Issue 28 February/March 1986 $2.00

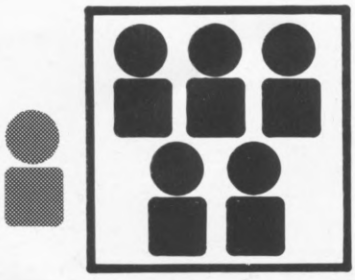
Tu Tangata

Maori News Magazine

Matenga – a netfull of goals

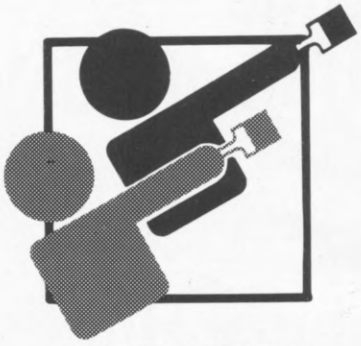
Highbury Hoods, Kohanga computers,

Our success depends on you

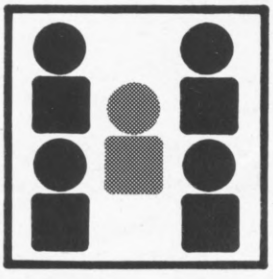


Being convicted of a crime doesn't stop someone being part of our community.

This is why The Department of Justice needs your help.



Some sentences are already being successfully served in the community.



The Criminal Justice Act 1985, offers even more ways for the community to become involved.

If you or your group would like to know more, contact your local District Probation Office — see Department of Justice in your telephone book.

DEPARTMENT OF Justice
WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND

The Criminal Justice Act 1985

9306

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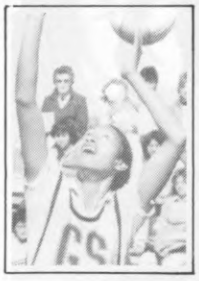

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Features

Margharet Matenga — a world netball champ.
Read about one of the best goal shoots in netball and how she handles international game pressure. Discover the family support of her Pacific Island Church team members.

Ethnic sports given go-ahead
Discover gov't thinking on racial sports and how Hiwi Tauroa believes marae sports have never been understood.

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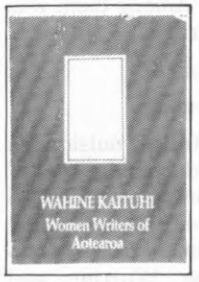

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Powhiri for Mururoa protesters and notice to French presence

Anti-nuclear test protestors from Greenpeace were welcomed back at Auckland wharf on October 27. Among them was Maori elder Te Hemara.

1. The challenge by Tame

2. The reply by Te Hemara

3. Te Hemara demonstrating outside the Auckland High Court during the trial of Alain Mafort and Dominique Prier. The two French agents were subsequently found guilty of involvement in the bombing of the Rainbow Warrior and sentenced to imprisonment. (Photos by Gil Hanley).

An Aotearoa Committee has been formed to feed in ideas for activities promoting peace in this years' United Nations International Year of Peace.

Committee chairman Sonja Davies heads a team of nineteen people whose aim is to strengthen the peace movement within New Zealand. Regional committees have been set up to encourage every New Zealander to make a contribution to the ideals of world peace starting first at home.

Kohanga Reo is moving to the same tune as the computer world. So much so, that ten Kohanga trainees completed an intensive computer programming course in Lower Hutt.

Chairman for the Kohanga Reo trustees, Mr John Bennett signed an agreement with the software and systems house, Progeni, for the supply of computers and software to the first Kohanga.

The Kohanga trustees have adopted these computers as Computer Tangata Whenua because it is solely a New Zealand development and it is something that comes from our soil.

Managing director of the computer firm Perce Harpham, said that Kohanga Reo has assumed a new dimension.

"The Maori people in effect have publicly declared that not only will they accept new technology, but they will use it to propogate their culture while becoming masters of the new technology rather than passive interaction," he said.

The trainees will be able to return to their districts and instruct others in the design and development authoring of Maori language and culture based programs.

Samantha Lundon checks out Sue Hutana's screen. Kuini Mihaere (foreground).

Kuini Mihaere (foreground) taps in commands and awaits the computer to do its thing while Sue Hutana and Peggy Pitau compare screens.

Secondary to this, they will be able to utilise their computer systems in commercial tasks such as word processing and financial accounting.

The late song-writer and whaea o te motu, Ngoingoi Pewhairangi has been honoured by the recording world with the presentation of gold discs for her songs, Poi E and Aku Raukura, co-written with Maui Prime. The presentation took place on the day of the New Zealand Music Awards and the awards were accepted by Ngoi's husband, Ben Pewhairangi. A special waiata was then sung by the Patea Maori Club dedicated to the life's work of Ngoi.

Te Ataarangi language tutors, Pauline Higgins, Peti Waeamanawaiti and Katarina Mataira travelled to the World Assembly of Adult Education in Argentina late last year. They were representing the National Council of Adult Education and while in Argentina studied adult education programmes.

Nga waiata ma nga tamariki nohinohi, Songs for very young children has proved to be a hit. The songbook put out by Radio New Zealand's Continuing Education Unit, has sold out of all four thousand copies. The books were available singly for $2, or a cost of $3 to cover the postage of up to 20 copies, and $5 for quantities over 20.

A cassette accompanied the book of songs sung by Henerieta Maxwell and Moehau Reedy. By writing to the Tape Duplication Service of Radio New Zealand and supplying a blank cassette, people were able to hear all 25 songs written in maori and english in the book.

It's planned to reprint the book as sufficient funds become available.

Ruia brings Sydney Maori together

Maoris in Sydney have been brought together under the umbrella of the Sydney Maori Arohanui Fellowship. And this Fellowship now has its own church Te Wairua Tapu in Redfern, under the chaplain to the Maori community of Sydney, Archdeacon Kingi Ihaka.

In the first issue of a proposed bi-monthly newsletter, Ruia, Archdeacon Ihaka has signalled the direction of the Fellowship in gathering together the Maori of Sydney. He expands on his comments to Tu Tangata editor, Philip Whaanga in the August/September 1985 issue, regarding the manuhiri status of Maori in Australia and the preference therefore for a Maori centre rather than a marae.

He says the Maori migrants need to be sensitive to the tangata whenua status of the Australian Aboriginal and not be seen as imposing but rather fitting in with the Australian lifestyle and cultural values.

Ruia also contains a history of Rev Samuel Marsden's mission work between New Zealand and Australia in the 1880's, and points out that in 1819 there were 24 Maori in the Seminary he established at Parramatta, Sydney.

For Tu Tangata readers wanting to keep up with their whanaunga in Sydney, the address for Ruia is 32 One Avenue, Five Dock 2046, Sydney, Australia.

Too many chiefs

'Too many chiefs not knowing enough about their indians' could well be a pepeha that has relevance for us today. For staff of Maori Affairs on a one week management development course in Palmerston North, it was their opinion after getting an insight in management.

The course, run by Ngatata Love under the Business Studies of Massey University, has been undertaken by many Maori Affairs staff, and looks at better understanding and use of people. In varying degrees, those on the course felt they benefited from learning more about how to get the best use from management tools but felt their bosses needed to have these skills first before the indians could swing into action.

One course member Doxy Whaanga said his experience showed that management skills were just part of the job, the rest was luck with the staff you got.

Governor General invested

Maoridom was proud to accompany her son, Sir Paul Reeves to begin his work as Governor General. His tribe, Te Atiawa, was joined by nga iwi o te motu as he was greeted by the Prime Minister David Lange and his wife Naomi. He then inspected the Armed Forces guard of honour before being called up the steps of Parliament.

Strong call for Taha Maori in Technical Institutes

t's no secret that taha maori is almost non-existent in technical institutions.

That's why 80 people, including principals, Maori and Pacific Island tutors and liaison officers met at Koriniti marae, 40 kilometres from Wanganui city.

Ties and three piece suits were soon replaced by tracksuits, neutralising all the 'titles' one may have.

Discussions ranged from staff training facilities to the role of the liaison officer, the words 'maori' and 'pacific island' coming up quite often.

Since the adoption of Maori and Pacific Island liaison officers in 1982, there has been steady progress concerning our students.

Besides encouraging more Maori students to complete courses, the liaison officer counsels, consults, arranges or rearranges finances, to meet the needs of the student.

It's a 48-hour a day job. But for most, it's only part-time.

Ellen Weneti is employed as half a liaison officer and half a maori tutor at Carrington Technical Institute, Auckland.

She spends most of her time on the road. Visiting colleges, talking to students and hopefully, recruiting them for next years technical courses.

But it's finally paying off. She says that colleges around Auckland are starting to open their doors and minds to her frequent visits.

"It's a good feeling to see the students working for what they want. And I'm here to help them get it," she says.

This is typical of many technical institutes. But in most others, there is only one liaison officer for the whole area.

But more is needed. The number of Maori and Pacific Island students in technical institutes is still low. And no-one knows how best to boost the numbers.

A number of suggestions were recommended to the principals present by the Maori and Pacific Island representatives.

Taking courses to the marae, boosting Maori staffing numbers and holding off-campus activities could encourage and make people aware of what technical institutes have to offer.

Principals made their fair contribution to these discussions, echoing what the Maori and Island representatives had to say.

Waitangi Tribunal

By Hiria Rakete

Government departments were fully defensive in their right of reply to the Waitangi Tribunal. The challenge from Kaiwhakapumau i te Reo a month earlier was that the Maori Language Board was denied rights in respect of the use of maori language as guaranteed in the Treaty of Waitangi.

Secretary of Justice, Mr Stanley Callaghan, responded to Mr Paul Temm's question about whether it would be possible to integrate the maori language into the court system. "It's quite practical, but we haven't got the staff to handle the paperwork," he said. Otherwise, interpreters and fluent Maori speakers would have to be employed to carry out this work. But he admitted that there is an understanding of the lack of maori language in the Justice department.

Judge Durie said that if the language of the person standing in the dock is not recognised in court, neither is their status, to which there was no reply.

The Education Department said it had been involved in maori studies, language and culture, which showed its support of taha maori. At the moment, the department is carrying out a Ministerial Curriculum Review for maori language in schools. Mr Cyril Bryce, Assistant Secretary of Schools and Development, said that the response to this from the Maori community was low. He rhetorically asked whether this was the fault of the department or the community. Mr Bryce said that there was no set policy for maori language in the education department.

The publications section in the department has been putting out maori publications since the 1960s. The number of itinerant Maori teachers has increased and the amount of maori in schools is steadily increasing as well, said the department.

Wiremu Kaa spoke as Director of Maori and Pacific education. He said that progress and awareness within the department concerning Maori is rising. However he said giving evidence before the tribunal put him in two minds, because on the one hand he was Maori and the other, a representative of the Education department.

Broadcasting presented a day long submission. It was represented by Beverley Wakem, Director General of Radio New Zealand, Hugh Rennie, Chairperson of the Broadcasting Corporation, and Allan Martin, Director General of Television New Zealand.

Ms Wakem said that Radio New Zealand had met the needs of Maori and Pacific Island listeners through the history of Maori involvement in radio. She said that radio had always been conscious of its obligations toward that segment of listeners. However, she admitted that it may not be fulfilling their needs and demands and that catering for minority interests was a responsibility that the Corporation bears alone.

She said that the reason for the slow growth was that the Corporation had not been able to recruit appropriate personnel. As at November 1985, it was indicated that the Broadcasting Corporation employed 47 Maoris and 18 Pacific Islanders.

Mr Rennie went on to list his involvements in promoting maori within the Corporation. He explained the lack of Maori people on the Broadcasting Board. Appointments to the Board are made by the Governor-General who acts on the advice of the Minister of Broadcasting. Of the eight members on the Board, at least two are of Maori descent.

He said that the Board has adopted plans for a maori radio network. Also under consideration was the establishment of a Maori production unit in Television New Zealand. Both possibilities could be funded by the Corporation. However he said the Maori initiative, Aotearoa Broadcasting Service, could not be funded by the Corporation. Sir Graham Latimer said if the Corporation could spend money in the production of the health series 'Waiora', would it not be possible to fund ABS? There was no reply.

Mr Martin said he was confident that Television presented fair coverage of Maori things.

"For instance, over 25 years of television in New Zealand, we now have Koha and Te Karere screening in every household. Added to this is the number of Maori people in programmes such as Close to Home, Sea Urchins and Children of the Dog Star. The Children's and Young People's department has deliberately included a high number of Maori presenters in its programmes. For instance, Olly Ohlsen in After School. Even Sesame Street has replaced Puerto Rican language segments with Maori inserts.

"The Maori presence in television probably reaches its highest profile in entertainment programmes where Maori personalities are almost the mainstay of the talent resource," he said.

Mr Paul Temm asked Mr Martin if there had been a backlash from viewers about maori programming on television.

Mr Martin said they didn't really get many complaints in this vein. He said most complaints came in about lack of english sub-titles during Te Karere. His answer was that Maori people didn't want this.

The three sections of the Broadcasting Corporation felt they had done enough to reflect Maori presence in the media. Ms Wakem felt that the Maori people have to be able to help themselves by ... "roping in trust boards and other Maori resources".

She gave an example of the cooperation between Radio New Zealand and the Te Arawa Trust Board.

"The local radio station in Rotorua provided technical expertise and professional advice while the Trust Board provided the funding."

State Services Commisssion representative, Mr Peter Boag, also defended the Commission's track record as far as recognising maori language as a criterion in employing civil servants. However, he admitted that not enough had been done in this regard but pointed to some steps that had been taken.

He mentioned marae courses that are being run for Maori and pakeha civil servants. A notice had also been sent to permanent heads of government departments to identify positions where knowledge of the maori language would be a definite help.

Maori Affairs Secretary promotes official maori language policy

Whether or not the Crown was and is obliged to safeguard the maori language as a treasure of Aotearoa under the terms of the Treaty of Waitangi is a grey area. That's what the Waitangi Tribunal has to decide about, following the close of hearings last year in the claim by Nga Kaiwhakapumau I Te Reo.

Several government departments and other agencies of the Crown defended their policies in regard to recognition of the maori language, but only one department, Maori Affairs acknowledged the validity of the claim and provided some answers.

In his submission, the Secretary of Maori Affairs, Tamati Reedy said the Treaty contained the hopes of the Maori people in that their tikanga and taonga would be protected.

He saw the first step in this as the Crown accepting its role in developing an official maori language policy.

"This paper discusses and recommends ways in which maori language can be made an official language in New Zealand. The Government's policy (1984 Election Manifesto) states:

> "Believing that language is the basis of culture, and that Maori people have a right to foster and promote their own culture, Labour will:
>
> legislate to make maori an official language of New Zealand so that a person can speak maori in court, Parliament, or on any official occasion as of right."

These comments and recommendations are made in the light of the experience gained recently from my visit (13 October — 10 November) to Paraguay, Canada, Wales, Irish Republic of Ireland, Israel and Singapore. The purpose was to investigate official bilingual or multilingual regimes in respect of their legislation, promotion, administration, and practical effects with the community at large.

Why maori as an official language of New Zealand?

The principal reasons for declaring maori an official language of New Zealand are for reasons of national identity and national unity. Every country visited — even in Canada where bilingual policy is based on two non-indigenous languages, English and French — gave these motives for the promotion of their chosen languages at a national level. In the case of countries fostering an indigenous language — e.g. Malay in Singapore, Hebrew in Israel, Irish in Ireland, Welsh in Wales along with English or Guarani in Paraguay along with Spanish, identity of a nation as preserved and promoted through the indigenous language was a powerful reason. 'Uniqueness in the world', harmony of the nation', 'national unity', were all recurring expressions. The power of language to divide and unite was accepted as a reality of life.

The case for maori as an official language is simply stated as:

(a) It is the foundation language of New Zealand and a taonga of the Treaty of Waitangi.

(b) It provides New Zealand with a unique language identity in relation to the rest of the world.

(c) It offers a point for unifying Maori and pakeha at a time when maoridom's call for a self-determination model of development is perceived by some New Zealanders as separatist.

(d) It offers a powerful social force for the reconstruction of a damaged and deteriorated self image among the Maori young — and not so young — of New Zealand.

What is an official language policy?

The Governments' intention is quite explicit. It will

> "legislate to make maori an official language of New Zealand so that a person can speak maori in court, Parliament, or on any official occasion as of right."

Apart from reasons previously discussed, this legislation is clearly to remedy situations such as the denial to Mr Mihaka (Mihaka v Police [1980]) of the right to represent himself in the maori language. The High Court on that occasion ruled that:

(a) English was the language of the courts.

(b) Legislation is required for use of maori in the courts.

The case for its use in Parliament has been formally remedied by its recent adoption in Parliament's Standing Orders.

The use of maori "on any official occasion as of right" has wide ramifications and offers possibilities for growth rather than constraint. As a long term aim, "any official occasion" should allow for as broad a recognition as a school classroom, courtroom, state department building, or even the territorial confines of New Zealand — the land of one's birth, as long as one is a recognised citizen of New Zealand. In the interim for practical reasons 'any official occasion' might be limited to mean specifically ceremonial occasions.

From the overseas experience emerges two concepts about language recognition which the government can consider in its policy: the notions of national language/s and official language/s. The notion of national recognition for maori appeals and would be acceptable generally to the New Zealand community.

In Paraguay, both Spanish (their international working language) and Guarani (their indigenous language) are recognised national languages. This fact is enshrined in the Constitution of Paraguay.

In Ireland, Irish language is given pre-eminent status as the national language and the first official language. The English language is recognised as the second official language. (Constitution of Ireland 1937, Article 8.) Here, Irish is recognised as the national language because it is the indigenous language and is given first official status over English. However, the reality today is that English is the dominant official language. Conversely though while the native speaking population is reported as declining, the speakers who 'acquire' the language through schools and language groups is said to be increasing. These are parallels to the New Zealand situation.

Official status confers specific rights and obligations depending on the particular regime. In Paraguay, Spanish is the official language and therefore carries the obligations for records, publications, TV, and radio. Because both languages are used as vernaculars, the native language Guarani is not threatened. There is not a sense of necessity to record in Guarani or meet other obligations given to Spanish.

In Canada, official status of English and French confers obligations to meet speakers' rights in either language when dealing with the Federal Government and its institutions. In Wales, the specific requirement of the Welsh Language Act is for recognition of the right to use Welsh in any of the courts. This is the one of the two official (i.e. statutorily declared) forms of recognition given to the Welsh language. All the current developments are through local interest and change in local county laws by community persuasion.

Ireland is a case where the "second official" language, English, is for all intents and purposes the first language of the Republic.

In Israel, Hebrew and Arabic are the official languages of the state, yet English is mandatory for all school pupils from 10 years of age and up.

In Singapore, English has gained preeminence over the other official languages in the educational institutions of the State. By 1987, all education will be in English and one other compulsory language, i.e. English and Malay, or English and Mandarin, or English and Tamil.

For most of these countries, English (or Spanish in Paraguay) was seen as a practical necessity. It is an international language of commerce, business, hi-tech, and diplomacy and therefore indispensible in the eyes of these nations. However, they viewed the question of national identity as demonstrated through national or official recognition of their indigenous language (except Canada) as of equal importance.

In New Zealand, a solution that could meet both the ideological and practical necessities of our total society would be:

(a) Declare maori as the official language of New Zealand, because of its indigenous/tangata whenua status and territorial uniqueness in the world context.

(b) Declare maori the national language of New Zealand in recognition of its pre-eminent status as the founder language of this land.

(c) Declare English an official language of New Zealand because of the recognition of its practical role as unifier of the country's different ethnic groups (c.f. Israel), as New Zealand's international language, and as the language of the identity for a large majority of non-Maori New Zealanders.

This recognition of maori and english as official languages of New Zealand should be seen also as a reaffirmation of the Treaty of Waitangi contract.

How can legislation be implemented and administered so that its effects are positive rather than negative?

Language is both divisive and unifying. The history of maori language in New Zealand is testimony to that. English has always been seen by the British colonists as the language for unifying Maori and pakeha, and maori the language that kept the two people apart. The unifying forces of maori language among the Maori — or for the nation — was seen as neither desirable nor necessary and consequently all past policies have forcibly or tacitly been directed at its demise. The devastating effects of language loss is reflected throughout maoridom today — grasping for an identity through language.

Compounded by the effects of low socio-economic status, continuing education under-achievement, unemployment, high youth criminal offending, the sense of 'being Maori' for most New Zealanders is completely negative. Ironically, nearly all Maori today speak english intelligibly, and for many youngsters who are identified as Maori, english is their 'mother tongue'. The fact that english is now the only working language for the vast bulk of maoridom has not brought about the societal unity promised by the anti-maori language policies of the past 150 years.

Maoridom today appears to be more bent on remaining Maori despite the poor self-image that post-European history has bestowed on the label 'Maori'. Clearly, maori language is being seen by many as a rallying point for a restructuring and piecing together of a much broken and damaged people. It serves to restore an identity for people to see themselves as Maori and want to be recognised as such.

For the nation at large who are Maori, very few speak maori willingly or even perfunctorily. This situation is understandable given the nature of New Zealand's colonial background, and the low status perceived both of the native inhabitants and their language. For these reasons it would be entirely counter-productive to legislate in any shape or form for maori to be made mandatory/compulsory in a state institution of the country for all New Zealanders. Therefore, for the sake of developing the nation towards the goal of national unity, and gain the advantage of bilingualism a policy of 'scaled development' is recommended, which could be:

(a) Priority in the promotion of maori language in New Zealand be for the purpose of re-instating it as the mother tongue of Maori-New Zealanders — the revesting of maori language back to the tangata whenua, the Maori people. A massive awareness programme supported by government should be mounted to lift the status of maori language among the Maori people. The Maori people themselves will need to take the initiative on this programme and carry it out with the vigour and urgency demonstrated by the Te Kohanga Reo movement. Maori as the only language of use in the marae setting would be a first step for maoridom's first imposition on itself, like the kohanga reo.

(b) For the rest of the nation, participation in the use of maori language be by choice rather than legislation. However, the state institutions such as the education system, media — especially TV, radio and newspapers and private organisationsthat receive state funds, must be required to provide maori language policies that give recognition to the use of maori language. For any such policies to succeed, the real lead has to come from the country's leadership in Parliament — from the Prime Minister down. This clearly is the reason for dual language success in countries such as Paraguay, Canada and Israel. For the New Zealand Public Service, the Canadian model of designating 'imperative bilingual positions', i.e. fluency in the two languages can be adopted for many positions in New Zealand, e.g. Department of Maori Affairs, State Services Commission, Ministry of Works and Development, Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, Social Welfare, Justice, Health, Housing Corporation and Education Department. The courts, which is specifically mentioned in the government's policy statement must be addressed also. This policy could be met by the development of a cadre of interpreters who must be competent bilinguals.

Policy development and administration

In order that policy be developed and administered in a rational and gradual manner, it is recommended that a body such as a Commission for Maori Language be set up. Among its duties would be the development of future policy, reporting annually to Government, acting as ombudsman for maori language.

All countries visited had an officially recognised body which dealt with overseeing policy development. A similar body with mana should be set up in New Zealand. Because of the vast imbalance in the status and functions of the two languages — maori and english — it seems more appropriate to designate this body, the Commission for Maori Language. Its principal tasks would include promotion of maori for the next 10 years."

Kaiako Waipa Whaanga (at right) with her charges.

Nga ringa e rua, nga reo e rua

Bi-cultural education is being taken seriously by the community of Omahu in Hawke's Bay. That becomes clear after talking to the people who run the kohanga reo and the primary and intermediate school which sit next to each other down the road from the marae.

Waipa Whaanga is the kaiako at the kohanga which originally started out run from the meeting house some four years ago.

She is assisted by kuia and koroua and young women training under the national kohanga reo trust scheme.

About thirty tamariki are cared for with a waiting list for further children. Tamehana Nuku is the administrator who returned from farm administration work a few years ago to give a hand. He operates out of the kohanga.

He said a Commodore 2000 series computer was needed to keep tabs on the thirteen kohanga in Heretaunga under the umbrella of Te Rau Awhina Trust Training Branch which employs 72 kohanga trainees.

The computer collates wages and also monitors the training modules of the national kohanga reo trust.

The national trust has instigated a computer training programme for kohanga throughout the country and Tamehana said a young woman from Waipukurau represented the Takitimu district.

He said it was hoped to use her later as her proficiency increased, to input information from the Takitimu district to a central data storage base in Wellington. Other information would then also be available to other kohanga around the country.

The linkup between these computerised aids and the Maori world is very evident at Omahu kohanga, in the free flow of the maori language and the children between it and the school next door.

It was hard to distinguish between kohanga and school children especially with the school roll of around 164 being 99% Maori.

A pre-school class, run by Janice Edwards, has existed for a long time. It stemmed from the time before the kohanga when it was necessary to have some familiarisation step between home and school life.

Principal, Tony Clark said there were no play centres or kindergarten in the area and the pre-school was very necessary.

