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Tu Tangata

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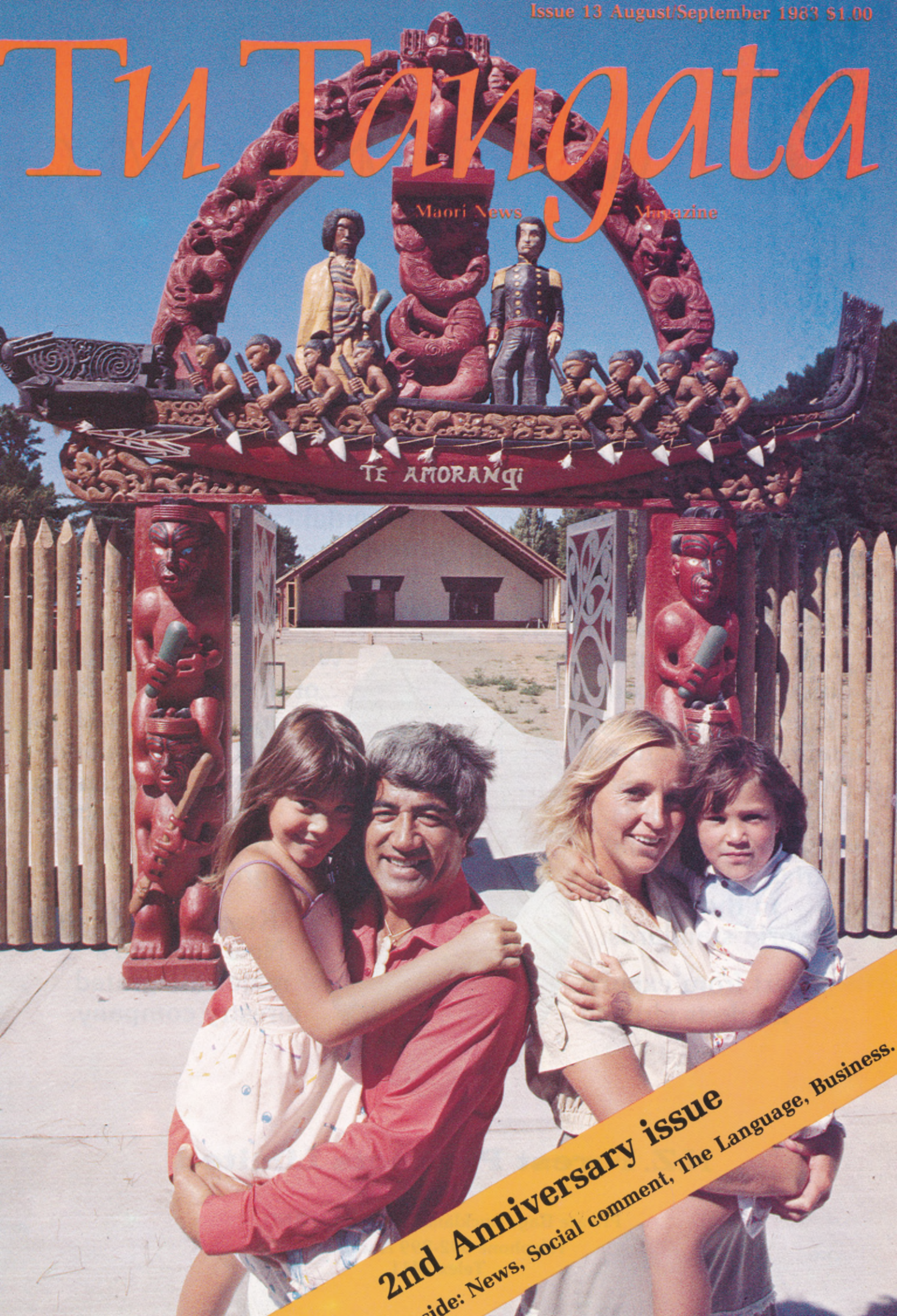

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Maori News Magazine

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Cover photo: Olly Ohlson with his wife Jan and children Jodie and Uiri.

Olly Ohlson — after school's out

The strange thing about Olly Ohlson is that he's not strange to most of us.

He has been on television only 18 months. His face is so familiar, yet most seldom see his television programmes. The kids watch "After School" after school. "You and Your Child" screens on mornings and afternoons.

Still, most people know him — or think they do, for Olly Ohlson is a different fellow to know. He has few friends, prefers his own and his family's company.

He is immensely popular with children and adults alike, and worries about being over-exposed through constant requests for interviews.

He was a smash hit on Telethon and fills speaking engagements up and down the country. Yet he has none of the hype of many television personalities; he has no trouble keeping his ego under control long enough to impress the interviewer, because he is not that kind of man.

In fact, it's difficult to know what kind of man he is.

There's a reserve about him which does not lend itself easily to brief encounters; nor does it sit readily with the warm, easily-relating television Ohlson. This is not to suggest that he suffers from some kind of television schizophrenia. They both spring from the same personality. It's the way he operates.

Olly Ohlson was born in Te Whaiti, in the eastern Bay of Plenty, the youngest of 19 children. He only ever met 14 of them — the others had died by the time he was old enough to remember.

The Ohlson came from a Norwegian heritage; Olly came from teachers' college, much later. His given name is Te Hata.

His father was Jack Te Tuhi Ohlson, his mother Menepeke Potatau; she could trace her line directly to King Potatau.

Young Olly had an ambiguous upbringing. His older brothers and sisters were steeped in things Maori. Their parents talked to them predominantly in Maori.

When Olly arrived, his mother's attitude began to change. She could see the village life breaking up. People had to move out of the area to find work, mainly in forestry in Minginui.

His father was basically Ringatu in his philosophy; the young Ohlson used to sit on his shoulders as he began the day with meditation and prayer to the god Io.

In the evenings he and his mother prayed together: "Dad in the morning, mum in the evening."

Olly sees it as similar to Christianity, "without the hang-up of sin," a learning process in which you stumbled but you picked yourself up again.

His father died when Olly was 10, the victim of a blow on the chest with a steel pin as a bridge labourer.

His mother's attitude changed further. From that time she spoke scarcely a word of Maori, talking to her children in broken English. She made sure he did his homework. Until then he hadn't been allowed to read books. "You might get too much brains," his mother would say." Too much brains are not good for you."

Now, she wanted Olly to read. She wanted her husband's tama potiki to succeed.

The family shuttled between Te Whaiti and Rotorua, then Minginui. Back in Te Whaiti, the family home was demolished, by order. Olly remembers plastering its walls with flour and water on old English "Daily Mirrors". In Minginui Olly's brother Fred took his father's place at the head of the household. To get a mill house, someone had to work at the mill, and Fred was it.

Olly lived there until he was 19, the longest time he ever spent in one house. There, life took a fateful turn. At first, there were no shops in Minginui; when a butcher's shop came, it was regarded as ridiculous. After all, there were pigs and deer to be had for the hunting.

Nevertheless, the town's lifestyle began to change. People began to use them, although they didn't understand the booking up system; when they got the account they were puzzled. Ohlson remembers first failing to come to grips with the concept then rebelling against it; he and a few local kids began stealing from shops.

Inevitably, they were caught. Part of the punishment was a boarding school, St Stephens: "The best thing that happened to me."

Initially, he was puzzled: "There were a lot of brown-skinned people who were not Maoris. They couldn't speak Maori. They were brown pakehas." But his English improved, and other things too. He'd never had sheets, or even underpants. When he first put them on, he wore them back to front. He had clothes of his own, too — as No 19 he'd

always inherited everyone else's. He became more confident, but failed School Certificate the first time around nonetheless.

The family could no longer afford the fees for St Stephens. He went back to the local high school, became deputy head boy, got School Cert. Illness wrecked his hopes of U.E. and he went off into the bush as a scrub-cutter.

But one of his teachers, Bill Hill, convinced his mother he had a future as a teacher. Off he went to Ardmore Training College.

By the second year there, to a lot of friends he was a pakeha. That year faced him with a crisis. His mother was ill. He had to decide whether to finish teachers' college or go back and look after her.

He stayed, finished the course, did his P.A. year under the Maori Board of Governors — and rebelled. Maori children he believed, needed to be exposed to European values, not kept together in a Maori school. He was released from his bond. When he turned 21 his mother died, as she'd predicted she would.

Olly married in Christchurch and moved on to Kokatahi on the West Coast of the South Island then to Rununga as first assistant and on to Kaitangata, where his marriage broke up. He met his second wife Jan in nearby Balcultha and the pair moved back to Christchurch. Olly left teaching. The money couldn't support two families, besides, he saw the system as full of old people hanging on to jobs, leaving no room for the young.

The period was to see his debut in television, in such programmes as "Seagull," "Woolly Hill", "Woolly Manor." Later, in Timaru, his job as a life insurance salesman gone as a result of his involvement with a Pentecostal church, he won a part as narrator in a South Canterbury Operatic Society Production of "Joseph and the Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat." It convinced him that his future lay behind the footlights, on stage or television.

He took a job with the Anglican church, started a happy hour for kids, making up songs and attracting up to 80 for a session. All the time he was praying for a career singing, entertaining — and one day the telephone rang. It was Television New Zealand's Ian Cumming, offering him a job as presenter of "After School".

Curiously, Ollie wasn't interested at first. He wanted something more musical. Moreover, he was working with alcoholics, having helped found an alcoholic recovery centre. He didn't even watch television, nor does he watch it much now: "We're more book people, out-and-about people."

Eventually, he took the job.

Now, as he talks, themes emerge. The strongest is his idea of a total New Zealand; that's why he started using different languages on "After School."

"I am a person," he declares. "That's the kind of thing New Zealand needs. I'm a New Zealander, not I'm Dutch, Maori, Spanish.

"Our elders are frightened of losing their Maoritanga. Well, they've lost it.

"Some asked me, 'are you proud to be a Maori?" I said talking to me in these terms, one per cent speak the language, a hell of a lot go through the prisons, the courts — on that basis I can't be proud. I'm sad.

My older children, Riki and Tania, don't speak Maori at all. I've said to them they are themselves first and foremost and they have a rich heritage from which they can learn if they want to and not be pressured to learn things Maori because if it doesn't come from inside, it's a farce. My other two, Jodie and Kiri, are starting to speak Maori. They want to."

He initiated "Kupu", encouraging the correct pronounciation of Maori place names.

His preoccupation has recently led him into more controversial areas.

He lodged a protest with the Race Relations Concilator against the New Zealand Maoris tour of Wales. "If New Zealanders really want to be New Zealanders, then I think it's about time we got rid of racist teams like the Maori All Blacks and indeed everything that bears the name Maori — for example Maori Affairs (which is merely a branch of the Housing Corporation) and Maori members of Parliament (Maori issues are not that unique to warrant a separate form of government). Let's start being New Zealanders then, and stop this almighty farce of trying to find unity in division."

"If the Maori people want to do anything I believe they should tell their children they are equal New Zealanders," he says.

"The concept of Maoridom needs to be broadened.

"Only a select few are taken through the whare wananga, the higher school of learning — so few there are hardly any left.

"Even on the marae, women take a secondary place. You can't tell teenagers that.

"The positive aspects — warmth, trust, aroha, the idea of sharing and caring — that's what we can learn from the Maori. The idea of being a worthwhile person.

"My hassle had to be, what the hell am I? I had to stop trying. It was a hell of a hassle, especially when you get Maori jokes.

"When people look at me, it's Olly Ohlson they see. Often people look at me and say, God, I never realised you're a Maori. Basically, the public see me as Olly Ohlson, the man with a smile.

Manaakitia Trust...

Mrs Piki Takiari could see young Maori were having difficulty coping with the modern world — even in a small city like Wanganui.

To help them she became involved with Mahi Tahi in Wanganui. It was a drop-in centre started by the YMCA in February 1979.

It was a place where people — mainly young — could go and feel at home. Until April 14 last year it continued as a kind-of club for people who were having difficulty surviving.

But in April Messrs John Ward and Graeme Stephens decided to extend the bounds of Mahi Tahi. With the assistance of Mrs Takiari they started a work skills programme.

There was a little conflict as Mahi Tahi moved from a protective nest to what was hoped would be a self-supporting co-operative business.

Mrs Takiari resigned as director of Mahi Tahi so she could concentrate on the social aspects of the group. Graeme Stephens became the director and John Ward the supervisor.

The name Mahi Tahi was replaced with Manaakitia Trust, which, according to Mr Ward, would allow the group to cast off the old and start anew in a different direction.

Mr Ward said at the time the trust intended handling the effects of unemployment in a Maori way. He hoped they would eventually be able to cater for 20 people.

He said the trust faced a difficult job. The people it was dealing with had left school with no hope of finding a job. The expectations were low as was their faith in their own ability.

He said people not used to working were not aware of the responsibilities that went with a job or could not be bothered with them — basic things like turning up everyday on time.

From the start he took a firm hand.

"Mind you, I have to be reasonable and lenient too. I allow them so much freedom and then I clobber them," he said.

Now, after almost a year, his methods seem to be paying dividends. The trust has 25 people being paid to learn work skills and employs five supervisors. (Wages are supplied by the Government as part of its unemployment relief).

It now has five plots of land around Wanganui which are used for gardens — about 12 hectares are involved.

In July the trust leased one hectare of land from the Railways at Aramoho. The disused section was over-run with scrub, small trees and long grass. Mrs Takiari and a group of young people — mainly girls — cleared the land and it is now in gardens.

The supervisor of the clearing gang was Miss Pat Thomasen. Before taking on the job she had been a dressmaker in Wellington.

Mr John Ward (left) supervisor of the Manaakitia Trust in Wanganui, and the trust's new director, Mr Graeme Stephens.
Photo. Wanganui Chronicle

"It's hard work but we get stuck into it," she said. "The girls are good. They really amaze me — they stick to a job. The boys tend to give in but the girls stick with it." Though the work was harder than she was used to she enjoyed it. "I like it, You are not confined within four walls. You also learn a lot about yourself — we have to push ourselves. You learn how to cope with it."

She said the trust did a lot of free gardening for old people.

"A lot of them are lonely and they want to have a talk. When you are sewing for people they come for a fitting and all you learn is their body measurements. Here you get to know people," she said.

Since then, Mrs Takiari has left Manaakitia to start a PEP renovation of the Kaiwhaiki Marae. Mr Stephens has left to work as an accountant with the Imlay Freezing Works though he is still the director of the trust and is on hand when his expertise is required.

The day-to-day business of the trust is now run by Mr Ward. His trump cards are his senior supervisors: An A grade mechanic and a "pommy ex-army man" Mr Charles Mitford.

"I had to go and find him, the Labour Department did not have anyone suitable. The kids take to him because they talk to him on a one-to-one basis."

By late February the trust had found 11 of its members permanent work, five had gone on to the PEP and three were self-employed: One as a paper-hanger, one in horticulture and one in forestry.

When Mr Ward started with the trust it owned one old van that ran "mostly on the gift of God". Now it has a reliable ute, a TK Bedford seven tonne truck with a full canopy and the van.

And while the trust has prospered materially, Mr Wards says its main aim is still to help people cope.

"With no names mentioned I will tell you about a 14½-year-old. Last Christmas she ran away from her parents — away from everybody. For three weeks she existed on the streets, I don't know how.

"Her parents brought her down to me and said could I do anything with her. I said I couldn't employ her because of her age. They said they wanted somewhere she could go during the day. Somewhere she could do something without causing the trouble and strife she had been."

Mr Ward agreed to let her work at the trust as long as her parents dropped her off and picked her up.

"Within three days her parents were back and said the change was astounding. She stopped here till she went back

to school in February. On her last day here her parents came and picked her up and she said 'hooray'. Her parents thanked me.

"She disappeared but her parents car was still out the front and I thought that was funny. About five minutes later there was a timid knock — I didn't even look up. This kid came in in tears, she wanted to know if she could come back at the end of the first term.

"In my opinion that's what this caper is all about. What they are not getting at home we have to give them here. Her supervisors gave her a good record — I'm pleased to be able to make a statement like that."

The trust has concentrated on gardens. Members built a large glass-house at the back of the St George's Gate base, mostly from things other people had thrown out.

It produces 5000 plants a month and provides plants and seedlings to trusts and charitable groups throughout the Wanganui and South Taranaki regions. Over Christmas it gave away 49 cases of mixed vegetables and 25 sacks of potatoes.

Mr Ward now hopes the trust will eventually employ 40 people — but to do that more buildings will be needed so work does not stop then the weather is bad.

"I can't see us looking back now. We started slowly and I hope to continue building-up slowly. Should the work skills programme finish we would have a financial battle but I think we could continue as a co-operative, and still hold our own."

While leadership is provided from the top and though responsibility is demanded, Mr Ward said everyone contributes to decisions.

"We don't want anybody standing there like Hitler. We sit down and talk about it then we come up with a decision."

Early on he was criticised at a house meeting. "I have a loud hailer on the truck. One day I wanted to talk to one of the people who was working up the road.

"I didn't walk up but called out to him on the loud hailer. He took exception to the fact that I used the loud hailer on him.

"At the meeting he said it was getting more like a police operation around here.

"I think we have been lucky that people have stuck. Where they have been turned-off it has been possible to get them back on the rails, sometimes by leading them and sometimes by pushing them. They seem to get it together eventually.

"You can see for yourself that the quality of the place has improved — it's business-like. The place is viable.

"When we first started we rang people and said we were Manaakitia and they wondered who the hell we were. Now I can ring them and say, 'It's Manaakitia, John Ward speaking' and they know who we are. And when we need it they are ready to give us help and advice.

"I think we're underway — at last I'm prepared to admit that," he said.

