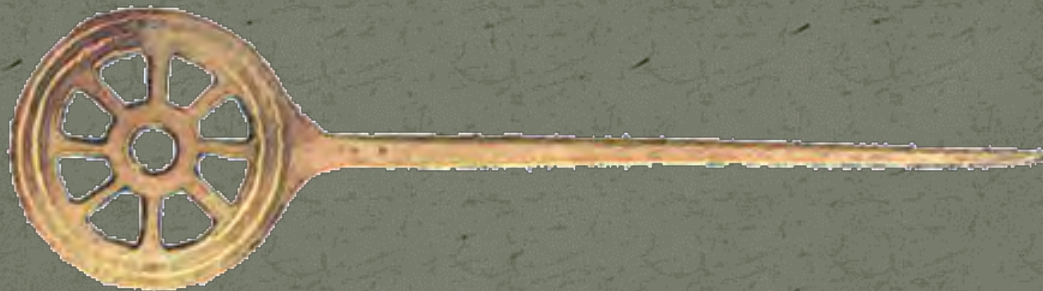


Regenerative Voices: Narrative Strategies and Textual Authority
in Three Post-colonial Novels – Appendix III

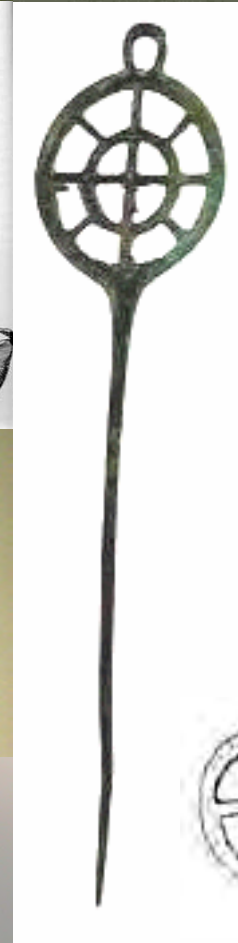
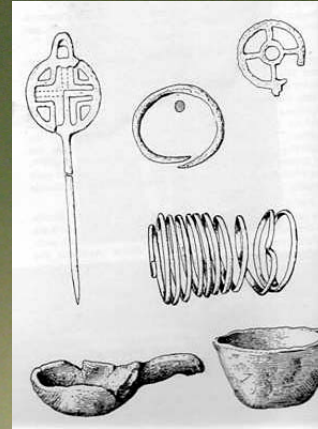
IMAGINING
THE WHEEL PIN



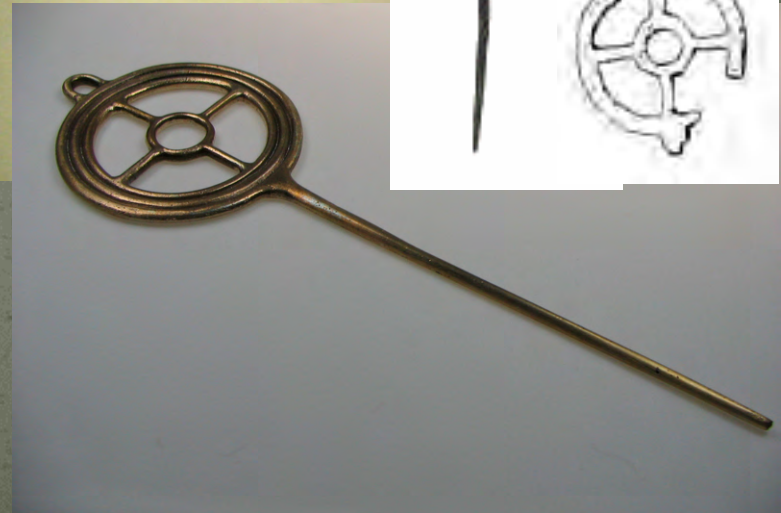
Michele McCrea



Bronze Age
Wheel Pins



Radnadel, Typ Urberach
Eine Leitform der Bronzezeit



Visual Art and Journals

Both visual art practice and free writing are ways of breaking new ground, proceeding from safe to uncharted territory. Patricia Leavy likens visual art production to keeping a journal, noting how it 'opens up multiple meanings'. – Patricia Leavy, *Method Meets Art: Arts-Based Research Practice* (New York: Guilford Press, 2009), p. 215.

