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# Te Kaea

No. 3 JUNE 1980

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**Sydneytanga?**

**Land: getting  
it together**

**New developments  
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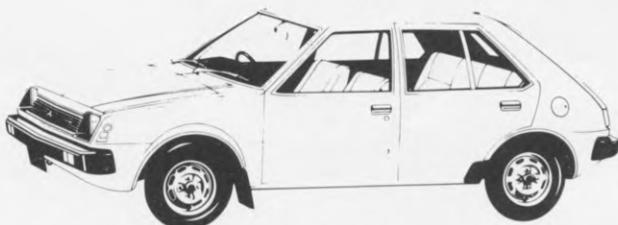
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# Te Kaea Te Kaea Te Kaea Te Kaea a Te Kaea a Te Kaea Te Kaea Te Kaea Te Kaea

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TE KAEA  
The Maori magazine  
June/July 1980 No. 3



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

# LETTERS

The response to *Te Kaea's* first issue has been most encouraging. We even had a few copies stolen, which suggests that somebody thinks the magazine is worth something, if not money. But the most heartening response came from the letters we received from readers: thoughtful ones, argumentative ones, admiring ones and a couple of cheeky ones. Here's a selection.

## WELSH AND MAORI

As a recent immigrant from Wales to New Zealand, I found Paul Bensemenn's article comparing the status of Welsh and Maori very interesting. Unfortunately Mr Bensemenn's sources seem to have misled him on factual matters, resulting in an overestimation of the strength of the Welsh position, although not of the relative strengths of Welsh and Maori.

Cymdeithas yr Iaith Cymraeg (the Welsh Language Society), the activist group to which he seems to refer, is not a splinter group or faction of anything, having an independent origin, although it could be seen as an activist wing of Plaid Cymru, the Welsh Nationalist Party. But the Plaid disowns the tactics of the Cymdeithas. By no means could the Cymdeithas be called a faction of Urdd Gobaith Cymru. Direct action (against property, but never violence against people) by the Cymdeithas has continued without break since 1968, and extends well beyond TV and radio transmitter disabling. For example, the bilingual road sign illustrated in the article (incidentally, only one mile from my home), was erected under new provisions

for local-option road signs, the direct result of the Cymdeithas's campaign of painting out English words and place names on road signs, unless accompanied by the Welsh.

Welsh children were also beaten for speaking their native language at school, and made to wear humiliating wooden signs around their necks to that effect. The practice has now died out.

While Welsh has official status in Wales, obstacles are regularly erected against its use. These include lack of interpreters in courts and council chambers and at public meetings, lack of Welsh-speaking officials behind the counters at post offices, social welfare offices, etc. (my own area of Ceredigion has only one Welsh-speaking socialworker and no Welsh-speaking speech therapist, although a significant number of children needing therapy are near-monoglot Welsh), lack of information leaflets and official forms in Welsh, lack of Welsh school books for nominally bilingual or Welsh schools, etc. In addition, activist organisations such as Cymdeithas yr Iaith Cymraeg, Adfer (which seeks the establishment of a monoglot Welsh-speaking homeland), and the Welsh-speaking student unions, are regularly infiltrated by the police and security forces.

Welsh is alive, but closer examination of the census returns for 1971 shows a very unhealthy age structure, probably similar to that of Maori speakers, with the younger age groups being progressively anglicised. That the language continues at all is due to 1. the non-conformist denominations, who encourage Welsh as the only way to reach the great mass of Welshmen, 2. the remote hill farmers, who refused to ape their lowland cousins and take on foreign ways, and 3. the Urdd and the Cymdeithas, composed of the Welsh-speaking religious, political and educational élite, willing to sacrifice their time and often their freedom, that the Welsh language and culture might live. In no case can the government, even when controlled by Welshmen, be credited with any more than reluctantly giving in to considerable pressure, whether passive

resistance or active measures. We have won the right to use our language in principle; it remains for us to win that right in fact. For the Maori people to accept less would be to betray their ancestors, themselves, and their descendants, Maori and Pakeha. Yours etc.,

Roger Ridley Fenton  
Wellington

## THOSE MAORI SEATS

I dispute Mr Garnier's claim (*Te Kaea*, Dec. 1979) that "most" Maoris want the four Maori seats abolished. His "evidence" is unsupported by a proper survey or Maori referendum.

The 1976 census was the most thorough enrolment of Maoris ever done. Those census officials who enrolled "full-blooded" Maoris on the Maori roll were complying with the Electoral Act which states that they must enrol on it. Half-castes have a choice and the rest must go on the general roll. In practice of course degrees of "blood" as well as choice of roll are decided by the individual. I made my own decisions on the matter in 1976, not the census official.

The thoroughness of the census system of enrolling Maoris accounted for the sudden 40,000 increase in Maori rolls. Having enrolled however, many for the first time, they continued with their normal pre-1976 practice of not bothering to vote, which accounts for the all-time low of 42.65 per cent valid vote from the Maori roll in 1978. However, the total numbers of Maori who voted was an all-time high. Some 75.63 per cent of Maori eligible for the Maori roll enrolled on it. To suggest that most were enrolled on it against their wishes (i.e., the census officials did it for them) is pure speculation. Those who wanted to make a point of not enrolling on the Maori roll had ample opportunity to do so between 1976 and 1978. This leaves 24.37 per cent of Maoris eligible who either didn't enrol anywhere or else went on the general roll. Even if they all enrolled on the general roll as a protest against the four Maori seats, which is extremely doubtful, they certainly do not amount to "most" Maori.

Separate Maori representation, like all separate government Maori institutions (e.g. Maori Affairs) was a Pakeha idea initiated in 1867 for their own purposes and never intended as equal representation for Maori, who were then one third of the population. If the aim was, as Mr Garnier states, "to enhance political voice and protection to the Maori people over their serious land question", then they can only be regarded as a dismal failure. Huge areas of Maori land were lost immediately after 1867 and since. The choice of Maori candidates was manipulated by various Pakeha Native Affairs ministers for most of the century.

What has happened since is that the Maori seats have become an established



institution within the overall fabric of Maoritanga. To abolish them especially without Maori consent would be asking for trouble. It would be viewed as something else on a long list that has been taken from us. Their abolition could have the advantages in political power as described by Mr Garnier. We could have more than the four Maoris in Parliament as we have now, although frankly I am completely unimpressed by Messrs Rex Austin, Ben Couch, and Winston Peters in their ability to represent Maori interests. Their degree of "Maoriness" is clearly illustrated by one of them who admits to being Maori only second. That is insufficient for me.

I will agree to the abolition of Maori seats when the following conditions are met:

1. No more alienation of Maori land
2. A much greater sharing of power in government and quasi-government bodies that are appointed and not elected, e.g., selection panels, boards of governors, tribunals, selections of JPs, ambassadors, the judiciary, etc.
3. A clear, unequivocal definition of New Zealand as a multi-cultural society and the translation of this into real and not just tokenist terms.
4. The election of more real Maoris into safe general seats (about ten) and at least four Maoris in cabinet where the real power is.

In general I want some clear indication that the Pakeha is willing to share his political and economic power with me and allow me some share in defining and determining social and economic goals before I give up four Maori certainties. Yours faithfully,

**A.M. Johns**  
Hamilton

I am not at all convinced by Tony Garnier's arguments for the dissolution of the Maori seats in Parliament. In particular, I think his claim that "most Maoris want the four Maori seats abolished immediately" is highly questionable and seems to rest on some very dubious assumptions about political behaviour. It is also incorrect to argue that the Maori MPs do not have the capacity to "make or break" a government; they have, on occasions, been the deciding factor. He compares the New Zealand situation with that of the Black voters in the USA. While it is true that block voting by the Blacks has been an important factor in the election of various presidents, the political gain to the Blacks once these presidents have entered office is marginal to say the least. The Blacks have still lacked access to key political decision making. In the end, the decision to abandon separate representation in New Zealand must be made by those who have the most to lose (or to gain): the Maori electorate.

