



Little Places Introduction	4-:
	400
Its About Me	6-
Lion Rock	10-1:
Matauri Bay	22-2
Cavalli Islands - Rainbow Warrior	24-2
Rarotonga	38-3
Traditional Ink	40-4



My aesthetics are the result of my background in graphics and design. Simplicity, elegance and impact describe the style of this so-called now professional work. Consequently the creative design I like fits that portrayal, and early in my creative work education, my work has clearly informed by the humanistic as well as the stylistic qualities of work that I have created I have directed myself in this assignment to push further in gathering relevant information I higher myself in the area of this work. Structure and Graphics and design are paramount consideration not only in my visualization, but also in a non-linear way of my thinking. I credit the post modern temperament of my work to purposefully work within a well positioned framework of engaging an audience which is presumed to be a questioning intelligent reasoning body of creative thinkers in BCT. I am skeptic about my work and presentation! My design in this form explores rational thoughts while questioning the accepted in this assignment. This is the central theme in creative

project art. I explored my lack of trust, and desire to seek truths via dialogs I think others would enjoy. I like to author only the beginning of an intimate conversation, and then visually ask the viewer to interpret elements or even complete their own personal story line. In my recent pieces of work, I compared my military work frame of my assignment projects witch engaged me into operating into a higher level of content, media and technologies from creativity of design. I wanted to convey a more personal experience with this project, one that requires an immersive environment as what I have used presented in this publication. As a result, my work is currently in a transformative state. The scale is growing larger and more representative of the inhabited design IV developed as a learning creative designer. I have decided to divert myself away from the elements of in-depth technology in which I cannot define my self as a new media artist, only as a traditional graphic designer.



I have designed something that differs the mere sense that as an illustrative design it's genuinely quite imposing and capturing to have designed something with meaning that can relate to many different aspects. The visual weight of each segment from the tree possesses a unique identity of place. Each fragment from the branches imposes a direction of place quite similar to a family tree but in a more informed illustrative way in this case. Taking in to consideration that this design has a link between the connection of a tree and a fingerprint representing the nature of experience, family and identity I am connecting the two elements of identity and the family tree. Using the same concept of a family tree, but replacing the names with the places visited by me. Using my own identity placed with the foundations of a tree represents a connection between family, and you as individual. Combined a link with my finger print and a historic pohutekawa

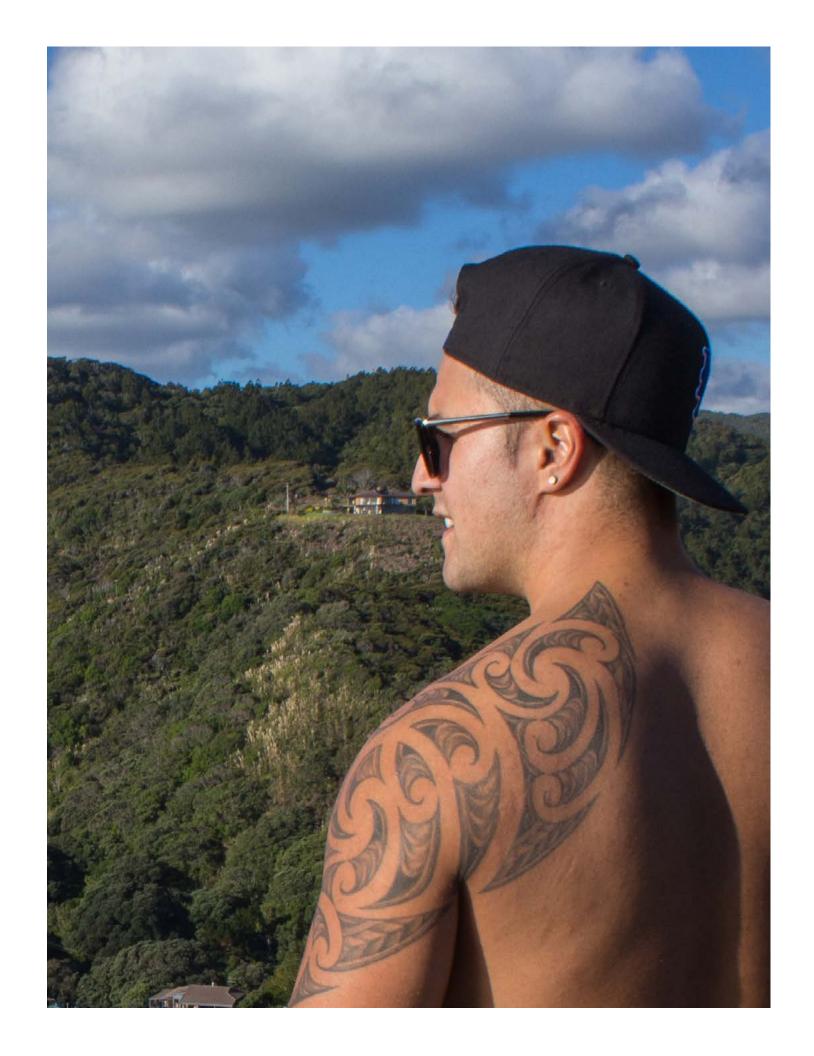
tree acts as a emphasis of family tree of my own but in a way that I can relate to in a more graphical term of manufacturing the many places that relate to me. This book is an emphasis on my own knowledge and facts on what the word place means to me as a designer. Rather than taking that word, and giving it a description of something that relates to a more educational feel, this book conducts an emotional touch to it that relates to me personally in such a way that I can describe the definition of the word 'place' in a term that relates to feeling, love and encouragement. This book contains my feelings and emotions of what I feel at the time. Basically speaking that the book relates to the various spectacular places in which these places can relate to me as a person of who I am and what I personally love doing which is design, photography and the outdoors. Enjoy the motions of scenery as you open through this book. Open to the world of 'Little Places'.