Apart from the principal, all other seven teachers including the remedial reading teacher, Miriama Hutana, are Maori.

The deputy principal is Hawea Tomoana with Ngaio Gillies, Karen Taylor, John Turi, June Underhill, Arthur Savage and Janice Edwards making up the team.

Omahu has had bi-lingual status for around five years which means while it has had extra Department of Education help, it has also been under scrutiny more by educationalists and teachers curious to find what makes it tick. Principal Tony Clark said most seemed to want to hear maori language being spoken to the children in the classroom, and then go away secure that they have seen it all.

At the present time the school is also trialing the new maori curriculum for selected primary schools throughout the country.

In a discussion with the assembled teachers during an extended morning break, punctuated by one false alarm that saw teachers and children racing to their classes, several thoughts emerged.

One was that these teachers found it much more freeing being able to teach with all of their minds and skills in a Maori community. Previous schools they said, no matter how committed to 'taha maori', put limits on maori things, and worried that subjects like english and reading were being neglected.

At Omahu they said they felt free in being Maori as a way of teaching. With tamariki from the adjacent kohanga reo they were encouraged to extend themselves in maori and develop awareness

in themselves and in the children of the practise of tikanga maori.

And even more important to the teachers was that the parents backed them up in the desire to have their children bi-lingual.

It seems the NZ Council for Education Research survey which showed the maori language speaking population heading for extinction, determined the people of Omahu to head in the other direction.

However the expectation of the community also puts pressure on teachers and this was felt in varying degrees by the teachers of Omahu.

They spoke of the feeling of having to be 'expert' in all fields of tikanga maori, when they all pointed to their youth and lack of kaumatua-ship. They acknowledged their need for guidance from kaumatua and the resources of the community for them to do their work properly.

And they spoke of the need to recharge the batteries by going back to their marae for periods of time.

This is one of the take being looked at by their Hawke's Bay Maori Teachers' Association and is being taken up by the NZ Educational Institute.

The Omahu teachers pointed out that in this association, they are younger and sometimes more inexperienced than their secondary school Maori teacher counterparts.

It's in this area that Omahu School children are privileged. Their school goes to Form Two without the break of school for Intermediate education. This enables the pupils at around age thirteen to go to Hastings Boys or Girls High where there is a continuation of their bilingual education, in that there are full-time maori language teachers.

To the teachers of Omahu, they see young boys and girls standing up with more confidence by the time they are teenagers. Young people confident in their spirits of who and what they are.

NZ Music Awards 1985

Above:
The Patea Maori Club provided a colourful and musical backdrop to the awards, impressing with the wealth of experience they've picked up from their European and American tours.

Right:
Herbs' drummer, Fred Faleauto accepted an award for best album cover design of Long Ago.

The kids of Palmerston North

The Highbury Hoods, The Awapuni Arrows. Makes you think of Sherwood Forest and a merry band of outlaws, but it hasn't been that merry for some people in the community of Highbury, Palmerston North.

The media, the kids, some shopkeepers, the police and various government and non-government social agencies have all had their say publicly about the street kids of the Highbury suburb. Much has been spoken about their harassment of some shopkeepers and their customers, and the boredom which drives them onto the suburban streets. So much so that the kids of the nearby Awapuni suburb formed their own gang.

But the fact that they're mainly Maori children, born and bred in Highbury, a state-housing area has been seen by most onlookers as just a part of the problem.

Coming at the problem from a maori point of view is doubly difficult because what you see with these kids is not what you get. They don't relate well to tikanga maori because their parents aren't that knowledgeable themselves nor do they have the educational background in european matters.

Into this mix come maatua whangai officers from the Department of Maori Affairs. A week-long hui was organised and publicised by house-to-house visiting. The place, Te Kauwhata marae, Bulls. The object, to get the kids and their parents into a different environment, where wairua maori could be nurtured, and coping skills taught.

Ned Lawton, maatua whangai officer, said some parents didn't come because of fear of being ignorant on the marae. This was after it was pointed out to them that the week would be 'light' on tikanga maori. However 24 kids who were only too glad to take advantage of a legal week off school, and some solo parents, came to try their hands at breaking the pattern.

Ned said the week was big on practical things like getting the children and parents together cooking and preparing food, waiting on tables and learning the proper meaning of serving one another. Te Kauwhata kaumatua were on hand to be the resource but Ned says it was the kids and parents that made it work for themselves.

He remembers one night spent beside a creek waiting for the eels to bite. He, and others more advanced in years than their charges, were feeling the cold but enthusiasm was so high that the group stayed put for some hours anticipating a big catch, which never came.

For Ned it was also the eagerness to say the grace in maori and to learn waiata that made the difference. For the leader of the Hoods (so called because of the hoods on their parkas) the week meant a change of name as well as a change of heart. He was Ho Chi, but was renamed Hau.

Ned's a bit apprehensive about saying there'll be a complete reversal in behaviour, as the majority of the parents didn't share in the marae week and it's a slow process with long term goals. The follow-up is to take place in the homes, as parents and children realise that other families across this country face similar difficulties, and that support and help from the community makes the load that much easier to bear.

Breaking the pattern of despair and hopelessness in the homes is something that Ned Lawton is faced with time and time again. But Ned says it's touched his own whanau and he understands why some kids in institutions dread going back to their old stamping grounds because of the associations, habits and attitudes in that environment. He sees the need in some cases to move children away from a destructive home environment and place them with other members of their whanau.

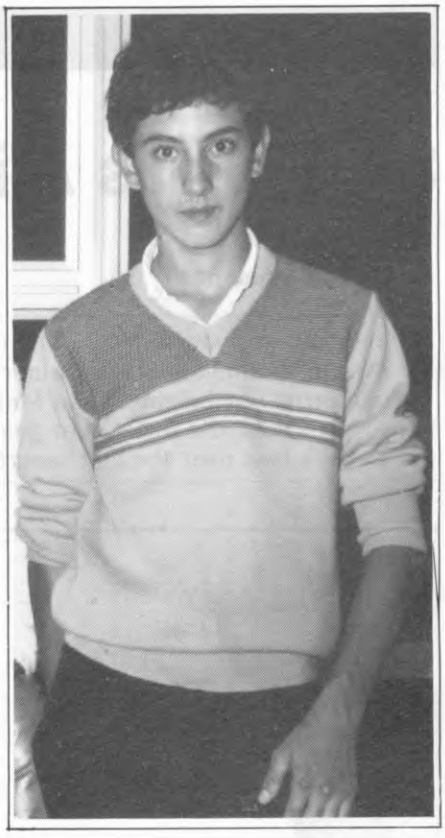
But while he's adamant that kids who've played up and been in trouble should be 'straight talked to' and not molly-coddled, he says aroha should cover all, and people should be given a second chance and sometimes a last chance. He recalls a time recently where he asked a couple to give their whanaunga another chance. The relation had wrecked the house he'd been given and also the car. However they gave him a last chance, as after all, he was their uncle.

It's this 'straight talking' to kids and their parents, plus the support to work at changing the environment, that Ned feels can make the difference with the Highbury Hoods. By getting the community together sharing their concerns, it's hoped that the younger children will be encouraged by their parents to keep going to school, so that the pattern of not having a future can be broken in their lives.

Maori Affairs community officer, Evonne Marshall says the large number of solo mums in the Highbury community who are pakeha with Maori children also makes for more complications sometimes. She says it's a matter of sorting out identity as well as personal relationships.

In Highbury now, it's like truce time, but the reputation of belligerance is still before some people. Where previously parents may have taken their problems to the pub, they are now being encouraged to share the frustrations of unemployment, lack of vision for their kids and other hassles, with others in the area. One idea to come forward has been for a building for the kids to get together in.

A church marae, St Michaels, has been recently established right behind the shopping centre but not all feel comfortable on it or even feel they have access to it. This is probably a measure of where the urban Maori/pakeha families are at in reaching for the resources in the community. As Ned Lawton said, "We are all born with the taha wairua, the difference is how it is fed from birth."



Poroporaki

Youth bring mural to light

About 40 rangatahi presented a mural with two separate carvings to the Wainuiomata Karate club, near Wellington, in December.

The mural is a tribute to fifteen year old Karate ace, David Te Hiko. He died last June, nine days after a car accident in Wainuiomata.

Besides being a leading member of the Wainuiomata Karate club, David was also a keen hunter.

He was a successful student at Wainuiomata College as well as the leader of the local Catholic parish youth group.

Mike sees the memorial mural as a "symbol of all the good characteristics of the youth today".

Mike explained that the mural and carvings were created and produced by the rangatahi of the Kokiri Manakau Steps programme.

"This has provided them with a stimulating method of bonding and sharing with each other," Mike said.

"By travelling to Wainuiomata with the mural, they have effectively shared their aroha with the youth and community of Wainuoimata."

Mike says that this bond is a reverse of the negative publicity the youth are getting.

"This whole experience is seen as an ideal way of building the self-esteem of young adults and of enhancing their social development."

After unveiling the mural, the audience, which included local MP Fraser Colman and his wife, were treated to a karate demonstration.

Silky Skills Alive In Margharet Matenga

by Michael Romanos

The drab and stuffy New Zealand Railways fourth floor accounts section in Wellington needed a miracle to brighten it up. And miracles do not come any brighter than Margharet Matenga (nee Kamana) — perhaps New Zealand's finest ever goal shoot/goal attack netballer, certainly the world's best over the last several years.

Photographs: The Dominion & Sunday Times

Balancing the ball on her fingertips, Margharet shoots for goal.

Radiating an air of gaiety and always willing to produce a beaming smile, Margie's presence made the NZR office feel and look a lot more acceptable as I settled into a discussion with Matenga on her brilliant netball career which began in the little village of Tupapa in Rarotonga.

A Cook Island Maori, Margharet (a celtic derivative of Margaret) was born 29 years ago and arrived in New Zealand as a 17 year old in 1973. The 5ft 9in, athletically-built and graceful moving netball superstar left Rarotonga initially to further a budding tennis career in NZ.

She arrived in Auckland but arrangements flopped. Still she decided to stay on with some family ties here. She shifted to Wellington in 1974 in time for the netball season and that year she made the Pacific Island Church (PIC) Club's senior second team and the Wellington under 20 representatives. Netball had taken over as the major sport for the former Rarotonga Island netball rep.

Margie's rise in netball was meteoric. She first played for the Wellington senior reps in 1974 and from 1978 she has been a member of every New Zealand senior rep side.

Her daughter, Luciana was born in July 1982 but Margie only missed domestic netball, turning out for New Zealand in November, 1982 for the tour to Britain.

"I'm better off at goal shoot than goal attack although I feel guilty that the other players are busting their guts to get the ball to me and the position's restrictions means I can't move around to help them out," said Matenga. "But I'm more needed as a goal shoot because of my abilities to jump and shoot well from within the goal circle."

Margie has been described by various experts as a "brilliant goal shooter. Remarkably cool under pressure. Incredible balance. Having real star qualities with silky skills. Lightning quick reflexes. A great player. A deadly accurate eye. Having sticky fingers. Able to confuse the opposition. Always ready with a quick smile." Margie did smile at hearing all these plaudits.

"Where did you pick those up from?" she wanted to know. But she finally admitted she felt those kind of comments

Above:
Matenga wins possession against strong defence during the Wellington versus Auckland rep match which decided the 1985 national provincial title. Wellington won.

Right:
The Matenga family: Terry and Margharet with baby Luciana only hours old.

were the truth. "I wouldn't like to say them myself," she added. "I always try to play up to what has been described as me. But all those attributes seem to come naturally to me. Don't they? I haven't really worked on any of those things. I hate training but when any rep team gets together I enjoy the team training effort. But I do feel fitness is very important."

Margie said she gets very nervous at the start of a game. "I worry if I don't get nervous. But as soon as the game is underway I come right. Probably I have some kind of extra sense to judge where the ball is going, otherwise it is really inexplainable. I'm a pretty cheerful person and I often break into a smile even in the most tense moments. It's probably because I enjoy the drama of the game."

One of six children, Margie's parents

Blocked, but not for long — Matenga in action during a national league match last year.

are Teanua Kamana and Poko Kora. Margie is related through her mother to the Maori people of the Wanganui area. A grandmother three times removed was a Malaysian and somewhere there is a little European influence.

Her husband, Teariki Matenga is also Cook Island-born and has Rarotongan, Fijian and Scottish origins.

The couple married in 1982, returning to Rarotonga for the wedding service. They had met at a Cook Island christmas social in Wellington.

Matenga said her worse netball setback was a damaged archilles tendon which required an operation in 1982 and could have affected her career permanently. Another serious injury has been a damaged kneecap which is still causing bother.

Matenga listed her major highlights: Winning the 1979 world championships in Trinidad by beating the favoured home-team in the final. Winning the mini-world series in 1981 in Australia. Winning the Australian Games contest in January 1985. Beating the current world champions Australia to win the World Games in London last July.

"My biggest disappointment was losing the world champs to Australia in Singapore in 1983. On the day they played better than us. We made too many mistakes."

Last season, Matenga again captained the stylish Wellington reps to retain the national provincial title and a measure of Matenga's play was in the match against the strong Canterbury side where she took 43 shots and missed netting only 10. In the World Games final in London last July against Australia, Matenga converted 19 shots from 23 attempts.

Matenga was a finalist for the NZ Sportsman of the Year title in 1981. This writer nominated Matenga for the 1985 award.

Matenga said her netball ambitions are to get to the next world championships in Scotland in 1987 and for New Zealand to regain the world crown.

"Then I'll see how I feel after that. Teariki and I are thinking seriously of going back home to Rarotonga to live permanently within the next five years. I think I have reached my peak in netball and I'm currently staying at that level."

Matenga said the Swiss Maid national netball league is a good idea. "It strengthens the club competitors at a top level. It shouldn't be made provincial. The league as it is helps raise the standard of players far better than taking the cream from each association."

The player-coach of the PIC premier one team since 1983, Matenga says she enjoys the role.

"I've got Wai Taumaunu and Rita Fatialofa (both fellow NZ team members) to assist me. I feel I get a lot of response from the players because I'm associated with them. Apart from Wai, we are all Islanders. We have won the Wellington competition for the past two years but we didn't do very well in the national league. I have every hope we can improve next season with better preparation."

Matenga said Waikato Maori, Margaret Forsyth is the best shooting partner she has played with. "We have played together for New Zealand since 1979 and we have a wonderful understanding. Margaret is quick, she can jump and is a hard and determined worker who on her day can shoot from anywhere."

Matenga says netball is getting more popular with the countries that play the game. She acknowledges the increase in media coverage in New Zealand and hopes the sport will start to develop in other countries.

Apart from New Zealand which has 174,000 participants, the sport is played fairly extensively in Australia, Great Britain, the West Indies, the Pacific Islands, Canada, Hong Kong, Malaysia, Singapore and Sri Lanka.

"It is a good sport for the Maori and other polynesians. It seems to be made for them through its ball skills and teamwork," said Matenga.

PIC is unique in New Zealand netball. It has the only premier one team which is entirely made up of Polynesians. The club has five teams which include a few pakehas.

"We all get along fine, all the different Island and Maori people and it is good for breaking down the Island racial barriers."

Sports and welfare development enquiry

By Michael Romanos

Those sports authorities who have sought to break down or oppose the formation of ethnic-based sports teams and clubs in New Zealand are being told to back-off.

This is one of seven recommendations on ethnic sports which emanated from the Report of the Sports Development Inquiry Committee. The Report, titled, Sport On The Move, was presented to the Minister of Recreation and Sport, Mike Moore at a parliamentary function last November.

Mr Moore promised that the inquiry recommendations and submissions would help to formulate future Government policy on sport.

Race Relations conciliator Hiwi Tauroa welcomed the political courage of Mr Moore for commissioning the inquiry. He said the inquiry understood and wanted to preserve the nature of ethnic and cultural sport. Mr Tauroa said there has never been an understanding of marae sports. He said it was important that Maori people have a representative on the proposed Sportscorp and the Assembly of Sport.

Mr Tauroa said he would not expect large increases in ethnic sport. "There has always been Auckland Maori and Auckland Tongan rugby teams, just as there are Irish and Scottish cultural organisations."

The Ethnic Sports section was one of 16 sections considered by the sports development committee. Included among the 10-member committee were Teremoana Hodges, Nick Tangaroa and Fanaura Kingstone.

Hodges from Porirua, is the deputy principal at Brandon Intermediate School. She is a netball umpire and coach and was formerly secretary of the New Zealand Cook Islands Sports Association. Tangaroa from Auckland is the organiser for the NZ Engineers Union, a member of the Board of Maori Affairs, chairman of the Te Kokiri Ki Maungarei Marae. He is active in outdoor activities such as bushcraft, rafting and tramping.

Kingstone from Tokoroa was the community development tutor at the Waiariki Community College. She was A Cook Island Government cabinet member, a member of the Wellington Netball Asociation and national vice president of the Pacific Island Women's Council. She is now working with the United Nations Economic and Social Commission for Asia and the Pacific and is based in Port vila, Vanuatu.

Kingstone, Hodges and Tangaroa led the ethnic sports section inquiry in arranging a number of community consultations and accepting a written submission from the NZ Maori Sports Federation.

At various meeting, present were: Rev Lagi Sipeli, Frank Rex, Lukitama Lukitau, Aleki Silao (Niueans), Moira Walker, Louisa Crawley (Samoans), Una Herd (Fijian), Ieti Jennings (Tokelauan), Niusela Uesi (Tongan), Hiwi Tauroa, Paul Quinn, Henare Broughton, June Mariu (Maori). A range of informal discussions on this subject were conducted with the Minister of Maori Affairs, representatives of the Pacific Island Affairs, members of the Indian and Chinese sports organisations and school teachers.

The Report says (abridged):

- **The nature of ethnic sport:** A large number of people from ethnic communities play traditional European sport — rugby, league, netball, softball, hockey, tennis, golf and so on. There appears to be a concentration on team sports, although indications are that diversification is taking place.

Stereotyping can be a danger. The comment is often made that the Maori excels at team rather than individual sports. We have seen no factual evidence to suggest that there are any reasons which limit Maori people's ability to succeed in an individual sport.

It is more likely they have succeeded in certain team sports because these were commonly available and had ready appeal. We are most concerned that stereotyping may erect a barrier that prevents those with talents and abilities taking up a particular sport.

The view was expressed that Pacific Islanders and the Maori were lower per head of population in regular sports participation and this raises the question of access to sport for ethnic communities. Our view is that the promotion of sports participation among ethnic groups would have positive community benefits. It would be essential for any sport NZ promotion to be multicultural in its approach.

Most of the people consulted felt that the preservation and playing of traditional games and sports was an important part of maintaining an ethnic community's language and cultural identity in NZ. Some of the knowledge and skills

of Maori and Pacific Island games have already been lost and steps should be taken to renew their practice.

There is difficulty distinguishing between sport and recreation when such activities are conducted on the marae or in a village setting. In Maori culture for instance, the game of sport is secondary. People are paramount. Sport should be seen as a social occasion. Present sports philosophy excluded recognition of Maori values. Recognition should be given to an alternative based on Maori philosophy which embraces the following elements: whanaungatanga (kinship), taha wairua (the spiritual dimension), te hinengaro (thinking and emotions), te tinana (the body, the physical being). Sports should be all of this.

- **Areas of concern:** It was generally agreed that people from ethnic communities in existing sports clubs and associations are adequately catered for, but a major concern was the low participation of representation in club and association administration. As well, concern was expressed for low participation rates especially in individual sports and that many young people, mainly in the cities, were missing out on the health and social benefits from playing sport.

It is clear that ethnic groups are strongly in favour of sports codes allowing ethnic-based teams or clubs into open competition.

Some sports discourage these types of teams because they see them as potentially divisive. We take the view that any divisiveness is more than outweighed by the benefits of access to sport if people from a common background are allowed to play together. Currently, large number of the Maori play in Maori sports clubs and Pacific Islanders in teams from their own island and there are few problems.

Concern was expressed in submissions about the potential aggression or violence associated with ethnic teams. We feel such actions arise from frustrations with the lack of access to adequate coaching, the language problems with umpires and referees and poor communication between ethnic players and code administrators.

We recognise that Maori people compete in conventional European sports which have their own set of intrinsic values. The very same people may also take part in traditional Maori sporting activities on the marae which have another set of values and in our view there is no conflict here and both value systems should be recognised.

· We see the renewal of traditional ethnic games and sports as a positive development in the NZ sporting scene. All sports have a cultural base and many ethnic sports may well become what we call emerging sports. For example, there are moves to bring canoe racing into greater prominence.

- **Representation in the new sports structure:** Some type of representation for the traditional sports of ethnic communities is essential in any new structure, such as the Assembly of Sport. A number of Pacific Island commentators advocate the creation of a Pacific Island Sports Council to represent all Pacific Island sports organisations in the Assembly. Other views lend weight to a structure similar to the Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council in which the Maori and South Pacific Arts Council (MASPAC) advises the parent body on cultural matters.

Recommendations:

- That national sports associations not oppose the formation of ethnic-based teams or clubs within their sporting codes.
- That a programme of promotion of sports participation aimed at ethnic communities be implemented by Sportscorp.
- That a programme identifying and encouraging traditional ethnic sports as emerging sports be implemented by Sportscorp.
- That the nature of ethnic community sports representation in the proposed new structure for sport be considered by a working party of Sportscorp once it is formed.
- That physical education teachers and trainee teachers be recruited from a range of ethnic backgrounds.
- That national associations work towards having bi-lingual coaches available to assist the learning of rules and teaching of skills by ethnic sports participants.
- That ethnic communities be consulted on developments in sport that directly affect them.

The one problem area in the sports development report is funding.

The Report recommends introducing the gambling game of Lotto which could benefit sport and recreation to the tune of fifty million dollars in its first year. The issue is one of introducing a further gambling game to the NZ public who already are served by horse and greyhound racing, housie and lotteries. On a parallel basis, the major arguments against legalising marijauana are that there are enough drugs already legalised that are injurious to the health of people.

The other Report presented to Mr Moore was "Recreation and Government in NZ." The key author of this report is former YMCA chief, Peter Darracott of the Community Services Institute.

In presenting the report, Mr Darracott said many New Zealanders do not get a fair deal from the current recreation and sports programme. "It favours those who are educated or skilled or those who belong to organised groups," he said.

"Many sections of the population are missing out on the benefits of the current programme. We need new initiatives, new policies, a new independent department of recreation, arts and sports for the well-being of all New Zealanders."

Passages from the Recreation Report specifically referring to the Maori are:

- Cultural Heritage: NZ has developed a rich cultural heritage despite restrictive beginnings but the advance of European-based culture has been at the expense of the indigenous Maori people, who have been pressured to conform to European ideals. However, significant and encouraging developments in recent years highlights a new renaissance in maori culture.
- Ethnic Groups: A Ministry analysis of grants made under the local recreation and community development scheme in 1981 and 1982 lists only 1.48 percent and 1.53 percent respectively being allocated to ethnic groups. These figures suggest that rather than special attention being paid to these groups they are being disadvantaged by the current system of distribution.

Recreation activities for the Maori are integrated with other cultural and everyday living areas such as health and do not always fit the definitions and categories established in the administration of funding schemes.

The Maori have found difficulty in having cultural activities accepted as part of recreation.

Block grants, with more freedom to determine specific expenditure within a very broad framework, is a procedure preferred by Maori groups.

Involvement in the new activism is recreation for many Maori. Many Maori women assist in the Kohanga Reo programme on a voluntary basis — it forms a major recreation activity for them.

Promotion of maori recreation should focus on the maori networks and emphasise the principle of self-determination.

- Culture Changes: Developments inside maoridom will affect education and all forms of culture and politics. An increase in political activity among Maori will have implications for New Zealand society. A growing awareness of maori culture, as evidenced by an increasing recognition of maori art forms, will have implications for NZ recreation.

There is a growing sense of national identity in NZ. As a result there has been a weakening of the ties with Britain. For many this will bring an uncertainty in values but other outcomes will be increased interest in maori culture and in native flora and fauna.

Under-rated Rasmussen leaves a record legacy

By Michael Romanos

The curtain has finally come down on a slightly battered Randwick club and Wellington representative rugby league team captain and loose forward, Rodney Rasmussen. He will forever be remembered as the leader of a fine, exciting league side which played (and lost) in four successive Tusk Cup national club finals.

The 6ft, near 14 stone league player leaves the playing side of the 13 a-side code a little bitter and much frustrated.

Bitter and frustrated because of all the injuries which clouded his career and finally wrecked the hearing in one ear, and because of the elusiveness of the Tusk Cup in going so far so often, only to slide backwards each time with the linesmen playing a large part at Carlaw Park in affecting his team's prospects.

Rasmussen scored an average of 16 tries a season in a premier league career spanning 15 years but his average of injuries was almost as high.