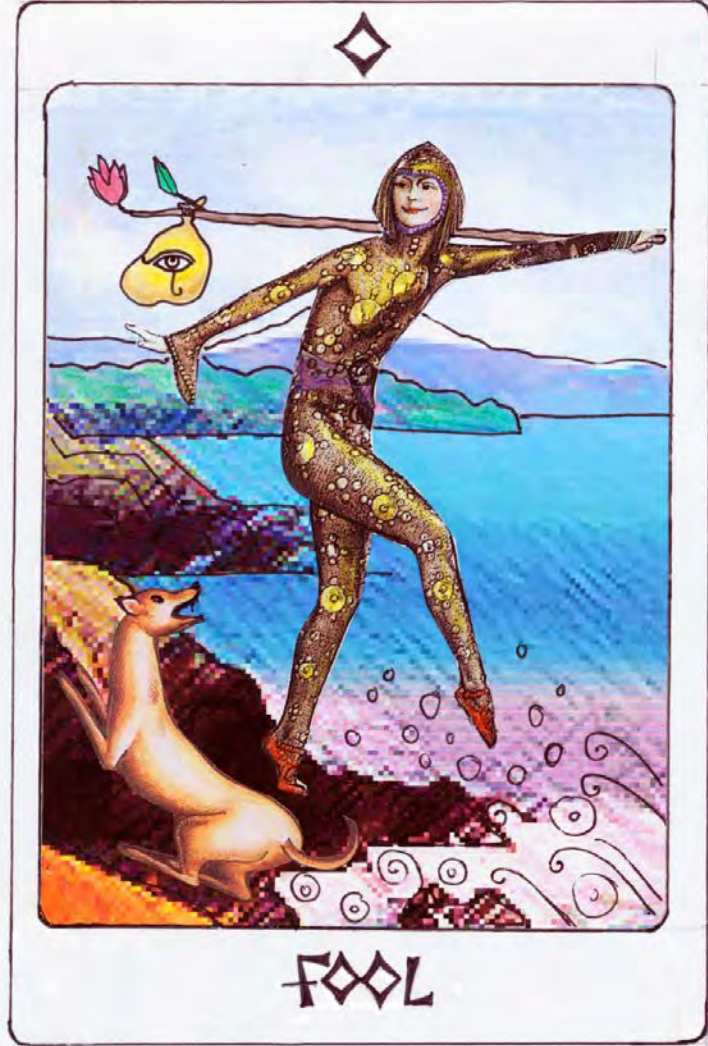


‘Kestrel Bay
looked just
as she
remembered
it..’

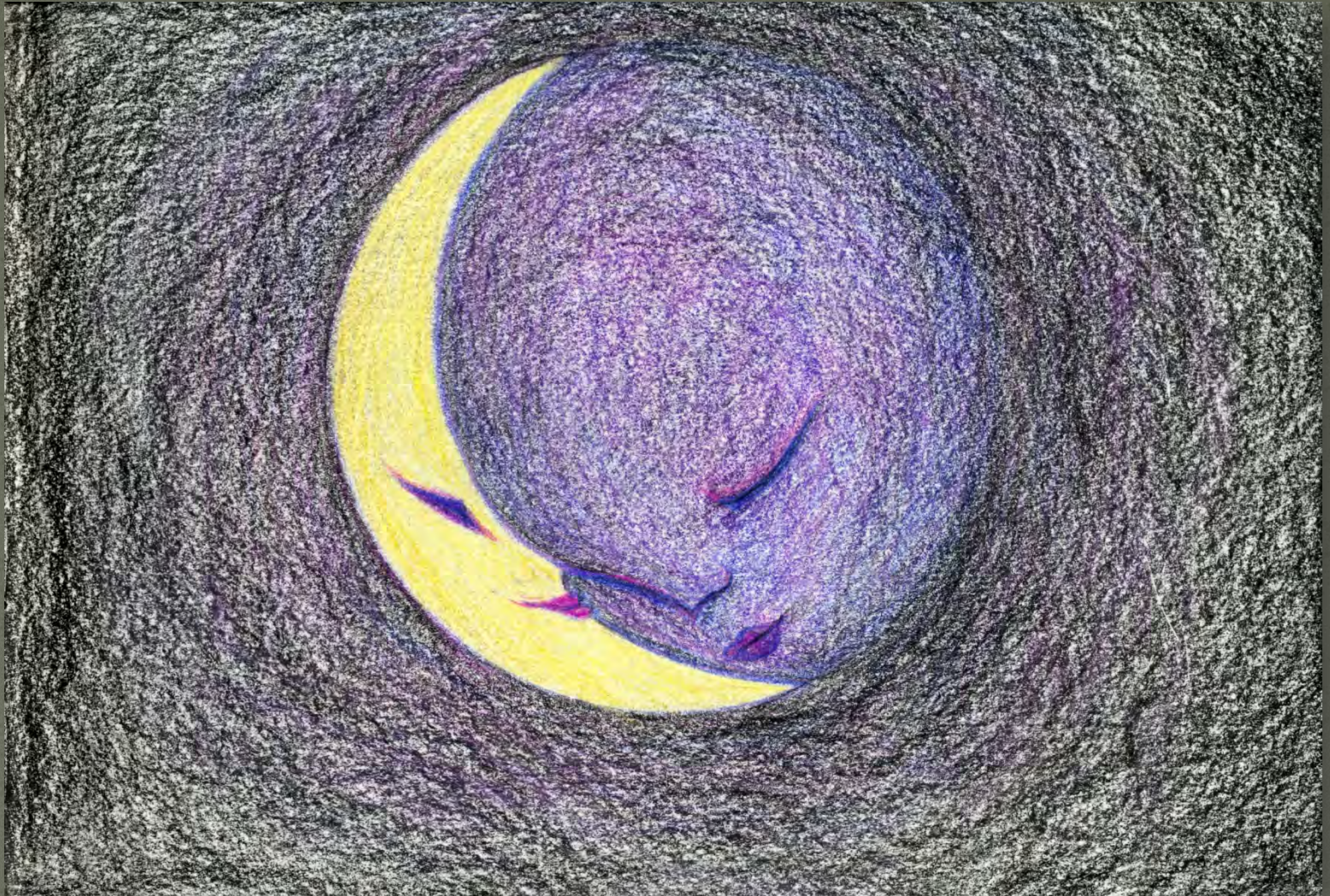


Spiral Sunburst

'The cards ... had a sunburst design ...'



