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Tu Tangata

Maori News Magazine

In this issue

What price fa'a Samoa

Writers from a dying race

Winners of the Tu Tangata essay competition

to all women of child-bearing age

HELP AVOID A TRAGEDY

make sure you are protected against

rubella

(German Measles)

SEE YOUR DOCTOR

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If you are already pregnant, and may have been in contact with a person with rubella, or if you have had an illness like rubella, see your doctor so that tests can be done to confirm whether or not you have had rubella.

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Read Health Information Leaflet No. 370 available from your District Health Office.

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Tu Tangata

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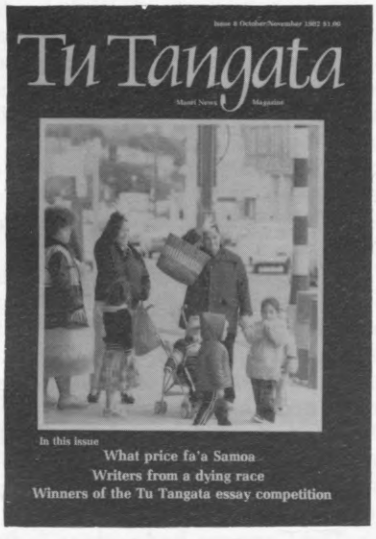

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Writers from a dying race - page 6

What price fa'a Samoa

Michael Field

Among the leaders and dignitaries gathered in the small Taranaki township of Pahou in June 1930 for the tangi of the great politician Sir Maui Pomare was a man who, if he had of had his way, wouldn't have been there at all.

Certainly he was a strong admirer of the late leader, and it was with deep and genuine emotion that he placed a Samoan ietoga or fine mat by the side of his old friend, but he was an unwilling exile in New Zealand.

The man was one Taisi Olaf Frederick Nelson, Samoa's leading merchant. The son of a Swedish ship captain and a Samaon woman, he had outraged Samoa's rulers — military men from Wellington — by turning on the white side of his past and identifying strongly with Samoans in their struggle for dignity and independence. New Zealand exiled him from Samoa, and so it was that he came to be at Pahou.

Paradoxically it was the same Government that Sir Maui had served as a cabinet minister responsible for the Cook Islands which had banished Nelson. Sir Maui made little secret of his support of the Samoans in opposition to his own prime minister, and so his friendship with Nelson had formed.

Recent anti-Samoan feeling in New Zealand produced by the Privy Council's ruling on Samoan citizenship, and the subsequent introduction of the Citizenship (Western Samoa) Bill into the New Zealand Parliament are but the lastest chapter of a long and sorry story of relations between the two countries.

Samoans never tire of telling people how their beautiful and benign land is the cradle of Polynesia, the place where it all began. Few experts dispute this and its accepted that for some 3000 years the Samoan islands have been inhabited by the first Polynesians.

Totally isolated in time and distance, Samoans came to terms with a fertile land and evolved a sophisticated culture and system of local government today known as the fa'a Samoa. It was (and is still) based on the aiga, the extended family which was headed by the consensus elected matai. The matai represented the family at the village council while matai with important titles represented the village at sub-district and district level. Although Samoans recognised that a place called Samoa existed, the formal national government that Westerners would recognise did not exist. Chiefs and orators formed a loose confederation but when the Europeans arrived in force in the middle of last century all they could see was anarchy. Whites tried to impose a government on the Samoans.

The story of events in Samoa between 1850 and 1900 is a tale of complicated intrigue and manipulation as the Western powers, Germany, the United States and Great Britain, used various extended families to fight de facto civil wars in order to press their imperialistic interests.

New Zealand was at this time but a colony of England but there were men who had big ideas and they saw New Zealand as the centre for a new southern empire. Samoa, they felt, should be annexed by New Zealand.

In 1884 Premier Julius Vogal asked London for permission to annex Samoa, claiming that New Zealand had experience in dealing with Polynesian Natives and this could be used in dealing with Samoans. The implication that the whites had a successful relationship with the Maori was undoubtedly news to the latter, and London was not impressed either. Somebody there looked up an old Gazeteer and learnt that Samoans were "theivish, treacherous. and ferocious" so wrote back to Vogal telling him to "rest contented with the task of dealing with the Maoris".

In the end Germany annexed what is today Western Samoa in March 1900. The United States took American Samoa and Britain had her interests elsewhere recognised.

German rule of Samoa was low key, its two administrators, Wilhelm Solf and Eric Schultz were clearly impressed with Samoan culture and traditions and did not want to see it undermined. But they were not adverse to exiling troublemakers, the most notable of whom was one Lauaki Namulau'ulu Mamoe who, along with his family was exiled to Saipan in the northern Marianas.

The assassination of an arch-duke in Europe revived the late Julius Vogal's great dream, when, within hours of the declaration of World War One, New Zealand was asked to seize the German radio station behind Apia.

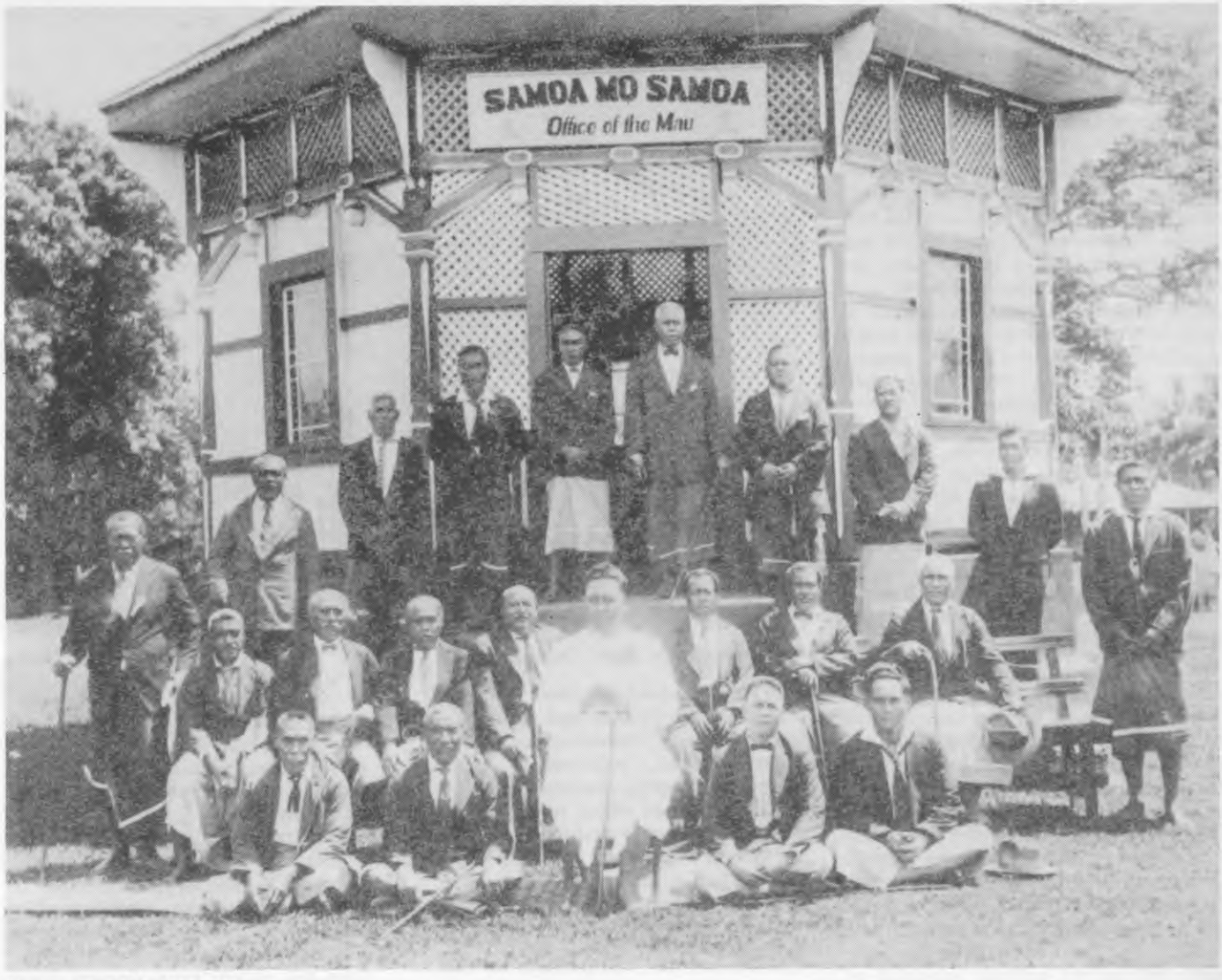
With soliders drawn from the 5th Wellington Regiment and the 3rd Aucklanders New Zealand took Samoa within 25 days of the declaration of war. The Germans had nothing to fight with and had surrendered without a shot being fired by either side.

The man who led the invading forces was a Southland sheep farmer, Colonel Robert Logan who stayed on after the forces left to fight real wars in Europe. He left Samoans largely to their own devices but was oppressive towards the around 2000 Chinese labourers and coolies who lived in Samoa. He tried to ban interracial cohabitation between Chinese and Samoans.

The real disaster of Samoa came four days before the end of the war when the vessel Talune from New Zealand dropped anchor in Apia harbour. Its passengers were infected with the deadly Spanish influenza virus but New Zealand's quarantine procedures were so slack that despite critically ill passengers, people were allowed ashore. In the following two weeks over 8000 Samoans, or 25 per cent of the population died an awful death. Logan refused medical help from nearby American Samoa, which escaped the disease, because he did not like Americans.

Logan accused the Samoans of helping the spread of the disease and told Wellington that "like children, they will get over it..." They never did and in that tragedy were the seeds of a strong in-

Wellington journalist Michael Field spent three years on the staff of the Prime Minister's Department in Apia, Western Samoa, where he edited the Government newspaper "Savali". Now with the Evening Post in Wellington, Field recently completed three year's work on a book on the Mau of Samoa to be published next year by Reeds.



Kamasese with the Mau.

dependence movement.

Events moved slowly however and it wasn't until the later years of the five year rule of General George Richardson that matters became really tense. He ran Samoa like an army camp, and even insisted that Samoans salute white officials. Worse he adopted the practice of removing matai tiles and banishing people from their villages when he found people who acted against his policies. He had an advisory group, the Fono a Faipule, turned into an instrument of oppression but refused to allow democratic elections to the group.

By 1926 matters were brewing up. Nelson went to Wellington and saw the Prime Minister, Gordon Coates, the Minister of External Affairs William Nosworthy and Sir Maui, demanding changes in Samoa.

Nosworthy agreed to go to Samoa and Nelson returned to set up a citizens committee to prepare submissions for him. Richardson saw it as plotting and demanded that it stop, while successfully delaying Nosworthy's visit.

Two public meetings were held in March 1927, the Samoans who had taken part in the citizens committee formed what they called "The Samoa League". It came instead to be known as the Mau, mau being the Samoan word for a group of people with a particular opinion. It was a pacifist movement with very few clear aims and a collective leadership who were not quite sure what they wanted. Richardson was sure of what they wanted; revolutionary overthrow of constitutional government. In fact the Mau at one point would probably have been content with a little bit more Samoan involvement in local government under New Zealand rule.

Richardson responded by banishing many of the Mau's leaders, including two to a small off-shore island, but the Mau grew in strength until by the end of 1927 some 90 per cent of all Samoans supported it.

Nelson was clearly sympathetic to the movement, but was not all that active in it. But Richardson blamed him and some other whites, believeing Samoans to be incapable of protest organisation on their own. So he had Nelson, long term white resident Edwin Gurr and trader Alfred Smyth banished from Samoa, the first two for five years and Smyth for two.

In Feburary 1928 the Mau launched a boycott of shops in Apia and to back it up a group of Mau police went into town to picket the shops. Although no voilence was offered, Richardson panicked and called the Royal Navy and Marines in. HMS Dunedin and Diomede arrived from New Zealand and 400 Mau were rounded up and imprisioned. Samao did not have the prison space, so a special compound was built on a peninsula to house the Mau. So sloppy was the work that the mau came and went from the camp simply by walking around the wire in the shallow lagoon. In the end Richardson had to admit defeat and let the Mau men go. During the time in the camp a change had come over the Mau with the appointment of Tupua Tamasese Lealofi III as leader. A holder of a princely title, Richardson had stripped him of his title and banished him when he refused to obey an order to remove a hedge outside his house.

Richardson left Samoa and was replaced by Stephen Allen who arrived in May 1928 with the newly formed

Samoa Military Policy armed with machine guns, rifles and pistols.

In December that year the force moved in on the village of Viamoso and seized Tupua Tamasese on a charge of non-payment of tax. He was found guilty and sent to Auckland's Mt Eden Prison for six months. There he was visited by Sir Maui who strongly disagreed with what his government had done. He told Tupua Tamasese: "I came but to see your face and as I looked into the countenance of a tama au Ariki — a prince indeed — lineal descendent of kings where genealogical lines reach back into the twilight of fable — deprived of hereditary titles, degraded, deported and imprisioned."

By the end of 1929, when Tupua Tamasese was back home, the exile Alfred Smyth was entitled to return home. He did so with Alfred Hall Skelton, a lawyer acting for Nelson who at the time was suing the New Zealand Herald for libel.

The two arrived in Apia harbour on December 28, 1929, a day Samoans remember as Black Saturday.

Allen decided the time had come to crack down on the Mau and any tax-evaders, the main form of Mau passive resistance, were to be arrested. As the Mau marched to Apia harbour to greet Smyth and Hall Skelton, police moved in to arrest a man. The arrests were conveniently made near the police station where armed police were in wait. As a struggle broke out between the arresting policemen and the Mau men, the police poured out of the station and opened fire with side-arms. As Samoans fell to the ground wounded or dead, others stoned the police who retreated to the police station. Unknown to the other police, one policeman died. At the station a sergeant who had served as a machine gunner in the Western Front, armed himself with a Lewis gun and began firing at the Mau. Police with .303 rifles also opened fire.

Into an empty street by the police station walked the brave Tupua Tamasese, his arms held high calling for peace. A police rifleman fired at him, mortally wounding the Samoan prince. Tupua Tamasese was one of eight Samoans to die that day, but before he died he made an urgent appeal to Samoans:

My blood has been spilt for Samoa.
I am proud to give it.
Do not dream of avenging it, as it was spilt in maintaining peace.
If I die, peace must be maintained at any price.

The Samoans, in keeping with their Christian commitment to the ideals of passive, non-violence, did not take revenge, and as Allen's men began raiding villages and wrecking homes, the Samoans melted into the rugged and wild bushlands behind Apia.

Mau procession, Apia, Samoa.

In New Zealand the news of the killings shocked Nelson and others. Sir Maui, already convalescing after a severe illness, suffered a severe relapse on hearing the news.

Allen was not about to give up; he brought in the navy and the air force to hunt down the Mau in the bush. In the process two more Samoans were killed, but the Samoans always kept the peace.

In the end the Mau came in for talks and an uneasy peace resulted, but conditions only marginally improved. Nelson returned after his five year exile only to be arrested again and sent to jail in New Zealand and exiled for a further 15 years. He took that to mean exile for life, for he was ill and did not expect a long live.

In 1935 the first real hope came when the first Labour Government of Michael Joseph Savage was elected to office. The great Labour leader Harry Holland, who had died two years before, had been a strong advocate in New Zealand for the Mau and was a tireless critic of New Zealand actions in Samoa. Savage knew little about Samoa, and even less about what to do with the place. He was motivated by a Socialist humanitarian and an opposition to colonialism. Many of the Mau grievances were recognised and changes were made. Nelson was allowed home, and limited, but democratic, Samoan representation was allowed on the advisory groups.

Although the Labour government was less oppressive towards Samoa than the governments of Coates, Sir Joseph Ward and George Forbes had been, they had no clear idea of what to do with Samoa. So it was not until 1962 that Samoa finally won the independence it felt it should never have lost.

While New Zealand now treats Samoa as an independent nation, at least at an official level, much of the paternalism and racism which characterised the rule in the Mau days remains. It is seen in the treatment of overstayers and the condescending tone often taken by New Zealand in government-to-government exchanges.

Even the recent Privy Council issue highlighted that. The Prime Minister Muldoon said it would be resolved in "Pacific way" talks with Samoa's Va'ai Kolone, and then he did the un-Pacific thing of making it clear he wanted quick action. When a draft protocol was decided on, the Minister of Justice Mr Jim McLay was despatched to Samoa to discuss the final draft. In his briefcase was the final draft already printed by the Government Printer; discussion was obviously not wanted.

The story of Mau, and to a certain extent that of subsequent relations, is a story of white New Zealanders failing to understand the depth and nature of the culture they were dealing with. Some New Zealanders in the 1920s were basically weak and uncertain people not knowing where they were going. They were infected with the belief that whites were destined to rule, and they tried to do that in Samoa. This frail society came face-to-face with Samoans. A weak, crisis ridden and vaccilating nation with brawn but insufficient wit came up against a confident, assertive people with a rock firm notion of who they were, and proud of it. It was a recipe for disaster, and that is what resulted.

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WRITERS FROM A DYING RACE (BLACK POETS IN AUSTRALIA)

By L.E. Scott

The indigenous people of Australia, now known as the Aborigines, are dying. The cause of their death is no secret. The white man 'discovered' Australia two hundred years ago and a race of Black people began to die.

Kevin J. Gilbert, an Aborigine writer, says of his people: "My people are like kangaroos sitting on a bush road at night when the spotlight hits. They just sit there waiting for it."

Before the written word

The Aborigines are in deep trouble. Not only must they overcome the everyday threat of extermination, but they must also struggle against the worst disease that can eat away at man — the belief that he just might be "inferior".

In the words of Kevin J. Gilbert, "Ever since the invasion of our country by English soldiers and then colonists in the late eighteenth century, Aborigines have endured a history of land theft, attempted racial extermination, oppression, denial of basic human rights, actual and de facto slavery, ridicule, denigration, inequality and paternalism. Concurrently, we suffered the destruction of our entire way of life — spiritual, emotional, social and economic. The result is the Aboriginal of twentieth century Australia — a man without land, without an identity, a culture or a future.