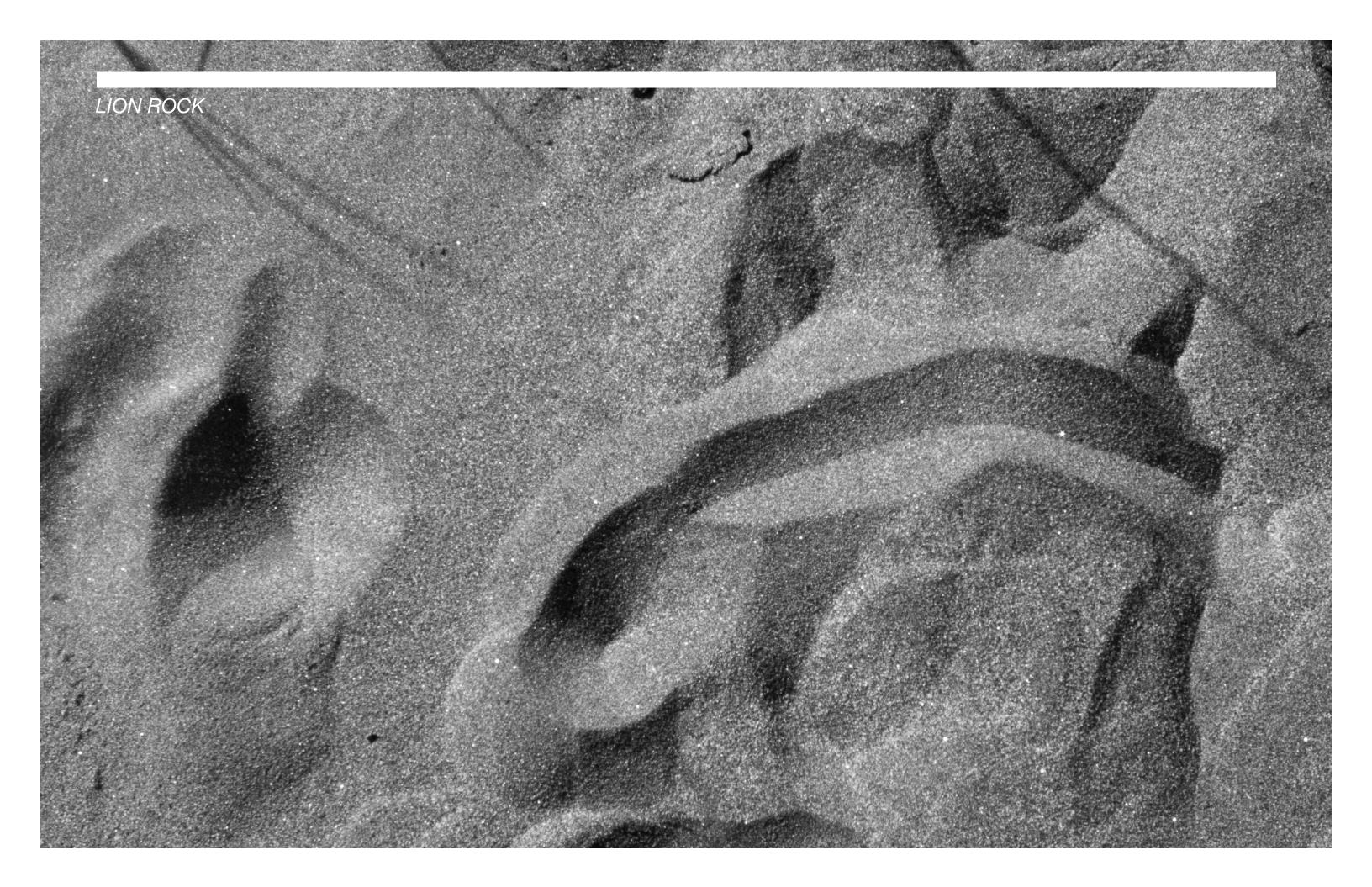


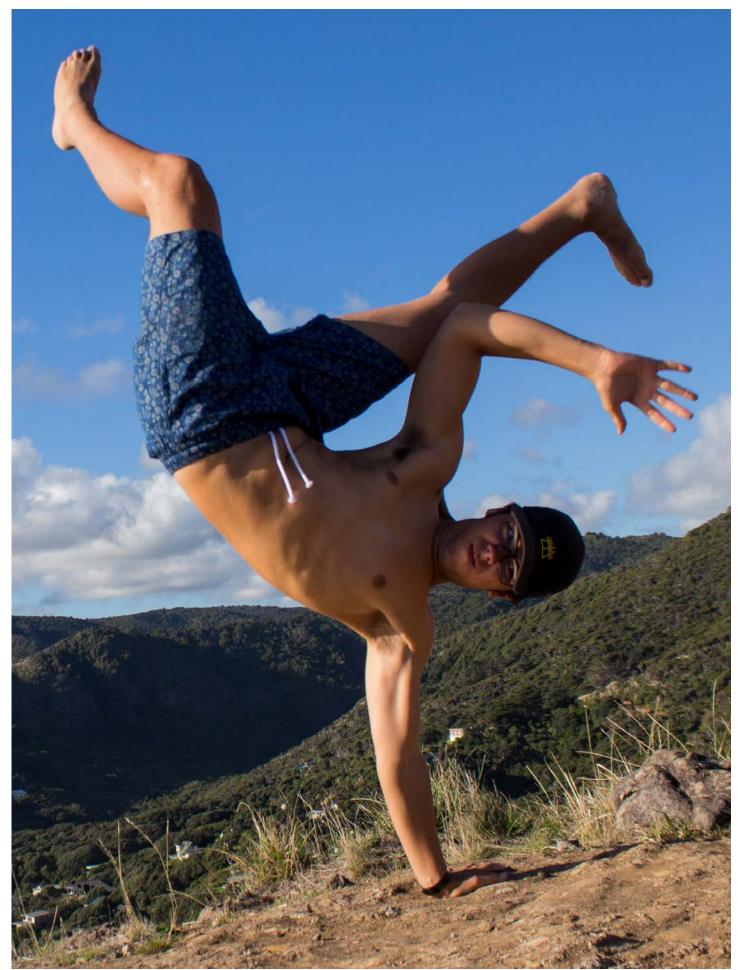
I connect to Mataatua through Nga Puhi in the North thru Nanny Pop Ihaka Hohaia and down these ways at Ngatira Marae - Putaruru.... though Ngati Ahuru which link back to Mataatua which landed at Whakatane.....the Ngatokimatawhaorua canoe belongs to the great Navagator Kupe who sailed to NZ from a place Maori originated from called Hawaiiki in the Pacific Ocean....the Navagator Kupe circled NZ and chanced upon the famous octopus called Muturangi which he chased near Wellington and killed. He came up north to Hokianga Harbour and left to go back to Hawaiki.... there he told the people of a island and how to get there, hence the 7 canoes of Maori which sailed to Aotearoa...we link to that canoe thru Murimotu Hohaia from North.... the name Ngatokimatawhaorua means nga = the toki = adze whao = carve rua = twice.... =the adze that carved twice.... meaning two canoes. Tainui is the canoe - Hoturoa was the commander who had two wives one was Marama who had a fling to the original tribe in Auckland called the Te Waiohua & his main wife called Whakaotirangi which descends the main tree of Tainui canoe, Hautere is the mountain which connects us to the Te Arawa canoe of the Rotorua areas and Maketu - Bay of Plenty (So meaning the Te Arawa

designs are appropriate, as Well as the Tauranga Moana Tribes which link us also to the Maataatua canoe which landed in Whakatane and is also connected to the Nga Puhi Tribe. So you know Hautere is the gateway to these tribes mentioned. Oraka is the river which is one of the major water catchments of our area taking the water into the Waihou River which is the purest water in the area, these water sources connect us up into Hauraki region where our female ancestoress Taoitekura of Ngati Maru Tribe who married Uenukukopako of Te Arawa. Taoitekura was dived the lake, hence her marriage to Uenukukopako. Uenukukopako has three wives we link to all wives. He was a Te Arawa ancestor. It was his grandfather Rangitihi who was a warrior and was beaten over the head fracturing it, but yet, he persisted as a warrior bounding his head with an akatea vine and continued to fight. Our Tribe is Raukawa who is the son of Turongo who went to the east coast to find his wife who was a cheiftainess of her tribe; she was called Mahinaarangi of the Kurahaupo canoe. Mahinaarangi was the descendant of Rongomaiwahine andKahungunu(male)Rongomaiwahine married Kahungunu who had 8 wifes, Rongimaiwahine was the last. Although she was already married. Kahungunu