From his head to his toes, the Randwick warhorse has suffered terrible misfortunes. He has had: a fractured skull, two broken teeth, twice broken nose, three times concussed, chipped bone in his neck, dislocated shoulder, abdominal strain, broken arm, sprained wrist, dislocated thumb knuckle, torn knee tendon, two torn medial ligaments, torn hamstring, ankle strain, archilles tendon problems, snapped foot tendon, quadriceps strain.

Wellington-born, Rodney has in his makeup five-eights Cook Island Maori, two-eights Scottish and one-eights English. But the 34 year old Insurance agent said he feels basically a New Zealand who is especially proud of his polynesian side. He has twice visited Rarotonga.

Rasmussen in action in the 1985 Tusk Cup quarterfinal between his Randwick side and Bay of Plenty team, Pikiao. Randwick won 36-27.

His "grandfather" Viggo Rasmussen was a famous Danish schooner captain who operated in the South Pacific and married into the Pokoati family. Rodney's father, Viggo (junior) was the whangai, in line with the Cook Island custom afforded to the second born in a family.

Viggo jnr and his wife Peggy moved from Takuvaine, Rarotonga in 1946 to Wellington with four children. The couple had a further four children including Rodney.

Rodney said he is disconcerted when maori-speaking Cook Island people are considered by the New Zealand Maori and Pakeha as "Islanders" which he says has racial overtones.

Rasmussen was rated the most promising softball short-stop in the Hutt Valley as a 17-18 year old and he repped for Hutt Valley in the age grades at national championships. But league took over when he decided to concentrate on a winter sport and give more freedom in the summer months for less serious pursuits.

He was in the first 15 (rugby union) at Hutt Valley Memorial College where league was (and still is) frowned upon. But league was in the family "blood" with his father and his older brothers, John Finley and George preceeding, Rodney into the Randwick Club.

The Randwick Club shifted its headquarters from Randwick School, Moera to Strand Park but following a fire which burnt down their Strand Park Clubrooms, the club moved their headquarters further up the Valley to Naenae Park as part of the complex including the Cardinals Softball Club.

Rasmussen said he has never been happy with the Naenae location because it is too far removed from the club's roots. He said the Lower Hutt City Council turned down the club's application to build new clubrooms on several other sites.

"It looks like we are destined to stay at Naenae. At least the facilities here are excellent — the best any league club has in the Wellington region," he said.

The Randwick Club was founded in the 1920's and today its membership is multi-racial in consisting of Maori, Cook Island, Tokelau, Western Samoan and European.

"Basically we are a happy club and we socialise very well. The support our premier side receives has been rated the best in New Zealand by Kiwi coach, Graham Lowe."

Since 1968, Randwick has won the major Wellington premier championship eight times including the last three seasons and ever since the Tusk Cup has been installed, Randwick has appeared in every final, four years in succession.

Brothers John, George, Finley and Rodney have all repped for the Wellington seniors in league. John and Rodney have captained Randwick and John and Finley have been the premier team's coach, Finley for the last four years. John was the coach in 1968 and 1969 and was the main reason behind Randwick's resurgence to the top. Finley and Rodney have captained Wellington with Finley playing over 60 rep matches and Rodney over 40. As well, Rodney captained Central District sides including the international against Great Britain in 1984.

Rodney's greatest attributes have been to play and use his natural skills of anticipation and leadership. A determined and dedicated player with a good turn of speed, Rasmussen said he is disappointed he missed the New Zealand representation but he feels he wasn't given the breaks he deserved.

In 1984, Kiwi coach Lowe said Rasmussen was the most underrated player in NZ league. For a start he has been in and out of Wellington and Central District teams ever since he first played rep league in 1972.

"It's been the change of rep team coaches and selection policies, my own Randwick club making me unavailable and injuries which have affected my chances of playing higher.

"For example, in 1975 I played all eight games for Wellington and got player of the match twice. Yet from 1976 to 1979 under a new rep coach, I wasn't required. In 1980 I returned to the Wellington side and was made captain." Outspokeness has also affected his representative career.

In 1982 Wellington toured Australia led by Rasmussen and in the same season, Wellington's most potent team ever, inflicted a rare hiding on Canterbury in Christchurch to grab the Rugby League Cup, symbol of NZ provincial superiority.

"I spoke to the media (including this writer) at the end of 1982 in regard to the over prevalence of head-high tackles in Wellington club league and again in 1983 after some really vicious incidences. I also spoke out against the standard of refereeing in Wellington in letting these type of incidences go unchecked.

"The outcome was I was dropped from both the Wellington and Central Districts teams. Wellington got thrashed in several games in 1983 and I was only reinstated for the last rep match of the season. But I have no regrets in stating how things were. Since going public, the referees here have been taking a firmer line in regard to dirty play."

Rasmussen said Randwick should have won the first of the Tusk Cup finals.

"We were leading Petone (another Wellington club team) until the last 30 seconds when we gave away a penalty inside their 22 metres and Petone scored a try from it. We thought the 1985 final would be ours because the other finalist, Manukau of Auckland in six games had failed to defeat our 1984

Rodney Rasmussen about to be upended in a Randwick-St George premier grade clash back in 1976.

Rodney and his Randwick team in jubilant mood after winning the 1983 Wellington premier grade grand final. Rodney clutches the league shield. Brother Finley, the team coach, in street clothes on extreme right.

finals opponent, Mt Albert. We had only lost to Mt Albert in the 1984 final in the last 10 minutes when I was adjudged to have elbowed in a tackle which not only cost us a certain try but gave Mt Albert two points from the penalty.

"We had the wrong game plan against Manukau but the situation wasn't helped when I went off after only 10 minutes in the second half."

Rasmussen was heavily concussed and suffered a fractured skull. He spent a week in the Auckland hospital and six weeks at home trying to regain his balance. He has been left with a deaf right ear from the fracture.

I've had a bad trot of injuries over the last five years. Quiet honestly, if I knew I would get all these injuries I would never had played the game at all. I had always intended the 1985 Tusk Cup final to be my last game but I am really frustrated in not having achieved a Tusk Cup win.

"I have been most annoyed with the Auckland linesmen in each of our finals. They have influenced the result. It is time the linesmen are neutral or the final is played elsewhere. But it cannot be taken away from Randwick that over the last four years we have been one of the strongest and entertaining league teams in New Zealand and it wil be a long time (if ever) that another team makes four successive finals.

"We have also been a good disciplined team off the field. We are the only sports team allowed at the South Pacific Hotel in Auckland.

"I am not retiring on a good note because I would like to have achieved more. The club will not be satisfied until they win the Tusk Cup."

Rasmussen intends to take up league coaching in the future and there has already been some pressure put on him to coach Randwick and Wellington next season.

Rodney married English-born Kathy Yeats in 1972. Two of their three daughters, Meccedes and Ebonee have been part of the Randwick premier side cheer leader team since 1983.

Kathy's father, Geoff is president of the Randwick Club.

Another achievement of Rodney is in renovating a cottage into a fine modern home (complete with a tower) in the expensive beach-side suburb of Eastbourne.

Rasmussen said Lowe has a lot to do with the great NZ team successes over the past few years.

"Graham lets the players use their flair. A big difference from other years is this current NZ side is largely professional. It is only been a recent international ruling that all overseas-based players must be given the opportunity to play for their country."

Of the 26-strong NZ team, Rasmussen thinks only five or six are pakeha.

"The Maori and polynesian are more gifted to the running style of play league has to offer. But in Wellington it is becoming a polynesian game and this is not a good thing for league. We are losing the dedicated administrators because of it.

"Everyone of the clubs around Wellington are 90 percent polynesian. When I first started playing premier, the teams were predominantly pakeha apart from Petone. The lack of good coaches and administrators is holding Wellington league back from progressing to the extent where it should be."

Chief Executive and Sports go hand in hand

by Rakapa Sturm

Believed to be the youngest and only so far claiming Maori descent, Glen Haeroa Garlick became the Chief Executive of the Waikato Hospital Board. He took up his appointment on Sept. 9th. It is the biggest hospital board in New Zealand. The whole district runs from Port Waikato at the north to Mt Ruapehu in the south and from Kawhia to Rotorua in the east.

Glen, who is 39, has returned from a 12 week world tour made available by the World Health Organisation Travelling Fellowship. He visited Yugoslavia, Switzerland, Paris France, England, Scotland, Ireland and the USA. The reason for his visit to these places was:
1. how finance is allocated in different health care systems
2. how planning of finances is integrated with planning for service.

Glen said "Generally speaking, most people in the various countries are satisfied with the resources being put into their health care systems, but more could be achieved with the amount presently allocated to health care. Amongst health administrators there seems to be a feeling that to spend additional dollars on health care may not improve the health of their populations significantly from what it currently is".

While in the United States he visited Boston, Washington D.C., Chicago, San Francisco and Honolulu, Hawaii. While in Laie, Glen addressed a group of Maori students who lived in the area.

Again Glen said "One of the most interesting projects observed was the Planetree Model Hospital Unit at the Presbyterian Pacific Medial Center, San Francisco. This three year experiment has as its prime objective, the "humanising" of hospital experience. Patient daily routines, (what to eat, and when, hours of retiring and rising from bed, arrangement of rooms, decorations, etc) determine the units routine, not the other way around, is the norm. The patients keep and oversee their own notes and full information in the form of video audio cassettes and books are available in the unit.

In formulating a philosophical base for the unit, the Planetree people looked back to Hippocrates and Ancient Greece. They found that people with known diseases were commonly taken to hospital sited in the most beautiful sites and cared for with the greatest attention to their own personal needs. A foundational belief was that people who were at peace with themselves and the world would be better able to fight the physical manifestation of their diseases. This approach has important common elements with the current imperatives in maori health initiatives where taha wairua, hinengaro taha whanau and taha tinana are seen as vital interacting elements in curing people."

Glen has also avid interests in sailing. "When I was ten days old I went sailing". He excelled at this sporting interest, that he has represented New Zealand in yachting at the Finn Gold Cup at the World Championships in Auckland 1980. A New Zealand junior swimming champion in backstroke and butterfly, he held these titles in '61, '62, and '63. Playing rugby, he represented Canterbury Maoris, Waikato Maoris and the Bay of Plenty Maori teams as well.

He is married to Viviene Tapsell, sister of Hon. Peter Tapsell, M.P. and has two children, Simon and Cassandra. Glen was educated at Rotorua Boys High. After attending the University of Canterbury, '65-'68 on a maori scholarship, he graduated with his M.A. with Honors in History.

After one year in Tokoroa working for Forest Products, Glen moved to Tauranga to the Tauranga Hospital Board from '72-'80. In the meantime, he attended Massey University for a diploma in Health from '75-'77. Before his latest appointment, Glen was at the Department of Health, Wellington from '80-'85.

His parents are well known sporting personalities in Rotorua. Everyone knows his parents. Glen's mother, Phyllis Parata, Ngati Mamoe ana Kai Tahu, is sister to Tata Parata, Secretary to New Zealand Maori Council. Glen's father, Athol Garlick, received the MBE for services to sports and was the sports announcer for Rotorua radio station for many years.

Glen said "The fellowship enabled the followup of ancestors". The Garlicks who came from Malinsbury, Willshire, England, have left numerous reminders of the ancestors in graveyards and memorial plaques in the Norman Abbey in Malinsbury. A day spent in the New Bedford Whaling Museum Research Library in Mass revealed much of the ancestors of the Parata's,

Captain Trapp, of the Whaling ship Julian, as well as raising new questions yet to be resolved.

Involved in so many sports, Athol Garlick was always busy with rugby league, hockey, basketball, athletics, yachting, gymnastics, cycling, wrestling, golf and rugby referees. In her own right Glen's mother Phyllis is a passionate golf enthusiast. In fact she is always on the golf course, and has represented Maoris in golf championships, basketball and maori tennis. With such busy sporting parents, Glen said "My taua would take me to croquet while my mother played tennis or my father went sailing. All my father's friends are Maoris from the Waikite Football club, its faithful and dedicated supporter."

When Glen goes to take up his new position, his wife and children will move later. Just before his overseas trip Glen received confirmation of his appointment and it was quiet hectic. Glen continues to say, "In my new job I can see great challenges and opportunities here. In the Waikato district, Maori communities and interest groups, are amongst those testing the limits of how service might be best provided.

"Offering flexibility in the way services are provided, and the way resources are used, these are major issues facing social policy makers and service provides throughout the country. The youth of the Maori population is an important factor. So as the population ages, a great amount of attention and resources will need to be directed towards care of the elderly. How and when this shift is achieved will require not only goodwill, but active participation from all communities in the area."

At present Glen swims, runs and cycles regularly. He is looking at training for the gruelling sport of triathalon.

Kei te ora te manawa, kei to ora te iwi

By Michael Romanos

The state of Maori health may be depressing to some or just more pakeha statistics to others. But a Maori view of total health covering te hinengaro, te wairua as well as te tinana is vital to an alive and throbbing heart in the people of the land, the tangata whenua.

'Rapuora' the comprehensive health survey carried out by Nga Wahine Toko I Te Ora confirmed that attention needs to be paid to changing our living, eating, working and recreation habits.

This would bring us into line with the teachings of our tupuna, whose survival depended on living in harmony with a world that could at times be just as hostile then as it is for us today.

The following article points out that we need to balance our meat eating and rich foods with activity a little more strenuous than performing the occasional haka or twirling the poi.

The Maori people are disproportionately represented on the high side in most statistics concerning health in New Zealand and it is a little encouraging that in death by disease of the circulatory system, the Maori is well below equating to the pakeha.

Heart disease has been the leading cause of death in New Zealand for many years. For instance, in 1983, 7145 New Zealanders died of heart disease which was around 30 per cent of all registered deaths for that year. Another 5503 people died from other diseases of the circulatory system in 1983 which could be attributable to high cholesterol/cigarette smoking. Of the total 12,648 heart-circulatory deaths, 491 were Maori.

Lowering cholesterol in the blood will reduce the risk of having a heart attack. There are no doubts that cholesterol causes coronary heart disease and is a contributor of other circulatory system disorders. This is New Zealand's major health problem.

Cholesterol was named by a French chemist, Michel Chevreul in 1816 from the Greek: chole (bile) and steros (solid). It is excreted from the body even when food is not eaten for long periods.

Cholesterol is not all bad. In fact it is essential. It holds our cells together and is a building block of cortisone and the sex hormones. Bile acids, which are essential for the digestion of fats, are also made by the liver from cholesterol.

Cholesterol is transported through the bloodstream but unlike salt or sugar, cholesterol and similar fatty substances are not able to dissolve in the blood. Therefore they are packaged together with protein and form a molecule called lipoprotein.

In certain vulnerable people the lipoprotein causes the artery wall to become rough and diseased (atherosclerosis), finally the blood flow is abruptly halted, often clotted.

Lipoproteins are divided into LDL (low-density) which carry cholesterol in the blood and HDL (high-density) which carry the rest of the cholesterol. Lowering LDL levels or increasing HDL will reduce the risk of heart disease and death.

Since the 1950's there has been a growing trend for New Zealanders to "enjoy life" by way of relaxed leisure time, less manual and physically strenuous work, consuming fast-foods and concentrated fatty foods and acceptance of heavy smoking and drinking alcohol habits.

And over the same span of time coronary heart disease and strokes have been disturbingly on the increase. This is a condition in which the inner lining of the coronary arteries (supplying blood to the working heart) become infiltrated with cholesterol. The arteries can be thickened so much that complete blockage occurs, resulting in death of part of the heart muscle to produce a heart attack.

Thus soft living, inactivity, a rich, high-fat diet, high blood pressure and smoking are contributors to the heart disease epidemic.

New Zealand has the dubious distinction in being a world heart disease leader. Also New Zealand ranks fourth highest in the world as the most overweight people. The people of Finland who have a very high fat, high cholesterol diet have the world's highest coronary rate.

The desirability of lowering cholesterol levels are part of a current campaign the New Zealand Health Department is waging.

A study in Oslo several years ago followed 1230 healthy men, most of whom smoked, with high cholesterol levels. The subjects were assigned randomly to a treatment group or a control group. The treatment group dieted and were discouraged from smoking. After five years the number of heart attacks and sudden deaths was 47 per cent lower in the treatment group than in the control group.

The lessons this means for us here in New Zealand is to modify our diet.

This calls for reducing total fat intake, reducing (animal) fat intake, reducing monounsaturated and polyunsaturated fats. It calls for decreasing intake of cholesterol products such as egg yolks, dairy products and meats. It calls for increasing carbohydrate intake and starches.

All these changes can be made with relatively modest alterations of diet even for meat and dairy product-hungry people.

Increase starches such as vegetables, fruits, grains, pasta and breads. Decrease egg yolks, fatty meats, milk fat, butter and cheese. This kind of change represents a small move in the direction of vegetarianism.

Our meat, dairy, egg, tobacco and brewery industries would not be overjoyed with the emphatic findings of the experts and the pronouncements of the New Zealand Heart Foundation on ways of reducing cholesterol and heart disease. But it must be remembered that less than a century ago our European and Asian ancestors suffered little from coronary disease and the Maori and polynesian people knew even less of it, yet they certainly all did not eat very low-fat diets.

Lifestyle came into play then just as it does nowadays. For example, a combination of regular running, cycling or swimming, kicking the smoking habit and a better diet should produce a very coronary disease-resistent group of men and women.

Consider this: the fat intake of an active runner, cyclist or swimmer consuming 3000 calories per day with a desirable 30 per cent of calories as fat is identical to that of an inactive person consuming 2150 calories with 42 per cent calories as fat.

So running, cycling, swimming, brisk walking and other endurance sports and activities clearly result in increased levels of HDL cholesterol and often produce decreased levels of LDL cholesterol.

Every day around 20 New Zealanders die of coronary disease but these terrible statistics can be halted by a renewed enthusiasm for proper respect of food, alcohol and cigarettes and a programme of endurance exercises.

Kupu whakamihi

A writer returns to walk the land

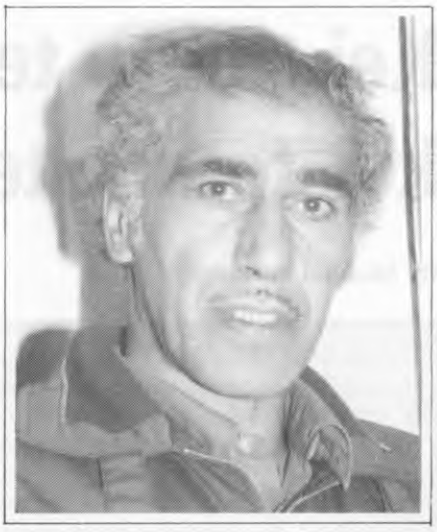
Walking the land has been Rowley Habib's way of readjusting to the New Zealand way of life after having spent over eighteen months in Europe.

Rowley was a year in Menton, France as a Katherine Mansfield scholar and also travelled to England and around Europe.

He spoke with *Tu Tangata* about the reverse culture shock he experienced in returning as a changed person to an equally changed Aotearoa.

"I wasn't happy with New Zealand before I left, the National government and other things. I also wasn't free to work on my short stories, my babies, because of pressure to write drama, plays for the theatre. I was glad to be able to go overseas cause that had always been my desire."

Rowley said he was like a puppy off the lead whilst overseas. For the first three months he soaked up the theatre in London, saw a lot, learned a lot, quite outside of the New Zealand experience. In doing so, he said he cut himself off from this country. He found other cultures overpowering but also



stimulating and he wanted to learn more.

One result of this was he wasn't able to write what he thought he would be able to. Plays, dramas eluded him, because he said the people in them had to come out of the land, and he was far removed from that. And the short stories were also elusive. He said he had heard about writers who couldn't write outside of their country and others who found it easier. He points to a previous Mansfield scholar, Michael King who completed his book Te Puea while in France.

So Rowley got onto a poetry kick. With two english-reading libraries in Menton and new-found friends offering their libraries, a whole new world of verse was opened to him. He started back at Anonymous, through Spenser, Chaucer and Shakespeare, up to modern day poets and did what he calls his 'apprenticeship'.

"I never did learn my craft, I started with a handful of verse, some rhymed, some not and showed them to the then editor of Landfall. I was told that free verse was my thing. I must have written three hundred free verse but I hadn't been happy, something nagged and I didn't know where it came from. I found in France that it was because I hadn't learnt my craft first.

"It was like playing tennis with the net down, I needed to put the net up to see if I could serve the ball and get it in. I think now I have refined my craft and my verse should be the better for it."

Rowley also learned to look at poetry differently.

"Before, poetry was something not meaty enough for a short story, when it is another craft altogether."

Now that he has as he called it, 'pressure cooker knowledge' he is looking at what form it will take coming out of him.

He's looking forward to going back to writing for television and the stage, a coat he feels, fits him best.

"With drama I can set my mind to any topic and bring it to any conclusion I want to."

Bunny Walters

by Margaret Aranga

His real name is Meihi Te Koriri Wahi, to most people he is Bunny Walters. The youngest of a family of seven, Meihi had his first success at the age of 17 with songs such as Brandy and Take the Money and Run.

I met Meihi at the Clyde Hotel in Wairoa while he was on a five week promotional tour of the North Island.

Born in Katikati Meihi received the nickname "Bunny" from his mother, because when he was a baby he used to "sniff kai, before eating it". His family has a musical background. Meihi admits that "Mum and God" taught him how to sing.

His talent is not only with his voice, but also with a bass guitar which he learned at "parties".

He first started his singing career at high school where he entered numerous talent quests. Later joined up with his older brothers to form a band in Rotoroua.

His manager at the time thought it would be good training for him if he took up opera singing. "It was a good experience for me", he said, but he feels it comes better when you're "singing from the heart".

He finds writing his own music "very frustrating" because of the tight competition.

"There is a lot of pressure upon the entertainer," said Meihi. Not only from managers, but also from the public.

"With age you improve," he said. This helps overcome such problems as a small amount of people turning up for performances, the occasional drunk who wishes to become a singer and also the pressure of searching for a hit record.

In 1968 Meihi "cracked it overnight" but unfortunately he slipped out of the public eye for some years.

He lived in Australia for a year playing in nightclubs and hotels. Being a solo father with three girls — 11 year old Sheree, eight year old Lauren and six year old Hailey, Meihi misses contact with his childen while touring because he is away for some weeks on each promotional tour.

Meihi enjoys meeting people and admits that he would like to spend more time in some places so he can visit relatives but he says lack of transport prevents him from getting out.

During his two hour performance Meihi made a tribute with a song to Abe Phillips and Tui Teka. Also current songs and rock 'n roll songs can be heard.

In between promotional tours Meihi combined with Ann Crummer to produce a television advertisement jingle — We are one.

"It was a thrill to sing it with Ann and to sing it in the Fowler Centre," he said.

Meihi hopes to travel to the United States in the next three years to try the entertainment business there.

Also on a promotional tour with Meihi were the Yandall Sisters, Mary, Pauline and Adele; all under the watchful eye of promoter Mary Heremaia.

Me te atawhai o te Atua ki a koutou katoa.

The dominance of the english language in Europe was also seen by Rowley as astounding. He saw it as a good thing that unified people of differing cultures, and enabled communication of thoughts and ideas. He said where english wasn't known, he always had the impression that some of the essential thoughts were getting lost in the sign language or the translation.

So for him it was a shock to return to a country professing to be Aotearoa, where moves were being made to put maori language on an equal par with english. His thoughts are that the Maori should look and re-examine if this is the way to go. Could it be another thing that divides us? He said overseas it was brought home to him how complicated it is for two cultures not to be able to communicate with each other.

Rowley Habib said there is confusion amongst some Maori regarding culture. He said some young Maori writers have come to him asking for advice on how they can write in the maori language. He said they can't speak maori so he sees that as the end of the discussion. Rowley, himself of Maori and Arabic parents, said following this line he should be perhaps writing in Arabic to properly express himself.

He said whilst overseas he found it enlightening coming from the idea that english was something foisted upon him, to the knowledge that english was a desirable language for many people of the world. He said once it was discovered that he could speak english, many Europeans wanted to practise their english on him.

It may be ironic that a play, The Gathering, written in 1979 by Rowley, is now being used in the struggle to revive the maori language. Rowley said the play looks at a family brought up in the city with a Maori mother. When she dies, her Maori people want to take her home for the tangihanga. Her children however don't relate to this as they had envisaged a small parlour funeral. The playwright however saw the potential conflict in such a situation from his own life, and knew it would make a good drama. His ideas now are that a language has to be pertinent and vital, and that if it remains static, it dies.

You get the sense from talking to Rowley that he too wants his writing craft to be pertinent and vital. He said he sees things from a wider perspective now although he feels he had been in a vacuum whilst overseas. That was why he needed to walk the land upon his return.

When asked how he felt his earthing himself in this way helped him to readjust to Aotearoa, he said he was conscious of the boat we are in, rocking violently.

"It's a rough time to be a buffer generation and we must learn to handle it."