**Paul Spoonley**  
Palmerston North

## CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations on the first issue of *Te Kaea* — I have just spent the morning reading EVERY word! There was the odd "dyslexic" word and mis-print, inevitable I suppose. However, I wonder if you should give a thought to distinguishing in some way the odd Maori words that occur in the English text? For example, in Eva Rickard's article: "but the Raglan take. . ." I did a "double-take" here, wondering why the verb "to take" was tucked in there !! Printing the Maori word in italic is probably as good as any other way.  
Arohanui

**Miria Simpson**  
University of Waikato

**(Point taken. But italicising words is a ploy used by printers and editors to denote foreign languages. Maori is not, obviously, a foreign language and should not be treated as such. If the occasional word of Maori causes readers to pause and think, good job! — ed.)**

Congratulations for your determination and drive to ensure that Maori publications once more reach New Zealanders in widening our perception and understanding of ourselves, as people of the land.  
Kia ora, kia kaha,  
Naku noa, na,

**Haare Williams**  
Te Reo O Aotearoa  
Manager

Congratulations on a fine start to *Te Kaea*. We have waited too long for the successor to *Te Ao Hou*. Not only am I happy to subscribe but I shall also encourage others to do likewise.  
Naaku ano,

**J. Te Rina**  
Wellington

May I first congratulate you all on a fine magazine, and please find enclosed a money order for the next ten issues of *Te Kaea*. Your magazine is a long-awaited publication which I find most informative. However (there always must be a however) I would like to see more in the way of a basic Maori language write-up — say a regular lesson for beginners or some such thing. But I have no other complaints regarding the publication and I wish you a continued success.  
Yours faithfully

**K Mair**  
*H.M.N.Z.S. Tamaki*, Auckland

**(We certainly hope to increase the Maori language content of *Te Kaea*, and I think you will agree that it already looks healthier in this issue. As for language lessons, see our special Maori Language Week issue coming up at the end of July. — ed.)**

Your magazine makes fascinating, compelling reading.

Its simple, direct and balanced presentation reflects a wide range and depth of thought and activity. It is the work of a caring editorial and design team dedicated to detail.

The result is quality and I like it.  
Arohanui,

**Gillian E.M. Shadbolt**  
Journalism tutor,  
Wellington Polytechnic

(Thanks — ed.)

## HISTORY AND HISTORICIS

I was interested to read the first issue of *Te Kaea*, and was impressed enough to send you the enclosed subscription. But if I may I would like to make one or two criticisms.

The first concerns *Te Kaea's* "maoriness". O.K., it's about and for Maoris, and seems mainly to be by Maoris, but when I'd finished reading it I was left with very little feeling of any wairua Maori permeating the magazine. The most obvious example would be the low proportion of stories in the Maori language. Please print more. But there are other things too. Don't concentrate so much on news and topical matters that you ignore our history. Where are the legends, stories and traditions that enrich our culture and so distinguished *Te Ao Hou*? Even in the few years since *Te Ao Hou* stopped, so many of our old people have passed on, taking their knowledge and wisdom with them, that I would suggest you have a positive responsibility to collect and publish such items before they are lost to us for ever.

The second criticism concerns your claims not to be a "propaganda tool". So I should hope, but I also hope this means you won't be ignoring Maori Affairs Department activities altogether since: 1. we are entitled to know how you are spending our money and 2. let's face it, the Department does seem to be in the news a lot these days and in many (but not all!) areas seems to be trying to do a good job.

On the other hand, I hope you won't be giving all your articles on the Department the same treatment you have the Howard Morrison concert. There are two whakatauki Pakeha worth remembering here: "that's show business"; and "moderation in all things"!  
Heoi ano,  
Na,

**R. K. Wilson**  
Papakura

**(We do indeed intend to publish more Maori language and more traditional stories. But such material should not and cannot originate from behind an editor's desk at the head office of Maori Affairs. We rely on the contributions of you, our readers — ed.)**

# TE HOKOWHITU-A-TU

## 28th (Maori) Battalion reunite at Kaitaia

Easter weekend saw the twelfth national reunion of the Maori Battalion, hosted this time by A Company at Kaitaia.

Over 400 veterans attended, their numbers swelled by other Maori members of the armed forces past and present, widows of members of the Battalion and, as special guests of honour, a contingent of Fijian veterans of the Second World War. There was also a large contingent from Ngati Kahungunu — the last reunion had been hosted by D Company at Wairoa.

The splendid new Far North Community Centre was the venue for the occasion. Despite its sophisticated amenities, however, there were a few problems. One was the roadworks going on outside, and another was the weather. Though the sun shone for much of the time, there had been heavy rain during the previous week and the A and P showground behind the centre soon became muddy. With all the pedestrian and vehicular traffic around it very quickly came to resemble conditions on the Somme during the First World War rather than those of the Western Desert during the Second. But guests settled into their tents cheerfully enough, and the delight of greeting old mates far outweighed any temporary practical discomforts.

It was an emotional time for most people: a lingering hong

between old soldiers who hadn't seen each other since the last reunion, or maybe even since demobilisation; sadness for those who had passed on, and for those who had not survived the war; the inevitable reminiscences and old stories (one rather cynical visitor commented that you could hardly move without tripping over dead Germans); and the relaxing delights of the "wet canteen", complete with sawdust floor, nikau walls and hay-bale seating.

\*

Not that the reunion was all about booze and nostalgia. From the official welcoming ceremonies on Good Friday, there was an element of serious — and often heated — discussion on the role of the Battalion Association today, particularly with regard to our youth. The Minister of Maori Affairs, Mr Ben Couch, laid a challenge at the feet of the Battalion in his speech:

Nothing can ever dim the memory of your achievements and of the sacrifices made by those of your friends who did not come back. It is a great and glorious story that deserves our gratitude and our respect. But that was thirty-five years ago . . . Are still showing that same courage, that same leadership, that same example today?



**Right** Major General Brian Poananga hands over the keys of Te Rau Aroha to Maori Battalion president Mr Ned Nathan, who promptly hands them back so that the truck can go to its new home at Waiouru.

**Opposite** The Battalion parades in the sunshine on Good Friday. Parading with them are the Fijian Contingent, led by Mr Jack Costello. Powhiri and relishes were provided by Te Rarawa Maori Group from Ahipara.



NORTHLAND AGE



**Left** Wreaths are laid at Kaitaia's shrine of memories. The service was held, in drizzle punctuated by sunshine, by the Bishop of Aotearoa, the Rt Rev. Manu Bennett, the Rev. Maori Marsden and the Rev. Wi Huata. The parade was led by ex-CO Colonel Sir James Henare.

The sadness of the occasion was relieved at one point when a Harvard flew over and dipped its wings in salute. "It's all right," said Wi Huata, "it's one of ours."

He went on to say that the bewilderment, the alarming offending figures and the low achievement rate among our youth could be at least partly offset by the guidance, the leadership and the example of their elders, and he left his hearers with the suggestion that by their involvement with their marae, by teaching their mokopuna, and by raising money for scholarships, the Battalion Association could do more to show that same spirit in peacetime that they had so valiantly demonstrated in war.

Mr Harry Lambert (who has succeeded Mr Ned Nathan as the Association's president) replied. He admitted that the Minister was partly right, but urged that most members were certainly working hard within their communities.

So indeed were many of the youth at the bottom of the debate. Even while the speeches were going on, the local Black Power were busy behind the kitchens preparing the evening meal, and one local elder, Te Aupouri's Niki Conrad, paid tribute to their efforts: "These boys have been working hard. If the reunion is a success, much of the credit must go to them."

\*

We found time and a quiet corner in which to interview Mr Harry Lambert, the new president of the Battalion Association. He was born in Hawkes Bay and served with D Company, but has lived in Auckland for many years. An educationalist with some original and stimulating views, he says, "I'm keen on education — but I don't mean schooling." He's critical of the present education system with its emphasis on rules and qualifications. "Qualifications for *what*? Our much-discussed gangs are dismissed because their members

lack qualifications. But they *are* qualified for certain things, and we should be positive about the good things they can and do do rather than moan because they don't have those so-called vital pieces of paper."

He calls for a more open, camp-type system of school projects to be established on a sufficiently long-term basis to make an impression in terms of discipline. "But I don't mean the yelling, fear-based discipline most people of my generation had to put up with. I'm talking about the kind of discipline which comes from an awareness of your own responsibilities to your colleagues and community." Similarly, he does not champion a return of compulsory military training, as does his predecessor in the Association Ned Nathan, but he does think that some kind of national service would inculcate the necessary community values.

Of his functions as Association president, he says: "In the army we were concerned to stay comfy and to stay alive — and to do the same for our men. This is still one of my main aims. We've still got years ahead of us, and I'd like to see us channelling our energies into helping each other and our young people."

Tu Tangata? "I've heard it all before", he says sceptically, "but I must admit that I'm a little bit sceptical about all government departments!" He admitted too, however, that he was a member of the local Tu Tangata group for Ngati Kahungunu, and appreciated that there exists a great deal of goodwill for the whole Tu Tangata concept. "But it's up to Maori Affairs to co-ordinate that goodwill and provide it with the right support — *sustained* support."