obtained her thru farting by eating the rou of the paua which caused a person to fart of something bad....Rongomaiwahine blamed her husband Tamatakutai and kicked him out. Eventually Kahungunu took Tamatakutai the husband of Rongomai out fishing and drowned him, hence how his got Rongomaiwahine who was a famed beauty. Like her ancestress Rongomaiwahine, Mahinaarangi was also a famed beauty who fell in love with Turongo of the Tainui. Turongo didn't know whom he was meeting up with, the only clue was the smell of the Raukawa perfume, Mahinaarangi used to smear on her body. Hence when her child was born she named him Raukawa who was born out near Tirau, Matamata area up in the hiills because Mahinaarangi walked all the way from Hastings to Matamata, to Arapuni to meet up again with her husband Turongo. Their child born was called Raukawa, which is our tribe. Our Subtribe or clan is Ngati Mahana, which is the direct female line to your mother grandmother and so forth. Whakaaratamaiti is the name of the marae and the land, which means to awaken the inner child. Lastly the ancestor Manutawhiorangi who bounds all of the marae in Putaruru as one under our Ngati Ahuru, which is the male lineage









Lion Rock is Piha's most iconic landmark, its profile from all angles, known nation-wide. Lion Rock sits between Piha and North Piha beaches, offering people who climb it, spectacular views in all directions. It is not possible to climb to the top after a rockfall made access too dangerous. At the end of the short, steep climb, there is a pou to a Te Kawerau a Maki ancestress, Ngati Tangiaro Taua, who loved this spot. There is a stone seat, so it is a good stop off place for a rest and to enjoy the views. There is interpretation on the way up about the rock and its former inhabitants.

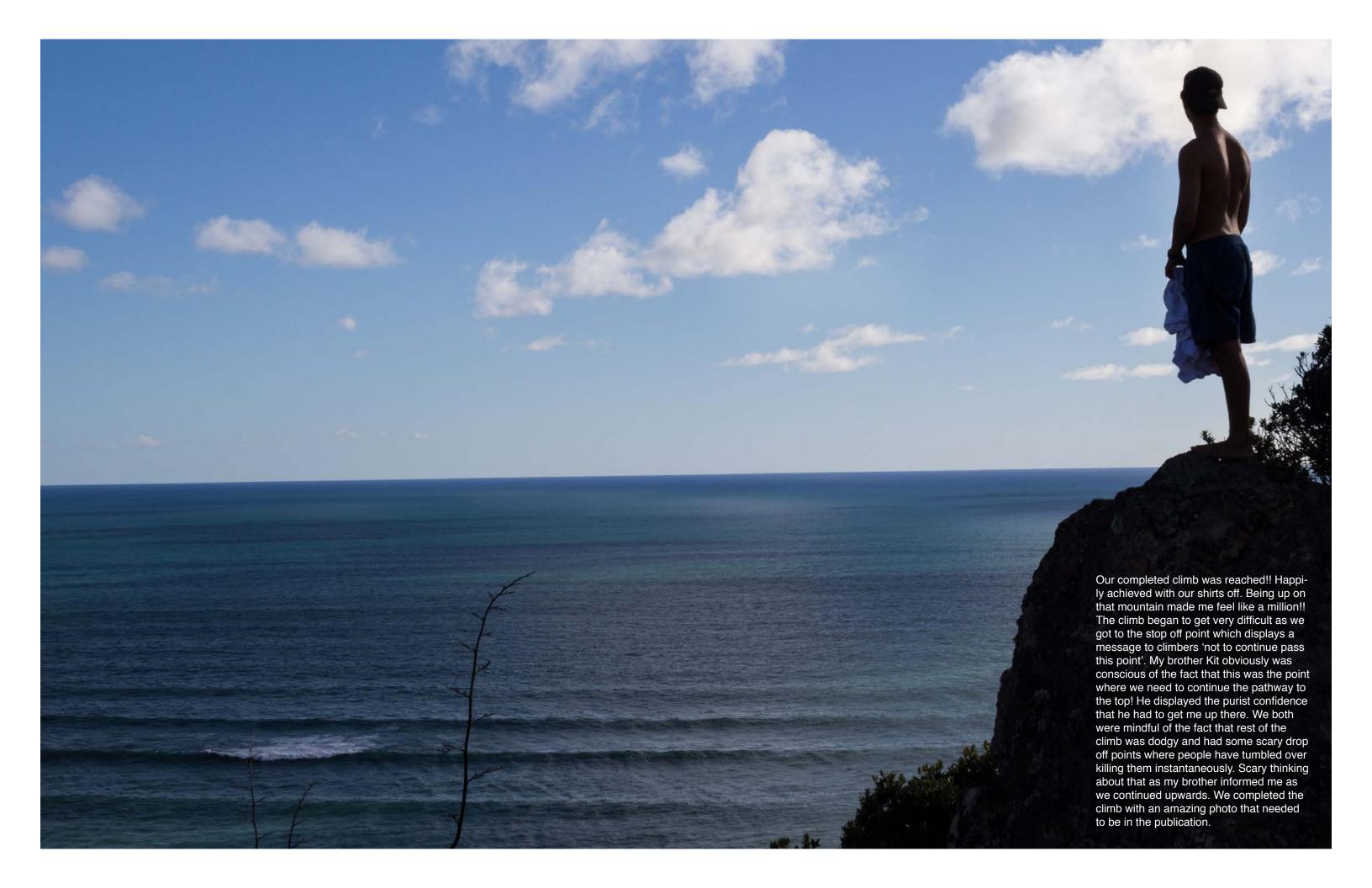
To Te Kawerau, Lion Rock was known as Te Piha, the name now given to the beach. Te Piha referred to the patterns of waves separating and breaking on the front of the rock, as on the prow of a canoe. The important defensive pa, Whakaari, was on Lion Rock, and middens and terrace can be found on the buttocks and right shoulder. On the very top are terraces and pits. This was the last bastion of this citadel. Geologically, Lion Rock is the eroded neck of a volcano, which erupted 16 million years ago. The orange scarp on the south-facing slope vividly shows the continual erosion. A researcher who thought it was the result of quarrying once contacted me!On the southern side at the front, there is a sharp, pinncale shaped rock that was historically known as Victoria Rock as it looks like Queen Victoria in profile.

