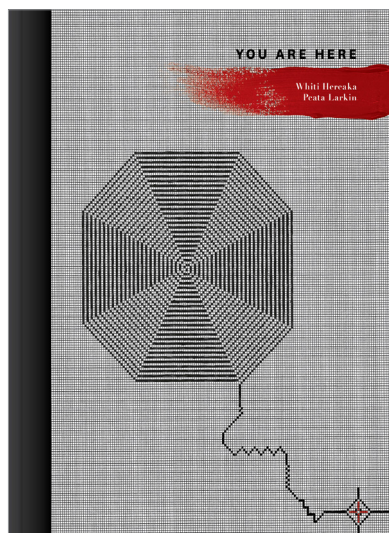




You Are Here

WHITI HEREAKA AND PEATA LARKIN



\$45

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Makaurau Auckland and Te Whanga-nui-a-Tara Wellington, New Zealand

A UNIQUE COLLABORATION IN WORDS AND ART

The sixth book in the remarkable *kōrero* series, edited by Lloyd Jones, features Jann Medicott Acorn Fiction Prize winner Whiti Hereaka and the acclaimed artist Peata Larkin, cousins who share the same whakapapa, in a collaboration based on the Fibonacci number sequence.

In a feat of managed imagining, Hereaka's words spiral out to the centre of the book and then back in on themselves to end with the same words with which the text began. As the pattern spools out and then folds back, Peata Larkin's meticulous drawings of *tāniko* and *whakairo* and her lush works on silk weave their own entrancing pattern.

'It is my hope that by the time you have walked that path that you are now a different reader and will read those words in a new way,' Hereaka says.

You Are Here is a beguiling and important addition to the *kōrero* series.

'This is beautiful. A beautiful production, a beautiful concept, and it's beautifully executed' — Stella Chrysostomou, RNZ

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Whiti Hereaka (Ngāti Tūwharetoa, Te Arawa) is a playwright, novelist, screenwriter, and barrister and solicitor. She holds a Masters in Creative Writing (Scriptwriting) from the International Institute of Modern Letters, Te Herenga Waka — Victoria University of Wellington, and is a trustee of the Māori Literature Trust. Her fourth novel, *Kurangaituku*, won the Jann Medicott Acorn Prize for Fiction at the 2022 Ockham New Zealand Book Awards. She is a lecturer in the creative writing programme at Massey University, and is working on her PhD in creative writing.

Peata Larkin (Te Arawa, Tūhourangi, Ngāti Whakaue, Ngāti Tūwharetoa) graduated with a Master of Fine Arts from RMIT, Melbourne, in 2009 and has a Bachelor of Fine Arts from the Elam School of Fine Arts, University of Auckland. Her public and private commissions have included ANZ Tower, Westfield Newmarket, Park Hyatt and the International Conference Centre in Auckland. Her work is held in the collections of Memphis Museum of Fine Arts, Rotorua Museum Arts Trust, Pātaka Art + Museum, the University of Waikato and Massey University.

SALES POINTS

- The sixth in Massey University Press's lauded *kōrero* series of gorgeous 'picture books for grownups', edited by Lloyd Jones
- Beautifully written and superbly illustrated by two of New Zealand's finest practitioners
- A beautiful, collectable hardback

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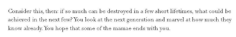
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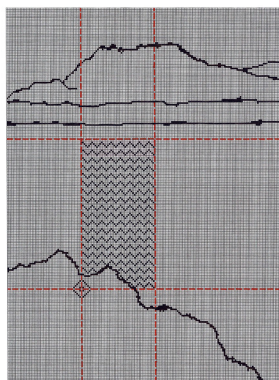
The map of your mind can be redrawn; there is no need to keep to the narrowness of an old mental view. You can be expansive. You can make new pathways; you can broaden the ones you already have. You can delight in the huge shaping your mouth, the physicality of language: tongue and teeth and breath and throat. You hope that one day you will connect it all: sight, sound, meaning.

Ah, but that bright, sharp sting hobbles you again. The anger that you have to do this, the work of reclaiming yourself. Sometimes it overwhelms you and you get lost in the rage of it — what were you doing to do in life if you didn't need to spend this time fighting for something that just should have been yours? You remember a conversation from a decade or two ago, when learning seemed facile because even if you could speak, who would you speak to? You avert at the memory of your younger self, because even though you were isolated from your community — partly by your own doing — it was really because you were scared. Of failure. Of not being enough. Of not belonging.

It has taken you a long time to realise that this is part of your journey too — that there are old scripts to unlearn. That for you it is not as simple as memorising laws and phrases and syntax — it is carving yourself free: reshaping, or perhaps erasing, your

For a long time, you've thought of it as your cross to bear, but perhaps you've been carrying a pos — and no one expects you to carry this on your own. That is your old way of thinking — that you are alone. There are many people who will carry it with you.

You feel a bit uncomfortable, because in some ways you are a stranger here: you have been away for a very long time. This is the place that you tell people you are from after months, after seasons, after *ivi* — you are here, but have you ever been *vega*?



What is it that stops you now?

Is it the possibility of failure? You've survived failure many times before, so why would this be different? Perhaps you have tied too much to your ability to speak, to understand. Because it is more than understanding a language -- it is making sense of yourself.

And perhaps there is nothing more frightening than reckoning with yourself.

If your life were a movie, you'd jump off the Point now, despite the cold and being fully clothed. You wouldn't even pause to take off your shoes because the camera would zoom in on them as you pushed yourself up and off the camera following behind you off the edge. The footage would show as you made your descent — perhaps a shot or two of you as a child would be cut in to make the point that you had grown into your bravery. And as you sink into the water, you would hang suspended there in the dappled shadows, at peace until your need to fill your lungs would tip your head up towards the light. And then it would cut to you surfacing again, laughing — so that the circle in your life completed at last. You faced your childhood fear and now you can face anything.

How disappointing it is then to still quake at the edge of the Point — perhaps more afraid now than as a child, even though you don't really have *more* to lose. Why do you think that because you've never jumped from here you lack courage? Why have you returned to this place at all?

You know that you are here. That this is not the cliff you need to conquer. The seven-metre plunge from the rocks to the lake is not the leap you need to complete. You seek a different kind of immersion – not in the cool clear water below, but in the waters of your soul.

Breathe out.

Breathe in.