Kupu whakamihi

Te Aniwa Hona — collating te Tai Tokerau

Whakapapa = the essence of Maori life. Not only names of our tupuna, but a collection of their life stories. I nga ra o mua, such information was handed down to the 'chosen ones' from our tupuna. And it was up to these people to hand it down to the next generation. But things haven't gone according to that plan. Our old people are getting more dubious to talk to this confused generation. So when they die, they take all that valuable knowledge with them.

Consequently, the rangatahi seek out literature — hoping to quench their thirst with this knowledge. But, of Tai Tokerau, there is little in the literature line. Ngapuhi is renowned for holding back. The knowledge that was so freely given in the days of our tupuna, is being held — and no one knows exactly where to go and get it.

Just when you thought it was safe to walk on the streets again, Te Aniwa Bosch appears.

She's been hiding in Tai Tokerau since she retired from teaching in 1982. You might as well ask what is she doing up here in the wops. And one thing's for sure, it's something that only Ani would attempt.

Te Aniwa Hona is collating all of te Tai Tokerau taonga. She will be working under her maori and maiden name to carry out this suicidal feat. By taonga Ani means 'everything'. Not just whakapapa and waiata, she means the works. Every type of waiata there ever was and is in Tai Tokerau, every single explanation there possibly could be — no stone will be left unturned.

But why? That famous fast mouth answers before I even finish:

"I believe it is imperative that our rangatahi, my children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, be allowed free access to their taonga — as of right."

Ani says that she has always wanted to do something like this, but she's just been sitting back, waiting.

"I suppose I've been waiting for someone with more experience to do it, someone ... male."

But that someone hasn't turned up, and Ani feels that the need is getting more urgent.

"The younger generation is screaming out for this knowledge, and I intend to get it."

Ani is well aware of what is ahead. Being comparatively young and female are two things she can't hide. And she has many fears: fear of being inadequate, fear of trampling, fear of ruining her own reputation. Walking in to a job with these kinds of knockbacks before she's even started shows how crazy she is. She admits it, but "if I don't do it, who will?"

Ani already has a collection of tapes all filled with waiata, tauparapara, korero, whakatauki, haka and poi, from every corner of Aotearoa. She started taping when she was about 16 years old, and is now at the stage where she never travels without her tape recorder.

Although her first language is maori, Ani was disappointed to move so far away from Te Aupouri and Te Rarawa to realise the importance of Tai Tokerau taonga.

"I went to Victoria University, and learnt the kawa of the marae under the auspices of Ngati Porou, and I am very grateful for that. My daughter went to Waikato University and learnt all their kawa, and that's great. But why must we, the people of Tai Tokerau, move away to learn about te tikanga o te marae? We have so much here, the resources, the people, the land. But we have to re-utilise them all, before everything is lost."

She sits there, looking tired already. She hasn't even started on the ground work yet. Then, just when she looked like she was going to flake out, a burst of energy takes over.

"I've got to do this because of the demands you young people are putting on us. You're getting impatient. The only thing is, I can only be as effective as the iwi will use me. If they open up to me, you will learn a great deal. But if there are barriers, then there won't be much of anything. I am a traditionalist. I believe in the spirituality of our taonga."

But even after talking to her for over an hour, I still couldn't understand how she could go out into different hapu, and get their pieces of information to make her collection. I mean, the thing about collecting these kinds of things is that they're all very personal. So, how could she pry into someone's life, background and future?

Well, here's one for the record, Te Aniwa Bosch could not answer. But it left her with something to think about.

A trip to wonderland

Finding peace and quiet is a journey well worth taking.

The following article expresses the satisfaction experienced by a middle-aged Maori woman in attending the hui for shareholders and beneficiaries of Morikaunui Incorporation and Atihau Whanganui Trust at Hiruharama (Te Arero Patete) a Maori settlement on the banks of the Whanganui River.

Yes I am finally going on that road I have heard much about, and read about. A road I have seen from a distance, winding its way down to where and what.

So come with me my readers, take a seat, adjust your pillow and away we go.

Leaving town Friday at 4p.m. we travel southwards, then on reaching Raetihi we branch off to our right and travel this narrow metal road which leads and curls its way downwards passing green farmlands, scrub, gorse and yes it's never-ending pines, growing row by row.

You have guessed right my readers, we are on our way to Pipiriki and onwards still to Jerusalem.

Further and further we venture - Bumpity bump and round and round, Oh boy! just as well I bypassed lunch today, it's a long way from anywhere. Where the heck is that sign post pointing off to?

Down down, round round, oh what beauty, even the dreary numerous pungas, the patches of tee-trees, patches of gorse stand out in a beauty of their own. Here, Hunters Paradise I believe, pigs, goats, oppossums, deer must surely abound.

Pipiriki — 11 km — Go slow driver please, my eyes have spotted a works truck heading this way, easy now you can't come over much more, that's it Whew!

Here's a house and another, who the heck wants to live down here in the never-never. Here was a house cause there's a chimney, there's a front gate too. Is that an old green-gage plum tree I wonder? "What's that up on the hill" believe it or not, it's a shop. Is that the river we left behind in Taumarunui? Is that the Wanganui? Is that the same old dirty-grey looking river we see every day?

The answer echoes back, "Oh yes, no longer the same, but look long and hard and view me in my beauty beauty, all my own I have down here — where I belong".

And so my readers we enter the grounds of Wonderland. Here you see the old steamboat, old relics of the past, the same old front wooden picket fence, and iron gate of the now gone hotel. The concrete steps leading up. Steps that no longer feel the touch of the skirts of women's fashions of yesteryears, but the likes of you and I, today intruders in our ghastly blue jeans, and slopping tops, dare to tread the same.

Yes! ones imagination gets out of order, I believe I could see the beautiful gardens and the flowering cherries. Hear the toot toot or would it be a high shrill whistle of the steamboat. "All aboard please for Taumarunui".

Is that another sign post pointing its way down? down to where? into the Wanganui I suppose, and so we leave Pipiriki. Oh lovely we are climbing up, surely the road is not narrowing, how much narrower can it get?

You look this way, you look that way, you look across, you look up you look down, and what do you see, nothing but beauty beauty all around.

Oh father in heaven, you who made, you who gave, let it never change. Are we still going round and round? Yes so what. How fortunate am I to see all this from up here for once upon a time you only travelled away down there on the Wanganui River, and here my readers is where the darkness overtakes us. But never to mind let's journey into Jerusalem. Are you comfortable readers? make yourselves so and lets venture forward.

Yes I know there's a river on my right, I know there's steep hills and bush surrounding me, so surely thats not street lights I see up ahead. Well, bless me! they sure are. Jerusalem we have arrived, it is now 8p.m and buses have arrived also from Wanganui. For you see, we are all here for a gathering of the clan - I suppose you would call it in pakeha. We are called onto the marae, two hundred or so, welcome by the home people of Jerusalem, and taken into tea. Straight into business till midnight. Boy! these people don't waste much time.

After settling us down for the night on different marae along the Wanganui river, but close by to Jerusalem, we are told breakfast at 7.30a.m sleep well and god bless. Lights out please, it's now gone past midnight. Oh hurry up daytime — T-weet-T-whoo what's that? it's only the cry of the night owl. Where's the ladies? oh no! not right across the other side of the marae, why did that koro tell those spooky tales at tea-time? that's right, not to frighten but to treat these grounds with respect. Surely I know all that, but shall I take a walnut from the tree out the front? they are as big as a saucer, I could see by the light of the wharepuni. Better not.

Oh hurry up day-light. Do you know that everyone here is your river relation, even the pakeha looking ones, yes the old people say you are all the one bone. Does that sound right? I wonder what I will see in the morning. Gee whiss, who's that snoring? hope I don't snore. Looks like a full day ahead tomorrow.

Breakfast at 7.30a.m and half an hour free, business at 9-12, Lunch at 12-1, 1 to 4p.m Tour and home for scrub-up. Tea at 6p.m business 7p.m-12a.m Sleep time again, someone's awakening at the top end of the wharepuni — I think. "Can you tell me the time please?" time to sleep is the reply. Huh! grumpy relation that one. Is that someone crawling out on all fours towards the door? Oh hurry now hurry "excuse me are you off to the ladies? Oh thank you" that was a relief and where have you come from says I. I come from Christchurch says my new found relative. Isn't it warm says I. It's my very first time here, my South Island bone tells me, and mine too I say. Nearly daytime 4.30a.m.

Good night — good night.

Good morning — good morning 6a.m all up please, take your showers, make your beds — breakfast in 1 hour. Hurry, hurry quick quick out you go, oh to see and behold the beauty of this little village set against the green trees of our native bush. A picture of splendour never to be forgotten by one so fortunate to see. Natural landscape, quaint old time cottages, dotted here and there on the hillside amongst the old time fruit trees, all laden to their fullest, pears, apples, chestnuts, walnuts, lemons and grapefruits. Fruit trees long time gone to you and I outside of Wonderland, and on the very top, what do I see? it's the church of the village, stan-

ding aloof, so tall and high above all others, surely no-one but his "Majesty" rules within.

Let the bell ring out — ding dong ding dong, must echo right up the village and all the way down the river. I wonder if the donging of the bells brings forth the tuis, the owls, the wood-pigeons, the kiwis from the bushes and trees around. I can see a track leading up, I'll change and stroll on up. There goes a canoe paddling down the Wanganui. A red canoe, a blue life jacket the greenstone-Wanganui, pearl-grey river banks, the green pungas reaching to the rivers edge and a fairy-tale village behind me. How full can one get. Who wants breakfast after all this. Like an apple and I like a pear though. Did the old chap mean not to tahae I wonder? I am sure that apple will taste heavenly — better not. Joves it's a fair step up here, lets rest a while, some kind relation built a seat — keep fit jogger — not I.

1,2,3,4, four jet boats swishing past, probably reach the big smoke in next to no time.

Lets walk on up, puff puff, cough cough, blow blow, made it. I am the only person this morning on the highest ground in Jerusalem. Must walk gently and softly in. Sit awhile and rest my racing heart, the excitement has been a wee bit much. But so very worth the while, for tomorrow we head homewards and this will be a memory. Yet this moment now I am at home as close to home as we mortals can reach to one who reigns here within His Majesty, Lord of lords and King of all Kings.

And so my readers, thank you for your company, I do so hope you have enjoyed your trip, perhaps we will meet again on yet another journey. "Bet you can guess who will be first to sleep tonight."

M. Pihama
RD 4
Taumarunui

Poroporaki

Paki Connelly

Whanarua Bay, on the East Coast, has lost one of its most priceless jewels. To be sure, the sun and sea will still outsparkle the brightest diamonds and sapphires. And come Christmas, the crimson pohutukawa blooms will once more carpet the coastline like clusters of giant rubies.

But never again will the passing public be dazzled by that gem of an old lady, Mrs Paki Connelly.

Paki died recently, a week before her 85th birthday. Widowed 30 years ago, she had no children. But Paki had friends... hundreds of them... all over the country. All over the world. And though she will be sadly missed, she leaves behind a lot of people who are the richer for having met her.

For to meet Paki for the first time was to stumble across a rare and exotic bloom in a wilderness of weeds. For a start, you had to venture off the beaten track to find her. Just past the Whanarua Bay Tearooms an old painted fridge... Paki's mail box... marked the spot where a pot-holed and dusty driveway lured you off the main highway. You bumped and bounced your way to the top of a cliff overlooking the bay.

The view was breathtaking. But it was only the aperitif. There, pottering in her garden outside a small, two-roomed shack... an old Maori lady. Paki Connelly. Dressed rather like a mobile jumble sale, her spectacles patched up with pieces of sticking plaster, her hearing-aid invariably on the blink. Small wonder she was sometimes referred to by those who knew no better as "the old hermit lady".

But though she lived alone, Paki loved company, and the minute she opened her mouth, her arms and her heart to welcome you... you were completely captivated. Not just by her overwhelming hospitality... a pot of tea and giant-sized pikelets in her humble abode, seated amongst her twenty or more much-loved cats. Not just by her youthful zest for life and her merry, twinkling eyes. More, much more than that. She was like a conundrum.

How could a woman who lived such an isolated existence; who'd never travelled overseas; never been to university; who was short-sighted and hard of hearing... how could such a woman know so much? About so many things? How could she speak so eloquently and informatively on such a wealth of topics? How could such an old, old lady be so sharp-witted, so quick with her repartee? Her vision and hearing might have been impaired but her mind was like quicksilver.

In her cosy kitchen-come-diningroom-come-lounge, paintings, photographs and sketches adorned the walls. In the other room, above her bed, shelves crammed with books. Large, literary tomes. She quoted Shakespeare, philosophers, poets and politicians. She was deeply interested in spiritualism. And human psychology.

She kept a visitors' book, not just as a record of the many hundreds of people she'd met over the years, but so that later she could pore over their handwriting with a magnifying glass, indulging her passion for graphology.

Spellbound overseas visitors who'd chanced upon her years before still remembered and wrote to her. She kept all their letters, and answered them too, eloquently, in her copperplate handwriting.

Hungry hitch-hikers had gratefully demolished plates-full of Paki's pikelets, as well as the rich and famous. It didn't matter who you were... Paki was a great leveller. But what were her origins?

Well, she was born at a tiny place called Tuparoa, near Ruatoria, further round the Coast at the turn of the century. Her mother was Maori, her father Scottish. She reckoned she was like a good whisky... a perfect blend.

Paki attended primary school locally but she completed her education at the Remuera Ladies' College in Auckland. An establishment, where, she said, "young girls were taught the social graces". Pause. Wicked laugh. "But they never made a lady out of me," she'd add triumphantly.

If they didn't, well, someone did. Because Paki was every inch a lady. A very charming cultured, caring, captivating lady at that. She'd lived at Whanarua Bay for more than 40 years when she died. Her late husband, Tony, had been a fisherman, and Paki used to sell crayfish by the sack-full back in the good old days.

Despite her obvious contentment, you couldn't help but wonder what she might have achieved had her circumstances been different.

Somehow it seemed such a waste... Then again, perhaps not, perhaps Paki was the perfect ambassadress, not just for New Zealand, but for the whole human race. A philosopher and a philanthropist, she embraced the world with open arms. Always ready to share her meagre meals and her wealth of wisdom.

She confessed she'd never stopped missing her husband, but she never wallowed in self-pity. Whenever she felt a little down, she'd get out and weed her garden. Feel the dirt beneath her fingers. Soil, she said, was one of nature's best healers. She loved her garden with its panoramic view. This was Paki's place. This was where she wanted to be laid to rest when her time came... in a plot overlooking her beloved bay. Her wish has been respected.

How does the planning process affect Maori land use?

The recent claim to the Waitangi Tribunal regarding the Manukau Harbour lands has pointed to an inadequate planning process amongst other things.

One recommendation asked that the Crown be bound by planning procedures just like the private citizen so that bureaucratic sidestepping of the laws could not continue.

However one of the few Maori planners, George Asher, believes this is not the way to go about righting the past or the future.

He says it is both naive and unreasonable to expect the Crown to be bound by laws under all circumstances. He says the Crown needs to be flexible to adapt to changing conditions, if it is bound by law it would also be necessary to be able to legislate its way out.

That's not to say the Crown isn't guided by existing policy, just that binding the Crown by legislation to certain commitments is not the long-term answer.

George says there must be prerequisites to ensuring that Maori values are part of the process and consideration of policy commitments.

He's more confident of these checks looking after Maori interests in the future than he is of trying to redress the past.

One thing he's grateful to such claims as the Manukau one is that it puts on the record the irrefutable evidence of the legacy of lack of consultation and ignorance of a Maori perspective in planning and resource administration today.

"We're saying it's influenced our circumstances now and we don't want it to happen again. We want the system to be accountable."

George says there is a total unawareness today in some major decision makers of this country and the recommendations of the Waitangi Tribunal aren't sought out by them. He says the information must be put through the formal process, in the training of town planners, administrators, managers and those who will make decisions about our lifestyle and environment.

George Asher says it's like a question put to him by a koroua at a hui in Taumarunui. He wanted to know how

to get through all the red tape surrounding planning procedures.

George says Maoris take a take to the system and it usually won't listen, until we give a complete history lesson and then it may listen.

"We're filling in the inadequacies of the education training system and we're expected to do this in five minutes before the door closes. On top of that we're often charged for it, in the way of legal fees."

It's still early days in planning in New Zealand according to George who's spent five years in situations where it's been possible to assess tne country's Maori perspective in planning. He says since his recent move from the NZ Planning Council to the Department of Maori Affairs, the Ministry of Works (a major planning body) has made some new appointments and requirements regarding a Maori perspective for its staff.

"But it's a superficial high in terms of Maori values that the country is seeing," says George, reflected in the bandying about of such words as 'multicultural' and 'equal opportunity'.

"I was recently at Motunui and one of the aunties at the marae told me they couldn't offer me any local mussels because the beds were polluted. Now the case the Atiawa people took to the Waitangi Tribunal was meant to have resolved that."

And George says at the same time as the Maori people talk of continuing abuses, the planning people laud the heightened awareness brought about by the Waitangi Tribunal hearing.

They point to the great publicity that Atiawa and Aila Taylor received and equate that with great progress says George. They forget that it was because of ignorance on their part that the hearing took place at Maori expense.

George says Motunui is a good example of how the planning process works. The energy plant is expected to comply with the conditions set down, just like an ordinary citizen.

"But if in future there is a greater energy demand then in simple terms we rezone to enable sufficient supply of useable land to meet that demand."

George says this then opens it all up again to objections and those who know how to use the planning process best.

Pakiwaitara

The Old Net

by Rayma Ritchie

The news of the arrival of the great white bird reached them as they were deliberating.

"It has happened as you saw it, Matakite, the bird has reached our shores bringing with it upheaval in our land. The first bird flew from us but this one will not go away. It is time to act."

"That is easy to say, Inaianei, but we must not be hasty. Many birds are lost because the hunter strikes before the time is right. We must consider the paths open to us."

"There is nothing in our past to help us," said Muanga. "I see the first white bird. It touched our shores, drank and departed. Our ancestors came, used the land but followed the sacred rites to protect our food supplies."

"The tapu will be broken," said Matakite. "Our people will change. I see and what I see will happen." He shook his head sorrowfully and the red feathers in his topknot fluttered. "We cannot change the future, perhaps we can delay it. Perhaps the delay will make the transition easier for our people. The seasons change, the Karaka berries ripen. If we treat them correctly, the food sustains us; if the traditional method is not used we die."

"You are right, Matakite" said Muanga. "We came to this land, and peacefully swallowed the first walkers of our forests. They became blood of our blood. In time that will happen to us. Is that what you see?"

"That must not happen," said Inaianei, agitated. "We are the people of the land, we walk tall in the forests, we fish rightfully in the lakes and sea. No great white bird and its offspring should drive us from our land. We are the land."

"In the past," said Muanga "we learnt from the land by making mistakes in its use. Perhaps these fledglings will work the same way."

"Will they listen to us, will they learn quickly the sacred way?"

"They will bring strange ways," said Matakite.

"Some of our people will be blinded by the attractive glitter of their possessions and evil will be done because of that. I see great wounds in our land, I hear the ugly sound of death and destruction. But some of us will learn great things from the strangers and together, we and they, will try to build one good house. They too will become blood of our blood.

"But not today, not here and now," pleaded Inaianei. "Can you say that the time is right?"

"I cannot say that" said Muranga.

"Today the difference between us is like rifleman and moa. There is a great deal of instruction to be done; new sacred ways must be formulated, long years of instruction are ahead.

"But we have not time," said Inaianei, impatiently. "They are here now, swarming on our shores and Matakite has told us there are many more to come. Somehow we must delay the contact."

"Because of the lessons of the past, I agree" said Muranga.

"Because of what I see in the future, I agree," said Matakite.

"We must think," said Inaianei. The silence was profound and lasted for many days so that the people in the villages looking to the cave in the hills and seeing no sign of life felt deserted, desolate and totally afraid.

"Our mana has gone and we are nothing," they cried.

Until finally one beautiful spring day when a bright warm sun was drying out the winter-damp houses, Muanga, Inaianei and Matakite felt resolution stir.

"I have decided" they each said.

Then Muanga spoke first because of his honoured position. "We will hide our land."

"We will conceal it from the strange white birds."

"We will deceive them until the time is right," said Matakite.

"But how?" all said and they deliberated each with his own thoughts for more anxious days.

"We could sink the land but our people would suffer. The forests, the swamps the fields would be gone and only the hilltops remain."

"We could pour fire on the land so it would no longer be desirable but our people would be destroyed.

"We could cast the net of Maui over it," said Matakite, slowly, "so the land would be concealed from the sight of strangers, but the people would be protected.

"That is the answer," said Muanga and Inaianei, admiring and excited.

And so it was done.

Far out in the oceans at that time, the sailing ships whalers, sealers and explorers were pommeled by surging seas, inexplicably. Scientists struggled with the problem but could find no answer.

Later, explorers searching for Captain Cook's New Zealand could find no trace of the islands he had described and finally agreed that his charts were false.

However, ships venturing into the South Pacific would give a wide berth to a certain restless area of that ocean. There were strange movements of the water, dangerous whirlpools and incomprehensible areas of suction. It was weird and frightening but many lived to tell about the area because those who ventured in were always pushed to the safety of smoother waters at the edges of the maelstrom. But that in itself was terrifying so for many years no ships would sail there and indeed there was nothing to encourage them to do so.

Later still, planes flying from Australia to the Antarctic did not venture near those latitudes because of reporters from adventurous aviators.

"A turbulence which cannot be explained, strange lights and buffeting winds. Apparently not dangerous but unnerving nevertheless."

But this could not go on forever. One day Muanga, Inaianei and Matakite met because the time was right.

"It seems to me," said Muanga, "that our people are now prepared. We have given them examples from the past, we have incorporated new traditions in our basket based on what we have learnt from other lands."

"We have prepared them for the present by introducing new methods of food production on a much larger scale. We have shown them uses for the children of Tane and we have illustrated many strange ways the rocks under the land can be used."

"We have introduced them to the way of life in the large towns I have seen. We have described and instructed them."

"We, and they are ready" said Inaianei.

"Have we left anything undone?" asked Muanga.

"I fear that we are perhaps not quite ready," said Matakite. "But I have a greater fear. The net of Maui has given us great service but I see small weaknesses in it. One hole could take us unawares. The net must be hauled in."

And so it was done.

A lone pilot on a round-the-world trip flew carelessly too far south and was astonished to find stretched below him on a silver sea, a beautiful island with a much-indented coastline.

His report led to world-wide interest and amazement. Scientists who love to explain could find no explanation and were for a time suitably humbled.

The rush began and it was not long before the cities Matakite had seen were standing on the shores of the loveliest harbours. Roads covered the land like tentacles of hundreds of octopi. Houses went up on the land, mines and tunnels were pushed into the earth; waterways were dammed, diverted and drained. The forests were forced back with great speed and vigour.

The new ways for which the people of the land had been so carefully prepared arrived swiftly and ruthlessly. The preparation did not make it any easier for them to accept the new life.

And Muanga, Inaianei and Matakite knew that they had failed.

"We were wrong," they said. "With the best of intentions we chose the wrong way. Our people were strong then, now they feel overwhelmed by the speed of things changed.

"I feel weak" said Muanga.

"My voice is going" said Inaianei.

"I cannot see the path ahead" said Matakite.

Sighing as they faded into the night the three swept past the city out to sea, and the lights dimmed a little as they passed.

The old people left behind in the strange new world shivered and sighed, "The power has gone from our people, our mana has gone," they said. "But we will survive because the blood of our blood is in the new life."

But the young people disagreed. "Our power is gone because our traditions have gone. Our blood is our own. We are different and separate" they shouted resentfully.

And there was sorrow and anger in the land.

Te Pakanga O Nga Maunga na Te Hapua Maori School

Kei te taha puawanga o Te Awamutu, he maunga e tu ana, a ko Kakepuku te ingoa. Na te tohunga o te Tainui na Rakataura, tenei maunga i whakaingoa.

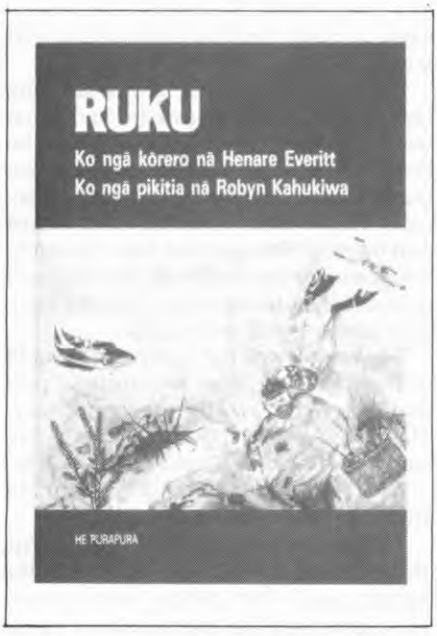
E karangahia ana, i haere mai te maunga nei i te tonga ki te rapu i tana matua. I te taenga ki nga mania i Waipu, ka kite a ia i tetahi maunga wahine ko Kawa te ingoa, katahi ka uru te aroha me te hiahia ki roto i a ia mo Kawa.