"It is true that the modern Aborigine is sick, very sick. But let no white person use this as an excuse to denigrate him even further. You cannot look down on Black people while you understand the historical reasons that have reduced them to what they are — the reasons of which I have here sketched only a tiny, general impressionistic fraction. Remember that the Aborigine's sickness has been forced upon him. Yours, you not only tolerate, but structured into the very fibre of your society."

The shame/the game

Lock a man in a dark room, cut him off from any contact other than that which you want him to have, tell him that he came from nothing, make him totally dependent on you for his existence; after two hundred years of this, you have a man who hates himself and his kind. One of the worst sins man can commit against man, is to set out to create a system to try and destroy a man's mind simply because that man is Black.

It is a cold hard fact that many Aborigines are ashamed of their blackness. It is no accident that this is so for the reason behind it is as old as mankind itself. To gain control over a race of people, they must first be divided.

In many cases, Aborigines who have "white blood" in them do not want to relate to their darker, "inferior" family members. The white man has burned into their minds for over two hundred years that anything black is no good, nothing, and inferior to anything white or near white. To make his point even stronger, the white man treated those whose mothers he had raped, a "little bit better" than the darker ones.

This is the same skin game the white man in America played with Black Americans. Some Black Americans also felt ashamed of their blackness. Then "Black is Beautiful" happened, and the wall between black and black began to fall away. This will happen in Australia as the long overdue voices of the poets reach the Black people of Australia with their cry: "Brother, Brother, Brother, a house divided cannot stand."

The lady in black

Kath Walker, an elderly woman, is perhaps the best known Aborigine poet in Australia. After four books of verse she has become recognised as the one and only "official poet" of the Aborigines. Placed in this situation, she has encountered problems on both sides of the fence. Whites made the mistake of not understanding how deep her anger ran and Blacks feel that she is not coming down as she should on the whites of Australia.

Despite the criticism, Kath Walker is highly respected by her people. She is viewed as the mother image of black writing, and her home is open to all Black writers.

Kath Walker says she began "searching" with words in the 1960s and her first book of verse (We Are Going) was published in 1964. The title itself was a warning to the white man: either the genocide of the Aborigine race will be your burden, or with your help we can learn to live together. The answer was unmistakeably clear — die nigger.

As to why she chose poetry as a means to communicate her people's aspirations and frustrations, she says that her people have always been natural storytellers and songmakers, and so it was a natural process for her to choose poetry to communicate with her people.

Seven years ago on Stradbroke Island, about ten miles from Brisbane, Kath Walker started a community called Moongalba, which can best be described as a programme to "Save the Children" and a multi-cultural education experience. At Moongalba all races are welcome and there is an exchange of learning about different cultures. This programme is run without any aid from the government, the money comes from Kath Walker and anyone who is willing to give.

I dare not live too long
Life may last for ever.
In a span of life
Ten million lives are lost
And few are found.

Dead men roam
The streets
Screaming obscenities,
Cursing, damning.
Forcing me to look
At my dead life
And theirs.

Kath Walker

Bobbi Sykes

Bobbi Sykes is probably the most prolific Black writer in Australia and the most vocal in her attack on racism. Her background statistics are the same as the other Aborigine writers: self-educated, self-made. Over the last ten years she has become the closest thing to a national Black leader of her people.

She is a household name in Australia. Blacks fondly call her "Bobbi Angela Davis Sykes" and whites seem to hate her more than any other Black person in Australia. Over the last 15 years she has been beaten up, locked up, shot at, called a front for the Communist Party, and even accused of being not a "real black".

Bobbi Sykes is one of the few Black writers who has travelled widely outside of Australia. As a result of her writing she has been invited to speak in many parts of the world and while in America she made contact with Black American leaders.

Of the writers mentioned, Bobbi Sykes is by far the youngest, but within her 34 years she has had a full life already. She writes of her life: "I was born in Townsville, Queensland, the deep North. Formal education only to primary level, further education received in learn-or-perish situations. I have had a distinguished career in dishwashing, waitressing, floor-scrubbing and factory work. A short career in exotic dancing, but failed the "casting couch" as a "non-starter"."

In 1975 Bobbie Sykes set up the Black Women's Action Committee which published the first newspaper (Koori-Bina) for Blacks in Australia.

In response to whites who say she is nothing but a protest writer, she replies: "Have you ever heard any white person in the so-called free world calling Alexander Solzhenitsyn a protest writer? The protest literature title that whites try and lay on Black writers is no more than an attempt to try and negate the value of what Black writers are saying about the devilish ways of the white man."

Life

Sitting up there, bewigged, on your right —
your twelve just men, just what? My peers
equal —
Does it take 12 white men to equal one
Black man,
One beaten Black man,
One lonely broken Black man?

What do you know, in your powdered wig
And my equal — all white-what a joke,
Of my life and my love for a little Black gin
With her big, soul-sad-eyes.

And what do you know of your comrades —
white brothers,
Who raped her when she was nine, and ten,
and 12, and 20
Until she thought that "not to" was the
biggest sin?

And what do you know of my raging hate
When I come home and walk in
To find a hunched back rearing over
My Black and beautiful gin?

So I cleft the back and broke the chain
And my wife will never sin again,
My peers find me guilty
And the wig gives me "life" and
LIFE is a four-letter word.

Bobbi Sykes

Lorraine Mafi-Williams

In 1941 there were only 800 "full-blooded" Aborigines living in New South Wales. Lorraine Mafi-Williams is one of that eight hundred. Lorraine Mafi-Williams is in her late 40s and lives in Redfern, the Harlem of Sydney.

There is a spirituality about her personhood; she is a woman who seems to be in unison with the earth. Her skin is midnight black and she is deeply aware that she is Black, beautiful and strong The only thing that seems to speak about her life are her eyes. They are the eyes of a person who has lived all the pain of her life more than once.

Perhaps this is why she is a poet, although she does not think of herself as one. She says simply that she is a person who very recently began to put words on paper to try and make the white man understand what it is like to die a little each day of one's life.

It is unfortunate that Lorraine Mafi-Williams has had only a few of her peoms published, because she carries with her the whole oral culture of her people.

Anthropology Theology

Anthropologist digging in the blazing sun
Wants to know from where the Blackman
come;
Jackie lying in the shade of the tree,
Wants to know from where he come too:
Hey, Boss, where we from now?
Oh, Asia, Jackie. There's signs that China
Could be ...
Hey, Boss, we come from that China yet?
No, Jackie, perhaps you come from Africa ...
Hey, Boss, what that Africa look like?
The rocks down here don't look too good ...
Indian ... European ... you be ... perhaps
I'll dig some more and then we'll see.
Don't that whiteman know we come from
dreamtime long ago?
Hey, Boss, you keep digging there
Maybe you'll get to hell.

Lorraine Mafi-Williams

The prison writers

Anywhere in the world where Black and white people are "living together", racism and discrimination have been institutionalised by the white man. The only institutions in such a society that are always open to Blacks are the prisons. It is ironic that they have become places of higher learning for Blacks throughout the world.

It may seem strange to many whites that some of the best, most respected Black freedom fighters have been raised in the white man's prisons. Very often when Blacks are sent to the white man's jails it is not so much because they are guilty of any crime against a just society, rather, they are guilty of being Black.

One of two things happens to a Black man when he is sent to prison. It can break him beyond repair and he will let the white man make him feel a slave to his colour, or locked into an even smaller world, he will begin to see and understand the sickness of the man who holds the key to his freedom. A freedom fighter is born.

Life sentence

In 1957, Kevin J. Gilbert received a life sentence for the killing of his European wife. As with most Aborigines in 1957, Gilbert had no "formal education". In fact at that time, Aborigines did not even have legal citizenship in Australia. It was only with a Referendum as late as 1967 that white Australians voted to give Aborigines the right to Australian citizenship. Kevin J. Gilbert became a citizen of the country he was born in while serving a life sentence.

While in prison, Gilbert began the long process of self-education. After fourteen and a half years he had become an accomplished artist in oils and lino cut, a poet, dramatist and writer. He used these abilities to demonstrate to white Australians the injustice and inhumanity that they have continued to tolerate toward the Black people in Australia.

Released

When Gilbert was released from prison in 1971, he was instrumental in organising a major protest in Canberra (the capital) where the Aboriginal "Embassy" was set up on the grounds of Parliament House. Gilbert was told by the parole board that if he set foot in Canberra he would go back to jail for the rest of his life.

The choice was clear; politically it would have been asinine for Gilbert to walk back into the white man's prison. The running of the Aboriginal Embassy was taken over by other Blacks including Bobbi Sykes, Michael Anderson, Maureen Watson and Lorraine Mafi-Williams.

When the protest began to get outside news coverage, Gilbert said he knew it was then "just a matter of time before the white man would move in with force". It happened as he had predicted. Most of the leaders of the protest were arrested, but Gilbert believes it was a major step on the long march by his people.

He writes: "The details about the removal of the Embassy, the police violence and its aftermath are all reasonably familiar to Australians; they had to get the tent off the lawns of Parliament. The Blacks, on the other hand, weren't just fighting for a tent — they were fighting the whole of Australia, for the land, the dying babies, the misery."

Earth

Of the earth am I
The breast that nurtured all the young
Of the earth; with earth to earth again I fly
With every thought I thought and song I sung
Was earth and earth in all its bounty
Gave to me and mine a wise increase.

I am earth; and when the first ship came
They spat and cursed the earth as foul base
Most miserable of all the earth was I
Without the spice or wine of their much wiser race.

The learned came; and said gods had I none but totems and an animism dull
There was no high god somewhere in the sky
No higher metaphysics in my lower type of skull.

I am earth, missionaries looked askance
Upon my nature undisguised: my earthly lance
Was to them unclean; a blight to God
And such disgusting things hide from His sight.

Of the earth am I; benighted anthropologist
Wont to declare: The basest of the base and by their skull

No glimmer of intelligence is there
They measured vacuity to fill their empty space.

I am earth; my God, my High God had I one
Ba'aime, though I did not know the high
And separate classes making God apart
From me and spirit beings who did his will.

Of the earth am I; the high God ne'er considered
Together, as he breathed so breathed I
Together, to the hunt, was he and I
Together walked we two on earth
And sometimes in the sky.

The learned came; and said gods had I none
No politics nor sovereign embassy
Their learned ignorance served as a pass
for pioneers to kill the god in me.

Kevin J. Gilbert

Place of dreaming

Although the Aborigines have a theatrical tradition older than the white man's so-called civilization, it has all but been destroyed since his arrival.

Urban Aborigines are now trying to revive that tradition within the framework of Western theatre. The group of Black writers behind the Black Theater is small but dedicated. Gerald Bostock's play "Here Comes The Nigger" conveys a strong political statement for both white and Black Australians.

"The Cakeman" by Robert Merritt is a masterpeice that portrays Aboriginal depression. Other writers behind the Black Theater include Maureen Watson, Bobbi Sykes and Lorraine Mafi-Williams.

Lester Bostock, administrator of the Black Theater, states: "The movement at the Black Theater is concerned with self-betterment, with humanising the Black man and his self-image, and incidentally, the White Australian view of the Blacks. It is a communal expression of identity which we can't express so effectively as individuals."

Lorraine Mafi-Williams says of the Redfern group behind the Black Theater: "Our aim is to provide a place, a city place of dreaming for Black audiences — so that a strong Black image will emerge and a place where we can re-establish contact with our traditions. And of course, we want the Black Theater to also be a place of political education for our people."

The first step

The first step away from the graveyard by Black Australians has been made. The long overdue struggle for control of their lives has begun.

There will be some deaths, but freedom has always been paid for with death. The white man in Australia is not going to change his ways because it is the humane thing to do, nor is he going to let Black people in Australia have their freedom until some blood flows. It is sad, but it is the way of the white man all over the world.

The written word amongst Aborigines is only about twenty years old. The first poems by the black hand have been written and the Black poets are crying out to be heard: It can be no more, it can be no more, I am of the earth!

Black South African finds U.S. visit 'A Revelation'

By Khaba Mkhize

When I landed at J.F. Kennedy Airport in New York, I expected to explore the vast continent of North America but I should have know better. The United States of America explored me.

I found the States extraordinarily huge. Everything there was big. States, cities, cars, educational institutions, people, meals, hamburgers; you name it, it's big. Life there is also damn fast. As an ad in a New York subway train puts it; "If you're not fast, you can't make it here."

Once through immigration I met two of my fellow guests who were to tour the United States with me. One was a writer and lecturer at the University of Malawi. The other, astute and bubbling with self-confidence, came from Kenya, he was a novelist who owns a publishing house. The third companion arrived the following day from Nigeria. He was a novelist and codirector of a Nigerian television station.

Felt overawed

As a South African black, I felt overrawed in their presence. To understand this kind of feeling you must let me explain. The Malawian had spend something like five years studying in Britain. The Nigerian novelist has an Austrian wife, and the Kenyan publisher was married to a German woman. These men had had exposure to an open society that I had never seen. As we crisscrossed the United States together I discovered how ing.ained race discrimination was within me. I tried hard to shed this state of mind; at times I succeeded, but, oh, what a struggle it was.

There were instances when we were checking in and out of hotels and airports, placing orders in restaurants and in pubs. Each time my colleagues addressed people in charge there I felt cramps in my inside. I instinctively felt they were ignorant of their "places."

Too arrogant

The Kenyan was the first to set the alarm buzzing in my head. Leaning over a bar counter he called to a white barmain: "Love, what is your special drink in the way of vodkas." We have an expression in my language when one is confronted by an embarrassing situation: "I was desperately in need of a hold to hide myself in." This was too arrogant of him, I thought to myself silently.

To my greatest surprise, the lady answered in a friendly fashion, throwing a lot of "honeys" around. Gradually I relaxed. But the habit of calling white women familiar names never ceased to worry me. I thought all the time that my colleagues would land in trouble.

Reprinted with permission from Frontline Magazine, published in South Africa.

Khaba Mkhize is a black South African journalist who recently visited the United States.

Another experience which shook me out of my South African cocoon (which promptly reminded me of Prime Minister Pieter Botha's advice to South Africans to get out of their tunnel and see the world around them) was in Los Angeles. In my mind I had known I might see white men with picks and shovels digging roads. But I tell you, when I actually came face to face with the spectacle for the first time I had a feeling that one of our sacred laws had been broken. Later, this was transformed into a revelation — a white man can **dig** roads.

Indoctrination

Call it a sick feeling of years of indoctrination about my "inferiority" and the South African norm that all menial jobs are for blacks, but what I will say is what I felt. My first thought was that I ought to take that pick from that sweating **baas** and help him out because it wasn't his rightful job. I couldn't reconcile a white man digging a road in broad daylight.

Then there was the freedom of speech. I was startled to hear somebody on television accuse President Carter of talking "rubbish," and then to watch a demonstration which started peacefully and ended that way because the police's role was that of protector of a black group against counter-demonstrators. The demonstrators were protesting against "job discrimination" in Jacksonville, Florida.

Again in Memphis, Tennessee, I saw blacks and whites, adults and children protesting against the "arms race." The police were there following them quietly to see that nothing happened to them.

Flexible muscle

Television was also a revelation. Although irritating for its commercialism and the bullet-stories which are its staple diet, I was still able to feel its muscle of flexibility and its freedom to give the viewers what it was all about in the political climate affecting U.S. citizens.

There was a long program highlighting the black's struggle for human and civil rights during the turbulent 60s. Documentaries were shown where the most critical black leaders expressed their views. Martin Luther King was there saying his piece, Stokley Carmichael spat his fire, Elijah Muhammed reverberated audiences with sermons on black exculsiveness, Malcolm X was raising his black power fist to punctuate his blazing speeches about white America's avarice.

Remember, this is TV I'm talking about; lest you forget. There were also vivid films depicting police brutality during the riots — blood-curdling scenes of violence by the lawmen — and the cameras did not miss the hatred-in-motion by that terrorist movement of chronic racists, the notorious Klu Klux Klan.

In Chicago there is a black-owned radio station which operates a highly political phone-in program that is never edited or censored by anybody. Our group of writers was asked to appear. Previously I had done some interviews, but I pulled out of the Chicago one.

Volatile public

The Malawian writer did the same. Reasons obvious. We could not stand up to that amount of exposure from a cross-section of the sometimes volatile public. We thought about the repercussions back home should our tongues slip. For me it was the undoubted fact I know about my country. South Africa has a long ear. The motto is "Don't say anything overseas which you cannot repeat at home!"

There is one thing which the Yanks hold sacred. That is their flag, the Stars and Stripes. Everybody rallies behind it, be they black or white.

In San Antonio, Texas, I saw black people waving miniature flags in merriment. The question arose in my mind: Would I wave my country's flag in a township street at home and stay in one piece? If so, then I would certainly afterwards wear a couple of names won for the episode. "Sellout!" "**Mpimpi**" ("Collaborator") and the like.

Taumarunui now has two fully carved meeting houses at Ngapuwaiwaha and Wharauroa maraes and the local tourist promotion committee frequently arranges visits to the maraes where local residents take the visitors on conducted tours. Here a party of West German tourists have the new Hikurangi Meeting House explained by one of the carvers, Mr Bill Johnathan.

Book binding award

A four and half year apprenticeship in the book binding trade has netted Abe Scott a prestigious in-house award from his employers, Government Print, Wellington.

The Nylex Fletcher Trophy goes to the best design and binding of a book printed and published by the Government Printer.

Abe's winning design was for the book, 'The Shadow Of The Land', a story of British policy and racial conflict in New Zealand, by Ian Wards.

The book was bound in leather with the front cover design incorporating two hands, each a different colour, grasping the globe.

This is the first time Government Print tradesmen like Abe have been eligible for the trophy award which is now in its third year. Previously only apprentices were eligible.

Abe comes from a family of nine brought up in Porangahau and did his schooling in Hawke's Bay. From high school he was assisted under the Department of Maori Affairs trade training programme to take up a bindery apprenticeship with the Government Printing Office.

A keen fitness fanatic, Abe plays squash, and is presently enjoying his rugby season with Marist/St Pats — Presidents grade.

Language programme jeopardised

by Sonya Haggie

A Maori language programme developed by a Hamilton woman could be jeopardised by Government education cuts.

