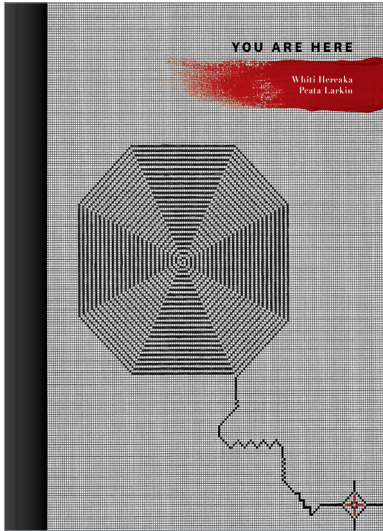




You Are Here

WHITI HEREKA AND PEATA LARKIN



\$45

CATEGORY: Fiction
ISBN: 978-1-99-101679-9
EISBN: n/a
THEMA: FBA, AGB, 1MBN
BIC: FA, AGB, 1MBN
BISAC: FIC019000, FIC059000,
FIC113000, ART016010
PUBLISHER: Massey University Press
IMPRINT: Massey University Press
PUBLISHED: March 2025
PAGE EXTENT: 96
FORMAT: Hardback
SIZE: 250 x 190mm
RIGHTS: World
AUTHORS' RESIDENCES: Palmerston
North and Auckland, New Zealand

ISBN 978-1-99-101679-9



9 781991 016799

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 Hereka 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, Hereka'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,' Hereka says.

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

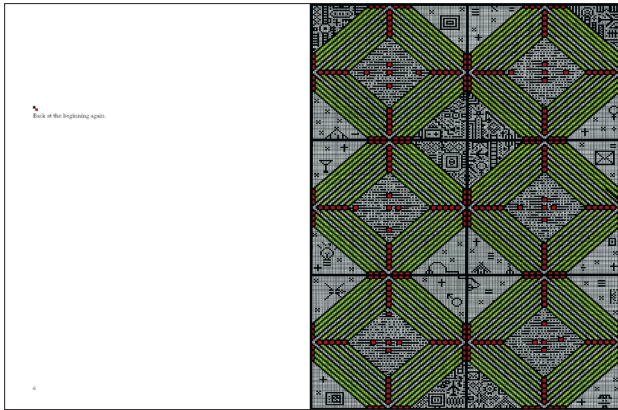
ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Whiti Hereka (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.

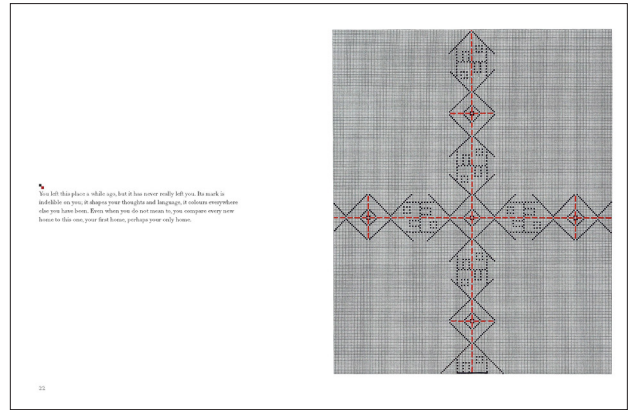
Peata Larkin (Te Arawa, Tūhourangi, Ngāti Whakaue, Ngāti Tūwharetoa) graduated with a Master of Fine Arts from RMIT, Melbourne, in 2009 and has a Bachelor of Fine Arts from the Elam School of Fine Arts, University of Auckland. Her public and private commissions have included ANZ Tower, Westfield Newmarket, 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



Look at the beginning again.



You left this place a while ago, but it has never really left you. Its mark is visible on you. It shapes your thoughts and language. It informs everything the you have done. Even when you do not return to your country every year, home is the one, your first home, perhaps your only home.



Consider this, then: if no mark can be destroyed in a few short lifetimes, what could be achieved in the next few? You look at the next generation and marvel at how much they have changed. You hope that some of the answer could be yours.

The way of your mind can be confused, there is no need to keep to the narrow of an old model. You can be responsive. You can make some progress, you can breathe the ones you already know. You can delight in the larger shaping your mouth, the physicality of language larger and both and looser and freer. You hope that one day you will continue to all right, at least.