Award for trainee chef

From the scarce job market of Whangarei and Northland, one Bream Bay College school leaver and trainee chef has quickly found his feet.

With determination, and help from Lion Breweries, Greg Smith was awarded the Auckland Rotary Club's vote of Best 1982 Student in the Maori pre-employment course at the Auckland Technical Institute last month.

The award is made to the student who is a diligent worker and who mixes with staff and students.

At 19, Greg is well on the way to completing his ATI chef's course and establishing a career in catering.

He is a cook at the Ellerslie Oak's Jolly Poacher restaurant and attends the Technical Institute part time.

He will sit his final exams for qualifications as a chef at the end of next year.

Greg said his talent for cooking comes from his mother, who is a food supervisor at Northland Hospital.

Greg is a popular staff member at the Oaks. In recognition of his achievements the management presented him with a set of carving knives.

Mr Greg Smith of Takahiwai, near Ruakaka, at work with a set of carving knives in the Jolly Poacher restaurant at the Ellerslie Oaks Motor Inn in Auckland. The knives were given to Mr Smith by his employers, in recognition of his achievements.

Ka hoki mai a Korero Mai?

Five of the eight television screens concentrate on Mei Taare and Pou Temara. Mei looks straight out of one and nervously curls the ends of her dark hair.

Up in control suite nine producer Brian McDonald says: "Mei's looking fairly good. Perhaps we could move her up a little bit on camera one."

In the studio, floor manager Steve Gray hears the instructions on his earphones and passes them on.

A woman in the control suite turns to another and says: "Pou's half the man he used to be. He's lost two stone since we started."

Filming for the show, Korero Mai, started in October last year, and five 15 minute programmes were finished by November. Now a sixth is needed and that is why Taita College Maori teacher Pou Temara is back in the studio.

He and Mei arrived at Avalon at 8am to be made up. Now at 1.10pm the final on-camera rehearsal is about to start.

The original music by Sydney Melbourne is played and Mei nervously claps time. She looks at one of the cameras and says: "Don't tell me two shot is on that ..." She glances round. "Oh no, it's on there."

Brian says: "Ask Pou to look on camera one."

The message is relayed and he does pulling a face. Then the floormanager's voice is heard in the control suite: "Can we please start rehearsal or we'll be here all day."

Brian says: "This is a rehearsal with inserts."

The inserts have been filmed and will be cued in as Mei and Pou run through their script.

Mei Taare

Pou Temara

One of the production team begins counting: "Eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one."

Korero Mai comes up on the screen and the theme music starts but then Brian stops things. Apparently there is a question about one of the inserts. Pou says he can't see the monitor and Mei wants to know how long they have for filming.

The floormanager says: "OK, we'll start from shot one then we'll go to shot 10 and take it from shot 10.

Mei yawns and Brian says: "On five, coming up on two."

Korero Mai comes on screen, the theme music then Pou speaks into camera two: "E nga iwi tena koutou. Hello and welcome to Korero Mai. Throughout the series we've stressed the importance of vowel sounds, but this also applies to consonents, and we'll be looking at those a little later."

It goes right and they move to shot 10.

The series aims to give a grounding in Maori. Brian McDonald says Korero Mai is the first language teaching programme for television made in New Zealand, in Maori or English. He could not find any other programme to model it on, though he looked at French and German language films. "We felt that their styles didn't apply."

Brian is pleased with Korero Mai, but only when he considers that the programme was a first and there was a limited budget. He is pinning his hopes on a second series with increased funds.

"For the programme to have any real value it has to be an ongoing thing."

With more money the quality of the inserts could have been improved, and the links with the studio presentation could have been better.

McDonald said he and others had been pushing for a programme like Korero Mai for years. TVNZ did not favour the idea because it felt such a programme would have limited appeal. Now, he says, the TV bosses were responding to pressure from the community. So while the programme is an educational tool, he hopes it will also be a lever to convince the TV administrators that there is a demand for a Maori language programme.

He says people have to realise that Maoris are not solely responsible for keeping the language alive.

"I think it's past the time when Maori people can think about doing it off their own bat. The media has a responsibility."

The programme aims to teach basic language and show examples of how it is used. It is aimed at the person with little or no knowledge of Maori. As well, some Maori etiquette is explained.

"We've tried to explain the ceremonial stages that people go through and the reasons why certain things happen. We hope the viewer will be able to use the basic Maori they have learned from the programme on the marae."

The skit 'James of Aotearoa" is used throughout the programme. Temara plays James, an English speaking person in Maori speaking Aotearoa. The idea of the skits is to have simple phrases repeated over and over without boring the viewer.

Because the main aim of the programme is to educate not simply entertain, McDonald believes there should be a follow-up to it within the community. He has worked with the Education Department so a cassette of the series can be made available to schools. He also hopes the Maori Affairs Department will have Maori language courses planned to cater for the interest the series creates.

MWWL Conference

Me aro koe ki te ha o te Hine-ahu-One

Maori women are grappling with the double challenge of being Maori and being female, of preserving their culture and gaining sexual equality.

The question this poses and the tensions it creates came to the fore during this years Maori Womens Welfare League conference held at Aucklands new Sheraton Hotel.

Taking as its theme "Pay Heed to the Dignity of Woman" the four day gathering reflected both the strengths of the league and its divisions.

Many league members want to preserve the status quo, including all aspects of traditional culture but an increasingly vocal group believe that, if they are to have dignity as women, some of the traditions must change.

The conference theme was explained in a powerful address by former league president Mira Szaszy, aided by two younger league members, one of whom, Sharon Hawke, is well known as a land activist and member of the Maori Womens movement.

Mrs Szaszy told the conference the theme was taken from a waiata composed by the late Hori Mataiawhuea and recited by him at the 1980 Timaru conference as a tribute to the wisdom and teachings of his grandmother.

His actual words were:
"Me aro koe ki te ha o te tangata" or "Pay heed to the dignity of man."

However because of strong feelings expressed by Sharon Hawke and other younger members the word "tangata" was changed to "Hine-ahu-One" to leave no doubt as to the intent of the theme.

Mrs Szaszy said that sexism and racism were blood brother of the same attitude of mind.

"If you believe racism exists in our society and it is evil — believe also that sexism is equally evil and as damaging to the dignity of women."

"My take is sexism. The challenge is therefore to those people in our society at large and in Maori society in particular whose prejudices and unlawful discriminatory practices deny equality to women purely on the basis of their sex."

She said, to her, the marae was a patriachal institution pervaded by assumptions of male domination.

"This position of women in our political family (whanau) mirrors the role of women in the larger society. The custom which disallows women from speaking on that forum with the assertion that men and women have complementary roles is in fact a denial of equality as such roles are certainly not equal."

She said Maori women who acquired leadership roles in the community "receive the full force of male resistance."

They are denied access to decision-making but are expected to carry out decisions made by others.

"Maori women who are seen as serious threats to male security leadership usually become subjects of the "quiet put-down" — at social functions in important places for example."

Mrs Szaszy said the league was set up as a separate organisation because of the sexist nature of tribal structures.

"In order to give Maori women decision-making powers on the issues which affected them very closely — as mothers, and their children and their homes — it was necessary to set up a structure which was not dominated by men i.e. on non-Maori lines."

But she said she had the powerful feeling that marae kawa had followed women, and now intruded "even into the house of the league."

She said the Human Rights Commission and Race Relations Conciliator which had come up with a book called "Race Against Time" should now produce a sister publication called "Women's Time Has Come."

Her strong speech got a mixed reception — interest coupled with unease creating an uncertain atmosphere which hovered over the rest of the conference.

Many league members oppose change and shy away from controversial topics like sexism and Maori sovereignty (Maori Mana Motuhake).

Still fiery foundation president Dame Whina Cooper is one of those adamantly opposed to moves by some league members to replace the men who sit on the welcoming paepae, with women.

At the conference some members objected to what they considered was domination of the junior forum by young non-league court workers. They stopped one young man as he outlined the Maori struggle from the coming of the European.

But all delegates unanimously applauded the schoolgirl members when they took the stage for a series of funny, touching skits pointing to the problems of modern youth.

This atmosphere of warmth and solidarity was often evident, particularly during presentation of the area reports in song and skit form, and during the schools oratory competitions when delegates threw their support behind the sometimes shaky competitors.

As always the remit sessions were lively, though here too divisions became apparent.

This year's remits included calls for protection of traditional food sources, government policies aimed at checking female Maori unemployment, changes to rape laws, changes to autopsy procedures, education in Maori culture for tourist staff and amendments to the Town and Country Planning Act to give control of Maori land to the Maori Land Court.

As always the serious business was interspersed with songs, laughter and much good humoured ad libbing.

Lack of time unfortunately forced cancellation of the open forum session but an unexpected, though sombre bonus was the showing of a film by anti-nuclear activist Dr Helen Caldicott after which delegates reaffirmed their opposition to nuclear arms.

Overall the conference had successful but inconclusive feel — heightened by the elections for a new executive following expiry of the three year term.

Retiring president Mrs Violet Pou from Whangarei was replaced by 83 year old Ngati Porou elder Mrs Maaraea Te Kawa from Ruatoria — a strong traditional figure whose election appeared reaffirmation of faith in the leagues more conservative element.

The first vice president is Maori Artists and Writers secretary Mrs Georgina Kirby from Auckland and second vice-president in Mrs Rose Hurst from Wellington.

Next year's conference is in Whangarei and by then, perhaps, the future directors of the league will be more apparent.

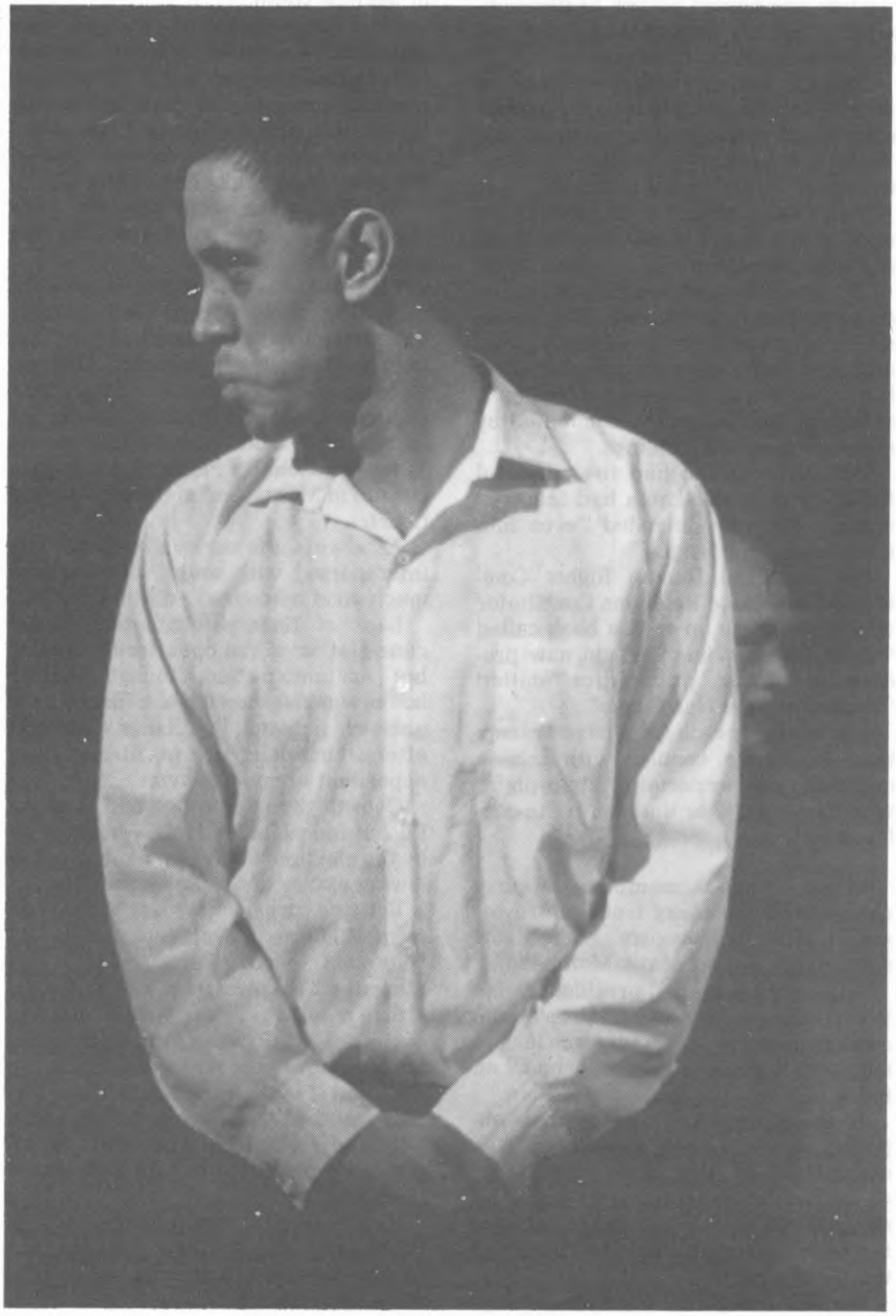
The Gospel according to Taane

Cultural norms of the wider New Zealand are being questioned and some replaced with a more genuine reflection of our multi-racial mix. More pressure is going on existing institutions to allow and encourage such moves. While some of those institutions appear to see the need to change, others only dig their heels in and become reactionary.

That's the larger stage that playwright, Selwyn Muru finds his play, 'The gospel according to Taane' being acted out on.

Cleric, the Reverend Hiki (Rangimoana Taylor) finds after some years administering to his Anglican parish that he has been neglecting his Maori side. In this he is ably helped in his doubts by Tu (Rongopai Broughton) an activist who espouses such causes as Bastion Point and Land Marches.

Rangimoana Taylor as Hiki



Inevitably Hiki finds his clerical indoctrination incompatible with his taha Maori and renounces his church calling to seek his true self. The Anglican Church is the 'bad guy' of the piece, along with the missionaries who subverted the Maori people to put away their multitude of gods in favour of the one supreme being.

That this play has precedence in the wider New Zealand society should give it a strong credibility especially among Maori audiences as there have been Maori clerics who renounced the 'cloth' because of the incompatibility they saw in their position. Personal reasons aside, it's this inner conflict that 'The Gospel according to Taane' is concerned with.

It's handled well by the cast, Te Ohu Whakaari with Rangimoana Taylor as director. There were a lot of new faces in the cast that opened the show at the New Depot theatre in Wellington but the presentation was lively and fresh. I found the dialogue quite believable, apart from the odd grating phrase like Hiki to Tu, "you're just a communist agitator". If the show is taken around the country, as planned it needs to be presented in places accessible to a wide New Zealand audience. I feel a tour of marae would not have the same impact as it would be like preaching to the converted (or is that unconverted).

Pohutukawa Tree

"Arena Theatre" a semi-professional group mounted this production of "Pohutukawa Tree" — the first in the Auckland area since the death of Bruce Mason. It is a good attempt aimed obviously at secondary schools.

The play centres on a matriarch, Aroha Mataira, and her two children — Johnny and Queenie — and portrays Aroha's strong pull towards Christ on one hand and her Maoritanga on the other. Set in the late 1940's the play is now an anachronism.

Today Aroha seems a very "screwed up" Maori and one wonders just how much this picture of a Maori matriarch was indeed the norm in those times. She appears to reach her level of "screwed-upness" by her literal acceptance of Christ which at times intermingles with and contradicts her Maoritanga. She reaches such a state that she discards

Rongopai Broughton as Tu and Rangimoana Taylor

The Auckland Branch of the New Zealand Maori Artist and Writers Society continues to sponsor Maori Theatre. Their latest production was "Te Waka Karaitiana" compiled by Brian Kirby and performed at Ngaruawahia on the occasion of the Archbishop of Canterbury's visit to the Turangawaewae Marae.

The production was a dramatised documentary compiled from research of documents of the Anglican Church, Journals, Diaries and letters of the Early Missionaries themselves. The production examined the values and actions of these early missionaries and gave a modern interpretation of them. It seemed to become a discussion of christian mythology versus Maori theology and ended with a "where to from here?" question with audience participation.

The short rehearsal period necessitated a great deal of pressure for the technical crew who could be said to have pulled off a major coup in that their first full rehearsal was the performance itself at Ngaruawahia. I refer here to Stage Manager Brian Kirby, Lighting Designer Lin Hobin, Lighting Assistant Dawn Underwood, Producting Secretary/Slide projectionist Tui Cherrington and Properties, Georgina Kirby. Their skill and expertise was a large factor in the success of the production.

The play was directed by Don Selwyn of "Mortimers Patch" fame and written/compiled by Brian Kirby. The Maori text was by Rev. Kingi Ihaka and the late George Tait.

The cast was as follows:
Maori Narrator — Robin KORA
Pakeha Narrator — Roger FOWLER
Kaumatua — Pura PANAPA
Pakeha Bishop — Rev. Bob SCOTT
Maori Minister — Paki CHERRINGTON
Rev. Panapa — Rameka COPE
Pakeha Priest — Richard HOWARD
Young Maori — Wiki OMAN
Hone Heke — Whatanui SKIPWORTH
Kendall — Don KJESTRUP
Te Kore Karanga — Georgina KIRBY
Governor — Sean DUFFY
Maori Messenger — Graham SMITH

The following participants were from ST JOHNS THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE Maori Group:

Rio Katene, Matanuku Kaa, Wi Tamarapa, Wikitoria Panapa, Aroha Panapa, Pare Panapa, Marlene Panapa, Nicola Panapa, Maia Tamarapa, Davey Tamarapa.

Pakeha Group:

Richard Ellena, Hillary Ellena, Peter Sykes, Vicki Sykes, Bob Barnes, Tim Meadowcroft, Sue Meadowcroft, Jackie Sewell, Elspeth Bunny, Jim Stuart, George Armstrong, Diana Gilberd.