At the base of the rock there are a number of plagues. The large white marble one is a Roll of Honour to men who went from the Piha State Sawmill to WW1. There is also a small WW2 plague and a plague that commemorates the handing over of Lion Rock to the Auckland Centennial Memorial Park Board in the 1965. The rock was purchased from Te Kawerau in 1941 by descendants of Sir Algernon Thomas specifically to be gifted to be part of the great conservation park that Sir Algernon had sought from the 1890s. The plaque also commemorates Te Kawerau a Maki. There have been not a few people die or seriously injure themselves in falls from Lion Rock. In one of the most recent deaths a group of young men decided to camp on the top of Lion Rock overnight. When one went out in the dark to relive him, he walked off the edge of the rock. In 2010, three young men set out to climb to the top in the dark. Two fell and tumbled to the bottom. The third ran for help and was lucky to find lights on at the Webber house, and Jonathon Webber, a trained paramedic, was able to go to their help. Miraculously, the two survived their injuries.

Kit Elliot Alofa



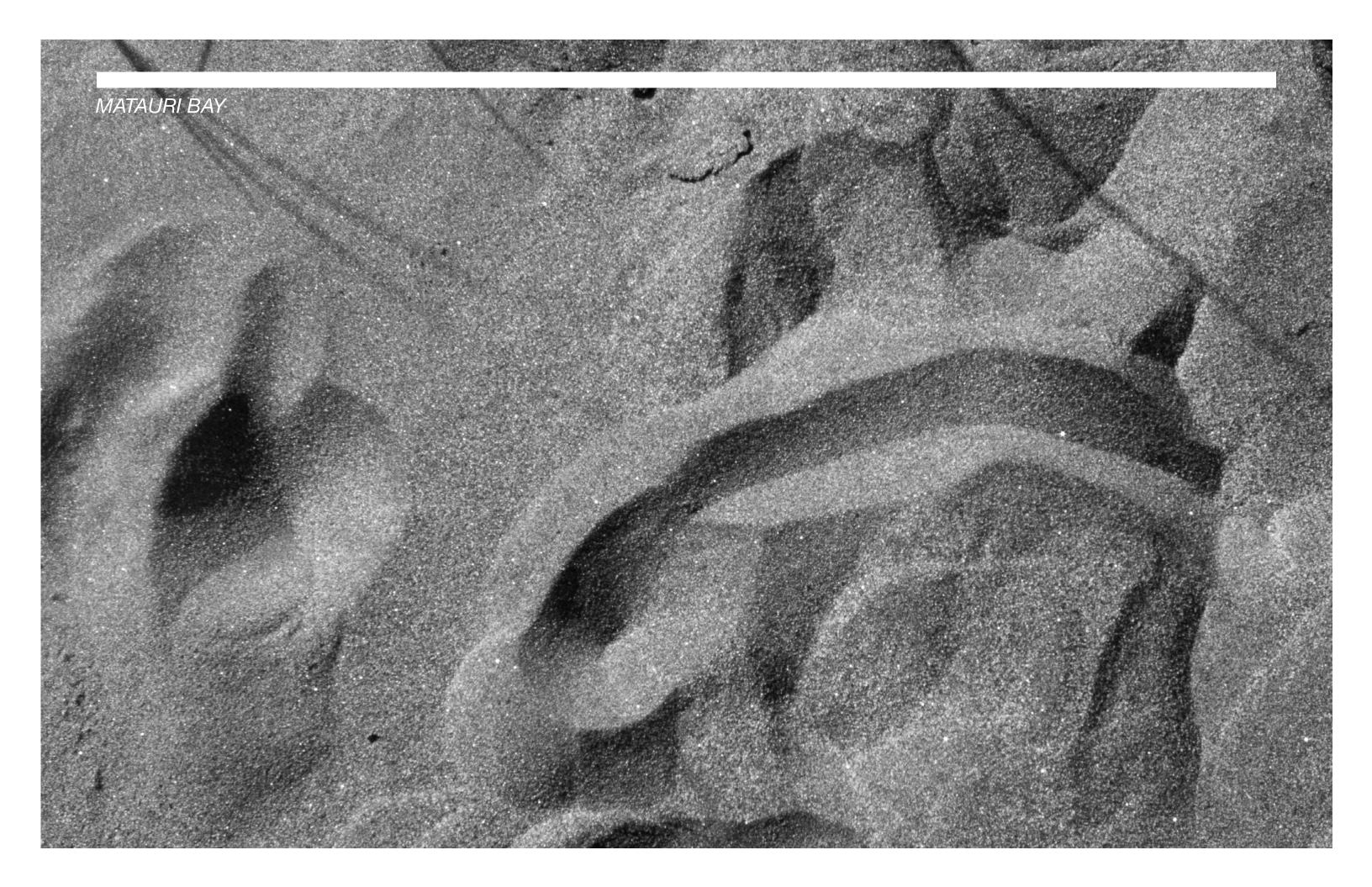


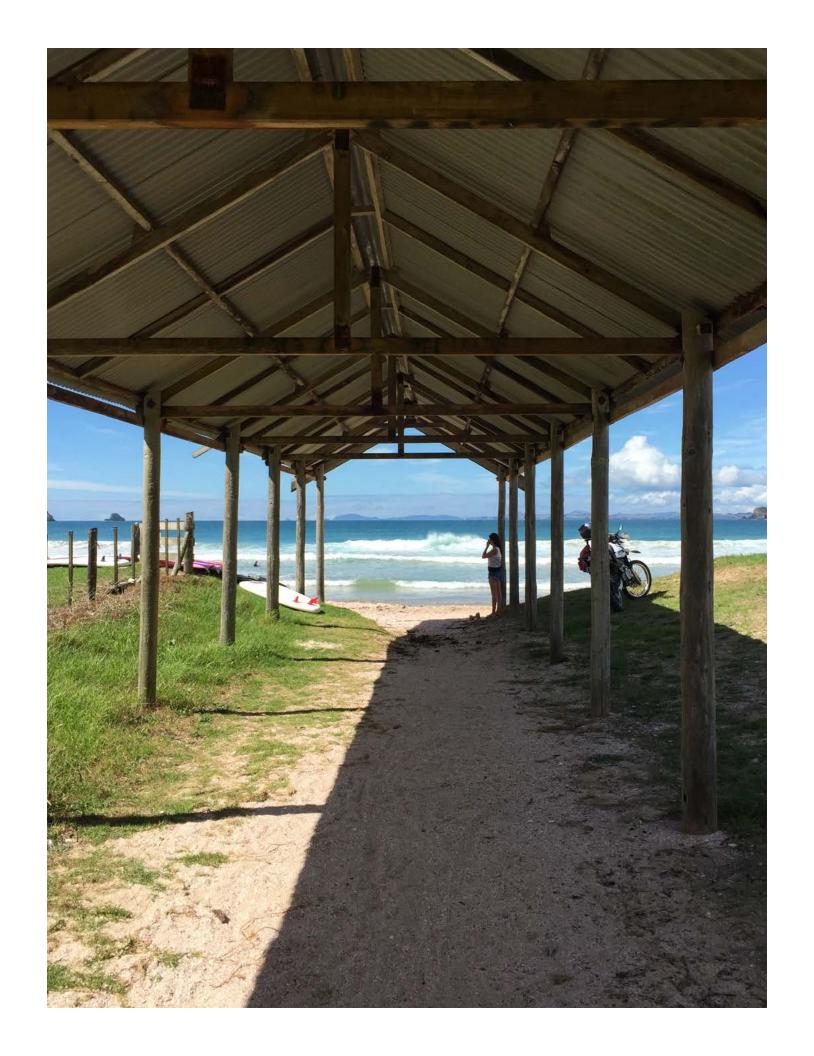














Matauri bay!! Place visit by various tourist from around the world, A place I like to call home. I remember growing up as a child when my mother used to always hand side saying 'Whangaroa Matauri take us kids to this amazing place called 'Matauri Bay'. Being so young, we didn't know any better but to remember this place being the best surfing and body boarding area in the world, along side being the best fishing and diving site ever. Despite the three-hour drive driving in route from Auckland to Matuari bay, we loved to travel with mum and dad. Every stop our mum would ask my sister and I "what is the next town"? I used to always be one step a head of my sister because she fast a sleep whilst I was awake sinking in all the knowledge and facts dad gave me as I sat in the co-pilots chair beside him. You could always hear mum snoring in the background, which of course made me feel sleepy as well. Passing through Keriri we always stopped to refuel our car and mum spoilt us with goodies before we continued back on to the road. Matauri were super expensive. The drive was only 20min from Keriri to Matauri. All the whanau will all prepare, waiting anxiously on our arrival to the bays.

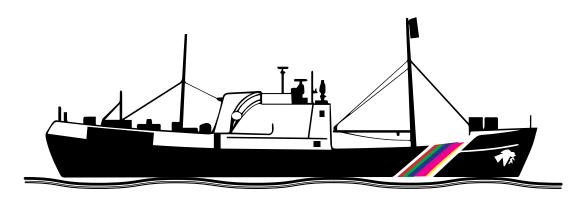
They didn't see us as often which is why they were excited to see us. I remember seeing that massive sign on the right Bay campground 20ks ahead'. At this point I would yell out to my sister with excitement 'we're here"! Maria would quickly wake up fully energized waiting to see the drop off point where we could all see below the amazing view of our home, Matauri bay. As we arrived to the fish n chip shop, I could always remember vividly, the straight line between the water and the sky. The atmosphere and skies were so clear that it seemed like the water was the sky. Mum and dad agreed with me about my little imagination. The roads at weren't as flash as they are now. Dad will chop the car down into third gear as we descended down. The roads were gravel and slippery. My sister never liked sitting on the right hand side because she was frightened that the car would tip and tumble down the steep hills. I didn't care one single bit, all I wanted to do was get down there and get in the water. Finally, we arrived, my uncles and aunties would run up to us and give us sloppy kisses and back breaking hugs. You could see