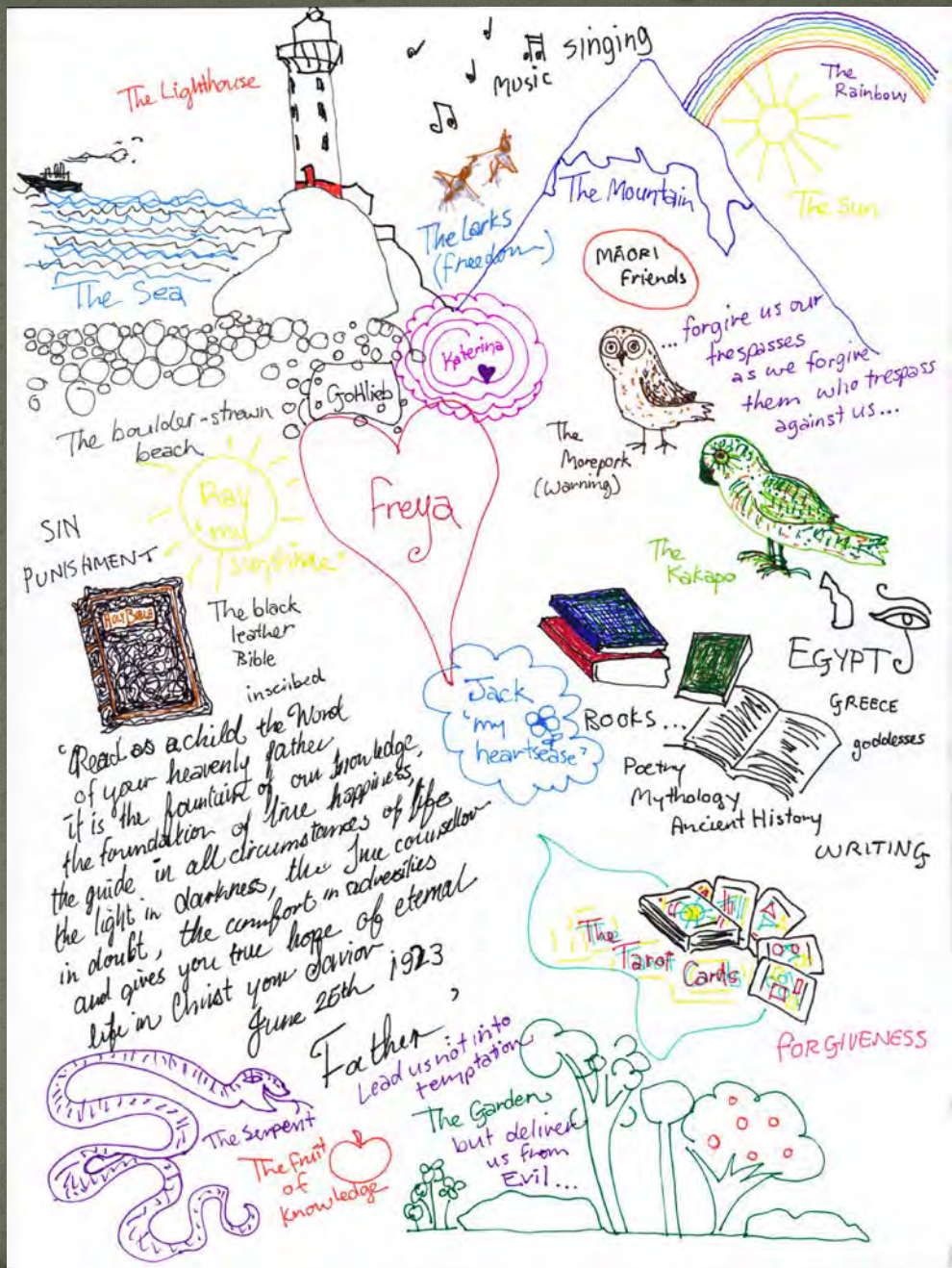
'...the Fool, dancing ... at the edge of a cliff...'



‘My favourite was the Moon with her two faces, one bright,
one hidden.’



‘... a ... landscape [that] read like a map of someone else’s country.’

