

# MORRIS DANCING

[Note: The following papers have been donated to the National Archives by the Kaiwakawaka family of Westminster. All documents have been translated, as far as possible, into English.]

## Personal letter from Hemi Kaiwakawaka to the Whare o Te Io Confederation (1837)

Greetings three times, brothers!

Seven long months have now passed since my arrival on the shores of New Aotearoa. The inhabitants of this land, the Britons, are a simple, superstitious people who enjoy nothing more than drinking fermented hops and arguing with their neighbours. With respect to diet, the southern inhabitants have a peculiar affection for tuber vegetables fried in natural oils. Those to the north are said to devour the entrails of sheep with great relish.

Many of the natives show great enthusiasm for kicking the bladder of a dead cow around a large field.

Despite my efforts to spread the joyful tidings of *Io matou Matua i te rangi* [God] to the peoples of these isles, the existing peace has been significantly eroded by the recent introduction of the *patu* [handheld Maori weapon] by unscrupulous Maori traders. Since the advent of this new technology, many of the southern peoples have used the military advantage conferred to invade the lands of their northern cousins. We have all been horrified by the unparalleled ferocity demonstrated as they occupy their neighbours' lands and make slaves of (or eat) their inhabitants.

Truly the Britons are a barbaric people!

Here in the safety of our little Westminster mission we are safe from the tribulations of the indigenes and have little real cause for concern. I do, however, question my suitability for a life as missionary at times. Thus far my 'conversions' have been more theoretical than practical in nature and some of the Britons appear frustratingly dense. Last week, during the christening of a local chieftain, I struck the ground with my *taiaha* in the customary flourish of celebration only to discover, later, that I'd actually stabbed him in the foot. When I questioned why he'd made no exclamation of display of outrage he said that he'd thought it was all part of the ceremony.

*Io* give me strength!

I confess that were it not for my successful work in the conversion of native Briton maidens I would surely consider returning to Aotearoa. Ah those exotic, white-skinned damsels! Brothers, pray for me.

*Naku noa, na* [yours sincerely]

Hemi Kaiwakawaka  
Mihinare o Te Io  
Westminster

PS. My seven children pass their greetings to their *whanau* [family] in Aotearoa!

## Personal letter from Hemi Kaiwakawaka to the Whare o Te Io Confederation (1845)

Greetings three times, brothers

Brothers, I report glad tidings! As a consequence of the ongoing threat of colonisation by the warlike Australians, a treaty has been signed with the Briton inhabitants that will finally bring law and order to this restless land.

This Treaty of Westminster was signed here in Westminster by representatives of the local people and it is with humility that I report my own contribution to this great deed — translating the document into the local tongue (Cornish). Admittedly, there was a certain element of confusion at first but everybody seemed happy enough to sign when we handed out those *harakeke* blankets and *paua* trinkets the Britons like so much.

Copies of the treaty have been transported around the whole island and, needless to say, we've highlighted the fact that it forms the basis for a unique partnership between our cultures. To my surprise, some of the returned copies have shown an impressive amount of artistic creativity. Due to the general illiteracy of the Britons, most of the signatures consist of a variety of colourful marks, smears and diagrams — many of which bear a disturbing similarity to a set of male genitalia.

In general, the natives have since demonstrated great fervour for the treaty and the sole rejection has been from the peoples of the nearby western isle who refuse to sign anything originating from their eastern cousins. A proclamation, nevertheless, has since been issued outlining the extension of our dominion to the entirety of both islands.

Nobody's told them yet but I'm sure they'll come around!

*Naku noa, na*

Hemi Kaiwakawaka

Mihinare o Te Io

Westminster

### **Personal letter from Paora Kaiwakawaka to Te Whanau o Kaiwakawaka, Wainuiomata, Aotearoa (1853)**

Greetings three times, cousins

As *tuakana*, it is my sad duty to inform you that my father, Hemi, has finally boarded the waka for that fateful voyage back to Hawaiki. It pleases me to recount that he died in peace (in bed — albeit not his own!).

Although his passing is deeply regretted, my father's legendary stamina will always be an inspiration to me, my twenty-two brothers and three sisters.

We thank you also for your gifts of *puha*, flax and wildlife from Aotearoa. These introduced species have flourished in this country and I recall my father was particularly gladdened by the comfort of seeing such familiar icons from his native land.

Here in New Aotearoa, the colonies of the Aotearoan Confederation of Tribes continue to thrive, particularly since representative government was granted to the new settler communities. The role of 'Governor' has recently been filled by my own *teina* [younger brother], Nika Kaiwakawaka. As usual, some dissatisfaction has been expressed by the locals, but for the most part the Britons continue to treat our presence with enthusiasm and are quick to adopt our customs. In Westminster, for example, the topknot is now considered *de-rigueur* amongst the local Briton males. The beauty of the facial *moko* [tattoo] has also been embraced to tantalisingly effect by many of the more fashionable Briton women. For this reason I particularly resent a recent instruction from our kaumatua to curtail my late

night 'forest grove' activities. I am shortly to be married to the daughter of an established Maori colonist family and my *whanau* are keen to ensure untainted Kaiwakawaka bloodlines.