our cousins out back hiding timidly. This always happened: I thought that, it is because we had the latest clothes and flash outfits. You could differentiate our clothes and my cousins close were much different, they had heart old ripped t-shirts and short shorts, which were the Matuari styles back then. My aunties would yell out to my cousin 'kaua e whakama' which meant 'Don't be shy'. Mum and dad would crank the music and you could here the bottles of DB brown and Lion Red rattling. We all knew that Mum and Dad had set us free when you could here the music and the rattling bottles. Off to the beach with our dive gear we go. My adrenaline of excitement was pumping through me as I could see the water getting nearer in sight. The clarity of the water was so clear that we cold see 5 metres down through the water. Matauri was the first place I learned how to dive. I now have my underwater PADI license and all my professional dive gear all from my first experience from my home. Remembering this place as a child will always run through my blood.



Here is a small logo signature that i have been designing for a section in my place publication. I have been researching on some significant places around the north island and i have made some amazing discoveries regarding this research. I ended up selecting the third signature because it relates to the nature of the islands in Matuari bay which is where the cavalli islands where discovered by captain james cook on 27th November 1769 when he anchored on these bays. The boat of this logo acts as an emphasis of the many various fisherman who enter into these spots in the north island. Along side of the logo i have added a small glif which sits on

the line if you look closely it relates to the atmosphere of the Cavalli Island known as 'Motukawa' which means island, the two islands where names 'Motukawa Iti' which means 'Small island' & the other island is called 'Motukawa Nui' in this case you can guess what that means 'Big Island' The Cavallis are the final resting place of the Rainbow Warrior, which is one of the top dive sights in Northland. The coastal area nearby and the islands themselves offer many secluded beautiful beaches - spend a day swimming, snorkeling, fishing or relaxing in this subtropical paradise. The Cavalli Islands can be reached by boat, and in good weather you can kayak to them.



Bombed by French government saboteurs in Auckland harbour in July 1985, the Greenpeace ship Rainbow Warrior was later re-floated and scuttled off Matauri Bay. The Rainbow Warrior was a former UK Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Foodtrawler, later purchased by the environmental organisation Greenpeace. The ship was active in supporting a number of Greenpeace protest activities against seal hunting, whaling and nuclear weapons testing during the late 1970s and early 1980s. She was sunk on 10 July 1985 whilst moored in Auckland harbour by operatives of the French intelligence service. to prevent her from interfering in a nuclear test in Moruroa. Fernando Pereira, a photographer, drowned on the sinking ship. Two French agents were later arrested by the New Zealand Police and charged with murder and terrorism offenses.

Today the wreck is a complex marine eco-system covered in colourful corals and populated by goatfish, moray eels and other fish. Anemones, sponges and algae of all hues cling to the wreck; in its watery grave the Rainbow Warrior is far more rainbow than warrior. She rests just under 6 km north of Matauri Bay, 350m south of the pass between the 2 small islands, Horonui and Motutapere at GPS co-ordinates 34°58.60'S 173°56.14'E. 40m in length and lying almost upright on the sandy bottom, the wreck can easily be covered in a single dive. Its superstructure rises to within 50 ft (15 m) of the surface, with the seabed below at 85 ft (26 m). Its bow section is still largely intact, creating the illusion that it is sailing across the white sands of the seafloor beneath its hull.