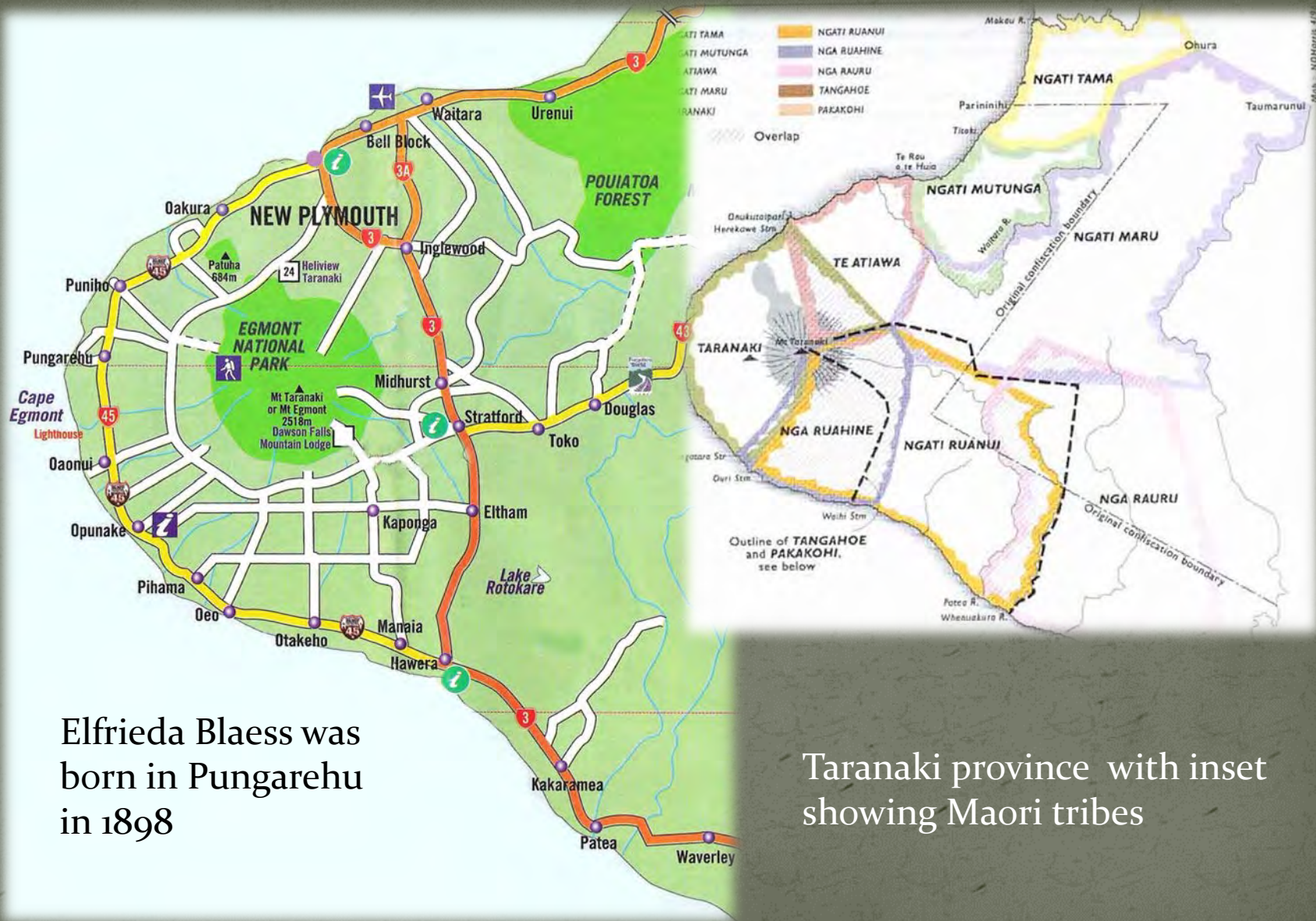


'... Freya's life played on the screen ...'