Oh, well! As my father used to say: 'A *manu* in the hand is worth two in the bush!'

*Naku noa, na*

Paora Kaiwakawaka  
Westminster  
New Aotearoa

### **Dispatch by Nika Kaiwakawaka — Governor of New Aotearoa to the Aotearoan Confederation of Tribes (1865)**

Greetings three times

I give thanks for your continuing military and financial support in our struggle against the rebellious Britons. As reported in my last dispatch, large segments of the native population no longer seem to appreciate the opportunities offered to them by the government of New Aotearoa. Indeed, many of the ungrateful wretches have taken to open rebellion — particularly since the introduction of the fermented hops tax. Of all the Britons, the Windsor peoples have been the most vigorous in their resistance, successfully accumulating large numbers of supporters from other regions under the Windsor flag and calling themselves 'The King Movement'.

Needless to say, we have dealt firmly with pockets of the rebels, particularly along the western coast where large segments of land have been confiscated and offered to new Maori settlers. Some of the rascals removed from their lands have had the cheek to protest their innocence, claiming no knowledge of the events that had taken place and proclaiming vigorously to anyone who'll listen that they're not Briton but Welsh.

(Whatever! They all look the same to me!)

To discourage Briton demands for a national constitution, I have allowed the temporary establishment of four Briton seats on the National Council of Chiefs. This is, of course, a temporary measure as I do not think it wise to allow semi-barbarous natives to frame a constitution for themselves. Despite this display of benevolence on my part, however, many Britons continue to complain of ongoing breaches to the treaty. Others continue to argue that the Briton seats give insufficient representation, given their numbers in the national population.

God, these bloody Britons whinge a lot!

*Naku noa, na*

Nika Kaiwakawaka  
Governor  
New Aotearoa

### **Letter from Pere Kaiwakawaka to Premier Chieftain of the New Aotearoa Government (1900)**

Greetings three times

*E hoa*

I write to you today to express my great concern at the worsening condition of the noble Briton savage. Since the establishment of the colonies, the native population has continued to dwindle and now hovers on the brink of extinction. Much of this decline in population can be attributed to reproductive diseases introduced by the initial colonists (some blackguards attribute this directly to the activities of my beloved grandfather, Hemi!)

The Britons have also been affected drastically by the theft of their lands and the destruction wrought by the introduction of wildlife from Aotearoa. Admittedly, even in retrospect, my father and his friends could not possibly have anticipated the impact these 'little reminders of the homeland' would have on native wildlife. Who could possibly have imagined that creatures such as the kakapo — so benignly inept in the wilds of Aotearoa — would adapt so ferociously to their new environment. In New Aotearoa, these feathered little terrorists revealed a hitherto unrecognised cunning and capacity for violence and have bene recorded to 'gang up' to attack defenceless stoats and weasels.

The kiwi, too, has evolved dramatically in this country. According to rumours from the north, many of these avian fiends have somehow acquired the capacity for flight and developed the rather disturbing habit of 'buzzing' the nesting swans.

Although I'd be the first to admit that the Britons can complain over-zealously on occasion, perhaps they have a point when it comes to the injurious impact of the Briton Land Act on their culture and society. The Britons are still losing large tracts of land as their individualised titles are absorbed into the tribal affiliations of the colonists. Those who remain in individual holdings lack the support of whanau and struggle to compete against the larger groupings. Is this, they ask, what it means to be a partner to the Aotearoa Confederation of Tribes? The theft of our land, the desecration of our culture, the loss of our traditional way of life?

If the boot was on the other *waewae*, could we honestly believe the Britons capable of treating us so badly? I don't think so!

*Naku noa, na*

Pere Kaiwakawaka  
Westminster  
New Aotearoa

### **Personal letter from Tane Kaiwakawaka to Pere Kaiwakawaka (1945)**

Greetings, Father

I'm delighted to tell you that my wife and I have spent a very enjoyable honeymoon here on the Salisbury Plains. The weather has been excellent and we have taken the opportunity to partake in many of the local attractions. Oddly enough the most interesting of these was a three-day cultural experience package offered by one of the local native tourist companies. For the most part, this introduction to the renaissance of Briton culture consisted of frolicking naked amongst the heavenly edifices of a large stone circle and feasting on a diet of bacon butties (somewhat explaining the Briton predisposition to diabetes) and copious quantities of fermented hops.

Although initially indisposed to what I've always considered a bunch of cultural and spiritual mumbo jumbo, over time and copious quantities of fermented hops, my cynicism began to soften. In fact, by the second day, I was experiencing spiritual visions of my own!

To be honest, I don't really remember much of what went on over large segments of my time there but I do remember the lightness of those milk-coated maidens as they danced between their sacred stones. At the time, however, I recall thinking how spiritually jaded us Maori have become in comparison to the Britons. The overall experience has left both my wife and I with a new-found respect for these noble and mystic people.