\*



The ultimate guest of honour at the reunion was Te Rau Aroha, the canteen truck which provided grateful Maori Battalion troops with home comforts while they were fighting in North Africa, Syria and Italy.

During 1941, the children of the Native Schools raised nearly a thousand pounds to buy and equip the canteen, and it arrived near Tobruk at the end of the year. As official historian E.H. Nepia says, "Te Rau Aroha brought with it many material gifts, but to the heart of the Maori, many thousands of miles from his homeland, it brought something more – the love and good wishes of every Maori child."

Te Rau Aroha suffered many adventures, as the patches over the bullet holes indicate. It was frequently where it shouldn't have been. Ted Nepia continues:

A story is told of the time when Te Rau Aroha, unique among Y.M.C.A. trucks, did become a fighting vehicle, it was at El Ageila, east of Tripoli, where Rommel had momentarily halted the spear-heads of the Eighth Army. A portion of the enemy forces had been cut off, and from their position the Maoris could see them not far away. With bayonets fixed, the Maoris prepared to charge. The Maori driver of the van charged too, and sped downhill. Afterwards an English officer said that he could hardly believe his eyes when he saw those fierce men racing downhill with a Y.M.C.A. van in their midst.

Te Rau Aroha survived the war. Today it may be seen complete with its decorations: the 1939-45 Star, the Africa Star, the Italy Star and the Defence Medal, and its three wound stripes. It has been restored with "aroha and expertise", in the words of Major General Poananga, by some of the youth of Manawatu and has now found its final home at the Waiouru Army Museum.

During the parade on Good Friday it was driven past the men of each company. Many were visibly moved. None was more moved, however, than its driver, Bill Kukutai of Naenae, behind the wheel again after thirty-six years.

\*

Many members were not familiar with the far north, and eagerly took advantage of the buses laid on to take them up to Cape Reinga. Others attended the unveilings which occurred that weekend: at Te Kao for the Rev. Herepo Harawira, who had been a chaplain with the Battalion; and at Pukepoto for the Robson brothers. Meanwhile back in Kaitaia, guests could watch the film made of the Battalion's pilgrimage to Europe, or could attend the Northland Axemen's championships or the rugby. In the evenings were concerts, a ball and a disco. Te Rarawa Maori Group's enthusiastically received performances were interspersed with songs in Italian and German by any member who could be enticed onto the stage by the Rev. Wi Huata, who was billed as Master of Ceremonies – not that proceedings were unduly ceremonious.

\*

At least one member had come all the way from Sydney. George Sutherland, who organised the Polynesian Festival in Sydney in February, spoke after the hakari at Waimirirangi marae which followed the Rev. Herepo Harawira's unveiling. Of the Maori community in Sydney he said that traditional patterns of movement and settlement were still continuing, that in effect a new tribe was in the throes of creation. Despite the bad press which Australia's Maori population had received both there and at home in New Zealand, many Maori cared and fought hard for their reputation – and for their integrity as Maori. Marae schemes and cultural groups were abundant, and those who went to live in Australia were in many cases not turning their back on their Maoritanga – on the contrary, they were extending it.

\*

And finally, after the poroporoaki on Easter Monday, the buses headed for home – to Whangarei, Auckland and points further south. The tinge of sadness at any such time was much stronger on this occasion. Retiring president Ned Nathan summed it up: "Let's face it, this is probably our last reunion on this scale. None of us is getting any younger."

# LAND: getting it together

Pehi Parata, a community officer with the Porirua office of Maori Affairs, "just happened to notice" an advertisement in the newspaper for a seminar on coastal zone management. Intrigued, he decided to go along, and afterwards filed this report with *Te Kaea* on some of the issues raised and discussed. But this is not just about coastal zoning. Pehi was shocked to discover on arriving at the seminar that he was the only Maori in the room, and he sounds this warning: "We must take a more active interest in issues which affect us. We owe it to ourselves and to our descendants to be informed and to be involved. We certainly cannot rely on others to voice our opinions, suggestions or grievances for us."

One of the aims of this seminar was to bring together representatives of bodies which have diverse interests in our New Zealand coastline. In this respect the organisers, the Ministry of Transport, succeeded admirably, because across the board were government departments, scientists, conservationists, regional planners, commercial and amateur fishermen and interested members of the public. But apart from myself there was *no* Maori representation.

I went along as a descendant of the former owners, and to put the point of view of those who have always regarded our coastlines as an important source of food, among other things. I was unable to be present for two discussions, on maritime planning and regional planning, but despite the fact that the seminar quota was already full I was able, with the help of the sympathetic Ministry of Transport officials in charge, to attend the day of discussions dealing with marine reserves.

Questions arose on whether the present legislation was adequate, whether we needed more marine reserves, and who should administer them. The idea of a coastal commission received some support, but maybe yet another creaky bureaucratic institution is the last thing we need, particularly if we are looking for speed and streamlining. Already there are seven acts, with amendments, to cover present coastline policy. To add further statutes to the books perhaps gives truth to the idea that we like signing and stamping papers in triplicate every time we ask for something.

But what has all of this to do with the price of flounder and mussels?

Plenty. We Maori use the sea and foreshore too, and any present or future legislation will affect not only the areas from which we gather our foodstocks but also our access to them. There is no need to mention here the present legislation — just ask anybody who has applied for a permit to gather shellfish for a hui!

Competition has become fierce for the foreshore areas, with representations coming from educationalists, conservationists, scientists, divers and fishermen, regional planners, developers — and us, but not necessarily in that order. My main point is that we must have an early say in the planning and formation of marine planning schemes.

Here are two examples.

In the maritime planning scheme put out by the Auckland

Harbour Board for Waitemata and Manukau harbours, it is stated that besides commercial and recreational usage, consideration has been made on behalf of "traditional Maori uses".

However, not all such schemes have been so benevolent. . . . From the Thames-Coromandel district comes notice of the council's intention to reclaim 7.7 hectares of harbour for "sewage treatment works, including oxidation ponds for the purification of effluent prior to its discharge into the sea ..." The local people, both Maori and Pakeha, find this proposal obnoxious as the area is a traditional one for gathering kaimoana. Their case at the time of writing does not appear to be hopeless, fortunately. The Ministry of Transport is demanding that more time should be set aside to consider alternative sites, and submissions are being made to the Parliamentary Local Bills Committee and to the Waitangi Tribunal.

Traditionally, when competition was not so intense for coastal resources, tribal laws of *rahui* were enacted to guarantee the rejuvenation of the shellfish beds — a kind of rotation farming that worked very well. Now, however, some traditional gathering areas are *buried* under reclamation, *closed off* for all kinds of reasons, or *overrun* with people intent on stripping the beds of the last remnants of shellfish. Clearly new remedies are needed. Areas do need to be set aside, for obvious reasons, as sites for scientific study, conservation, commercial development and the like. But we must not allow our own special interests to go overlooked. We need sound planning and management to perpetuate what assets are left to us, and we as Maori need to be in at the ground floor of such planning exercises, influencing the decision makers and making sure our voices are heard.

---

**Meanwhile Aтиhana Johns, a lecturer at Hamilton Teacher Training College, has been trying to consolidate the position of his tribe (Ngati Kahu) on the Whatuwhiwhi Peninsula. This prime piece of real estate, ex-gumdigging land, forms the western arm of Doubtless Bay and has been in the news on and off over the last year or so as a result of tourist development proposals for the far north. This has put pressure on the local Maori landowners, and here Aтиhana talks about the hassles they are facing.**

In January 1979 the Mangonui County Council of Northland arranged a meeting of shareholders of Maori land on Whatuwhiwhi Peninsula. They gave us a bill for \$14,000 owing in back rates since about 1960 and left us to work out how we were going to pay it, as well as future rates. We paid \$1,000 at the meeting but a year hence our rates bill is back up to \$14,000 again.

Because many shares are not yet succeeded to and many shareholders are now well and truly scattered over the globe, we decided to seek a collective solution by organising the shares so that we could get the land back into productivity, and above all retain it in our possession. We formed an

investigating committee to do the job and came smack up against all the emotions, conflicts, suspicions, differences and attitudes of shareholders or their spouses. We quickly realised that success was going to depend on communication between us and the shareholders.