Participants from Queen Victoria School:
Tutor — Sonny ABRAHAM
Rangi — Michelle MOANA
Papa — Carrie CLARKE
Karanga — Darlene HAURAKI
plus: Elsie Dixon, Kathleen Toi, Bernice Thompson, Tangiwai Clark, Mereana Coleman, Joylene Winitana, Deborah Nathan, Tania Muir, Roimata Wharehuinga, Justine Keelan, Alaina Rupune, Cindy Grbic and Shiralee Crimmins.

The Auckland Branch of the New Zealand Maori Artists and Writers would like to perform "Te Waka Karaitiana" at other venues. The Branch will be workshopping shortly two plays "June Day" a play by Dawn Underwood plus "The Gospel according to Tane" by Selwyn Muru. Plays by Hone Tuwhare and Ray Illingworth are also being considered.

and rejects both her children.

The production lacked Maoriness and I can no longer forgive a pakeha actor or actress playing a Maori and mispronouncing Maori words. This is indefensible in todays acting world.

Having made the above statements I must point out the two young Maori people were this productions saving grace. I refer here to James Cherrington, Ngati Hine of Ngapuhi who gave an energetic and convincing performance as the rebellious son. He continues to add to his acting credits and matures as an actor with each production. I refer also to Hinetangi Coleman, a 16 year old Ngati Porou 5th former at Queen Victoria who plays Queenie. Her very natural portrayal of the naive but winning young girl shows that she has a future in the acting world should she pursue it.

The New Zealand Maori Artists & Writers Society

Annual Conference — 1983

Writer Paki Cherrington
Photos. Dawn Kendall.

This year's conference was held on the Tukaki Marae, Te Kaha, on the 4th — 6th June, 1983. Two hundred people were expected but a crowd of 350 arrived from all parts of the country. Two marae besides Tukaki were needed to accommodate the overflow. They were the Whitianga and the Maungaroa maraes.

The 1983 conference celebrated the first ten years of the Society's involvement in the Maori arts, performing, visual and language arts, both traditional and contemporary. During the past ten years different maraes have hosted each annual Queen's Birthday weekend hui.

The hui this year differed in that the whole conference centred around one theme "TEKAU TAU KI TE WHAKATOTANGA I TE RITO O TE HARAKEKE" (Ten years to the planting of the flax).

All members attending within different art disciplines were asked to try to respond with contributions related to flax — stories, whakatauki, waiata, paintings, photographs, films, slides and the like. Members were also asked to bring examples of their present works for display and/or for performance at the concert on the last evening of the hui. This concert was seen by many as being a focal point of the hui. Speakers on the kaupapa of the hui were Te Awe Davis, Emily Schuster, Tungia Baker, Vivian Gregory, Toi Maihi, Dr Rawiri Tipene-Leach, and Alemein Emery. The discussions were chaired by Cliff Whiting and ranged from the medicinal value of the juices of the flax to the retail and marketing of the flax.

Distinguished visitors to the hui included Dame Te Atairangikaahu, who enjoyed all the activities of the hui. It was also pleasing to have had present the Reverend Kingi Ihaka, chairperson of the Maori and South Pacific Arts Council. Reverend Ihaka met our executive and discussed the new regional development policies of the society and also the appointment of our salaried executive officer.

Executive

There was such confidence in the executive, which constitutionally has to be re-elected each year, that the conference wished to re-elect the present executive without calling for nominations. One member of last years executive, Keri Kaa, resigned in order to concentrate her efforts on the regional development of the Wellington area. The 1983/84 executive committee is as follows:

President:	Para MATCHITT
Secretary:	Georgina KIRBY
Treasurer:	Ross HEMERA
Members:	Sonny KEEPA
	Tungia BAKER (new member)
	Ivan EHAU (new member)
	George WARETINI (new member)
	Maaka JONES
	Toi MAIHI

Tuti Tukaokao master carver

The new executive members are charged with the task of continuing the development of the Society within their respective areas. It is also their task to support and encourage Maori art in every field be it traditional or contemporary.

As a means of making the strengths of the Society known in areas where there is no executive member, Regional representatives were elected as liaison people for the Society. The Regional representatives for each rohe are as follows:

1. Vivian GREGORY Ani BOSCH	MURIWHENUA
2. Waireti ROLLESTON	TAMAKI MAKAURAU
3. Rongo WETERE	TE AWAMUTU
4. Rosemary KOHU	TAURANGA MOANA
5. Ross HEMERA	WAIARIKI
6. Frank HATA	WHANAU A APANUI
7. Digger TE KANAWA	TE KUITI
8. George WARETINI	WANGANUI
9. Marjory Rau KUPA	NEW PLYMOUTH
10. Tungia BAKER	OTAKI & PONEKE
11. Sonny KEEPA	HASTINGS
12. Jacob SCOTT	NAPIER
13. Ngapine ALLEN	TURANGA NUI to HICKSBAY
14. Ivan EHAU	RUATORIA
15. Rawiri PARATENE Hone TUWHARE	OTEPOTI — TE WAIPOUNAMU
Maire GOODALL	

A highlight of the conference was the attendance of master carver Tuti TUKAOKAO, who gave of his expertise and knowledge to the young aspiring carvers in attendance. Tuti is very keen to establish a carvers guild under the umbrella of the Society. He sees this as a means of solving some of the unemployment prolems facing our youth today as well as revitalising the art of carving. His proposals were well received by all in attendance. It would appear that more and more artists (artists in the broad sense) are beginning to see merit in being under the umbrella of the Society. This is commendable and fitting since the Society is an autonomous body which can promote and support all aspects of the Maori world.

In his President's report, Para Matchitt mentioned the need for the Society to form structures so as not to dissipate all the energy. He was referring to the energy the conference engendered in

Flax planting (Ku Gregory)

people. Para went on to mention the need for the Society to work closely with such organisations as Maori Affairs, Labour Department, Internal Affairs and any others. Whilst there were expressions of consent over this matter, there was also the will to strongly resist any moves which may threaten the autonomy of the Society. This may be particularly in the area of funding where often there are strings attached.

Highlights

Other highlights of the conference were the works displayed by various members. Among those displays presented were John Miller with his photographs, Hawkes Bay Community College; Emily Schuster from the Rotorua Arts and Crafts Centre with her kete; Roka Paora with her kete display; Ohaki Enterprises with work from Rangimarie Hetet and her daughter Digger Te Kanawa; Te Awe Davis with her dyed kete; John Hovell with his paintings; Para Matchitt with his submission of woven paper panel. Tuti Tukaokao with his own works plus those of his students at Tauranga; Ivan Ehau with his carved tahaa; Tungai Baker with her different, innovative collapsible fruit bowl and works from various members of the Otaki ope; June Grant's portraiture; Toi Maihi's mountings on taniko designs and Frankie Kahukiwa's carved bone. I apologise if I have left out any work which was displayed.

For yet another year the concert was a burst of creative energy — new poems, new songs, new satire, with items of the traditional. The concert was notable for its vibrant energy and also for the much appreciated visit of Peter Tapsell, who made a point of calling in after a long draining trip to the South Island. In my opinion the highlights of the concert were two satirical happenings — one from the Auckland Group and one from the Rotorua Group.

The Auckland group's happening was a satire on "Korero Mai" by Harakeke Productions with Tainui Stephens, Raymond Henare, Adrian Faulkner, Wiki Oman, Tui Cherrington, Paki Cherrington and Mangere College Art students, Ruth and Ieti. The satire was energetic, vital and had an enormous sense of fun.

The Rotorua happening was a satire on the pupet-like appearance that some Maori arts have adopted in the performing arts field, it was also a satire on American tourist and what they see as a typical Maori. They then did a personification of the growing of the flax. Their group Ngati Hau E Wha of Waiariki included Kathy Dewes, Lincoln Fairhall, Paora Maxwell, Donna Gardner, Tom Rangihuna, Puhi Rangiaho, Rawiri Tipene-Leach, Pio Tamahori, Tuti Paul and June Northcroft. Their presentation was especially effective because it was performed in Maori.

Others taking part in the concert were: Reverend Kingi Hail Ihaka who did his rendition of "This is the house that Haki built"; the Delamere Sisters singing; Viv Gregory with his group doing their pieces of poetry; Ron Baker performing a piano piece he had composed called "Flax Rhapsody"; Ahurangi with their reggae type rendering of Hone Tuwhare's "No Ordinary Sun"; Trixie Menzies read some of her poetry, followed by a song sung by Tui Cherrington which was written by Kohine Ponika.

Tainui Stephens was next with an apakura written by himself for an uncle followed by a waiata he had written for his son; Arapera Blank recited poetry inspired by flax panals and plaiting; Paki Cherrington read poetry written by Keri Kaa and Te Pere Curtis; Rosemary Kohu and John De Roo read poems from their recent publication "Broken Chant"; Ngati Kahungunu presented a polished performance of the old classic "Kotiro Maori" and "Ruawharo", a waiata composed especially for the opening of one of their wharenui; Ngata Memorial College did an old Ngati Porou classic "Paikea" with vim and vitality; Hone and Mere Ngata read poetry and performed a blues number; Rangimoana Taylor did a slice of life number and the evening was completed with readings from Rawiri Paratene, Rowley Habib and Hone Tuwhare.

The hui was again energising and sparked off further activity in the regions. The Auckland rohe begin their monthly gatherings with the first at "Te Marae O Paki" on the 25th June. Wellington region begin on the 2nd July, with their meeting at the Wellington Arts Centre to form their own regional committee and to start fundraising.

The 1984 conference venue was not decided at this year's hui, but there was intense friendly rivalry between Wanganui and Otaki both wanting to stage next years hui. It has been left to the National Executive to make the decision as to where the next Annual Hui will be held.

Hone Tuwhare and Alice Reutini

He rerenga korero/Social comment

"Lookin out from the inside to the outside, cell 83, 12 stars east wing holiday parade resort. Before going into details I better introduce myself, a lot of visitors to Paparua inn, some known to me and some unknown, call me colourful names, the imprisoned saint, uncle Ressy Arikinui, King Aloha Kamehameha, Tohunga, the magic power of the divine father aroha aloha village Christchurch.

My aim and objective is to gather news within the prison and to communicate with people out in the so-called world of freedom, hassles, and hang ups etc, instead of inviting the public into Paparua institution for a peep. I have decided to scribble down notes and give the public a dose of what goes on behind the stonewalls and iron bars grills of Paparua within, better known Paparua prison on the Main South Road 15 miles from Christchurch, 2 miles from Templeton junction, out in the country.

Paparua prison was built in 1925 by the criminals to accommodate 200 prisoners, and with the stones taken out of the prison quarry and with hammers and chisels the prisoners shaped the stones into square blocks the size of a box. Men, under the watchful eyes of the wardens, now called officers, supervising the job, stone mason trade men with years of experience.

1981 — a new administration block was built joining onto the old stone building taking two years to complete. Quite nice inside the visiting hall, floor carpets, table, chairs. The hall can be used for concert, entertaining shows etc — the visiting hours Saturday 9 to 11am and 2 to 4pm and the P.A.S. Prison Aid Society supply free cups of tea or coffee for the visitors and prisoners — for distant visitors relatives, friends and sweethearts during the week days a special visit can be arranged and approved by the superintendant.

The old stone building's beautiful character stands out like a light-house from the new building that looks plain, no character, just a new modern building.

The old stone house, a show place eye-catcher for the visitors — there are three wings, west wing 3rd class for the newish prisoners, 2 pisspots, 1 prisoner allowed 5 blankets 2 sheets, pillow. The sheets and pillow case sent to the laundry once a week to be washed and returned spotless, mirrors in each cell.

Breakfast, dinner and tea, stand at your door for parade call, move along to the servery, pick up a tray with your food returning to your cell for lock up, you are given half an hour to eat your meal then unlock, put your tray outside your door.

Lock up, while the cleaners collect all dirty dishes, wash up, then unlock for work parade falling in on the parade yard at 8am, each man falling into their respective place of work. Some work out on the farm, painting gang, woodchopping gang, repairing gang, tractor drivers, rubbish truck collector, drain gang, garden gang, upholstery workshop gang, furniture workshop gang, metal workshop gang, kitchen workers, dish washers, administration workers, cleaners, etc.... All the gangs working outside the prison are brought in by the officer in charge of the gang and all gangs are checked in at 11am, lunch at 11.30, west wing are locked in their cells, unlocked at 1pm for work parade check out gangs at 1.15pm and check gang in at 3.30pm, prisoners return to their respective wings for showers change into clean recreation gears ready for tea at 4pm in the west wing parade.

Personnel one have to do 3 months before allowed out into the wing to watch TV, play billiards or table tennis. Evening recreation unlock 5pm, until 8.30pm lock up for the night until unlock 7am next morning then go through the same routine every day. The meals are edible, the west wing can accommodate up to 130 guests — after 3 months with good behaviour you move into the centre wing the 2nd class 8 stars resort, the routine the same as the west wing and the only change in the system, you have your meals in the dining room like a restaurant, 4 to a table pick up a plate the servery staff dish up what you want to eat, free tucker for the taking.

1st class east wing, if you want a transfer into the special wing you have to apply to the east wing divisional officer in charge, the inmates are screened, attitude, approach, behaviour are taken into consideration, 1 to a cell, toilet, desk, seat, cupboard, table, centrally heated. The newys call it a home away from home, everything bar the wife and the kids — Paparua prison is for VIP guests only, a very special place for very special people as guests to the taxpayer and the government, some of the newys call it a paradise holiday resort and relaxation. The old laggers disagree and call it colourful names.

The newys learn the trade about doing hot jobs, safe blowing, busting etc, when regaining freedom, the new laggers start practising what they learnt from the old laggers, because the prisoners think that society is responsible for ripping them off, society rejecting them. It is hard for ex-prisoners to get jobs.

Naturally prisoners have to live the same as any citizen because what they did was wrong.

Society should give the prisoners a chance to start afresh in life — giving prisoners another chance, you do very little for society if you isolate and lock away offenders. Prison fellowship members Peter Blaxall and Barry Botherway who arrange visits for prisoners while in prison, arrange a place and a job to go to when release comes.

They believe in giving these men the opportunity to develop themselves and find some direction in life.

If you lock people away and treat them harshly, they're going to be released as pretty harsh sort of people — nearly half the prison inmates in New Zealand are Maoris.

What are the Maori four members of parliament doing, can they do something to help these young offenders before its too late. An old saying you can change anyones lifestyle and provide them with the opportunity, putting offenders in jail you do very little for society and cost society $18,000 a year to keep a prisoner in prison."

A hunched figure shuffles into the reception room.

Head down watching leaden feet, a name plus a few particulars are mumbled with little conviction. A hesitant stop-start stumbling gives way twitching nerves.

The figure moves on, going through the motions of entry mechanically, looking as if he has done it before and expects to do it again pretty soon.

A well-hardened expression sets his features, hiding all thoughts.

One wonders at his age, probably drawing a blank.

One wonders too at the thoughts behind the mask, probably able to make a good guess with the majority — insecurity, fear and helplessness at the least.

One could look even futher and come up with a whole barrage of typically inherent points of concern; stripped self-esteem, stripped self-respect, low morale, low expectations, and it goes on.

For the new entrant and for those he will be with for the next few weeks, months or years, these root grey-area matters, so far, still remain intellectual fodder...

The reception room: Waikeria Youth Detention Centre.

The hunched figure: Any one of its largely transient inmates.

The poor self-image and esteem attitude amongst the centre's inmates has become the focal point for a pilot scheme which could, if successful, see a marked decline in reoffending rates at the institution.

A cultural advisor, merely a convenient official tag, has been appointed to the centre in an effort to raise the low inmate morale and carry it on after release.

The new innovation, brainchild, of now retired Justice secretary John Robertson, is part of the positive moves being made currently in penal reform. And if successful at Waikeria, the scheme will be implanted in other youth institutions then finally in the major prisons.

Bearing the breakthrough measure burden as the appointed advisor, is Tom Winitana, a behind-the-scene type catalyst.

Seated in this spartan, old-styled office, the still black-haired 50-year-old seems out of place, even uncomfortable in his four-walled surroundings.

Deeply etched lines and calloused looking hands further back up the impression.

Not mixing words, he gives the official line; "We work on the assumption that if we can help these boys discover themselves as people then maybe it is a way of helping them to identify and associate with groups outside the centre which cater for some of the things we have taught them.

"If the identity is established he can then get to like himself better as a person and contribute to society in a more positive and acceptable way."

Few qualifications

As good as the ideal sounds, he realises his job is a tough one calling for perhaps unorthodox treatment to achieve results. He knows it involves "feeling the way through" rather than any sort of officious table-talking.

He explains his credentials for the job, making it easy to see why he was selected as advisor.

He has few white paper qualifications and much of his early days were spent wherever money could be made.

Born and bred in Tuhoe-land (Urewera Bush) his Maoriness is instinctive, his knowledge of its mechanics, extensive.

This, he says, is important because although the cultural umbrella is open to all inmates, the emphasis is on the Maori offender due to his high rate of re-offending.

About 70 per cent of the centre's population is Maori, and of the 340 inmates, about 220 — those under 20-years-of-age — are dealt with by Mr Winitana.

"We have to help all the boys identify with the race they belong to culturally.

"Our emphasis is on Maori offenders because of the high incidence in prision and the high re-offending rate. If others want to be involved, that's fine, because they are all New Zealanders anyway."

Speaking in retrospect, Mr Winitana reassesses his role, explaining it without the frills.

"Basically we have been given a person badly shaped by society with all the negative things. We have to remould them and try to bring to life the person they could be — make human beings out of them."