Taranaki

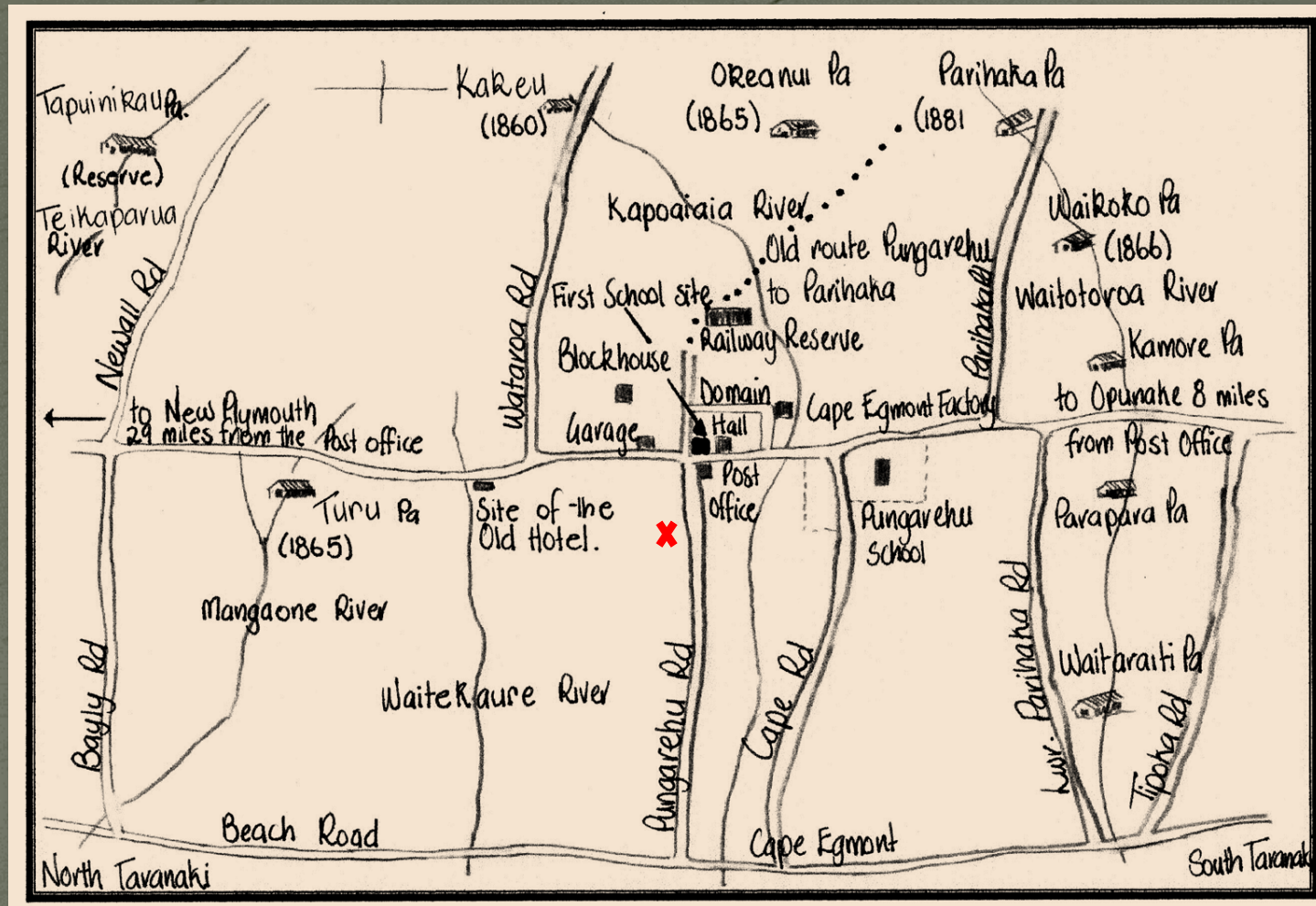
My field trip to New Zealand in 2006 provided archival resources and imaginative geography for Freya's early life and stories in *The Wheel Pin*.



Elfrieda Blaess was born in Pungarehu in 1898

Taranaki province with inset showing Maori tribes

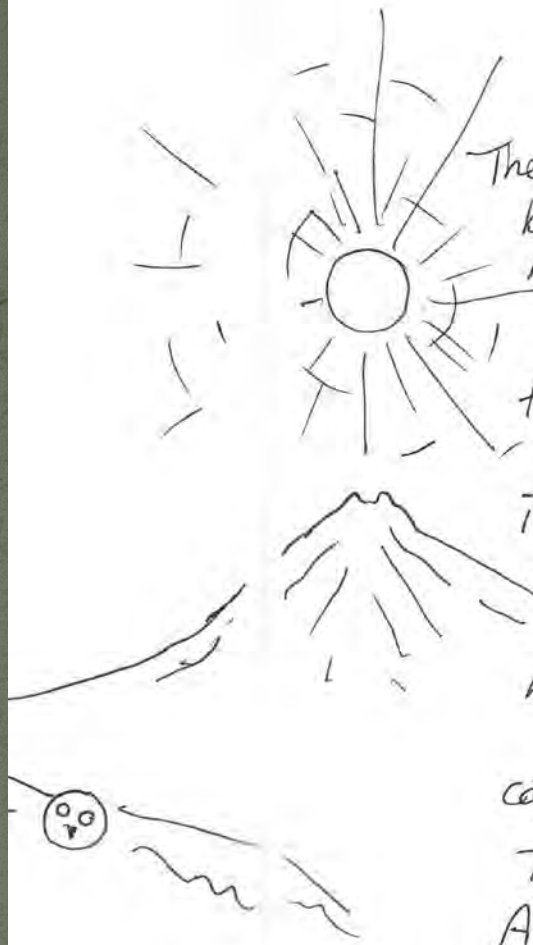
Map of old Pungarehu village, Taranaki province, NZ



✗ Site of Gottlieb Blaess's mission house,
1897-1906



Mount Egmont / Taranaki seen from the north



There was once a little girl born in the shadow of a great mountain. She loved to watch the sunrise behind the mountain, colouring the glittering snow on its peak first pink, then gold, then white.

She wondered about the mountain - a sleeping volcano, the people who lived there said, capable of erupting at any time. The mountain had seen much. At its foot great and terrible deeds had been done. Prophets had spoken. Wars had been fought. The mountain was a silent witness to them all.