Firstly, we had to establish trust. This isn't easy for a tribe that has dispersed since the 1950s when emigration out of Whatuwhiwhi to the towns began in earnest. We have been separated by time and geography, although our Auckland group is still very cohesive. There is some division between the home-bred Ngati Kahu and other shareholders who grew up in other related tribes but inherited shares from their Ngati Kahu ancestors. I belong to the home-bred. There are differences between the townies and the stay-at-homes; between the old and the young, with the old knowing very little about economics but being very supportive of the committee and the young with the knowledge; between those who view land in terms of dollars and cents and those who have a deep traditional attachment; between those mainly small shareholders who want a collective solution and those shareholders who have suddenly developed a belated and unrealistic wish to "do something" with land that has been sitting idle, waiting for them for twenty years.



*An aerial view of the tip of Whatuwhiwhi peninsula. Situated north-east of Kaitiaki, the peninsula juts out into the Pacific with Rangaunu Harbour on one side and Doubtless Bay on the other. The area has attracted considerable interest over the last few years because of its tourism possibilities.*

Secondly, we had to set up a trust. We decided against an amalgamation because we didn't have the resources or time to organise it, and we decided in favour of a 434A Trust for the aggregation of shares. Two shareholders' meetings later we finally nominated a list of trustees to be vetted and appointed by the Maori Land Court in January-February 1980. It was a hard slog just to get this far, and on the way, try to reassure some shareholders that we of the committee were not crooks stealing their precious heritage.

Finally, we have yet to decide on the use to which the land will be put. The thinking currently is for forestry and dry stock farming on those areas that are still in pasture or can be re-pastured cheaply. The total area if we can get the support of shareholders is about 4,000 acres.

The major factor which induced the county in 1979 to collect its rates was, I am sure, the proposed tourist resort put forward by various interests for Doubtless Bay Co. land on

the peninsula. Hearings for it took place last year, before the Planning Tribunal, and the outcome appears to be inconclusive. Such a scheme, despite county assurances, would affect our land values and rates among other things, adding further to our rates burden before we get a chance to pay arrears. The county offered us differential rates but we saw these as unworkable because they would be opposed by speculators who have already bought land around us. I did suggest to the Planning Tribunal that if the tourist resort had to go ahead, then it should be part of a total development plan for the whole peninsula incorporating forestry, farming, fishing, resettlement of Ngati Kahu people back on the land and marae development. Specifically I suggested that for every dollar spent on the resort, the developers spend a proportion of it (ten per cent?) on forestry, etc., to ensure "balanced" development.

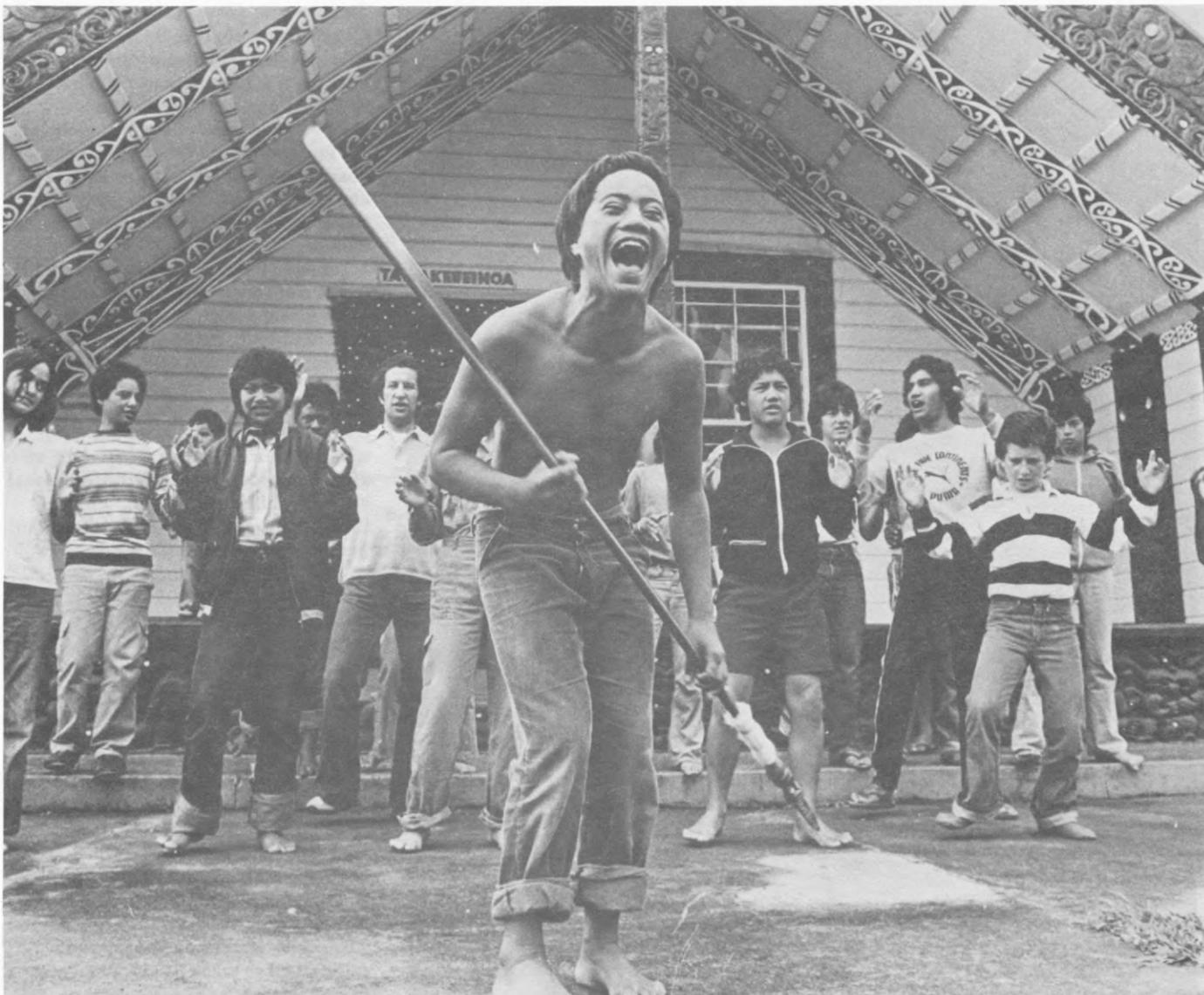
To add to our headaches, the Ministry of Works has decided that it wants thirteen acres of our land on Karikari Point (where the Marine Department has a navigational beacon) for what appear to us to be very dubious reasons. They claim to be afraid that future development and buildings around the beacon will affect its operation, but since we own the surrounding land and have no intentions of building high rise apartments there until the year 2105, their fears are unfounded. We of course intend to fight this little land grab.

Since this project began I have learned a great deal. Success is going to be dependent first of all on communicating, informing, exploring and persuading shareholders over and over again. As the secretary of the initial committee and now the nominated trustees, I have had this job. It is a step-by-step process of one hui after another and miles of travelling back and forth to Whatuwhiwhi on buses that take ages to get anywhere.

There is a significant number of shareholders whose attitude to land is mercenary. They would sell it to the highest bidder if they weren't restricted by multiple ownership. Some 500 acres have already been sold in the last fifteen years, although at least half of this acreage was under mortgage to the Maori Affairs Department and there was some pressure to sell for this reason to clear the debt. This particular land was sold to the Crown. The point, however, is that Maori land means nothing to a significant proportion of Maori owners. I was surprised, for example, to see some Maoris marching in the Maori Land March of 1975 who have sold their own land of their own free will. These included some of the leaders of the March. In the fight to retain our land the last thing we need is hypocrisy. In order to rationalise the situation, those who wish to retain ownership should be loaned the money by the Maori Affairs Department to buy out those who do not want it.

A further problem is the inequalities of share ownership and the conflicts that arise between minority and majority shareholders. What is required is a system of equalising ownership — a system of equal shares democratically controlled so that no shareholder has more than another, i.e. tribal ownership. The trouble with Maori land is that we have the worst features of both private Pakeha ownership and traditional communal Maori ownership.

We are still a long way from achieving our twin objectives of retaining our land and utilising it to earn money for rates and income. Unlike the speculators and developers, we have no capital. However we are not without means and provided we achieve greater unanimity and co-operation among shareholders for a good portion of the land, we can gain a good bargaining position in negotiations for forestry and other schemes. In the meantime if anyone has any constructive suggestions, please let me know.