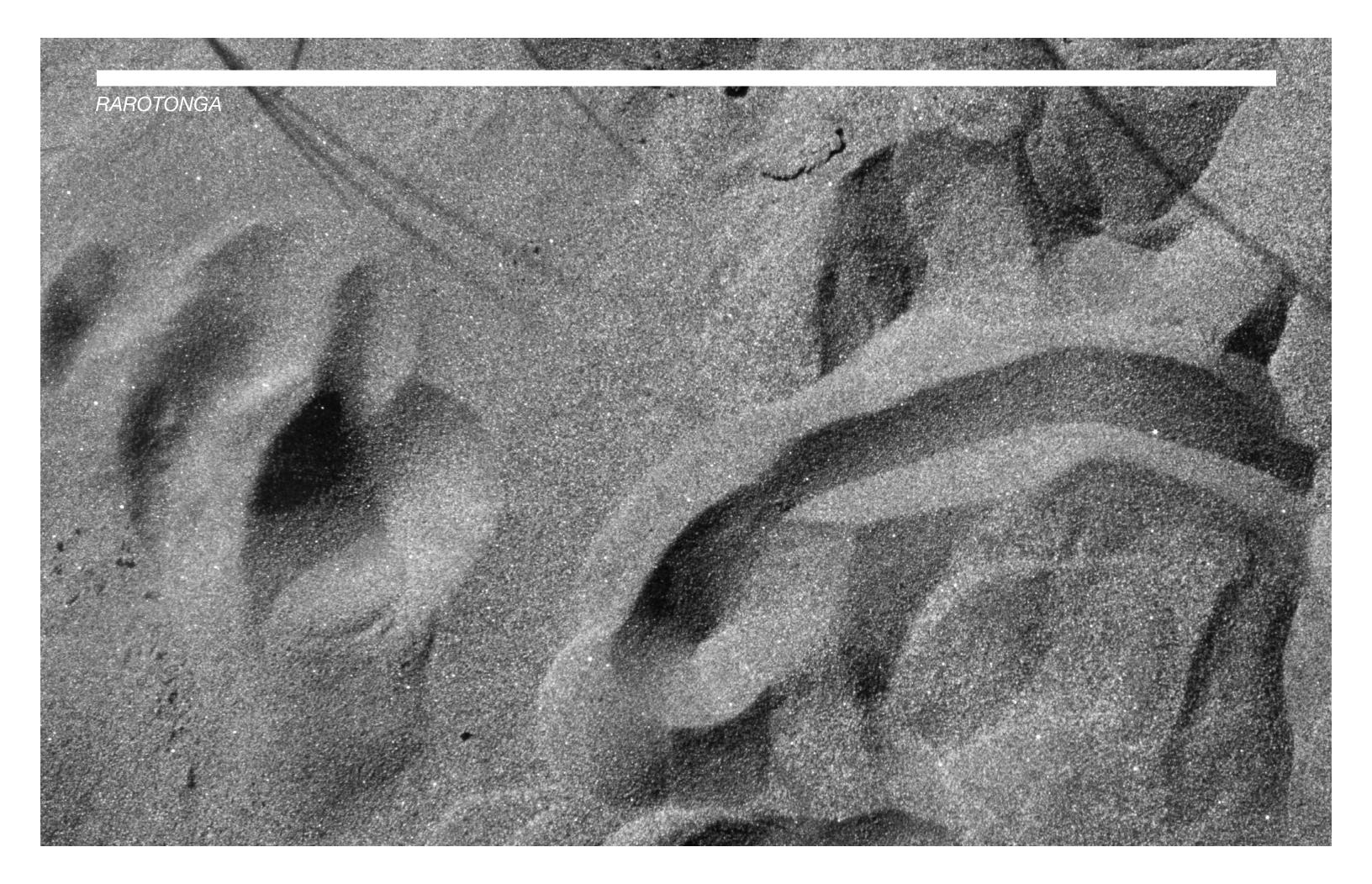








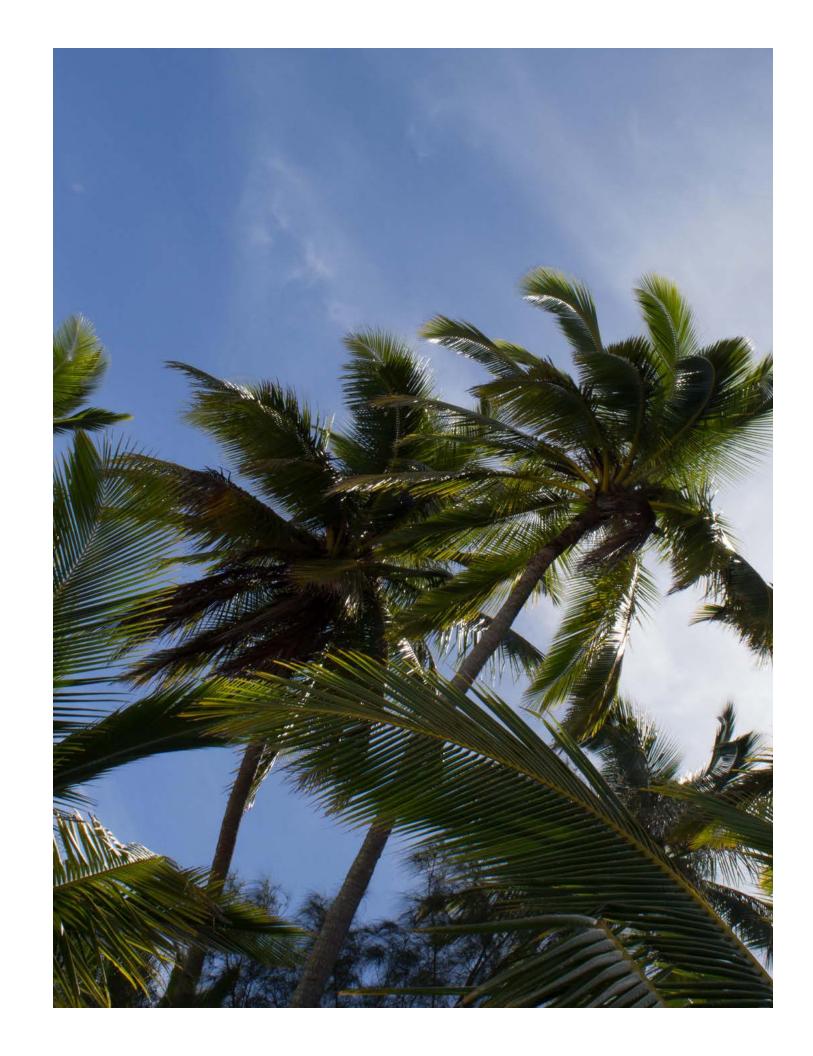






Coming into this world built upon the nature of being a tradition pacific island, I wanted a taste of what Rarotonga would bring to me. Of course with the cultural aspect in this amazing little island, I knew that in my head I was mindful of the different natures and pacific atmosphere the Cook Islands would have. When I arrived on this island I couldn't stop looking through the window of the plane. I was desperate to get out side to smell and feel the true definition of the pacific. I was fully aware that this place had some serious weather condition such as the vicious cyclones and hurricanes the island could possibly go through. This is something I could not justify. The only thing that was pounding through me head was the amazing scenery and the water clarity that I need to see through my own eyes. Despite the thoughts that people were telling me, the early morning arrived and I was awaken by these irritating rosters that would consistently blow their voice boxes frequently. Everything seemed as it looked in the professional photograph images that were displayed as posters for Flight center and The House Of Travel. It was all real to me, The island is truly a place of paradise. You could understand why people

would love such an amazing place filled with love, history and lovely nature it brings upon you. Walking through the roads and the driveways you could here the noises of fruit dropping from the treetops. Everywhere was scatters of fruit and food. In every direction I looked, I gathered a feeling that I was at home and that I could make do with thenaturalresourcesproducednaturally from the plantation and fish received from the sea. The people here are all soft spoken and kind giving people. It is as if they were your own family who wanted to take care of you and give you gifts. This was one highlighted aspect of being on this island. My at most favorite part of the island was the traditional food. In comparison towards the Maori ways of producing food, these cookies could make some serious meals. My plates were always filled with everything I hadn't tasted. There were no thoughts in prejudice towards the food and I'm sure I packed on a well deserved five kilograms that's to the island food. Something I call a true mass gainer. I was disheartening to leave Rarotonga, although the knowledge I gathered by the people and family, I was educated of how it is to be a pacific boy. To the Napa family this is presented to.