The woman behind the two-year-old programme, called Te Ataarangi, is Katerina Mataira, who will unexpectedly end her official association with it at the end of this year.

Her Waikato University fellowship, which allowed her to develop the programme, was to have ended next January and could have been extended for at least another year.

But education cuts mean an extension is unlikely. And the programme could be adversely affected.

As programme developer Mrs Mataira travelled throughout New Zealand conducting tutor training seminars. The trained tutors then taught others to become programme tutors as well as teaching those wanting to learn the language.

Mrs Mataira's salary was paid by the university. The Maori Affairs Department covered travel expenses.

Working with Mrs Mataira was National Council for Adult Education field officer, Ngoi Pewhairangi.

Mrs Pewhairangi will also lose her official association with the programme.

Despite the termination of their positions Mrs Mataira said she saw the programme continuing in some areas of the country.

"In most areas there are several people who know enough about the programme to keep it going," she said.

The programme was a three-stage one that began last year and was into its second stage this year. The running of the third stage next year would now not be possible unless funding for it was found, she said.

"The people will have to take full responsibility for their own programmes. That was ultimately the ideal but what I would hate to see is for them to have to take that full responsibility before they are ready and before they have all the resources they require.

"If it (the programme) is going to work, to make a significant difference to the survival of the Maori language, then it has got to keep going."

Mrs Mataira said she would be prepared to continue working on the programme without a salary but could not afford to pay her own travel expenses to tutorials. It was doubtful whether the Maori Affairs Department would continue its support, she said.

Groups interested in the programme could not be expected to have the finance to pay travel expenses, she said.

Her future when her fellowship ended had still not been decided, she said.

Response to the programme had so far been "particularly positive".

"People who have always thought they had no skills are now superb teachers. So many people have gained a new confidence in themselves, have acquired a new status within their communities."

Waikato University Maori Studies and Research Centre acting director Professor Jim Ritchie has labelled the cuts a "national tragedy and shame".

It would be a tragedy if Mrs Mataira was not allowed to continue work on her oral Maori language programme, he said.

Evidence that the language was "far from being a dying tongue" had been shown in a resurgent and growing interest by both Maori and Pakeha adults in recovering the use of it, he said.

Mrs Mataira's teaching method had caught on fast and was of "demonstrable effectiveness".

"It is a national tragedy and shame that this work cannot now continue unless new funding sources can be found," Professor Ritchie said.

Approaches for financial assistance will be made to the Internal Affairs Department, the Lottery Board, and possibly UNESCO to save the programme.

Katerina Mataira

Te Ngarara O Peketua — the lizard of Peketua — after the Minister of Maori Affairs, Hon. Ben Couch, and carving tutor Louis Kereopa unveiled a dedication plaque in Porirua to the carvers of the giant tuatara.

Under Mr Kereopa's guidance 10 carving students from the Maraeroa Carving School crafted the magnificent reptile from a two tonne block of Oamaru sandstone, with the addition of paua shells for the eyes and nostrils.

The carving school was established by Wellington Polytechnic in the Porirua community of Waitangirua in July 1980. The Polytechnic provided tutors, the Department of Maori Affairs offered a training allowance to cover accommodation and travelling expenses for the students who came from all over New Zealand, and the Maraeroa Marae Committee provided workshop facilities.

Te Ngarara does not represent traditional Maori carving but is a blending of Maori and European cultures, and a variation of media which the carving school is developing. Traditional styles have been worked in wood and bone.

According to Maori legend in many parts of the North Island, Peketua was a demi-god who created the first egg. Not knowing what to do with it he took it to Tane, God of the Forests, who breathed life, knowledge, and wisdom into it. From this first egg was hatched the Tuatara, named to honour Peketua.

Te Ngarara O Peketua, a guardian of knowledge and wisdom, is now on permanent vigil in the foyer of the Porirua Museum — an impressive first sight for visitors as they enter the building.

No making hay on Maggies Farm

William Dew

"I ain't gonna work on Maggie's Farm no more." Maggie's Farm being a euphamism for the wheeling and dealing field of our capitalistic society.

Immortal words from a Bob Dylan song but for me all the more real after only six months of trying to find work on Maggie's Farm. For me the line looms large like an epitaph especially after a refusal for a job I thought I was a dead cert.

Now don't get me wrong, I'm not one of those whining sorts who feels he's being picked on cause he can't find work. I admit I was very fussy about what I'd take when I first joined the unemployed ranks. At that time I thought of myself as being 'between jobs'. But as time went on my terms of reference for an occupation fluctuated quite a lot with me varying between driving a digger to fronting a television show.

Needless to say I'm doing neither and it's taken months for me to decide some things need to be written about the faceless nameless statistics currently unemployed in New Zealand.

Social concern

Most days in the newspapers there are articles on the social cost of unemployment with lots of concern from social workers who are in the front line of dealing with the effects of unemployment. But most of the talk about unemployment comes from those who know least about it, the buearacrats and politicians. It's got to the stage with me that when I hear a 'concerned' person say "there's plenty of work for those that want to", I no longer rise to the bait.

In the beginning there was plenty of advice from aquaintances of jobs they knew were going. Upon checking I found a lot of the jobs were ones full-time staff wouldn't touch and so temporary help was needed to clear the backlog. That's been the case with quite a few I've applied for, temporary jobs for temporary people. Seems the lean times bring out the economic wizard in us all and the hiring of temporary staff where a full-time position was before, is here to stay.

Psyched up

I guess you could say I've been a lucky one with several temporary jobs paying the rent and food bills for my family. However they do require quite an adjustment in the psych, planning schooling for the children and just where I'll be next year or even next month. If I want to work at what I want to work at, I've had to mentally prepare myself and my family to shift out of Auckland and even overseas. On the other hand I like it were I am and accordingly have applied for jobs not at all to my liking but situated in this city.

Faceless employers

That brings me to a point about applying for jobs. There's quite a technique in being suitably vague to an ad that's in turn so vague that some times the firms name is ommitted in favour of an anonymous box number. I know I find it hard to enthuse about my past work experience to someone who wants to remain faceless.

And then there's the stock replies usually beginning with "there was a very high standard of applicants". The best one I got was from a television channel which shall remain nameless. To my three applications over a period of four months for seperate jobs, I received regretful replies addressed to my wife, who needless to say had a full-time job looking after me and who doesn't need any more work.

Then there's the government jobs which don't exist for people who are

not public servants but are advertised in the daily newspapers anyway. Upon writing to government officials I've been told of the government 'sinking lid' policy and the non replacement of staff; but why arouse false hopes for those unemployed with job offers that can't be taken up. I must admit that I still faithfully apply in writing to such advertisements despite my 'inside knowledge'. I suspect I'm keeping a staff clerk employed shuffling my applications around and he might show his gratitude some day.

Soul destroying

But on a serious note the number of employers who don't even bother replying to applicants is soul-destroying and the disease is contagious. I now notice some prospective employers state in their ad that they'll reply to every applicant — and that in one case was for labourers on a building site.

Of course the newspaper 'situations vacant' columns are increasingly full of sales jobs, nearly all promising great rewards, and of course with the majority paying on commission there's little risk to the employers. Such prospects for school leavers must be daunting, with qualifications now even needed for shop assistant jobs and 'experience preferred' for car cleaners, or valets as they are now called.

Limbo some more

I keep telling myself that I must be learning something from this limbo state I'm in and when I rejoin the 'real world' I'll really profit from the experience. Alas I don't think it'll work that way because every time I get a job, however temporary I know it is, I forget my moping-around time and live for the moment.

One thing I've learned about myself is that I'm more adaptable than I thought but not adaptable enough to win through. I've landed a job claimed as world first, the publication of a music festival newspaper that unfortunately didn't pay any wages because it went bust. Then there was the fundraising job that also went bust by reversing the normal trend and overspending on funds. In between times was the census job that paid so poorly for the abuse received that only registered unemployed would do the work.

Congratulations

And for those adventurous souls who manage to actually register unemployed just to keep our politicians and bureacrats honest, congratulations! I've fought my way through three labour department offices in Auckland in an effort to find work, not the dole. You see if you finally admit to yourself that you need help finding a job, the battle's just begun, because by the time you've filled out the work experience form, you're on the defensive.

My encounters were usually ended at this point by the interviewing officer saying there was no work in my field or the preferred four options. I was then asked if I wanted to apply for the unemployed benefit and upon saying yes, was told to take a form to the Social Welfare Department located some distance away.

At this point in time I haven't received one cent in dole money despite applying for a benefit on two seperate occassions. However I'm still alive and kicking and shortly start a two month temporary job which I've waited two months for. Of course that doesn't take into account the many employers who have said they'll put my application on file.

If just half of those come in I'm going to be a very busy lad explaining why I might find it impossible to be a tour bus driver during the day, handle customer complaints about faulty consumer goods, plan exhibitions for an art gallery, write articles for trade magazines and do a little social work on the side, and at night handle shift work in a factory whilst studying for a scholarship in the field of work dynamics.

Red tape cutter

Cutting through red tape is now the job of a man who not too long ago used to generate red tape for a living when he was Minister of Maori Affairs. Matiu Rata has put together a consultancy firm, Mana Management that works as a middleman between Maori people and bureaucracy.

Operating initially from an Auckland base, the firm now helps people from Paeroa to the far north, people who had found they were on their own when it came to dealing with red tape.

In Paeroa, people whose land was flooded last year were helped to seek recompense for crops, stock loss and loss of earnings. And in the far north Mana Management prepared a report for the trustees of a 700 acre block, a report on the best ways to use the land bearing in mind the need for rate relief (a large burden) and the Crown's call for upgrading the land.

Matiu Rata with Phil Whaanga.

For the block's approximately 108 Maori owners, the report contains amongst other ideas, the concept of a 'wilderness' area where people can recapture the pioneering spirit of New Zealand.

Mana Management also advises on land tenure and more specialised advice such as marketing.

Matiu Rata. "We encourage Maori partnerships and let people know where they can get the specialist information from. Tu Tangata business wananga have encouraged many Maori people to try business for themselves and that's good. What's needed is the link between the producer and the market.

"For example the Island community in Auckland need taro. We can grow an acceptable product with our climate. Young people in Auckland must learn to put it together administratively and use every available economic resource."

Taupiri mountain shelters ancient canoe

by Sonya Haggie

A Maori canoe believed to be more than 155 years old rests at the foot of Taupiri mountain.

It has been there, outside Roy Nepe's house behind the mountain, almost since the day it was taken from the water to rest near Roy's long-dead great grandmother, Awhipera Rea Nepe.

Roy's uncle, Dan Nepe, can still remember growing up in Taupiri and hearing of the old life from Awhipera, who raised him.

He grew up in Taupiri, near Hamilton, beneath the shadow of the mountain sacred for its burial place where tribal members, leaders and royal family are laid to rest.

It was Awhipera who dated the canoe, named Te Hukere, that is believed to be made of kauri. Dan, now 64, remembers her telling him Te Hukere was built long before she was born in 1827, making it at least 155 years old.

Awhipera died in 1935 at the age of 108. Te Hukere carried her from where she lay in state to her grave on the mountain, near Waikato river.

In the family

According the Dan, the canoe has been in the Nepe family since it was built by master carvers from Huntly.

It was named Te Hukere when it was built.

"Te hukere is when you paddle and the water comes off the paddle. That is te hukere," he says.

"It never sinks. I tried it when I was a kid. Even when it's filled with water it flows under the surface like a submarine."

Perhaps its most important task was its duty during the Maori wars.

"My grandmother remembered it being used to carry messages to the warriors," he says.

"It also used to be used for carrying food. This canoe was the one that was taking food to the warriors through the swamps."

Roy Nepe with son Syrus and the canoe. "It's all the old people left us".

Young days

"In my younger days I was very hard on the canoe. I used to cart sheep, cows, even pigs on it. We used it like a truck on the river.

"You can fit four paddlers in it. It is very fast. That's why it was the messenger. It was one of the fastest canoes in its heyday."

Dan says an incident several years ago was the reason Te Hukere was taken from the water and landed.

During a river flood Te Hukere broke free from a tree it was chained to and floated to Meremere where it beached near the power station, he says.

When local Maori workers discovered the canoe they refused to work until it had been removed.

"It was some Maori fellas who found it and took off. They reckoned it was a taniwha (spirit).

"They had to get the tohungas (priests) to bless the place because that sort of thing is bad luck.

"I believe it decided to break away and go on its own. To me it was looking for the tupuna (ancestors), you know, because it felt it was of no use to the young ones.

"It was fretting for the old people."

Broke free

He also believes the canoe broke free from the thick chain it was held with to become a taniwha "in its own right".

He remembers his grandmother telling him that every year when the Waikato river floods the taniwhas "meet and have their council".

The canoe, he says, attended that meeting and became a taniwha.

"I am one of the last ones to be told all this."

When the canoe was returned from Meremere it was landed at Dan's mothers' place until she died. Then it was given to Roy, the eldest son in the Nepe family.

"I want to keep Te Hukere in the family. It's something solid from the past," Dan says.

Duck shooting

Roy farms land belonging to the Nepe family that is at the foot of Taupiri mountain on the side opposite State Highway One.

He recalls times spent duck shooting in Te Hukere and carting cows from one side of a creek to another before the road was established on the farm.

He has had the canoe for about 10 years and intends passing it on to his eldest son, three-year-old Syrus.

No way would he let a museum have it.

"It becomes a 10-minute wonder after a while if it's in a museum. But if it's in your own backyard you've got something to hang on to.

"That is all we've got. It's all the old people left us.

"I don't know about this generation here," he says, pointing to Syrus. "They will probably use fast cars and all, but I like the old canoe."

He says he will restore it and one day hopes to get it back on the water.

And glancing at Syrus he says, "I've got to teach this young fella here how to paddle yet."

Maori Battalion Veteran Remembers

Maori Battalion, veteran, Thomas Ruka of Glen Innes, Auckland has cause for celebration, with the presentation of a medal and certificate from the Greek community.

Mr Ruka remembers the kindness of the Greek people when he and his companions were trying to escape after the capitulation of Greece in the Second World War.

They were, eventually captured by the Germans when the boat used in the escape attempt was fired on and forced to stop. He then spent four and a half years as a prisoner of war in Stalag 18A in Germany.

The Greek Consul for New Zealand, Mr Filippopoulos said the medal and certificate was to commenorate Mr Ruka's part in the campaign of 1940-1941.

Born in Taheke, Hokianga of the Ngapuhi tribe, Thomas Ruka volunteered for service in the Second World War along with two of his brothers.

Reminiscing on his capture off the Greek coast, Mr Ruka says he and his companions had spent six weeks crossing the Alps after the capitulation of Greece, and were too late to be picked up by the Allied destroyers they were hoping to meet.

He says a Greek farmer offered food and shelter in exchange for them working the farm but they instead opted to hide out and take their chances of escaping in a boat given to them by another Greek.

Mr Ruka says he's thrilled to have the medal and certificate because it reminds him of the tremendous help and kindness shown to him by the Greek people.

The 100 year — almost — driver, Mr Titi Tihu, leading elder of the Whanganui River and Taranaki, receives his certificate for his driver's licence from Traffic Sergeant B Buchanan.

The oldest driver that Traffic Sergeant B Buchanan of the Transport Dept has had to test for the renewal of his driver's licence is Mr Titi Tihu, leading elder of the Whanganui Tribes, Mr Titi Tihu, who is near his 100th year.

Titi, whose 100th birthday falls on Jan 28, 1983, drives regularly from his home at Tawata, 30 miles down the Whanganui River from Taumarunui usually twice a week. He is fit and alert except for arthritis he gets in the leg at times.

"I don't think it can be fixed — it is like the motor car, the oil has dried out and sometimes in the cold weather it gets crook", he said.

Mr Tihu's age is authenticated in a document sworn before the Maori Land Court judge on a certificate by the Sisters of the Convent school at Ranana which he attended for a period of his youth.

Mr Tihu speaks English but he is more at home in his native Maori tongue, and he is a regular and impressive orator on the Marae at Ngapuwaiwaha.

The winding metal road to his home at Tawata is a challenge to a much younger driver and required full attention. By comparison the last few miles to town over the once treacherous Te Maire and Herlihy's bluffs are "a piece of cake".

Every year at Christmas some 100 members of his family gather at Tawata to spend the festive season with him.

Alone on his farm he enjoys the solitude, reliving the days of his youth when the river was heavily populated. For a while he worked on the river boats that toiled the river.

He still works the farm and rides a horse when he checks his sheep. Last year he built a new woolshed on the property and celebrated, by shearing a sheep.

The traffic officer said he had no hesitation in renewing the driver's licence. "He satisfied me that he could drive well and had complete control".

Perhaps Titi had a premonition that he was to have his licence renewed because only a week before he bought a new Ford Laser car.

"It is a good car but it has so many buttons I still don't know what they are for", he said.

Memories of the 28th Maori Battalion come back vividly through these photographs of men serving during the Italian Campaign in World War Two. It would help our archives if the people in the photos could be indentified so we ask readers to let us know. Write to Editor, Tu Tangata Magazine, C/- Maori Affairs, Pvte Bag, Wellington.

A solemn moment of prayer during the Church service on Sunday.