# WANANGA!

*Why more than  
3,000 Maori kids  
voluntarily went  
to school during  
the summer holidays*

## TAUPARAPARA

Tenei au! Tenei au!  
Te hokai nei taku tapuwae  
Ko te hokai Nuku  
Ko te hokai Rangi  
Ko te hokai a to Tupuna  
    a Tane-nui-a-Rangi  
I pikitia ai te Rangi-tuhaha  
I te tihi o Manono i  
    rokohanga atu ra  
Ko ia te matua i riro iho ai  
    nga kete o te wananga  
Ko te kete Tuauri  
Ko te kete Tuatea  
Ko te kete Aronui  
Ka tiritiria, ka pou pou ki  
    Papatuanuku  
Ka puta te ira tangata ki te  
    whei ao ki ti ao marama  
TIHEI MAURI ORA!



NZ HERALD

The new year got off to an exciting start for thousands of young Maori with the tribal youth wananga programme. Late last year a pilot programme was tried out in various parts of New Zealand as children were selected to visit, many for the first time in their lives, their tribal home areas. The scheme was a success, and a much more ambitious programme was designed to take place during the January holidays.

Individual programmes and venues were arranged by local people who were in tune with the kinds of resources needed to bring out the fullest possible development in the young participants. The children, who ranged in age from eleven up to about eighteen, were in effect being sent back to school — but school with a difference. They came away knowing something about the traditional arts, crafts, history and philosophy of their tipuna, and in most cases thirsty to find out more. Bushcraft, whakapapw, carving, fishing, weaving, language and whaikorero, kowhaiwhai painting, kawa: these were some of the treasures which their old people were able to hand down.

The benefits of the wananga are many. Old ways have received a new lease of life; young Maori have caught a glimpse of their traditional culture, and many have since spoken about their Maoriness as being something special and positive for them, not just a matter of brownness or being saddled with a surname none of their Paki friends could pronounce.

The programme was funded by a government allocation of \$120,000. This was originally designed to cater for only 1,000 children. But the scheme snowballed so much (in the Wanganui district, for example, organisers anticipated 100 young Maori, but 300 became involved) that in the end a number nearer 4,000 were involved. All the extra finances required came from  
(continued on page 12)

*Previous page* Local Rotorua children, aided by Maori Affairs Community Officer Trevor Maxwell, powhiri young visitors from Auckland as they arrive at Awahou marae. Albert Minimita performs the wero. This group, and their Auckland manuhiri, were both involved in wananga schemes. The Aucklanders stayed at Tumahourangi marae, Koutu.

*Above* Tokorua Richards, thirteen, was one of more than 200 youngsters from Auckland who "went home" to various marae around Tai Tokerau. Here she is being farewelled by her mother, Mrs Ngareta Richards, at Whaiora marae, Otara, before departing for Opononi.

*Right* At Raukawa marae, Otaki, Rodney Nikora (left) and Raymong Paul (right) sit spellbound as Whatarangi Winiata and other elders tells the story of Ngati Awa, Ngati Toa and Ngati Raukawa's migration south. Rodney belongs to Raukawa, but for Raymond, from Upper Hutt, it was all an exciting new experience.



KAPITI OBSERVER



WANGANUI NEWSPAPERS



*Above two of the elders who participated in the wananga for the Wanganui district. At left is "Aunty Rua" Keremeneta, of Matahiwi. At right is Mr Taitoko Rangiwahateka, of Jerusalem. For the hosts and old people too the wananga were an education. The harsh and confusing circumstances of life in the city were as foreign as the marae and its associated activities were for many youngsters. Relations were often strained at first, but it was not long before young and old people came to accept and respect each other. As one kaumatua from Ruatahuna put it, "the kids are all right; bring home their parents!"*

## A KAHUNGUNU VIEWPOINT

To start with when I was invited to participate in this two-week course of Maoritanga, my thoughts were: well, I might learn something worthwhile, and at least it will be different.

Our wananga was in the form of lectures and sessions of craftwork, by very capable teachers. I would like to mention these people briefly, to express again our thanks.

To the Rev. Tioke, who gave us a useful and very interesting talk on herbs and plants, both edible and medicinal. As we couldn't go the bush, he brought the bush to us.

To Gordon Tarrant, for his patience and the skills he taught us in the form of tukutuku and kowhaiwhai.

To Mita Carter for spending two days with us in the southern Wairarapa, telling us the history not only of the local landmarks but also of the surrounding coastal areas.

To our elders, the Rev. Duncan Hemi, Charles Mohi, Hine Paiwai, and especially to Tom Gemmell who organised our entire programme, and still had to teach school! To these elders for their help with whaikorero and karanga: thank you.

And last but not least to Jim Templeton and Keith Cairns our historian of the Wairarapa. Before the wananga started my brother-in-law said to me, "Listen to this guy, he'll impress you." That was an understatement. If there were

more people with the knowledge this man has we could only benefit from what they have to share.

In the beginning when I was asked to come along to this wananga, I must admit I had certain reservations. I didn't really have a clue what it was all about, though perhaps my doubts were not as strong as some of the group to whom the thought of living, eating, sleeping and learning together was way out. My attitude was really one of indifference. In my mind I was a "Pakeha Maori", plodding along in my lane in life, minding my own business and doing what I was told.

Well, I'm still doing what I'm told, but no longer am I the Pakeha Maori. Now I'm the Maori who can stand on the marae and have something to identify with. For during the past two weeks I've found something that I hadn't even known was missing.

And everyone else in our family agrees with that. I use the word "family" because after two weeks you can't help but develop a sense of belonging to one family.

And something we'd like to say to Maori Affairs: *how come you've never done this before?*

**DAVID MCKINLEY**  
Kurunui College  
Greytown

## KIDS' QUOTES

*Some of the younger children's remarks and opinions were very illuminating, and others were plain hilarious. Here are some of the comments which came to our attention.*

*After hearing about our tribe from these fellers, I don't think I want to belong. It all sounds a bit too hardcase for me!*

*Ka pai.*

*Massive!*

*I have met a lot more of my relations and found they are really quite nice.*

*The parts that I did not like was when we had to get up at six o'clock and go out for runs. Every night when we had to go to sleep everybody kept on making weird noises . . . Thank you for picking good buses instead of old buses.*

*The hui should have been longer. The hui was too short, and just when we were getting to know everyone it ended.*

*I was disappointed because we could not go to Kapiti.*



*Left Eddie Flavell (right) of Auckland looks a bit nonplussed by the hangi procedure. His mate Mark Claricich (left) looks more at home, but then he is. Eddie was visiting Mark's marae at Opononi.*

NORTHERN ADVOCATE

*Below Not all the activities took place in country areas. Here are a few of the 500 young people in the Wellington area who were unable to return to their tribal areas, so enjoyed wananga programmes in the city. Another 1,500 young Aucklanders were catered for in the same way.*

(continued from page 10)

various Maori organisations and individuals. So another yardstick by which the success of the wananga may be measured is the huge and enthusiastic response it has brought from the people. Most of the young people came from the major urban areas, and most of the wananga were rurally based.

But the wananga point the way to variations. Many city children are maintaining the friendships forged away in the country, and they, their parents and other concerned bodies have been looking at plans for continuing schemes in the cities, or have invited their country whanaunga back to their homes to return the hospitality. The sense of identity the wananga inspired has been of benefit to all concerned — and stands to benefit even those who were not concerned, for the thinking behind this and other related programmes is that what is good for Maoridom must ultimately be good for the whole of New Zealand.



*Everybody was so good to everybody and I met lots of friends and aunts and uncles.*

**Kei te hoha au!**

*It was hard work . . . and no holiday!*

If our tupunas had taught us we wouldn't have needed this trip.

**I'm going to go home to Auckland and tell my brothers and sisters what it's all about being Maori.**

Thank you for telling us all the things you can do with seaweed — which isn't much.

The thing I disliked was that we did not have time to really get down and study.

*I reckon the hui turned out really good. But sometimes it got a bit slack. What I mean is that when we have to go inside the meeting house and then one of the adults got up and talked to us about something, well once they start talking they can't stop.*

NORTHERN ADVOCATE



**Above** Another Northland scene, as children pose for this picture on the Waitangi National Marae. They were some of forty from the Whangarei area who spent a week in the Bay of Islands. From left: Donna Adams, 12, Marianne Kereopa, 11, Errol Potter, 13, Dale Rawiri, 12, Cedric Wright, 11, Bossie Clark, 11, Josephine Edwards, 11, and Desiree Davis, 10.

**Left** Rotorua children relax in the meeting house at Awahou. "Some of these children", said community officer Trevor Maxwell, "had never been out of the city." Many had never before visited the Arts and Crafts Institute at Whakarewarewa, even though it is a stone's throw away.

