Te Kaea

No. 1 DECEMBER 1979 $1.25

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TE KAEA
The Maori magazine
December 1979 No. 1

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Opinions expressed in *Te Kaea* are those of individual contributors and not necessarily those of the Department of Maori Affairs.

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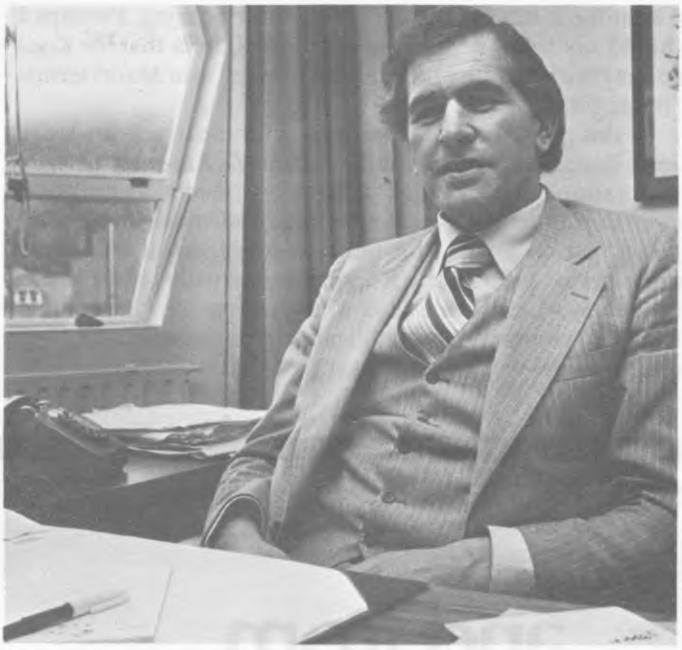


KEN GEORGE

Apiti hono, tatai hono. E nga mate kua mene ki te po, haere, haere, haere ki te kainga tuturu i oatitia mo tatou mo te tangata. Haere ki te Kaihanga, haere ki to tatou Matua i te Rangi.

E takatu nei te hunga i mahue ake i te mata o te whenua me ahakoa ra i te kete-putea e iri nei i te tara whare, kia ki ake au,

Ka Ao, ka Ao,
Ka Awatea!

E nga mana, e nga reo, tena koutou, tena koutou, tena koutou, Ki nga tai o te moana huri noa i Aotearoa; Te Waipounamu me Wharekauri; ki nga hau o uta e pupuhi nei ki nga huihuinga tangata, ki te iwi rangatahi – e oho, e oho, e oho. Whakarongo ki te reo o *Te Kaea*, te karere kawe korero kia riro mana e hora ki mua i o tatou aroaro nga hiahia, nga wawata, nga taonga o te ao hou hei ata tirotiro ma tatou, hei pupuri ma tatou, hei whakatakoto kaupapa hei arahi i te rangatahi me nga uri whakatupu. Kua tu *Te Kaea*. Ko ana kupu "kia rite, kia rite, kia rite aki akina-whangaia mai ra." Ko Tu-tangata te waka, tu tangata maia, tu pakari, tu whakahihi i runga i te kaupapa mana Maori motuhake, i te kaupapa whakawhanaungatanga, a, i runga i te kaupapa aroha tetahi ki tetahi.

Kua oti te whakawatea o nga huarahi e taea ai te whakatikatika o nga take whenua i runga i te tangimarie te pupuri i to tatou reo rangatira, te whawhao ki roto ki te hinengaro o te hunga rangatahi nga taonga a o tatou tipuna i waiho ake, ara, te whakapono ki te Atua Kaha Rawa, te mau ki to tatou Maoritanga, mete aroha ki te tangata. Piki ake ki runga ki to tatou waka; kia u te pupuru i to hoe; whakarongo ki te takitaki a *Te Kaea*; huria te ihu o te waka hei wawahi i nga tai e ngurunguru nei i waho o te Akau.

Titiro a uta
Titiro ki tai
Titiro tetehi taha
Tetehi taha
Ko te aroha ta tatou e Whai ai.

Hei whakamutunga:

Whakataka to hau ki te Muri,
Whakataka to hau ki te Tonga.
Kia makinakina i uta,
Kia mataratara i tai,
Kia hi ake ana te atakura
He tio
He huka
He Hauhunga.

Hei konei ra, Ma Te Atua Kaha Rawa koutou e tiaki, e manaaki, i roto i nga ra e tu mai nei.

Te Kaea comes to life at a time when many new and exciting things are happening for Maori people. Currently much is said about Maori land, Maori gangs, Maori language, and Maori politicians. Land, language and politics have in fact been issues discussed at great length on marae for as long as I can remember. Because the media have generally shied away from reporting marae news, the views of Maori people on these now topical subjects have not always been made known to the general public. It has also meant that those Maori people who shifted away from their tribal districts often became out of touch with the way of thinking on what a Maori might see as traditional issues – land, language and politics.

Te Kaea will therefore assist us in keeping up to date with the views of our own people, and certainly improve our knowledge about "things Maori". As Maori we talk about our land with emotion, about our language with love, about our youth with hope and of our tribes and faith with awe. The future of Maori people is a matter which we treasure. It seems important to me therefore that *Te Kaea* reflect such feelings in a way that is uniquely Maori.

I personally like to hear about things Maori from a Maori. This for me seems a natural and sensible way. It brings a personal pleasure and very often a major challenge. But inasmuch as *Te Kaea* will be an excellent outlet for Maori expression, it will also offer interest and enjoyment to the general public. There is a growing body of Pakeha people wanting to know what the Maori thinks, what we do, and what we can do differently to advance ourselves and our nation. It is a sincere curiosity and one I highly respect. *Te Kaea* should help to give Pakeha people some of the answers they seek, but in a Maori way. Providing the publication does reflect Maori opinion, expression and activity then it should offer a unique contribution to the New Zealand reading public.

What we are hoping for in *Te Kaea* is a wide range of interests that will portray Maori creativity. I suspect when most of us hear the word creativity we picture in our minds a long-haired artist, poet or sculptor. *Te Kaea* will offer the creativity of Maori people in a much wider fashion. We will draw contributions from farmers, orators, women, bureaucrats, politicians, carvers, weavers, youth and any source that exists in our community.

I would be disappointed if some reader pre-judge *Te Kaea* as a political propaganda tool. Certainly it is at this stage being sponsored by the Department of Maori Affairs. My only answer is that "if the cap fits, wear it". But in the

meantime it deserves to be given a fair hearing. Perhaps I should say that my department's intention is that *Te Kaea* reflect "the stance the people wish to take" – in Maori terms: "tu tangata".

At this point it seems appropriate for me to acknowledge John Rangihau who offered the name *Te Kaea*. He tells me that a simple definition of "te kaea" is "leader". I am conscious that among some tribes "te kaea" can mean many other things. But as a name for our new magazine, it does seem appropriate, particularly if contributions truly reflect Maori initiatives which give a lead to the course *Te Kaea* should take. So I commend this publication with the name *Te Kaea* and trust you will give it the support that it deserves.

Heoi ano,

e pa ma, e wha ma, e nga iwi, haere mai koutou kia aranui i a tatou,

na ta koutou mokai e tangi nei,

Kara Puketapu.

. . . and from the Editor

At last – a new magazine by, for and about the Maori People. *Te Kaea* is, of course, a direct successor to *Te Ao Hou*. It ran for over twenty years until 1975 and provided what editor Eric Schwimmer called in the magazine's first editorial a "marae on paper". Its achievements were many. It promoted language and literature, and published articles of historical, cultural and traditional interest. It kept people in touch with each other, reporting on the kinds of particularly *Maori* events which so rarely find their way into the established press. It stood as a symbol of the closeness and creativity of Maori everywhere.

A hard act to follow! But we intend to try, and indeed we plan to go a little further. In the current climate, when so much is being done and so much discussed, we feel that it is important to be able to talk freely about all the issues which affect us. Our affairs receive much scrutiny (and often little understanding) from others: it is time for a new publication in which we can put across our own views on our own interests and activities.

You'll notice that this first issue is a very mixed bag. Side by side with news and information from the Department of Maori Affairs go some commentaries on aspects of Maoridom with which some of us and many of you will doubtless disagree. Our intention is not to lay down the law; rather, we hope to provoke discussion and criticism, to encourage all readers that this is *your* magazine. We hope that you will write to us and air your views – about current affairs, about what's happening in your community, about *Te Kaea* itself. We believe that a lively, vigorous "letters to the editor" page is as much an indication of *Te Kaea's* success as its sales figures. So we urge you to get involved in supporting *Te Kaea* not just by buying it but by participating.

Another idea for future issues is a diary of forthcoming events and hui in different parts of the country. Send us your news, tell us about what's going on. Schools, marae, cultural clubs, Tu Tangata groups, work co-operatives, incorporations, trust boards, whatever: all over New Zealand we are getting together and doing things. Let's hear about it.

Let's hear too from the writers and poets. Remember that you now have a magazine specially interested in publishing your work. There are surely new, unknown Tuwhares, Graces and Ihimaeras out there who deserve the same success.

It is our policy to pay for contributions used, apart from the briefest news items. yet of all the many people who have worked hard for this issue, a lot of contributors refused payment because they consider *Te Kaea* an important new project worth encouraging. We thank them, and we hope that after reading this first issue of your magazine you will agree with them.

Graham Wiremu

KEN GEORGE

POROPOROAKI

Nau Paraone Kawiti Puriri

Ka mimiti nga puna wai o Taumarere,
Ka toto nga tai ki Hokianga.
Ka mimiti nga tai o Hokianga,
Ka toto nga tai ki Taumarere.
Te pononga a te motu; te tukinotanga a te motu; te Puriri whakatutuupuehu o Taiamai, e Nau, tiraha mai ra i te moenga roa o tatau wheinga. Moe mai te uri i whakakoikoitia e ona tupuna hei hapai i wa ratau toki, i hahau ti ai e koe

te mauri o te aroha,
te mauri o te manaaki,
te mauri o te whakapono,
te mauri atawhai,
te mauri arataki i te iwi e aue nei mou kua ngaro i te tirohanga kanohi.

Tera o maunga i roto ia te Aitanga-a-Mahaki, Ngati Kahungunu, Te Rarawa, Te Aupouri, Te Uri-o-Hau, Ngati Hine, Ngapuhi-nui-tonu, e tuohu nei mou kua wahangutia. Kotahi tonu tau na awhi i nga iwi huhua i tupono mai ki a koe. E kore ra o mahi i waenganui o nga iwi huhua o te motu e taea te korero. Me kii, nau i whakatinana te moteatea a nga tuupuna:

"Rere ki uta, rere ki tai
Ui mai ki au he aha te mea nui,
Maku e kii ake,
He tangata! He tangata! He tangata!"

Ko koe tenei kua wheturangitia. Ara kua hinga te pouto-komanawa o te whare o Puhi-Moana-Ariki, kua hinga te kauri whakaruruhau o nga manu o te rangi, kua noho pani ra te iwi. Aue! te pouri, te tangi e!

No reira hoki atu ki a ratau kei tua o te arai. Ki nga totara haemata, nga kauri whakahihi o te Wao-tapu-nui a Tane Mahuta; nga hautu, nga haumi, nga whakatere o nga waka; nga toka tu moana, aaki tai, aakinga hau, aaakinga ngaru tu atea; aku whakaruruhau; aku manu tioriori, nga kaakaa wahanui o te pae i o ratau wa. Kua tae atu ra a koe ki a ratau; ki Tawhitinui, ki Tawhitiroa, ki Tawhitipamamao, ki te Hono-i-wairua. Kua maunu koe i runga i te waka o tenei tangata kaha o aitua.

He mea waihanga i roto i nga pouritanga maha o tenei ao. Kua kauria e koe o taua tupuna moana; a Pewhairangi, a Hokianga me Rangaunu. E takoto mai ra tona nei whaka-tauaki:

"He iti pioke no Rangaunu, he au tona."

Haere, haere, haere atu ra ki te kainga tuturu mo tatau mo te tangata, e Nau.

Selwyn Muru

Brigadier George Dittmer

The Maori Battalion's first commanding officer died recently in Auckland at the age of eighty-six.

He was born in Maharahara, Hawkes Bay, in 1893. In the First World War he fought at Gallipoli and in Egypt, and on the Western Front. He was wounded several times, and was awarded the Military Cross.

Promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel in the early days of the Second World War, he was appointed to the command of the newly formed Maori Battalion in January 1940 and occupied this post until February 1942. During this time the Battalion fought in Greece, Crete and Libya, and it was in Libya that he received a shrapnel wound in the back which led to a daring escape. Evacuated to a field hospital which was subsequently surrounded by enemy forces, he helped over twenty Commonwealth troops to freedom in an ambulance, despite his own wounds.

Following his return to New Zealand, he served as commander of the 1st Infantry Brigade group, the Fiji Military Forces and the Fiji Infantry Brigade group. After the war he was commander of the Papakura military camp and of the Central Military District. He retired in 1948.

He had a very special affection for every fighting man who was ever under his command, though many will remember his stern discipline and his ability to put fear into the hearts of the most unruly men. But it was his manner – his bravery in action and his profound knowledge of his profession – which drew such praise, respect and loyalty from all who served under him. He was affectionately called "the Old Man", and his troops would follow him and fight right to the end.

Haere, e Koro, haere ki to nuinga i to po.

Bill Herewini

TU TANGATA 79

The return of the Howard Morrison Quartet in an exciting show for an exciting future

There was some great television viewing on Sunday 7 October when TV1 presented highlights from the Tu Tangata 79 concert as its "Show of the Week". But even with all its technological resources, television could only hint at the magic of that evening in August when several thousand people of all ages and backgrounds came together at Ngaruawahia.

It was not merely a dazzling variety show with song, dance and laughter from some of the best-known names in New Zealand show business. There were 200 schoolchildren and two large cultural groups from Waikato and Te Arawa; there were an ex-Governor General, two cabinet ministers, several other politicians, the elders of Waikato and many other dignitaries from Maori and Pakeha life; there were TV technicians and cameramen, the Marae Committee, cooks, wardens, Maori Affairs staff and other workers; there were the proud parents and teachers of the children and all the other well-wishers who had paid up to $20 each for their tickets. It was everybody's show.