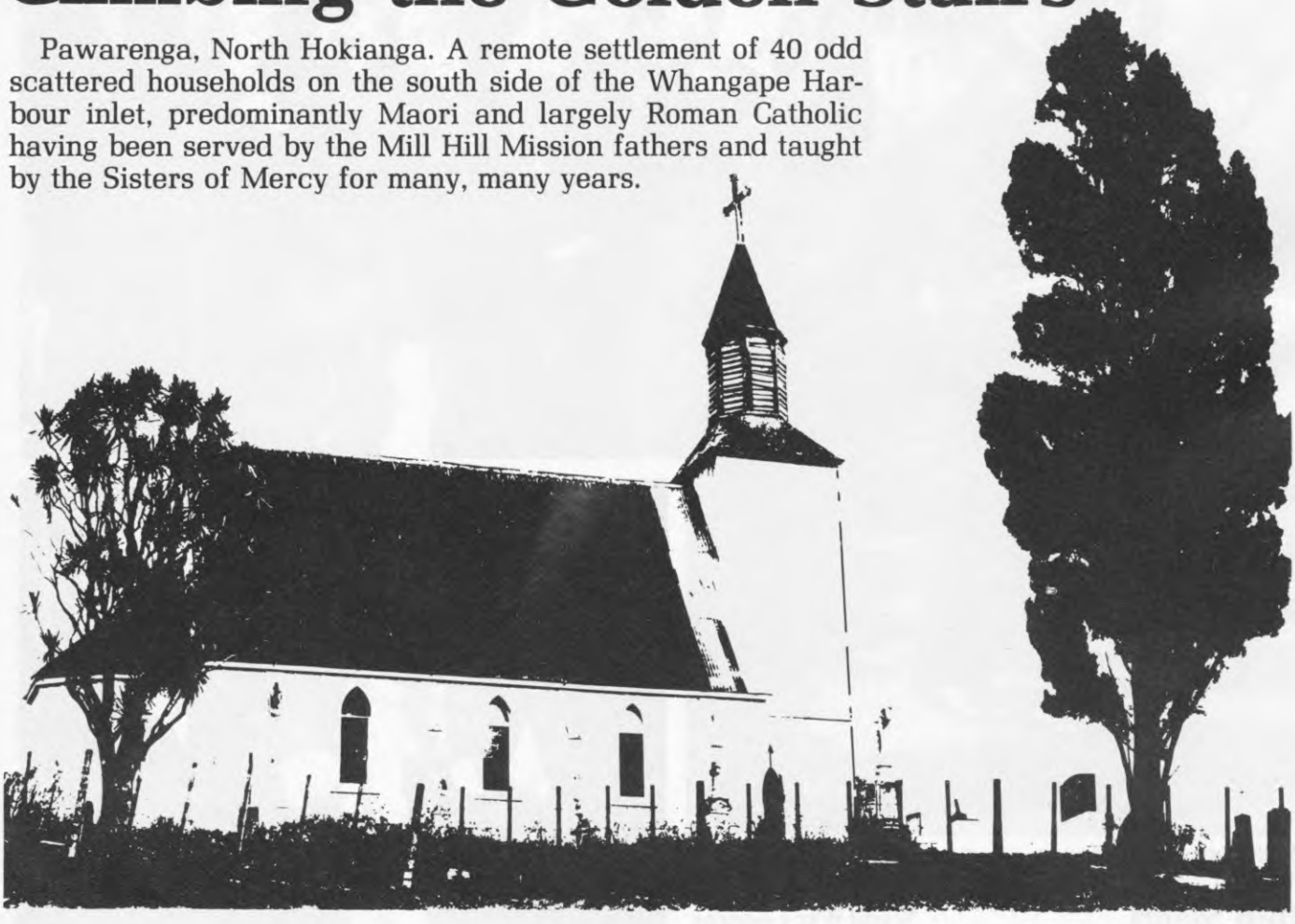
28th Maori Battalion Reunion 1982

World War I veteran Mr Nick Nicholson.

The Last Post.

Climbing the Golden Stairs

Pawarenga, North Hokianga. A remote settlement of 40 odd scattered households on the south side of the Whangape Harbour inlet, predominantly Maori and largely Roman Catholic having been served by the Mill Hill Mission fathers and taught by the Sisters of Mercy for many, many years.



The story of the Pawarenga Community Trust

Gloria Herbert — co-ordinator

It is a beautiful valley. The Warawara mountains jealously guard the last remnants of the great kauri forests that once clothed all these hills around us, long since plundered. Cold, mountain free streams still tumble down from the natural watersheds to feed into the Rotokakahi river that winds and wends its way to the tidal inlet. There are whitebait in season and good fishing all year round and an abundance of kai-moana, — if you know where to go.

It's a good place to live. Especially if you like the slower pace of life and do not mind the dusty, pot-holed miles of metal road to anywhere. For those who need to keep in touch with the outside world there is a solar-powered transmitter that has beamed in colour T.V. for 3 years now and a 5 day-a-week mail service. There is no denying however that because of its isolation, — geographic, social and ethnic; Pawarenga is largely an insular community.

Former years

There are in the valley five churches and three marae. Two of the churches, both Catholic, are still used regularly. Also the marae, each-of which services different family groups of Te Uri-o-tai, the people of Pawarenga. They are an indication of former years when there were over 30 dairy farms established in the 1930's and the daily cream truck was full of cream cans from the settlement alone. Now, there are only 2.

The urban migration of the 40's and 50's has left its aftermath. A number of the houses built for those early farmers still survive occupied now by a few of our kaumatua with their mokopuna and a variety of social welfare beneficiaries mostly unemployed, the casualties of our current economic climate.

This time last year if you cared to, you could have spent a day on a trip to Pawarenga and driven slowly down through the valley to the beach at the end of the road. If it was a weekday you might have seen a plume of smoke on the river and a group of cars on the roadside indicating the whereabouts of "wombles", at work on the County Council's clearing P.E.P. project — the only work available in Pawarenga. You would have noted the small un-modern homes too many of which need paint and repair, — the run-down marae buildings, — the fences that need fixing and the land, much of it obviously under-utilised or neglected. And you could easily have made a hasty retreat and a snap judgement of Pawarenga as a place full of no-hopers going nowhere fast.

Small signs

Come again. Two miles past the Panguru turn-off you will see a sign that certainly wasn't there last year. Slow up a little; — Pawarenga Community Workshop, — and there it is. A large modern utility building alongside the old Rotokakahi hall that has taken on the new lease of life as an office and

home of the new Pawarenga Community nursery and gardens. Its worth a stop to call in and find out what is going on. When did all this happen? And chances are that this will be the first time you will have heard of the Pawarenga Community Trust.

The names says it all. A trust established initially by 12 people who belong to the community of Pawarenga, and for all of whom this place is their turangawaewae. We are a mixed lot, a true cross-section of the community. Among us we represented the established families and the relevant newcomers; the old and the young; the idealists and the down-to-earthers; the Maori and the Pakeha. Each one of us is able to reach out and relate to different groups and families so that eventually everyone in this community of 200 odd people becomes part of the Trust.

Common factors

The common factor that has brought us together is a caring, a concern for the future of our children, our land, our community. We have the land, those hundreds, perhaps thousands of acres of underdeveloped Maori land all tied up in a complex network of titles and absentee owners. And we certainly have people too many of whom are young, unemployed and unskilled. Land and people. And now, the Pawarenga Community Trust where we pool all our skills such as they are, and our resources and our ideas and work together to help ourselves.

With the help of government wage subsidies and P.E.P. programmes the Trust has organised work in the community with an emphasis on skills training, and work that is satisfying and of continuing benefit to the community.

Another look

Take another look then at our workshop and you will see those four young people all under 20 working with a will and purpose. They started in January and helped to build that workshop under skilled supervision from the laying of the foundations to the carving of the tekoteko on top.

With tools and gear 'borrowed' from the community they are learning to weld and work with machinery and timber; and once the loan from the Internal Affairs department comes through for equipment there will be a whole range of workshop skills leading to permanent jobs created to service the needs of the community. A positive spin-off is that six of our workers went together to Whangarei to attend a two-day course at the Northland Community College on diesel tractor maintenance and seven more have signed up for selection to attend a month-long welding course arranged by the Dept. of Labour. A two day welding course with Community College tutors is scheduled this week in our own workshop for 12 people. All of these are first for Pawarenga.

Beautiful nursery

The nursery? It's only a half-minute walk away through the bush reserve behind the workshop. There are four people here too who started in January. The gardens are growing all sorts of vegetables entirely for local supply and that line of avocadoes and macadamias is the start of our model orchard to show how and what can be grown under local conditions.

The site is beautiful with its boundaries marked by native bush and the Rotokakahi river and will lend itself well to the landscaping we are planning with flowers and trees and imagination. The tree seedlings nursery is our top priority and we started all our seedlings last October with seed bought from the Forest Service for timber and shelter belt trees.

You will understand why when you drive up the hill and look down into Pawarenga valley. Once the native forest was gone no-one seemed to think much about replacing the trees that had vanished forever, so the prevailing westerlies funnel up the Whangape harbour and really blow in from the sea. We intend to lease land soon in Pawarenga to demonstrate how to plant shelter belts and woodlots, how to use land to grow a variety of things, how to use people to work the land. Land and people, — our most valuable resources.

In the meantime we have been able to set up other useful projects to provide jobs for our unemployed. St. Gabriel's for instance, — that beautiful old church close to the monument on Taiao Hill that marks the site of historic Makora Pa from whence came the Aupouri people. They are all that remain, sentinels on a hill overlooking a seaway that was once a part of New Zealand's early colonial history. With the aid of grants from the Historic Places Trust a group of our men are restoring St. Gabriel's. Carefully and painstakingly they have lifted it and lowered it onto new solid foundations. They will continue as funds allow until it is finished. For some it is their church where their tupuna lie, — for all it is a job worth doing that they are proud of.

Renewing themselves

In a way, St. Gabriel's is symbolic of what is happening in Pawarenga. As the church has been lifted so are we, the people of Pawarenga, lifting our expectations and laying new foundations to build a future on. As we restore the church we renew ourselves.

The cemetery, once overgrown with weeds and long grass is now clean and tidy, and a scrubcutter and storage shed for tools have been donated to ensure that this cemetery and all the others are kept clean and tidy.

People in the community are feeling good about what is happening and are looking to their own homes. With the help of Maori Affairs a scheme has been approved that will upgrade and renovate existing houses; and the Housing Corporation is investigating the building of a cluster of new rental homes in Pawarenga.

Overcoming

All started less than a year ago with the first meeting of a group of people with a vision of the future who decided to form the Pawarenga Community Trust. A lot has happened since and most of it has been good. But is a bit like our traditional walkway that climbs the steep hillside above the Whangape harbour to give us access to the kaimoana of the West Coast beaches; a walkway that we are also repairing and making safe as another useful P.E.P. project for our people. This is the Golden Stair.

We are climbing our own Golden Stairs. With tact, sincerity and straight thinking we can overcome the first big obstacles of misunderstanding and suspicion. Education is widening the way and good communication is making the going easier. Linking hands with other groups like the Maori Committee, the church committee and the Maori Women's Welfare League to support each other makes us all stronger.

There will be difficulties and delays and detours because we are ordinary people with our share of human faults and frailties and we have a long way to go. The important thing is that we have started our journey up those Golden Stairs; — we are on the move.

Na tatou tenei mahi hei painga mo matou tamariki.

Who owns the land

Extracts from a speech by Chief Seattle of the Duwamish League.

The following speech was delivered by an American Red Indian, Chief Seattle in 1854 — one year before a great treaty-making council was held in the North-west of the United States between 14 Indian bands and the U.S. Government.

The Government proposed reservations, and although several tribes opposed this, treaties were signed allowing each of the 14 bands to select its favourite home valley as its reservation.

Three months later war broke out. Miners and settlers drawn by gold strikes, poured into treaty lands and several bands decided not to ratify the treaty.

The conflict lasted three years and broke Indian strength in the North-west. Ironically Chief Seattle was a strong American ally throughout. Little else is known of his life.

"The Great Chief in Washington sends word that he wishes to buy our land. The Great Chief also sends us words of friendship and goodwill. This is kind of him since we know that he has little need of our friendship in return. But we will consider your offer. For we know that if we do not sell, the white man may come with guns and take our land.

How can you buy or sell the sky, the warmth of the land? The idea is strange to us. If we do not own the freshness of the air and the sparkle of the water, how can you buy them?.

Sacred.

Every part of this earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing and humming insect is holy in the memory and experience of my people. The sap which courses through the trees carries the memories of the red man.

The white man's dead forget the country of their birth when they go to walk among the stars. Our dead never forget this beautiful earth, for it is the mother of the red man. We are part of the earth and it is part of us. The perfumed flowers are our sisters, the deer, the horse, the great eagle, these are our brothers. The rocky crests, the juices in the meadows, the body heat of the pony and man — all belong to the same family.

This shining water that moves in the streams and rivers is not just water but the blood of our ancestors. If we sell you land, you must remember that it is sacred, and you must teach your children that it is sacred, and that each ghostly reflection in the clear water of the lakes tells of events and memories in the life of my people. The water's murmur is the voice of my father's father.

Our ways are different from your ways. The sight of your cities pains the eyes of the red man. But perhaps it is because the red man is a savage and does not understand.

Weep for the land

Weep for the land,
Weep for its loneliness,
for faltering handshakes
and retreating friends.
The misconceptions, or the innocence
have found no favour with the enemy
they are so many ...
Weep when good intent
effects no victory,
or change of pattern
in the thickening tide
of dark intolerance.
Weep for the land, for what it was,
for what it is, for what it yet might be.
I can perceive the threat
I am afraid ...
The malcontent has claimed monopoly
and posturing, so futile in our time,
holds grave portend.
Weep for the closing doors
and bruised integrity,
for promises not kept.
Weep for the blinded eye
and doubtful destiny,
Weep for the land ...

Roma Henden

Same breath.

The air is precious to the red man, for all things share the same breath — the beast, the tree, the man, they all share the same breath. The white man does not seem to notice the air he breaths. Like a man dying for many days he is numb to the stench. But if we sell you our land you must remember that the air is precious to us, that the air shares its spirit with all the life it supports. The wind that gave our grandfather his first breath also receives his last sigh.

So that they will respect the land, tell your children that the earth is rich with the lives of our kin. Teach your children what we have taught our children, that the earth is our mother. Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of the earth.

If men spit upon the ground, they spit upon themselves. This we know: the earth does not belong to man; man belongs to the earth. This we know. All things are connected like the blood which unites one family. All things are connected. Man did not weave the web of life; he is merely a strand in it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself.

Reservations.

But we will consider your offer to go to the reservation you have for my people. We will live apart and in peace. It matters little where we spend the rest of our days. They are not many. A few more hours, a few more winters and none of the children of the great tribes that once lived on this land or that roam now in small bands in the woods will be left to mourn the graves of a people once as powerful and hopeful as yours. But why should I mourn the passing of my people? Tribes are made of men, nothing more. Men come and go like the waves of the sea.

Even the white man, whose God walks and talks with him as friend to friend, cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all, we shall see. One thing we know, which the white man may one day discover — our God is the same God, a God of man, and his compassion is equal for the red man and the white. The earth is precious to Him and to harm the earth is to heap contempt on its Creator.

Hold in your mind the memory of the land as it is when you take it. And with all your strength, with all your mind, with all your heart, preserve it for your children, and love it ... as God loves us all.

Muaupoko people cleaning up the Lake

(Ginny Lee).

The Muaupoko people of the Levin district have had an early success in their stand for the right to control the lake they own.

Lake Horowhenua, central to the tribe's cultural and economic heritage, was until recently administered by a board on which Maori members took their places beside pakeha local body and Lands and Survey Department representatives.

Frustration came to a head in April this year when the Maori members resigned demanding that power to look after the lake be vested in its Muaupoko owners, through the Lake Horowhenua Trustees.

By mid-June, the trustees had received agreement in principle to most of the issues they raised, from the Minister of Lands, Mr Elworthy.

Now the finer details are being worked out and if this is successful a new set-up under the Reserves Act could see the trustees in control by the end of the year.

Meanwhile, the Lake Horowhenua Reserves Board is no longer meeting, and is likely to meet only once more — to close itself down.

Mr Elworthy has told the trustees he is sympathetic to their desire for the dissolution of the board.

He saw at a meeting at the lakeside marae Pariri in May, that the board was "unsatisfactory" for the Maori people.

Although the Muaupoko tribe have had half the seats on the eight-member board, it has been difficult for them to manipulate the European structure.

"It's been no good for us because of the European representation," trustee and former board member Joe Tukapua told the Minister.

More importantly it's the injustice of having mere representation on the running of your own property that angers, according to the trustees' liaison officer Matt McMillan.

The lake bed, a chain strip of land around it, and its outlet the Hokio Stream, are in Maori hands but special legislation gave control of the WATERS to the board in 1905.

The sacred waters are gravely threatened, many Muaupoko believe.

Once a rich source of food, especially eels, the lake is now badly polluted. There was also some fear early this year that eels would be killed by power boats, which had traditionally been barred from the lake.

Matt McMillan

The holding of the New Zealand Power Boat Championships on the lake angered some of the Maori people, and only one Maori board member voted for the champs to go ahead.

There was considerable Maori support for a group of mainly young people who defied the boats and rowed out onto the lake in protest.

Several were arrested and there was a tussle with a police boat. Two men were convicted on charges of assault and one of them on a charge of obstructing a police officer in execution of his duty. A third was also convicted of obstruction.

Though penalties were light there was resentment in some quarters of the Maori community. Joe Tukapua made public his dissatisfaction with the outcome of the trial. He did not believe the police were in execution of their duty in trying to remove tribal members from their own lake.

Many sections of the Levin community are also following with concern the moves now being made to bring an end to the main cause of the lake's polluted state — the discharge daily of up to two million gallons of sewage.

The treated sewage has proven almost fatal to the lake over the last decade.

Water and soil authorities recognised the problem and in 1980 the lake was given a classification which meant the sewage could no longer enter the lake legally.

The classification, CX, says the lake is sensitive to "enrichment". It is enrichment from phosphates and nitrates in the sewage which has turned the lake murky with algae and weed, and, according to residents, slowed the movement of the Hokio Stream and clogged it with weed.

Bacteria from the sewage (faecal coliform) are also way in excess of the level allowed by the classification.

The Levin Borough Council belatedly applied for and got, the right to continue this discharge into the lake until 1986 while it pursued alternatives.

It now wants to trial discharge onto land and into the stream. The stream proposal is another thorn in the side of many Maori people and other conservation-minded groups who seek the protection of eels, shellfish on Hokio Beach, and recreation rights.

Many of them feel the whole load of Levin's sewage should be discharged onto land in the long term, leaving the stream well alone even in early experimental stages. They will be pushing the council hard over the next few months as it seeks water rights from the Manawatu Regional Water Board.

"The lake is going to die if the sewage isn't stopped soon," Matt McMillan said. But he acknowledges the trustees will have a tough task hurrying along the process of ceasing the present discharge, when control is in their hands.

The trustees also want to administer the 14-acre Muaupoko Park, an area that is now crown land and where several boating organisations have their headquarters. The Minister of Lands says it must remain in public ownership.