E rua ano hoki nga maunga i reira ko Puketarata me Karewa, a na runga i to raua hiahia ki a Kawa, kino ana raua ki a Kakepuku. I to raua kitenga i te hiahia o Kawa mo a Kakepuku ka mea raua ki te patu i a Kakepuku. I te kakaritanga, kaore i roa, hinga ana a Puketarata, engari a Karewa, tino kaha tana whawhai.

Haruru ana te whenua wiriwiri ana te rangi i te mahi whiu kohatu wera me te wai wera a nga maunga nei ki a raua ano. (I enei wa e kitea ana nga kohatu nei i era takiwa.)

Te mutunga iho i riro te wikitoria i a Kakepuku oma atu ana a Karewa ki te taha uru i tena po katoa a no te whitinga ano o te ra i te ata i mutu ai te oma. I te mutunga o te oma tau ana a ia a ko te wahi i tau ai kei waho o Kawhia a ko tona ingoa pakeha ko Gannet Island.

Whiwhi ana Kakepuku i a Kawa, a ahakoa e haere ana te rerewai a te pakeha i waenganui i a raua, kei te kotahi tonu raua.



He purapura series. Te Tereina, Te Tamaiti i Rere, He Kuri, Ruku.

Various authors. Government Printer, (previously Dept of Ed.) $2.95

These four children's picture books have been re-released under the Government Printer with a further nine to be published in the next year. He Kuri was reviewed in a previous Tu Tangata. Te Tereina has text by Hirini Melbourne and pictures by Dick Frizzell. It beautifully captures in word and sound the rhythm of the train, "pako pako, patu patu", as it steams into town. Its great strength is the crispness of the wordsong, and the warmth of the illustrations.

Te Tamaiti i Rere also by Hirini, with pictures by Christine Ross, is the dream of a young boy as he rushes over a waterfall in his waka, "here horowai, ripi wai kohurihuri, he ia teretere, kia haere tere ai". And then taking to the sky, "piki runga, piki ake, ki te rangi e".

Ruku, by Henare Everitt, with pictures by Robyn Kahukiwa, is a diving tale of two friends, with enough reptition, "rukuhia he kina, rukuhia he paua, rukuhia he pipi, rukuhia he koura, ka pai te ruku kai-moana," to carry the sound to the ear of the reader. And it ends with a warning to be careful whilst diving.

The books are aimed at different levels of maori language competency, with He Kuri being most simple and effective with youngsters. Te Tereina relies on the action of the train to convey its message, while Ruku uses simple action phrases in repetition to complete the picture. Te Tamaiti uses poetic licence and arrangement of words to express the action and is more advanced in word usage.

BEING PAKEHA: An Encounter With New Zealand and the Maori Renaissance

Author *Michael King*
256pp, 100 b & w photos, cased, $24.95
ISBN 0 340 387750 trade pbk, $18.95
ISBN 0 340 382112

The following text is abstracted from the introduction of the book.

A View From the High Ground

To be Pakeha in the 1940s and 1950s was to enjoy a way of life that changed beyond recognition in the succeeding decades. At the outset, for almost all of us, Britain was Home, the centre of an Empire of which our country was the most far-flung Dominion. The visit of the reigning monarch was one of the highlights of our primary school years. 'Girls were girls and men were men', in the words of the popular song, and each sex was allocated a set of pre-determined roles. Families were nuclear: mother and father (married), with three or four children. Inflation and demonstrations were things that happened abroad or in history. Criminals seemed a remote class, and neighbours were invariably of European descent and Christian.

Unless you were Maori, it was possible and forgivable in the forties to view New Zealand as a single-culture society. The country's major institutions were based on European models, the systems of government and law derived from Britain, the dominant values were post-industrial revolution, Western and Christian. Most New Zealanders accepted this package without question, and new immigrants, such as displaced Continental Europeans, were expected to conform to it. So were Maori when they moved out of their rural enclaves into the nation's towns. Suspicion and hostility fell upon those who behaved differently or spoke any language other than English. New Zealand's xenophobia was intensified by the fact that the country lacked borders with any other.

Nobody could be said to be responsible for the social pattern: like all forceful cultures, it simply carried individuals and communities along like a river. The factors which might have disturbed its course lay upstream. The European colonists' crimes against the Maori — the wars of the 1840s and 1860s, the major land grabs, the setting up of institutions designed to limit or annihilate the practice of Polynesian values in New Zealand — most of these had occurred in the nineteenth century. In the twentieth, Maori and Pakeha had lived by and large in separate parts of the country, segregated geographically and socially. When Maori did come to the cities they tended to behave like Pakeha. They were only embraced by Pakeha New Zealand when they became All Blacks, and (in times of crisis) soldiers.

The pattern changed drastically after World War Two, however. A trickle of Maori migrants to the towns and cities in search of work and opportunities for material betterment became a stream, and the stream a torrent. For the first time in New Zealand since the nineteenth century, the country's two major cultural traditions collided and generated the white water of confusion and hostility. Nobody was prepared for this outcome. Maori experienced discrimination in accommodation, employment and hotel bars. They were confronted by a world that was aggressively European in orientation at the very time that they had severed bonds with many of the sources of their own culture — traditional marae, hapu and extended families. Many of them became marginal people, weakened both by what they had relinquished and by what confronted them. They were soon disproportionately represented in the ranks of convicted criminals, problem drinkers and (when the economy slumped) the unemployed. All this led civic planners and back-fence gossipers to eventually recognise and discuss what they regarded as 'the Maori problem'. It must have been a Maori one, they assumed, because it had not been apparent until the Maori became urban; it was they who had altered the status quo, not the Pakeha.

Most Maori who succeeded in Pakeha-defined New Zealand in the post-war years (and there were many) were prepared to diminish or submerge their Maoriness. They learnt to play Pakeha games according to Pakeha rules. They were congratulated for so doing by Pakeha compatriots who spoke with pride about the adaptability of 'our Maoris'. In popular idiom, it was a high compliment to speak of Maori who were good mixers among Pakeha as 'real white men'. The groundwork for such behaviour had been laid by the Maori parliamentarians, Maui Pomare ('there is no option but to become Pakeha') and Peter Buck. Those who remained Maori in the towns and cities, and risked opprobrium for doing so, followed other early models — Apirana Ngata and Tau Henare, for example, in whose company Pakeha political colleagues generally felt uncomfortable, believing those men had chips on their shoulders because they emphasised injustices and lack of Pakeha sensitivity to Maori feelings and needs.

But the saddest group — and the most vulnerable — were the children of

Maori urban migrants who felt neither Maori nor Pakeha, and who were accepted as neither. It was members of this group who, in their insecurity, had most difficulty coping with family life, with city life, with a largely unsympathetic Pakeha bureaucracy; and it was this group that swelled the ranks of Maori school drop-outs, convicts, psychiatric patients and gangs. And — in another manifestation of discontent — it was other members of the same group who first led the fight to recover and revalidate Maori identity in New Zealand and to put down specifically Maori cultural roots in the Pakeha-oriented towns and cities. They did this especially by establishing supra-tribal Maori organisations and urban marae. They eventually carried the majority of Maori opinion with them to the point where, in the 1980s, a Maori leader could say: 'Now we are eyeballing Pakehas: we want our share of the national life and resources'.

By the mid-1980s it was again possible — as it had been in the eighteenth century — to be Maori anywhere in New Zealand and to be assertive about and proud of that identity. A genuine cultural renaissance was under way in the towns and in the countryside. People who had suppressed Maori backgrounds, inclinations and values, now expressed them forcefully. Parents who had been brought up to speak only English began to learn the language of their ancestors and to ensure that their preschool children did so. In addition to the mushrooming of marae in the towns, those in rural areas were renovated and revived. Spokespersons for Maori interests began to force their way into the variety of bureaucracies that controlled New Zealand life, from the Auckland Regional Authority's planning committee to the New Zealand Historic Places Trust. There was, said Ranginui Walker, a revolution facing New Zealand in the 1980s. In any enterprise involving Maori, Maori demanded control. 'No longer are Maori leaders content to remain as silent partners in such matters', wrote Sidney Moko Mead. 'They expect to participate directly in the negotiations and they want to speak for themselves.... [This] is new. It is also exciting for the Maori people because it is evidence of the return and the rise of mana Maori....'

The return and rise of mana Maori had consequences for Pakeha as well as for Maori. For the first time since the mid-nineteenth century, it led to a widespread Pakeha awareness of Maori values and apsirations as being often separate and different from Pakeha ones. It impelled Pakeha to examine their consciences and their institutions to see if New Zealand was indeed, as many Maori alleged, a racist society. And it required adjustments in New Zealand life: a restructuring of institutions to accommodate Maori needs and values, and a preparedness to share decision making with people whose criteria were not Pakeha.

If the assertion of mana Maori was an accomplished fact by 1985, the process of Pakeha adjustment to it was not. This latter process had barely begun. And it was proceeding at different rates in different areas of the national life. The guardians of the education system were among the first to begin to make changes; guardians of the law among the last to even consider them. Some individual Pakeha responded by learning the Maori language and trying to equip themselves with Maori views of New Zealand experience and knowledge of Maori protocol. Others withdrew into their professional and suburban enclaves and resisted efforts to change their personal lifestyle or the national one; an outgoing Prime Minister said it was time to speak up for the superiority of British traditions in New Zealand — to recognise that Pakeha had contributed more to New Zealand life than Maori. It will be a long time before such divergent Pakeha responses will be reconciled. Meanwhile, cracks in the edifice of Pakeha racial and cultural superiority add to the momentum of the Maori cultural revival."

Being Pakeha does not set out to accuse or to allocate blame. It is a view from the high ground of the 1980s. Things apparent to us now were not visible in the 1940s and 1950s, even less so in the 1920s and 1930s; people cannot be blamed for what they did not know. They can, perhaps, be blamed for what they don't know today, if their ignorance of the nature and history of New Zealand society is wilful and results in a perpetuation of inequalities and injustice. The key to redressing imbalances and reconciling past misunderstandings is knowledge; and the first step towards knowledge is self-knowledge. No reira, kia ora tatou. Kia hora te marino, kia whaka papa pounamu te moana, kia tere te karohirohi. May calm be widespread, may the sea lie smooth as greenstone, may the warmth of summer fall upon us all.

Cast Two Shadows

Joan Rosier-Jones. Hodder & Stroughton. $17.95

It took me some days to put into words just what I experienced in Cast Two Shadows. Perhaps it was because I was vunerable to the main character and cried for her in her pain of growing up. And perhaps I haven't been moved for some time by a book and needed a kick inside.

I'm totally aware of the authors background and after reading this book, it matters little to me what degree of Maori ancestry she may or may not have. What does matter is her gripping tale of two sisters with a common Maori mother and a Chinese and a Dalmatian father respectively. The uncaring, irresponsible attitude of the mother Tui and her inability to cope with being a mother to her daughters is real.

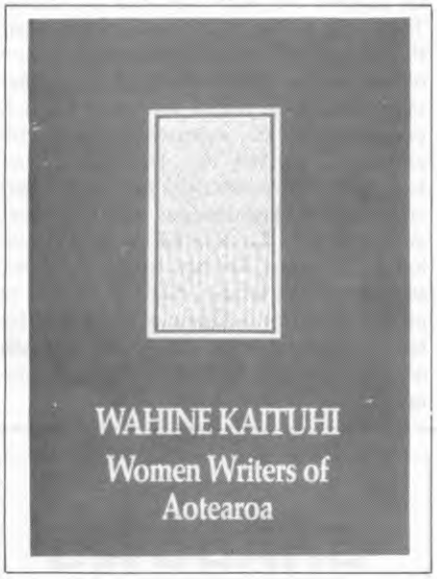
The tale is told through the eldest girl, Emma who remembers the few years before their mother was home, on and off with the Chinese father. Years of some schooling but mostly years of becoming street wise in looking after themselves. Times of taking Lily her younger sister to school and hiding her by the school gate so that she could sneak her a bottle of milk. Times of being befriended by the funny girl down the street and discovering real sheets on beds. And of being given a doll as a present.

And then getting used to mummy's boyfriends, and the welcome treats that would follow. This abruptly changes when the threesome go to live with the Chinese in-laws, who have little patience with the flippant mother. Hardwork soon replaces any room for feeling sorry for self.

But another change is due and the mother seeks an easier deal for herself with her Maori in-laws. The two girls get split up but the doll remains with Emma. Her life after this with her koro and kuia is like heaven but soon her hell returns. Cast Two Shadows also uses the technique of shooting forward to

the present day, where the now married Emma is confronted with those unhealed growing hurts. I believe today's generation of parents must, like Emma, heal their own growing hurts before they can understand why our society is faced with so much division and rebellion today.

At the end of the book Emma acknowledges this when she buries her doll at the foot of an English Oak tree, and so brings into wholeness her separated ancestry.



Wahine Kaituhi

Women Writers of Aotearoa. Spiral.

A catalogue of women writers with particular emphasis on Maori women. The three women of Spiral who put this catalogue together have done great work in gathering together some well-known and unknown writers. Some work in oral or visual presentation, and this catalogue is your introduction to them.

Each women was asked to supply some information about themselves. My pick would be Bub Bridger, Ngati Kahungunu.

"I'm 61 on the outside and about 25 on the inside. I've been married but I didn't like it. I have four children and I love them because I'm their mother."

At the end of the catalogue is an essay on Maori women's writing by Spiral's Miriama Evans. It's a tightly written summary of the blossoming of maori literature and the unique position of Maori women in it.

Hey Hey Hey

Barry Mitcalf. Coromandel Press. $12.50.

Barry Mitcalfe has long written about Maori people in fiction and non-fiction. With Hey Hey Hey he once again steps

into the racial twilight with a novel about Sefulu, a Samoan boy who's come to New Zealand to receive an education, palagi style. And here he meets up with the half-caste cousin, Winston who acts like the bad egg in the family. The palagi, David also becomes his friend, but only after Winston screws things up.

It's a story grown out of the Auckland experience of many polynesians, while the little insights into how Maori people are viewed by their pacific cousins. It's a world sometimes overlooked by the tangata whenua of the land, and Hey Hey Hey may provide some light on how it feels to be adrift in a foreign land. It's aimed at teenagers and I feel, a worthwhile look at the multi-racial side of our country.

Aotearoa

People were ecstatic — jumping around the dance floor, arms raised above their heads, all focussed on one group — Aotearoa.

It's not drugs or booze that made the audience behave like this, it was the music.

The nine-piece band, basically university students, related to this crowd through their reggae/soul sounds.

They performed this three night gig just after launching their new LP, Tihei Mauri Ora.

It's a predictable, but appropriate name for the group's first LP. Suspiciously radical and very pro-Maori. The seven tracked album is totally original. Only two of the tracks have english lyrics.

It features their single, 'Maranga Ake Ai' and flip-side 'Haruru Mai'.

The title track, Tihei Mauri Ora, lends flavour to the whole record. If you don't get the message in this song, then it's likely you won't understand the whole record.

It's awakening, refreshing, soothing, then bang! You're jolted back to the present with a tirade of politics. It's not as unpleasant as it seems, but I wish I had known what was coming up next so I could turn the volume down a bit.

But it seemed the audience did know what was going to happen next — and they loved it. And off the record, I didn't mind it too much either. But then, I was prepared this time.

The audience reflected the mood of the group's message. They were young and very politically aware it seemed, of what is happening. In a sense, the whole performance was a celebration.

The group and the audience have indirectly supported each other through the struggles of 1985. Starting from speaking rights on the marae, the Springbok tour protest, to the final straw of justifying why Maori should be made an official language. All this, combined with the National Youth Council hui and the re-election of Maori Vice-Presidents to the New Zealand University Student's Association contributed to the buzzing scene of the performance.

Besides singing their latest tracks off the record, Aotearoa paid tribute to a couple of Herbs and Dread, Beat and Blood songs. That dimmed some of the political atmosphere — but not much, because their next song was a salute to the Kanak people in their struggle with the French in Noumea.

The audience was really receptive to all of this, and Aotearoa fed them more. By the end of the night, everyone was satiated with good sounds and the message that all will be right in this world — one day.

The Ordination

By Gayle Patuwai

On September 7th, 1985 two young men; Anthony Patrick Peter Chanel Brown, and Hamilton Nguha Patuwai-Huirama, were ordained priests of the Catholic Church.

I attended this celebration.

Over the years I have been associated with the family of one of these young men. I have shared, do now share much with this family. I do not share their faith, however, what we believe in, what we are taught, what we know, must at times move aside, for what we feel....

A little boy plays alone. He plays in the dirt. He wears shorts. They have holes in the seat. Bare skin shows through. The legs are frayed, not worth wearing really, nothing would be better especially in this heat, but that would be indecent and uncivilised.

He draws in the dirt with a stick. His toy. His game. The dust stirs, disturbed at its rest as the stick makes shallow grooves, creating little sticklike figures. The dust settles over his rude drawings. A wipe of the hand and the stick figures disappear. The little boy squats in the dirt and watches the older children.

They work.

They must work. The kumara must be stored; properly. Winter meals to come depend on it. He thinks about the evening meal. It will be a good one. Some of the kumara are lying to one side. They cannot be stored with the others. They are damaged and could ruin the whole harvest. So, tonight's meal will be these kumara and fresh watercress, of course fresh kumara isn't as good as the older ones, not as sweet, because kumara needs time out of the ground to be sweet. Nevertheless, tonight's meal will be a good one.

A woman crouches in the doorway of a crude corrugated iron dwelling. Another woman comes out of a weatherboard house and hangs washing on the fence.

Dogs play.

Cats stalk.

Birds sing.

The woman finishes hanging the washing out. She re-enters the weatherboard house. The washed clothing hangs on the fence and begins to dry.

Steam rises. Evaporates.

The other woman remains crouching in the doorway of the corrugated iron shack.

The sun is hot.

The little boys' head glistens with sweat. His nose glistens too.

A wind stirs, dust swirls and clings to the moist stickiness on his head and face, making the grubby face more grubbier than usual.

A quick hard sniff of the nose and backward pull of the top lip, a quick back-handed wipe and the face resumes its normal state of grubbiness... swallow.

The sun is hot.

It is time for a nap.

The little boy lies down in a nearby patch of grass. He thinks... maybe later the older ones will take me down the river for a swim.

He is drowsy.

He sleeps.

This is his world...
... the hot sun...
... the shabby clothing...
... barefeet...
... clothes on the fence...
... nanny sitting in the doorway of her shack...
... the older ones working...
... the harvest...
... the next meal...
... dirt and dust...
and a sleep in the long cool grass.

This is his world. Happy with simplicity. Content with a bareness of necessity.

It is the night before.

A silence fills the house. It reverberates from wall to wall to wall. We whisper when we speak for no-one wishes to disturb the peaceful hush that has settled in.

So — we entertain our minds in our minds.

We love you.

We are loving you...
mother for son
brother for brother
sister for brother.

Stay here now, stay wrapped in the warm arms of whanau
stay wrapped in the korowai of closeness
... a solemnised quiet exists
... a sense of tangi pervades
... a joyful sorrow...
tomorrow... tomorrow.

The sun is shining.

Blossoms brave the threat of a winter relapse and spring from their budded confines. Fresh pink petals play amongst the newly greened trees beautifying the day with colour and fragrance, sanctifying the process of birth and re-birth that is life.

Tides of people drift toward the grounds.

The church stands empty. Instead, a marquee has been erected over the asphalt carpark. It is a modestly plain shelter. It is large — yet not large enough to accommodate the fullness of the large crowd. Some sit outside, some stand or lean against cars or fences or each other.

It is time.

Rise people, rise from your restless seats and fill the air with song, ... kia hari tatou i tenei ra...

The procession enters.

Heads turn...
heads bow...
e noho.

The ordination mass begins.

You sit alone.

Alone in this crowd.

Look up at the men seated on the raised platform, soon you will be one of them.

Look around at the people near you, beside you, soon you will lead them.

Poised, you sit.

Head, slightly bowed,
eyes, ahead and steady
mouth, set.

No strain on your face.

There is a serenity about you, coming from deep within you.

Clasp, unclasp your hands as they open and close and open and close. Stop.

Be still.

Listen.

You are being called.

You stand.

Kei konei ahau is your reply.

Yes there you are,
statuesque in your simple white gown
stately in your humility.

The crowd is pleased.

The atmosphere is formalised by the holy sanctions taking place, yet joyous elation waits at the brim of these solemn rituals and a murmur of exuberence makes its impression.

The ordination mass continues.

I am witness to an act of total belief and dedication to a faith. And I am moved, something touches the skeptic in me
And I am moved
ka tangi au
I am not alone.

Now you are lying face down on the floor
I do not have the understanding
yet I appreciate the signifiance of this action.

A symbolic turning of your back on worldly things.

YOU.

The ordination mass continues.

The players on the stage act out a play that is unfamiliar to me.

Unknowing as I am of the story, the theme stings at my understanding and probes deep into my conscience until I know and I know.

Continued over page

Papakainga Housing Research Group

The relationship between the land and Maori people is well known. So it wasn't much of a surprise to see that a Papakainga Housing Research group was set up to remedy sub-standard rural housing.

And it's also a well known fact that the East Coast and North Auckland are two of the worst hit areas for housing problems.

So that's why Paul White and Tawa Paenga have been seconded to the Housing Corporation staff. Tawa is dealing with the East Coast and Paul is handling Tai Tokerau. But despite the low profile the research group is getting from the media, Paul has been really busy keeping up with the inquiries from keen observers.

Background

The Papakainga Housing Research group came about after the second of a series of seminars by a recommendation by Judge McHugh. The group was set up to consider alternatives to partitioning Maori land and to find ways of obtaining mortgage finance without the need to use the land as security.

The papakainga concept is not a new one. But what is new is that something is being done about making moving 'home' easier for those who have left, and indeed, for those who have been resident in their hometown.

But papakainga doesn't necessarily have to be based around the marae, but can be located right throughout rural communities. The main emphasis is getting people to occupy the vast areas of land that was once occupied by our tupuna.

Papakainga housing schemes will be small in scale. Generally they will be small groups of houses or individual homes. Typically they will consist mainly of dwellings with associated buildings for community activities.

How it will work

Because individual title is required by lending organisations as loan securiity, tribal land had to be partitioned to be eligible for mortgage finance. But legal difficulties and expenses incurred made it impossible for many Maori families.

Under the Scheme a special contract would be drawn up, involving the borrower, the Housing Corporation and trustees of the multiple owned land.

The trustees would give the applicant a licence to occupy a piece of the tribal land, defined by a simple survey.

The applicant would then arrange a corporation loan and family benefit capitalisation in the normal way, and under the usual eligibility criteria.

The property would have to be fully insured and properly maintained.

In addition, the house must be capable of removal, as this would be the ultimate sanction against default, if all other methods failed. The removeable house would be the security on the loan.

No special advantages

The Ministers of Housing and Maori Affairs, Mr Phil Goff and Mr Koro Wetere stressed that the scheme offered no special advantages to Maori families. It simply removed a long-standing disadvantage which had prevented rural maori families from improving their housing situation.

Mr Goff: "The pilot scheme was a self-help scheme designed to enable more Maori families in the rural areas to achieve home ownership.

Work is proceeding on a scheme to advance loan finance to trusts and incorporations who would then build and administer housing to be rented by low income families. Mr Goff said that this would keep costs to a minimum. This way, the families will be able to assist in the building of the homes and the development of the sections.

Continued from page 33

Warm tears flow freely down my face
I dry my eyes
I am now looking at you for the first time..
... e Pa.

The ordination mass ends.

Far away from here stands a little house overlooking the sea. New born lambs play in the grassy paddock.

Manuka reach up and up and touch the sky.

Hills bow down to meet the sea and greeness and blueness merge.

There was a time...

A simplicity dwelt there.

At times the existence of being became a struggle for survival.

You were there.

There were hard times, without times, times when all you had was nothing and all you had to look forward to was another day filled with the same nothingness.

You grew up with little, you learnt to be satisfied with less.
Obedience brought you here.
Poverty will keep you here.
Purity will keep you.

Pakiwaitara

'How many people live in your house?'

by Peggy Dunlop

'How many people live in your house?'

Even after 30 years I can still hear the sharp voice of our over-the-road neighbour, and see her puzzled frown as squinting her eyes and leaning forward over her gate she watched us walk to the clay track leading to our house on the hill.

'Just our family' we would reply.

'But how many in your family' she would say, opening her gate and following us as we began to walk the uneven zig-zag path our father had cut through the claybank and gorse.

'Just our family' we would say, and then we would climb even faster to get away from her inquisitiveness.

I'm not sure why we learnt so early to give such 'politicians answers'. Why were we so cautious? My mother had never said 'Don't tell anyone about us, it's none of their business.'