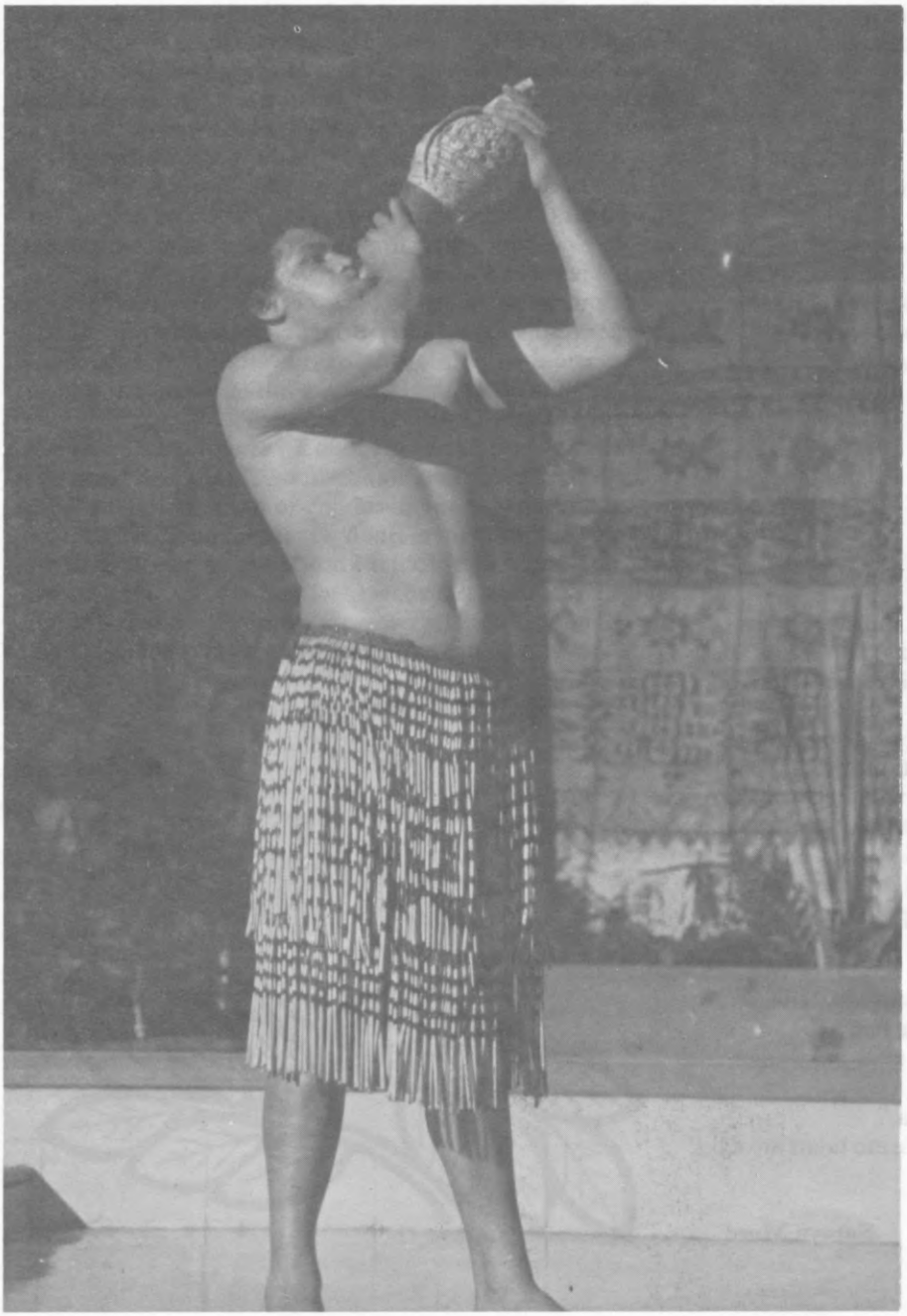
It was the children's show in particular; not only those children taking part, but all those children in the future who stand to benefit from the Tu Tangata Trust Fund established from the proceeds of the evening.

Chaos?

In the days and hours leading up to the concert, towers of scaffolding were erected in the Kimiora Hall and miles of cable were unwound to snake their way from lights, cameras and microphones to the central control room set up by TV1. The young children came on to the marae with their teachers, and soon well-drilled files of kids were moving back and forth across the lawn rehearsing their entries and exits. Poi and taiaha flashed wherever people could find a corner to practice. Mattresses were laid out, meals prepared. To an outsider it must have looked like chaos. But it all fell into place that Saturday evening, a vindication of some very hard work and careful planning, a demonstration of Maori talent and initiative.

Triumph!

It was a triumph for Howard Morrison and his Quartet. It was their twenty-first anniversary in show business, but it was also an affirmation of their belief in Tu Tangata. Over the years since their retirement as a Quartet they have received many pleas to get together again, and they have been offered some staggering fees to do so. Apart from one concert in Christchurch four years ago they have never been interested. But this time it was different, and Howard echoed the feelings of all the performers when he said: "It's great to be together again, not only for nostalgic reasons but also to feel that we can contribute something positive for a cause we believe in."



LINDBERG PHOTOGRAPHY

Left *The concert starts – not with a roll of drums, not with a fanfare, but with the powerful, eerie call of the traditional putara.*

"The oldest gang in New Zealand"

Above *The Howard Morrison Quartet in their earlier days, resplendent in hair cream and shiny suits. In the late 50s they were a long way from the smooth professionalism that was to become their hallmark, but even then they projected an excitement that must be described as star quality.*

Below *In action at Kimiora, 21 years later. They're still on top, and the magic is still very much in evidence. Howard, far left, manages to combine his talents as an entertainer with his duties as Director of Youth Development, Department of Maori Affairs. Noel Kingi, next to him, has left show business and lives in Rotorua, where he works for the Forestry Service. Gerry Merito, on guitar, is now Auckland-based. He's still in entertainment, and is as funny and popular as ever. At the right is Wi Wharekura, who after ten years in Australia has returned to Rotorua, where he is host, manager and entertainer at the Tudor Towers.*

On tour

Theirs has proved to be a continuing commitment. From that first show has emerged a nationwide tour of concerts. Again, local schools are involved, local people are offering their assistance. The touring party now includes Eddie Low, a ballad singer as much at home in Nashville, home of country music, as in his native Rotorua. Tina Cross is also appearing, lending her unique style and vitality to the show. Toni Williams replaces Wi Wharekura, who has unfortunately been unable to go along, but Toni is very much an "old boy" of the Quartet, and has sung with them from their very earliest days.

For those who weren't able to be at Ngaruawahia, this all-Maori show is visiting as many centres as possible to provide an evening's entertainment (and in some places two or even three).

Tu Tangata in action

But the tour represents more than an evening out. It is focusing attention on Tu Tangata, and indeed it is itself a fine example of Tu Tangata in action. Apart from their evening concerts, the performers are working closely with local communities to visit schools and workplaces during the day. An exhausting schedule, but one which will be appreciated by all those parents, Maori or Pakeha, who care for their children's future.

The man behind it

The man at the front of the show was also the man behind it – Howard Morrison. He and his Quartet have been a legend in New Zealand since before many of his newer fans were born. His success has not been limited to New Zealand alone, as his recent trip to the United States for the "Come on to New Zealand" promotion showed.

But international stardom has not blunted Howard's awareness of his own roots or numbed his sensitivity to the needs of others, particularly the Maori people. In fact success and acclaim have highlighted for him the lack of similar opportunities which others have to face. Perhaps this explains his long interest in youth work, and his eagerness to join the Department of Maori Affairs under new Secretary Kara Puketapu. He was first appointed as youth consultant on a contract basis; the contract was extended, and then March 1979 saw his appointment as Director of Youth Development.

Tu Tangata has provided Howard with a most challenging opportunity to combine his interests for the good of New Zealand's youth. he says: "We may not be able to influence their future, but we can certainly be concerned with their growth through attention, encouragement and most importantly multi-racial awareness."

LINDBERG PHOTOGRAPHY

LINDBERG PHOTOGRAPHY

Left *With Para Matchitt's magnificent mural as a backdrop, Howard Morrison and Tina Cross launch into another number. Tina has taken New Zealand – and further afield – by storm over the past year with records like "Make Love to Me" and "Everybody Let's Dance", and with her cabaret and television appearances. Not bad for a twenty-year-old! Needless to say, her greatest fans are among young people – and even the very young, as we discovered at rehearsals for the show. The primary school children went wild when she appeared on stage.*

Tina's rendition of "Everybody Let's Dance" was enlivened by the sudden whirlwind appearance on stage of Joey Moana, a Ngaruawahia boy apparently made of rubber, clockwork and spring steel. He astonished everybody with his virtuoso demonstration of what disco dancing is really *all about and then disappeared as quickly as he'd arrived. Kia ora Joey!*

Below *The Senators, the Rotorua-based showband who provided the backing for all the artists in the show. Highly polished and highly versatile, the band has worked with Howard Morrison on tours and night club appearances for several years. From left to right, the members are: Dave Hepi (rythm guitar and vocals); Mac Solomon (drums and vocals); Rick Heperi (lead guitar); Rick Witoko (piano); and Charlie Te Hau (bass guitar).*

Also playing with them was Tui Timoti, who was musical director of the show. He is acknowledged as one of the best session guitarists (if not the *best) in the business. Tui is from North Auckland. And on synthesiser was Vaughan Walker, from Auckland.*

Opposite left *Another Morrison group, and the nucleus of the 25-strong party representing all the sub-tribes of Te Arawa, are: Howard's wife Kuia and sister Linda at top; his mother Kahu and sister Judy in the middle; and below them sisters Rene and Adelaide. A highlight of the show was the solo spot from Howard's mother, Kahu Morrison.*

Opposite right *Among the special guests at the show were the Rt Rev. Manu Bennett, Bishop of Aotearoa, and his wife Kaa Bennett, seen here talking to Archdeacon Kingi Ihaka, and in the picture below are Archdeacon Puru Panapa and Mr Jim Heu of Hamilton, photographed by the Lindauer paintings which grace the conference room of the Kimiora Hall.*

Other guests (who had demonstrated their support for Tu Tangata by paying at least $20 each for their tickets) included Sir Denis and Lady Blundell, Sir Hepi Te Heu Heu and the High Commissioner for Papua New Guinea, Elliot T. Elijah. From Parliament came Mr Birch (representing the Prime Minister), Mr Couch, the Minister for Maori Affairs, Mr Rowling, for the Opposition, and Mr Wetere and Mr Peters, M.P. for Hunua. Both Mr Birch and Mr Couch addressed the audience during the show.

Opposite bottom *Toni Williams, a Cook Island Maori who has made New Zealand his home and was involved with the Quartet as long ago as 1960. After many years in Australia, Toni returned to New Zealand in 1976 to set himself up as a farmer in Loburn, Rangiora. Despite his farming commitments, he continues to be a successful performing and recording artist. He takes the place of Wi Wharekura in the national Tu Tangata concert tour.*

LINDBERG PHOTOGRAPHY

What is Tu Tangata?

"Tu Tangata" has become a common phrase around New Zealand in the last year or so. It crops up pretty often in this magazine, and almost as frequently in the newspapers, on radio and television. Nevertheless, here at the Department of Maori Affairs we are still asked: "What does it **mean**?"

It is a difficult question to answer, for the very reason that the answer is so simple. It can be an individual state of mind, an isolated community farming project and a nationwide concert tour. It's a homework centre, a district planning conference and saying hello (or kia ora, or talofa) to your neighbour.

You're probably no wiser. Let's put it another way. Assimilation, integration, multi-culturalism: these and other catch-cries have their popularity, but for the average person they may not mean very much. Dull, academic phrases, they offer little personal stimulation to individual New Zealanders. And it's at the personal, individual level that Tu Tangata begins to work.

Tu Tangata. It has been translated as "the stance of the people" and "stand tall". Tu Tangata is for each and every one of us something positive to *feel*, to grasp as our own. It means examining ourselves and assessing our skills and talents, and acknowleding those of the other people around us – being ready to make friends and accept the other person.

Many people would dismiss this as obvious – yet few seem to have put it into practice to the benefit of themselves or their

communities. So in launching its Tu Tangata programme the Department of Maori Affairs has attempted to hold a mirror up to the people, to encourage them to see themselves as they really are and as they could be, and not through the distorting mirrors of other people's stereotypes and assumptions.

An area where the Department has felt the need for this kind of encouragement is among Maori youth. It is certainly not because Maori kids are stupid that they so rarely end up in the traditional professions and better-paid careers, and even in an economic climate where job opportunities of any sort are few and far between, we urge our youth to consider their capabilities and strong points and nurture and use them. In many areas, teachers, community leaders and parents – and students themselves – have got together to organise homework centres. Students are encouraged to strive for higher educational and vocational qualifications, and to think about their future careers in a wide context than in the past.

But to encourage this sort of attainment in what is often regarded as the "Pakeha world" does not mean denying our youth their Maoriness. Hand in hand with these developments has gone a tremendous upsurge of interest in Maoritanga. Recently wananga have been held on marae in tribal centres all over New Zealand, in an attempt to show young unemployed Maori people from the cities something of their heritage. Many of them, born and brought up in the urban environment, had had no contact with their roots before; had never visited their home marae, learned anything of their tribes or met their kaumatua and whanaunga.

In taking them home for a short period, the idea has been to help them realise that there is pride in being a Maori, and that while it may be difficult to know where they are going, they can take some positive and constructive satisfaction in knowing where they come from.

Tu Tangata is not for Maori people only, neither is it only for youth. Maori in inspiration, it is nevertheless for anybody. It is a home-grown ideal for New Zealanders of whatever origin and culture.

Because Tu Tangata is rooted to the inner spirit, or wairua, of all individuals, it can never be the sole property of any one culture. It is not the Maori people striving to become brown-skinned Pakehas, neither is it an attempt to impose Maoritanga on a nation of reluctant non-Maoris. It is more an appeal to recognise the worth in both these cultural systems – and in any others too. That this is possible has been demonstrated by the success of the many women's wananga held in New Zealand over the past two years or so.

That success continues, at all levels and in all areas. The Tu Tangata concert tour will encourage success still further, for proceeds from the tour will be added to the newly formed Tu Tangata Trust Fund. Its first priority will be to back up teaching at pre-school, primary and intermediate levels, to develop the cultural enrichment and awareness of our children. What happens after that is up to all of us, for Tu Tangata belongs to everybody and not to Maori Affairs.

Tu Tangata groups are springing up all over the country. Inquire around: there may be one you would like to get involved with. If not, start one yourself. It may be a centre where your local young people can do their homework in an atmosphere of peace and encouragement; it may be a forestry or agricultural development on under-utilised land; it may merely be a forum for getting to know people. Whichever, it will provide an opportunity to stand tall with dignity and pride in being whatever you are.

Howard, Noel and Gerry with the real stars of the show: 200 Waikato primary schoolchildren.

WAIKATO TIMES

TE REO MAORI: He turangawaewae nana?

Maori organisations are plugging for official recognition of Maori before the language dies out altogether, says Paul Bensemann in this article. A pakeha with a B.A. in Maori from Victoria University, he was Secretary of the Maori Purposes Fund Board before undertaking a course in journalism at Wellington Polytechnic.

E nga iwi kua riro ki te po, tena koutou, tena koutou, tena koutou. Takahia atu ra te ara whanui a Tane, ki te po uriuri, ki te po kerekere.

Tena koutou nga kanohi ora o te hunga kua wheturangitia i te ra nei. Ko te korero e whai ake nei i tuhituhi i runga i te aroha ki nga taonga o nga tupuna kua riro atu ra.

Te Huinga Rangatahi, a confederation of Maori youth groups, is circulating a pamphlet calling for Maori language programmes on television – including five minutes news in Maori. The pamphlet, *Just Five Minutes*, says, "If our efforts do not succeed ... will we see acts of violence against televisions masts and stations as occurred in Wales in 1968?"

New Zealanders who scoff at the possibility of such acts of sabotage here may be kidding themselves. Te Huinga Rangatahi's pamphlet brings to mind the parallel between New Zealand's history, and events leading to violence on behalf of the language and culture of the Welsh people ten years ago.

1870 saw an English government imposing a compulsory elementary education on Wales, using the English language in schools. This started a gradual decline in the use of Welsh. Whereas 54.4% of the population spoke Welsh in 1891, this percentage had dropped to 26% in 1961. Te Huinga Rangatahi's counterpart in Wales, Urdd Gobaith Cymru (The Welsh League of Youth), became alarmed at the decline of Welsh language and cultural life. The group increased its numbers drastically after the Second World War and members wrote submissions, published pamphlets, organised sit-ins, and protested in the streets. Their objection was that Welsh schools and the media were "monocultural" – they were totally English.