The park is maintained by the Levin Borough Council and the Horowhenua County Council and the trustees are anxious to talk to these bodies.

But the atmosphere for discussion deteriorated somewhat with the Minister's quick and public decision in favour of the trustees.

Several councillors felt the Minister should have taken them into his confidence before making an announcement. Now the Levin borough is awaiting concrete ideas on how the lake would be administered, before it decides on its desired role. It is also seeking a meeting with the Minister.

Mayor Jack Bolderson has made it plain he considers the lake an important regional asset.

The trustees are quick to point out that it can remain so under their control.

They have no intention of denying public use of the lake, says Mr Tukapua. Using the lake for large events could even be increased.

The trustees will seek the right to gain income from lake users. "Businesses in the town have benefitted from activities on the lake for years," said Mr McMillan. "It's about time the owners benefitted too.

Conciliator advises to 'think big about maoritanga'

Kim Penetito

At a recent media hui at Takapuahia marae, Porirua, Race Relations Conciliator, Hiwi Tauroa posed some heavy questions to journalists about portraying maoritanga in the media. He asked, "Why doesn't the media get to know the Maori culture, get under the surface and find out what makes it tick?

"Too often there is reference made to us all being 'New Zealanders', but the fact remains that there is no such racial group. When we see a Maori or Samoan walking down the street we don't say, 'there goes a New Zealander'. No, we say 'there goes a Maori or Samoan'.

"Why ignore the reality ... this country has to be recognised as being composed of different races, who are themselves first, and New Zealanders next."

"Think big about maoritanga," Hiwi pointed out, "and don't blame your ignorance as journalists as the reason for doing nothing. An endangered native bird can be saved from extinction but not a people."

Journalists stirred and made conflicting further demands in a hesitant manner. The point was made that they found the impact of the hui disturbing, but at the same time couldn't justify their approach to the matter.

Hiwi Tauroa

Others defended their lack of information and wanted a guide to the Maori culture. One went so far as to ask for a resource book of Maori people to be provided for journalists.

Derek Fox, a Maori television producer was critical of this lack of effort and commented, "Get out and find them ... you can't be spoonfed all the time."

There was an obvious feeling of discomfort and guilt by the journalists, no doubt helped by the unusual situation they were in, being showered with hospitality and criticism at the same time.

What did come out of it was the realisation that journalists would be better meeting their local Maori community first to get comment on stories. In this way trust and friendship would build up, with learning on both sides.

The direction of the hui was subtly turning the patu into the other hand.

A group of Maori and Pacific Island students on a journalism introductory course also attended. As part of the seminar discussion they were conscious of being a dominant link between the Maori elders and the Pakeha journalists.

Fiona Hamlin, "All points of debate were referred through us as the new generation."

Roseann Kinney, "We were used by a few media people as an excuse to delay need for knowledge ... they had to wait for us to grow into our journalist profession."

Overall many aspects of the seminar were unanswered or still being debated. As a marae 'scene' the impact on the Pakeha journalists created a totally unfamiliar area of knowledge that needed to be understood.

Perhaps the cultural interaction was more aggressive than expected, but it was necessary to confront the issues between Maori and Pakeha.

Takapuahia Marae, Toa Rangitera.

Polynesian youth get a taste of the media

Sundee Transfield

New Zealand has its roots in Maori culture and that has to be acknowledged, whether it's liked or not. This was one of the points raised at a recent media hui. Journalists were told that the obvious way to present maoritanga would be through the media.

It was pointed out that as well as the media changing its attitude, there was a great need for more Maori and Pacific Island journalists.

That's been the basis of a number of introductory journalism courses run by the Journalist Training Board in association with Maori Affairs. The aim has been to show the various sides of newspaper, television, radio and magazine journalism to Maori and Pacific Island students.

A recent Wellington course was based at Pendennis Hostel with 19 students aged between 16 and 22. Some came from as far as Gisborne and Auckland, and as the week-long course progressed, most found journalism within their reach and at the same time fun.

Throughout the course's seven working days they had work sessions on basic journalism skills; visited Press House and spoke with editors and reporters; visited Television's Avalon studios and had a hand at interviewing in front of a camera. They also visited Radio New Zealand where they had a chance to produce their own radio programme.

Towards the end of the course they were given the opportunity to go out with people from the media and scout around for news items, conduct an interview and then write up a suitable story.

(Left to Right): Fiona Hamlin (Wairoa), Kim Penetito (Wanganui), Kim Meredith (Auckland).

A six former at Hutt Valley Memorial College, Robert Wilson said he enjoyed the course because he was involved in practical things and wasn't expected to sit there and listen. Robert said he most enjoyed the day spent at Radio New Zealand, where he and a few others had to produce a commercial suitable for recording.

"We had to do all the work; find an angle, write the script, perform it and then record it. It was entirely our own — a lot of fun."

Maria Mamea agreed. "We all did something ourselves and worked towards the final product."

Many of the students also realised the trials of being on television. Robert said his main problem was looking straight at the camera lens. "You feel self-conscious, usually you talk eye to eye with someone, not some object."

The course has done a lot, say the students.

Myra Mckay said "It's been important to me being there with the students because we do everything together but see things in a different light."

Other people's views are appreciated.

Fiona Hamlin from Wairoa felt that the course had made her open her eyes and not take her maoritanga for granted. She said she enjoyed expressing views with others.

And did the course help the students make up their minds? Some of them think "journalism's not for me", others are already eyeing the editor's chair and applying for full-time journalism courses.

(Left to Right): Tracy Hoban (Gisborne), Rawinia Hape (Hastings), Sundee Transfield (Lower Hutt).

Winners of the Tu Tangata Magazine Essay Competition

Form 6 and 7

First: Hoera Taingahue from Ngata Memorial College, Ruatoria.
Second: Elizabeth Foe from Rotorua Girls High.
Third: Tanya Martin from Bay of Islands College.

Form 5

First: Brenda Soutar from Queen Elizabeth College, Palmerston North.
Second: Laura Murphy from Panguru High School.
Third: D. Lightburn from Whangarei Boys High.

Form 4

First: Sharon Cruickshank from Whangarei Girls High.
Second: Helen Webby from Whangarei Girls High.
Third: Joanne McDonald from Whangarei Girls High.

Form 3

First: Briar Beaglehole from Wellington Girls College.
Second: G. Robinson from Whangarei Boys High.
Third: Sheena McGarvey from Queen Victoria, Auckland.

First prize in each section was $50 cash and $100 worth of books from Reed Publishers for the school.
Second prize was $30 cash and $50 worth of books.
Third prize was $20 cash and $25 worth of books.

The winners in each section received their prizes at Takapuahia Marae, Porirua on August 29 from Hiwi Tauroa. Two of the winners, Hoera Taingahue and Sharon Cruickshank were flown down for the presentation.

Hoera was accompanied by his grandfather, Joe Taingahue and the presentation was ably supported by east coast people in Wellington for the rugby test between the Wallabies and All Blacks.

The essay judges were Henrietta Maxwell, Willy Kaa, Amster Reedy and Graham Wiremu. All were impressed with the standard of the essays which numbered over three hundred. Because of the quality, many of them will be featured in the magazine in the coming year.

From comments of teachers, and the desire not to clash with the Education Department's Ngarimu V.C. Essay Competition, it's planned to run the *Tu Tangata* competition earlier next year.

To all those who may have been out of the prize-money this year, keep up the writing for next year's competition.

6th form winners

Mate atu he tetekura Ara mai ana he tetekura

"Mate atu he tetekura.
Ara mai ana he tetekura."

E koro e kui ma, e tama e hine ma, te tika hoki o tera whakatauaki a o tatou matua tipuna. Ahakoa te hinga te tangata i te ringa kaha o aitua, tera ano tetahi tangata, ka tu mai hei whakaki i tona turanga. Kei te hoki nga whakaaro ki era kai arataki o te iwi maori, ki a Apirana Ngata, ki a Nehe Rire, ki a Hamana Mahuika, ki a Pine Taiapa, ki a Purewa Ngata me era atu. Ko enei tangata katoa he rangatira, ara, he mangai, he kaiarahi o tena hapu, o tena hapu o tenei rohe, kua hingahinga ratou a kua tipu ake nga tangata hei mau a ratou mahi, a ratou wawata mo te iwi Ko taua tangata. Kua eke ki te turanga tiketike e eketia ra e o ratou kaumatua, a, ko aua tangata nei, ko Tom Fox, ko Apirana Mahuika, ko Koro Dewes, ko Dudu Fox, ko Lutie Tangarere me era atu kei te piki ake. Kei a ratou inaianei te tia o te waka o te katoa o Ngatiporou whanui. No reira, kua tika ano tera whakatauaki a o tatou matua tipuna

"Ka pu te ruha
Ka hao te rangatahi"

Ko te kaupapa o tenei korero mo tetahi o nga tangata i whakaingoatia e au, ko aua tangata ko Lutie Hunaara Tangaere. I whanau a Lutie i te kainga o ona matua, ara, i Tikahorea te teihana o "E koe" kei Rangitukia.I whanau ia i te toru o nga ra o te marama o Akuhata tau tahi mano, iwa rau toru tekau. Ko tona papa ko Hunaara a he koroua toa tenei ki te haka i ona nei ra. Ko tona koka ko Hiria Tiketike Kaua Tokotoru ona tuahine, tokowha ona tungane. Tokotoru o nga tungane nei he kura-mahita, a, kotahi, te paamu tana mahi.

I kuraina tuatahitia ia i te kura tuatahi o waiomatatini, a, i aua wa e noho ana ia i te taha o ona tipuna i a Akuhata me Hine Titia Kaua i Te Horo. I a ia i tera kura ka whakahokia ia ki ona matua i Rangitukia. Ka mutu tana kura i te kura tuatahi o Rangitukia ka haere ia ki te kura tuarua mo nga tane i Turanga Engari, kaore i tutuki ona tau i reira, notemea i mate ia, Na reira ka whakahokia mai ia ki te kainga. Ka pakeke ia ka haere ia ki te whare patu miti i Horotiu. Ka mutu tana mahi i reira ka haere ia ki te mahi ma te poari mahi hiko o Niu Tireni. I te tau tahi mano, iwa rau, rima tekau ma toru ka whakauru ia ki roto te "K Force" I tana hokinga mai ki te kainga, ki te mahi paamu ano, ka tutaki ia ki a ELIZABETH DEWES, a, no te tau tahi mano, iwa rau, rima tekau ma ono ka marena raua. Ka mahi tahi raua ko tona papa i runga te teihana o Ratanui kei Tikitiki. Tokowha a raua tamariki, tokotoru he tane a kotahi he kotiro. Ko te mataamua he tane ko Alaan, ko te mea tuarua ko Elizabeth ara, te ingoa o te koka ra. Ko te mea raro iho ko Tommy, a, ko te mokai hoki ko Hunaaraara te ingoa o te koroua ra.

Mai rano i tana marenatanga i whaka-paua e Lutie tona kaha ki te arataki, ki te awhina, ki te manaaki nga ahuatanga katoa e pa ana ki tona rohe, a, e pa ana hoki ki tona iwi, ki a Ngatiporou whanui. He tangata marama tenei ki te reo Maori ki te reo Pakeha hoki, ko ona matua he Maori tuturu a tapa atu ki tenei ko tona hiahia, ko tona wawata kua riro mai i tana iwi nga mea e tika nga mea papai. No tenei aahuatanga nana i potitia ia e te iwi i runga i nga momo komiti katoa. Ko nga komiti e eketia e ia nui noa atu.

Ko te Kaunihera o Waiapu
Te Poari o te Hohipera o Te Puia
Te Whakakotahitanga o te Kaunihera o te Tairawhiti
Te Komiti Maori o te Raki o Waiapu
Te Komiti o te Marae o Rahui
Te Komiti Maori o te Kaunihera o te Tairawhiti
Te Komiti whakatakoto kaupapa mo te taone.

Ko enei komiti katoa me era, kaore e whakaahuatia e au, kua eketia e ia, kei runga tonu ranei ia i tenei ra. Ko enei hui kei roto i te reo pakeha, reo maori ranei Ahakoa ko tehea reo e korerotia, e marama ana ia ki te whakapakeha ki te whakamaori ranei nga korero a ia mema. Ka huri ki te whaka hoki i nga korero nga patai ranei a era mema e marama ana ia ki te whakatakato korero. Ahakoa ko te reo maori, ko te reo pakeha ranei ko ona whakaaro he pakeke.

He tangata humarire, he tangata ngawari hoki. Na reira ka whakaturia he komiti ka poti nga tangata mona hei mangai mo ratou.

Ka huri ki nga marae me, nga kura me era atu ropu, kei reira ia e manaaki e awhina mai ana me tona whanau i tona taha, e kore i a ia i tutuki enei mahi nunui mo tona rohe mo tona iwi i a Ngati Porou whanui.

Mehemea kore tana wahine i muri i a ia e awhina mai, kaore e tutuki ana mahi. Engari na te kaha, na te whakapono, na te aroha o tana wahine ki ana mahi e eketia e ia, enei taumata tiketike. No reira e Hine tena koe e mahi takitahi i te taha o to tane.

Ki a koe hoki e koro kia kaha, kia mau ki enei turanga, ki enei taonga i a koe na. He mea nui ena na o tatou matua i tuku iho ki a koe ki a ahei ia koe ki te arataki to iwi Maori ki runga i te huarahi tika, huarahi whai hua. No reira e Koro. Whaia te iti Kahurangi.

Ki te tuohu koe me maunga teitei.

Hoera Taingahue
Ngata Memorial College
Form 6

He Aha Te Maoritanga i enei ra?

AAHAKOA ITI-HE POUNAMU
HUI HUI TATAU KA TU!
WEHENEHE KA HINGA

Kei konei te tikanga mo nga Maori, engari kaore etahi o nga Maori e pirangi kia u, kia mau ki to ratau Maoritanga.

He rite ano ki era tangata e noho ra i runga i te taiapa. Kaore enei tangata e mohio ana, me whai ratau i tehea taha. Enei tangata he Maori nga ahua, engari kua whai ke i te pakehatanga, ara, kaore e mohio ki te korero Maori ki nga tikanga Maori ranei.

He pai te whai i te pakehatanga mo te oranga o te tinana. Tino pai tenei mo nga taitamariki. Ma te ako i te matauranga pakeha ka whiwhi mahi totika enei taitamariki, na te mea kei roto tatau i te ao tino hurihuri, i enei ra.

Te tumanako o nga matua Maori mo a ratau tamariki kia pahi i nga whakamatautau Kura Tiwhikete me te whakamatautau uru ki te Kura Wananga.

Te Maoritanga i enei ra he pupuri ki nga tikanga a o tatau marae. He ako hoki i nga kawa o tena marae, o tena marae, o tena iwi, o tena iwi.

Kei te mohio etahi o nga taitamariki ki nga mahi a o ratau tipuna. Ko enei nga mahi whai tikanga mo to matau Maoritanga.

Mo nga taitamariki tane, kei te whai ratau i te matauranga mahi whakairo. He maha nga whakairo kei runga i nga wharenui o o tatau marae. He pai kia puritia tenei mahi whakamiharo o to tatau Maoritanga.

Mo nga wahine, kei te akona nga mahi raranga kete, raranga whariki, nga mahi tukutuku me te whatu kakahu hoki. Ko Emily Shuster tetahi o nga tohunga mo enei mahi.

Ka huri inaenaei hi a tatau mahi ngahau ara, ki nga waiata-a-ringa, nga haka, nga poi, nga waiata me nga whaikorero. Kei roto i a tatau waiata nga kupu miharo. Enei waiata he whakamahara ki nga akonga a nga tupuna. He aki hoki ki a tatau te taitamariki kia mau, ki enei mahi katoa, a ratau kua ngaro i tenei ra.

Ko enei mea katoa te Maoritanga i enei ra, na reira, kia u! Kia mau! ki to tatau Maoritanga.

Elizabeth Foe
Rotorua Girls High School
Form 6

The Elvers of Taumarere

Early in the history of Taumarere, individual subtribes and families within its vicinity were fueding.

One day two young men, who having just escaped from an extremely heated debate, sought peace by the shadowed bank of the river.

While trying to soothe their taut nerves and muscles they noticed a large group of elvers swimming upstream. Forgetting their problems they followed the young eels.

Eventually the elvers reached the Otiria waterfall. By gathering together they formed a writhing mass at the base of the falls. Their writhing bodies generated much "para" or body slime, which enabled the elvers to shoot the falls step by step.

With their bodies so slippery there was little opposition from the pouring torrent of water above them.

Gradually, through great determination and the use of small holes and ledges in the rocks as steps, they reached the beckoning water above the falls and swam on in safety to their destination.

After watching this phenomenon for some time, one of the men spoke.

"Here, we have in front of our eyes these little creatures showing us what is missing from life in Taumarere.

"Just as these elvers work together to overcome the giant waterfall so should we work with one another to overcome the obstacles in our lives. Let us go and tell them so that we may become one people."

Excited, they ran back to their people and told them of the wonderous sight they saw.

Henceforth bonds of friendship were erected between the people.

With the force of this new union they built a Pa up Whangae road and called it "Oro te Pa". This Pa was designed as a training Pa for the selected young men of the area to form an elite band of warriors to protect the united people.

The "haki" or trainees went to "Oro te Pa" to be trained by the "whakama tautau" or tutors in the art of leadership and warfare. On their return to Taumarere they were known as the "taus".

In times of war they commanded through conquest the respect of all surrounding tribes and soon the people of Taumarere were left in peace.

They realised that without the discovery of what took place at the waterfall none of this would have been possible and so it became the custom at a certain time of the year that a party would be sent across the plains to the waterfall with large and small mesh kits to help the young eels up the waterfall as a token of gratitude.

The eels were caught in a two-kit arrangement so that those that slipped through the first were caught by the second, so that all that could be saved and carried up the waterfall to continue their journey in safety.

Hence the saying: "What the large mesh won't stop, the small mesh will catch".

In my opinion this proverb sums up the whole legend, meaning that each person in a community has his job to finish and though there are strong and weak, large and small, each is suited to a particular situation.

In conclusion, the legend of the elvers of Taumarere and other various myths of the Bay of Islands area, reveal the imagination, deep insight and humanity of our ancestors.