**Below** Sixty Wellington, Wainuiomata and Hutt Valley Maori children visited their tribal home on the East Coast. Here they are at Poho-o-Rawiri marae, Gisborne, before returning home again.



At Ngati Toa it was alright, especially the feeds.

*The things I didn't like were when we had to get up early in the morning and we had to go running and at 6.00 o'clock too. I hated doing the dishes.*

**I'm eleven years old. I like sleeping by my relations and learning about Maoritanga and I didn't like hangi. I don't like standing up to talk. I liked going to different marae and meeting Maori kuia. It was good fun.**

*I have found it very interesting to find out about my Maoritanga and tipunas. I hope that there will be more Maori children in a wananga.*

**I liked talking about our people and other tribes and how we are related through our whakapapa . . . that makes me feel proud to be a Maori.**

GISBORNE HERALD



# SYDNEY TANGA?

## *A personal view*

**Our people's story is full of migrations: to New Zealand, then (for some tribes) around New Zealand, and then from the country to the cities. Now a new migration seems to be under way – to Australia. In the first of a series of articles which will look at the trans-Tasman Maori scene, Tainui Stephens describes his impressions of Sydney.**

**Tainui, of Te Rarawa, comes from Ahipara and studied at Canterbury University. He and his fiancée Poto Murray were particularly interested in Sydney's cultural activities – but were disappointed by what they discovered. Tainui explains why . . . .**

Sydney has become Auckland's largest "western suburb", with a large population of New Zealanders. The number of Maori people in the eastern suburbs of Bondi and Bondi Junction has become legendary; so, unfortunately, has their unsavoury reputation thanks to the activities of a few.

We chose Sydney as the place to go nevertheless. Not only were there financial opportunities; not only was it supposed to be one of the world's great cities, exciting and bursting with energy and activity; but most importantly we had heard that there was a large number of Maori cultural groups and associated activities – including a festival in February.

Sydney was indeed big and bright, and everything people said it was. But the rat race, the pollution, the high-pressure lifestyle, the callous attitudes of people towards each other – these meant that we settled down to the big city life with some mild reluctance, even after we had secured employment.

Our first contact with the Maori of Sydney came with a request for us to perform with a small group in Martin Place, a public focal point not unlike the Square in Christchurch or Cuba Mall in Wellington. The occasion was a sort of mini-ethnic festival, with many other peoples being represented. Our performance was followed by a Pakeha entertainment duo offering a potpourri of Polynesian dance. It was embarrassing to say the least, and a good example of the attitude in Australia towards Maori culture (and, I suspect, towards culture in general).

She was a very able dancer, but it did not detract from her mini-piupiu with bikini bottom and a very tight bodice which displayed to the culture-hungry lunchtime vultures a bosom that made Dolly Parton's look as flat as the Canterbury Plains. In the song "Haere mai nga iwi" her bottom half was performing a hula while her top half gave a tai chi demonstration. This erotic ethnicity went not unnoticed by the salivating crowds as their impressions of Maori dance were led wildly astray. This wasn't all. Her pronunciation of our language was as unbearable as the "Ayotear" wool and "Teekow" carpet advertisements we have to bear on New Zealand television.

I felt a little sorry for her as she was clearly embarrassed to be performing immediately after our women, who are very proficient. Nevertheless, it was becoming clear that some people are exploiting our culture for commercial gain.

We lost no time in involving ourselves in one of the several cultural groups which flourish in Sydney. Ours was based in the major western suburb of Parramatta. At our first practice

we prepared ourselves for the mihi which, as manuhiri and new members, we expected to receive. After all, this was a welcome extended to every visitor in every group we had ever been involved with in New Zealand. But there were no formal introductions, and we were obliged to make ourselves known to other members of the group. The practice started with a younger member saying a karakia – in English. Although I do not wish to sound overly critical, I firmly believe that a Maori club should foster the use of the Maori language, and by the relatively simple and painless process of reciting even a short prayer in our native tongue, much can be contributed to the atmosphere in which a club operates.

When asked to translate the words of an action song which was being rehearsed for the competitions, I pointed out a few errors in the grammar. One was so major as to make nonsense of the words. But the group refused to acknowledge the mistakes and continued to sing a song which made no sense right up to the night of the festival.

The suggestion that a small group get together each week to learn language, kawa and a few of the more traditional waiata met with enthusiasm, but not much eventuated.

But to me the most glaring example of ignorance and intolerance of Maori tradition occurred during a powhiri for manuhiri from New Zealand. After the mihi all the tangata whenua sat down. I inquired incredulously if there was to be a hongī. I was told that nobody was very interested in that old-fashioned sort of thing any more. This upset Poto and me greatly, as we always had and always will regard the hongī as integral to a powhiri. It seems to me that this deliberate neglect for the sake of convenience, and to save embarrassment through ignorance, augurs badly for the future, and especially for the future generations of Maori born in Australia. These careless attitudes will make it difficult for them to practice what they might be taught by a few concerned teachers.

At the Polynesian festival itself there was a great deal of enthusiasm from performers and audience alike. I must admit that I have never seen so many Maori turn up on time for events. However, gaudy costumes, jazzy up-tempo rhythms and a noticeable lack of traditional items detracted somewhat from the real purpose of such festivals, which I believe to be to revive, regenerate and evolve the art forms, not to make pop songs to hit the haka boogie charts! I wasn't the only one who remained unimpressed by the show-biz elements. As one koroua who had come over to Sydney said after watching an adult and children's group: "The adults' group was all right as entertainment, but the children's group far outshone them in terms of maoritanga."

Australia is indeed a land of opportunity where the Maori people can utilise their every initiative for their physical and material wellbeing. But for a large number of Aussie Maori, perhaps material considerations have outstripped cultural ones. The entertainment circuit is very lucrative and there are many Maori entertainers. But money is not relevant to maoritanga. More important, when so much rampant enthusiasm is shown by many young Maori in Sydney, is to pass on the taonga of our tupuna in a concerted effort to retain our identity in a foreign land.

I do not wish to appear intolerant of some of our Australian whanaunga. I have merely put down impressions gained from living in Sydney for as long as we could stand it – about six months. But I do believe that our culture must evolve as naturally as possible, and not simply for the sake of convenience or profit.

There is a challenge in Sydney for all who are interested in retaining the best of our traditions. It is likely that the Maori of Australia are adapting to a new home, and when settled will elect once again to pursue the priceless treasures of our tupuna, which are ultimately worth more than money.

I would like to think so.

# “POLYPREF”

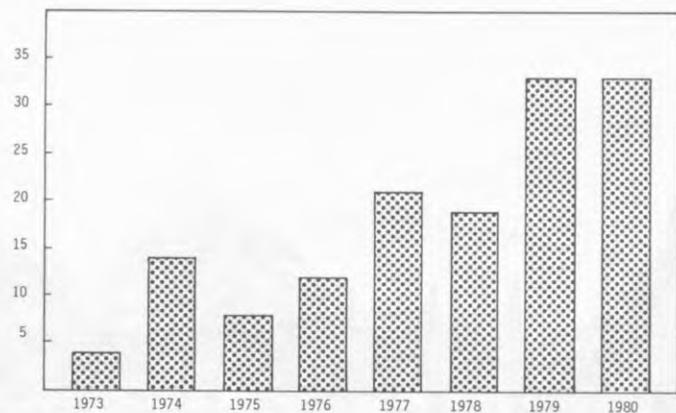
## Necessity or discrimination?

Colin D. Mantell, himself a Maori, is Professor of Gynaecology at Auckland Medical School. In this article he talks about Polynesian preference entry schemes, designed to encourage more bright Polynesian students to take the long, hard road leading to medical qualifications. The scheme at Auckland, which has been approved under the terms of the Race Relations Act, has had its critics. Nevertheless, Professor Mantell feels that the scheme has value: we need more Maori doctors for the inspiration and the service they can provide.

In the thirty years between 1950 and 1980 only fourteen Maori and only a mere handful of Polynesian doctors graduated from N.Z. medical school. In the same period the Maori population raced from 115,000 to 280,000, while the Pacific Island population in Auckland alone reached 39,000 and for New Zealand as a whole 61,000. The so-called Polynesian Preference Scheme, designed to assist Maori and Polynesian students gain entry to medical school, has been of marginal benefit, but why were so few Polynesians qualifying?

The study of medicine is a long and arduous struggle and one which not all bright students are prepared to contemplate. However, a more major factor was the small number of Maori students reaching the necessary academic standard to be even considered for medicine. For example, a Pakeha student was seven times more likely to reach the seventh form. There were simply not enough students able to make the grade through School Certificate, University Entrance and Bursary examinations, let alone stand much chance of succeeding at the science subjects at university.