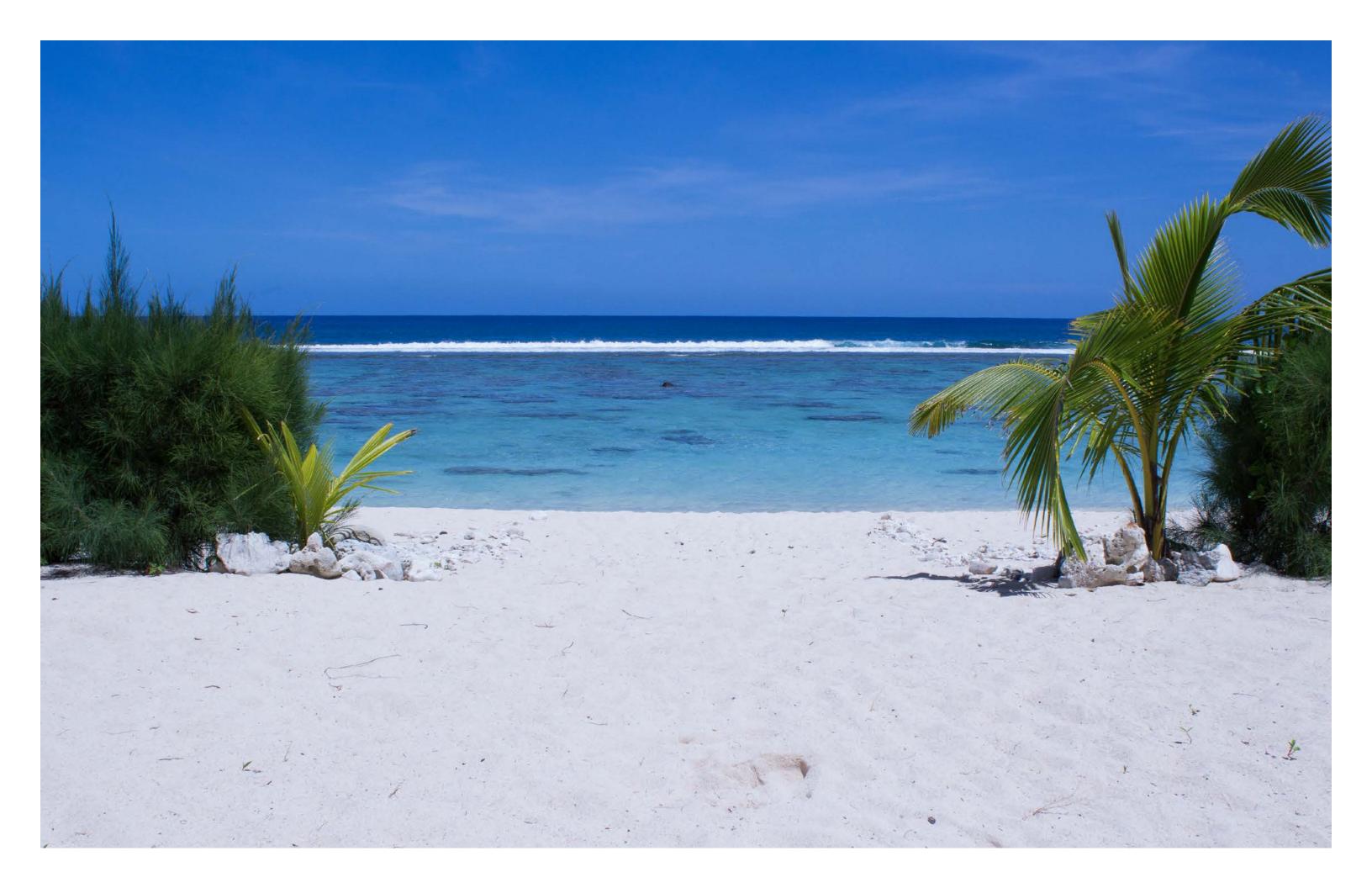
Mangos, T., & Utanga, J. (2011). Patterns of the past, Auckand, Titirangi: Punarua Productions,

## TATTOO TATTOO

Clive Nicholas & Kane Napa inspired by the brother of Boye Nicholas From my time I spent in Rarotonga, I wanted to receive something sacred to me personally, something that would represent me as a person of my family and the person I love which is my wahine "Hannah Alofa". I took some thought and knowledge as to what I wanted. As the week went past, my girlfriend and I went to her uncle Kane Napa who collaborates with a well known tattoo artist who is popular not only in the island but also through out the nation of the world, his name is Clive Nicholas. The studio name for the company is called "Polynesian Tattoos" that operates in the town ship of Rarotonga. Before marking my body with needles and blood, I wanted to gather as much knowledge and facts about the person permanently marking my skin. Its something I take personally and emotionally. Some people take this physically, which in my case is the pain you receive whilst getting the tattoo done. It doesn't reawlly make any sense why you would take it physically in my opinion. Kane Napa is a person who collaborates with Clive. Before Clive began inking the bodies of the locals and tourist, His brother Boye Nicholas founded Polynesian

Tattoos with Clive in 2006 and made it a huge part of Rarotonga connecting it in the markets in town. Clive works with designing various unique patterns that fits clients whakapapa or family background, to then be passed on to Kane Napa who operates with the detailing and shading for the final job completion. As Clive stated to me, "This is our tradition to work together as a unity between two tattoo artists". I wanted Clive to fully complete my arm rather than be passed on between tattooists. In my culture of being Maori, it can be Taapu (sacred) for a person who blesses a work of art and then have someone else add into it. I had to put my pride to the side as the thoughts of two tattoo artists operated on my arm. In 2008 Bove had to leave his brother with the company due to medical reasons while receiving treatment in Auckland New Zealand. Clients were reaching Boye by word-of-mouth while Clive was back in Rarotonga running the head office. At this point it was Clive's opportunity to make a name for him self on Boye's absence so it was time for he to step up and take his brother's place back on the island. In 2009 Boye then returned back to Rarotonga to join Clive at "Polynesian Tattoos".

With in Months, the brothers had a falling out which led to Clive setting up his own operations behind his family home. Boye tragically past away from a motor bike incident in New Zealand leaving his brother Clive Nicholas to become the leading owner of the company. Clive always had ambitions of becoming an artist. He worked in construction before joining his brother Boye. Clive did have a background in art and graphics design. When Clive started with his brother, he began as a detailer like how Kane is today. When Boye took off to New Zealand, Clive quickly fashioned up a reputation for his work of art. It was like his mind and wrist were born to marry the needle of machines, something well call "A Natural Artist". I found that in receiving my taamoko, Clive's confidence in designing something I had thought about didn't particularly work well with his designs. I guess I should have drawn up an idea of what I had in mind I gave my trust for Clive to work his artistic knowledge on my body. This was my emotional drive in preparing my body into receiving my taamoko from the brother of Boye and the one of the largest tattoo artists in the Cook Islands and also New Zealand.