The themes or messages which are incorporated into the stories can be related to present day life, though they are usually portrayed by fantastic creatures.

I strongly believe that Maori myths and legends are not only forms of entertainment or ways of explaining human character but a means of retaining our natural heritage.

Therefore we must preserve them as they help to constitute our individual identities.

Tanya Martin
Bay of Islands College
Form 6

5th form winners

The Relationship between Maori and Land

"He wahine, he whenua, i mate ai te tangata".

The strength of Maori conviction that man must fight to the death for women

and land is indicative of his attitude towards these two most important God-given assets. As a woman is the bearer of life, so too is land the giver and preserver of life. From earliest awareness a Maori then has an inalienable relationship with his land to which he feels he owes his very existence.

The relationship between the Maori and land is stronger now than ever before. In the past the primary motive for acquiring more land was to make new homes when inhabited areas became overcrowded. The original ownership of land was dictated by discovery and occupation. Maori chiefs who discovered land placed a personal tapu on it. The land was named after some part of their bodies so others were deterred from claiming it.

Maori people living in country places still value land as demonstrated by the Maori Land March from Te Hapua to Wellington in 1975 which was led by Dame Whina Cooper. Land is the most important asset that the Maori can have in terms of providing a good stable home for their children, making a good living and keeping contact with relatives living and dead. The Maori in the city grows up often ignorant of the significance of land. Land does not come immediately to their attention as they mostly live in state homes owned by the Government. As Apirana Taylor says, many who might have been our leaders got killed overseas —

* and for what
So we could live in quarter-acre sections

Land was and still is sacred to the Maori. Each tribe had its own territory and tribal history is written over its hills, rivers and lakes. It is embedded in place names and the legends surrounding them. The earth and the caves hold the bones of the dead. A right to tribal land gives a person a turangawaewae and the right to speak on the marae.

The Maori view of land differs from that of a Pakeha. Most Maoris regard land as being a part of their own existence and treat it with respect.

**I am the land
the womb of life and death

The Pakeha uses the land to make money

But in death
you settlers and farmers
return to me

Land has played a significant part in the history of the Maori. The first person to set foot on this land of Aotearoa was Kupe, so they say, although some recent discoveries are putting doubts into the minds of the Maori.

There are still some bitter struggles over land today as shown at Bastion Point and Raglan. Some of the Ngati Whatua and even Europeans protested about the taking of land they believed belonged to their forefathers. They were determined to guard that land and had to be removed forcibly from it. This protest, the Raglan protest and the Land March have made the public aware of the spiritual value of land to the Maori.

Quotations from poems by Aprina Taylor,
Feelings & Memories of a Kuia
The Womb
(*Three Shades*, Voice Press 1981)

Laura Murphy
Panguru High School
Form 5

What is Maori Culture Today?

Maoritanga is a God-given culture, a God-given heritage for which my heart and the heart of every Maori throbs with pride and warmth.

It is Maori culture that runs deep within our bodies. Tap it and up it wells strong and vital. It is with this Maoriness that our inner-most beings are stimulated, producing fierce pride of race, confidence and assurance. I am assured of my identity, I am a Maori, of that fact I am proud.

Maori culture is our Maori language — a language with so much to offer. In it are proverbs that embody the wisdom of our forbears, so small but so meaningful. We must grasp this language before it slips from our hands because although we, the youth of today, appear Maori and our spirits are Maori, our language is English.

A visible sign of Maori culture is the harmony and the rhythm of waiata, haka and poi. I feel excitement and pride when I perform such items. They give me a chance to express only a part of our culture. Mythology, literature and chants too are all part of this atmosphere that so often stir our bood. These qualities are likewise found prserved by the carver in wood.

Central to the concept of Maori culture is the marae. We are born into the marae. Here we find our Maoriness. Here we feel the warmth of being together as a family group. Our children can always return here and their chuildren after them. Here I will die, in the arms of my ancestors. Maori ceremonies are likewise our Maori culture. Funerals bind people together with the ties of love and sorrow. The wero — the challenge to friendship, hongi, mana, tapu and wehi are all part of our Maori world. But the very wellspring, the heart of Maori culture is aroha — deep sealed, love and concern. It is aroha that emerges when we perform haka and waiata. It is the spirit of sharing and caring.

To be fully alive as Maori, we must learn all that Maori culture means to us. Many people need to have a greater awareness of Maoritanga. Many see it as merely a means of entertainment. If we do not prove the full worth of Maori culture, then as the proverb goes "Ka pera i te moa, ka ngaro — like the moa, our culture will be lost." So we may cling to this priceless heritage, cling to it and cherish it so we may walk hand in hand in a harmonious society.

Brenda Soutar
Queen Elizabeth College
Form 5

The relationship between Maori and Land

Land has given a feeling of identity and purpose to the Maori. Land determined whether a tribal group would survive or perish by holding it against the depredations of rivals, until the twentieth century, where the Maori turned to other symbols of identity such as his language.

Land until the nineteenth century, was a diverse reflection of the values of Maori culture. It influenced every social activity he carried out, from gathering food to fighting. Under the Maori the land was treated harmoniously and making few changes, unlike the European colonists. He regarded his home territory with intense feelings, brought out in myths, proverbs and chants.

During this period, the Maori had developed a deep understanding and used acquired knowledge to fully utilise his land in such a way they could prosper without serious side-effects to the land itself. The Maori centred his whole existence on land and its resources with pride and custom. Their religion too emphasised a close relationship between Maori and land attempting to show their loyalty towards and land they owned and occupied; and to call for ritual protection. Maori cosmogony was the base of this relationship, personifying the many different aspects of land mirroring their own feelings.

The European or Pakeha's appearance upset the delicate balance causing serious vicissitudes. The Maori's political inexperience cost him dearly. The expansion of the European with the unfamiliar attitudes to land was one that led to the Maori being robbed of his land and a deteriorating

status. Opposition eventually formed under the idea of unification. Conflicts in the land wars were paid for by the Maori with more land. Land was confiscated and the dispossessed harboured resentments. Also the tribal social structure continued to dissolve, its fate out of their hands.

This sad state of affairs has had a major impact on the disintegration of his community life. The urban migration of the Maori has left some lacking in certain values of land and man. It is imperative the Maori must maintain, preserve and adapt for his cultural identity to remain. Without his relationship to land the essential part of Maori culture will have disappeared by the next century. The time is now to insure this does not happen. The time has come for the Maori to learn, from his past mistakes, by preserving this own ideas, yet adapting them for today's and tomorrow's conditions in order to keep his rightful place.

Unity, consistency, integrity and adaptibility should help the Maori to maintain and improve its relationship with the Land. Forgive, but do not forget the European's unjust treatment. Instil a sense of how we should use our resources into them and also learn from them their good points. The road ahead won't be easy, but hopefully a revival of lost feelings to land, if achieved will enrich the Maori culture and its attitudes greatly.

D. Lightburn
Whangarei Boys High School
Form 5

4th form winners

What is Maori Culture Today?

If I had a brainstorm right now, using 'Maori Culture', I would receive words like language, carvings, songs, traditions, beliefs and customs. And to me that would be the meaning of Maori culture. It is the way in which you do things, it is what you believe in. Culture is people and language. It is a way of life.

Today, many of us who are Maori don't really know and understand Maori culture as we should. I think that this is because we have been brought up as Europeans in a European society. I have nothing against Europeans but sometimes deep inside your heart, there is a part of you that wants to live like a real Maori. I don't mean, going primitive, but being able to understand your people and to help them, to be able to feel that you are a part of them and they are a part of you and be able to sing a Maori song and understand what you are singing.

I think this is why, so many people, especially young Maori people are returning back to their tribes, their lands and their maraes.

Many young teenagers are learning Maori in School. Here they are taught about life in the past and life today, how to cook a hangi and make a kit, how to swing a poi and sing a song. Things that seem so simple but are so relevant to Maori culture.

This is what Maori culture is today. It is learning to understand your people, to respect them, to feel at home in gatherings. It is living for today and knowing that what you are living for was also a part of the culture of your ancestors.

Sharon Cruickshank
Whangarei Girls High School
Form 4

The relationship between Maori and Land

Land is an important part of the Maori culture. Most identify with it and love it closely. Maoris had a very spiritual relationship with it, and the legend that man originated from the loving union of the skyfather, with the earthmother, Papatuanuku shows that. The Maori word for land — 'whenua' — also means the placenta which surrounds a child in its mother's womb. They associated the comfort, nourishment and security found by a baby in a mother's womb with what the land did for them.

Before the whiteman came to New Zealand, the Maori owned all the land and it was divided up in to sections for each tribe. Though people had rights to the resources the land provided, they had no rights to the land itself. It was an asset of the tribe as a whole — an idea that is very socialistic.

With the arrival of the Pakeha to colonise New Zealand came land speculators, farmers, labourers ... many of whom had been landless in England, and were hungry for 10 acres, 100 acres, 1000 acres of this new land. Many Maoris were persuaded to sell their land for a pittance and became poverty stricken. As a result other Maoris refused to sell land to the Pakeha, because they saw what would happen if they did. Land agents really had a hard job. Not only did they have to deal with subborn natives who couldn't be persuaded to part with their land, but they also had the problem of conducting a sale with the whole tribe rather than with one individual owner. They got around both these problems in one very simple way — hassling the Maoris until they retaliated, then getting the Government to call them rebels and confiscate their land. When Maoris were subjects of the Queen, that was brutal injustice towards them.

The Government did many other things to help the Pakeha obtain land. One thing was the Native Land Act (1865) which aimed to change the Maori principles of land ownership, to the European system of individual freehold ownership. Through this Act, Pakeha buyers only needed to deal with the few members of the tribe that were listed on the title as absolute owners, and could ignore the wishes of other tribal members completely.

Today Maoris are being persuaded to return to the land, and develop and farm it co-operatively. It's ironic that this follows a century of discouraging the Maori tribal way of life in favour of individualism.

Some Maoris feel today that they must look after their ancestral land and pass it on to the next generation because it is the essence of their tribal identity. But a generation of landless and rootless Maoris is growing up that doesn't feel any loss because of it. They don't have the ties with their tribal land that their parents did, and many feel they are under no obligation to return there and look after it. That attitude is causing a lot of conflict between older and younger generations of Maoris, and is helping to widen the gap between them. If young Maoris continue living in the cities in the Pakeha lifestyle and the old Maoris grow older sitting on the maraes, they will lose touch with each other, and the traditional Maori way of life could be lost because the young Maoris might feel it has lost its meaning and can't apply to today.

I feel that more young Maoris should return to their tribal lands and be given grants to develop it. In the short term it would provide jobs and in the long term help our economy. But most importantly it would bring the older and younger genrations of Maoris back in to closer contact with each other. It would ensure that their traditional way of life wouldn't stagnate and would instead be adapted to the needs of Maoris today. The philosophy of the traditional Maori would take on new meaning for Maori youth and help resolve a lot of our society's present problems.

Helen Webby
Whangarei Girls High School
Form 4

Reipae and Reitu

Wars in Waikato led some members of the Ngati Pou to migrate to the Far North. There they settled near some relatives on the shores of a harbour south of Herekino, which they called "Whangape".

After a while Ueoneone, a young chief, decided to pay a visit to his kinsmen in Waikato. Down there he met the chief Tuihui and his two lovely twin daughters Reipae and Reitu.

Between Reipae, Reitu and Ueoneone, there sprang a great liking for each other. Now, the young chief from Whangape was very clever at playing the putorino (flute) and that evening while he and Tuihui and his hapu sat around the fire, Ueoneone played lively tunes on his putorino, deliberately charming the two girls. But at the end of his visit he still couldn't decide who he liked best; so he returned home.

Some weeks later, a Karearea (sparrowhawk) arrived in Waikato at Reipae and Reitu's house. Convinced it was a message from Ueoneone, the two girls argued for whom it was for, until finally both decided to go. A Tohunga (priest) chanted a karakia (spell) to make them light enough to travel on the Karearea's back.

On the way to Whangape, Reitu commented on how heavy they must be for the bird. Annoyed, Reipae asked Karaerea to let her off to relieve herself. Once off, she refused go get back on, and instead stayed on the beach she called 'One-rahirahi', the beach-of-quick-overhearing.

In that area, Reipae met Tahuhupotiki, a young chief. The two young people fell in love and decided to get married. They named the place where they met 'Te Whanga-a-Reipae', the Abiding-place or harbour of Reipae. In time this name became abbreviated to Whangarei, which was later applied to the whole district at the headwaters of the harbour.

Meanwhile, Reitu continued on her north-bound journey to Whangape Harbour. Upon her arrival she was given a great welcome and not long after preparations of her marriage to Ueoneone were being made.

Joanne McDonald
Whangarei Girls High School
Form 4

3rd form winners

The Karori Giants

I lie at the back of Karori with two other giants. Our faces are turned to the sky in everlasting sleep. I am Karori and I lie with Hine Terawhiti and Makara.

When I was a boy my parents worried about me for I was little and weak.

My father Manu was a famous warrior strong and fearless. He was disappointed that I was small and feeble. He said that the omens were good when I was born. My mother Piki said I was a healthy baby. Manu heard a pigeon coo in a nearby tree and this brings good luck. Piki knew that all the charms and spells recited by the tohunga were correct.

My parents could not understand it. They thought that somebody had secretly wished me harm. Piki said that her elder sister Miru could have stepped over me while I was asleep and affected my growth. Miru was envious that Piki had a son and she hadn't.

Then Manu told Piki to go and ask the tohunga for help.

So Piki went, and as she was drawing nearer the whare she heard the tohunga chanting these words:

Puwha and moas' eggs
Make quick brains and sturdy legs
If you keep the secret of my song
Your child will be big and strong.

Piki returned to Manu and told him so he hurried to the tohunga's whare and heard the same chanting. So then Manu and Piki gathered food for me.

From that day I have been strong and healthy. Manu always used to search for food for me.

I was clever too. I could throw a spear skillfully and I was quick at games and could recite the history of my ancestors, by heart.

Soon I was a giantic size and was able to find my own food. Manu and Piki were proud of me for I was handsome, but Miru was still envious. When I was with my parents she would roll her eyes and pout her lips, while she tried to think of ways to hurt their pride. I used to hear her mutter may the winds blow evil to him.

One day when I was hunting for moas' eggs I met a beautiful young girl. Her name was Hine Terewhiti. As time went by Hine brought me moas' eggs and we became very friendly. One day her father followed her and saw us — he was furious he said that Hine was to marry Makara who said I was not a proper giant, just an over grown freak.

My voice echoed for miles and Makara heard it. I yelled in rage. I will fight him now and show him I am as good as giant as he. Makara came quickly over the hills and we rushed at each other. I could feel the north wind helping me, but the south wind was helping Makara. They blew with such force they hurled us to the ground.

Hine ran over but it was too late. Makara and I were already dead.

Hine was filled with sorrow, she mourned for a long time. When darkness fell her cry carried on the winds and could be heard through the night. Aue! Aue! Then her voice grew faint and was heard no more.

After that day the Maoris would say that the stormy winds were Hine's voice calling to me.

(Karori is the suburb where I live and Makara is a district over the hill from Karori. Terawhiti is a sheep farm in the same area.)

Briar Beaglehole
Wellington Girls College
Form 3

The Travels of Chief Tauraroa

Chief Tauraroa and his family had migrated from Auckland to settle in the Kaipara harbour. His tribe had grown and become rich and content. Other neighbouring tribes became jealous and they secretly planned an attack on the village which would provide rich plunder.

Chief Tauraroa heard of this from wandering tradesmen. He was very worried and he called a meeting of all the men in his tribe. The men argued long into the night, and the only conclusion they came to was that they weren't strong enough and they didn't have enough good weapons to defend themselves.

So Chief Tauraroa was left to make the decision on what to do. After consulting his tohunga he decided to embark on a very dangerous journey in search of greenstone, which would be made into mighty clubs.

The canoe was made ready and food and water packed aboard. The ten warriors picked to go with Chief Tauraroa stood proudly beside the grand canoe. The canoe was cast off, and with Chief Tauraroa in the bow they paddled swiftly towards the entrance of the Kaipara harbour, and the sea.

Their luck held and they journeyed to Auckland without any fights or mishaps. At Mangere, Chief Tauraroa was greeted by his father and invited to stay for a few days.

Chief Tauraroa explained to his father why they were journeying south. His father promised him the help of his weapon makers if he returned with the greenstone.

Chief Tauraroa paddled confidently towards Mount Taranaki, which could soon be seen in the distance. They rounded Taranaki and in a week Kapiti Island was in sight. From there it would be a short but rough trip across Cook Strait to the South Island.

After buying supplies at Kapiti they paddled out into Cook Strait. The waves were higher than they had ever seen, and the canoe rolled and bucked over the mighty waves towards the South Is-

land.

They reached the South Island surprisingly none the worse for wear, and after a days rest they continued their journey down the west coast of the South Island.

The farther south they went the colder and rougher the weather became. They took shelter in caves when the sea was too wild and warmed themselves in front of fires.

They finally came to the mouth of the river which led to the greenstone up river. In fact Chief Tauraroa wasn't certain that this was the right river, for he could only guess where the greenstone was by second-hand legends. Some Canterbury tribesmen get it by crossing the Southern Alps from the plains on foot and carry back the greenstone.

The canoe was paddled up the river and to the joy of the crew and the relief of Chief Tauraroa the greenstone was found shining in shallow water near a bank of rock. The crew boistrously splashed around in the chilly water heaving the heavy greenstone slabs onto the bank, and from there into the canoe.

The canoe was soon as low in the water as Chief Tauraroa dared make it and he ordered his men to leave the valuable greenstone and come aboard. They reluctantly left their fortune and paddled the now not too seaworthy canoe towards the sea. They stayed close to shore in the fairly calm water, and they slowly made their way to Cook Strait.

The Cook Strait was as wild as ever and the canoe had no chance of crossing it in its over-loaded state, so Chief Tauraroa decided to hide the heaviest stones at a cave near Picton.

With a more seaworthy canoe and better weather the canoe set off bravely across Cook Strait. Soon the canoe started bucking up and down over the mountainous waves. Men were knocked from their seats, and it took three strong men to hold the canoe on course. Chief Tauraroa was tempted to throw some greenstone overboard but he held on to it all determinedly.