"This has to be done within the

limitations and restrictions of the prison knowing that in many cases the inmates have been committing crimes all their lives," he says.

To instill some sense of worth, Mr Winitana has returned to basics, encouraging maximum cultural involvement, whether it be language, philosophy or the haka team.

"The haka is a physical and psychological way of releasing pent up feelings and energies. Most of the guys are angry young men with no way of showing how they feel."

Already, in the six months he has been in the job, differences in attitudes have emerged.

"When you see these guys in the team (haka) they are totally different from when they are on the floor (cells). They are alive, have a lot of energy, and hold themselves up with pride."

Team and individual discipline is constantly emphasised.

Peer pressure also pushes each one to excell, further enhancing the feeling of self-worth.

Formal Maori language classes, using the new "rakau" system of teaching are also available. Students are taught the language through the use of different pieces of coloured wood.

Courses are also offered in carpentry, driving, joinery, decorating, welding, remedial reading, human relations and liberal studies.

Complementary work between teachers, division officers and officers sustain inmates in and out of classes.

A cultural centre, an exercise yard completely refurbished at a cost of about $11,000, has also been established. Crafts such as carving, weaving and basketmaking are held there.

The carving classes take care of the artistic flair, often inherent in many of the inmates, but never expressed he says.

Express emotion

"Once they learn the basics of the art then the imagination begins to over take. Again, they begin to develop themselves."

He says carving's importance lies in its use, in a positive manner, as a communicative skill which many inmates lack.

"Part of the problem with their self-image is that they have poor communicaiton skills and are afraid to open up to anyone. Expressing these emotions, through whatever means, is very important."

To that end, the cultural and educational activities work hand in hand, each one reinforcing the other.

Senior education officer at the centre, Abraham De Veer, endorses Mr Winitana's beliefs, saying the low-esteem problem must be faced on as many fronts as possible.

He maintains under achievement in language, a common element amongst all inmates, is one of the basics of their criminal behaviour.

"Their true feelings and emotions are suppressed because they can't talk with anyone about it. The peers are not able to offer support because they are in the same position.

"For these guys the caring society does not exist. They have been rejected all their lives and very few have taken the time to say I care."

He believes the main break-down in communication is within the education system where many "problem" children go through the ranks without being picked up.

"The New Zealand education system is good by world standards, but I think that our programmes, for 60 per cent of our children, are adequate. But what happens to the remainder."

He says at least 30 per cent of pupils know they will not be sitting senior level examinations, as soon as they reach the third form. Yet, they are forced to stay at school because of statutory requirements.

He asks why these students — the future drop-outs inevitably leading to unemployment — cannot be offered practical training courses similar to those undertaken within the youth institution.

"In this way he could hopefully contest with those who pass examinations."

Mr Winitana takes this angle further, believing his role within the prison is only corrective and not preventive as it should be.

To be preventive, the concept must be worked into the system "outside" he says.

"Things are working back to front. The (inmates) should have had these feelings such as dignity and pride instilled on the outside."

To do this would be easy in concept but hard in reality, he admits, although still ready to offer an answer but wondering who would kick-start it into action.

"The onus must fall back on Maori people themselves. The Marae is the simple answer and a move towards co-operative living as it was in the past, could be introduced."

He says it is ludicrous that $200,000 can be spent on setting a marae up, when all some are ever used for is the tangi and weddings.

"We have been building memorials to ourselves, while our kids fall by the wayside."

He hits out hard at Maori organisations who have become more concerned with "things" rather than people.

"The Maori must take care of his own. Who else is going to do it," he asks.

Maori organisations and marae play a vital role in the through-care programme currently being put together by the centre.

Vital link

"This is the vital link in the whole process. Without it, my work here cannot succeed."

The first to sixth week after release, is the most important time for inmates, as it tells whether the work in prison has been of any effect.

"The various organisations are asked to provide channels to ensure the released inmates have outlets for their energies."

A caring base as provided by solid support is the other important aspect he says.

One of the concerns after release, is the influence of the gangs in attracting inmates back, often leading to criminal activity.

Mr Winitana says the same influence can be felt within the institution and sometimes it can lead to problems.

"Many of the inmates have gang affiliations which are somtimes contrary to what we are trying to get across to them. However, rather than fight them, it's best that we work in with it in a supportive sort of way."

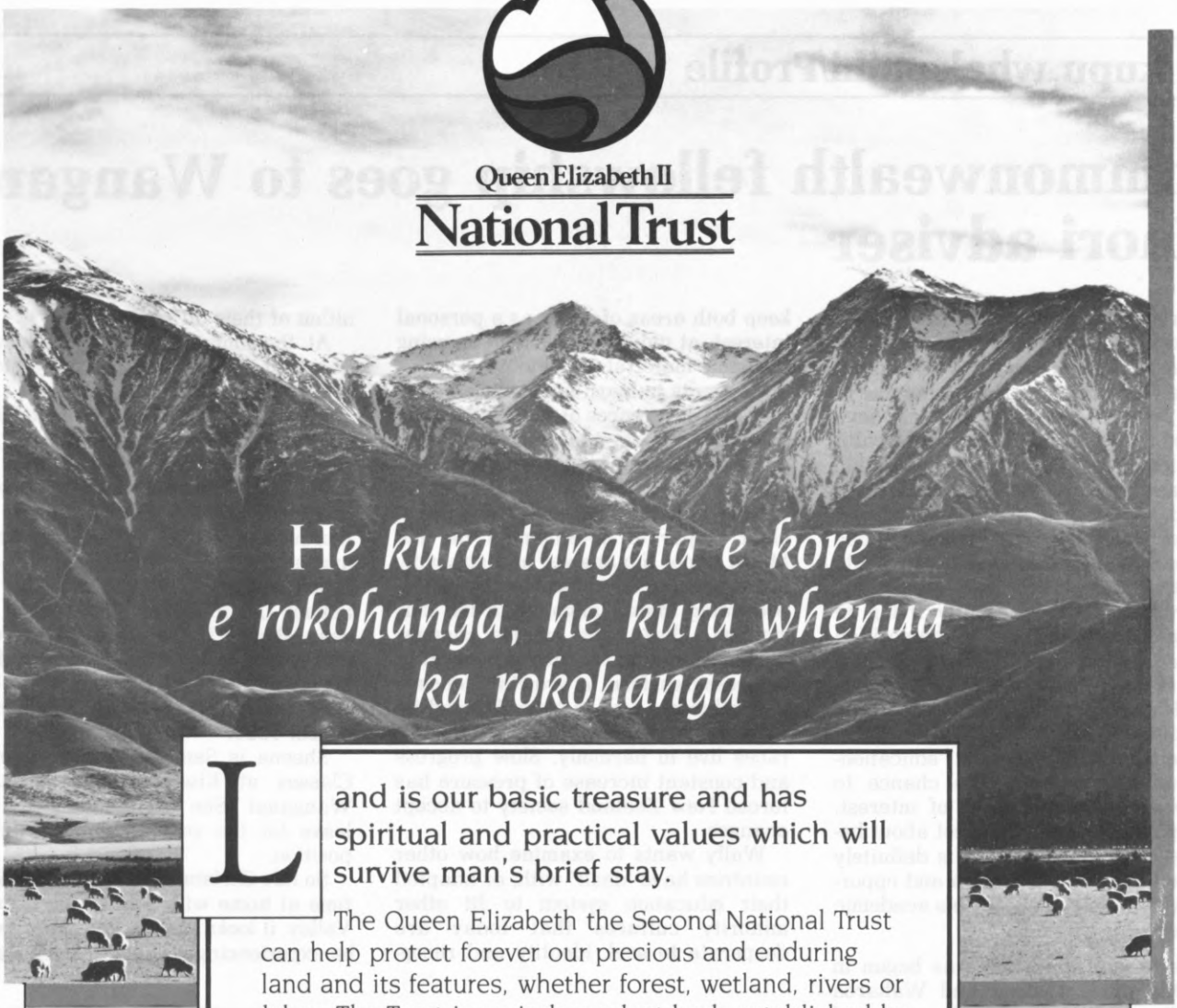
In assessing the success of the scheme so far, Mr Winitana refers to inmate reaction.

"The inmates react positively when they are treated like human beings. I am not concerned with the crimes they have committed, only with their future and identity. If they start smiling, holding their heads high and looking you straight in the eye, then that must mean some sort of success. The crunch will come when the incidence of reoffending is checked."

Waikeria superintendent Ron Meagher refers to the in-built difficulties in trying to foster positive attitudes within a penal institution in summing up.

"It has been said, how can you train a person to be on time without giving him the opportunities of being late? Similarly it is clearly a problem to train an inmate to fit into the normal society within the confines of the unnatural captive society.

"I see this new concept as a definite aid in our work. From this I'm hoping to build understanding by everyone, with everyone, in here and out there."



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Commonwealth fellowship goes to Wanganui Maori adviser

Through the Tu Tangata Magazine's network of contacts we have managed to discover a story that reveals one of the few scholarships, as in previous issues, where Maori academics have gained recognition. The Commonwealth Relations Trust Fellowship is available annually to two New Zealanders to spend an academic year of study at London University. The recipient of one of these awards this year is Mr Wally Penetito.

Mr Penetito is presently living in Wanganui and has been in the position as Maori Education Adviser in this district since 1976. Formerly of Waharoa and Hinuera, Wally is of Ngati Haua, Waikato descent.

The fellowship offers the "educationally minded scholar" the chance to study some specific topic of interest. Wally still feels very modest about being labelled a scholar but is definitely thrilled about the attention and opportunity available to pursue his academic interests.

His formal education was begun in the Matamata district and Waharoa and Piarere Primary schools, continued at Ardmore Teachers College, and followed through to Massey University.

Mr Penetito began as an extra-mural student at Massey in 1971. Although he's only been in handy travelling distance from Massey for the past six years, he began his Bachelor of Arts studies whilst teaching in the Bay of Plenty at Waioeka Primary. Both he and his Scottish wife Sheena raised their family in the Whakatohea district having previously taught and married in Otara, Auckland.

The Penetito family went to live in Essex, England, when Wally won an exchange teaching position for the year beginning 1973. Now, another decade later, with an older family ranging from eleven to eighteen years, more plans to accompany Dad overseas are in the making.

Mr Penetito's present job along with Mr Sonny Mikaere has meant some definite changes in introducing new learning schemes for both English and Maori language in the local schools. Their efforts to promote an improved standard of language teaching in Wanganui-Taranaki schools have proved successful in the local Maori and education community.

Wally's masterate was in the field of applying Sociology of education to Maori education. He has managed to keep both areas of study as a personal interest, at university, as well as using the same material in his job.

He wants to learn about the similarities and differences of the British state education system adapting to fit other cultures as compared with New Zealand.

New Zealand has already made it clear, separate development for the Maori is not the answer and only now are we seeing considerable changes in promoting Maori language in the curriculum. These, and similar changes have occurred in recent years because of pressures from a growing concern that all is not well in New Zealand inspite of many peoples belief that our races live in harmony. Slow progress and constant increase of pressure has forced New Zealand society to accept changes.

Wally wants to examine how other countries have 'dealt' with, or adapted their education system to fit other minority cultures that today are desperate to seek identity and recognition of their differences.

At the moment, the academic year begins in London in October 1983 to July '84.

Accompanying Dad in September is the oldest daughter Kim who is presently registered as a job seeker. Despite being unemployed she does a great deal of writing which she thoroughly enjoys and in fact has a modest hope to pursue journalism as a future career. Grant is 15 and sits School Certificate at the end of the year. Dougal is the potiki, at 12 years and is at the local intermediate. Both boys will be travelling over to the U.K. with Sheena Penetito at the end of school 1983.

Sheena is Senior Teacher of Junior Classes at Kiwi Street Primary in Wanganui. She is intending to take leave for the year from her teaching position.

So this Christmas instead of spending time at home with Nan in the Hinuera Valley, it looks like the Penetitos could be experiencing a hangi in Hyde Park.

Blueberry farmer shows how to succeed

There is a belief among Maori people that business is a pakeha domain in which only pakehas can succeed — but Malcolm Henare aims to prove them wrong.

And when Maori Affairs secretary Kara Puketapu told a Maori business conference in Auckland recently that they had to forget that belief, he probably raised a "Hear, hear", from the battling Matamata orchardist.

Since Mr Henare took the first steps towards establishing a blueberry orchard three years ago, he has found his harshest critics have been his own relatives.

And his staunchest supporters have been his pakeha friends — which tends to underline what Mr Puketapu was talking about.

"I think I've run out of relations now, because I can't afford to pay them," Mr Henare joked.

But he understands their view of the situation. Who wants to slog away for years with no money, no weekends, no holidays to enjoy?

And he jokes about the day when the money starts to come in from his investment and he's a "fat cat".

But becoming a "fat cat" does not seem to be what he's after. Mr Henare feels he's fulfilling social responsibilities.

He's conscious of the thousands of hectares of Maori land lying under-used around the country, and he wants to set an example, especially to his own family, who own quite a bit of land in the district.

"It doesn't go down too well just charging in and telling them what they should do with their land," he points out.

So setting an example of what can be acheived with a bit of Maori initiative is his goal, and hopefully others will follow suit.

And he looks forward too, to the day when his fruit are in full production and he will need to employ 30 to 40 people for about four months a year.

He's proud of the fact that that will be

Malcolm Henare at his Matamata blueberry patch... "I think I've run out of relations now..."

a constructive way of easing the unemployment problem in the district.

Three years ago, Mr Henare, a production manager at Tidmarsh Engineering in Matamata, only had his dreams. Like many others, he didn't have much idea of how to start up his own business.

There were a host of legal, technical and financial questions which needed answering.

Luckily for him, some go-ahead people in the Maori Affairs Department were aware of the problem, and few years ago began organising business development courses for Maori people wanting to start in business.

Mr Henare attended one of the nine-week courses in Wellington in 1980, and found it made all the difference.

"The best part of the course was learning how to put my ideas down on paper in a plan which would impress the financiers," he recalled.

"It gave me a totally different outlook on what I needed, especially from a banker's point of view."

With what he learned at the course, Mr Henare was able to put together a budgeted plan of development to present to potential financiers, who, he pointed out, do not lend on dreams.

He started at the Rural Bank, which was keen to lend him the money if he could wait 12 months and if he acquired some horticultural experience. (He planted a crop of kumaras, which seemed to satisfy them).

He eventually succeeded, at the Maori Affairs Department.

He found bureaucrats hard to deal with, and he had to persist.

He was just a Queen St farmer, they said. He wasn't experienced in horticulture, they said. And anyway, his land was on a Europeanised title and the department couldn't lend money for projects on such land.

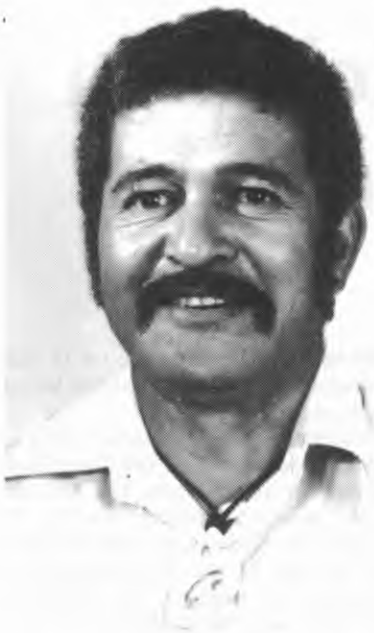
Malcolm Henare found ways around all these problems. He took horticultural courses, he swung a deal with the Inland Revenue waiving the tax on his earnings at Tidmarsh's if he invested it in the business, and someone in Wellington sorted out the land title objection.

In the end, the department lent him the money, and since then he and his family, and one paid helper, have been hard at it evenings, weekends and holidays.

The only machinery he has bought new is a tractor. As an engineer he has been able to build the rest of his equipment himself, at a fraction of the cost.

He'll take his first commercial crop off the plants at the end of this year, and in five years' time he predicts he'll be running the orchard full-time, with more blueberries, some gooseberries, and a house for the family on the land too.

Maybe then he will have convinced some of his people that business is not just for pakehas.



Eric Tamepo

Eric Tamepo works as executive officer with the Council for Maori and South Pacific Arts and has recently moved to Wellington to this position.

His task is to provide executive and advisory services to MASPAC and provide guidence and advice on cultural matters to Maori and Pacific organisations.

Eric Tamepo was born at Te Aroroa, north of Tokomaru Bay, attending Te Puia Springs primary school, and secondary school at Dannevirke and Hastings.

He joined the Forest Service and continued to work in forestry in both Government and private organisations.

In Kaiangaroa in the 60's he helped form the first Maori Committee which dealt with social welfare and was also a member of the South Tuhoe Maori Executive Committee during this period.

On moving to Wairarapa Eric continued his work in the Maori community and was chairman for five years of the Kahungunu ki Wairarapa cultural group. He composes waiata and haka.

Before taking up his present position, Mr Tamepo was a member of the Maori Committee of Masterton and spoke on the Te Oreore Marae.

While he continues to support traditional Maori art he has a particular interest in helping artists who are interpreting Maori art in a contemporary way. He believes that through such work, when it is carried out within a Maori context with traditional Maori spirit, Maori art will continue to progress.

Kohanga Reo

Kohanga Reo has sprung up in the Wairarapa with several kohanga being opened recently.