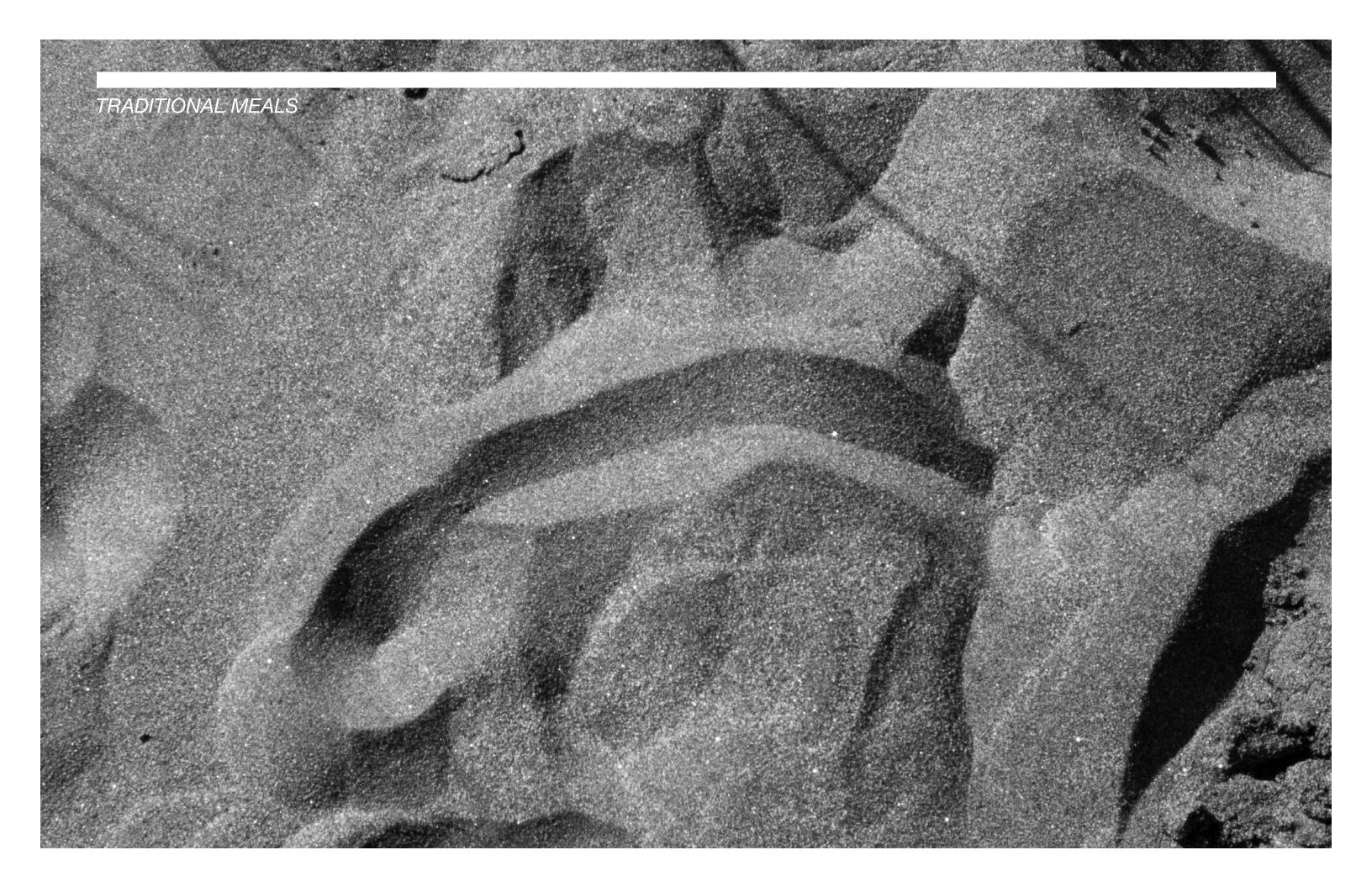




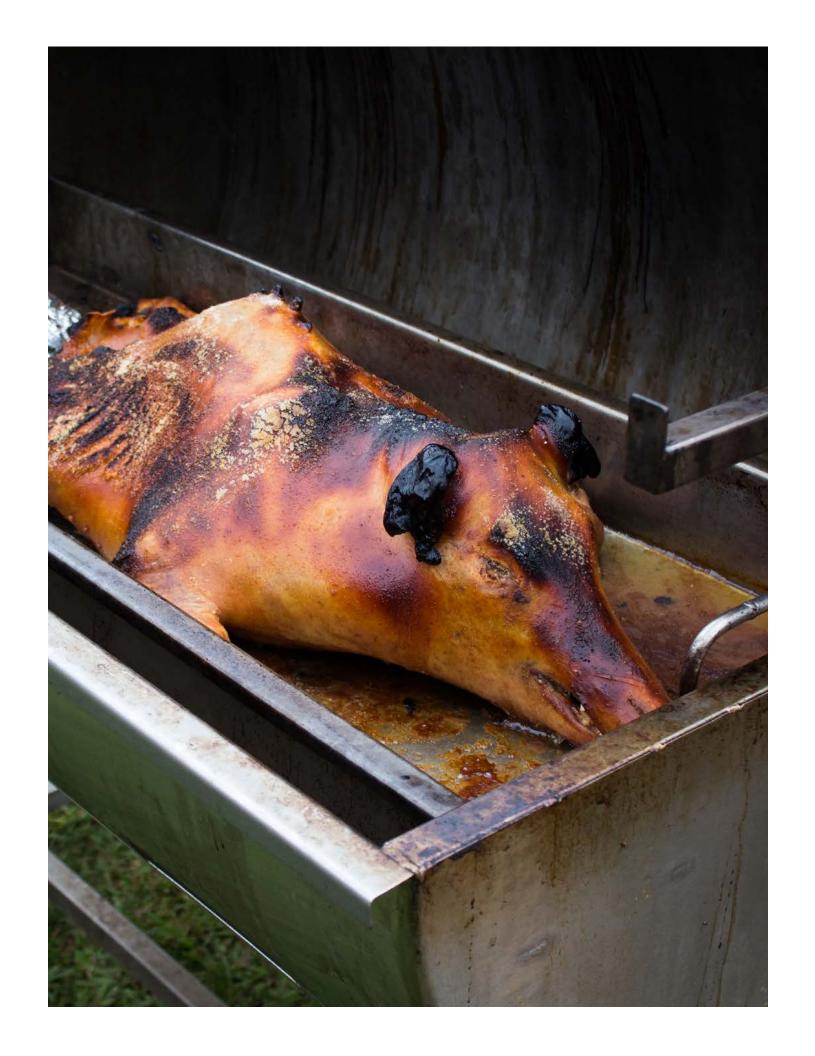


















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http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rainbow\_Warrior\_%281955%29#/media/File:Rainbow\_Warrior-1.svg

## The Laces

AMUNDSEN