One can imagine the joy and pride we can now have in seeing the increasing figures of well-qualified Maori and Pacific Island students applying for entry to Auckland Medical School under the Polynesian Preference Scheme. The figures speak for themselves – only four in 1973 to thirty-three in 1980. Furthermore, the number with good academic grades is also increasing.



Maori and Polynesian students applying for entry to Auckland Medical School 1973-8

The system at Otago Medical School requires students leaving secondary school to do an intermediate year at university before competing for a place in the second-year medicine class. The competition is high, with only about a third of suitably qualified applicants gaining a place. The scheme at the much younger Auckland Medical School is different, with students applying from school for a place in the first-year class – again, this is a difficult assignment with only 110 of the approximately 600 applicants gaining places.

Why then, do we need a preference scheme for entry to medical school? The reasons are quite clear. To gain entry to Auckland Medical School, a student would normally require a high A Bursary pass mark and even then 100-150 students with A Bursaries will fail to gain entry. Consequently, there is great competition and without the allowance of the preference scheme few Polynesian students would gain a place. However, are examination marks so vital if we are to produce good doctors? Obviously, they are a means of measuring whether students have sufficient intelligence to cope with the course and this is a very important consideration when one considers the \$100,000 cost of training a doctor. A high pass mark may also indicate that students have developed discipline and study habits to stand them in good stead throughout professional life.



Polynesian Preference students at Auckland Medical School. The carvings, which frame the doorway of the students' common room, are the work of David Tipene-Leach, a sixth-year student (at left in doorway) from Ngati Kahungunu.

Yet, in troubled times, isn't empathy with our people equally as important as examination marks to our country's health services?

It must be emphasised that Maori students chosen to join the medical course are not travelling in the soft lane. Of all Maori eighteen-year-olds, less than 0.5 per cent can be expected to gain a bursary from the seventh form. This compares with approximately 8 per cent of Pakeha youth. The Maori medical students are thus more elite than their Pakeha classmates. The only concession granted to them is at entry. Once in the medical school there are no other concessions – no easier course nor easier pass levels in examinations.

Our community needs Maori doctors, for both the example they can set to inspire Maori youth and for the service they can provide. Our medical schools need Maori students in sufficient numbers to influence each medical class, and all our young girls and boys need to see a career in medicine as a realistic goal for which few may strive.

# WAY UP SOUTH

## News from Te Waipounamu

No doubt some readers will be asking, "How come they're giving so much attention to Te Waipounamu?" Well, one reason is that there has been a lot going on in the south. But the other reason is that Ngaitahu-Ngati Mamoe have taken the trouble to keep us informed, and we cannot keep our readers informed unless *they* keep *us* informed!

Ma muri ano a mua ka totika ai  
Awhinatia mai a Te Kaea  
Whangaia mai ki te korero

It has been a busy six months for the Ngaitahu and other Maori people of Te Waipounamu as a range of projects which have been in the pipeline for several years have begun to come to fruition. Late last year the Minister of Lands returned the ancient Takahanga site at Kaikoura to the people, and the upper part of the nine-acre reserve was promptly dedicated as a marae and the tapu lifted by 350 people led by Ngaitahu kaumatua, Riki Te M. Ellison. Archaeological work required by the Historic Places Trust before development can proceed has been carried out by the tangata whenua under the direction of Mike Trotter of the Canterbury Museum, and they are currently coping with the requirements of the Town and Country Planning Act. A small marae – about a "bus and a half" – is planned for the site.

In early November the Poutini Ngaitahu in the form of the Mawhera Incorporation opened their first investment leaseback project in central Greymouth. The building, which was named Poutini House after the taniwha which is the guardian spirit of the western coast of Waipounamu, is a two-storeyed retail furnishing complex leased to one of Greymouth's most enterprising businessmen, Mr Roy Anderson. Costing in excess of \$310,000 and built by Fletcher Developments Ltd, the project was financed jointly by the Maori Trustee and the ANZ Bank. Built on the site of two

*Below Araiteuru: an artist's impression.*



FRANK SIMPSON

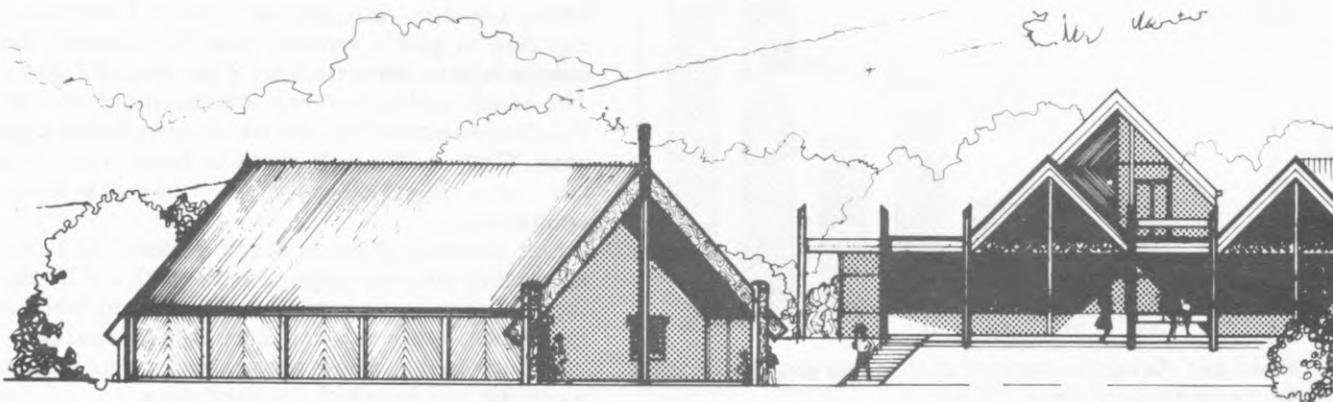
*Above* Mawhera Incorporation chairman, Stephen O'Regan, with the manager of Fletcher Developments in the South Island at the opening of Poutini House in Greymouth. With them is Selwyn Toogood, himself of Ngaitahu-Ngati Mamoe descent.

*Opposite top* Mr Ranapia Mana puts the finishing touches to his carvings for the new dining hall at Rehua, Christchurch.

*Opposite below* Te Arikiniui Dame Te Atairangi Kaahu and her husband, Whatumoana Paki, in front of the Rehua dining hall.

demolished buildings on the prime commercial intersection in the town, Poutini House was described by Mawhera Chairman, Stephen O'Regan, as a mark of faith in the future. "We are serving notice on the West Coast community", he said, "that the Maori owners are not going to be passive rent collectors but active participants in the West Coast economy".

February saw the opening of two major marae projects which will be of great importance to the development of the South's Maori future. The traditional Ngaitahu marae have seen much renovation and renewal in recent years, with the new Rapaki wharekai probably the most ambitious so far. However the dominating fact of Maori life in the region is the steady migration of northern Maori into the ancient boundaries of the Ngaitahu people, and it is in the urban scene that





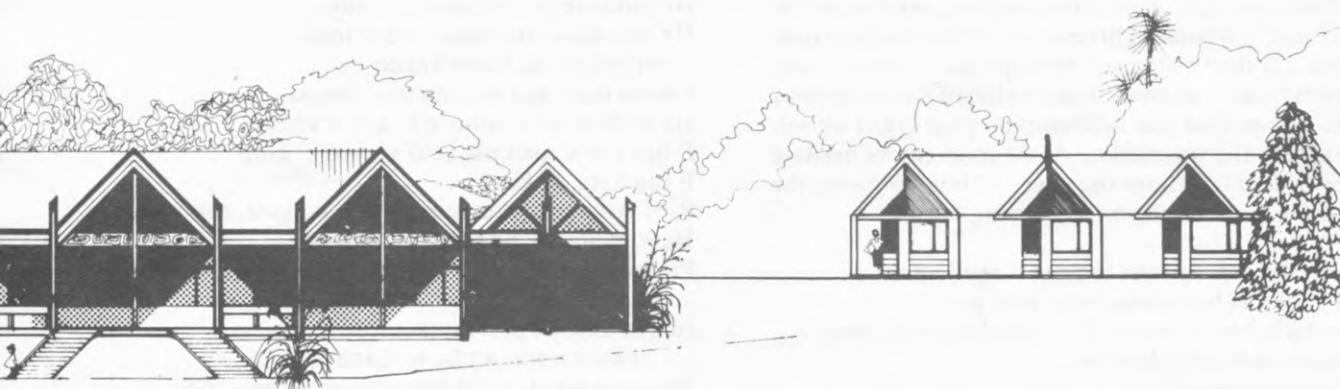
new relationships are being forged and old ones changed. The first stage of the new Araiteuru marae in Dunedin's Kaikorai valley was opened in brilliant sunshine by Ben Couch, the Minister of Maori Affairs, and provided the opportunity for some careful statement on the nature of a cross-tribal marae. One of these by Dunedin's Ngaitahu kaumatua was to the effect that on the traditional marae of the region the manawhenua of Ngaitahu was supreme but on the new marae they saw themselves as no more important (but certainly *no less*) than the other tribes represented.