Perhaps my caution was born when my mother enrolled me in school and the teacher said 'Another one? Surely not... Anymore at home?' Maybe it flowered when we went to pick up the ten loaves of bread on Friday afternoons — in those days shops were closed for the weekend — and the baker joked to the other customers about 'how much bread that family eats!' If my mother had allowed it, I would rather have walked to five different shops and bought two loaves of bread at each, than listen to that baker's joke each Friday. Maybe it was my father's soft words to my mother when we were

making too much noise made us cautious 'Keep the kids quiet... what do we do if one of the neighbours complains and the Social Welfare come and check how many people are in our house?'

From these incidents, the presence of large numbers of people in our house became associated in my mind with illegalness, things to be kept secret.

'Who was our family?' At the time our neighbour asked, our family was my mother and father and six brothers and sisters, five first cousins — from three different aiga — and one aiga of a friend. But had our neighbour asked her question three months earlier or later, the numbers would have varied between two and six, more or less.

It was some years before I realised that our family was unusual for Wellington in the 1950s, that most children in my class lived with only their mother and father and sisters and brothers. I was eight when I went to a friend's house to play. This practice was usually discouraged. We were a 'straight home after school, and the older brothers will look after you' kind of family. Anyway, there were always plenty of people to play with at home, so we didn't need to go to other peoples houses.

But on this day, my mother did let me go to a friend's house, and I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw the spaciousness of her bedroom. All for her, and only one bed. On that day, my one aim in life was to have a bedroom all to myself, but that wasn't to be for a long time.

It was probably at that time that I began to slightly resent the constant arrival of aiga in our house, that made our family 'different'. It was then too that I began to differentiate between cousins, brothers and sisters. Before, all had been my 'family'.

You see, our family was one of the first Samoan families to settle in Wellington in the mid 1940s. There were few High Schools in Samoa at that time, and my Scottish father came to believe that if his children were to receive a sound education, then migration to New Zealand was essential. 'Education... get a good education. That's one thing no-one can take away from you' he would always say.

So, before I was born, he came to NZ and searched for a house to bring his family — born and raised in the Vailima bush-lands. He looked for something close to the sea, like Apia, something up on a hill, like Vailima, and not too crowded in by other houses.

The house he selected was in the Kilbirnie hills, and fitted most of these requirements. There were three empty sections on either side, and a 44 yard steep ascent from the front road. We played in the vacant sections of springy moss and sand, and made a cricket pitch on the clay patches. And more importantly, there was no easy way people could pop their nose through the back window, or look over the fence to count how many people were in our house, or to see that all the noise was about. Because, once my parents settled in, keeping the noise down became a major requirement.

For almost at once, requests began coming from aiga in Samoa.

'Please Moa, we would like our son to have a chance in New Zealand, just like your children,' and 'Please Moa, can you find a job for Siaomi, and can he come and stay with you?'

And none were refused.

My father built a rough hut at the back of our house with old packing cases. Its flat roof had to be re-tarred each year to keep the water out. The inside walls were lined with tapa cloth to combat Wellington's Southerlies, and on to this tapa cloth, we pasted our favourites pictures: Betty Grable's legs, impossible body-building poses for my brothers to copy, and Don Bradman's cricket strokes. My cousin Lui still boasts that he learnt to read by reading these walls by the light of the kerosene lamp in the evenings.

It was dark and airless in that hut, because my father had put in only two push-out board windows. Whether this was for privacy, or because he didn't know how to put glass ones in, or whether he was scared a stray cricket ball would break the glass I'm not sure. My brothers were always hitting balls, and glass was expensive to replace.

In the evenings, my cousins would light the lamp, lie back, and inevitably talk would turn to Samoa, such a contrast to this dark closed-in hut. They would remember the open fale where you could look out and see what everyone was doing, and the hot air flowing through. My memories of these days are of huddling together in large double beds and mattresses, the guitar playing and games of suipee. Of half a boiled egg for breakfast on Sunday, and dripping on bread slices after school.

Anyway on that day when our neighbour asked her question again, 'How many people in your house?' my brothers decided to play a trick on her.

The four of them, and my cousin Soo' ran down the back path from our home and around the side road till they reached the front zig-zag path, a distance of about half a mile. Then, making plenty of noise so that our neighbour was sure to hear, they waited till they saw her come out of her house and then they began walking the hill path.

As soon as my eldest brother reached the house, he changed his clothes ran down the back path again, around the side road, and to the front zig-zag path. And my other brothers did the same. When they began the ascent again, they tried to alter their walks, so that our neighbour wouldn't know it was them.

Then reaching the house again, they changed their clothes, ran out the back door around to the side road and then to the zig-zag path.

By this time they were really tired and almost staggered up the front path. But still our neighbour leant across the gate, watching.

As my brothers ran panting and laughing past the kitchen window for a third time, my mother realising what they were doing said 'Enough's enough!'

We never knew whether our neighbour was taken in by this trick, but she never asked that question again.

'How many people live in your house?'

Our home was an open home for many. As more Samoan families settled in Wellington, the pressure on my parents and our house were reduced; spread amongst the new arrivals.

It wasn't till I was seventeen that I got a bedroom for myself. All for me. And it was quite lonely.

The East rests in the West

By Margaret Mattock

From Ruatoria, on the East Coast, we followed the highway for several kilometres before turning down a winding, gravel road. It weaved its way through a sheep and cattle station, past the remains of an old school towards Whareponga, and the coast.

Being an ignorant pakeha, my first meeting with John Whitford was memorable.

"You must see my kumara-rua," he said. A kumara-rua? Was it a long-keeping kumara, as a rua was a long keeping potato? No, John's kumara-rua was a rather unique pit in the ground meticulously packed with dried manuka leaves, and filled with lovely kumaras. On top was a thoughtfully designed lid for protection from the weather. The kumara-rua was the Maori's way of storing kumara as it was part of their staple diet in years gone by.

John Whitford is an eighty-one year old retired shepherd living alone in a caravan at Whareponga with his old dog, and two skewbald horses, Cherry and Trampers, for company. He has lived there in retirement for the past four years, but first came to Whareponga seventy-six years ago as a lad of five. As a young man, he married Darki Tamati's sister, and became one of the family. He worked for years as head-shepherd for Maori Affairs at Whareponga at the Te Araroa and Tamati Sheep-Stations. Even today, at eighty-one years old, John rides his two horses to the coast to set his crayfish pots. John has eight children and seventeen grandchildren, and his wife lies at rest up on the hill next to the marae at Whareponga. I commented that her grave-stone was tended with loving care. His reply was that she deserved that.

As John and I talked, we settled ourselves on the steps of the little church opposite the marae. Without John's help, the Whareponga story I am telling now would never have taken shape.

Whareponga was one of the loveliest Maori Pa on the East Coast of the North Island, New Zealand. Never had the pa fallen to an attacking tribe, until the Ngapuhi taua landed up coast, and moved its way across the country.

The Ngapuhi were brandishing the unknown deadly firesticks against their Ngati Porou local opponents, and literally mowed them down, totally overpowered. It was never to be forgotten.

Life at Whareponga was full and busy, and houses numbered around thirty in the 1920's. The people who lived there were very friendly and unselfish; and welcomed any visitor with open arms and a cup of tea. It was the days of survival, and if your garden was bare, you were always welcome to your neighbour's kumara-rua.

When I stayed there at Whareponga, in March 1985, that warmth and hospitality was evident even then.

The marae is set in forty acres. A 1km walk from the marae was the beach, hidden by a small hill. In years gone by, the strip of beach had been the stirring headquarters of a whaling station.

The pa at Whareponga was not meant to be built there at all. Because of poor visibility and no view of the beach from the pa, it should have been at Paipainui on the hill. There, they could see, but there was no landing place for boats, so the pa came to Whareponga.

When the Maori took the area around the pa over from Williams (approximately 1900), Tutu Ngarimu ran 3000 acres with sheep on. Eventually, the Maori sold a lot to the Government. After that time, old Tutu used the

Waipiru dray and horses to cart the wool to the launches at the landing on the beach at Whareponga. The horses would take the dray out to sea, where the launch would come alongside. They would then load the wool onto the launch. The launch would take the wool out to the coastal boat, the "Mako" which used to operate the coastal run to Napier.

This procedure to transport the wool continued for many years, until the road was completed from the main road to the pa. Then the wool was transported by truck.

There was only one doctor on the coast, Dr Davis. Mainly, the women had their babies at home. The nursing home was at Te Puia Springs which meant seventeen miles on horseback. Then, there was a maternity home built at Waipiro Bay, but they still rode in by horseback until the Whareponga Road was completed.

Thirty years ago the people of Whareponga would ride to football on horseback to the Parapara Football Ground, six miles away. It was a great day's outing for women, men and children on the horses, mostly bareback. The Parapara Football Ground was the first football ground on the East Coast of the North Island.

Three miles of road was built from the school at Whareponga by a man called Charlie McCracken and stopped at Tuparoa and as far as Pakeo. Forty years ago, the only vehicle which went through was Jim Dines the baker from Waipiro Bay. He travelled from Tuparoa, down the Waitotoki Creek all the way, returning the same day. What a welcome sight he must have been with his stores, cake and bread.

Apart from the baker, the Maori then were mostly self sufficient. The husbands would go bush for work, catching wild pig etc. The fat from the pigs would be melted down and used as butter. They also ate fish, koura, kina, kumara, potatoes, sweetcorn, watercress, pumpkin, ice-cream, watermelon and kamu kamu (a type of vegetable marrow.)

WHAREPONGA TODAY

The manuka flourished where the fruit-trees, and many gardens once were. The graves on the hillside at Whareponga told their own story of much busier times.

As the bus drew in, Maori elders, relations and friends were waiting for a heart-rending welcome. From the bus, piled the travel-weary relations and friends of Dick Tamati, having travelled the 700 hundred kilometres from Taranaki in the west to Whareponga in the east, a fitting tribute to a gentle, smiling man.

We had all come to Dick's kawemate, a funeral without a body. Dick was an East Coast Maori, laid bodily to rest in Taranaki twelve months earlier. It had been our obligation and commitment to bring Dick back spiritually, to his ancestral home and land of his upbringing; Whareponga, near Ruatoria, on the East Coast of the North Island, New Zealand.

As we slowly approached the marae, our expressions were serious. Our leader, and guide was Mick Tamati, Dick's cousin, and another East Coaster now living and teaching in Stratford, Taranaki. We settled down for the kawemate, and a moving welcome.

The rain eased as the Maori ladies wailed; an experience never to be forgotten. As the wonderful sisters of Dick soothed and comforted his widow, Janis and his sons, Karl, Mark, Ramon and Robert, tears rolled freely.

The messages flowed fluently in maori. Their sincerity as they welcomed us into their hearts was overwhelming. They were sorry it had to rain cats and dogs at our official welcome, and were pleased when the rain cleared.

Haere Mai, Haere Mai, Haere Mai.

The welcome was followed by the hakari. There was chicken, pork, watercress, kumara, potato, pumpkin, Maori bred, followed by grapes, apples, fruit salad, watermelon. A real feast.

The children from East and West mixed freely after the scrumptious meal, and soon found a block of wood and a ball for cricket. Periodically, the children would lose their ball over the wall into the cemetery, next to the marae. Off they would venture to retrieve it amid the head-stones. Back through the gate which led to the marae, they religiously washed their hands with the water provided to cleanse them.

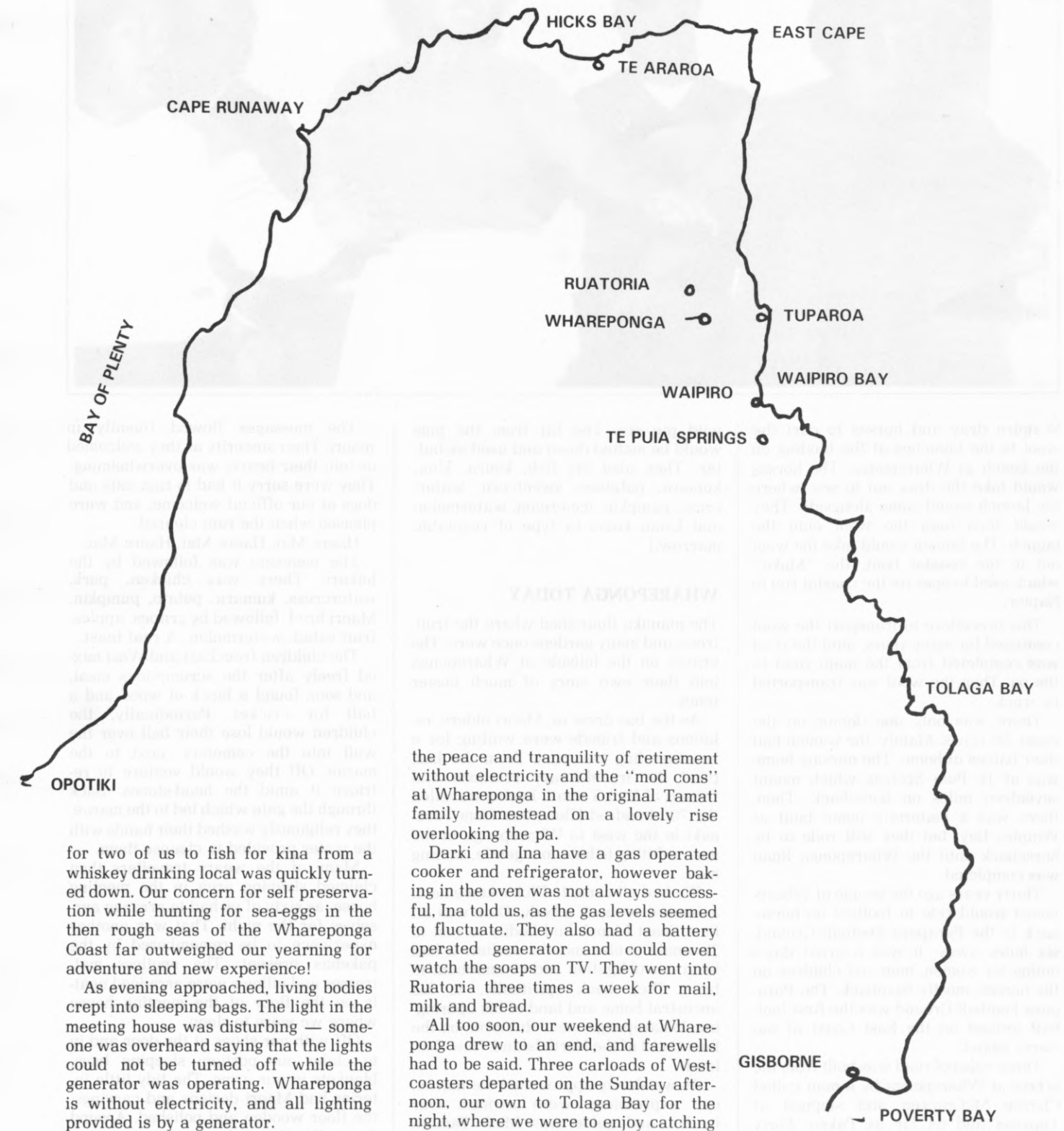
Many of the weary travellers then claimed sleeping area in the meeting house, as sixty of us had to arrange ourselves for the night. That was another experience to be remembered by the pakehas present. The spotless mattresses and pillows were arranged neatly on the floor of the meeting house where we were to sleep.

Off with our shoes at the door and in to claim our portion; sleeping bags, blankets in our arms. The tidy little interior had Maori designs and carvings; the floor wooden and polished. Around the walls where photos of locals since deceased, and unnamed. The locals knew who they were, anyway.

The Constable present escorted a small group of Westcoasters to Ruatoria, fourteen kilometres away, to enjoy the hospitality of the publican. We were not to see them again for several hours, returning high in spirits for a sing-song.

A spontaneous invitation which came

EAST COAST, NORTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND



for two of us to fish for kina from a whiskey drinking local was quickly turned down. Our concern for self preservation while hunting for sea-eggs in the then rough seas of the Whareponga Coast far outweighed our yearning for adventure and new experience!

As evening approached, living bodies crept into sleeping bags. The light in the meeting house was disturbing — someone was overheard saying that the lights could not be turned off while the generator was operating. Whareponga is without electricity, and all lighting provided is by a generator.

Very few now live at Whareponga. Several generations ago during the slump of the 1930's, several families shifted back to Ruatoria where they could obtain jobs, and a living. Houses became derelict, and after the shift, the pa went back. Harry Ngarimu held the pa right until Darki Tamati (Dick's Uncle) came back here only five years ago. Darki and his wife, Ina are now enjoying the peace and tranquility of retirement without electricity and the "mod cons" at Whareponga in the original Tamati family homestead on a lovely rise overlooking the pa.

Darki and Ina have a gas operated cooker and refrigerator, however baking in the oven was not always successful, Ina told us, as the gas levels seemed to fluctuate. They also had a battery operated generator and could even watch the soaps on TV. They went into Ruatoria three times a week for mail, milk and bread.

All too soon, our weekend at Whareponga drew to an end, and farewells had to be said. Three carloads of Westcoasters departed on the Sunday afternoon, our own to Tolaga Bay for the night, where we were to enjoy catching crayfish off their long pier.

The bus departed early Monday morning, this time to weave its tedious way back to Taranaki via Napier and Hastings. The trip over had been via Rotorua to Te Araroa, a long way in a short time.

Dick Tamati was back home, spiritually, eternally at rest at Whareponga, in a way only the Maoris understand.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:
John Whitford, Whareponga
The Tamati Family

School Certificate — the Take remains

by Bernard Gadd

The statistics for the 1984 School Certificate examinations reveal that not only does the hierarchy of its subjects remain (see *Tu Tangata* November, 1985, "Haere ra, School certificate"), but that the success rate allowed to Maori candidates has improved little since 1968, when pass rates in individual subjects first became available.

The fundamental character of the examination papers, and the statistical manipulation of the raw marks gained in them have remained so consistent over the years, that such improvement as has shown up in Maori pass rates, may well result from the pressures towards cultural assimilation that our school system relentlessly exerts upon Maori youngsters.

The figures show that the success rate in all subjects entered by Maori candidates has improved little over the years. In 1968 29% of the subjects sat were passed. By 1984 32.1% of the subjects were being passed. But the success rate for all New Zealand candidates (a figure which includes Maori) showed an even greater improvement from 50.8% to 54.9%. Thus after nearly 20 years, Maori candidates were relatively worse off than before.

The situation is more serious than those figures suggest. Over the same period of time the number of Maori students entering for School Certificate examinations has more than doubled, a far greater increase than among total New Zealand candidates. Therefore the number of unsuccessful Maori candidates has grown greatly.

Nor have pass rates for Maori candidates shown much change in the ten subjects sat by the greatest numbers of Maori. These results can best be displayed in a table:

The greatest improvement in Maori pass rates have come in Technical Drawing (a 15.2% rise), Science (a 12.6% rise), and in English, Maths, Typing with about an eight per cent rise. In all of those subjects, except English, the improvement in the Maori pass has been a spin-off from a higher pass rate awarded to all candidates in that subject. In the case of English the improvement has in part come about because of a sustained campaign to make examiners and markers more aware of the bi-cultural nature of our student population, a campaign that has recently included the refusal by members of the Association of Teachers of English to set or mark School Certificate English exams.

However, the overall situation for Maori candidates remains remarkably similar over the years. In 1968 Maori candidates' pass rates for the ten subjects listed above ranged from 22.4% to 49.7%. In 1984 the Maori pass rates ranged from 26.8% to 39.8 with a single anamoly, the pass rate for 'Maori' of over 50%, the result of a decision to give Maori a pass rate equivalent to that of English.

The reasons for the lesser success by Maori candidates lie in the examinations, and not in the Maori pupils. The examinations all assume that the candidates live a middle class and pakeha lifestyle, are familiar with the wide range of consumer gadgets typical of that lifestyle, speak the sort of English that goes along with that lifestyle, and have habits of thought, work and language encouraged by that monocultural lifestyle.

All of these matters have been drawn to the attention of the examination controllers for many many years.

Yet after 40 years of existence, School Certificate still fails most of its Maori candidates while passing the majority of its total candidates. One can only assume that the people who control the examinations have no intention of allowing the pass rates to become more equal. And by doing so, they continue to give middle class pakeha candidates a head start in these examinations which are paid for from the taxes of us all.

The worrying thing is that all indications are that the School Certificate examinations will remain in existence for a long time to come.

PASS RATES IN INDIVIDUAL SUBJECTS

* Maori pass rate equal to or better than All NZ candidates pass rate

	1968 Pass Rates for		1984 Past Rates for	
	Maori	All NZ canadidates	Maori	All NZ canadidates
	%	%	%	%
Art	36.9	49.7	38.7	54.4
English	25	54.6	33.1	52.4
Geography	24.9	52.1	26.8	53.4
History	32.1	53.9	35	62.8
Maori	49.7*	49.1	51.8	53.1
Maths	27.6	52.2	35.5	57.9
Science	22.4	51.8	35	59.4
Tech Drawing	24.6	47.9	39.8	58
Typing	28	44.5	34.5	48.8
Economic Stud.	—	—	33.6	57.7

Making eeltraps at Koriniti (Whanganui River) in 1921 — from McDonalds Films, NZ International Festival of the Arts.

Maori artists prominent in NZ Festival of Arts

By Yvonne Dasler

Artefacts and artists, museums and musicians, poets and players — all sectors of the Maori arts community will be prominently featured in next years inaugural New Zealand Festival of the Arts.

From the first karanga of welcome on March 5 to the close of Festival on March 26 Maori performers will be an integral and vital part of the international cultural mix, according to festival director Michael Maxwell. Popular too. Although artists and performers from 18 countries will be taking part, bookings are extremely heavy for those with a significant Maori input.

One of the most exciting projects is the Circa Theatre production of *Waitangi*, billed as revealing the "truth" about the events of February 6, 1840. The show — to be held in the Wellington Town Hall from March 4 to March 10 inclusive — is a dramatisation of the diaries of missionary printer William Colenso who faithfully recorded the circumstances and politics of the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi. "We want truth," says joint director Richard Campion. "We are built on the foundation of Waitangi. There will be no slanting."

The quest for accuracy extends to ensuring that actors speak in the language of the time. Pakeha actors representing the English colonists will speak English and Maori actors and actresses will speak in Maori. Joint director Don Selwyn will co-ordinate the cultural groups taking part in the mass scenes and decor is being devised by noted artist and performer Selwyn Muru. Wiremu Parker has the task of translation and Maori authenticity is being scrutinised by a committee which includes Darcy Nicholas, John Tahu, Keri Kaa and Maori Marsden.

Nicholas has a joint role. As director of the Flying Kiwi Fringe Festival to be run in conjunction with the main events, he promises a prominent position for young Maori artists and professes a personal bias toward the showcasing of new Maori and South Pacific talent.

The same emphasis can be seen in Writers and Readers Week, to be held from March 12 to March 16 inclusive. Organised by a committee which includes noted author Witi Ihimaera, the festival programme includes panel discussions, pub readings, lectures and social gatherings with writers from all over the world. Of the six New Zealand authors invited as special guests, two are Maori. Keri Hulme of the Kai Tahu will take part in a discussion with Samoan Albert Wendt and Felix Mnthai of Botswana on writing across cultures as well as reading her fiction and verse, and noted poet Hone Tuwhare returns from a Fellowship in Germany to give readings of his poetry. A high point of the Writers and Readers Week programme will also be the launch of Patricia Grace's new novel *Potiki*.

Whakaahua Maori

Whakaahua Maori is the title of a special exhibition being mounted for the festival by the National Museum. On a smaller scale but with similar emphasis to the world-famous *Te Maori*, it studies the human form in Maori art. To the artist of old, the human image provided a limitless variety of formal possibilities and whether painted or carved could be modified or stylised to convey a wide range of meanings.

The exhibition will show how through these human images, the power and strength of the gods and ancestors could be concentrated into the smallest tool or the most massive gatepost.

The national Museum in conjunction with the New Zealand Film Archive will also be making special festival screenings of a unique quartet of films depicting Maori life in the first quarter of this century. The films were made between 1919 and 1923 by James McDonald who accompanied Elsdon Best and J.C. Anderson on expeditions throughout the North Island. The fragments of film which remain have been painstakingly restored and pieced together and this will be the first time they have been shown to the public.

The films show poi and string games performed at the Gisborne Hui Aroha in 1919, and preparations for a hui in Rotorua to greet the Prince of Wales in 1920. McDonald's scenes of life on the Whanganui River in 1921 are regarded as the most extensive record of their kind of traditional Maori activities during this period and were filmed over several weeks at Koriniti, Hiruharama (Jerusalem) and Pipiriki. The fourth film was made on the East Coast in 1923 and shows examples of old-time skills retained in the area for making fishnets and traps, methods of fishing, weaving, handgames, cultivation and cooking.

This is the first time a truly international festival has been held in this country, and the New Zealand International Festival of the Arts is proud to include Maori artists, writers and performers in such prominent and diverse roles.