In the 60s factions of the group went underground. They took to using plastic explosives against television stations and television masts in protest against the lack of Welsh content on television.

The late 1960s and the 70s brought better things to Wales. In 1967 the Welsh Language Act was constituted and it affirmed "the equal validity of Welsh with English in the administration of justice and conduct of government business throughout Wales". Bilingual teaching, using Welsh as the main or secondary medium of teaching was established in many schools. In 1973 the Welsh Language Council was set up as guardian and official promoter of the language.

Today Welsh is used with pride – and without any apparent economic drawbacks. The weekly press includes articles in Welsh, there are bilingual papers, and also papers solely in Welsh. A new T.V. channel is starting in Wales and has a Welsh language service as a programming priority.

Back here in New Zealand Maori has a long way to go before arriving at the happy state of affairs now existing for the Welsh language. Today only about 70,000 speak Maori, whereas in Wales 540,000 speak Welsh – and they have a million less people in their country. And the future of Maori doesn't look bright – only a tiny fraction of New Zealand children speak the language.

Decline in the use of Maori has the same nineteenth-century root cause as the decline in Welsh. In 1858 the New Zealand Government declared "Native Schools" ineligible for financial grants if English were not made the language of instruction.

But the campaign against Maori has been more ruthless than the Wales experience. Until recently the language was regarded as an impediment, and it was literally beaten out of Maori school children.

"Round table" groups at the 1959 Young Maori Leaders conference discussed the declining use of the language and made a number of recommendations, for example "that some Maori language be made compulsory for all Maori pupils and optional for Pakeha pupils". A member of the 1959 conference, Kara Puketapu, reintroduced that recommendation in the "Questions Please" T.V. programme during Maori Language Week this year. After 1959 protests against the lack of Maori in schools became commonplace. The concern culminated in the presentation of a petition in 1972 which urged the government to introduce optional courses in Maori language and culture for all New Zealand schools. The petition was signed by the then Minister of Maori and Island Affairs, Mr MacIntyre, and about 30,000 others.

The petition was partially successful. Today Maori is taught in about 160 secondary schools and 240 primary schools. Approximately 130,000 children are taught the language at school.

The necessary question is, will school Maori language programmes revive the Maori language? Sam Karetu for one doesn't think so. Last year he said, "The Maori language is enjoying the greatest boost it has ever had and yet I am still pessimistic. I am not convinced ... that, because more people are learning it and more schools teaching it, the language will be spoken more .... If it is to survive (it) must be spoken all the time."

Strong views about Maori in schools were expressed in March this year by Carl Dodson, an educationist who pioneered bilingual schools in Wales. While visiting new Zealand, Mr Dodson called the school Maori language programmes "counter-productive". "Weekly lessons do little other than make some children hate the second language", he said. "Bilingual children are produced only when half the school curriculum is in one language, the other half in another."

Bilingual education is an important step towards the retention of the Maori language, according to Dr Richard Benton, director of the Maori Unit, N.Z. Council for Educational Research. Dr Benton and his staff are making surveys of the number of families who speak Maori. They have also been pushing bilingual education for areas where Maori is still widely spoken.

Ruatoki Primary School pioneered bilingual education in 1977, but there are a number of other primary schools just

The 1967 Welsh Language Act upheld "the equal validity of Welsh with English in the administration of justice and conduct of government business throughout Wales". And with signposts such as this one at the University of Aberystwyth, the Welsh themselves are no more likely to lose their way than their language.

switching over to it now. The method of teaching is to use both English and Maori in the teaching of most subjects. Says Dr Benton, "The expected outcome of such a programme is not simply the development of individual bilingualism, but also some wider social consequence – the development of tolerance and appreciation of linguistic and cultural diversity, for example, or the reconstruction of a Maori speech community at a local, regional or national level."

But Dr Benton believes there should be general social recognition of Maori if bilingual schooling is to be effective. "Jobs must be available which require bilingual skills in government, the courts, in private employment, and in the communications media", he said. "In certain areas of the country . . . it should be made possible for any one to transact public business and much private business solely in the Maori language with no less convenience."

Dr Benton suggests that Maori members of Parliament could give a lead in the speaking of Maori. There has never been an MP in a Maori seat who could not speak the language. However none of the present MPs seem keen to follow the example of the late Tau Henare, MP for Northern Maori from 1914 to 1938, who always spoke Maori when he had an important point to make. In a speech in 1916 Mr Henare said in the House, "I may be able to express my ideas in English as well, perhaps, as some members who have spoken on this important bill, but I think it is my duty to recognize that I am a Maori representative, and as such, therefore, I will call for the services of the interpreter."

Parliamentary recognition of Maori could be of crucial importance to the future of the language. Welsh has official recognition and can be used equally with English in government business. In Wales there is an official government body to promote the language. But Maori is given no such importance in New Zealand. In 1974 Parliament passed an Act giving "official recognition" to the Maori language. The Act empowers *but does not require* the Minister of Maori Affairs to encourage the learning of the language.

Many people argue that the Maori Affairs Ministers since 1974 have done nothing to encourage the learning of Maori. Some feel that present Minister Ben Couch is in fact discouraging the use of Maori by speaking English on maraes. If no practical steps follow the 1974 Act then "official recognition" is nothing more than meaningless bureaucratic mumbo-jumbo.

At a hui at Raukawa marae last December, Professor Whatarangi Winiata suggested that an official trustee for the Maori language be appointed. He suggested a permanent staff and advisory council could be responsible for taking steps to conserve and develop the language.

Lack of official backing for Maori is why Television One gets away with "kia ora" in the weather summary as its sole contribution to biculturalism in New Zealand. The news media, and television in particular, are the principal target today for Maori language proponents.

Says Dr Benton, "It could be hard to over-estimate the adverse influence of television on parental efforts to maintain Maori in the home. It is a pervasive medium, much harder to ignore than radio . . . television in New Zealand conveys the message 'only English matters; Maori, if it has any use at all, is a language in which you can say hello and goodbye'."

Lobbying for better Maori coverage in the media has come from many directions.

In 1975 the Maori Organisation on Human Rights initiated a petition urging that, among other things, "our living language shall take its due place in the news media so that we all may fully understand what Parliament promises us, and so that all New Zealanders – Maori and Pakeha – may enjoy their full New Zealand heritage".

In 1976 the New Zealand Maori Council presented a detailed submission to the Select Committee on the Broadcasting Amendment Bill. The submission recommended a number of changes for broadcasting so as to "project multiculturalism in the broadcasting media". Part of the submission reads, "Multiculturalism for the Maori means the right for minorities to self-realisation of their sense of identity and peoplehood within the framework of existing institutions of the social mainstream. Radio and television are public utilities. Maoris and Pacific Islanders are a substantial 10% of the public and they have a just claim for a greater share in the use of the broadcasting media than they have at present."

In 1977 Te Reo Maori Society started a petition calling for a Maori television production unit to "ensure the production of programmes in Maori and in English on or relating to aspects of Maori culture, art, and society". The petition was presented to Parliament in July of last year and rejected by Parliament in July of this year.

In April this year, Professor Sid Mead circulated a paper outlining a suggested plan for New Zealand's future which "takes cognisance of Maori aspirations and allows the people to live a life that is satisfying and dignified". One of Professor Mead's suggestions is that the Maori people "have control

over a bilingual television channel, a bilingual national radio network and some newspapers and magazines".

The list of lobbyists goes on and on.

In March this year the subject of Maori on television was raised at the South Island Maori Women's Welfare League conference at Ashburton. The editing of T.V. programmes concerning Maori interests was called "inadequate" and it was suggested that a "fuller coverage and a higher standard on matters of interest to Polynesian ethnic and minority groups" was needed.

Perhaps it was because of all this pressure that TV1 ran programme summaries in Maori during Maori Language Week.

Reaction to that little bit of Maori may be indicative of public tolerance to more Maori on television. T.V.1's head of presentation and promotions, Chris Bourn, said most callers commented favourably on the summaries. But some callers were strongly antagonistic and calls were received such as the one saying, "This is a white country, the Maoris have nothing for it and they have no right to monopolise time on T.V."

This is just the sort of silly comment that Pakehas who learn Maori have to put up with. Here are some more examples from my own experience: "The Maori language died out in the 1920s." "It would take you only a few weeks to learn Maori." "Mr MacIntyre (MP) speaks Maori better than the Maoris do." "You can't say much in Maori, it has such a limited vocab."

Such views are of course based on ignorance. But similar misconceptions prop up the antagonistic stance many New Zealanders seem to have towards the language – and the fate of Maori is now in the hands of Pakehas too.

Defenders of Maori face a formidable line-up. Politicians and the media reinforce the public stereotype of Maori being useless. And Mr Muldoon has said in public that he would prefer to see Japanese taught in schools instead of Maori.

There is little chance of the Japanese or Welsh peoples letting their national languages die. But New Zealand has yet to take a pride in Maori – we have yet to recognise it as our national language. If Maori is to remain a living phenomenon it needs to be cherished as the most important symbol of our national identity. Government must accept that New Zealand is the turangawaewae of the Maori language and the language should be allowed a place in every area of New Zealand life (including television). Decisive and farsighted action is needed, and quickly. If Maori is left to die New Zealand's dream of good race relations is likely to be buried along with it.

Bilingual smiles from Ruatoki schoolchildren.

SANDRA MORRIS

A WEEK OF IT

Paul Bensemann commends the special efforts of the broadcasting media during this year's Maori Language Week.

For five days at the Kaitaia school canteen orders had to be made in Maori, otherwise Kaitaia children would be faced with a hungry lunch hour. During the same period, in Invercargill a Maori carver, Bernard de Hair, worked in the foyer of Radio Southland with a week-long display of his craft.

It was Maori Language Week again, and in every little town between Kaitaia and Invercargill, language week activities brought life into schools, shops and offices, newspapers and service clubs.

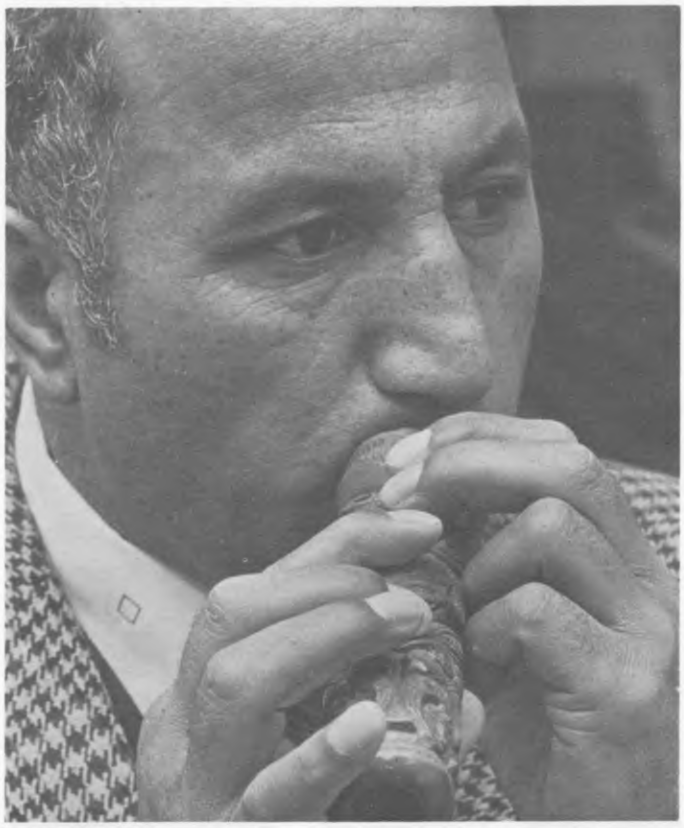
But the big difference in Maori Language Week this year was the amount of radio and television coverage. Most controversial were the programme summaries in Maori on TV1. Head of presentation Chris Bourn reported being swamped during the week with calls, mostly in favour of the summaries.

The programme summaries were TV1 transcripts translated by Tilly Reedy, who now works with the New Zealand Planning Council. The readers were Teresa Hughes, a pakeha who speaks Maori, Tom Roa, a student at Victoria University, and Mei Taare, a data controller in Wellington.

A variety of television programmes featured Maori content. "Of Course You Can Do It" showed how to make a hangi. "Country Calendar" followed a traditional Maori fishing trip off the Taranaki coast, and there was a screening of Rowley Habib's play *Death of the Land.*

Te Reo o Aotearoa's Auckland studios, managed by Haare Williams, were turned into a "radio marae" for the week, and every other radio station in New Zealand included something Maori in its programme content. Henare Te Ua related Maori myths and legends, Sydney Melbourne sang songs and read poetry, Marama Martin gave us legends from the Taupo area and Selwyn Muru explained the meanings of Maori place names.

All items were well prepared and presented in the week-long feast of Maori language and culture. The special efforts of the broadcasting people were commendable. They gave Maori Language Week an importance and an impact it's never had before, and they encouraged the kind of national pride which only comes with recognition of new Zealand's Maori identity.



KEN GEORGE

Breathing new life into THE KOAUAU

with Joe Malcolm

If you walk up Wellington's Kelburn Parade you might hear strange, plaintive music coming from the Maori Studies Department of Victoria University. Don't be surprised, it's Joe Malcolm and his class breathing new life into the koauau.

It has been supposed that with the passing of the last great koauau players, Kiwi Amohau of Ohinemutu and Mrs Wineera of Porirua, the art of playing this ancient Maori flute died too. But Joe, of Te Arawa, has made himself a koauau and taught himself to play it. Now he teaches others, and we hope that they in turn will pass the skill on so that it need never be lost to us. Here Joe tells how the venture started and offers advice to aspiring players of this fascinating instrument.

The first task our group faced was making the instrument itself. A koauau may be made from a length of dowelling rod, obtainable from almost any joinery firm. The dimensions and gauge are a matter for individual preference, though with ours we followed the dimensions of a specimen from the Dominion Museum in order to make an instrument as "authentic" as possible. The three finger holes give the notes E, F and G.

Blowing the instrument – and it is done with the mouth, *not* the nose – is a little difficult to master. The koauau is blown from the side of the mouth rather than the front, and it is held horizontally at an angle of forty-five degrees to the face. In this way air is blown down the tube and over the lip of the stem simultaneously.

A further difficulty is knowing just how much pressure to use. Most beginners tend to blow too hard. As a general rule, it is sufficient to apply as much pressure when blowing as you do when whistling. The variations in pressure used for high-pitched whistling and low-pitched whistling can be equally applied to blowing the koauau. The low notes are easier to learn than the high ones. Try covering the holes and learn to blow down the instrument as though it had no holes. When the low note is mastered, the bottom hole can then be uncovered and the next note practiced until you've got it right, and so on.

But there are phases in learning to play a melody. Although coaxing the right sounds from the koauau is a major accomplishment, competence lies in creating sounds in a controlled and effortless manner, transforming noises into sweet, melodious notes.

In the next phase you must learn to calculate just when and where to pause for breath. If the pauses are too frequent, the melody will emerge disjointedly and sound unpleasant. On the other hand, if the pauses are too widely spaced you may find that you have to take a fresh breath halfway through a note, and this will interrupt the rhythm and flow of the melody. Furthermore, if you try to fill your lungs to last longer the notes will become distorted. It is necessary to calculate the places for breath – perhaps after each pair of notes, or after one note if it is to be held or dragged. It is more important to maintain a steady, normal rate of breathing and to reconcile the melody with it.