Mount Taranaki seen from Pungarehu

Sunday 26th November

Puke Ariki ... 65 St Aubyn Street
Private Bag 2025
New Plymouth ... New Zealand
P 06 759 6060 ... F 06 759 6072
E info@newplymouth.govt.nz
W www.newplymouthnz.com



Open weekdays 9 am - 6 pm
Late night Wednesday till 9 pm
Weekends and public holidays 9 am - 5 pm
Closed Christmas Day

2006 Overcast day
(Rain in the evening
& lots of wind!)

Researching at Puke Ariki today.
Lovely archival stuff -
handwritten letter in ink
from 1893 and telegraph
books from the police constable
at Pungarehu, 1881-82:
lots of fascinating stuff
about Te Whiti and the
conflicts between Maori
& pakeha (see pencilled
notes in subsequent pages.)

What must I do or how
must I be, for the mountain
to reveal his secrets to me?

MONDAY 27th November.

Woke up to hear rain again.

Oh no! But when I got up,
the sky was clearing.

Made toast & tea, & gave bits
of cheese to Pippin the dog.

Rang Pat Brophy (06) 763 8648
whose number was given to me by
Des Corbett (06) 752 4404 whose
number was given to me by John
Sole at the Crafty Fox Art & Craft
Shop at Oakura. Pat was home
& he had heard the name
Blaess!

Taranaki

(cont...)



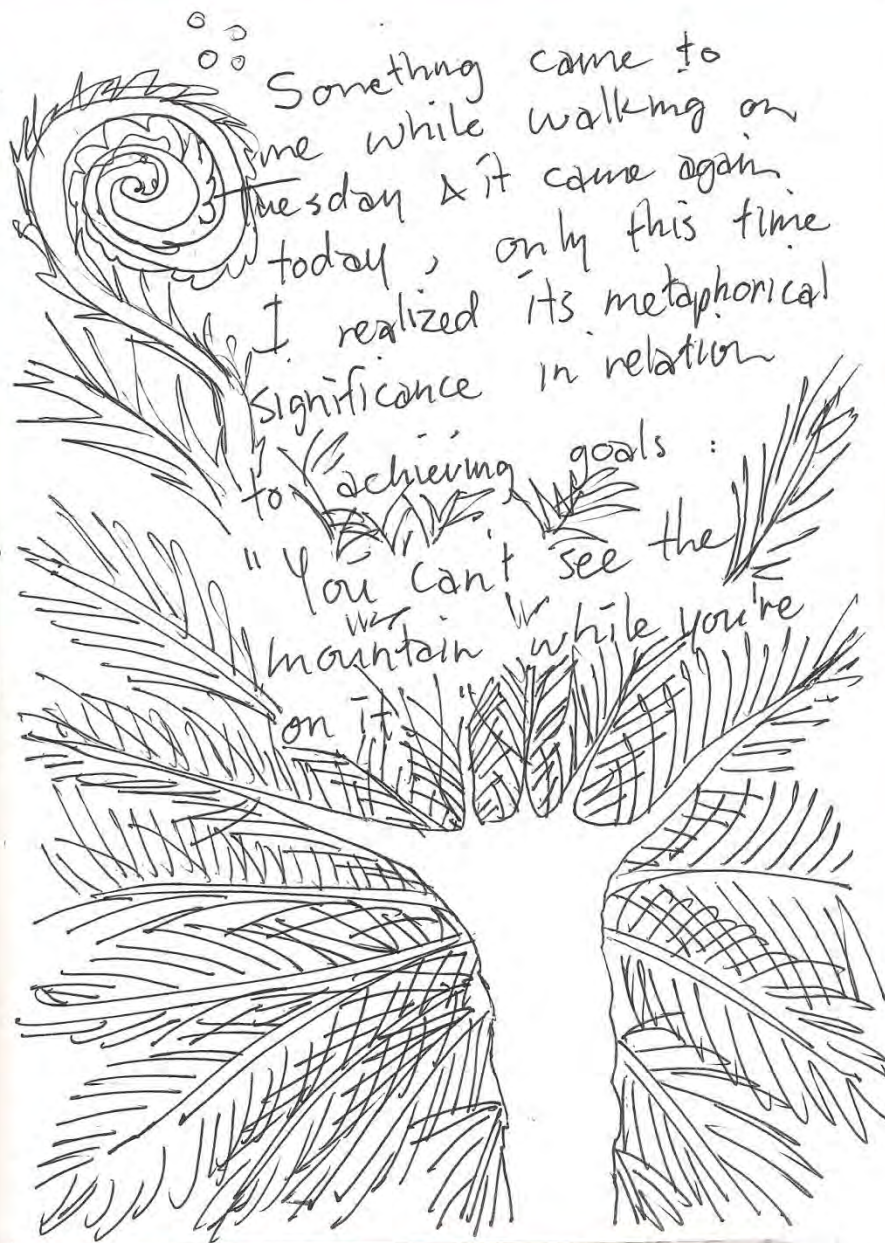
'On an island far away stands a mountain, its crater capped with snow, its flanks clad in spoked ferns, tangled trees, and coloured lichens.'