Everyone was greatly relieved when they came within the shelter of Kapiti Island and thanked the gods for saving them from the terrifying sea.

After repairing and restocking the canoe they set off north again. The jounrey to Auckland was slow but rather uneventful. Many of the men were bored and looked forward to getting home.

At Mangere they were once more greeted by Chief Tauraroa's father and invited to stay a few days. Chief Tauhari congratulated his son on his great adventure, and he ordered some of his weapon-makers to go with him as he had promised. Chief Tauraroa gave some greenstone in return and they separated contentedly the next day.

The final trip home was made quickly for it had been rumoured that his enemies had already been readying for war.

They returned home to a hero's welcome and the hangi and celebration were enjoyed by all.

The village soon settled down to the serious business of preparing for war. The chipping of the weapon-makers and the cries of practising warrior could be heard echoing throughout the valley.

As it turned out a battle was not fought, for when faced with the dreaded greenstone axes the enemies faded away back to their own homes.

G. Robinson
Whangarei Boys' High School
Form 3

Ngapera Black Q.S.M.

Tihei mauri ora
Ko Maungapohatu te maunga
Ko Whakatane te awa
Ko Tuhoe te iwi
Ko Taiturakina te tangata
Greetings
Maungapohatu is the mountain
Whakatane is the river
Tuhoe is the tribe
Taiturakina is the man

I have used the opening quotation to my story because it refers to the place where a prominent old lady comes from. Tuatoki — Taneatua (where I come from). Ngapera was born and raised as a child at Maungapohatu, the sacred mountain of my Tuhoe people. She was born in 1886 and she grew up in the wild, rugged mountainous Urewera country of my Tuhoe people known as "Nga Tamariki a Hine-pu-kohu-rangi" (the children of the mist).

Living at Maunga-pohatu at these early times, soon after the fighting of Te Kootis followers and the Government's soldiers was very difficult, but Ngapera and her people survived.

She was a young person about my age when her family moved from Maungapohatu to live in Ruatoki the fertile lands on the northern edge of the mountainous Urewera country.

Ngapera attended the Ruatoki Native School as a teenager and it was there that she gained her first experience of formal education. Although she did not receive education beyond that which she got from the Ruatoki Native School she was totally involved with the life and work of the people in her community.

She helped the elders of her sub tribes to raise money for the building of meeting houses and dining halls on her Rewarewa and Ohutu maraes. Ngapera married Mr Jack Black who was a serviceman of the First World War. They farmed their land in Ruatoki which they developed from scrub and manuka to a top dairy farm during the Land Development Scheme of Sir Apirana Ngata in the early 1930s. They became so successful at their farming that they were awarded the Bledisloe Ahuwhenua Trophy in recognition of their farming effort. Her husband was the first farmer in Ruatoki to gain this award which is competed for by Maori farmers throughout the country.

Ngapera's concern for the progress and welfare, not only of the people within her community, but also for others, took her deeper into other fields of community work.

Ngapera was a foundation member of the Ruatoki Branch of the Maori Women's Welfare League. She continued to take an active part in the work of the League until she was in her early 90s.

During the second world war, Ngapera organised people in her community to raise money through the Patriotic Fund Organisation to assist servicemen in the Maori Battalion serving overseas. This was to be the beginning of her long association with the Returned Servicemen's Association.

In recognition of many years of community work and service to her people, Ngapera was awarded the Q.S.M. (Queen's Service Medal) in the New Year's Honours of this year. A fitting and worthy reward for many years of working and serving other people.

The presentation of Ngapera's award took place on her Rewarewa Marae, in Ruatoki on the 26th June. It was at the request of her people to the Government that they wanted to be with Ngapera during the presentation award ceremony and also because of her great age 96 years, that they agreed to the request. The Deputy Prime Minister the Honourable Duncan McIntyre was appointed to make the presentation to Ngapera Black. Over 500 people attended the ceremony from throughout the Bay of Plenty and as far as Auckland and Wellington,.

As I write this story about my Kuia Ngapera, a tangi is being held for her on Ohutu marae in Ruatoki. She died on Sunday night in Hastings only two weeks after being presented with her Q.S.M. Her body was brought back from Hastings to Ruatoki today. Ngapera was the last kuia of Tuhoe with the moko (chin tattoo).

I feel very sad when I think that with the passing of such a great old lady, our link with an old way of Maori life is gone. Her funeral will be held on Thursday, the day after I arrive back at school.

Haere e kui
Haere te morehu o te ao tawhito
Haere, Haere, Haere.

Sheena McGarvey
Queen Victoria School
Form 3

(From left) Apa Watene, Chief Judge Durie, Rino Tirikatene, Archbishop Tom Williams (obscured), Hon. Ben Couch.

(From left) Bishop Vercoe, Monita Delamere.

A Ministers Fraternal was recently held in Wellington with the Minister of Maori Affairs, Ben Couch.

(From left) Kara Puketapu, Professor Kato, George Kanehele.

(From left) Puoho Katene, Robert Te Whare.

(From left) Rino Tirikatene, Archbishop Tom Williams, Minister Ben Couch.

Kiwi home-grown music

Chris Winitana

Marama Tahiata

We've all seen or heard about the classic Maori stereotype. You know the one.

A now-banned typists prepatory exercise described the archetype in full — less the wide flat feet, "... lounging on the riverbank singing with vamped guitar, teeth flashing, eyes shining, eating fish and chips ...".

Sound familiar?

It didn't grab me either, but it would be fair to say that at least one part of the blurb isn't too far off the mark.

The vamped guitar that is.

Music — whether it be huddled over a five-string playing three chord classics, or fronting before a 50-piece symphony at royal command performances still playing three chord classics.

The Maori, through music — only one means incidentally — has helped put New Zealand on the map, an internationally recognised fact.

Look at the homegrown success stories.

John Rowles, Kiri Te Kanawa, the old Volvanics, Frankie Stevens, Tui Teka, Howard Morrison — entertainers.

All have proven track records, and combined, present a formidable "natural resource".

Yet, with such a distinguished pool of singer/entertainers, with a single common element, why is there no New Zealand sound — surely a question local record companies wrack their brains to beat.

Perhaps the easy answer is the Maori song.

The trick would then be to sew in a contemporary feeling which could sell internationally.

That aim is Marama Tahiata's long-standing dream.

Sitting listening to the Hamilton born and bred cross-style singer, one can't help but click on to the feeling behind her soft-spoken tones.

"I'm sure it can be done. Someone has to make the break. New Zealand has so much muscial talent around yet no one has taken the step to put together some sort of local sound," she says, emphasising it with a quick flurry of the hands.

Dressed in practical winter woolies — well-accustomed to Hamilton's moody weather — topped by a snug pom-pom hat, Maram flits back in time, going over her own musical career.

"I did the usual things when I was a kid. You know, church choirs and that sort of stuff, so I suppose that's where I really started."

She falters, but manages to pick up old memories.

"I met up with the Maori Volcanics, and before I knew it, they asked me to sing a couple of songs with them. I was only 15 or 16 at the time."

"I think they must have liked what I did because they asked me to tour overseas with them. My parents weren't too happy about the idea but I had to take the chance."

She explains the ins-and-outs of the tour trying to convey the naivety of a 16-year-old unused to smoke-filled speak-easys let alone a myriad of people.

"Trying to get used to some of the customs in some of the far-away places was really hard to do.

"I remember when we were at an airport in Asia, and we could see these dark red blobs on the floors at regular spaces. All the women looked at each other, and you know what we thought they were ... what it really was though, was some sort of tobacco that the old men chewed,then spat out."

She laughs, unembarrassed by her frankness, changing positions to one slightly closer as if ready to share a secret.

She sketches out the year-long tour, pausing to mull various points — "... the playboy circuit ... a multi-millionaire took me underwing ... homesick ... Hawaii ... a husband ...".

Pausing to give herself a break, she suddenly realises how far off the track she's moved.

Catching up with the New Zealand scene she explains her views; "A lot of New Zealand artists say New Zealand can not relate to the rest of the world. They write about San Fransisco and New York and they've never ever been there. The only way we can build our-

selves up is if we look to our own country and its influences."

After numerous trips to China, Bankok and Japan (three sons and a daughter later) Marama still believes her homeland has the necessary ingredients to put out music capable of standing on its own internationally.

"Our own signers and entertainers could hold their own on the international circuit if they gave up singing about far away places and concentrated on their own styles rather than taking-off established stars."

She stops to catch her thoughts, probably wondering if I'm getting the message.

"Artists overseas create their own individuality, we have to do that too," she says triumphantly, although adding in the same breath that it's not that simple.

Changing tact to push the message home, she continues.

"New Zealand has an asset which people from all over the world are interested in, yet we overlook it or take it for granted. Our scenic beauty is one, the indigenous race is the other. Why not try and incorporate the two into song."

She has already taken steps to achieve that — no matter how small.

A five-minute tourism video is being set up, for sale overseas, featuring New Zealand's scenic areas musically backed by Marama's low vocals.

The 28-year-old also featured on a television host show earlier this year, with another Aotearoa unknown, debuting a love duet, "Falling In Love With You".

However, the single, written by low-profile Wellington song-writer Tony McCarthy, has a question mark hanging over it.

Marama, with a sense of resignation, says its future is doubtful as record companies have treated it with kid gloves — unsure whether to back it or not.

With the mention of record companies — "let's face it they say what goes or what doesn't" — Marama's attitude changes from being reflectively passive to open-end aggression.

"Our music could go international but we'd need a lot of local support. Recording companies will not finance anything too far out of the ordinary because they think it's too high a risk."

The never-ending traditional circle recording companies work within plus the income guaranteed by the safe road effectively helps knock any thought of positive experimentation on the head she explains.

Unrelenting, she expands; "This means unless you're rich and can bear the costs of studio time, then there's no hope of laying any groundwork".

Many would-be entertainers figuring to open up the market are cut off before they start because of the high cost involved in putting a record down.

To clarify this she tabulates cost for the single, "Falling In Love With You".

It cost $1000 in total to cut — $40 an hour for the studio, plus $150 per hour for the drummer.

"Who can afford to pay that sort of money?" she asks with little enthusiasm. "I certainly couldn't," she adds.

Yet, despite the overall reticence by recording companies, she does believe some are beginning to see the light, but any change to their thinking would be gradual rather than overnight.

"It's as if one company is waiting for another to make the move just to see how they'll get on. When I went to Wellington to see who was interested in my music there was a bit of interest shown. I just came off the street with my guitar into one of the studios and sat down and sang a song for them.

"It was about New Zealand. They really liked it and wanted to put something on paper there and then, but I said no because I wanted to sort out exactly where I was going first."

She says she was being wary of pitfalls which could arise if she signed a contract without thinking through her moves.

She breaks off and asks if I'd like to hear the song she sang.

Unsure, but ready to take it as it comes, I nod.

A few seconds later she's back with a well-used looking guitar and with the easy-oiled familiarity of a good tradesman, she plucks out a few warm ups.

Taking her time she slides into a slow yet precise set of chords.

"To get the feeling behind the words, you have to imagine the scene," she says quietly strumming her six string.

"You have to imagine how it was in the old days with a warrior sitting on top of a mountain watching the land and calling...."

Unabashed, with eyes closed, she stretches into her song titled, "This Paradise".

"I called from the garden down under,

I called from the Pacific Basin,

I called from the Paradise where men returned...."

Her words and coaxing voice conjure images of an untouched Eden, and it's not hard to sense the heart stabbing emotion behind their meaning.

Minutes later (not uncomfortable either) the last traces of her song still hang in the air.

"Well, what do you think?" she asks in earnest.

Feeling slightly humbled, and wishing I had something profound to say I mumble a cursory reply.

Recognising my momentary loss of words she explains her hopes further; "I think New Zealand's natural beauty should be portrayed on record — though natural sounds."

She says she hopes to put an album together to that end and a likely spot to record in harmony is D'urville Island down south.

"I really want to put something local together and decided that D'urville Island would be suitable. It has a lot of waterfalls and rivers which I want to incorporate into the songs."

She also envisages using traditional Maori musical instruments such as the nose-flute to provide a richer flavour.

Just when her album will be complete is in the laps of the powers that be she says indicating a certain amount of trepidition as to its possible success.

Still tinkling away on her guitar, she discloses a few minor details before a note of finality creeps into her voice.

"I've chosen entertainment as my career, but there is very little going in New Zealand unless someone lays the groundwork. I can only hope my efforts blossom into something worthwhile."

Photos all done, she stands — guitar still in hand — with determination etched.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

On a quick piece of research and a helleva lot of guess work, I've uncovered some startling facts about North/South bias in Tu Tangata.
The Maori population of the North Island make up 92% of the total Maori population with the South Island just 8%. There are 40 pages in Tu Tangata, of which in previous issues, no more than one page was devoted to South Island news.
Applying proportional representation there should be at least three pages extolling the virtues of living down south.
I hope this will be rectified.

Rangi Stirling

Editors' Note

Taihoa, Mr Stirling. Did not a feature spread in the August/September issue contain prose and poetry from one Keri Hulme residing in Okarito? It is not a deliberate policy to exclude South Islanders, it's just that on a proportional basis they're slower to write to the magazine about their homeland. ED.

1

1

From left: A. Harland, J. Wade, Leslie Parr, Phyllis, Hine Tahana, Alma Mihaere.

2

From left: Arthur Price, Ran Jacob, Whata Winiata, Sir Graeme Lattimer, N. Conrad, Mrs Barrett.

3

From left: Tipi Stainton, Sir Norman Perry, Kaa Maxwell, Manu Paul, Dr Rangi Walker.

4

From left: Francis Winitata, Piri Sciascia.

NZ Maori Council

2

3

4

5

5
From left: Marion Antonovic, Rose Hurst, John Bennet, Billy Gemmel, John Tangiora, Jim Moses.

6
From left: Mac Hawiki, Janey Watene, Millie Hawiki.

6

Hei Whakakoakoa

Got a bill from Bellamys for the last Maori Affairs Department conference at Parliament addressed to Mr Hui Whakatauira. Now will the real Maori member for Parliament step forward please! Then there was the letter to the editor addressed to Mr Te Kaea, obviously about a leading article.

Also spotted this month was the following review in the Pacific Islands Monthly. No, its not that the editor of *Tu Tangata* is getting too big-headed, it could be put down to a typographical error. However the editor did think the review was worthy of a reply which follows the article.

"Maoridom has a new voice

Whaanga Published by the New Zealand Department of Maori Affairs. Private Bag, Wellington. Subscription $NZ5 for six issues a year, available from the department. Overseas subscribers, $7.50.

The New Zealand Department of Maori Affairs has taken a praiseworthy initiative in publishing *Tu Tangata*, a magazine featuring news and views on Maoridom. The editor, Philip Whaanga, says that the magazine will carry 'regular features on politics, community happenings, health, people and arts', and that '*Tu Tangata* wants to promote discussion especially on contentious issues, but it should be noted that opinions expressed are those of individual contributors and not the Department of Maori Affairs'.

The magazine is produced to the highest professional standards and is printed by the New Zealand Government Printer. The range of articles included in the issue I received would be of interest to a wide range of readers, both Maori and non-Maori. The editor appears to have been allowed to operate even-handedly, as equal coverage has been given to the views of the main Maori political groupings and their attitudes towards Maori political representation.

However, I have an uneasy feeling that perhaps the magazine is adopting a rather ethnocentric attitude. I hope that it will not establish a narrow approach: New Zealand is home to the world's largest Polynesian population, New Zealand Maoris, Cook Islanders, Samoans, Niueans, Tokelauans, and others. But the only reference in the issue I read to the existence in New Zealand of the island Polyesians was that Dorice Read, a Rarotongan, is a National Party candidate for the Auckland Central Parliamentary seat. Interestingly enough, Mrs Read is listed together with National Party *Maori* candidates.

Tu Tangata needs to be nurtured and given the chance to establish its credentials as a respected vehicle for the expression of opinions generated from Maoridom. It is to be hoped that it will continue to reflect all shades of the political spectrum and that it will reveal the strengths of Maoridom to all sections of the New Zealand populance. — *W.G. Coppell.*"

Tu Tangata magazine does adopt an ethnocentric attitude in its news coverage and makes no apologies. This is a pro-Polynesian magazine that takes its stand to fill the vacuum in this eurocentric country. The wealth of news amongst the Polynesian people that is ignored by the main media channels in New Zealand is the mainstay of *Tu Tangata*. It's likely to remain this way until the media reflect the multi-racial mix in New Zealand society. *ED.*

Taha Maori programme focus on te ihi

Te Paki Hone Te Aho Cherrington

New Zealand has a great need today for programmes which help towards a greater understanding between Pakeha and Maori. Tuhoe Artist, Arnold Wilson, Project Director for the Department of Education has completed another such programme.

At the Forum North Arts Centre, Whangarei earlier this year, 140 pupils and teachers from 6 North Auckland secondary schools, took part in a programme focussed on "taha Maori" and lived "marae style" for a week amidst an atmosphere of creative energy rarely seen or acknowledged in this country.

Kamo High School, Tikipunga High School, Bream Bay College, Dargaville High School, Rodney College and Bay of Islands College, were the participating schools. Each had sent about 20 pupils plus their music/drama and/or Maori studies teachers.

Inspiration for the week long art form activities was drawn from this passage:

"Hutia te rito o te harakeke
Kei whea te komako e ko
Ki mai koe ki au
He aha te mea nui o tenei ao
Maku e ki atu he tangata
He tangata he tangata."

Translation:

"Wrench out the heart of the flax.
Where then is the bellbird?
If you ask me the question,
What is the most important thing in this world?
My answer to you is thus —
It is the people, it is the people, it is the people."

The week was noted for its informality and flexibility and was a bridge building exercise of the visual and performing arts using myths and legends of our country as a catalyst. Various artists, groups, and resource people were in attendance to help and advise on the creative ideas of the students.

Advice and lessons

Limbs Dance Company, led by Mary Jane O'Reilly was in attendance and each morning put the students through exercises. Limbs encouraged and helped with practical lessons and advice on any modern dance ideas.