The key holes in the stem create the range of notes of which the koauau is capable. The range is small – understandably, since the instrument was designed for Maori music – but nevertheless it is not enough to rely simply on the notes obtainable from fingering; you have to manipulate the mouth muscles, as when whistling, to reach higher and lower notes.

The koauau is best suited to playing the tunes of the traditional waiata. The one shown here, a popular waiata from Ngati Apakura called "E Pā To Hau" lends itself admirably to koauau practice. I have suggested breathing spaces with the / sign:

E pā to hau / he wini ra / ro /
He homai aroha /
Kia tangi atu / au i / konei /
He aroha ki te iwi /
Ka momotu ki ta / whiti ki Pa / erau /
Ko wai e kite atu /
Kei whea akou / hoa i / mua ra /
I te tōnuitanga /
Ka haramai tē / nei ka ta / u wehe /
Ka raungaiti au /
I /

Another waiata which appears to be easy to render on the koauau is "Ka Eke Ki Wairaka". Contemporary melodies which can be readily adapted include "Hoki Hoki Tonu Mai", "Po Atarau", "Ma Wai Ra E Taurima", and "Te Taniwha I Te Moana". All of these lend themselves to group performances and provide a means for extension work within a group.

Whether one learns for teaching purposes, for one's own pleasure, or because of a pride in our heritage, the koauau can provide much satisfaction and enjoyment. Some people may not like its plaintive tone. But for those who feel as I do, the sound is beautiful and it enhances the performance of waiata tangi and waiata aroha. Kiwi Amohau and Mrs Wineera would, I am sure, approve of what we are doing and would be happy to know that the koauau still lives.

***Opposite** Joe Malcolm in action, demonstrating how to hold and blow the koauau.*

***Below** Joe carved this koauau himself. For those who wish to make one of their own, its dimensions are given below. But it should be remembered that length and thickness, as well as the number and spacing of the holes, are factors which will determine the range and tone of the instrument, and these are a matter of personal preference.*
Length: 185mm
Inside width: 20mm
Diameter of holes: 5mm
For the spacing of the holes, distances are measured from the centre of each hole.
Top hole (E): 31mm from mouthpiece
Middle hole (F): 23mm from E
Bottom hole (G): 61mm from F

KEN GEORGE

TIME FOR CHANGE?

Tony Garnier

The question of whether we should have separate parliamentary representation is an old one, but it has received particular attention recently, stimulated by the controversy over the Hunua election results. We asked Tony Garnier, who had highlighted these issues in his "Weekwatch" column in the Wellington *Evening Post*, to give us his analysis of the situation. It is a point of view with which many people will disagree. Already Ngatata Love, in his column in *Truth*, has taken issue with Tony Garnier and says: "I would predict with confidence that any attempt to abolish Maori representation would be met with the sternest resistance from the grass roots of Maori society." Would it? What do YOU think? Should we abolish the seats? Should we maintain the status quo? Or should we, as suggested by Professor Sidney Mead of Victoria University, rethink the situation and increase the number of Maori MPs to twelve? Write to *Te Kaea* and let us know, and we will publish the best letters.

Most Maoris want the four Maori seats in Parliament abolished immediately.

However, the improper actions of 1976 Census officials prevented a clear expression at the last general election of the grassroots Maori opinion which supports abolition. Statistical evidence suggests two things: Possibly 40,000 names of Maoris were improperly put on to the Maori electoral rolls for the last election. About 70 per cent of New Zealand's Maori voting population is already on the general electorate rolls or not on any roll.

The argument goes like this:

A major unresolved statistical mystery arising from the 1978 general election is the question of why the numbers of Maori registered voters jumped from 68,983 in 1975 to 109,598 in 1978. The 40,615 increase between the two elections was an all-time record – it was far above the traditional increase of about 3,000. The previous largest increase was of about 14,000 between 1972 and 1975, when the voting age was reduced from twenty-one. Yet at the 1978 election, despite the record increase in Maori enrolment, just 42.65 per cent of those enrolled eventually cast a valid vote. This was an all-time low.

So why the dramatic increase of registered Maori electors between 1975 and 1978? And having enrolled, why didn't they vote?

Evidence provided at the Hunua Electoral Court provided some vital clues to the probable answer. The court hearing highlighted the fact that votes were disallowed because they were from people registered on the Western Maori roll but who voted in the Hunua electorate. Evidence to the court indicated that at least some of these people had not enrolled themselves on the Maori roll.

In fact, the court heard, 1976 census officials had "ticked" the box provided on the census form and enrolled them on the Maori rolls. The court ruled that officials did not have legislative sanction to "guess upon which roll" to put the names of people who had declared themselves to be Maori at the 1976 census but who had not actually "ticked" the enrolment form provided with the census form. The court drew what it called "an inescapable inference" that had any

The four Maori Members of Parliament. From left to right: Koro Wetere (Western Maori); Matiu Rata (Northern Maori); Whetu Tirikatene-Sullivan (Southern Maori); and Paraone Reweti (Eastern Maori).

of the four Maori elections been challenged in an electoral court they would have been declared invalid.

But how many "guesses" did officials make? How many names were unilaterally placed on the Maori rolls?

Up until 1972 the usual increase in the number of enrolments was about 3,000. Between 1972 and 1975 the increase jumped by about 14,000, when the voting age was reduced. Yet between 1975 and 1978, the increase suddenly moved up to about 40,000, even though there was no other exceptional circumstance – except that officials improperly enrolled people on the Maori rolls.

Yet the percentage of Maori voting has progressively dropped over the last three general elections, from 79.67 per cent of registered Maori voters in 1969, to 77.1 per cent in 1972, to 62.04 per cent in 1975 and the all-time low of 42.65 per cent in 1978. In contrast, about 80 per cent of eligible non-Maori voters turned out in 1978.

But the most clear-cut evidence indicating that Maoris want the Maori seats abolished is seen by comparing voting and population statistics. The 1976 census showed that there were 144,898 New Zealanders of Maori descent aged twenty or over entitled to be registered on the Maori rolls. Yet just 33.71 per cent actually voted on the Maori rolls. It leaves the possibility that at least 66.29 per cent of Maori people voted on the general roll or were not interested.

Quite apart from the huge administrative injustice over Maori voting thrown up by the Hunua Electoral Court evidence, the present system is archaic. It is contributing to New Zealand's growing racial problems. Separate Maori representation was initiated last century. The aim was to give enhanced political voice and protection to the Maori people over their serious land questions.

While Maori land problems remain, there is no strong voice from the Maori MPs suggesting that this is still their dominant concern. They are like other MPs, concerned to look at all issues as need arises. Also, the Ratana church no longer has the "hold" on Maori parliamentary representation and Maoridom that it once did.

Instead, as New Zealanders, Maoris and non-Maoris now have the same basic economic, social and cultural needs and concerns.

All MPs, Maori and non-Maori, should be concerned over the needs of the young urban Maoris. This group now comprises about 60 per cent of new Zealand's Maori population. National's three MPs who happen to be Maori likewise have a duty to represent the non-Maori people and their issues.

In today's world, it is not race *per se* which counts, but identity with or attitude towards culture. A person's ability to do a job, not his or her race or cultural background, should be the primary requisite to becoming a parliamentary candidate. An MP like Ben Couch, who happens to be Maori, is as effective, surely, at looking after non-Maori electorate issues, as many non-Maori MPs would be at forcefully pressing Maori land and marae issues.

Under the existing set up, both Labour and National can safely ignore the collective and special problems of the Maori people. National has no incentive to pursue seats which it apparently has no hope of winning. Likewise, Labour can virtually take them for granted.

In short, Parliament's system of setting aside four seats exclusively for Maori representation may be helping to keep the races apart. The system represents an officially blessed line of demarcation between the races.

It is even undemocratic to the extent that Maoris, as a major group in New Zealand, have no capacity to "make or break" a Government – as they should – as do the farmers, manufacturers, teachers or trade unions. In the United States, the Black voters are widely regarded as the key "pressure group" responsible for President Carter's election.

In contrast, separate Maori parliamentary representation is keeping the Maori population impotent as a political force. It is certainly hampering the building of a strengthened "all New Zealand" identity among both Maoris and non-Maoris alike.

Clearly, the strengthened competition for Maori support that would result under abolition of the Maori seats, would demand and ensure that all parties put up quality Maori candidates in winnable seats.

Yes, abolition of the Maori seats would be a good thing. It would be a positive step towards improving New Zealand's race relations, by "forcing" – through political reality – non-Maoris to come to the party and learn, really learn the true spirit that is Maoritanga. It would make New Zealand, ultimately, a much better place in which to live.

Christina Ngahuia WHO?

Most of the 420,000-plus viewers who watch TV1 at 6.00 p.m. every Saturday evening haven't the faintest idea who Christina Ngahuia Asher is. To them she's probably little more than a pair of legs (though a very busy pair) and a smiling face (though a very attractive one). She is one of the Ooomph Dancers, who enliven the popular show "Ready to Roll". She's also a Maori, and for that reason we decided to approach her for an inverview . . . .

"Ngahuia. Don't forget the Ngahuia."

"Sorry, Christina *Ngahuia* Asher." Not only has she told me her name, but she's also answered a question I was saving for later. Now there's no need to ask her how she feels about being Maori; it is obvious from the pride with which she insists on her middle name, her Maori name.

She continues in the same vein: "Both my grandfathers were Ngaiterangi, and my grandmother on my mother's side was Nga Rauru, a Mete-Kingi. On my father's side she was from Ngati Tuwharetoa."

Christina had been cautious about an interview, and she had even asked for the weekend to think it over. But she's turned up anyway, dressed in dazzling colours and with a large piece of greenstone dangling from one ear. She's also brought along her five-year-old son Kayne. Now there's no stopping her as she warms to her subject – not herself, but her people.

"We had a great Easter, a family reunion at Te Puke. Three thousand people were there, *three thousand*! In spite of the petrol shortages."

Born in Wanganui twenty-five years ago, she moved with her parents and her two brothers to Tawa, in the Hutt Valley, when a young child. Her parents were both teachers, and both belong to the Ratana Church. So how did she come to be a dancer?

"My mother sent me to dancing classes when I was seven. I was always very clumsy, always falling over things. I certainly learned how to dance, but I'm still clumsy. I'm the one in the troupe who can't keep still when I'm supposed to. Anyway, I really hated those classes, but Mum played the piano at the dancing school so I had to turn up." She pops a peppermint Oddfellow into her mouth.

Now, of course, she doesn't regret those early years. In fact, she encourages other kids along to classes. Christina is a teacher herself, specialising in modern and jazz dancing and tap at the Dance Centre in Wellington. She has been particularly impressed by the talent of her Maori pupils: "Young Maori kids today can really dance." Ever since *Saturday Night Fever* they've come flocking. She feels, however, that they don't do justice to their ability, and after they've learned the basics of disco they go away and don't come back.

With her teaching commitments as well as TV work, life is pretty hectic. Each routine for "Ready to Roll", lasting perhaps no more than three minutes, demands ten hours of careful and exhausting rehearsal, and of course there's

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Kayne to look after. But Christina is a very independent-minded woman and wouldn't have it any other way. There is still time for other interests, though. She is a keen photographer and is anxious to try skiing. She also regrets not being able to speak Maori, and plans to learn. In goes another Oddfellow.

Back to dancing. When she was at school she had to give up to concentrate on exams – she passed University Entrance – but resumed dancing in 1976 when she met Jenny Stevenson, who founded the Dance Centre. Later she met Trish Hodgson, choreographer for the Ooomph Dancers, and has been with them ever since. She is now one of the oldest and most experienced in the troupe, and as a result has one of the best known faces on New Zealand television. Such exposure has had no adverse effects on her genuine humility and good nature, however. "People often recognise me in the street and come up and say hello, but TV work isn't all fame and glamour – far from it. It's hard work."

Hard work it may be, but she enjoys it. She hopes that Kayne (who has wandered off to explore the office) will enjoy it too. But she will encourage rather than push. The same with his Maoritanga: "I can't order him to take an interest in these things, but I'll certainly encourage. It's important." As a busy working mother she misses the closeness of Maori social life, and regrets that families don't get together more often. "Those things don't seem to happen any longer", she says wistfully. And for a moment her usual smile fades. Perhaps she's dreaming of Easter in Te Puke.

E Nga Iwi o Ngai Tahu

Keri Hulme is of English, Scots and Ngai Tahu descent (her people come from Purakanui and Otakou). She spends her life writing and whitebaiting, and will shortly publish a novel, *The Bone People*.

She says: "My mother is from a Ngai Tahu hapu, Nga Terangiamoa, and when a friend, Rowley Habib, asked, 'Where are your bones then?' I started to think this poem."

Where are your bones?
My bones lie in the sea

Where are your bones?
On south islands, sawed by discovering wind

Where are your bones?
Whisper
Moeraki, Purakanui, Arahura
Okarito, Murihiku, Rakiura . . .

Where are your bones?
Lying heavy on my heart

Where are your bones?
Dancing as songs and old words in my head
Deep in the timelessness of mind

Where are your bones?
Here in my gut
Strong in my legs walking
Knotting in my fists, but

Where are your bones?
Aue! My bones are flour
Ground to make an alien bread . . . .

Te Karanga a Tainui Awhiro

Eva Rickard

Eva Rickard has aroused the admiration or the exasperation (or even both at once) of Maori and Pakeha people up and down New Zealand in her fight for the return of the land occupied by the Raglan Golf Club to Tainui Awhiro. As the issue nears resolution, Eva here airs her views on an important and, to many people, an emotional struggle.

The story of my people's struggle would fill not just a magazine article but a whole book, and its contents would echo that book already written, *Aureretanga*. For the "groans" of the Maori people 150 years ago are still the same today. Struggles for the land started a long time ago, which some people seem to forget, and my own struggle for Raglan is no new story either. It has been a long pursuit.

Whaingaroa is the Maori name for Raglan. Many years ago, after their long haul across the land at Otahuhu, the people of Tainui canoe arrived at Raglan Harbour and called it Whaingaroa: "the long pursuit".

When the Government acquired our land under the Public Works Act 1923 for an emergency landing field, our people sincerely believed that it would be returned to them at the cessation of the Second World War. This was substantiated by the ex-Director of Civil Aviation, Mr E. Gobson, in an affidavit should we finally find ourselves in the Supreme Court.

As it now stands, it could now be the legal representatives of the Raglan Golf Club who find themselves in the Supreme Court, to have their lease validated. It was found invalid on 16 June 1978 (Soweto Day) at the Hamilton Magistrate's Court when seventeen people were tried for trespass on our urupa (burial grounds). They had been arrested while attempting to conduct a service. With the return of the land we intend to finish that service and recall to Raglan the twelve tohunga who were going to dedicate the land back to Tane. But that is another story . . . .

Te Matakite o Aotearoa, the movement born out of the great land march, gathered in Raglan in April 1976 to support the Tainui Awhiro people in staking out the area of the urupa on the golf course. The solidarity shown by the Maori people then was unique; we are divided as a people, but the Raglan take brought us together from all over – Ngapuhi, Te Arawa, Waikato, Tuwharetoa, Tuhoe and many others, including Pakehas – who lent strength to the struggle. It is encouraging for our future to know that we can stand solid against injustice.