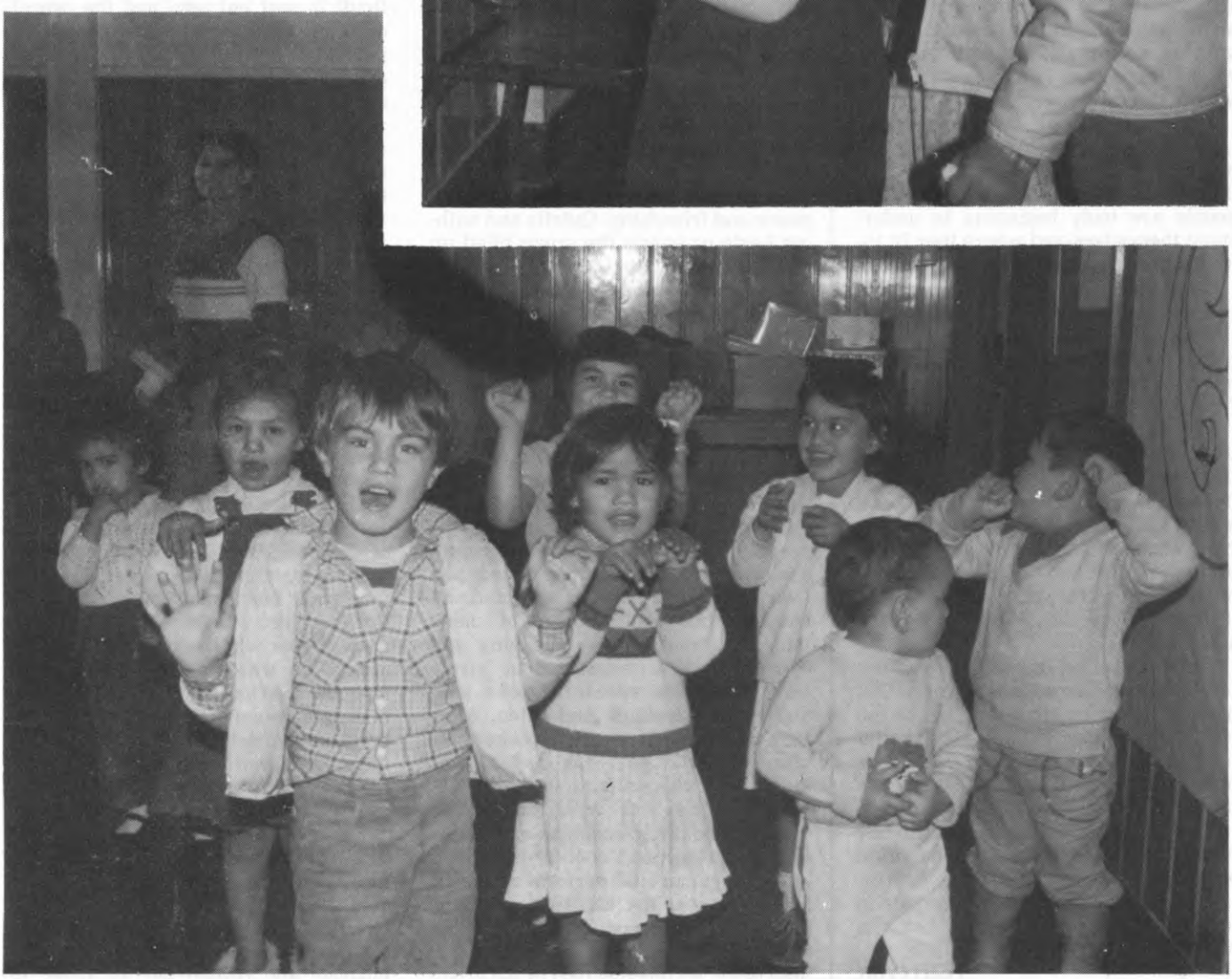
In Martinborough, Whanau Hou o Hau Ariki operate out of the Town Hall and cater for 16 children. The kaitiaki is Tama Issac. Secretary, Joanne Te Kani says the mothers are very enthusiastic, as this is the first pre-school experience for most of the children. Tama Issac says the mothers are also eager to swot up on the Maori language so that they can help their children more.

At Karearea, Greytown, another kohanga is underway with Kiri Tewhaiti as kaitiaki and nannies, Gilles and Kingi. Seven children are catered for in what must be one of the more unique settings for a kohanga, a swimming club hall. The mothers are keen to attend night classes in the language to bone up their level of conversation with the children. Kaitiaki, Kiri Tewhaiti, a former leading Toastmistress came out of retirement to nuture the children of Karearea.

In Featherson, the parents of the newly established Nga Waka couldn't wait for the completion of their pre-fab building and have been meeting in one of the family's homes. Hine Paewa is the kaitiaki and she looks after the needs of 19 children. Whilst the children are learning, so are the mothers with impromptu lessons on familiar objects around the home, such as kitchen utensils.

At Mahitaone, in Masterton 16 children are catered for by kaitiaki, Vera Naera. The kohanga has been set up under the auspices of the local branch of the Maori Women's Welfare League.

Another kohanga, Arohaina is also operating in the Masterton area making the Wairarapa a developing area for Kohanga Reo.



Slowly I stumble, the beginnings of a mumble, so the learning process continues... for I am learning the language of my forebears. I left New Zealand as quickly as I could, those many years ago, and now I have returned. When I finally cleared the dust of travelling from my shoes, found a place to stay and sat back I could feel the suppressed excitement and gentle whispering from a direction I could not focus on. About me the rustling of activity, nothing tangible but very potent. Maoritanga... maoritanga... what was it, what did it mean. Like a bumbling idiot, not knowing which way to ask, I questioned those around.... What is maoritanga?

The answers came reluctantly at first, hesitantly then briskly and sometimes belligerently. "We are a people, an ancient people and we will pass into obscurity, not being fully understood or appreciated unless something is done now before it's too late." Like a spring that bubbles to the surface in some secret location, drop by drop, it slowly gathers momentum and will become a raging torrent as it slowly carves its way to the sea.

And so it is with our people. Line upon line, precept upon precept, we are awakening to our heritage. It is within this small bubbly spring that the Maori people are truly beginning to understand themselves and where they fit into this cosmos of humanity.

I enrolled in the nearest available course, and so it comes, the protocol, the knowing, the understanding, the pride, respect and awareness that has not been tapped before. The sounds are familiar, echos of my childhood, yet they form, become part of me and surge to the surface like a flower struggling to the sun. Around me there are others, trusting in the rightness of it all, and slowly unfolding like some gentle shy rose, afraid of being bruised, or plucked to early, yet knowing that there are other buds on the same bush that will, in time, flower and blaze, open to the sun.

Tribally I find myself in another territory, another country, linked not only by the colour of my skin, but by the rich heritage that is ours, our rightful brightright we thought to leave for other more pressing things. Surely it's not too late?

The wonder of being taught my native language by others, the pride with which they do so, and the dedication and devotion that they continue to instil in us the meaning of being a Maori.

Pearl Croft

Of Mahommet and Maraes

I have never been to a marae before. But one day recently a marae fed up with my neglect, came to me. The setting was a very ordinary, standard design school hall — not a touch of Maori culture about it. The occasion was a regional secondary schools Maori speaking competition. As a teacher from the host school I had been asked to assist in the judging — the English speaking section that is.

The opening ceremony was my first introduction to the marae. Uncertain where to stand (up there — behind the men!), only a vague idea of what was to happen, only a smattering of Maori and Maori customs, nervously preoccupied, anyway, about my role as decider of winners and losers, I was not feeling altogether comfortable. But as the powhiri began and the manuhiri answered, as competitors, supporters, teachers filed in slow, dignified fashion into the hall, I began to realise it didn't matter. It is a place of welcome, of dignity and respect, of warmth and understanding, of politeness and good manners, of everybody feeling right about themselves.

The challenge and invitation had been definite and strong but now lone voices, rising and falling in gentle tones, overlapping each other reassured the marae that they came in peace and friendship. Quietly and without haste or hassle the group filled up the seats and waited. Our Maori Club, as the host group performed the welcoming action songs with feeling and pride. And they were rewarded, not with applause but with murmurs of appreciation and recognition.

Of the welcoming speeches I recognised only a word or two here and there but what impressed me was the power and expressions of the voices of the speakers, the body language and facial expression — language was a living expression of self, of beliefs. As representatives of the visitors got up to reply, I was aware of a form, an accepted and known order and manner of doing things without an overwhelming and oppressive preciseness about structure. Again the speakers spoke with dignity and feeling. And often, after they had come forward to place their offering, their gift (this day it was money or a cheque in an envelope, but here was the link with the feather cloaks, precious greenstone or baskets of food in the past) each group would gather together and perform an action song — it was not an 'item', this was not part of the competition but a feeling and expression of the unity, the oneness of all, an integral part of the greeting. Again there was no applause. Each time the groups were reassured of welcome, thanks given as the gifts were accepted, gathered up.

Finally when everyone had had their say it was time for morning tea — or rather a generous feast, a mountain of food. Visitors must be welcomed properly, when they come on a long journey to see you (even if it is only across town)!

By this time the school type timetable to which the competition was supposed to be run was way behind schedule. Last minute instructions, introductions to fellow judges, frantic quick consultations about priorities to look for and we were into the speeches.

They were only youngsters — 14 to 18 year-olds and their nervousness often showed. And yes they varied in their abilities — their organisation and depth of ideas, tone expression and variety of voice, ability to hold an audience etc. etc. and in the end it was not difficult to sort out who had the overall edge on others. But that is not important — what is important is the general impression that they left 37 speeches later....

A fierce pride and belief in the Maori way of life. A feeling that here, on the marae, among the people, the oneness, they were not afraid to express their views, to express the feelings they keep hidden from the pakeha world. Hidden not from a sense of shame but from a feeling I suspect that it has no place and would not be understood. Some were on the defensive, some were resentful, some were aggressive and some were gently persuasive. Some were strong in their opening salutations in Maori, some were hesitant but trying hard with newly-learned, old-forms of language.

Thus I learned. I learned the importance of the whanau — the family life — of the tangi and hui when everyone gathers together in a support system of family and friends, a strong framework for your life. I learned of the importance of your whakapapa and tipuna — of knowing who you are, where you belong and who has gone before. I learned of how a young maori often has to remind him/her self of how to make use of the modern world without letting go of the maori way and how difficult this is.

The call to hold on to the maori way came often, an appeal to peers not to lose sight of what was worth preserving among the temptations of modern confusion, not to let Aotearoa become completely absorbed by New Zealand.

I heard too of fears, of injustices, of mistrust and resentment, of anger, of

sorrow — that it is often not comfortable to try and survive in your country when another group of people have set up the rules and values. But I heard too of joy, of security of belonging, and most of all of aroha.

I came away from that visit of a marae exhausted. It had been hard work to listen, to evaluate, to write, to apportion marks. But it had also been hugely enjoyable. And I also came away very much more aware of a lifestyle that is vibrant and strong, living and growing in our land which for a lot of us is something we are barely aware and rarely experience.

Perhaps I could end with an appropriate image.... May your words take wings, soar to great heights and then come to roost in the minds of others.

For then perhaps the vast majority of unaware pakeha will sit up and take notice and begin to make the efforts from their side to bridge the gap between the cultures. There will be no need then for the marae to seek them.

C.M. Wasmuth

He Korero paki

Tera tetahi Poti tino nanakia, e whai ana i tetahi Kiore. Engari, Ko taua Kiore he nanakia ano, ā he matau hoki Ki te Whakarongo Ki nga ahua tangi o te reo. Ahakoa pehea te whai a te Poti, Kore Ke e mau i aia. Na wai ra, Ka whakaaro te Poti nei me pehea ra, e rarua ai i a ia taua Kiore.

I tetahi ata Ka rongo te Kiore e au au ana te Kuri. Ka mea ia, "Ka pai Kua watea te huarahi hei puta atu mōku Ki waho Ki te painene i te ra." Puta atu ana te Kiore, Kapoa mai ana e te Poti. Ka mea te Poti, "Koiana te pai o te rua o nga reo."

Te whakatauaki mo tenei Korero paki

Akona nga reo e rua,
Ka Kore Koe a matau Ki
nga Kinaki.

Story and translation
by Blossom Wairakua Mohi
Maori Language Department
Correspondence School

Brother

... saw my brother on a bus today
drunk
dirty
he sat near me
I turned my head away in shame
disgusted ... with him
he spoke to my little girl
— kei te pehea koe?
— katy pie. She replied. She's only three.
— ka pai, ka pai.
... he touched her hair
dirty hands
dirty fingers
I cringed
get your dirty hands off her
he looked at me
he held up his little finger for me to see
— see this ring ... my wifes ... still wear it ... still love her ... see ... got me a little girl too ... don't see her now ... with her mother ... be five ... yeah five now ... still up North ... still love her see.
my disinterest showed
he turned to his friend
they laughed, both drunk, both dirty
they spoke to each other
in Maori
in Maori!
I listened, I couldn't follow, didn't understand, couldn't keep up
— kia ora brothers
... kia ora.
... the bus stopped
he stretched his hand toward me
I took it, we shook hands.
he and his friend got off
Pakeha people looked at me
they smiled — or were they laughing?
I smiled back at them
I shrugged
the bus continued
I sat in my seat
I turned my head away in shame
disgusted ... with me.

Gayle King-Tamehana

MAORI BOY?

The tipuna stare with empty eyes, their faces shrouded in dusty mildew, the paintwork is blackened and grimy, and the kiekie is split, falling away. The windows are cracked, the rafters sagging, and its anyone's guess what holds the house together, there isn't a single diagonal strengthening timber in the framework. As I walk outside I am momentarily blinded and realise just how dim was the interior of the house. The exterior of the house is even more dilapidated, the carvings are cracked, rotting and dark green with mould. A great fungi sprouts from the top knot of the tekoteko, grey paua shell eyes, peeling with age, gaze on. Those eyes have witnessed birthdays, weddings, hui and tangi for over a century. They have watched over the lives of five generations of my family, my hapu and my tribe, but now they have little left to watch. Even the old totara is dying, few people shelter from the sun under its branches, now they prefer to stay in their cars. Yes, the only life visible here is a small fantail darting between the untrimed bushes. It is very quiet here.

Engines raced, lights flashed, people yelled and cussed, horns honked, I stood surrounded by people and noise yet I was alone, desperately lonely. The masses surged past as I stood.
"Watch it boy", yelled an irritated old Pakeha fella.
"What?", I asked, startled.
"Git outa my road!" he yelled as he shoved past, mumbling away to himself. "Dumb Maori boy taking up half the bleeding footpath, think they own the place."

"Eh, moko, you come back to see me have you? Eh darling, s'pose you'll go back again soon, nei. Back to the big smoke, nei. No fun for young'uns out here in the sticks," Nan yarned on (as usual).
"I donna know Nan."
"Kei te pehea koe?"
"What Nan?"
"Ah some Maori you are, can't even speak your own language. Bet you donna know who your tipuna are either, gee you fellas got all fancy gears to learn but no, you fellas too busy having a good time. Going off to parties, hanging around with your mates, going to the big city, you're no Maori, boy, for all the Maoritanga you know you could just be some Pakeha kid!"

After speaking to Nan I walked down the road past the old hall, the old school, the new pub to the marae. Hinges screamed their protest to my visit while a lump of wood fell from the gate into my hand. As I wandered past the old totara I noted the branches were bare, after six hundred years of thriving it had chosen to die in the twentieth century. The carvings were now nearing their end, the tekoteko had lost it's topknot, the raparapa had lost two of it's three fingers and the right hand amo had lost it's head.

Picked my way gingerly across the porch attempting to avoid the innumerable rotten boards. Inside it was like riding on a rollacoaster since the majority of the piles had rotted away. Kowhaiwhai patterns on the rafters were totally indistinguishable, the tukutuku panels were broken and askew. A creeper had slipped through the crack in the back window and had established itself on my ancestor's belly. My fantail wasn't there, probably just as well, I don't think I'll be there again for a long time either.

Aotea Meeting House, Makirikiri

Brief History

In 1880 Ngati Pakapaka and Ngati Mutuahi, the two resident branches of the Ngati-Rangiwhakaewa sub-tribe, began work on the construction of the Aotea Meeting House at Tahoraiti. The timber was obtained locally and milled by one of the first saw mill operators in the area, McLeods Mill. The head carver was a man named Taepa from the Te Arawa Tribe, Rotorua. He was assisted by a local man Ihaka Rautahi. Taepa had just completed the carvings on the original house at Te Oreore, Masterton before shifting to Tahoraiti to undertake this work. His work at Te Oreore contained many unique patterns such as the double spiral, constructed with a double S curve form meeting in the centre. These patterns were artistically important adding a new dimension to the known art froms at that time. Many of these unique patterns are found on these carvings on the Aotea Meeting House.

The local Ngati-Rangiwhakawea people, sub-tribe of the Rangitane Tribe, were proud of this meeting house at Tahoraiti. This house ranked as possibly the largest carved meeting house in the country at that time. The house was almost 30 feet wide, had a porch depth of 15 feet 3 inches and an interior length of 99 feet. It ran a massive 114 feet. This house was opened in 1883.

It is noteworthy that three of the largest houses in the country at this time were in the Rangitane area. The house known as Te Iwa Tekau, at Awahuri near Fielding was 90 feet long; the house at Te Oreore, Masterton was 96 feet long, and Aotea at Tahoraiti was 114 feet in length.

The carved figure on the gable of the house represents Te Hirawanu Kaimokopuna, one of the leading chiefs in this area during the early part of the 19th century.

The Aotea Meeting House stood at Tahoraiti from 1883 until the mid 1960's when it was dismantled and shifted to its present site at Makirikiri. It was officially opened on June 17 1967. Although the present house is only 60 feet long and 25 feet wide, all the carvings were cleaned, painted and replaced in positions as near as possible to the original.