And although details have been finalised for the mainbill programme, others wishing to take part in the festival can still do so on a more informal level through the Flying Kiwi Fringe (phone Wellington 850-241) or by contacting the Festival office (phone Wellington 730-149). Assistance is available toward the cost of staging, travel and accommodation.

The Festival will be held in Wellington every two years.

MOKO

Hey little one, where are you going? My Nan was calling to me from her verandah. I called back — I'm just going down to the beach Nan, want to come?

Aae my little mokopuna, I'll come. Come and help me get ready.

I ran up the path and helped Nan get her old jersey and her kits for pipis.

We set off down the road together, talking.

E moko how's your mum today? How's my daughter getting on?

She's o.k., bit tired. Susie kept her up all night crying.

Aue, that little one still not sleeping.

She'll be o.k. Mum's taking her to see Aunt Ruihi today — she'll fix her up.

The sun was hot on our backs as we walked on. The rough road was lined with bush and scrub. The sky was clear blue — like the blue of the inside of a paua shell Nan had once shown me. The bush around us was alive with the sound of birds calling to each other.

Hey Nan, I cried excitedly, Did you hear that — it was a piipiiwharauroa calling... and there's a tui answering it.

Aae e moko. Do you know what happened to tuis in the past?

No Nanny — you tell me....

I took her hand as she recalled to me.

The tui was sometimes kept as a pet and taught to talk...

What, but how?

Just wait your hurry moko. Let me finish, she continued... Some tui were kept in cages in a hidden place, the bristles on their tongue were cut down and they were made to talk every day. These tui were sometimes used to welcome guests onto the marae and these tui were very clever and powerful creatures.

Wow, wait till I tell little Susie about that.

Nan laughed softly as we walked on.

Nan, there's the water we're nearly there.

A short way up ahead you could see the water — it was sparkling in the sunlight and the light was so bright I had to shade my eyes.

Here we are moko. Now. Can you remember where I showed you is, the best place for pipi?

Of course Nan, I joked, Come I'll show you...

We walked over the hot sand until we were across from the small rise in the land Nan had shown me before.

Now Nan, See over there — I pointed — there's the little rise, so you go straight down to the water here for pipi.

O.K. moko... Nan chuckled away... Let's go... And she was off — racing me into the tide.

Hang on Nan I'm coming, and I raced after her.

Boy moko. I can still beat you.

Aue Nan, I said puffing, You took me by surprise.

I heard my Nan laugh as she hitched up her dark skirts and started feeling in the sand for pipi with her feet.

She was my Nan I thought proudly and the aroha I had for her swelled up inside me as I watched her digging. She moved in a rhythm with the sea, feeling, bending down and up again. Rising and falling like the never ending motion of the sea around us.

I bent down, down with my Nan and I could see straight to the bottom. The sea was cool against my bare arms and I pulled up many pipi, for my kit.

Hey Nan.

Aae moko I'm just here.

How did we fish in the old days — you know, way back.

Well moko — that's a long story. The men would go out in their canoes and they used nets — all different types of nets, long, short, fat, skinny... to catch the different fish. They caught them by line too — just like we do now. There was big feasts and celebrations when the canoes would come in — Aue moko I remember....

My Nan's eyes grew misty, thinking back to her childhood.

But Nan, why did it all change? Why is it different now?

Aue moko — My Nan's eyes grew angry and cold. She stood tall and proud in the dark water.

It is because of the white man moko. They came and took our land, our seas and our ways from us. Nowdays you can see with your own eyes moko. The Maori is a stranger in our own land. No more can we live as we always have. We have to live under the white man's ways.

My Nan's voice was spiralling higher and higher. Her body stood firm — anger pouring forth from her words and actions.

She seemed to have forgotten that I was there... and then she turned to me, her eyes flashing with anger.

E moko, remember always what you are moko. A Maori. A Maori of this land. Remember your reo, moko and the Maori ways you were brought up with. Never forget moko.

Her voice then softened and she drew me close to her.

Never forget moko, Aue never forget moko.

I could feel her aroha and warmth flow through her to me.

I will remember Nan, always remember you Nan.

Aue moko, she cried, and her strong arms held me close.

We stood together until she was calm once more.

Aue moko, let's go in I'm cold. Bring your pipis in and we go.

Aae Nan.

We walked hand in hand from the sea to the shore. From the darkness to the light.

And my Nan and I knew, I would never forget.

Maori women in business

Tu Tangata Magazine continues its focus on Maori women and features five women who've taken business into their own hands. The magazine acknowledges the Maori Women's Welfare League who prepared this report.

Mrs Tewhe Phillips, softgoods manufacturer, said it had been hard to get started and her first years had been made more difficult by a redundancy battle with the union — which she had won. She stressed the importance of having a good accountant, the need for a good capital budget, good cash flow — you have to meet the wages bill — and to ensure that customers paid their accounts on due date. Mrs Phillips said she had needed the co-operation of her husband and children. It was hard work but rewarding and she advised anyone considering going into business to give it their best shot.

Mrs Maude Cook Mrs Cook is Vice President of the Auckland Entrepreneurs Association which, she said, helps its members with moral support, financial advice and advice on how to define, analyse and implement projects. Where expert help is needed the Association refers members to the appropriately qualified people. She said her Association was concerned to help craftspeople learn how to sell their product so that they would be able to go on when government funding is no longer available.

Mrs Cook said being in your own business was not an easy life. You were likely to work sixteen hours a day. You had to accept problems and fight them. But for those who wished to have a go she wished them every success.

Mrs Mira Norris is a partner with her husband in an engine reconditioning business which they started four years ago. It now employs ten people. Mrs Norris said the specialised equipment required was very costly, $50,000 to $100,000 for one piece of machinery. Raising the necessary finance was not easy and you must have the work coming in to keep repayments.

Mrs Norris said her husband was European in appearance but she is visibly Maori and had to deal with having her signature queried when cashing cheques at the bank. In the early days she was asked to sign another piece of paper. She did it once and then refused. She now has the new manager's personal card. Mrs Norris said this problem seemed confined to the north. Her cheques were accepted without question down south.

Mrs Norris also stressed the importance of a good accountant and good lawyer. Their services, she said, are costly but essential. Premises must be sited in the right place for the type of business — they must have visual appeal and be affordable. She was responsible for the ordering, the accounts and the office work while her husband did the engineering work and organised the staff.

She said there was great satisfaction in knowing that, despite predictions to the contrary, they could and would survive in business in their own town.

Mrs Rawinia Crump, a florist with her own shop, said there were many responsibilities involved, presentation of the shop, bookwork, staff, wages etc. She, too, said a good accountant was essential but "don't let him tell you what to do — you tell him". She did not see as much of her family as she otherwise would but they were all capable and independent.

Mrs Hana Cotter has her own shearing gang and at seventy years of age still shears. She said she believed there were two other Maori women in business in her line. She advised delegates to be sure of themselves and what they were aiming for, to be presentable in their home, be clean, be humble and show love to their family, their neighbour and whoever came to their door.

Mrs Cotter said she had succeeded in business through good management, good thinking and being fair. She had worked forty years in the shed and she had had eight children and a good husband. With a good partner, she said, you can get ahead.

Tea for two (hundred)

By Alex Bidois

The sweat poured off me as the metallic fingers turned the sausages. Anxious youngsters waited, holding waxpaper plates. This must surely be sausage number three hundred and fifty by now. People were everywhere.

The day had started with a phone call at seven o'clock in the morning. A few minutes later my father's voice, "Get up... hurry up." I could hear him talking to Mum in the kitchen. "How many are coming?"

"Well... two... anyway... so Betty said."

"Maybe a hundred then... if we make enough for a hundred and fifty, that should do. What time did she say they'd arrive?"

"About three and it's only a cup of tea."

"A hangi would be ideal... we'll have to let...."

I quickly washed and went outside. Dad went off to town to get some mutton and call in to my Uncle and Aunty's place. Soon they arrived back but with no mutton, only a huge bag of sausages. "Looks like we'll have to have a barbecue instead of a hangi."

Potatoes had been peeled, cakes had been baked along with loaves of rewana and the smell from the oven was delicious. Aunty Merle was inside helping prepare the food. My sister and cousin were busy buttering bread. We went to the hall and brought back the big teapots, the boilers and some tables. Everything was moving now.

"Two busloads" I thought, "my cousins, uncles, aunties, koros and nannies. How I wish they wouldn't come — what a brown! Bet the whole village would be 'jacking' over our fence!"

At one o'clock Dad, Uncle Danny and I put the potatoes down in the hangi. While they went to get the watercress I cleaned around the carport and garage then put the tables neatly out. I boiled the sausages for a little while and at half past two Dad lit the big barbecue. Aunty Merle, Mrs F (the lady next door), Mum and the two girls soon had the tables covered with bread, coleslaw, potato salads, cakes, cordial, huge pots of tea and piles of crockery.

My cousins and I

By Daniella Bidois

"Daniella, your cousins are coming to stay for the weekend tomorrow. Tidy up your room, vacuum the passage, scrub the bath, clean the windows. When you're finished, do the dishes, scrub the floors, sweep the porch and tidy the lounge. Oh, and don't forget to feed the cats and dust around the window sills."

Oh no! Good grief, my radio, my cassettes, my Michael Jackson posters, I'd better lock them in the closet. Oh yes, better put that away, that too, oh, and that. Gosh I feel horrible. I do wish I could leave them out but that's like asking Jessie James to hold your purse.

"Daniella, what are you doing? You've got a lot of work to do. Hurry up!"

"You're telling me!" I sigh as I hurry about my work. Every hols my cousins come to visit for a week or so. Apart from having to hide all my things away, we have a pretty good time.

The buzz of my alarm woke me. Struggling to keep my eyes open I focus on the clock face. 6.15. Good grief! I expose a toe and test the air. Cor, it's freezing. I could jump out of bed and turn on my heater or I could stay here in bed and waste another three minutes. 6.20. Aw. Na, I'll just stay here a while longer. 6.37. Stuff this! I throw the sheets aside and leap for the heater. Turning it to full I look in the mirror. Aw, another pimple! Jeepers, they'll be here today. I dress and hurry to tidy the house. "Daniella, put that tray on the table will you and make sure that cutlery is shiny." Gee, here they come. My heart races as their familiar Mark IV clatters up the drive. I love my cousins. They're really good mates.

"Gidday. How are you?" says my uncle. "Been chasing the boys' eh?" "Yeah", I say "but when they see me coming they take off!" We all laugh as we go inside.

"Hi Danny, how ya doing?" asks Maia. She's my best cousie. "Oh great. How's life?" We talk as we help ourselves to some of Mum's great baking.

Pakiwaitara

At three o'clock, dead on the dot, two large buses drove up, people poured off and I heard my Aunty Bet's voice, "We got here alright. This is it!" They flooded onto our back lawn while the ladies headed for the house. There were hugs and kisses from everyone. I soon shot over and took charge of the barbecue. Better than kissing everyone. Putting pinecones onto the fire and more sausages onto the cooking plate, kept me busy.

People were everywhere, old people with walking sticks, aunties and uncles, cousins, all eating, cordial and cups of tea being poured the whole time.

We've got too many sausages, I thought, looking at the huge pile still left.

Dad and Aunty Betty were quietly talking. "There should be two more buses coming... maybe they've carried on."

Our visitors had only been with us for about an hour when around the corner came two more bus loads. More people poured off, kissing and hugging. I kept cooking sausages. People filed along the tables filling their plates and finding empty pieces of lawn to sit on and eat their kai.

As the last few came up I thought that this sausage was surely sausage number four hundred at least. The sweat poured off me as I quickly plucked the cooked ones off with the long tongs. Soon there were no more and it was embarrassing to tell people that that was it. Thank goodness there was plenty of wild pork and watercress in the boiler.

Soon the people regrouped, speeches were made and waiata sung. Koro Riini presented a koha from the visitors. There were more hugs and kisses as they boarded their buses for the long trip home, to Rotorua, Te Puke, Whakatane, Tauranga, the Mount and Te Puna.

At five o'clock the last bus left the village while we waved them off. Quickly the dishes were done, tables and gear returned and by half past five no one would have believed that over two hundred people had just been to our place for a stop and "a cup of tea".

Ka pai.

After doing the dishes we all go up to the lounge and leave the adults to talk.

"Hey! Don't cheat, pae kare." That's Jason. He's paranoid. I didn't even cheat. "Cor, how could I cheat, I'm not even playing!" My cousins all crack up.

After a good game of last card we all go up to the kitchen to see what's going on. "Hey you kids, want to go to the hot pools?" asks Dad as we enter the room. We all jump up and down and say "Yes!" We all cram into one car and set off.

Maia and I run for the girls changing rooms and by the time we're out the boys are already splashing about in the warm water. "Hey, who's for tag?" yells my older cousin Peta. We all start to scream and run all over the place. My cousins all jump out of the water and leave me to Peta's mercy.

What mercy, I've been tagged. Peta takes off screaming "You can't tag your master". I peer around the pool. Where is everyone? Aha! I see Rangi, there behind that pakeha lady in the blue swim-suit. He sees me coming. I pull my ugliest face and close in on him. He sees me and so does the pakeha lady, and she leaves the pool in disgust. Poor Rangi. His faces changes from that "ha ha" look to "don't tag me, please, pretty please". Later we all buy an ice-block and walk around the mud pools, time for home.

I help Mum make up some beds in the lounge. It's 10.30 and we have to hit the sack. The boys are in the lounge and Maia is going to sleep in my room on the spare bed.

"Have you got Prince's new tape?"

"No, I was going to but I got Talking Heads instead."

"Talking Heads, they're great. Where is it?"

"In the cassette rack over there."

"Where?"

Oh I forgot it's in the wardrobe. Thank goodness I decided not to put the tape recorder in there too.

"It's in the wardrobe."

She starts for the closet and as she opens the door I remember my posters.

"Oh no wait" I yell. Too late. She's seen them! I wait for some sort of rude remark like "ooh, do you like that skinny creep!"

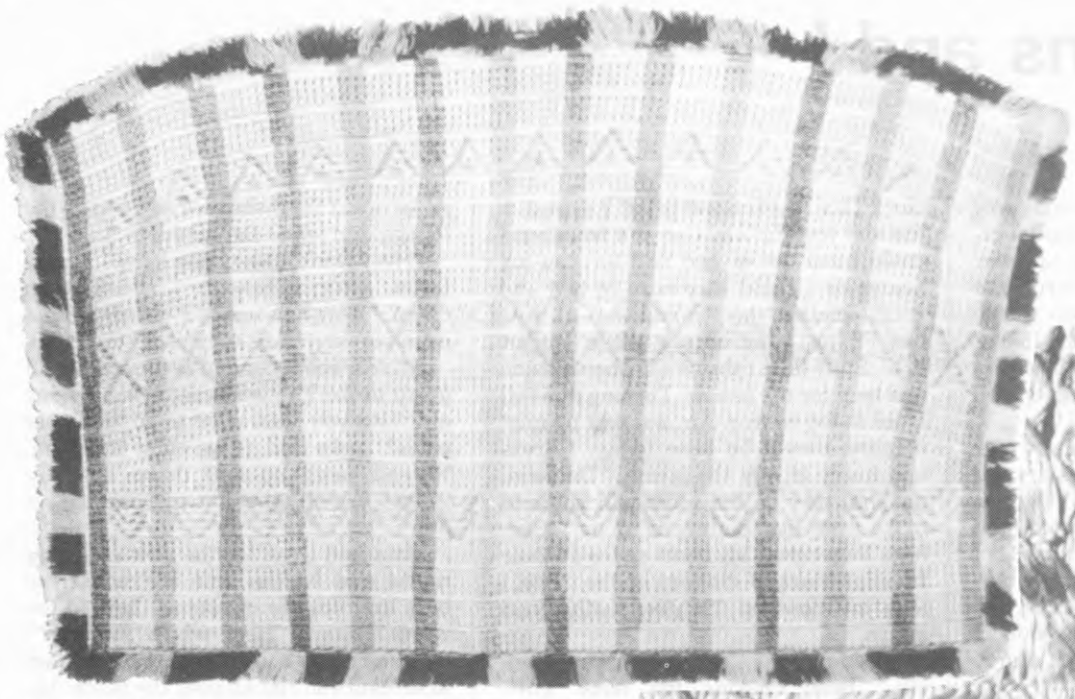
"Hey, you didn't tell me you liked Michael Jackson!"

I hide my face in shame. Michael Jackson's music is really outta date but I don't care.

"Yeah, he's ok", I mutter.

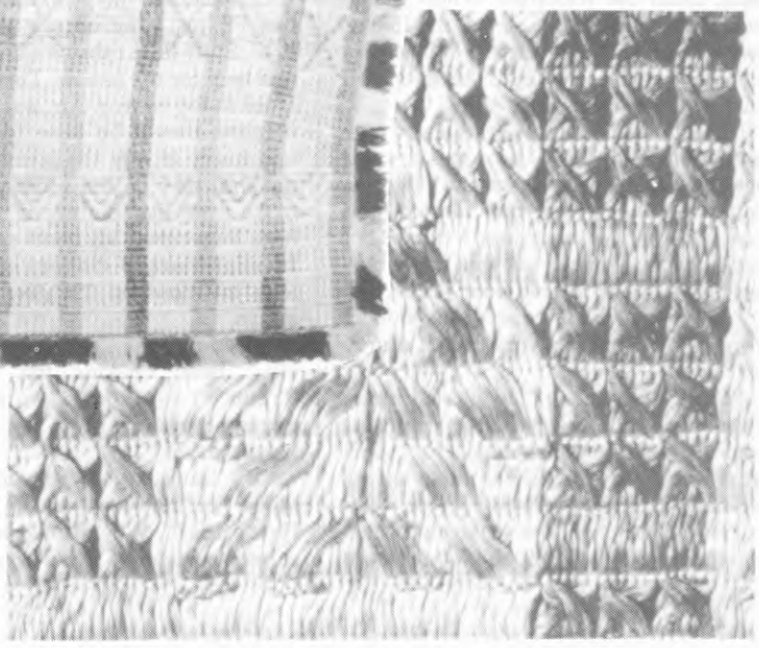
"What," she screams, "he's the greatest!"

I smile as she unravels the posters. I love my cousins!



Wrap for baby, East Coast (Photo: Charles Hale)

Details of wrap for baby



Maori baby's toilet

As with us the toilet of the infant babe was a vital matter to the old time Maori mother. A special hut termed 'whare kohanga' (or nest house) was usually erected for the mother to occupy before and during the birth of the child. When the child at last entered the world of light and life, it was in part smeared with oil from the titoki tree, if that was available. Its little body was then usually enveloped in a bandage made from the beaten soft fibres of the lacebark tree, a New Zealand tapa cloth. Each day it was washed, and dried with the selected soft tow of phormium fibre (muka).

The next requirements of the tiny baby were diapers and some sort of a wrap to keep it warm at night. These items were considered essential, and it is a little curious that all books on Maori life studiously avoid them. Aristocrat or plebeian, high or low they are the necessary heritage of all. Before the birth of the infant, masses of the finest tow (muka) of the flax plant were prepared and separated into bundles to serve as diapers. Sometimes quantities of moss were preferred. Mr J.M. McEwan supplies us with the name 'kukukuku' for this soft tow, kuku being the mussel shell used in the preparation of flax fibre. However, the name for the actual diaper, collected from districts as widely spaced as Southland and Te Kuiti, is 'kope'. This name was also supplied by Mr Rangi Royal, Maori Affairs, Wellington. 'Rope' appears to be the Ngapuhi term.

Concerning the wrap which held the kope in place, information is hazy; though it seems that lacebark was sometimes used. Recently Mrs Hetit and Mrs Tumohe told us that at Te Kuiti the wrap is taka or rapaki. In the North Island most of my informants used the word 'whariki'. However, the most authoritative account which we have comes from Bluff. From here Mr E.P. Cameron (one of the Herries Beattie's informants) writes:

"The cloak was called 'pokeka'. This cloak took a lot of making. The outside part was of very fine flax, and the inside part made of very fine whitau (fibre) with feathers (aweawe) taken from the inside of the albatross wing. (The wrap was apparently double, for Mr Cameron goes on to say): This was sewn to the other part, made of the very fine flax I have mentioned before."

A sling of lacebark or hohere, plaited to form a soft band, was formerly used by the mother in some localities to hold the baby in position on her back. This sling went out of fashion well back in the last century, and none can be seen in our Museums today.

Pokeka is a well known southern generic term for fine cloaks. Tiny children appear to have become used to a state of nudity at a very early stage unless the weather was very cold, as it often was in Southland.

About the year 1875, an English child named Florence Rogers was born at Ohanga, on the East Coast of the North Island. Her parents immediately engaged the services of a local full-blooded Maori woman, a gentle person named Heterina. She was greatly honoured to have charge of the child, and to show her esteem for the infant, straightaway decided that a wrap must be made for it. This was to be no ordinary garment, but a wrap which a high-born infant of maoridom well might envy. The weaving must have its appropriate 'poka', or shorter weft rows, to make the wrap fit more snugly around the small body. Warmth was not essential for the child had other tiny garments; so the open work technique of the ornamental basket, 'kete whakawaitara', was used in the weaving. Lastly, around all was a fringe of European wool.

The wrap was used on all important occasions during the first year of the baby's life, then carefully stored away, until recently Florence Rogers, now no longer young, presented the garment to the Dominion Museum.

WHO AM I?

Dedicated To All Our Children

The silence was shattered by the slamming of the front door and a heart-wrenching cry. 'Mummy, Mummy!' The trembling little bundle threw itself into my arms as if seeking sanctuary from a storm. Her long dark hair sprayed her tiny shoulders with speckles of raindrops. With tear-stained cheeks she wound her arms around my neck and clung on tight. The sobs wracked her little body that did not seem strong enough to withstand such torment. 'What is it sweetheart' I asked, shocked by her torment, my heart throbbing in my chest.

Her sobs were so strong she could not speak clearly. In convulsive jerks she finally managed a very weak. 'Wh... Wh... Wh... Why... uh... am aa I different?' as a shuddering reply. In that moment the years of my childhood rolled out before my eyes — painfully bringing back a memory of the past. I felt the same haunted emotions of yesterday so clear and stark in my daughter's eyes. Holding her close to my breast I rocked gently to and fro, giving her time to calm down and myself time to think.

With my chin resting gently on top of her head I softly spoke the very same words my mother said... that long, long ago.

Little one... you are the future.

The future of mummy, daddy, your brothers, grandma and grandpa and their mummies and daddies... all the way back. We call them our ancestors. Some were dark-skinned and some were light-skinned. Some were pretty and some not so pretty. But each and everyone of them was somebody's future. You are my hopes and dreams of everything beautiful. Just as I was for my mother and father. But there is one difference which makes you richer than I. You have 'two' ancestors more. Because you were made from Daddy and me, you are our 'very own' special beginning. Daddy and I will never really die because we live in you. In years to come you will grow to understand what I mean. Your ancestors were a brave, proud and strong race of people. You belong to a people who will never die and you can always be proud to hold your head up high with pride. You can walk tall amongst royalty and feel confident that you have that right. For your ancestors were also kings, queens, princes' and princesses amongst their people.

Fear not the words of others for they can never harm you. People are people all over the world, some are kind, some are cruel, some belong to people and some don't know who they belong to. But all people want someone to love them. When someone torments and teases you because of your colour, it is because they are hurting inside. If you run away from them and cry they will never stop hurting or if you fight them it still won't stop hurting. So they will keep coming back. The next time someone says something mean to you I want you to turn around — look them straight in the eye and give your most beautiful smile....

Suffer little children to come unto me, and suffer not; for of such is the kingdom of God.

by Iulia Leilua

The sand was dazzling white, pure and sparkling like fairy dust. As the tide slowly washed in and out, licking the sand, hundreds of tiny crabs scurried about, attending to their business. The sky was a spotless blanket of blue stretching out into the horizon. Mother Nature had perfected a particularly beautiful work of art today.

By 10 o'clock, people were filling up the beach, staking their claim of land as they pitched their colourful umbrellas in various places. Towels of all shades were spread out on the sand. From a bird's point of view, it looked like an intricate patchwork design, with different patterns that changed all the while.

A man and woman made their way through the crowd, searching for an ideal spot. The women carried a baby. Most of the ideal spots on the western shore had been taken, leaving the eastern shore practically vacant. However, after a little shifting and manoeuvreing, they erected their tent and settled in next to some friends.

About three metres away on the rocky eastern shore, another couple sat oblivious to the arrival of the newcomers. A baby sat between them, scratching for anything of interest in the sand with his plump fingers. They sat with a group of friends who laughed, sang and talked under the shade of their canopy. Occasionally one would glance over towards the newcomers, briefly studying. As the various discussions continued, the couple suddenly got up, prodded the infant towards the group, and headed off for the water. The baby squinted at its parents frolicking in the sea, then turned his attention back to the sand.