Throughout the struggle Tainui Awhiro stood firm behind whatever decision the appointed negotiators made. But as the only negotiator who was also one of the tangata whenua, I saw how easy it can be to divide a people. With no apology to my own people or to the Maori in general, I must say that we are our own worst enemies. I don't mind the Pakeha running me down – I can handle that kind of persecution and ignorance – but I get angry when I have to take it from my own race.

Even now that the final order has been made by the Judge of the Maori Land Court to vest the title in its real owners and their descendants, I am still unsettled at the workings of the law.

DAVID JON PHOTOGRAPHICS

Above Eva at Hamilton Magistrate's Court.

If the law is justice, then the lands are safe. But if the law is as it is sometimes seen, working against the principles of natural justice, then I have grave misgivings. We believe that the Maori Land Court is there to provide justice, but it is well to remember that the establishment of the Court was not primarily for the protection of Maori land; its object was to facilitate the alienation of land to the colonial settlers.

As a member of the committee appointed by the New Zealand Maori Council to make submissions on the Maori Land Court, I opposed the Justice Department taking over many functions from the Maori Land Court. I still have this dream, along with many other dreams, that one day the Maori Land Court will be the instrument for us as a people to right the many wrongs done to us in the name of the Crown.

The Raglan issue is far from over, and many questions remain unanswered. I know the answers the Government has failed to give publicly; its representatives have written them to each other in letters which I hold. One day I must write the story of our struggle, to give hope and strength to those who have been involved in the fight. There have been many: the Grahams, the Alexanders, the Murrays, Witi McMath, Te Ata Witihana, Liz Marsden ... and many others, strong warriors who emerged out of the tragedy of the land march, a breed who will stand as leaders of the future.

I write as one of fifteen children who lived in the beautiful Maori world with my tupuna: no money and sometimes no clothes – but with plenty of aroha, and whitebait eaten like porridge. We knew as children who we were and where we belonged. But in the Pakeha world it's Eva Rickard militant activist, stirrer, gang-member, trouble-maker and all the other names thrown at me since the battle began. But I know that the battle was fought with the blessing of another dimension and the great spirit of Maoridom, and that those who sleep beyond the veil were whispering: "Kia kaha, kia manawanui kare koe e mate."

***Below** Kuia of Tainui Awhiro "trespassing".*

DAVID JON PHOTOGRAPHICS

PAPA
A short story by Bruce Stewart

Bruce Stewart is founder of Tapu te Ranga marae in Island Bay, Wellington. He is currently President of the Maori Artists and Writers Society, and some of his stories have been published and read on radio.

I stayed all night at the cemetery with Mum. Dad's people tried to get me to go home. Mum's people stood around, they didn't say anything, they fumbled with the fresh earth at times, I think they knew I wanted to be alone with Mum. They left before dark. It was warm lying next to Mum, the night was a blanket, some stars zoomed across the sky. There was so much to talk about, about school, about our fairy glade, about the gardens, about the chookies, cats, dogs, and our birds. Mostly I was worried about what I should do next.

I feel so young, Mum. I know I've done well at sport and I'm tall and all that, but really I'm younger than the other boys my age. Like, most of them have girlfriends, and they shave. Mr Matthews tells everyone I've got a lovely soprano voice. I hate it when he says that, Mum, because I'm sure the bass singers laugh at me. I haven't seen them laugh, but they duck behind the tenors so's I can't see them. The truth is though, Mum, I love singing the solo bits with the whole choir behind me. But I won't anymore . . . not singing soprano, I won't. And there's another thing too, Mum, I'm shy of girls, when they come close to me my face goes all red. But it was warm on the earth next to Mum. Even when the sky started to flicker, and the change to the morning was warm. But as the blue paled, I felt a bit unhappy, it was like someone was taking off my blankets.

What now, Mum? I feel so rickety, what am I going to do? For a moment, just for a moment I looked up . . . there was a skylark . . . high above me.

She hung in a blue sky, singing tweedle songs. I listened, just as Mum taught me to listen at the fairy glade. It's true you know, what Mum told me, if you listen really hard, and if you want to, birds can tell you things. The skylark did, it was like Mum talking to me, telling me she'd always be with me. And to do what I thought was best.

When I got home I cut the back hedge; Mum had been at me for ages. I cut a big pile of kindling wood too. For the next week I did lots of jobs around home. I didn't feel like going back to school, but I did because I knew Mum would like that. My form teacher, Mr Bull, stopped me on the way in, he had a clipping from the funeral notices.

Simpson, on behalf of the school, please accept our sincere condolences for the recent and, I might say, untimely passing away of your mother er, ah . . . he quickly looked at my Mum's name on the clipping . . . er, Mrs Pare Simpson. Thank you Mr Bull, I said and sat down at my desk in the back corner of the class. We all knew Mr Bull's Second World War off by heart. He'd bought his photo album to school again. He was a tank commander.

Now here's a shot of myself with my tank. Here's another one with some of my company, you can see the tanks in the background. Now here's another one showing all the tanks on the move – you can just make out my head sticking above the gun turret. We were on our way to knock out Jerry. I might say, they were rugged days. We were chasing Jerry across the desert. It was cold, at nights we'd knock the top off a forty-gallon drum of petrol and set it on fire to keep us warm. By day it was hot, by God it was hot. We ran out of water once, but luckily we had the tankers full of beer. the Horis loved it. They wallowed in it, even washed in it.

Everyone in the class roared except me. It was like saying my Mum washes in beer. I knew my face was red, and I was kind of numb when I stood up.

You are always going on about Maoris Mr Bull, I yelled.

Everyone stopped laughing. I could feel them staring at me. Some of them were whispering. Mr Bull's face went white and he took a while to answer. Sit down Simpson, I'm afraid you're over-reacting, though it's understandable in the circumstances. I'd like you to know Simpson that one of my aunties married a Maori. He was a well-known chief.

But I wouldn't sit down. It was like I was standing up for my Mum and myself for the first time, and it felt good. My face was still red, I was still numb as I stomped down the aisle, stood in front of Mr Bull's desk.

It's not just this story Mr Bull, you're always picking on Maoris, why? Why do you?

Mr Bull jumped up and leaned across his desk, our faces were inches apart. You've gone too far this time Simpson. Leave the room and report to the headmaster. I'll be there in a minute. On my way out the class sniggered again. Mr Bull's face was smirky-looking. It was those faces that set me going, I was so mad I wanted to smash them all. Those smirky faces, I'd always seen them from my desk in the rear corner of the classroom. I threw a box full of chalk and some books at the class. I threw a duster, it bounced off Mr Bull's head, I felt so good. Mr Bull rushed me. I grabbed his blackboard pointer and swung it as hard as I could, it wacked him fair in the guts. He doubled up groaning but he couldn't have been hurt too bad, because by the time I was at the end of the corridor he was setting his boys out to catch me. I was flying because I was scared, and I felt good somehow. If I got caught the headmaster would make me feel a fool in front of the whole school. He wouldn't understand me, he never does. By the time I got home I'd run off my angriness, I was trying to work out what to do next.

Some of Mum's photos and pieces of driftwood were gone. When Father came home I asked him what he had done with them.

I put the photographs in the top cupboard, I threw the driftwood out.

You got no right to throw out those things, you know Mum likes them. He stared at me as if I were simple or something.

It's about time you woke up young man, your mother's DEAD.

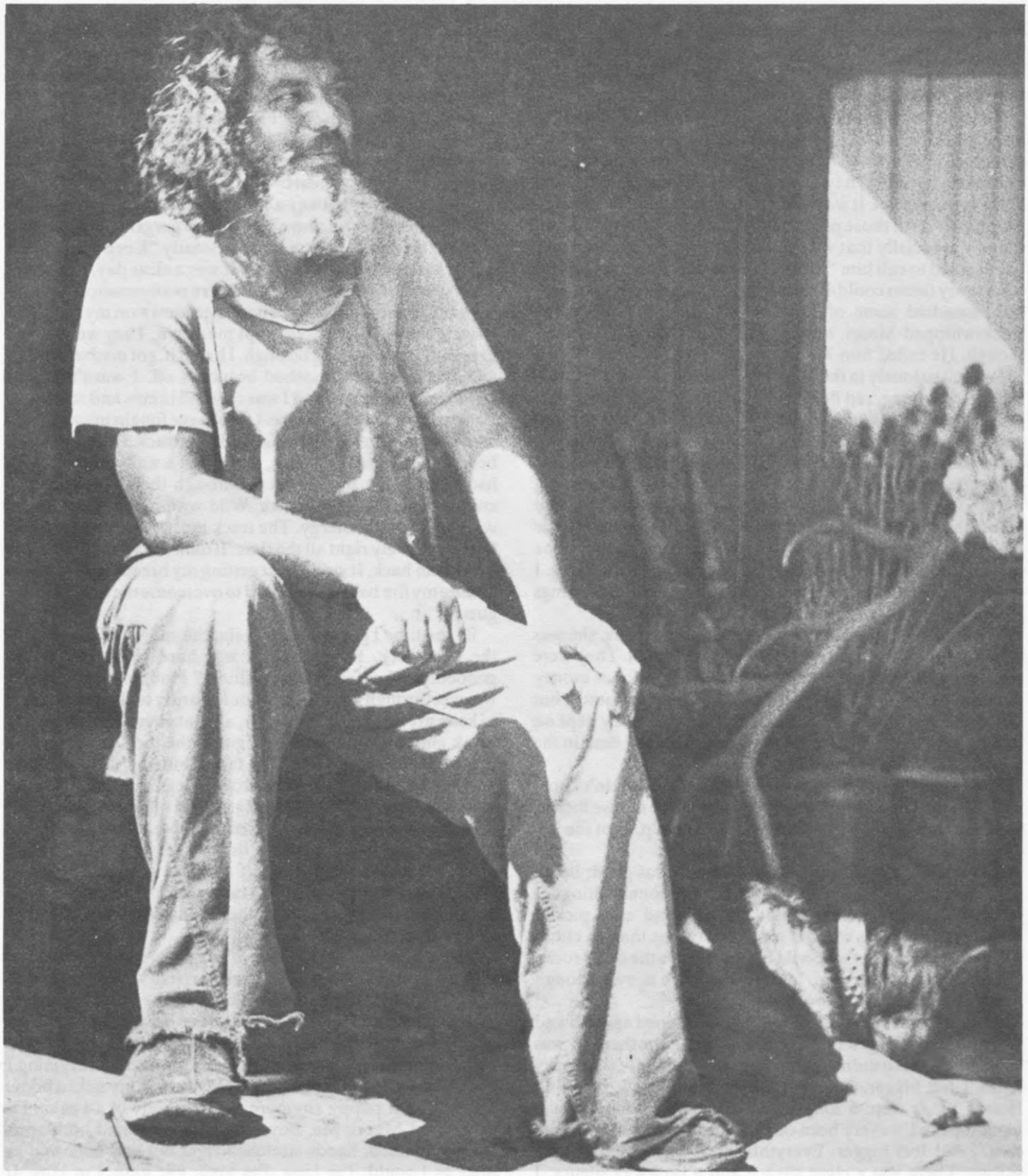
She's not, I know she's not. She'll always be with me. She said so herself. You're the one to wake up, not me.

I thought he was going to bowl me, but he didn't. He shook his head and went outside to his car, I followed him.

I'm leaving home.

You leaving home, that's a joke, you wouldn't last five minutes in the real world. You're a dreamer, mate, and you're still a fat puppy. Mind you, I left home when I was thirteen. Any rate y'got compulsory military training coming up, it'll knock a bit of sense into you. Leavin' home, he chuckled. He drove off.

I found the driftwood and photos. I put them back the way Mum had them. Two cops and Mr Bull banged hard on the door. I slammed the door in their faces much faster than I opened it. I ran straight out the back way across the paddocks into the swamp and hid there until they were gone. I sneaked back, grabbed my bank book, went the back way to town. I felt good, I'd never been like that, I was always shy and quiet. Now I knew I had to leave home, seemed like my mind was being made up for me, it wasn't the same any more.



JENNIFER HUTT

Bruce Stewart at Tapu te Ranga.

I brought a pack, sleeping bag, boots, woollen bush gear, and as much food as I could carry. I took off to the Tararua mountains.

For years I'd been looking at those mountains. It was as if there was something there, I don't know what it was, the snow, the bush, the bigness: it was that, and more.

I kept off the roads so as I wouldn't be seen. I kept thinking the cops and Mr Bull would be looking for me everywhere. My pack was heavy. A lot had happened in one day, I was tired and I lay down for a while in some shivery grass. I felt good though, like you must feel when you climb out of a wrecked car. As I lay there looking at the sky, the skylark came again. Keep going, she said, keep going, and then she just seemed to fade out of sight.

I made it over the foothills by night. I camped beside a river under some totara. I lit a big fire, because I was a bit scared, a bit lonely too. I sat on a log and swung my tea billy. I swung the billy lots of times, that night. Night time was the worst because I kept getting lonely as lonely. Sitting out there away from everybody. I was a bit frightened too. Frightened because I felt too young.

I thought about Mr Bull and the cops, about school, about our home, and father, and what it would be like if we were all together again. It was as though the whole world was against

me and I was wishing the skylark would come back and say something; but skylarks don't come out at night. In the morning I pushed up through wet ferns. The bush was thick, it was hard to see where I was going, I knew if I kept going up I'd get somewhere.

At times the bush blanket thinned. I saw the mountains. They looked massive. Rearing out of the earth above me, like wild horses. There was one great high one. It was like a giant unbroken stallion. They were a morning blue colour. Then there was the quiet. It was a deep, far-away quiet. Everything was massive. All those peaks, somehow I knew I had to climb them – especially that wild unbroken one, the highest one.

I decided to call him "Maori", because he reminded me of a horse my father couldn't break. In fact, Maori ran right over him, smashed some of his ribs. When he was better he stock-whipped Maori, nearly killed him. Never broke him though. He called him Maori.

I wasn't so lonely in the day time. There was so much to see, fantails flickering, red flowers, white flowers, and greenness, everywhere there was greenness. Now and again I'd stop and listen, the deep far-away quiet made me feel little. It was just about dark when I found an old hut. It had *The Whare* carved on a squeaky door. I cooked up some food. I sat on a silent log by the fire, listening to the river chatter. A mouse flicked across the corner of my eye. The more I thought about it, the more I smiled. Now if a mouse dawdled to the centre of the hut and lay down for a snooze, that'd really be something. I made up my mind to be friends with the mouse. Little things seemed so important, things I hadn't noticed before.

That night I dreamed about my posh Aunt Hilda, she was wearing Mum's greenstone tiki, everyone liked it. They were saying it was valuable. Someone offered her a lot of money and she sold it. That's my mother's greenstone, I shouted, but I couldn't stop them. They couldn't hear me. They kept on talking as if I wasn't there. I sulked and sat at my desk in the corner of the classroom.

I woke up, the hut was dark. For a long time I didn't know where I was. Then I heard the river chatter, the mouse flicked across the corners. I was too frightened to sleep, I got the fire going again.

The next day there was a lot to do and it was good; being busy was good, it kept my mind off the lonely things. I chopped firewood, and caught crawlies and eels, picked watercress. Nothing seemed more important than to climb some of those peaks, those wild horses. Above the hut, a rocky knob stuck out on its own. I wanted to climb it, even though it was late in the day, I took off.