In the late 1970's it became increasingly evident that some of the carvings were in poor condition with dry rot and fungal growth setting in. On 8 November 1980 a close inspection of the carvings was made by Mr Karel

Tu Tangata Magazine wants to regularly feature tipuna whare around the country and welcomes information from marae committees about their local tipuna whare. Photographs and a description of carvings are essential.

Karel Peters (2nd from right) with local Maori youth who worked on the restoration.

Peters from Auckland University, an expert in the restoration of carvings. He recommended that they were in need of immediate attention. On 20 March 1981 the carvings were dismantled and put into storage for drying.

Karel Peters carried out the work and on March 31, 1982, the carvings were re-erected. On April 3 the carvings were blessed at a dawn service by kaumatua, Ron Kingi. Maori elders, Baden Batt, Te Aopehi Kara, Aussie Huata and John Tangiora also attended.

Summary of carving restoration programme

Following is a summary of the procedure taken in the restoration of the carvings as recommended by Mr Karel Peters.

1. Removal of carvings from House and storage for two months drying.
2. Removal of all paint from carvings using paint stripper followed by fine chisel work — carvings taken right back to bare wood.
3. Carvings were then scrubbed and washed down with water to remove all traces of paint stripper.
4. Numerous injections of Epsilon E 1200 were put into the wood for reinforcement, conservation and preservation of any rotted areas.
5. Building up of missing or damaged carving detail with epoxy resin filler mixed with Totara sawdust to give colour and recarving qualities.
6. Sanding and recarving work then done.
7. Application of diluted Epiglass Evideure preservative/sealer where absorbtion rates were high.
9. Sanding down any built up areas of Evidure to ensure a good adherance of paint.
10. Two coats of Low gloss acrylic black to highlight detail. (The removal of all paint at the beginning revealed that red with black detail were the original colours.)
12. Shape paua shell, then glue and peg in for eyes.
13. Galvanised angle iron supports made to strengthen the Maihi beams; a mastic layer put between wood and angle iron.
14. Replacement of carvings.

This restoration programme has been laborious and exhaustive work to say the least, and local man Barry Bloomfield has been the competent Supervisor of all this work. However, we are extremely pleased with the results and hope that our carvings will remain intact for many more generations to come.

All data concerned with this whole restoration programme; initial inspection, supervisors, and workers, materials used and all others who contributed in any way will be capsuled and stored for posterity within the carvings. Capsules will be recessed into holes at the head of the right hand amo carving and then plugged and sealed.

Kia ora tatau
AOTEA MARAE COMMITTEE

The horse yard

William Perry

The Mangatu carpenters twenty years ago were an industrious, if somewhat characteristic landmark of the countryside. Their presence at the Whatatutu watering-hole at ten past five was the way the publican synchronised the grand father clock. Trend setters, in like manner they also heralded the bell before closing time when Charlie Wade would be forced to close the bar.

Buddy Smith would be forming a scrum, using fifteen keen young shepherds, tree planters, roustabouts and shearers. The whole meelee would burst forth through the bar doors and erupt into a boiling mass of bucking horse flesh and humanity into the horse yard. Sweating, writhing bodies would be accompanied by wild yells of encouragement and unprintable adjectives from the incensed audience. From their vantage points at the unused hitch rails or perched precariously on their crates of 'Gold-Top' the less-than sober onlookers would vent their spleen upon the gladiators.

Inevitably a punch would be thrown. The mood would change. A serious atmosphere would develop. Reasoning would be a waste. Buddy would have to use his 18 stone and great mass of influence on them. I cannot explain the reason, but the team would treat Buddy as the common foe and their intentions made very clear. Working like Captain America he would dispatch them like pins in a bowling alley. Some of them would roll under the horses to receive further treatment from that quarter, much to the delight of the drinkers. The contents of a bottle would be used to try and revive a fallen comrade. Often having a drowning effect rather than a revival one.

When this horse-play had exhausted itself it would be time for serious drinking and bragging. The talk would encompass shearing, dog trails, local rugby, pig hunting and the envy of Tommy, the single school ma'am. This was almost typical of a week day.

Saturdays were better. More exciting and always a treat. More people too of course. All the single shepherds, shearers, tree planters, roustabouts and general wasters from the Mangatu and neighbouring stations came in to the Whatatutu watering-hole to slake their thirsts and catch up on the latest. The married men would be well represented too. The pub would burst to overflowing.

Try to imagine a Saturday in the rugby season when the arch-enemy and rivals from Te-Karaka came for a home game. Drinking would be carried on in the horse-yard. No matter who won the game on the field, the losers (usually Mangatu) would have to 'square up' off the field. The horse yard, with its bare patches and manure always became the arena or venue.

It often started out as a two man contest of even strength. It would be better entertainment than if the pub burnt down. People would pour out of the pub on the guise of going to 'stop that bloody fight' and end up in it. A western movie with John Wayne fighting his way to victory would have no sequel. Maori oaths, both new and old, listed and unlisted in the dictionary would fill the air. The losers of course would be the horses. I thought I would make a fortune once as a salesman to replace torn shirts and 'broken pants'.

The toilet tap was always useful to slice away the blood from bent noses and to bathe a closed eye or wash out a mouthfull of broken teeth. Fat lips were common and the subject of much derision. Painful too when you laughed. Perhaps the most serious thing that occurred would be Henry Matenga's dozen smashing down inside his leggins. How he escaped a scratch is a miracle. Two frothy boots-full of 'gold-top' would be the reward. 'Neat one eh?' he would hiccup.

Sometimes the bone of contention would be horsemanship. Officials appointed, the rules read out or made up on the spot to suit the occassion. The bet would be a 'crate'. Loser to shout. This race would be better than watching Joe Louie fighting to retain his title off Ezzard Charles. The horses usually finished the race and then some. They would find their own way back to Maia or Rikki.

Henry once raced a motor bike carrying a dozen in his leggings and a nine gallon on the pommel of his saddle. He reckons he won because Buddy hit a pot-hole and lost his carton into the river.

Sometimes when talk was short a game of 'two-up' was started. This was like the rugby on Saturdays and had the same results. A few heads were banged together, the odd kick in the bum from a frightened horse was given and a bath needed. Whatever happened in that horse-yard for whatever reason, provided a talking point for everyone.

It was a great testing ground for the young bucks who tried hard to prove themselves. Black-eyes heal quick when you're 19 or 20. A fight that delighted everyone, was between two old men who shall remain nameless. They too were advised to settle their differences in the horse-yard. Both were three score years and five. Vigorous punching tired both gentlemen. The fight was stopped. They went inside to refresh themselves. Five minutes later they reappeared to continue on with the settlement. In the second round, one of the contestants cut his hand on the teeth of the other and fractured a tooth.

Whatatutu 1900

in the process. Three days later the fellows hand was infected and required medical attention. The man hit was suffering from pyuria. That was a talking point for a long time.

Constable Len Thygood of Te-Karaka was a mighty footballer and a man of divine wisdom. A ruckus in the horse yard always found him on a special assignment in Gisborne or Matawai. However, a raid on the horse yard would eventuate when two tired carpenters would be discussing the last pig-hunt over a beer. Backed up by the publican, Len would bravely challenge the two petrified souls. "Right you two, tresspassing on hotel property after six o'clock is a serious offence. Names please? Addresses? Employed? I'm going over the road to the car. If you're still here when I return you both spend the night in the Te-Karaka cooler." Deeming withdrawl the better option, the two errant sons depart to fight another day, swearing that, 'we'll knuckle him next Saturday in the Waikohu trials.'

The many long stories told by Banjo to an attentive audience on tenterhooks in anticipation of an amusing end are pearls in themselves. The only man who could make grown men cry without hitting them. A master story teller.

Memories of the horse-yard are sweet. The rails are gone. The bent and twisted corrugated-iron fence is replaced by a nice picket fence. The smell of BO, horse flesh and fresh dung no longer hangs on the air of long summer evenings. New lawn and shrubs beautify where empty bottles once lay. The advent of ten o'clock closing and affluence brought Kingswoods to replace palamino's, Falcons to replace apaloosa's. So the horse yard antics disappeared into antiquity and into the memories of the balding, greying koro's of the horse era.

Poroporoaki

Te Wiki Popata

"Maringiringi ana he roimata
Me he wai e tarere
Mou e te kotuku whakaata
Te tuari a te iwi"

No te ono o nga ra o Mei ka mate tetahi kaumatua morehu o te hiku o te Ika, a Te Wiki Popata. Ona tau waru tekau ma rua. He uri ia no nga tupuna maha o runga i nga waka i a Tinana, i a Kurahaupo, i a Te Mamaru.

Kua mureia rawatia te whare korero, mokemoke ana nga marae. Miniti ana nga puna roimata i roto i ona iwi i a Ngai Takoto, i a Patukoraha, i a Te Paatu.

He tangata tenei i pupuri i nga taonga tuku iho o te Ao tawhito. He Pu-korero i roto i nga whare hui o te hiku o te Ika puta noa. He putea o nga mahara, o nga kupu waiho ake.

He pou hoki ia i roto i tona Hahi Mihinaere, nana te whakapono me ona ahuatanga katoa i hapai. He aroha, he pai, he ngakau whakaiti taana i ahuareka ai.

I nui rawa ai tenei koroheke i roto i te rangatahi. Whakapaua e ia tona hinengaro katoa kite whakaako i te rangatahi. Kia taea ai ratou te whakakapi i nga whawharua i te kowhera kau, hei, mauranga-a-ringa i nga ra e tu mai nei.

Haere i runga i nga maunga korero a o matua tupuna e puehutia nei i te kopu o te whenua. Takahia e koe nga tapuwae o o taua wheinga, he haerenga, he rukunga no ratou ma ki raro i nga rimurimu e naueue i raro o Haumu.

Haere i runga i o waka. Kua rewa atu to waka, na roto atu i to moana i Rangaunu, roto atu i ona tai. He tai mihi tangata, he tai mate, puhakehake mai, whakahekeheke ra.

Haere e te Poutokomanawa o te Hahi, whakawhiti atu i te pouritanga ki te maramatanga, i te mate ki te ora.

Haere oti atu e kara!

Pai ana a te wa e tutaki ano taua i tera Ao. "I puta tahanga te tangata i te kopu a tona whaea, aa ka hoki tahanga atu ano. Na Ihowa i homai, na Ihowa i tango, kia whakapaingia te ingoa o Ihowa."

Ka huri.

Poroporoaki/Obituary:

A tribute by the Director-General of Education, Bill Renwick for Alan Smith, Director Maori and Islands Education and Sonny Wilson, Senior Advisor, Maori and Islands Education.

"Those of us who knew Sonny and Alan are greatly privileged. They were in many ways very different and in others very similar men. Their work brought them together as colleagues. They became fast friends. Their illnesses further strengthened that friendship and added new dimensions of care, concern and courage.

Sonny was born at Ihumatao, where he lived during his childhood and youth. He attended Mangere Central Primary School, Otahuhu College and then, after three years as an apprentice shoemaker, trained at Auckland Teachers College. He taught in various schools in metropolitan Auckland and in the Waikato, and then spent four years in Rarotonga as an organising teacher. He joined the Education Department in Auckland in 1973 as one of the first specialist advisers in Maori. When two years later, a position was established in head office to provide national leadership for the growing number of advisers in Maori, Sonny was the obvious choice, and he lived his last eight years in Wellington.

Sonny was one of the most gifted Maori orators of his age group. He was a Waikato, and he followed the Waikato tradition of keeping warm his links with other tribes. He travelled widely in Maori New Zealand. He developed an unrivalled knowledge of genealogy, tradition and tribal stories. He was renowned for his ability, when speaking on a marae, to relate himself to the traditions of the local tribe and marae. This showed in his extensive knowledge of tauparapara and waiata and in his ability to match exactly the right one to the right occasion.

Sonny was also an inspired teacher. He had an enviable gift for communicating with people of very different ages and very diverse backgrounds. He was always warm and encouraging, and was endlessly inventive in helping his students or his listeners to grasp what he wanted them to understand about Maori or Maoritanga. He combined this warmth and gentleness with an underlying firmness.

He was a great storehouse of knowledge of Maori language and culture. He found himself in a position where he was able to transmit that knowledge, as a gift, to an increasing number of New Zealanders, pakeha as well as Maori. And he dedicated himself to the task because he believed that the building of greater understanding between Maori and pakeha is one of the most important educational issues we now face in this country.

Sonny Huia Wilson

KINGSHIP

Kotahi te kohao o te ngira e kuhana ai te miro ma, te miro pango, te miro whero. I muri, kia mau ki te aroha, ki te ture, me te whakapono.

There is but one eye of the needle through which the white, black, and red threads must pass. After I am gone, hold fast to love, to the law, and to the religion of Christ.

The famous words spoken by Potatau Te Wherowhero, the first Maori King, at his coronation. He had been given the following charge by Te Heu-Heu: "Potatau, this day I create you King of the Maori people. You and Queen Victoria shall be bound together to be one. The religion of Christ shall be the mantle of your protection; the law shall be the whariki mat for your feet, for ever and ever onward."

Alan spent his childhood and youth near Timaru. He went on to Dunedin, where he studied at the Teachers College and Otago University. He was a fine quarter miler, was selected for a third year of training in physical education, and taught that subject in his early years as a teacher. He taught at Stratford, where he met and married Miriam, Rongotai College, when he completed his honours studies in history, and then at Taihape and Edgecumbe.

It was while he was at Edgecumbe College, first as deputy principal and, from 1966 to 1970, as principal, that his career began to change course. Quite a number of the boys and girls who in one way or another were problems to the school were Maori. Alan decided that, if he was to communicate with these students and their parents, he would have to learn Maori,

That was in the mid 60's, and it is only necessary for the date to be mentioned to be reminded of how few teachers or administrators at that time had Alan's insight. He was to become an accomplished Maori speaker, but some of us can be reassured by the fact that this first efforts were far from fluent. Even Alan went through a period when his speeches in Maori on marae were greeted with tolerant forebearance by the tangata whenua.

In 1970 he joined the Department of Education as director, Maori and Islands Education. It was coming to be accepted among those who thought about the education of Maori boys and girls that language is at the heart of

Alan Frank Smith

Hutia te rito
o te harakeke.
Kei hea to komako e ko
Ki mai ki ahau
He aha te mea nui
o te ao
Maku e ki atu
He tangata, he tangata, he tangata

Pluck out the centre
shoot of the flax.
Where shall the bell bird rest.
If you should ask me
What is the greatest gift
on earth
I will tell you
It is man
It is man
It is man.

culture — that if Maori New Zealanders were to have greater understanding of their culture, and if pakeha New Zealanders were to have more respect and understanding of it, there must be a much greater commitment in the education system to the teaching of the Maori language and of Maoritanga. Alan was exactly the right person for that task. During his last 13 years he was the spearhead of all our efforts to build greater understanding and respect for all things Maori.

For 10 of those years he and Sonny worked in the closest association. They were in no sense a two-man band. They were both first and always team men. They both had the happy knack of attracting others to their cause. Everyone who knew them warmed to their company, enjoyed being with them, respected them, and developed strong bonds of loyalty to them. Of all the words used during the last fortnight when, first for Sonny, then for Alan, people have tried to sum up what it is they remember them by, the one word that has been heard above all others is aroha. To have aroha is to have a warm regard for others, the kind of regard that has pleasure in giving rather than receiving. Aroha is a combination of love, compassion, and respect. Alan and Sonny had great aroha.

They have left us more than memories. They have left much work in progress. One project, the last one Sonny completed just before he died, now has a very special meaning for us, the text of the booklet Sonny wrote for use by teachers preparing to take primary school children on a first visit to a marae. It describes in detail the physical features of a marae and discusses, in ways appropriate for a beginner, some of the Maori values and attitudes that are at the heart of the cultural meaning of a marae. It does exactly what a good introductory booklet should do. Teachers and parents will, I am sure, find it a valuable source of knowledge and, to the extent they do, Sonny's influence as a teacher will live on.

In their last years in particular they showed us all what friendship and what aroha can mean. They looked out for each other, cared for each other, and shielded each other. And we, their friends, were drawn closer to them in love and admiration. And when Sonny died, Alan, without hesitation or concern for himself, and his wife Miriam stood by him, and did everything that could be done to ensure that his departure from Wellington was handled properly, with dignity, and with respect.

You spoke for all his friends, Miriam, in your poem to Sonny:

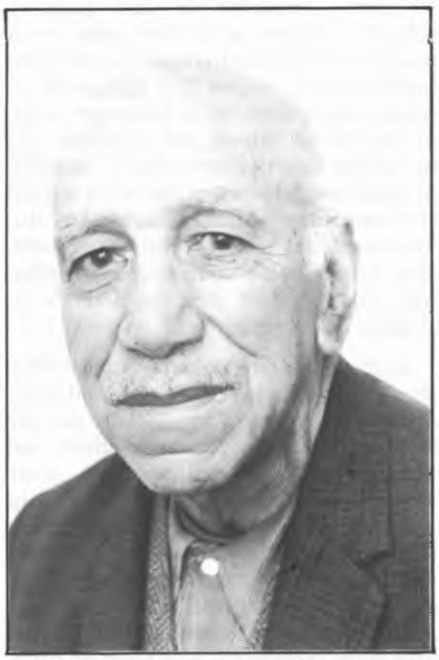
Without any fuss —
you put on your dressing gown
curled up in bed
and, like a little boy,
you went to sleep.
We found you later,
cold, lonely, yet untroubled.
You had simply moved away
and left us —
without any fuss.
What can I do for you —
but put way your shoes,
fold your clothes, and cry.
Tomorrow, I shall buy you flowers.
Dear friend, I cannot let you go
without any fuss.

Alan honoured Sonny with his tokotoko — his walking stick.