Lighthouse at Cape Egmont, near Pungarehu



Egmont National Park



Something came to
me while walking on
Tuesday & it came again
today, only this time
I realized its metaphorical
significance in relation
to achieving goals:
"You can't see the
mountain while you're
on it!"

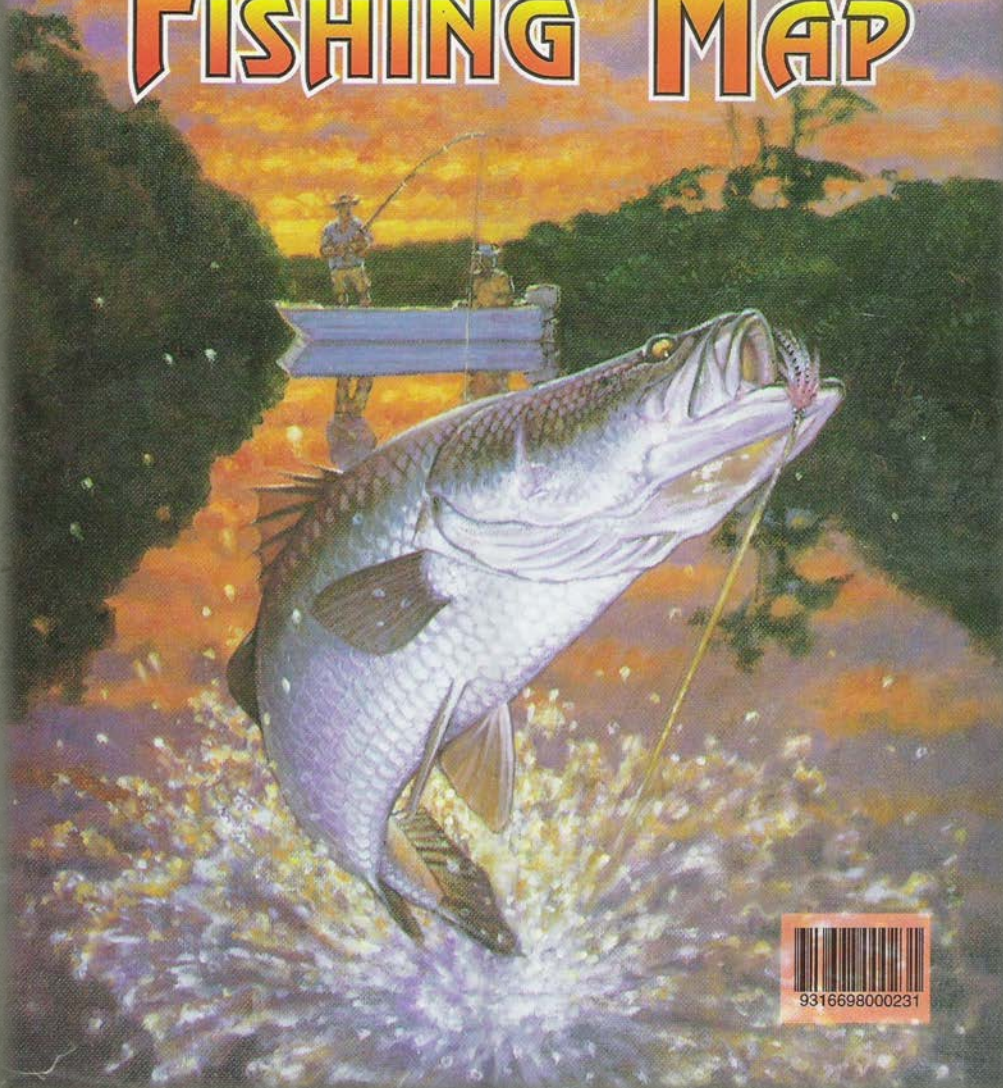
Pages from
New Zealand
Journal, 2006



The Gulf of Carpentaria

The sights, sounds and experiences of this journey undertaken with my Aboriginal relatives in 1997 provided inspiration for Cat's journey through central Australia to fictional settings on the Gulf country.

Northern Territory FISHING MAP



9316698000231

‘Though she was prone to seasickness and not at all interested in fishing, Cat stuffed the brochure into her pocket ...’



‘She bent her head to examine the map, and found the Macdonald River, a spidery line that meandered east and flowed into the gulf near a group of islands.’



'My
mother
and uncle
were
taken
away
from here
when
they were
kids'
(Merran).



Waterhole at Gulf country outstation, NT





Camp and swimming hole, Wearyan River, NT



'They don't look like trees at all. More like aliens' (Cat).



‘...the circular corral of split logs where he penned his goats at night...’