It was a lot further up than I thought, I slipped and slid and went up the wrong way a few times, but I got there. It was nearly dark, but it didn't matter. Standing on top of that rocky knob, I felt bigger. It wasn't a high knob at all, the Wild Horses peaks were a long way further up. But it was the highest peak I'd every been on . . . and I'd climbed it, on my own. I did feel bigger. Everything was big, especially the silence. There was a close silence and a far-away silence. I stayed there till it got dark. Going up it felt good, going up and up and up. I got puffed and thought my legs wouldn't go on anymore, but I kept going.

Keep going, keep going, that's all I said to myself, trying to keep a rhythm as I plonked down each foot. Sometimes it was keeeeeeeep . . . goooooooiiiing, and sometimes I was so puffed I couldn't say it – just thought it. I had to climb it. I wasn't strong like all those other Pakeha boys at school. They always seemed strong.

Standing on top of that "wild pony" I felt stronger. Especially when I looked way down and saw the knob I'd climbed two days before.

I looked up, there was another higher peak. In the next few three weeks, I had no time for anything else. I was breaking in those Wild Horses. "Nelly" was easy. "Mustang" was a rugged, steep, rock-faced one, he nearly broke me. "Rocky" was a tricky one, I got a bit lost, I had to spend all night out and it took me two days to get over it. But I felt stronger and stronger. The higher I went the stronger I got. The cops and Mr Bull and those posh Pakeha kids in my classroom, they were way down below me. Father went on about me being a dreamer and a fat puppy. I'd like to see him climb Maori. His head was going right into the clouds. But I knew what his head looked like by heart.

I slept well, I was away a long time before morning could see. Five deer chased down into a steep gorge. I didn't go fast. I kept to the main ridge and kept a steady "Keep going, keep going, keep going, keep going". It was a clear day. A hot, hot day. Near the bush edge the trees were really stumped and I'd got a bit off the main ridge. I had to get down on my belly and wriggle through. The trees kept me down. They were trying to stop me from getting through. I hated it, got mad with them and I pushed and smashed branches off. I wasn't getting anywhere very much and I was covered in cuts and scratches. I was using up a lot of energy. I must have fought my way back to the main ridge because I landed on a track. I knew then I'd been struggling for nothing, there was a well-worn track. It had been made by the deer. Through the stunted trees, I crashed out onto the tussock. Wild with myself because I'd used up so much energy. The track must've been only about five paces to my right all the time. It took me a long time to get my breath back. It wasn't just getting my breath back – it was getting my fire back. It was hard to overcome the hollow in my guts.

By the time I got cracking again, the sun was bouncing off the bare rock. It was hot. It was hard going. "Keeeeep goooooiiiing, keeeeeep goooooiiiing." Plod, plod, my singlet was wet through with sweat. I could hardly suck in enough air to keep my legs going. I was dry, all that sweat and nothing to drink and it was hot. Before I got to the top I could see the head above me. Tried to go faster but my legs wouldn't answer. I started getting ahead of my legs and that made me worse. As soon as I hit the top I stripped off my clothes, hung them over a rock. Stood naked and breathless all in one movement. It took me a long time to get my breath back. I wanted to collapse but I didn't. It was a complete victory I wanted . . . I didn't want the Maori to see me collapsing, on the finishing line. So I stood there, tottering. Slowly things started to get back into focus.

There was layer upon layer of ruggedness. Patches of wet rock glittering in the sun. Far below rivers winked their way to a green lake. Fuzziness hung low over the towns. From my high place I could see it all. I was above everything. All those wild horses. I'd conquered them. No wonder the skylark said I was doing right and told me to keep going. Of everything I could see, I was the highest. I looked down at my naked body. I wasn't a fat puppy anymore. I had a body like a man. I'd conquered Maori. Me, Boy, I'd done it. I raised both arms above my head, hands stretched right out and bellowed as loud as I could, I'm king, I'm king. I'm king, I'm king. It echoed back off all the rock faces. All those wild mountains shouted back at me, king, king, king, king, king, king, king. I tried again in my new deep voice, but it didn't echo as much so I changed back to my high voice.

Look at me Mum . . . . Mum . . . Mum . . . Mum.
Look how high I am . . . . high . . . high . . . high.
I'm king, Mum . . . . king . . . king . . . king.
Look at my new body . . . . new body . . . new body.

I stayed there raving, letting my hands slide right over my slimness to my toes and back again. Listening to the deep, far-away quiet, and the close quiet. Night covered me. A warm blanket. I lay on the earth. I stayed all night on top of Maori.

TAUPARAPARA and WAIATA

by George Tait

George Tait (Hori Mataiawhea) was born in Ruatoki. His mother was Tuhoe, his father Te Arawa. Now living in Auckland, George is kaumatua of the Maori Artists and Writers Society. When sending us these waiata he stressed that though the compositions are his, the thoughts and the words used to express them represent the wisdom and heritage handed down to us from our tupuna.

HE TAU WHAKAAROA AROHA KIA NGATI WHATUA

Ka noho au ka titiro ki nga tai e pari ana ki te akau te uunga mai o nga tupuna, ka neke mai taku titiro ki te Waitemata te waikaukau o nga tupuna, ka piki ake taku titiro ki te awa o Tamaki, te herenga a nga waka o nga tupuna. Ka noho taku titiro ki te maunga e tu ake nei te haututanga o nga tupuna. Tenei nga mana ka eke Haumi e Hui e . . . Taiki e . . . .

HE KOHA KII NA TAKU KUIA

E Ta e taku mokopuna
Te mana whakaheke o tupuna
Homai o taringa kia ngaua e hau
Mai kore e tau te whakaaro nui ki a koe
E hangaia koe i te waahi ngaro
E te mea ngaro
No reira o titiro, o whakarongo, o whai kii
Me pupu ake i te waahi ngaro
Ara i to ngakau

E ta whakatipuhia to mana
I runga i to mana whakaheke
Me aro koe ki te ha o te tangata
Hangaia te tangata i tana i kii ai
I tana i pai ai
Whangaihia kia ora te tinana
Kia ora te wairua kia noho tahi ai
I runga i te rangimarie
Whaka uuhia ki te kakahu mahana
Ki te whakaaro nui

E taku mokai he wa poto noa koe
I waenganui i te wa kua hipa i te wa kei te tu mai
No reira kia tere te whakarata i to ngakau
Ki nga ahuatanga o tou nei wa
Haere whaia te matauranga o te pakeha
Kainga rawahia hei kinaki i to kai tuturu
Ko to kai tuturu ko te matauranga o tupuna
E hika, mahia nga mahi kia rite tona whanui
Ki te whenua, kia tika ai hoki, ko to taumata
Ko te rangi e
E hara he koha kii na taku Kuia
Tenei te tangi ake kia koutou e . . . .

A GIFT OF WORDS FROM MY GRANDMOTHER

My beloved Grandchild
Inheritor from my ancestor
Let me speak in your ears
In hopes you will be inspired
You were created from the unseen
Yes created by the unseen
Therefore what you see and hear, what you say
Let them well from the unseen
Your inner being

My child, base this being on all you have
From your ancestors
Pay heed to the dignity of man
Man who was created in his image
Man whom he found to be good
Care for him in body
Care for him in spirit
So that it will be body and spirit
in harmony
Clothe them in warmth ana wisdom

My child, you are only but a moment
In between two eternities
The past and the future
So hasten, come to terms
With the circumstances of your time
Seek the knowledge of the Pakeha
Consume it as an appetiser
For your main course
Which is the wisdom of your ancestors
Let your deeds be as wide as the earth
To justify a place in the sky
It is a gift of words indeed Grandma
I weep for you and for you all . . . .

HE TANGATA NOA

E te rangi e tu iho nei
E tu iho nei i nga wa katoa
Te kai manaaki i taku wairua
Tarewa tonu mai
Kia whakatutaki tonu mai ai
Te aroha me te kaha ki au
Te tangata noa

E ua e te ua
Riringi iho hei hoa mo aku roimata
Tenei te tangi ake ki a Papatuanuku
E haehaetia nei te takakino nei
Te uru a Tane – Te tini a Tangaroa
E au e te tangata noa

E Whae e te whenua
Te kai manaaki i taku tinana
Taenoa ki te mutunga me te mutunga
O au te tangata noa

MERE MAN

The sky above
Above all the while
You who watch over my spirit
Keep on hovering
So that there will always be
Love and strength
For me mere man

Rain pure rain
Pour down to mingle with my tears
As I week for Papatuanuku
For the forest of Tane – and the
Children of Tangaroa
Raped defiled by mere man

Mother o mother earth
You who have embraced (watched over)
My body right to the end and the end
Of me mere man

Reviews

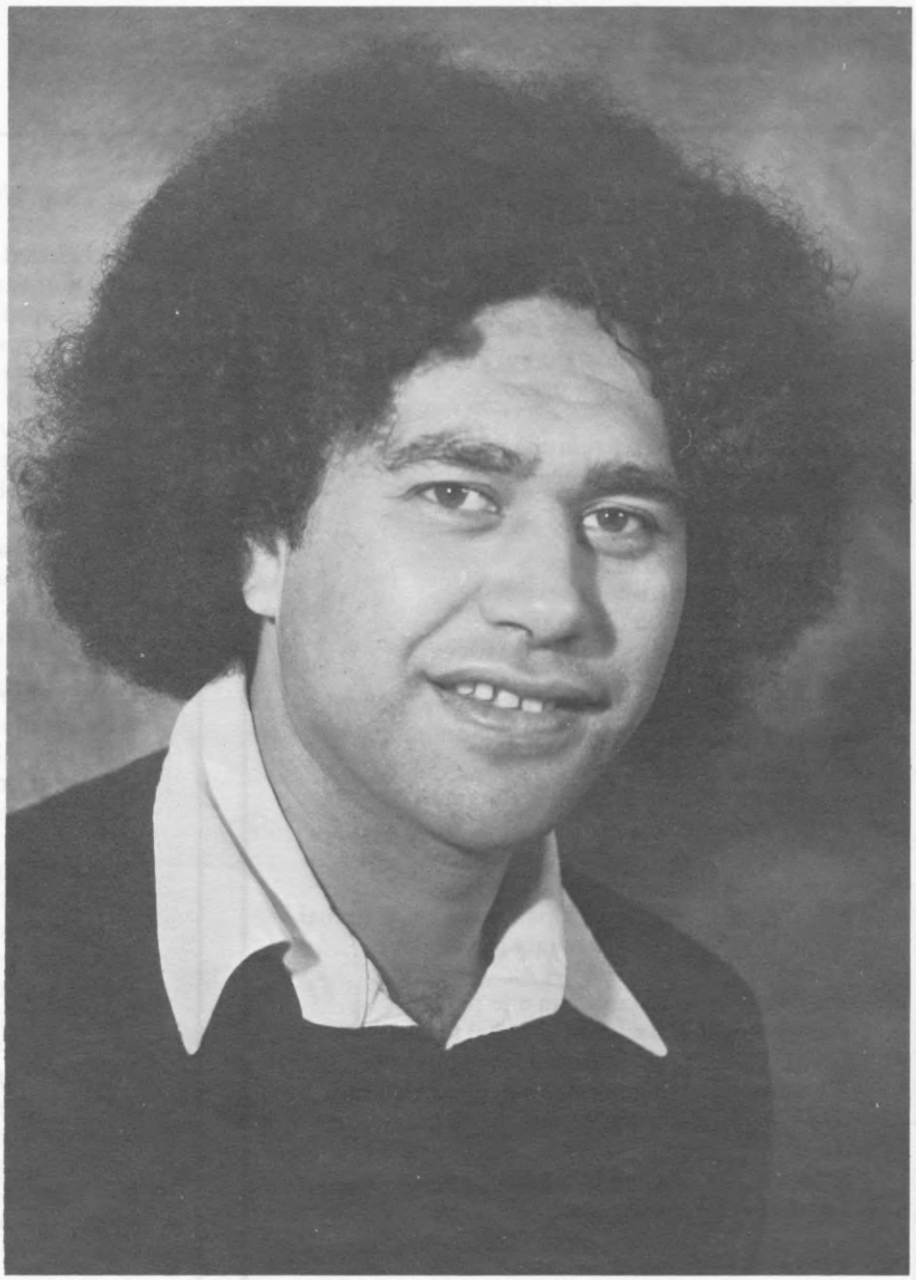
MUSIC

An unusual new record has been published whose star performers are complete amateurs. You'll never see them on stage; they are the birds of our forests. Nevertheless, there is some human influence in the shape of Robert Taylor, the narrator, and Sydney Melbourne, whose exquisite songs Tipene O'Regan reviews for us here.

CHILDREN OF TANE: NEW ZEALAND BIRDS OF THE FOREST
Viking Sevenseas: Record VP429, Cassette VPS429C, $8.99 each

Hirini Melbourne's composition and presentation of songs in Maori, based on the natural melody of our native bird calls, arrived like a dawn chorus to herald Maori Language Week in 1978. Since then his songs have become a regular item on the National Programme, both in association with Te Reo o Aotearoa programmes and the bird song recordings which have been a regular feature of the "Early Morning Call" programme on Radio New Zealand.
This seventeen-track record from Viking Sevenseas offers a feast of Hirini and the birds – sounds of which we have until now had only in tantalising snippets. The production team have re-created the atmosphere and acoustics of the forest and set against them the remarkable collection of bird song recordings assembled by John Kendrick of the Wildlife Service. Each of the "natural"

Sydney Melbourne: "A delight".



CANDID CAMERA STUDIOS

recordings, in themselves all too brief, is followed by Hirini and his guitar calling up the soul and personality of the particular bird in his soft and melodic Tuhoe Maori.
The lyrics are striking in two regards – they are in ordinary Maori vernacular such as a Maori child might respond to, full of transliterations and simple, observant humour, and they are laced with brilliant voice imitations of each bird's call.
There is no attempt to lock the songs up into tight textbook Maori; he sings with a smile and obvious enjoyment in the language as it is, dynamic, expressive and full of English borrowings. In "Nga Pipi o te Pipiwharauroa" a play on words in itself, he has the chicks calling:

Kei whea kē koe e pā e?
Kei whea kē koe e ma e?

In "Kiwi", the final track, he sings of the kiwi as a blind man with a walking stick, prodding as he walks:

Rite ki te kapo
Mau tiripou
Torotoro hikoi haere

Despite the modern idiom and the lightness of feeling these compositions are heavily dependent on classic Maori references, allusions, and beliefs about nature. These are never oppressive or out of place, however – the rainbow is a tohu atua but what is important for the song is its colours. His mihi to the shining cuckoo, pipiwharauroa, records his pleasure that summer has arrived rather than restating the status of the bird in so much Maori belief and customary lore.
Some of the songs are extremely simple, such as that for the tui of five lines or that for the putorino, or bag moth, of seven. Others are more complex and much longer, such as "Waiata ki te Ra" which includes the rooster, the cicada, the skylark and the owl. However short or long, each in its own way is a delight, calling up feelings and responses to which most Maoris are alive – or would like to be again!

