window was warmly received by the Te Puke parishioners, as it had some meaning to them.

Hackshaw designed the furniture and Paul Dibble made the tabernacle, some candlesticks, the crucifix that stands on the altar, two holy water fountains and a candle snuffer.





McCahon on the  
St Mary's Church Windows

Letter to Frank Hoffman,  
March 1977

Dear Frank: you see how long it takes to consider glass for a church it must read - even for the one or two people who may know and the restricted glass and caused me to think more clearly. I feel much better myself about this one now. It's more quiet than the first and I feel has come together well. Much better. It is always right to stop the artist in first flight and make him think again - obstacles like the first colours not being available made me rethink and I've come to a better truth than before.

I once had the privilege of hours of talk with Bishop Liston over the reading of some glass. Pretty tough going. He made all sorts of changes in my reading and about 9pm walked out the door saying - 'do it your way' so I worked all night and made it his. He was right. I knew this as I worked and made my new work by morning.

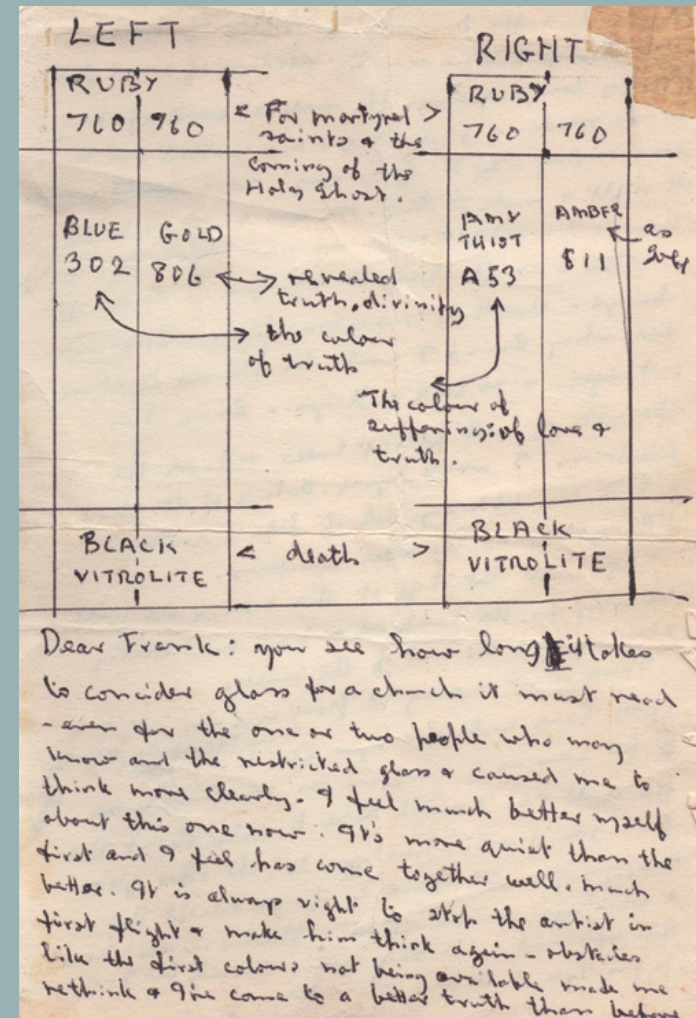
This is a small story to tell you I do accept change - also that conversation is the best answer. And why Anne and I would be pleased to come out again and re talk with you. Anne has thoughts of well placed trees outside the windows. I would agree. Outside of the church a tree can be a symbol of life and death and fitting behind the altar windows. We will let it go at this now - we will be away for the weekend and back on Monday evening and the rest of the week.

There is no money to pay me for what I may have made for your church. Idea only, I can't pay for glass. I want it to be seen as a rundown on something more we could do. I would like to talk about this too - sometime: when you do the other glass - and [?] you will have to if you accept this - a warning - you see church is 'theatre in the round'. I'm experimenting to save you a fortune but I want to give those at the back colour too.

Letter to Patricia France,  
17 December 1977

I'm asked for some glass for a South Auckland church and I know what they want - but today - and not tomorrow and it's only tomorrow the right glass will turn up in Auckland. I'm doing the whole job - design and so on - for nothing and take the blame for the slow delivery of the glass - it's going to be beautiful and heavy reds, blues and green and yellow. But not here for the Christmas mess. It could be by Easter. Purple too.

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Letter from Colin McCahon to parish committee member Frank Hoffman in 1977 discussing why he was qualified and eager to design the windows for the church renovation. St Mary's Archives, with kind permission of St Mary's Church

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**Claire Regnault**

Dressed: Fashionable Dress  
in Aotearoa New Zealand  
1840 to 1910



**Qiane Matata-Sipu**

NUKU: Stories of  
100 Indigenous Women



**Lucy Mackintosh**

Shifting Grounds: Deep Histories  
of Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland



**Bridget Hackshaw**

The Architect and the Artists:  
Hackshaw, McCahon, Dibble

We congratulate all the authors whose work has been recognised and honoured in this year's Ockham New Zealand Book Awards. We encourage you to seek out their titles in bookstores and libraries countrywide, and to join us when we announce the ultimate winners on Wednesday 11 May. To find out more follow NewZealandBookAwards or #theockhams on Facebook and Instagram.



The Ockhams Samplers were compiled with the assistance of the Academy of New Zealand Literature.

Look out for the other category samplers at:



**ANZL** Academy of New Zealand Literature  
*Te Whare Matatūhi o Aotearoa*