

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 Oomph 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.