TE REO O MAWAI-HAKONA
Kiwi Pacific: Record SLC139,
Cassette TC SLC 139, $8.99 each

Te Reo o Mawai-hakona is an attractive addition to the increasing number of L.P. recordings in New Zealand.
Appropriately packaged, its cover conveys much information for the waiata enthusiast. Translations of the Maori texts into English make the record meaningful for the novice.
What the record demonstrates is a fast-growing development of Maori action songs. Melodies, lyrics, themes, changes in rhythm and pitch – all have an originality about them that is a change from the compositions, particularly those composed since the Second World War, based on western hit songs. The departure here is remarkable and suggests that this class of waiata may be the dawn of a new era in composition. Like a breath of fresh air this contribution will, I believe, inject new spirit and new maturity into this art form.
Dovey Katene-Horvath, whose four compositions appear on side one, needs no introduction as her hallmark has been well and truly stamped in this field for some time. As with those of her fellow composers, Tua Delamere, Tamati Kaiwai and Te Oka, her compositions demonstrate considerable artistic flair in manipulating the elements of song composition – change in rhythm, texture, choice of themes and appropriate lyrics.
The poi song, "I Roto I Te Ngahere", brings out the depth of quality of which Maori waiata is capable. In many ways, this is a work that can be enjoyed by people of all age-groups that have an ear for music, whether as listeners or performers.
Haka composition appears to be a difficult field to work in, requiring as it does skill and subtlety in the use of imagery, allusion and co-ordination of rhythm. Tua Delamere's effort here does not compare with his two fine compositions on side two – "Te Ao Hou" and "Takahe". The latter in particular brings out the best in women's singing. "Maui-tikitiki" shows how a simple legend can be adapted to song. As a way of perpetuating an aspect of culture, and having regard to its moving melody, it must rate very highly.
There is strength in the way "He Aroha Ra" is rendered. Men and women sing against each other and then in unison. There is change of pace and variation in melody.
This record, because of its variety, will appeal to everybody. It has something in it for all ages and will enrich any collection.

JOE MALCOLM

POLYNESIAN FESTIVAL HIGHLIGHTS

Cassette copies of highlights of February's Polynesian Festival are available from Radio New Zealand Information Services, P.O. Box 2092, Wellington, for a cost of $8.00.

BOOKS

Two books currently available in the shops will be of great interest to Maori people. One, the latest in a series published by A.H. & A.W. Reed, is a new history of Whakatōhea. The other is an older book, but deserves mention for two reasons. Traditional Songs of the Maori *was compiled by two authors who will be familiar to readers of* Te Ao Hou*: Margaret Orbell was for many years the magazine's editor; and Mervyn McLean's articles on Maori music appeared frequently. The other reason is that this lavishly produced volume is now available at the much reduced price of only $13.50. We asked Sam Karetu, of the University of Waikato, to review them.*

WHAKATOHEA OF OPOTIKI
A.C. Lyall
A.H. & A.W. Reed $10.95

Ko Mātaatua te waka
Ko Muriwai te tipuna
Ko Te Whakatōhea te iwi

Adding to the already published tribal histories, such as *Tuhoe* by Elsdon Best, *Te Arawa* by D.M. Stafford, *Takitimu* by J.H. Mitchell, *Tuwharetoa* by J. Te H. Grace and *Tainui* by Leslie G. Kelly, is this new book called *Whakatohea of Opotiki* by A.C. Lyall.
Like all the other histories, this is a composite of Maori Land Court records and the references to the tribe in its own waiata, haka, whakapapa and history. With this sort of foundation, it is no wonder that some people are a little sceptical of histories such as these, but what other sources are there? Much of what is contained in this history is conjecture, but that is not to say that it is not reasonably accurate and factual.
One of the problems that writers of tribal histories face is the lack of documented evidence, or at least evidence that is conclusive in the eyes of the scientist and sceptic. An even greater problem is the lack of consensus even among the informants – a problem faced by Best while doing his history of Tūhoe, and which the contemporary kaumātua now look at askance because they feel so much of it is inaccurate; in particular the whakapapa, which they feel the informants deliberately gave to Best inaccurately so that mauri and mana would not be lost.
I would like to feel that the writer of this history had no such problems, but I note that quite frequently throughout the book he queries some of the whakapapa because of the obvious discrepancies in ages of people mentioned. Humans being what they are, in some cases one who purports to be a tuakana in one whakapapa can quite easily be taina in another, but the latter is, more often than not, quite conveniently overlooked by the informant – hence the confusing lines of descent in some whakapapa.
This book then is a chronicle of the more outstanding events of the history of Whakatōhea: a chronicle of the births, marriages, battles and deaths inflicted – and also suffered – by Whakatōhea.
When reading this type of history one soon becomes bogged down in a morass of people and places which soon become a jumble. This is also true of all the other histories referred to above, but is inevitable because it is just that – a chronology of events and people.
Some quibbles! There is a great deal of inconsistency with the spelling of names of people, hapū and places. A further quibble is the extract from a waiata by Rangihurihia of Ngati Porou:

Pao ke te manako hei te
Whakatohea
Ki te ope ngaki mate i a Matahou
Te tangata hoki ra Ka taea te
ngete-a-wai
I Turanga, ra, I. . . .

Now, any student of Maori language would see at a glance just how badly punctuated this extract is. Surely such perpetrations could be avoided with the aid of good sub-editing? It is a point that publishers of Maori material should be looking at more critically.
In his introduction the author states that: "this record will bear witness to the impressive background of a people hitherto largely unsung – and may it serve to rectify that injustice". I feel that any tribe which has not as yet had its own history published or recorded, even if for local tribal consumption only, is at a disadvantage because this is the only method whereby the young can have access to information which for too long has been confined to the meeting house discussion and to the whakapapa books held by many families throughout the country. As the young understand Maori less and less, so the need for such histories as these becomes more vital and urgent, despite the discrepancies and inaccuracies. May other tribes soon publish their own histories!

TRADITIONAL SONGS OF THE MAORI
Mervyn McLean and Margaret Orbell
Oxford University Press $13.50

In this collection of waiata, haka, ngeri, puha and other forms of traditional song, Mervyn McLean has made a valid attempt to reproduce on paper the waiata of our kaumātua. In his introduction to the book, McLean comments on the many difficulties he encountered in trying to reproduce these songs in musical notation form. It is no mean feat that he has managed to reproduce quite well the tunes and to indicate where the voice might rise or fall. But he also makes the point that, "Although the book is intended for use by singers who want to learn the songs, it must be stressed that the texts and transcriptions can be no more than a performance aid, however assiduously they may be studied. They are not intended as a substitute for instruction from persons who know the songs, but rather as a supplement."
The above statement is reassuring because the thought of many of these waiata being learnt from a written page is a little unnerving. The wana and the ha can in no way be conveyed by the musical notes written on a page. Many of my own students deplore the fact that this will be the only way in which some people will ever learn waiata because of the lack of knowledgeable people in their own tribal areas, or because their own waiata have long since ceased to be sung. What it does mean, in fact, is that the tune given here will become *the* tune and this *the* version. That I find a little sad and yet, I suppose, inevitable in the light of the situation in which some tribes now find themselves.
I note that the chief source for the versions published are Turau and Marata Te Tomo of Ngati Tūwharetoa, two singers well-renowned in their time for their ability to waiata. But I wonder whether their versions of waiata from tribes other than Tūwharetoa could be accepted as *the* version since each tribe often sang the waiata of others and altered the rangi and timing quite considerably. Would it not be preferable to have found singers from the tribe in which the waiata originated? Perhaps McLean tried to do this and was unsuccessful, hence his great use of the versions by the two kaumātua mentioned above. A case in point is the version that my tribe has of "E Pā Tō Hau". The tune sung by Tūhoe is no way approximates that of the tribe credited with its composition, and to have published that version for the generations to come to learn from, would have been an injustice to the tribe to whom it originally belongs. Perhaps I quibble unnecessarily, but it is something about which I feel quite strongly and something I try to instil into my students in our study of waiata: where possible (and that might be the clue to McLean's constant use of Turau and Marata) return to the tune and version of the tribe from which the song comes.
The Tūhoe waiata are the only ones where I can comment with any degree of knowledge, but I wonder how the other tribes whose waiata are published here feel about the versions and translations given. Margaret Orbell has done quite a good job but I feel that she often misses the point, hence her very often literal translations which appear meaningless at times. However, hers was the unenviable task.
I wish to take the author up on a point he makes in his opening remarks. He says on page 7, "Very few waiata, 'songs', are now composed, capable singers are becoming fewer, and the chant repertoire seems to be shrinking." In fact, more waiata in the traditional style are being composed now than the author seems to be aware of. As clubs flourish (particularly in the urban context) groups, because of their mixed tribal membership, are forced to compose their own waiata rather than sing those of a particular tribe. I detect a very healthy revival of waiata in the country, especially as the young return more and more to their own tribes to find what is still extant. In fact, not only waiata are being composed, but also haka, and this augurs well for the future. My only feeling of unease stems from the fact that quite often some of these haka and waiata are meaningless, but that's another problem!
It appears that some tribes were not too happy about the publication of their material, as the author states on page 9. "Another difficulty of selection was that some songs – notably karakia and most of the songs recorded in the Tūhoe and Taranaki tribal areas – were restricted by the performers, and hence could not be published." Many would consider this move on the part of those tribes concerned to be one lacking in foresight but I applaud it for the attitude it exemplifies on the part of those particular tribes toward their own taonga. It also shows that the author was prepared to

consider the feelings of his informants, no matter how frustrating it might have been for him. I salute him for his sense of fair play.
I am convinced that one can learn the basic rangi from this book but not the necessary ihi and wana that are such an integral part of the art of waiata. Without them the waiata are dull and uninspiring. Waiata need the full involvement of the singer and that includes the use of eye, hand and body, as well as voice. Those will never be acquired from books, but only by watching the masters in action and taking a leaf from their book. Nevertheless, McLean deserves our applause and gratitude for the task he undertook and in which he has so well acquitted himself.

GRAPEVINE

MAORI MISSION TO THE UNITED STATES

Mr Rangi Amokai Hetet, master carver and Mrs Erina Hetet, master weaver, were granted $4,000 to visit the United States to study the development of indigenous crafts and their production and marketing. They had a promotion stand at the New Mexico State Fair at Albuquerque in September. The display included a full-sized canoe stern post carved by Mr Hetet which was later presented to the N.Z. Government for display in the new embassy in Washington.
Present at the opening of the embassy was a special Maori Trade and Cultural Mission, financed by the Maori Trustee and made up of Kara Puketapu, Secretary for the Department of Maori Affairs; Dame Te Atairangikaahu and her husband, Whatumoana Paki; Henare Tuwhangai; Graham Latimer, President of the N.Z. Maori Council; Dr R. Mete-Kingi, member of the N.Z. Planning Council and the Royal Commission on Maori Land; John Rangihau, Research fellow at the University of Waikato; the Right Reverend Manu Bennett, Bishop of Aotearoa; and Mrs Elizabeth Murchie, President of the Maori Women's Welfare League. The mission, which cost $19,000, also met with North American Indian leaders and economists to discuss similar interests in community, cultural and economic development.
The Minister for Maori Affairs, Ben Couch, and the MP for Western Maori, Koro Wetere were also in the United States. Speaking of his trip Mr Couch said "The climax was the opening of the Foreign Affairs Chancery in Washington. I should really say "the openings", because there were actually two. The second was the official one you probably saw on television, and an impressive occasion it was too."

Ben Couch, Minister of Maori Affairs: "I wouldn't have missed it for the world."

But the highlight for me was the Maori opening, in the thin light of dawn, when Maori leaders and the Prime Minister carried out the old Maori ritual for opening a meeting house . . . believed to be the first time ever for a building outside New Zealand . . . . It was our own ceremony, quiet, more personal, wholly traditional, and I wouldn't have missed it for the world . . . ."

WOMEN TO REPRESENT NEW ZEALAND

Four Maori and Pacific Island women leaders were in New Mexico for a five-day international women's forum in October. All active in the women's Tu Tangata movement, they are: Louisa Crawley, multicultural director at the Christchurch Technical Institute; Iritana Tawhiwhirangi, district community officer with the Department of Maori Affairs in Wellington; Pauline Kingi, an Auckland solicitor; and Paddy Walker, national president of Pacifica, an organisation of Pacific Island women in New Zealand. Minister of Maori Affairs Ben Couch said that the Government and the Maori Trustee were sharing the cost of the visit as another positive expression of the policy of helping women to take a more active part in community and political affairs.

A DYING HABIT

Two thirds of all New Zealanders are non-smokers. For smoking among men the peak age is 45-49 years with forty two per cent smoking. The number of men smokers remains about the same until the age of 55 and then there is a rapid decline. This fall appears to be the result of regular smokers dying, rather than because more people give up.
These are some of the facts on smoking habits from the 1976 Census. The Census statistics show some interesting links between smoking and religion, marital status, occupation, income, race, age and sex. For instance well over half of Ratana

Church members smoke. Smoking among Roman Catholics is more common than among the population as a whole, while among Baptists, Seventh Day Adventists and Jehovahs Witnesses smoking is less common. There also seems to be a link between smoking and marital stability. Similarly, smoking is linked to income: the higher the income the less common smoking becomes.

More than half of all Maoris smoke, with more than two thirds of all young Maori women smoking. Smoking amongst Samoan, Cook Island Maori, Niuean, Tongan and Tokelauan men is higher than average but smoking among the women of these groups is less common. Teenagers continue to take up smoking in large numbers. More teenage women smoke than teenage men but generally speaking smoking is less common amongst women. (Future articles in *Te Kaea* on the subject of Maori health will examine the impact of smoking more closely.)

ANTI-DRUG CAMPAIGN

Professor Sid Mead has begun an anti-drug campaign with his newly formed group Ngai Kokiri Kaupapa. Ngai Kokiri Kaupapa has been created to raise and act upon contentious issues. The group intends to publish pamphlets to dissaude drug use by pointing out the dangers.

It has also decided to place a rahui on illegal drugs. The Bishop of Aotearoa, the Right Reverend M.A. Bennett, and other church leaders, have been called upon to hold a combined service to impose the rahui. Bishop Bennett has agreed to take the initiative and is holding discussions with the Maori branch of the National Council of Churches, about when and where to hold the services to place the rahui.

The rahui has also gone before the New Zealand Maori Council and has received support throughout the country from informal discusions with various groups. Doctor P.P.E. Savage, Superintendent of Oakley Hospital, works with addicts and fears that there will be an increase in the number of Maori addicts over the next few years.

Ngai Kokiri Kaupapa hopes to work in with the Police on the information pamphlets.

NEW CONSULTANT FOR NGATIHINE BLOCK

Mr Mike Kitchen, who pioneered the Whakatu co-operative forestry scheme with Hawkes Bay meatworkers, has been appointed consultant for the development of the Ngatihine block of 5,500 hectares near Moerewa in Northland.

Mr Tom Parore, District Officer for the Department of Maori Affairs in Whangarei, made the appointment after he and several owners of the land visited the Whakatu project to see if its success suggested a similar co-operative in the north.

The owners, who are keen to develop the land themselves, will be meeting soon to discuss Mr Kitchen's proposals.

Dame Te Atairangikaahu and two Air New Zealand hostesses read one of the many telegrams of good wishes she received before setting off for the United States from Auckland International Airport. The first leg of her trip was to Hawaii, where she visited the Polynesian Cultural Center at Honolulu.

Master carver Rangi Hetet poses beside his canoe prow "Tu Tangata", presented to the N.Z. Embassy, Washington.