Tamarind and Cycad trees near Wearyan River, NT



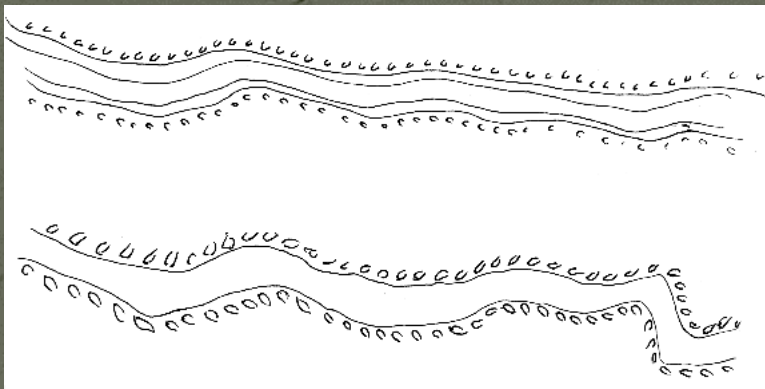
‘...his empire of grass and trees, water and sky.’



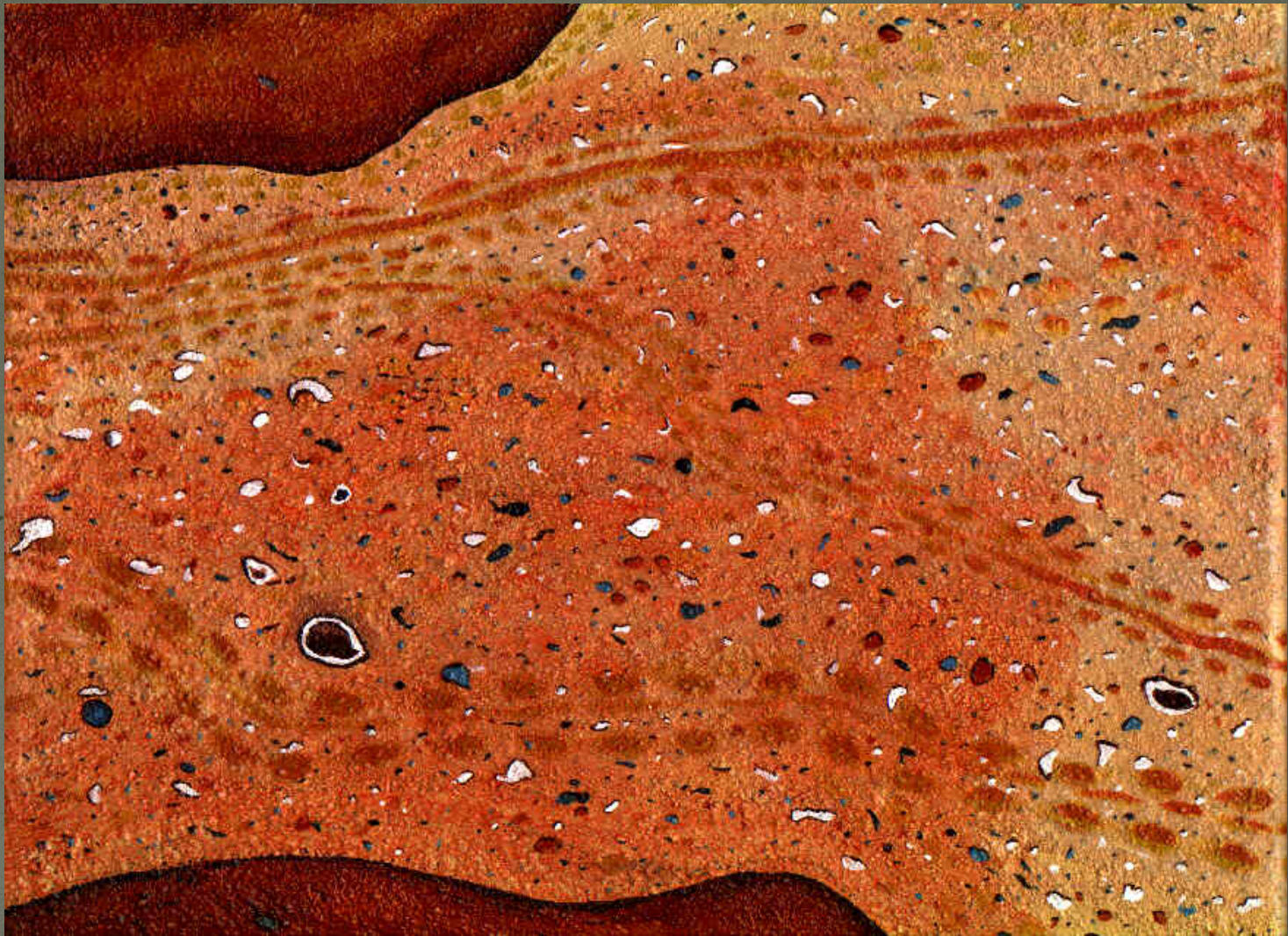
‘She grew accustomed to the rhythm of the boat as it bumped and swung across the waves and even began to enjoy the sensation.’



‘Wandering along the beach, she found the pitted intertwining patterns of snake tracks in the sand.’



Sketches from
Borrooloola Journal, 1997



‘Lily would want to draw these, turn them into paintings.’



‘Fishing ... from the rocks by the shore.’



‘They heard the rhythmic thumping of a boat across the waves
and the roar of an outboard motor.’



‘...we gaze across the water, watching with narrowed eyes for the green flash that is said to mark the moment of the sun’s disappearance.’