Statement Theatre with Marie Staples, Kapa Kitchen and Nat Lees, did similarly from a straight drama view point. Statement Theatre early in the week performed a ¾ of an hour programme.

John Rangihau of Tuhoe, Senior Research Fellow, Centre for Maori Studies and Reseach, University of Waikato, was present for three days to advise on aspects of Maoritanga. Other local kaumatua also attended daily to advise on any matters which pertained to local kawa and/or legends and to give their experience and expertise to the programme. Along with John Rangihau, they were an essential part of the experience.

Tikipunga Maori Group — part of their drama group with their play (notice the pakeha front row).

Creative songs

Hirini Melbourne and Bernadette Papesch — Huata were also in attendance. Hirini as New Zealand's most creative Maori song writer today and Bernadette as a singer of Maori as well as a most experienced female leader of culture groups.

This duo's input in three days was great. Hirini would put a story or chant to music and then he and Bernadette would sing it. The school they were helping at the time invariably included the song and/or chant in their item.

Other resource people present included Garfield Johnson with his vision of "multi-culturalism", Lionel Gray for a visual record, sculptors Graeme North and Rua Paul, Dr McLean with a slide presentation of waiata, and the Flamenco Dancers.

Local relevance

Each school had earlier agreed to work on an idea which dealt either with the name of their school or area, or with a local legend which was relevant to their locality and were to work on it for a pageant — type presentation at the end of the week. Dance, mime, music, theatre, artwork, sculpture were to be used in any manner with input from the various resource people.

Ideas came, were work-shopped, some rejected, some retained and then rehearsed for the Thursday presentation. What was exciting was the creative energy and enthusiasm being given free reign, the creative ideas of our secondary students bubbling over on ideas that pertained to their locality, their school and their "patch", bringing with it an added pride in doing "their thing, their way" and in a manner

which was peculiar to them and New Zealand. A unique artistic happening was evolving before us.

Tangaroa and the Battle of the Fishes, Rei-tu and Rei-pae in the naming of Whangarei, Maui catching the sun, taniwha in the Kaipara Harbour, Papatuanuku and Ranginui in the creation myth, all became relevant during the week. Relevant not just to Maori students but to all taking part. Maori and Pakeha were working together creatively on New Zealand myths and legends which were a reality to them.

Must be felt

It is in programmes like this that the best of cultural interaction takes place. The activities must be experienced, not learned from an educational book, and the activities must be felt to be relevant to the participants. One hopes that Arnold Wilson will be continuing such programmes with increasing frequency. New Zealand art forms will then continue to evolve and grow. New Zealand cannot afford to let such programmes lapse.

Lest my earlier comments give the impression of a "willy nilly arts happening", I would hasten to point out that there is a long history of commitment and planning behind this current cross cultural community involvement Arts Programme, which should be seen in its perspective of following on, but with a greater sense of immediacy and urgency, earlier programmes in the arts.

One such art programme was the Northern Maori Project initiated by Gordon Tovey in 1954. This programme led later to the appointment of specialist Maori art advisers and from this era came artists such as Cliff Whiting, Arnold Wilson, Para Matchett, Ralph Hotere, Fred Graham and others.

The ihi

At long last people were being trained to appreciate and use Maori art forms. However, little thought was given to sensing and experiencing the "ihi" — the essence of beliefs and values, the thinking and feeling which underlie them.

In the 1970's Peter Boag, then Assistant Director-General of Education provided the opportunity for the setting up of today's type of programme which is aimed at bringing about biculturalism by first gaining an appreciation of the ethnics of Maori culture. It is hoped that on this foundation other cultures can be added so as to produce true multiculturalism. Today the criticism of not giving thought to the "ihi" no longer applies.

This current programme was started in 1975 with the secondment to the Education Department of Tuhoe, Arnold Wilson sculptor, art teacher and advisor. In 1977 Garfield Johnson, ex-principal of Hilary College became the coordinator of the programme. Jocelyn Tarrant joined the team in 1978.

Roger Hardie, advisor arts and crafts Whangarei talking to pre-school advisors, parents and workers about tukutuku in new materials.

The work is monitored by an in-service committee which is headed by the District Senior Inspector of Secondary Schools, Auckland, Ray Scott and includes Sunney Amey, Lionel Gray, Miria Pewhairangi, Jim Leabourn, Miss J. Carter, Mr G. Grenfell, Mr C. Herbert, Mr R. Munro, Mrs P.V Price, Mr V. Penfold and Mr P. Smith.

Guiding philosophy

The philosophy behind the programme seems to be summed up in the following passages taken from the cross cultural community involvement Arts Programme resource booklet prepared by Arnold Wilson for pupils, teachers, parents and others.

"... We readily accept the proposition that ethnic identity should be respected ...."

"That fifty per cent of the Pacific Islands children in New Zealand are born here is not just a demographic fact. That Auckland is the biggest Polynesian city in the world is not just a matter of geographic curiosity.

That our Maori culture goes back at least a thousand years is not just anthropological information. That Maori and Pakeha have for over a century and a half, lived and loved together, fought and died together, is not merely a matter of passing historical interest.

That we have tried together to forge relationships with each other in different ways, sometimes with indifferent success, is not just a socialogical and political issue. These constitute the cultural lifeblood of our society. Whether we acknowledge it or not, there is no New Zealand Pakeha who is not in some sense culturally Maori and there is no New Zealand Maori who is not in some sense culturally Pakeha."

Appreciate cultures

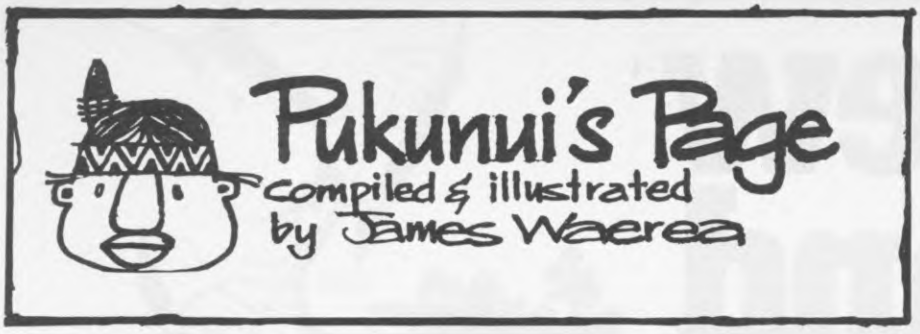
"... It is our hope that the new generations of New Zealanders, as well as coming to understand the major cultures, will appreciate also our many cultures. They will accordingly respect them and, because they value the diversity that results will identify with each and every culture and hold their opportunity to do so as something precious. That is our exclusive heritage and privilege. This is what it means to be a New Zealander ...."

"... In keeping with these views the Cross Culture Community Involvement Programme is a serious attempt, not to promote art alone, but to use visual art and craft initially as a catalyst to spark off discussion and thought about the underlying attitudes and values which are the heart and the very guts of culture, and the source of creative effort ...."

The resource booklet can be obtained by contacting:

Arnold Wilson
Project Director CCCIP
Department of Education
Private Bag
Newmarket
AUCKLAND
Phone: 541-989 Extension 777.

The success of such programmes is startlingly obvious and since 1975 has taught over 3000 pupils from primary, intermediate and secondary schools. I have seen the murals of a number of schools at the Khyber Pass Maori Mission, Auckland and at Forum North, Whangarei and have no doubt as to the standard and worth of other such works.



Christmas time will soon be here and Pukunui would like to hear from children their favourite stories about Christmas. For the Christmas issue of Tu Tangata, kids are invited to share their thoughts and ideas about how Pukunui would have spent Christmas in his pa.

Just write them down with any drawings and send them to PUKUNUI'S PA, 11 England Street, Freemans Bay, Auckland. Who knows maybe there could be a surprise treat for some lucky children.

Publicity:

Maori language inserts into Sesame Street

The first Maori Language inserts into Sesame Street have been completed. The seven inserts of about a minutes duration each are to be tested on groups of children around N.Z. Copies of the inserts are also being sent to the Children's Television Workshop in New York for analysis.

The Maori language inserts present very basic language with the help of two adult presenters and a group of children.

Finding suitable presenters and children from Christchurch who could speak Maori were but one of the many problems faced and overcome by the production team headed by Kim Gabara, Executive Producer of Children's and Young Person's programmes in Christchurch.

Anehera Bowen

Interviews for a presenter produced some exciting finds but the presenter had to be fluent in Maori and able to act. On camera auditions finally saw Jimmy MacLean and Anehera Bowen selected.

They both came from the Bay of Plenty.

Jimmy MacLean attended Ruatoki Primary School, now one of the four bilingual schools in NZ, then onto St. Stephens. He's presently at Christchurch's Teachers Training College.

Anehera Bowen is from Rotorua, attended Waikato University and is presently teaching at Burnside High School.

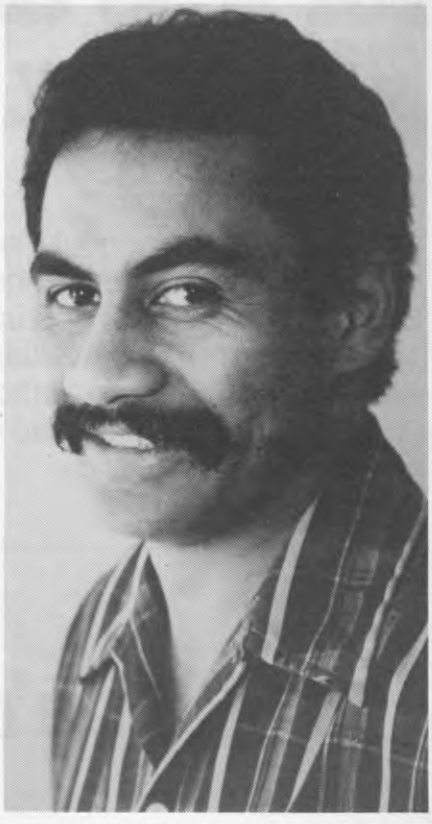
Both in their early twenties they applied rather reluctantly for the position.

But said Jimmy MacLean, "It is important that Maori be on television, to be seen to be accepted and to be heard, especially by young children because it is with them that the future of our language lies."

Says Anehera Bowen, "I was a bit hesitant about applying but I think that the language is the most important thing, without the language we are nothing and I would have hated to see this project fail because nobody was willing to stand up and do it."

This feeling of urgency and dedication to the language has also ensured support from the Maori people in Christchurch which involved many people spending their own time going over scripts, giving advice and just providing ready reference for any queries or problems.

Bill Gillies, Polynesian Advisory Officer for the Department of Education



Jimmy McLean

and Bill Nepia, Senior Lecturer of Maori at the University of Canterbury were co-opted as advisors and willingly spent many hours talking over what should be done and how. They also spent many hours watching Sesame Street.

Within TVNZ a lot of work was put in to produce the best possible resutls, but producing work for an already established programme with its distinctive style and pace brings its own problems.

The inserts will be shown to groups of children, both Maori speaking and non-Maori speaking, to test for effectiveness and appeal.

Groups of educators will also be asked to evaluate the first set of Maori language inserts.

The Producer Kim Gabara says, "Because were are working in such new fields, it is important that we get accurate feedback on how the inserts are recieved and to give us a positive direction for our future work."

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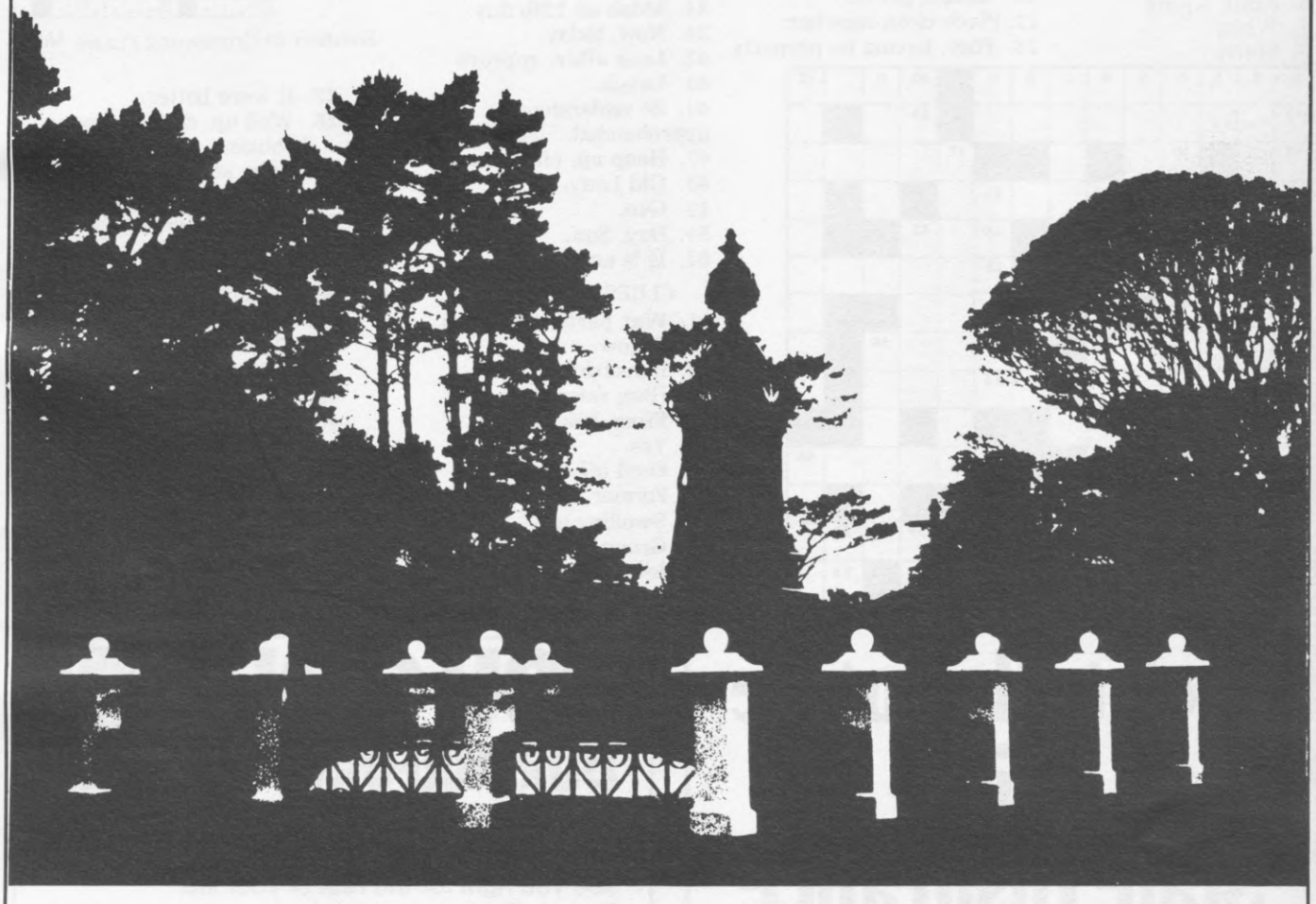
MACKAY KING GL156

NGA WHAEA O TE MOANA
TARANAKI 1983



This calendar has been published to publicise the fight of the people of Taranaki to retain their kai moana, maataitai and kaawa.
It consists of portraits of the women, and their places, involved in this fight.
The Calendar measures 238mm x 290mm when folded in its envelope, and hangs opened out. There are thirteen full colour photographs, with explanatory text; one month to each page.

Calendars are available from:

Fiona Clark
No. 43 R.D.
Tikorangi
Waitara
New Zealand
Phone Waitara 5033

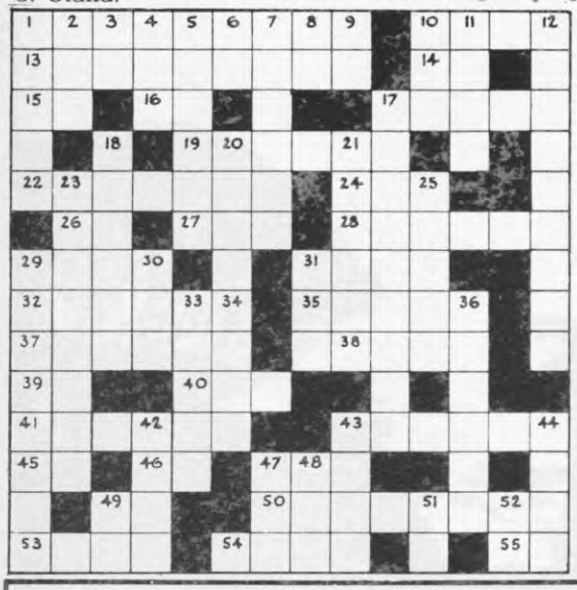
Cost

$6.00 retail
$4.00 wholesale
price includes envelope.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE NO. 8

CLUES DOWN

1. Build.
2. Wake up.
3. Silent.
4. Gunwale: side board of canoe.
5. Land.
6. Fault, wrong
7. When
8. Stand.
10. Four.
11. Numerous, important; shield.
12. Baptism.
17. Cheek.
18. Noise.
20. Mount, get on.
21. Place close together.
23. Poor, having no property.
25. Addressing a girl.
29. 'Pathway over the Sea' name of the new Cook Strait Ferry
30. Path, way
31. Strike, happen.
33. Entrance to hinaki.
34. Moon on 12th day.
36. Now, today.
42. Long after, approve
43. Laugh.
44. Be understood, apprehended.
47. Heap up, pile; extort.
48. Old Lady.
49. Gun.
51. Day, Sun.
52. Is is not so?



Solution to Crossword Puzzle No. 7

CLUES ACROSS

1. War party; 140 steps.
10. Follow.
13. Industrious.
14. Hiss; raise up.
15. From, belonging to.
16. Yes.
17. Fend off; push back.
19. Former times.
22. Swelling up.
24. Group, force.
26. Int. expressing surprise.
27. It were better.
28. Well up, spring; flow in dribbles.
29. Gale, storm, rain.
31. Cling.
32. Level, undulating.
35. Giddy, aching.
37. Urge on.
38. These.
39. For.
40. Clay.
43. Village, home.
45. Agree.
46. Breath.
47. Vine.
49. Chick; sodden.
50. Flute.
53. God.
54. Soldier.
55. Avenged, paid for.

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