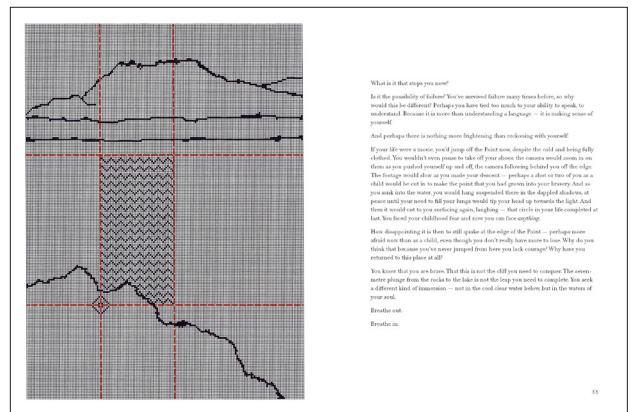
At last that bright, sharp, shining light again. The hope that you have to do this, the mark of something new. Sometimes it comes to you and you get lost in the light of it – what more could you do to life if you didn't need to spend this time fighting for something that just should have been yours? You remember a conversation from a decade or two ago, when something seemed really, because even if you could speak, who would you speak to? You smart at the memory of your progress still, 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 realize that this is part of your journey too – that there are old ways to wisdom. That for you it is not so simple as remembering legs and phrases and stories – it is coming yourself, your thinking, or perhaps making, your will.

For a long time you've thought of it as your own to think, but perhaps you've been carrying a piece – and so now expect you to carry this in your eye. That your old way of thinking – that you are alone. There are many people who will carry it with you.

Thank you for the time and shared by your name. You are never tired in an adult, in your only moments are those when you were a child. They think of a child, long questions that you didn't understand.

No, that's not a child, 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 morning, after sunset, after tea – you are here, but have you ever been present?



What is it that stops you now?

Is it the possibility of failure? You've moved failure many times before, so why would this be different? Perhaps you know that too much to your ability to speak, to understand. Because it is more than understanding a language – it is looking across of yourself.

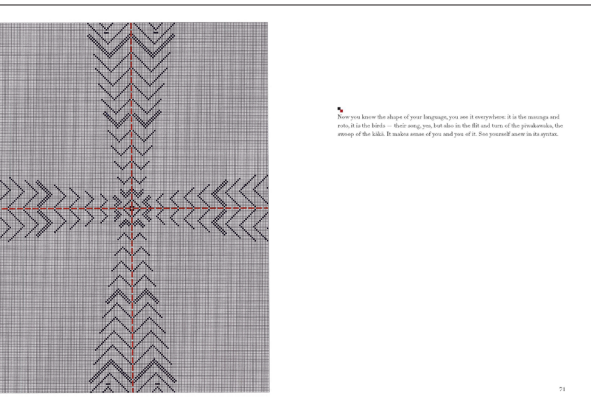
And perhaps there is nothing more enlightening, than reaching with yourself.

If your life were a movie, you'd jump off the first scene, despite the cold and being fully clothed. You wouldn't even give a chance to take off your shoes, the camera would zoom in on them as you pulled something up and off, the camera following behind you at the edge. The footage would do 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 home, but as you sank into the water, you would hang suspended there in the digital darkness, at your own will, as if the time had stopped. By your hand, you would turn the light shut, then it would not to you and your eyes, laughing – that circle to your life completed at last. You had your childhood and now you can live anything.

How disappointing is that to still speak at the edge of the frame – perhaps more afraid now than as a child, even though you don't really have to be. Why do you think that because you've never jumped from how you look tonight? Why have you returned to that place at all?

You know that you are here. That this is not the old you need to compare. The answerer jumps from the rock to the lake in the time you need to complete. You seek a different kind of transition – not in the cool clear water below, but in the water of your soul.

Breathe out.
Breathe in.



You know that the shape of your language, you are it everywhere. It is in the message and not, it is in the hole – they say, but also in the fit and form of the pronouns, the shape of the hole. It makes sense of you and you of it. Do yourself over in the system.