Alan's stick was once a young tanekaha growing in the bush at Whangaruru in Northland. Whangaruru has changed little in 100 years, and Alan loved it for its beauty and remoteness, and for the happy summers he spent there with Miriam and their family. He cut the tanekaha because it grew too close to others, and he carved it into that stick.

On the head we have Maui, and his long flax fishing line goes down past all the sea creatures until it reaches the biggest fish of all — our country. The carved notches further down signify many generations of ancestors. Alan set the eyes with paua shell, and because Sonny loved the stick, it hung on the wall of his office behind his desk. When Sonny died, Alan wanted to honour his friend by making a fine speech at his tangi, and by using the stick Sonny loved for the first time on a marae. He made his speech for Sonny, and died with the stick in his hand.

Poroporoaki



The death occurred at Bethleham, in the Tauranga district, on 17 May 1983, of Kaikohe Kereti Roretana, also known as Goss Rolleston. His tribal connections included not only Ngaiterangi and Ngati-Ranginui of Tauranga Moana, but also Tainui, Te Arawa and all the major canoes. He was a direct descendant of Tupaea who was the paramount chief of Tauranga Moana at the time of the battles at Gate Pa and Te Ranga in 1864.

Ko Mauao te maunga
Ko Tauranga te moana
Ko Tupaea te tangata

This is the tribal description of the sacred mountain, Mauao (Mount Maunganui), the harbour of Tauranga and the region under the man of the chief Tupaea. Kaikohe Roretana wore the cloak worn by Tupaea at Gate Pa, when a delegation from Tauranga Moana presented a petition for compensation for the lands confiscated in 1864, at Parliament in 1975. He took an active part in the negotiations which led to the acceptance of the petition by Government and establishment of the Tauranga Moana Trust Board.

Kaikohe Roretana was born in the Tauranga district in the late 1880s. While still young he was taken to live with an uncle at Manakau in the Rangitikei district and went to school there. As a young man he returned to Tauranga and worked at various places in the district, including farm work on Motiti, Gamman's Timber Mill at Omanawa, construction of the East Coast Main Truck Line, and chaff cutting and maize harvesting contracts at Otumoetai and elsewhere. He returned to Rangitikei for a period and worked on Dan Riddiford's farm, training race horses, and became well-known for his skill with horses. He was also well-known in rugby circles, playing for Motiti, Tauranga and Bay of Plenty representative teams. In the 1920s he settled on a dairy farm at Katikati and stayed there until the early 1960s when he retired to Bethlehem.

During a long and active life, Kaikohe Roretana participated in a wide range of tribal activities. He was involved with the establishment of the Ngamanawa Incorporation, Tuhua (Mayor Island) Board of Trustees, marae development programmes in Tauranga Moana and various land matters. His knowledge and experience in such issues was regularly sought by his people. He was also the fount of a vast range of knowledge of tribal history and custom. As a respected authority in such matters, his loss will be deeply felt by younger generations eager to retain tribal culture. He travelled widely to participate in tangihanga, hui and other gatherings. Only last Christmas he journeyed to the South Island to visit some of his numerous family. His direct descendants number 238. He was father of 12 children — Ted, Manu, Sam, Dolly, Ursula, Ena, Thomas, Martha, Makuini and the late Nora, Arthur and Dan. Among his descendants are 59 grandchildren, 124 great grandchildren and 25 great-great grandchildren. The tangi was held at Bethlehem Marae and attended by people from all over New Zealand and overseas.

Haere, e Koro, haere ki o tipuna
Whatungarongaro te tangata, toitu te whenua.

Kaikohe Roretana (centre front with tokotoko) with Otawhiwhi Marae Committee at Waikari Marae, Mataphi, Tauranga 1978.

Maori woodcarving: All Greek to Hamilton

G D Pryor

Augustus Hamilton, a world renowned art critic, had this to say about Maori carving in 1901:

"In the round the best efforts of the carver were devoid of any claim to correctness of proportion or grace, and probably were never intended to possess it. The most archaic art of the Old World is superior in perception at the true proportion of the human figure.

"The highest conception of the human form crystallised itself and found expression in the best period of Greek Art, and represented not only the actual beauty of the race, but occasionally produced a masterpiece of ideal perfection.

"The Maoris with equal facilities for observation of the human figure, and with a racial type of a high order, never seemed to have acquired such a mental ideal, and were content with more or less conventional renderings of the human form...."

Supposedly Hamilton limited his comments to carving in the round because the poupou panels had abandoned entirely any pretence at a literal representation of human form. But having raised the possibility that say the

"... nothing more noble than bodies?"

poutokomanawa might have embodied intentions other than an accurate human copy, he dismisses further enquiry into that.

The impression Hamilton imparts is that the Maori carver idly or carelessly failed to apply himself to that endeavour. The impression is that the Maori fell short of his potential.

Comparison

For several reasons such a comparison is misleading. In the first place, the Maori concern was with ancestors, not athletes. And so from the outside the two forms of sculpture stemmed from entirely different philosophical bases. In portraying his ancestors the Maori was concerned not with his physical characteristics since those had departed, but with his mana, his wairua, his spirit which remained a guiding, protecting influence. His concern was therefore not with bodily proportion but to show the ancestor not as he was but as he was sensed. He had therefore to deal with metaphor.

That is quite a different approach to one which instead sought to elevate the living man, that placed the emphasis on the seen, it's here and now. In such circumstances, the stress was bound to fall upon activity, process, proportion and grace. While it might be admitted that beautiful works of art resulted, the art form was of a type and in fact imposed severe restrictions. Having portrayed the most excellent beautiful body, the emphasis on externalities was a blind alley for further conceptual development.

Although there was an awakening of interest in the Renaissance in Greek Art its impetus gave way to art forms distorted to express final despair.

Next, Maori carving in the round was for a purpose quite different to Greek sculpture. It was structural as for instance in the poutokomanawa or architectural as in the tekoteko. As such it could hardly afford the luxury of the physical proportion of free standing sculpture.

Furthermore, Maori carving in the round carried a symbolism which required distortion. The thumbs tucked up under the arm pits, the knees slightly flexed spoke of a pride and defiance that went with authority. There would have been little sense in a stockade post not being distorted into a challenging grimace.

Nor in any case was Greek sculpture free of distortion. Hamilton himself talked about "masterpiece of ideal perfection: which seemingly went beyond portraying the "actual beauty of the race".

Different View

A trenchant criticism of that art form is expressed by Coomaraswamy, one time curator of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He refers to life-like portraits as "an image of an image", "a dead likeness of the dead" and by contrast compares tomb effigies of the twelfth century thus, "These statues first represented the deceased not as he actually appeared at death (or in life) but as he hoped and trusted to be on the day of Judgement."

With the Renaissance, he says, interest shifted from an inner presence to an outer presence, from the spiritual essence of the very man to the accidents of his sensitive outer ego.

In commenting on traditional art as, for instance, classical Maori carving, Coomaraswamy states, "We find accordingly that if an ancestral image or tomb effigy is to be set up for reasons bound up with what is rather loosely called "ancestor worship", this image has two peculiarities, (1) it is identified as the image of the deceased by the insignia and costume of his vocation and the inscription of his name, and (2) for the rest, it is an individually indeterminate type, or what is called an "ideal" likeness. In this way both

WELLINGTON	Kokiri Pukeatua	PUIA, Jasmine	PO Box 43161, WAINUIOMATA
	Te Kopae	LUKE, Richard	14 Puketapu Gr, WAIWHETU
	Muturangi	MIHAERE, Alma	1 Waione Street, PETONE
	Kokiri Seaview	WAIWIRI-CLARKE, Sue	22 Barnes Road, SEAVIEW
	Pipitea	PATRICK, Trevor	14 Canterbury St, KELBURN
	Pendennis	WINIATA, Kiri	8 Milne Tce, ISLAND BAY
	Orongomai	STRETCH, Liz	PO Box 40094, UPPER HUTT
	Maraeroa	NEPIA, Manu	88 Gear Terrace, PORIRUA
	Koraunui	WICHMAN, Mei	5 Logie St, STOKES VALLEY
	Ngatitoa Marae	CLOTHIER, Atarangi	91 Dimock St, TITAHI BAY
	Kawiu Marae	MOSES, Theresa	6 Rata St, LEVIN
	Ruakawa	DOUGHERTY, Mihi	61 Aotaki Street, LEVIN
	Awhina	SARZFIELD, Dave	NZ E.D. Cook St, PALMERSTON NORTH
	Pomare	TAURANGA, Ma	33 Pethrick Street
	(Te Awa Kairangi)		Pomare, LOWER HUTT
TE WAIPOUNAMU	Rehua	WILCOX, Marama	21 Wxitaxi St, CHRISTCHURCH
	Te Rangimarie	WARD, E (Mrs)	38 Chester St, WEST CHCH
	Te Kohanga Reo (Arai-te-utu)	MAXWELL, Christine	40 Fawcett Street SOUTH DUNEDIN
	Invercargill — Nga Hau E Wha	HOLLIS, Jerry	80 Grace St, INVERCARGILL
	Te Whanau Tahi	SIMON, Alex	2 Herdman St, Hoon Hay, CHCH
	Omaka	HEMI, Kath	79B Muller Rd, BLENHEIM Ph: 88313 PO Box 361 BLENHEIM
	Nelson	HUNTER, Susan	2 Tory St, NELSON Ph: 81867
	Clinton	PIERCE, Sarah	91 Main Rd, CLINTON

Maori Businessmen's Association

AUCKLAND	Ponsonby	WILLIAMS, Albie	Department of Maori Affairs
HAMILTON		BATLEY, Richard	Department of Maori Affairs
WELLINGTON		DYALL, John	Department of Maori Affairs

Te Ngaki tribal programme

Young Maori men and women who are interested in a career in tribal and community development should take note of a degree programme offered by the Waikato University.

Te Ngaki is a programme which seeks to train people to work with land trusts, incorporations and marae enterprises rather than pursuing an individual business career.

Next year Te Ngaki offers 12 people the chance to train in the management of tribal programmes. Emphasis is placed on three areas:

1. Students work for the 3 year Bachelor of Social Sciences Degree or the Bachelor of Management Studies Degree at Waikato University. Some study of the Maori language is required as part of the degree. A coordinator assists with degree planning and study.

2. Students live together at Whakamarama, a hostel provided by the Department of Maori Affairs for university students. Each year's intake works with a designated Maori community.

3. Work experience with industry and commerce is organised where appropriate over the long vacations and directly relates to the study programme.

Basic requirements for Te Ngaki are a pass in U.E. or U.E. Bursary preferably with maths at 6th forms level; a commitment to Maori tribal development objectives; a willingness to pursue a degree in Maori studies and either computer science or business management or social administration.

A contact point for those interested is Mr Stafford Smith, the Liason Officer, University of Waikato, Private Bag, Hamilton or your nearest community officer of the Department of Maori Affairs.

Te Ngaki students, Bella Graham, Steve Le Mon and Sharon Waaka.

"... the spirit personified not an image of an image."

selves of the man are represented: the one that is to be inherited, (ie. the continuation of his function) and that which corresponds to an intrinsic and regenerated form that he should have built up for himself in the course of life itself.... The whole purpose of life has been that this man should realise himself in this other and essential form, in which alone the form of divinity can be thought of as adequately reflected."

Conclusion

This it seems to the writer is the essential quality of traditional Maori carving. It will not have escaped the reader's notice that there is a gulf between its underlaying philosophy of life and that implicit in the humanism supported by Hamilton.

His intended compliment to the Maori as "a racial type of a high order", carries with it acceptance of elitism. The real compliment was in saying that the Maori "never seemed to have acquired such a mental ideal". Perhaps the real value of Hamilton's criticism is to make New Zealanders pause and think more deeply about what that ideal in fact was and how it so admirably found expression in traditional carving.

Travel grant awarded to Tomairangi Te Anga

Tomairangi Te Anga, the daughter of Dame Atairangikaahu, and the leader of the Taniwharau Culture Group has been awarded a travel grant through the QE II Arts Council plus $3,000.

She intends travelling to Hawaii later this year on a two month study course of the traditional and contemporary 'halau' schools of dance in Hawaii.

Tomairangi Te Anga was the leader of the Taniwharau Culture Group when it took first place at the 1981 Polynesian Festival and runner-up at this year's festival. This year Ms Te Anga won the Traditional Maori Cloak Award for the most outstanding female leader.

The group of which she is a foundation member, was formed with the charter of giving moral, spiritual and cultural support for the Maori people. As the daughter of the Maori Queen te Arikinui Dame Atairangikaahu, Tomairangi Te Anga has been well skilled in the traditional arts of the Maori.

She has learned the art of collecting and preparing the natural fibres, pingao, harakeke and kiekie for various Maori crafts. She has also designed and completed several tukutuku (woven wall panels) as well as possessing skills in piupiu making and kete (basket) weaving.

She is active as a tutor with Maori Culture groups at several schools including Huntly College and Waikato Diocesan School.

At the 1983 Polynesian Festival in Hastings in March a close association which had been developing between Maori and Hawaiian cultural groups was cemented with the visit of a Hawaiian group to the Festival.

These leaders in Hawaiian dance visited Turangawaewae Marae, the home of the Maori Queen. In order to build upon this cultural exchange it is proposed to send Tomairangi to Hawaii to enable her to widen her knowledge of the training of cultural groups.

The lady who describes herself as "just a gumboot girl at heart", says it was an honour to be chosen — but it was also a shock.

One of four travel grant recipients, she grew up in Huntly speaking only English, in spite of her illustrious ancestry.

Her parents, though fluent in their own language, did not speak Maori at home. She presumes this was because it had been forbidden when they were at school.

So it was not till she began attending Queen Victoria Maori Girls College in Auckland that she started learning the language as well as songs, dances and poi.

"I'm still not fluent in the language, I'm still learning", she says.

Her mothers coronation in 1966 made few changes to her life though there was added pressure at school to "be good for your mother's sake."

After school she tried a commercial college course before spending eight months touring Europe with a Moral Rearmament group, then a month in the States performing with a cultural group.

She is also attempting to revive all the songs written by her great grandaunt Princess Te Puea, founder of Turangawaewae marae.

Health centre opens

A centre aimed at educating Maori people about health care is to operate at Huntly's Waahi marae.

It is a Waahi marae project which began about two years ago. There, a survey of Huntly Maori people showed levels of diabetes and high blood pressure.

The project is being supported by the Health Department. It will provide an experienced public health nurse to educate selected Waahi marae women in health care.

The nurse will work on the project for 20 hours a week for a year or as long as it takes for the women to become proficient.

The proposal is for the women to then educate Maori people about their health and other matters — weight control, recreation, home management, exercise, family planning, and the effects of alcohol and smoking.

Marae spokesman Timi Maipi said the centre would be housed at the marae and would offer free services but would not affect doctors' clientele.

He said the project would act as a referral service by helping Maori people identify illness and encouraging them to go to a doctor.

Many Maori people were reluctant to visit doctors because of the cost, and a lack of confidence, he said.

The marae service would help build up their confidence and show them they were entitled to ask questions of their doctors.

The Waahi project was a pilot scheme for New Zealand but it was hoped it would be adopted within Maori communities throughout the country, he said.

Unusual shield

A handsome carved shield, which takes two men to lift, has been completed in Taumaranui by the Kotahitanga Church Building Society and will be at stake during coming months for competition in Maori Cultural work.

But the shield has something special about it — carved from totara, the log has been buried for untold numbers of years under sand and water at the mouth of the Wanganui River where it enters the sea.

The huge log was discovered by the firm of Bullocks at Wanganui which was given a contract to run an under-water cable across the rivermouth.

The heavy machinery being used located the big log 15 metres under the water and it was necessary to use explosives to raise it to the surface.

A huge slab that was blown to the surface was drawn to the attention of the founder and director of Kotahitanga, Mr Alex Phillips, Taumarunui, who had it brought to him.

It was identified as totara but whereas the ordinary totara from the forest has a distinct red colouring this peice of timber has a matured dark brown colour. Mr Phillips has termed it "the totara of the underworld".

The main figures on the face of the shield represent the Maori God of the Forest, Tane, flanked by two crouching warriers on guard. All have their taiaha weapons.

Circling the inner pattern are a series of manaia each connected to the next one to provide an example to all the tribal areas of N.Z. to join together.

The same theory is contained in the next circle — a net that winds round the other figures — a net to hold the people together.

College reunion

The Te Waipounamu Maori Girls College will be holding its 75th reunion from March the 2nd to March 4th 1984. A tentative programme is:

Friday March 2nd, 6pm Powhiri (welcome) will be held at the Te Waipounamu Maori Girls College, with Karakia in the college chapel, after which kai will be served, following which everyone returns to their various places of accommodation to settle in.

Saturday, 10am. The Annual Meeting will be held, and photographs of pupils and ex-pupils will be taken at 11am. Lunch will be served at 12 noon and at 2pm leisure activities will start, e.g. sport 5pm, Dinner 8pm, Ball/Social.

A church service will be held on the Sunday and at 1pm a hangi will be lifted.

Ex-pupils of Te Waipounamu Maori Girls College wishing to attend the reunion are requested to contact Rianna Deacon, 33 Charnwood Crescent, Christchurch 5.

Call to open marae

A call for marae to be opened to provide emergency housing for homeless families has been applauded by Waikato-Maniapoto District Maori Council delegate Eva Rickard.

Mrs Rickard said marae were living places and should be used to house Maori people either homeless or forced to live in cars, tents, and caravans.

The call came from Manukau City Council employment officer Mr B. McLean, an Auckland Maori leader who said marae were lying idle while families suffered needlessly.

Mrs Rickard said the Waikato-Maniapoto District Maori Council would support the call but Government funding would be needed to make marae "liveable".