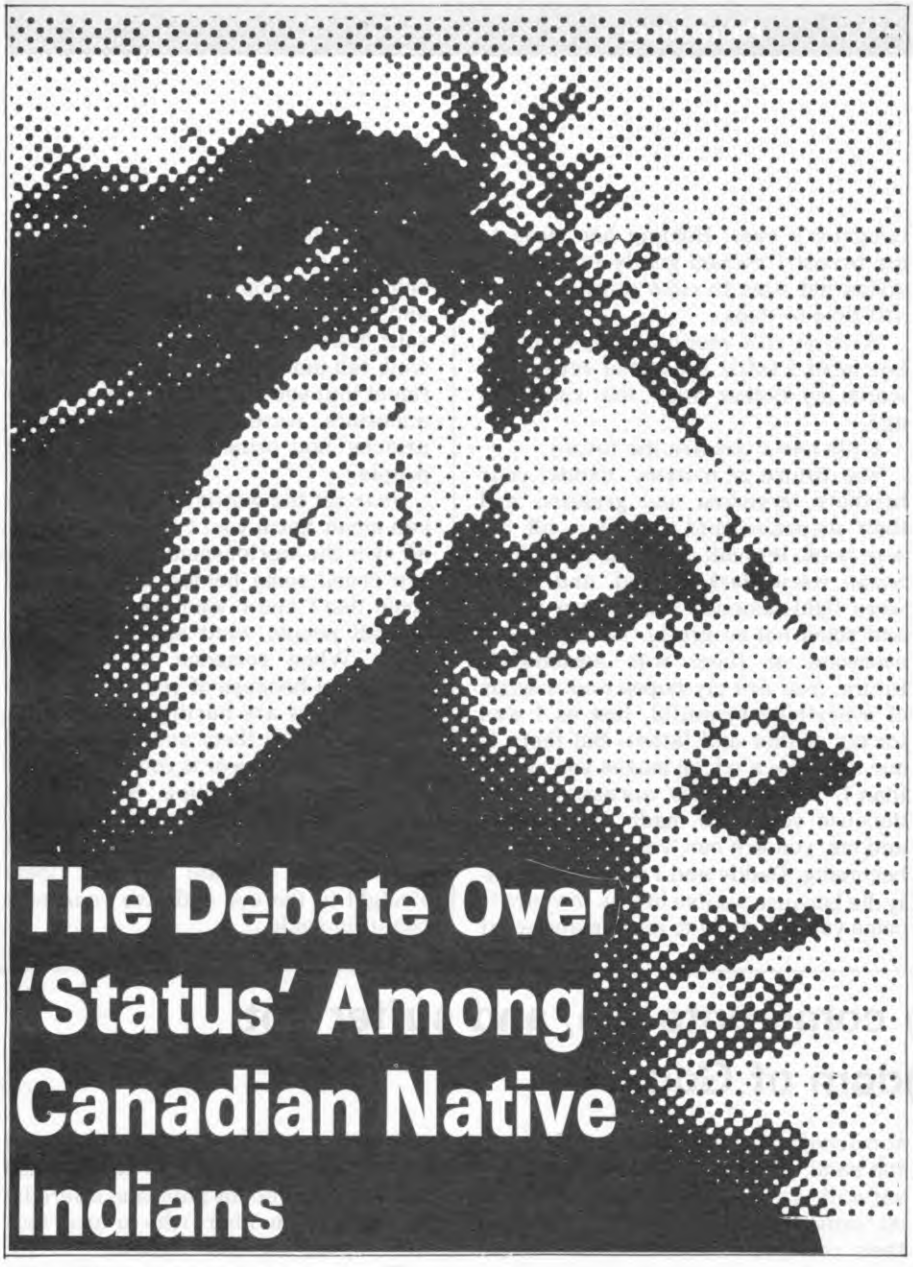
Obviously the sun's heat and the alluring water had affected everyone. Minutes later, the newcomers dashed for the waves, after leaving their baby under the watchful eye of a friend sunbathing nearby.

Time dragged on and the infant was bored. The many different coloured shells spread out on the sand no longer amused him. His baby sitter's attention was averted by a group of people who were talking. He surveyed the beach, then started crawling towards another umbrella where a baby sat watching him. Slowly but surely, he made his way towards his friend, who was now approaching him on all fours too. Blue eyes met black eyes and smiled shyly. A dark hand reached out and touched the pretty blue sunhat resting on a mass of golden locks. Then, a pale hand placed a small crab into his palm and offered it as a gift to the other, who in turn, took the offering and consumed it.

They sat side by side, moulding the sand into curious shapes, their impressions of the strange world they lived in. Any adult who happened to overhear their conversation, would have thought of it as nonsense prattle, that no one could understand — except for those two.

The sun carried on towards the west. The people sat under their canopies oblivious of the two infants.

The two couples made their way to their different spots. Out of the corner of their eye, one of the newcomers noticed the two infants playing, and glowered at the sight. They hurried over to snatch their child away, just as the other couple arrived, to hastily retrieve their child. Blue eyes met black eyes and glared. Two arms reached out and picked up their offspring. Then, a fair arm pointed arrogantly towards a sign near them which read, NET BLANKES! WHITES ONLY! With a final glance at the hostile couple, the dark baby and his parents retreated to their own territory.



The Debate Over 'Status' Among Canadian Native Indians

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TRAGEDY: Not so much a conflict between what is right and what is wrong, but rather a conflict between equally valid yet mutually opposed versions of what is right.

Those in Canada who are legally defined as Indians are governed under the statutes of the Indian Act (1876, 1951).[1] In recent years, certain provisions of the Act have attracted considerable controversy because of their paternalistic and discriminatory nature. Of particular note is Section 12(1)(b) which penalises Indian women who marry non Indians, while Indian males in parallel situations do not lose their status, but transfer it instead to their non Indian wives and children.[2] Recent attempts by the government to repeal this discriminatory section of the Indian Act have encountered a lively opposition, especially among status Indian groups who regard any legislative change in this area as an infringement upon their right to self-determination. Yet passage of the Charter of Human Rights and Freedoms in 1982 prohibits any discrimination against individuals on the basis of sex, race, or marital status. The government, accordingly, finds itself on the horns of a dilemma. Caught between a commitment to individual rights and equality on the one hand, and the endorsement of collective rights and special status for Indians on the other. Whether or not the government can resolve these apparently irreconcilable rights without alienating some sector of Native society, is not promising as the moment of decision draws nearer.

The aim of this paper is to examine the controversy over the status of non status Indian women in light of recent attempts by the government to eliminate the discriminatory sections of the Indian Act. I shall argue that efforts to resolve the issue of collective versus individual rights has placed government authorities in a vulnerable position for which any sensible resolution may be well beyond reach. As such, the implications for New Zealand are only too obvious where similar controversies have emerged recently (see, for example, the article 'Te Herenga Waka: the Place of Protocol, New Zealand Listener, 3 November 1984). To achieve this objective the paper is divided into three sections. The first part outlines the historical background which *denied Indian women their status* upon marriage to a non Indian. The second section reviews the arguments for and against the repeal of section 12(1)(b) of the Indian Act. This is followed by a discussion over the problem of retroactive reinstatement of legal status for non status Indian women. The third and final section demonstrates how the government is rendered helpless when attempting to reconcile these mutually opposed yet equally valid claims presented by the Native sector. Government inability to arrive at a satisfactory solution illustrates the contemporary dilemma faced by political authorities *throughout the world* (including New Zealand) where similar battle lines are being drawn up over the issue of minority versus individual rights.

Part 1 Towards Discrimination: the Historical Context

Unlike in New Zealand where any descendant of the New Zealand Maori is legally defined as Maori by the government, Native Indians in Canada are conferred legal status ('status Indians') under the provisions of the Indian Act. To be defined as a status Indian in Canada is not without consequence, since a large number of benefits and services emanate from the government by virtue of this special relationship. But according to the Indian Act, status Indians can lose their standing for a variety of reasons, one of the most common involving marriage between status and non status Indians.

Section 12(1)(b) of the Indian Act stipulates that any Indian woman who marries a non Indian extinguishes her registered rights as an Indian. She can no longer reside on the reserve or share of its services and revenues.[3] Nor does she have the right to participate in band affairs, inherit property from her parents, collect royalties on land claims

and mineral finds, or even return to the reserve in case of divorce or death. This provision, not only severs her access to social amenities from the government, but cuts off mother and child from relatives and friends as well. Yet the converse is not true. A male status Indian who marries a non status Indian loses neither his status nor access to band resources. On the contrary, he retains his status while his wife and children are likewise formally invested with (a) legal status, (b) eligibility for federal benefits and (c) entitlement to band assets. Even in divorce, the woman and her offspring retain the right to live on the reserve and collect their endowment as status Indians.

The rationale behind Section 12(1)(b) is logical, historically speaking, given the acceptance of assimilation as government policy toward Native Indians during the nineteenth century. Assimilation as policy aimed at eliminating the cultural basis of Indian society through sustained exposure to the moral and social *virtues* of Europe. To facilitate the Europeanisation of the Indian, the government established a system of reserves in keeping with the protectionist mentality of the day. But problems appeared regarding the issue of eligibility of residence on reserves. The government for one was worried that marriage to non Indian males, coupled with the related right of residence on the reserve, would lead to European domination over community affairs. As a consequence, Indian communities would be prevented from attaining the degree of self-sufficiency anticipated by the government. Subsequent government efforts to transform Indians into productive and prosperous farmers also would be thwarted by the existence of unscrupulous whites, interested solely in buying Indian reserve land as cheaply as possible. Indian leaders similarly concurred with the government over perception of white males as an imposition on the band's resources and autonomy. In short, both parties were anxious to keep the reserves free of male white settlers, although the influx of non Indian women was not envisaged as detrimental to the livelihood and survival of the band community. That being the case, the solution lay in section 12(1)(b): — reclassify the Indian spouses of non-Indian males as 'whites' and pre-empt both their right to reserve residency and band inheritance.

Part 2 Towards Redefinition of Non Status Indian Women

This state of affairs persisted quietly for nearly a century. During that period of time, Indian women paid a heavy price for marrying outside their 'status'. Between 1920 and 1980, nearly 15,000 women and 45,000 children were automatically enfranchised (conferred non Indian status) through intermarriage. In some cases the transfer was accepted without question; in other situations such as those of divorce or widowhood, these women were cut adrift, separated and suspended between the world of whites and that of the reserve. But with the emergence of Native rights movements and women's liberation during the 1960's, non status Indian women began to criticise the validity of section 12(1)(b). According to them, not only were non status Indian women deprived unfairly of federally funded social programmes in health, education and housing, but they and their children were also denied access to the cultural heritage which rightfully belonged to them. In order, therefore, to promote favourable changes in legislation, these women took their case to the Courts without significant success. Later they turned to the political arena where the issue was finally lodged at the United Nations level.

But non status Indian women failed to receive much support from status Indian organisations in their quest to repeal section 12(1)(b). The reluctance among status Indians to embrace this cause was understandable for several reasons. First, if section 12(1)(b) was shown to be discriminatory and in violation of basic human rights, other portions of the Indian Act could likewise come under scrutiny. Any subsequent termination of their special status as entrenched by the Indian Act, would result in further deterioration of Indian social and economic standing, already far below that of mainstream standards. Second, status Indians found practical reasons for rejecting moves to repeal section 12(1)(b). Fears existed that elimination of this provision, followed by steps to reinstate retroactively those Indian women who had lost their status because of intermarriage, would impose an enormous financial burden on band communities, many of which were constrained by limited resources, services and space. Third, if the offending section were to be repealed, band communities would lose the right to retain control over membership and entry onto the reserve. This loss of self-determination over their social and cultural destiny could not be tolerated, particularly in light of Constitutional concessions to protect their treaty and aboriginal rights. In light of such unfavourable implications, status Indians were inclined to endorse the discriminatory provisions of the Act, even at the expense of suspending the rights of women for equal treatment. For as one prominent spokesperson for Status Indians, Harold Cardinal, admitted in confessing to the dilemma:

> We do not want the Indian Act retained because it is a good piece of legislation; it isn't. It is discriminatory from start to finish. But... we would rather continue to live in bondage under the inequitable Indian Act than surrender our *sacred* rights.

Against this background wherein Indian women are victims of a law that discriminates against them on the grounds of race, sex, and marital status, the controversy over section 12 has been interpreted as a struggle between the collective rights of Indians (Indian Act) and the individual rights of women (Canadian Human Rights Bill). For some, the rights of certain individuals must on occasion be sacrificed in order to promote the survival of the endangered group. The Assembly of First Nations (formerly the National Indian Brotherhood) and the Native Women's Association of Canada are in the vanguard of this movement. Priority, they suggest, does not reside with the rights of individual Indians (who it is felt knew exactly what was entailed in marrying outside their status) but rather with the issue of Indian self-determination over band membership and allocation of resources. But for others the fundamental rights of each person, as stipulated in the Bill of Rights, take precedence. Any legislation such as section 12(1)(b) which deprives any individual of their guarantee for equality before the law, is discriminatory and unjust. Even appeals for the enhancement of group survival and integrity are insufficient to compromise the basic right of individuals for legal equality.

At another level the issue is seen as a contest between the firmly entrenched privileges of men and the long neglected rights of women. To the outsider, this statement is apparent more so in light of a pervasive male orientation underlying both the band councils and the National Indian Brotherhood. If, after all, male Indians were honest and consistent in their espousal of Indian rights, would they not exclude themselves from status upon marriage to non status Indians? Yet in refusing to consider a rewrite of the discriminatory passage, status Indians have cornered themselves into defending male privilege to the disadvantages of Indian women. While this interpretation is one dimensional, it does highlight the complexity involved in attempting to resolve the issue.

Part 3 The Politics Over the Status of Non Status Indian Women

For nearly a century following the passage of the Indian Act in 1876, Indian women have been subject to laws that discriminate against them on the basis of sex, race, and marital status. But by the early 1970's, non status Indian women had turned to the courts in an attempt to overturn the inherent bias found in section 12(1)(b). They argued that because male status Indians did not relinquish their legal standing through intermarriage, the Act

was discriminatory and contravened the Canadian Bill of Rights. To test their claim, a non status Ojibwa Indian woman, Jeanette Lavelle, took her case to the Supreme Court where she won a temporary court order for reinstatement. Promptly, organisations representing 325,000 status Indians joined forces with the federal government to appeal the verdict. Amidst worries of being inundated by whites on their reserves, especially by males who would take advantage of privileges intended solely for Indian use, Indian band councils and their national body, the National Indian Brotherhood, came out firmly in support of the Act and section 12(1)(b). When the Supreme Court reversed its earlier decision, womens' groups emerged to continue the fight for equality and reinstatement of status for enfranchised women. Political pressure was exerted on the government, most notably through submission of a petition with the United Nations Human Rights Committee. The United Nations Committee later ruled that by upholding section 12(1)(b) of the Indian Act, the Canadian government had in fact violated the International Covent on Civil and Political Rights to which Canada was a signatory. Alarmed and embarrassed by this decision from a respected international body, the Canadian government indicated a willingness to suspend section 12(1)(b) in 1981, with or without consent of the status Indians. Proceedings to remove the offensive sections of the Indian Act were initiated by the government, when band councils were given the option of bypassing section 12(1)(b), if they so desired. However, only 46 of the 573 decided to accept this concession. Government good faith to amend the discriminatory passages was further affirmed in December of 1981 when Canada ratified the United Nations Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination.

In June of 1983, the former Minister of Indian Affairs, John Munro, introduced a bill to amend discriminatory provisions of the Indian Act by retroactively reinstating the lost status of non status Indian women. Status Indian groups again reacted vociferously to what they perceived as an infringement upon their rights as a minority group. Conferral of retroactive status for non status Indian women, they argued, contravened the right of Indian control over band membership and ultimately their survival as a culturally distinct minority. Predictably, the bill failed to pass Senate approval and died.

The new Minister, David Crombie, is equally committed to amend these discriminatory sections, especially since section 12(1)(b) will become illegal once the equality provisions of the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms comes into effect in April of this year. Section 15(1) of the Charter reads:

Every individual is equal before and under the law and has right to the equal protection and equal benefit of the law without discrimination and, in particular, without discrimination based on race, national or ethnic origin, colour, religion, sex, age or mental or physical disability.

But at the same time, Mr Crombie has expressed support for the principle of band control both over membership and reinstatement of non status Indian women. His endorsement is reinforced by section 25 of the Charter of Rights in the Constitution Act, 1982, which contains a clause wherein "the existing aboriginal and treaty rights of the aboriginal peoples of Canada are hereby recognised and affirmed". Under the circumstances, the dilemma is obvious: To what extent is the unique and special status of status Indian compatible with the equality provisions set out within the same Constitution Act? How the government will rule on this issue of competing rights remains a mystery at this point. Nevertheless, because both of these positions appear to be equally valid, the conflict between special rights and equality on the one hand, and that of individual versus group rights on the other, is complex and impervious to easy solutions.[4]

Footnotes

(1) The Indian Act is a binding and legal document which among other directives has established who can be defined as a status Indian Canada, who can receive its corresponding rights and amenities, and what exactly are the obligations of the government toward status Indians.

(2) For administrative purposes the Canadian government makes a distinction between status and non status Indians. Status Indians possess a special relationship with the federal government which confers upon them benefits and services normally outside the range available to the general population. Non status Indians are likewise excluded from special federal recognition, although racially and culturally they are Indian.

(3) Reservations are tracts of land which have been set aside for Indian use and over which the band exercises a degree of control. During the 19th century, reserves were envisaged as agricultural settlements suitable for the supervision of Indian communities and their indoctrination into the saving graces of Western civilisation. They were also destined to prevent unscrupulous white settlers from squatting or illegally buying up the land. As a result of this apprehension, the government tried to restrict rules of residence to those who would pose a threat to the integrity and resources of the reserve.

(4) Information for this paper is derived entirely from secondary sources, with particular emphasis on a series of newspaper articles which appeared in the Toronto Globe and Mail during December of 1984.

Culture clubs

Okaihau College Maori Club

Contact: Mrs K Sarich, PO Box 55, Okaihau. Tel: 80k (Okaikau). Founded by Mrs Sarich in 1974. Members: pupils in Forms 1 to 6. The club has participated in every Maori Culture Festival for secondary schools in Tai Tokerau since the festivals beginning in 1975. Other performances for various organisations are held from time to time. The club was formed within the school to allow all pupils to participate if they so wish, purely on a voluntary basis, with no set subscriptions. Consequently the group membership changes each year and the selection emphasis is on participation rather than on a competitive basis.

Bay of Islands College Maori Culture Club

Contact: F R Wilcox, Box 128, Kawakawa. Founded about 20 years ago. Members: 34 between ages of 13 to 18. The club performs at marae functions, welcomes visitors and at concerts. They also stage performances for worthwhile community groups, hospitals and tourists. They participate at the Taitokerau festival and the Waitangi Cultural competitions.

In December 1983 the club did a nine day tour of New Caledonia.

Kerikeri High School Maori Culture Club

Contact: A G Stewart, Box 92, Kerikeri. Tel: 79-228. Founded by Dick Rihari (a kaumatua) in 1979. Members: 40 from Forms 1 to 6. The club act as hosts to school visitors and perform local benefit performances as well as supporting three local marae with hui, tangi etc. They participate in Northland festivals. They are currently Northlands Secondary Schools champion group. They are at present half way at building a whare whakairo in the centre of town. All structural work has been carried out and carving has commenced.

Te Reo Whakahuihui Tanga Maori Club

Contact: Bill Nathan, 6 Omapere Road, Kaikohe, Bay of Islands. Founded by Lu Hau in 1982. Members: 89 from 3 years to 64 (25 juniors and 64 seniors). Activities include cultural performances, shows, entertainment, birthdays, hui, wananga, teaching Maori Language, Pewhairangi Arts and Crafts. Participated at the Taitokerau Cultural Festival at Kaitaia (first festival 6 Oct, 1984).

Maunganui o Wae Culture Group (Broadwood Area School)

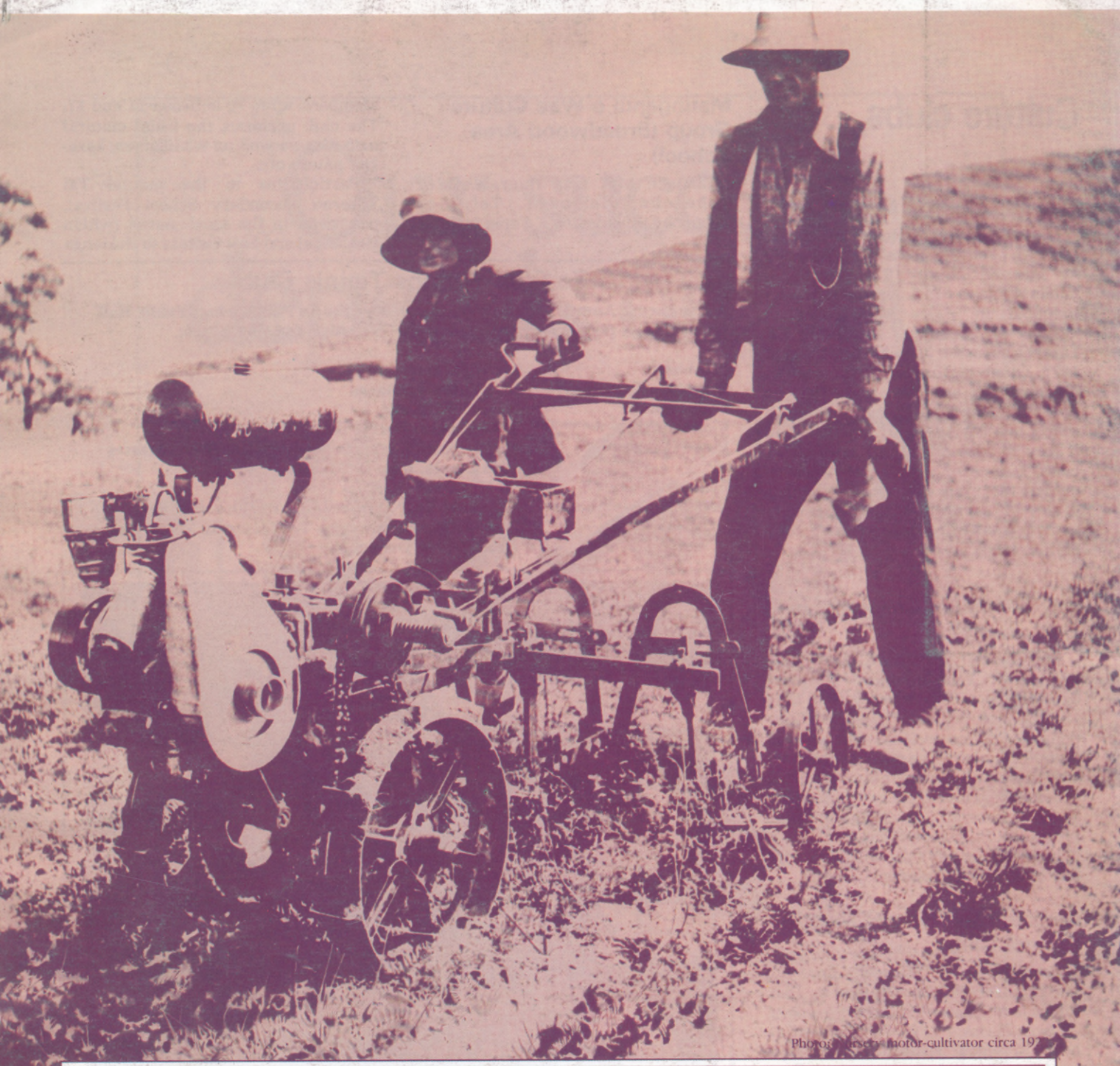
Contact: Mrs Pani Hauraki, Rd 1 Kohukohu, Hokianga. Tel: 840 Kohukohu. founded by K Topia in 1974. Members: up to 70 between 11 and 17. The club performs the usual cultural activities as well as whaikorero, karakia, patere etc.

Participates in the annual Tai Tokerau Secondary School Festival, pay visits to the local marae (within Hokianga) and host visitors to Hokianga

Te Puia Springs Tennis Club

At the recent Annual General Meeting held at the Te Puia Springs Public Hall the following people were elected to the Executive and Committee:

President:	**Mr Hemi Harrison**
Secretary/Treasurer:	**Mrs Cathy Tamihere**
Club Captain:	**Marise Hetaraka**
Vice-Captains:	**Roka Dewes, Herbie Kaa**
Vice-Presidents:	**Dr Herewini Ngata, Dr Henare Broughton, Messrs John Dustin, John McMillian.**
Press Officer:	**Dr Henare Broughton**
Committee Members:	**Margaret Kaa, Lee Wise, Steve Wise, Eva Harrison, Girlie Ngawharau, Ted Hetaraka, Wira Harrison, David Donnelly.**



Photograph: Forest motor-cultivator circa 19

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