Honestly father, I recognise the fact that I may be something of a radical but as one comes to comprehend the Briton spirit, one actually starts to experience a certain degree of sympathy for some of their more violent protests. Perhaps it wasn't such a great idea, for example, to bulldoze Stonehenge to make way for new roads under the Public Works Act. I feel the recent resurgence of Morris dancing is typical of the cultural backlash manifesting itself in our times. Although it cannot be denied that there is something majestic about the native Briton in those symbolic white costumes, the clash of the batons, the dynamic twirl of hankies and the thrilling jingle of bells, perhaps this is a prelude to some deeper ethnic awareness, the initiation of a cultural revolution that we can no longer ignore.

*Naku noa, na*

Tane Kaiwakawaka  
Salisbury  
New Aotearoa

#### **Letter to the Office of Rangi Kaiwakawaka, tribal representative for Westminster (1991)**

Greetings just once — I'm in a hurry!

I wish to express my disgust at the disgraceful behaviour of Briton activists at this year's Westminster Day celebrations. Citizens were not only exposed to an insulting demonstration of separatist dogma but also to an unprovoked and violent display of morris dancing. Can nothing prevent these British activists from their annual desecration of our nation's national day!

I'm tired of the continuing reference to the Treaty of Westminster. The treaty is not some magical, mystical, document. It certainly isn't any kind of rational blueprint for building a modern, prosperous, New Aotearoa. Bah! Throw it in the bin, I say!

Let's be pragmatic for once! The treaty did not create a partnership but a launching pad for the creation of one sovereign nation (that just happened to be ours). Why can't those bloody Britons get used to the fact that we're all one people now? We are all New Aotearoans and if they don't want to be like us then they can just go back to sitting around campfires eating each other!

A. Nonymous  
Bath  
New Aotearoa

#### **Diary extract of Rangi Kaiwakawaka, tribal representative for Westminster in the National Council of Chiefs and Minister of Briton Affairs (1995)**

Dear Diary

Another brain-numbing encounter with Bon Drashist of the Westminster Action Committee this afternoon! Needless to say, it didn't take long before he was off on the usual tirade of complaints

about treaty breaches, socio-economic disparities between Britons and Maori and so on. Fortunately, after years of select committee meetings I've developed the useful skill of sleeping with my eyes open. Much to my surprise, he was still going when I woke up almost twenty minutes later.

"What do you want me to do about it?" I growled. "I'm merely a simple politician."

"Honour the bloody treaty!" he demanded. "Britons want to have a say in the governing of their own country. They don't want to be dictated to by a government that ridicules their culture and changes laws on a whim whenever it wants to further its own dominance."

"Well, the Government does hold sovereignty," I pointed out.

"The Government assumed sovereignty. The Britons certainly never surrendered it!"

And on and on he went!

Unfortunately, 'organic intellectuals' like Mr Drashist do not appear to understand that possession is nine points of the law (note to self: draw up legislation to make it ten). Besides, the reallocation of national decision making powers is hardly a position that'll ever be supported by politicians, particularly when only a minority of the bloody population want it.

Although in general the Briton propensity for committees and in-fighting restricts the overall ability of individuals like Mr Drashist to mount any meaningful form of lobby group, I must admit that the recent organisation of a 'great march' to denounce government acquisition of the foreshore and our refusal to fly the Union Jack over London Bridge has taken us all a bit by surprise. At the end of our meeting, Mr Drashist had the gall to invite me to participate. Fortunately, I had the excuse of a prior engagement with a prize-winning sheep which for some reason, he found terribly amusing.

Bloody Britons! They were just lucky the Australian aboriginals didn't colonise them! They'd have sorted them out!

### **National Radio transcript of Rangi Kaiwakawaka - 'Nations Party' Address [Westminster Day — 2004]**

*[Transcript begins]*

In these sad times, it is distressing to see the increasing impact of race-based policies on our society. When will these Britons understand! None of us were around at the time of the New Aotearoa wars. None of us had anything to do with the confiscations — apart from having families that benefited. Honestly! There is a limit to how much any generation can apologise for the sins of its great-grandparents.

The truth is that those radicals who claim sovereignty never properly passed from Britons into the hands of the Aotearoa Confederation of Tribes, and thus ultimately into the hands of all New Aotearoans, are living in a fantasy world. They forget that today the majority of Briton children grow up with a non-Briton parent. Many people feel it is somehow impolite to mention these facts but I intend to do so anyway. Britons should no longer be permitted the luxury of considering themselves 'Briton', a separatist and divisive element of our great country. Under a 'Nations' Government, I can assure you we will rehabilitate these indigenes, heal them and absorb them into our society so that they can be like the rest of mainstream, so that they can — in effect — be like me!

Certainly, the indigenous culture of New Aotearoa will always hold a special place in our country, and will be cherished for that reason. A Nations Government will therefore continue to fund — to a limited degree — Cornish language classes, cricket and dead cow bladder sporting events — not because we have been conned into believing that that is somehow a special right enjoyed by Britons

under the Treaty, but rather because ethnic celebrations are good for the tourist dollar and offer a degree of local colour during national celebrations.

Now, can I honestly be any fairer than that?

*[Wet squelching thump]*

Ouch! Bloody hell that hurt!

Who threw that bloody clod of earth!

*[Transcripts Ends]*

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