"Rural marae have tried to survive and have been built on the backs of the Maori people with no Government funding," she said.

"We will need that funding to make them liveable."

She said rural marae would be the saviour of the Maori people.

"Marae are going to play an important part in the rehabilitation, housing, and employment of our people," she said.

"Marae used to be living complexes a long time ago. If there's a return to that sort of life I think it may well be the beginning of an era again for us."

Marae today were not being used enough and had become places for the Maori to weep, gather, and bury their dead.

They had "stood lonely" because many Maori people had migrated from rural areas to cities and returned only on special occasions.

"But I would say marae are the base of survival for our Maori people in the future because that is where pride and mana is taught, and it's not going to be taught in the cities."

She said a man made homeless by bankruptcy had been housed at Raglan's marae for a year until he had been able to afford his own home.

But if families were to be accommodated at rural marae jobs would have to be found or created for them.

Waahi marae spokesman Timi Maipi said Maori people were obligated to try to alleviate the housing shortage problem.

But Government funding would be necessary for maraes to be able to house people and jobs would have to be found because the homeless would have to move to rural areas, where most marae were.

Marae were not being used enough but the return of people would "bring them back to life", he said.

'Sweethearts of Yesterday' attend Ball

Queen's Birthday week-end saw a unique 'Sweethearts of Yesterday' ball held at the Te Rangimarie Centre, Christchurch. The ball, attended by about 200 guests, saw 32 elders from all parts of the South Island and the Chatham Islands presented to the special guests. These guests were the Minister of Maori Affairs, Mr Ben Couch and Mrs Couch, the Bishop of Aotearoa, the Rev. H. Vercoe and Mrs Vercoe, the Dominion President of the Maori Women's Welfare League, Mrs Maraea Te Kawa, and the Mayor and Mayoress of Christchurch, Sir Hamish and Lady Hay.

The ball was organised by the Taumutu branch of the Maori Women's Welfare League whose President, Mrs Ruku Arahanga of Taumutu, was recently re-elected to the post for the twenty-first year in succession.

The presence of Mrs Te Kawa gave the ball special significance for South Island Maori. It was the first function in the South Island she attended in her new capacity as Dominion President of the League. The immediate past President of the League, Mrs Violet Pou, was also present at the ball. At a service held on Sunday morning at the Rehua Marae, a finely woven kit was presented to Mrs Te Kawa in honour of her first official visit to the South Island.

Of the ball, Bishop Vercoe said it was a unique occasion to pay a tribute of honour to the old people present who were so often taken for granted. His only regret about the successful function was that more young people had not been at the ball to take advantage of being able to enjoy the dancing, talking and reminiscing of the old people.

The 32 'sweethearts of yesterday' presented to the official guests at the ball were: Mrs Muriel Orchard (Christchurch); Mr & Mrs John Stirling (Kaikoura); Mr & Mrs Bill Moses (Blenheim); Mr & Mrs George Smith (Taumutu); Mrs Ethel Walters (Christchurch); Mr & Mrs Hemi Takaiora Williams (Christchurch); Mr Joseph Pomare (Chatham Islands); Mrs Hetty Idian (Chatham Islands); Mrs Emie Paynter Stephenson (Chatham Islands); Mrs Makere Tahuhu Wallace (Little River); Mrs Hira Mahuraki Shaw (Christchurch); Mrs Maera Couch (Rapaki); Mrs May Rakena (Rapaki); Mrs Te Whe Ariki Hutana (Rapaki); Mrs Rima Te Aotukia Bell (Tuahiwi); Mr & Mrs Maurice Pohio (Taumutu); Mr Riki Te Mairaki Ellison Taiaroa (Taumutu); Mrs Alice Tairakena (Christchurch); Mrs Bridgette Meads ( ); Mr & Mrs Mehae Meha (Ashburton); Mr & Mrs D. Howarth (Christchurch); Mrs Malta Pitama (Christchurch); Mrs Vron Smythe (Christchurch); Dean and Mrs Michael Underhill (Christchurch).

P	I	F	L	O	U	N	D	E	R	E	P	P	A	N	S
L	I	C	H	Y	A	A	R	O	H	U	T	W	R	D	T
E	H	O	A	L	U	U	A	M	A	K	R	H	T	A	S
K	O	O	K	L	M	C	H	K	A	G	N	A	N	I	H
E	M	I	S	A	H	M	C	O	R	H	U	L	P	I	A
H	I	O	T	V	M	H	L	F	A	M	I	E	R	U	R
W	H	I	T	E	B	A	I	T	A	R	U	O	K	H	K
I	O	T	E	R	B	S	P	K	R	A	C	I	T	S	K
A	M	K	O	T	H	S	A	P	A	K	A	U	R	U	A
H	A	P	U	K	U	A	R	K	F	I	I	N	P	P	N
G	E	K	A	G	R	O	P	I	E	N	R	A	A	O	T
Y	A	R	G	N	I	T	S	I	K	G	E	F	L	T	O
H	U	N	R	D	E	H	H	S	I	F	Y	A	R	C	R
H	P	A	T	I	K	I	A	P	U	I	K	U	U	O	H
E	R	R	I	N	N	T	A	R	P	S	G	A	H	A	K
U	R	E	P	O	R	G	R	J	O	H	N	D	O	R	Y

WORD PUZZLE

How it works: Each puzzle contains a group of 16 related English/Maori words and is divided into letter squares. Hidden in these letter squares are 8 English and 8 Maori words. The clues for the hidden words are given to the right of the puzzle. Enter the equivalent English or Maori word according to word length and then find that hidden word in the puzzle box. The word may be placed in any straight line (horizontal, vertical, or diagonal) and in a forward or reverse direction.

MAORI

Tamure _ _ _ _ _ _ _

Kupae _ _ _ _ _

Araara _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

Pakaurua _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

Aua _ _ _ _ _ _

Hapuku _ _ _ _ _ _

Mohimohi _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

Inanga _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

ENGLISH

Octopus _ _ _ _ _

Whale _ _ _ _ _ _

Crayfish _ _ _ _ _

John Dory _ _ _ _ _ _

Kingfish _ _ _ _

Flounder _ _ _ _ _ _

Shark _ _ _ _

Rockfish _ _ _ _ _ _ _

Visit remembered

For many people, being welcomed onto a marae is a very moving occasion as the following poems show. They were written by a member of a senior citizens group from Lyttelton which visited Awahou marae, Rotorua.

The meeting house a place of beauty
carvings and weavings all,
traditionals folklore told us
forever to recall.
The meal given with delight
was very good to eat,
beautifully cooked and tasty too
it really was a treat.
We thank you again, we pakeha from
southern parts,
and hope someday we'll welcome you,
with kinship in our hearts.
Haere ra, haere ra, haere ra.

A memory

The fearsome challenge was clear and
loud,
the warrior small but fierce and proud,
his men behind him in rows all ready,
as he gestured in menace, their
weapons steady.
an awesome display, it moved each
heart,
so well did that warrior play his part.
Our friendship approved, a haka then,
followed by orations from the older
men.
We know not what was spoken there,
but deep in our hearts the words were
clear.

Doris Beaumont for the Golden Oldies
of Lyttelton.

Solution to last issue's puzzle

te Kohanga Reo — National contacts

District		Contact	Address
WHANGAREI	Manaakitia	REWITI, Maade (Mrs)	113 Station Rd, KAMO
	Ohaeawai	MENDOZE, J	PO Box 30, OHAEAWAI
	Waimate North	MARSH, Rangi (Mr)	TE AHU AHU
	Dargaville	LARSEN, Maria (Mrs)	6 First Avenue, DARGAVILLE
	Kaiwaka	Marae Committee	Te Pounga Marae, KAIWAKA
		Nathans Rd Oreriri	C/- PO Box 64, MAUNGATUROTO
	Ahipara	Ahipara Maori Cttee	Roma Road, AHIPARA
		C/- Simon Snowden	
	Mataraua	KAAKA, Te Pa	RD 3 Mataaraua, KAIKOHE
	Te Kao	KAKA, Queenie	Te Kao, KAITAIA
	Whatawhiwhi	HETARAKA, Maraea	Tokorau Beach PO
	Otangarei	WATTS, Hana	29 McKinnon Cres, OTANGAREI
	Kaikohe	TOPIA, Aggie	Box 550, KAIKOHE
AUCKLAND	Waiatarau	TAMASH, Nin	C/- 52 Hepburn Street Freemans Bay, AUCKLAND
	Te Waiora	DAVIS, Henry	84 Mays Rd, TE PAPAPA
	Natals	EMERY, Alamein	Ph: 888-573 AUCKLAND
	Orakei	MAKAARE, Cissy	167 Kupe Street, ORAKEI
WIRI	Mataatua	PAUL, Heera	59a McIntyre Rd, MANGERE
STH AUCKLAND	Waiuku	CLARKE, Maria	C/- PO Waiuku
	Rahuitanga	TAMANUI, Zena	C/- Rahuitanga Centre, OTARA
	Aronui	PURU, Ngawini	C/- Aronui Centre, OTARA
	Tuakau	RAWIRI, Ata	1 Madill Street, TUAKAU
HAMILTON	Ngaruawahia	RAUMATI, Lorraine	5a Queen Street, NGARUAWAHIA
	Rangimarie	TOIMATA, Ola	454 Kahikatea Drive, HAMILTON WEST
	Mataiwhetu	GURNICK, Royal	RD 1, KIRIKIRI
	Hairini	REWETI, Wai	12 Hairini St, TAURANGA
		KAWA, Brian	6 Tamahika St, TAURANGA
ROTORUA	Tumahaurangi	SIMPKINS, I (Mrs)	C/- Kokiri Centre, Koutu Rd, ROTORUA
	Koutu	CHADWICK, J	Haumoana St. Koutu, ROTORUA
	Te Hikuwai	EMERY, Leonie (Mrs)	RD 4, Haupara Bay, ROTORUA
	Te Kuirau	MOHI, D H	Maxwell Rd, AWAHOU
	Maketu	POTAKA, Hine	RD 9, TE PUKE
	Poroporo	MOEKE, Makere	Poroporo PO, WHAKATANE
	Reporoa	NEWTON, Yvonee	Bartley Rd, REPOROA
	Waikuta	STURLEY, Norma	24 Brooklands Rd, Western Heights, ROTORUA
	Nukuhou	FOX, Yvonne	38 Nobel Street, TAUPO
	Manoeka	AHOMIRO, Gwen (Mrs)	C/- Taupo Est, RD 3, TE PUKE
	Mamaku	THOMPSON, Wendy	Patetere Street, MAMAKU
	Tarawhai Marae	MALCOLM, M K	RD 4, ROTORUA
GISBORNE	Tokomaru Bay	WILLIAMS, E	Hikurangi St, TOKOMARU BAY
	Waikirikiri	IRWIN, Connie	Tyndall Rd, GISBORNE
	Waimako	MOSES, Jenny	C/- Tuai PO, WAIKAREMOANA
	Taihoa	MANUEL, Lena	PO WAIROA
WANGANUI	Waitara	TAYLOR, Rachael	3 Jenkins Place, WAITARA
	New Plymouth	KATH, Rangi	7 Atiawa Ave, NEW PLYMOUTH
	Hawera	CARR, Mate (Mrs)	C/- Taranaki Trust Board, HAWERA
	Normanby (Hoani Papita)	CARR, Mate	PO Box 27, HAWERA
	Ohakune	MAREIKURA, Biddy	36 Burn Street, OHAKUNE
	Turangi	HAM, Henarata	C/- Turangi School, Tautahanga Road, TURANGI Ph: 7711 or 8692
HASTINGS	Omahu	WHAANGA, Waipa (Mrs)	C/- PO FERNHILL
	Kahuranaki	BROWN, Huia (Mrs)	Te Hauke PO

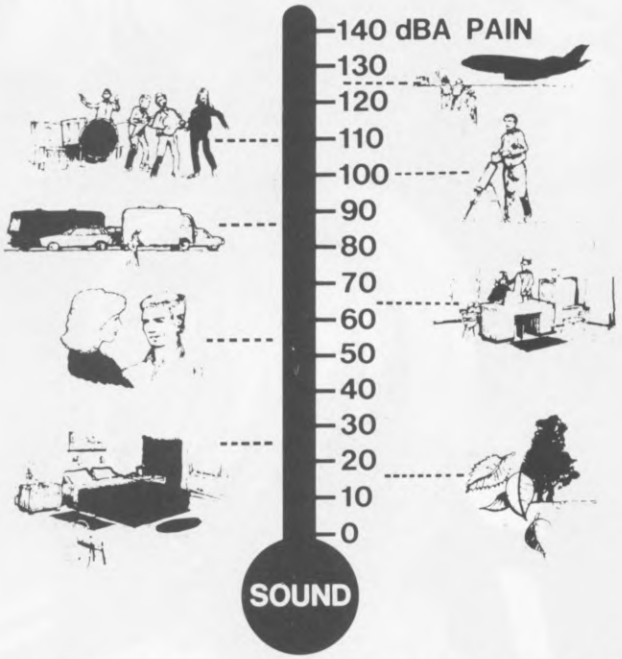
VERY LOUD NOISE, OR LONG EXPOSURE TO NOISE, COULD DAMAGE YOUR HEARING BEYOND REPAIR. IF THE HEARING CELLS HAVE BEEN DESTROYED, THE DAMAGE WILL BE PERMANENT.

IDENTIFY THE RISK! Noise is probably too loud when:

- you have trouble talking to someone 1 metre away because of the noise
- your ears 'ring' after being in a noisy place
- speech and other sounds seem muffled after you have been in a noisy place.

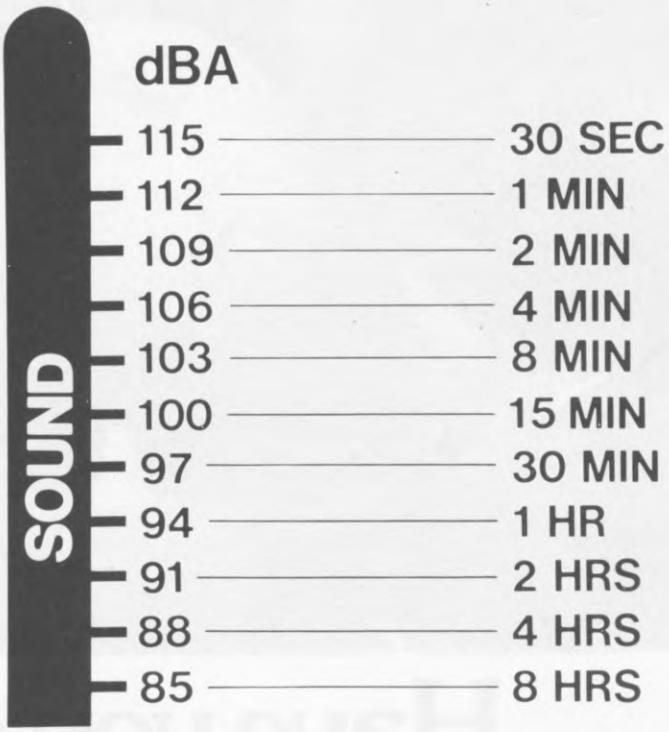
HOW LOUD IS LOUD?

The loudness of sound is measured in decibels (dB). Above 85 dBA noise starts to cause damage to hearing.



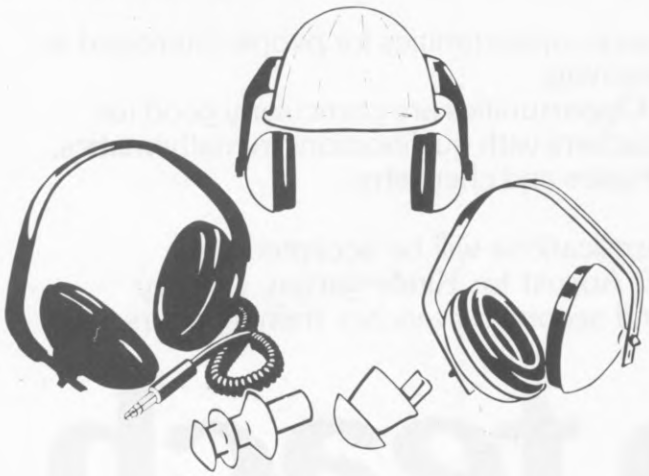
LOUDNESS + DURATION = DANGER

The louder the noise, the sooner damage occurs. But the length of exposure time is also important. And remember this . . . **every time the noise level jumps by just 3 dB the safety time shown is halved.**



WHENEVER YOU ARE EXPOSED TO EXCESSIVE NOISE, YOUR HEARING IS AT RISK

So protect yourself properly at work . . .
wear the type of hearing protection you need taking into account the noise level and the length of time you may be exposed to it. And make sure it is comfortable to wear.



at home . . .
exposure to noise doesn't stop at the factory gate. Your hearing is at risk from such things as chainsaws and lawnmowers at close range. And watch the level of sound when listening to "walkabout" radios through headphones.

HEARING IS ONE OF YOUR MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSIONS. MAKE SURE YOURS IS PROPERLY PROTECTED!

Issued by the Department of Health

CCduC 2965

Have you considered teaching as a career?

- Teaching offers an opportunity to help young people develop the skills and knowledge to take their place in the world.
- A knowledge and understanding of Maori language and culture is an advantage if you are considering teacher training.
- Although the demand for teachers in some courses and subjects is less than in previous years there is still a wide range of career opportunities for people interested in teaching.
- Opportunities are particularly good for teachers with qualifications in mathematics, physics and chemistry.

Applications will be accepted until 20 August for Kindergarten, primary and secondary teacher training courses.

Train to teach

- Further information may be obtained from your nearest Education Board or Department of Education office.