NEW MASTER CARVER

Following the sad death of Mr John Taiapa earlier this year, the Maori Arts and Crafts Institute at Whakarewarewa has now appointed a successor. He is Mr Tuti Tukaokao, currently tutor in Maori carving and culture at Tauranga Boys' College. He is from Ngati Ranginui, with Te Arawa connections, and has a distinguished list of achievements to his credit. These include responsibility for eight meeting houses and involvement with the building of several more. He was also the N.Z. Government representative in Maori carving and culture at world craft conferences in 1974 and 1978.
Mr Tukaokao paid tribute to his predecessor: "It is a great honour to be chosen to succeed John Taiapa. If I can achieve anywhere near his high standard it will be because of the knowledge he has passed on."

MORE STATISTICS

Did you know that according to the 1976 Census 42 Maoris are doctors, 45 are lawyers and 2,457 are teachers? These represent 0.98 per cent, 1.28 per cent and 4.63 per cent of each profession respectively.

CHINA

The Minister of Maori Affairs, Ben Couch, has authorised Maori funds to be spent on a tour of China by about twenty-five Maori cultural performers. The tour will be paid for jointly by the Maori Trustee, Mr Kara Puketapu and the Department of Foreign Affairs. The tour arrangements and the diplomatic requirements will be handled by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

MORE AND MORE MAORI

50,000 primary school kids learn Maori, according to the Department of Education. Last year 14,005 secondary school pupils studied Maori with 2,070 students sitting School Certificate Maori. More schools are offering Maori and there are more fulltime and itinerant teachers of Maori. New teaching programmes have been started, with primary school readers and tapes in Maori.
The bilingual school project at Ruatoki has been expanded. Here Maori is the main language used from preschool through the first four years of primary school. Until the senior classes English is taught as a second language.

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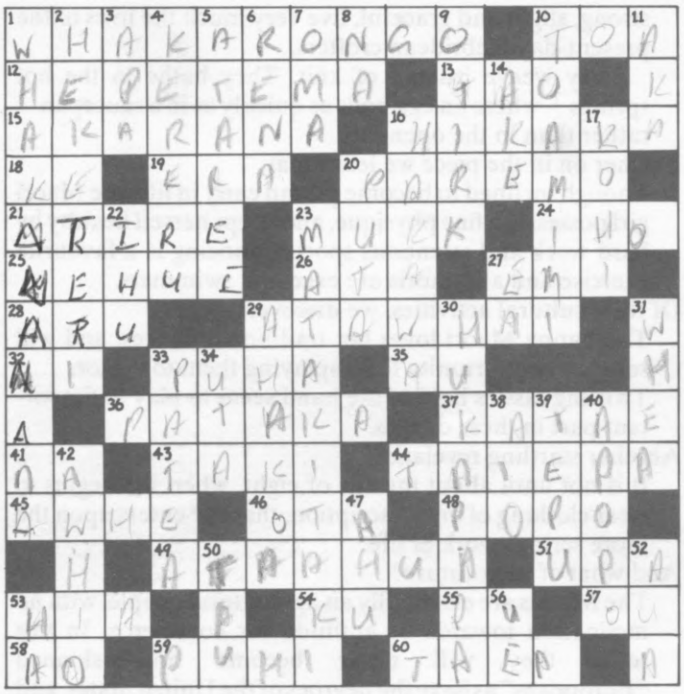
TE KAEA MAORI CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 1



ACROSS

1. Listen
10. Warrior, store
12. September
13. Spear, cook in oven
15. Auckland
16. Brisk, anger, incite
18. Different, of another kind
19. Those
20. Drown
23. The fibre in flax
24. Down, below
25. Measure
26. Morning
27. Be assembled, gather together
28. Follow, pursue, chase
29. Kind
32. To fish
33. Sow-thistle
35. I, me
36. Raised storehouse
37. How great
41. From, by
43. Stumble
44. Fence
45. Scoop up, hem in
46. Unripe, uncooked, eat raw
48. Rotten, worm-eaten; pointed, sharp
49. Beautiful
51. Fixed, settled, at rest, satisfied
53. How many?
54. Showery, unsettled weather
55. Gun
57. Your (plural)
58. Day, world
59. Topknot, betrothed woman, wind
60. Achieve, be able

DOWN

1. Warm up
2. Secretary
3. Fold, layer
4. Pigeon
5. Dim-sighted
6. Stretch out, disturbed
7. Run
8. Belonging to
10. Bladder
11. Vine
14. Up, above
16. Silly person, fool
17. Wasting sickness, consumption
20. Appear, come out
22. Nose
23. Watch, look at
27. Avenged, paid for
29. Although, in spite of
30. Snow, ice, frost
31. Where?
33. Cloak of fine flax, town in South Taranaki
34. Payment, price, wages, revenge
38. Calm, peach
39. Table
40. Tomorrow
42. Round about, winding
47. Face towards, come, go
50. Night, year
52. I don't know
53. Breath
56. Shake, tremble

The solution to this puzzle will be given in our second issue. But for those who like to cheat, perhaps we should admit that we have cheated a little too. This puzzle was lifted from issue 46 of *Te Ao Hou* (December 1963), so those of you with old copies at home need only to peek at issue 47 to ensure you get the answers right!

However, a new series of crossword puzzles is in preparation, so don't expect them all to be as easy as this one.

A Vanished Race

"The Maoris, now unhappily a vanishing race in spite of the attempts at preserving them made by the New Zealand Government, came to that country some four or five centuries ago from Hawaii and Samoa. The women, often remarkably beautiful, retain many ancient customs, such as tattooing the lower lip and chin, and delight to wear their elaborate national costume . . ."

This extraordinary account appeared in an English magazine published in 1938. Called *Women of All Lands*, the magazine was subtitled "Their charm, culture and characteristics". The article continues:

> In spite of the special districts in which they live being akin to the reserves of Africa and North America, this partial segregation has not had its usual paralysing effect.
>
> The Maoris have inherited a higher courage than other Polynesian races. They live in a better climate. They do not have to struggle with either tropical inertia or with the sense of predestined doom which tortures the few remaining Hawaiians of pure blood. The tragic colour-bar has never been applied to Maoris, so they have none of the inverted pride or bitter inferiority complex which isolates so many Indian, African and island races . . . the women, strong, slight and graceful, live very much the lives of the present-day Hebridean crofters.
>
> They weave instead of knit. They bathe in the hot springs – where an egg boils as quickly as in a saucepan – rather than in the open sea.

Further on in the piece we learn that:

> Though inclined to become plump early in life, the Maori girl possesses a fine physique, and keeps herself healthy by hard work and strenuous sport. Canoeing is a favourite exercise and all Maoris are excellent swimmers.

Of their cultural activities, we discover:

> The happy Maori loves her traditional dances, and will seize any opportunity for displaying them to visitors . . . . Twirling tassles held in the hand seem to play an important part in these dances.

Another startling revelation:

> It is not until about the age of eight, when she begins to wear clothing of any description, that she enters upon the more serious work of life.

And what of their future?

> The Maoris are essentially an agricultural people, with no inclination towards or aptitude for commerce. In this sense they will never become brown-skinned "Europeans" as have the negroes of the United States, and there is no future for them except on the land . . . .
>
> This psychological or racial inadaptability is emphasised by the status of women. While all too often the women of a coloured race, living side by side with white people, have attempted to mould their charms upon those of their white sisters, the Maori women have built their lives upon the traditions of their ancestors. They live away from the towns and cities of modern New Zealand on their tribal compounds . . . .

Naturally we were very excited when a copy of this magazine fell into our hands (it was sent to us from a second-hand

MAORI ON RADIO

Te Reo o Aotearoa is running regular Maori Language Lessons in the weekly "He Rerenga Korero" magazine programme from the National Programme. Lessons began on 15 August and will continue each week on Wednesdays at 7.30 p.m. until the end of the year. The complete set of lessons for beginners is available on cassette through Radio New Zealand Information Services, P.O. Box 2092, Wellington.
The first seventeen lessons, written and produced by Haare Williams, have been recorded by Mrs Ao Biddle with children of Rongomai Primary School, Auckland.

FARMING TROPHY WON AGAIN

Ray and Jenny Apatu have won the 1979 sheep and cattle section of the Ahuwhenua Trophy, for the third time in ten years. The Apatus have a 300-hectare farm at Pukehamoamoa.
The trophy is identical to the one presented by Governor General Lord Bledisloe in 1932, and has been presented annually since 1954. The Ahuwhenua Trust Board administers the competition, which is open to any Maori farmer.

S.A. Hunt: going overseas.

TRADE TRAINING TEACHER OVERSEAS

Mr Stan Hunt a teacher at the Maori Trade Training Centre at Seaview, Lower Hutt, for seventeen years, has left for Britain and the U.S.A. to learn more about how best to teach skills to the unemployed. He is going on a McKenzie Foundation award to see new techniques in the training of unemployed youths.

MAORI INVOLVEMENT IN GAMES?

Dr Henare Broughton, of the Department of Community Health at Auckland School of Medicine, has recently returned from Suva, where he acted as a technical official for the South Pacific Games. Yet New Zealand as a nation is excluded from participation in the Games.
He feels that there should be Maori participation, however, and put the idea to the South Pacific Games Council. They were sympathetic, and he has now approached the N.Z. Maori Council, the Maori Women's Welfare League and Te Huingarangatahi o Aotearoa to take up the idea.
Both Australia and New Zealand are excluded from the Games on the basis of their size and facilities, which would give them an unfair dominance over the eighteen Pacific territories involved. Dr Broughton considers that New Zealand Maoris should be eligible because of their common Polynesian heritage, and feels that inclusion would promote greater Maori representation at a competitive level in such sports as athletics, swimming, hockey, cricket and soccer.
This year's Games were the sixth. The first were staged in 1963, also in Fiji.

bookshop in Britain), for it seems to prove the existence of *two* Maori cultures: the one we all know, plus another we found very difficult to account for.

We sent our photographer out to explore. His instructions were to find representatives of this strange culture and capture them on film. According to the magazine they lived on "a special reserve at Rotorua on the East Coast of North Island", but despite the active assistance of Ngati Porou no such reserve could be found, and they'd never heard of Rotorua. So we must apologise that there are no photographs of these peculiar people. It would have been quite a scoop to show pictures of women who managed to look remarkably beautiful and healthy even though they must have been suffering third-degree burns from bathing in all those boiling hot pools, or of their stark-naked daughters swimming or paddling their canoes off to primary school each morning.

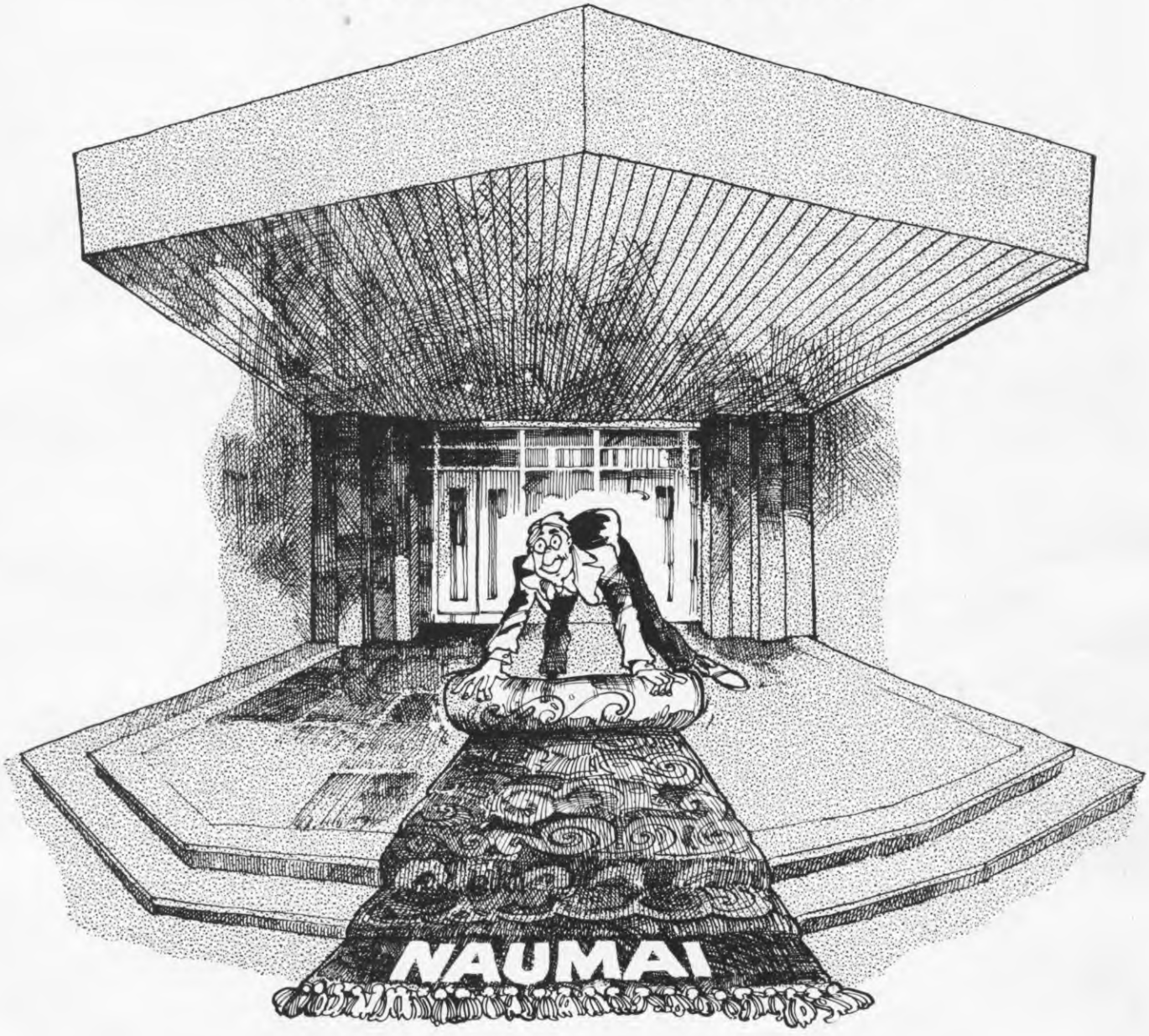
We wondered if the Government had succeeded in preserving a few specimens. But phone calls around the museums revealed that they had no preserved Maoris in stock, either smoked or bottled. They knew of a few heads but these dated back much further than 1938.

So what happened to this mysterious race? There are several theories. Perhaps these "Maoris", having paddled here from Samoa four centuries ago, have moved on and now live in the Hebrides; perhaps they learned commerce and became brown-skinned Europeans after all; perhaps the Government's attempts at preserving them came to nothing compared to the racial inadaptability of their backward womenfolk and they did indeed "vanish".

Another theory, so unlikely that it hardly seems worth mentioning, is that English journalists in the 1930s were rather ignorant of New Zealand and thought they were writing about *us*! How fortunate that such ignorance does not exist today . . . .

P. D. HASSELBERG, GOVERNMENT PRINTER, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND—1979

Haere mai ki to wahi taake hou!



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Mehemea ko koe ano te rangatira o tau mahi a, ka pirangi koe kia tino ngotea nga whakahoki taake, matua tirohia enei hua papai, kaore nei i etehi atu, mo te whakamene moni i raro i te Putea Moni a te National Provident (Tirohia te National Provident Fund i roto i to pukapuka tarepoono; ka tuhituhi tika atu ranei ki P.O. Box 5022, Wellington, mo ta matou panui tuatahi).

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