The other big urban project was launched in Christchurch with the opening by a big ope of Waikato led by Dame Te Atairangi Kaahu of the new wharekai on the Rehua marae in Springfield Road. Named after Hemokiteraki, the wife of Tahupotiki and the founding womb of the Ngaitahu people, the new wharekai and ablution facilities bring the marae to a complete functioning whole and mark its independence from the adjoining Rehua Hostel with which its history is so intimately connected. Originally a part of the Rehua hostel complex, the marae is now separately vested in the "Ngaitahu kaumatua and their invitees". These "invitees" are in fact the Rehua old boys living in Christchurch who have been the driving force in the development. The close involvement and association with the Ngaitahu kaumatua renders the Rehua development another variation on the multi-tribal theme — another approach by Waipounamu people to the shaping of their Maori future.

The most ambitious undertaking by Maori in Waipounamu, though, is the shortly to be opened Te Waipounamu House which already dominates Armagh Street, in commercial downtown Christchurch. This six-storey office building, which stretches from Armagh Street through to Oxford Terrace on the banks of the Avon River is a strata title development fifty per cent owned by the Ngaitahu Maori Trust Board, which will have its new boardrooms on the top floor. The administration of the Board's affairs and those of a number of Ngaitahu tribal enterprises, including the Ma-whera Incorporation, will be centred in this new building.

With an annual income from the Crown of \$20,000, the Board currently pays out approximately \$50,000 in grants to its beneficiaries each year, figures which demonstrate that its investment policy is at least giving inflation a run for its money.

The Ngaitahu Trust Board has adopted a policy of selling off its North Island investments and shifting the tribal capital home within its own area. As this process continues we can expect to see other new Maori undertakings within the Ngaitahu rohe, the farthest spread of any Maori tribe.



# THE REAL AOTEAROA

**We hope this story is the start of a regular series on Maori place names. Appropriately enough, we begin with Aotearoa. But you can forget any ideas about the Land of the Long White Cloud. This is the Ngapuhi version. . . .**

There are a number of special hills in Ngapuhi territory. Each was chosen as a sacred pou, and attached to each was a whare wananga to keep alive the lore and traditions of the region and its people. This story, which belongs to all the tribes of Tai Tokerau, is told according to the traditions of the Ramaroa pou.

Ramaroa is a mountain standing behind Whirinaki on Hokianga Harbour. When approaching the harbour from the sea, it is the first point of land to be seen over the horizon.

Kupe came to what we now know as New Zealand by following the migrating birds. On his arrival the country was still undergoing volcanic activity; the land heaved, throwing up mountains. He sailed northwards along the coast until he reached a region where the land was stable, and off the mouth of Hokianga Harbour he saw a light coming from a high hill on the harbour's southern side. This seemed different from the volcanic mountains of the south, which gave out a flickering light. This one gave out a steady ray of light like a beacon. Kupe named it Ramaroa — "long torch" — and the small bay on the other side of the harbour upon which the light fell he called Pouahi — "pillar of fire".

Later Kupe passed on navigational directions to enable others to reach this land. His instructions were to follow Jupiter to the west, to steer by the Milky Way and find the

Southern Cross. Then a land would be found with a west-facing harbour. When asked how this harbour could be identified, Kupe explained that beside it was the mountain Ramaroa, and on it was the beacon — Aotearoa.

Sometimes when the wind is blowing from the west, when the moon is full or occasionally at sunset, the real meaning of the name given by Kupe can be seen even today. On the slopes of Ramaroa is a waterfall. With the right wind, it is blown in a long misty streak across the face of the mountain. The light of the setting sun or full moon hits this misty spray, illuminating it like a bright, misty, long torch.

This is the real meaning of the name Aotearoa. It is the Ngapuhi contention that the name has been much mistranslated and much misunderstood in the past. Those approaching Hokianga Harbour in the right conditions can appreciate for themselves the true meaning of Aotearoa — bright, misty and long.

The following is a tauparapara used by Ngapuhi in which some of the sacred pou are named:

Pihangatohora titiro ki Ramaroa  
Te Ramaroa titiro ki Whiria  
Whiria\*titiro ki Pangura ki Papata  
Panguru titiro ki Maungataniwha  
Maungataniwha titiro ki Tokerau  
Tokerau titiro ki Raumangamanga  
Raumangamanga titiro ki Manaia  
Manaia titiro ki Tutemoi  
Tutemoi titiro ki Pihangatohora

---

## NGA PEPEHA ME NGA WHAKATAUKI A NGA MATUA TIPUNA

From time to time people have approached the Department of Maori Affairs with sayings and proverbs, wanting to know more about them. Sometimes we are able to help. But in many cases we have been unaware ourselves of the origin and background — and therefore the true significance and meaning — of such pepeha and whakatauki. Over the years we have built up a collection of these sayings, and we invite you to help us throw some light on them. Where do they come from? How did they originate? Perhaps one of those listed below comes from your area, or you've heard it used on your marae. If so, write to us (our address is on page 1) and we will print your story and translation. At the moment we hesitate even to provide translations ourselves without knowing the circumstances in which the originals were born.

Titiro karapa rua, ka taka te paua o nga kanohi  
He ahi kouka ki te awatea, he ai ki te po  
He koura kia awe te whero, he aruhe kia awe te papa  
He manako te koura i kore ai  
He manawa te tina

He kiri ki waho, he puku ki roto  
He koanga tangata tahi, he ngahuru puta noa  
He kaha ui te kaha  
Ki te ro ro iti a haere, otira kia mau te tokanga nui a noho  
Kaua e tirohia te pai  
He pounamu kakano rua  
He pukai te pu, he pukai te rongo  
He rata te rakau i takahia e te moa  
E riri kai po, ka haere kai ao  
I motu mai i hea te rimu o te moana  
He mahi te aata noho, e ki ana a wheke  
E tipi e te waha i uia hoki ko wai ki muri  
E rua tonu au ki au  
Rori taura, pa taku panehe, rori tangata, rori waiho  
He roimata ua, he roimata tangata  
Pipitori nga kanohi, kokotaia nga waewae, whenua i  
mamao, tenei rawa  
Iti noa ana, he pito mata  
He iti kopua wai, ka he te manawa  
Matua te wairua ki te po, e koroingo ana ano

# E TO E TE RA I WAHO O MOTU

## na Maaka Jones

Maaka Jones belongs to Whanau-A-Apanui and Ngai Tahu. She lives in Wellington, where she works at the Correspondence School teaching Maori at all levels.

### GO DOWN, O SUN, FROM THE MOTU RIVER

Go down, o sun, out from the Motu River  
And over the horizon at Whakaari Island  
Your going down, down to the underworld  
Is a journey we all make, my friend  
You cannot pause or turn from your path  
But move unflinching in sorrow and farewell  
To the world of light and men turning cold  
As the lights glint on your face  
The sword-lights you sharpen – for what?

Your desires are beyond Whakaari, out of reach, and though Ranginui tries to turn you with his hanging ropes of cloud, not even he can hold you back in your wild haste.

Don't think to lure me with your tricks –ahaha! You stab the watery body of Whakaari, both of you struggling together – until you're sucked down. You jumped wildly, not caring, and now you drown. Tangaroa's octopus tightens around your throat, makes you slide down deep into the water, makes the empty shells of light flicker out in your ghost lying on Kiwa's great sea. Now you make the ocean red with light – but briefly, for the evening maid pulls her cloak around the world. Guard yourselves now, guard yourselves!

Whakaari island stands out at sea a lover abandoned. For now only the slap of the sea on the shore can be heard.

The lone shag skips from one pool to the next, and so do my silent thoughts. What food for thought you are, o sun, sinking, dying at the twelfth hour. Only when you come alive again will I see the light of another new day.

E tō e te rā i waho o Mōtu i te pae raro o Whakaari  
Pumau ana tō heke i tō heke raro e hika e – e  
Kore rawa koe te tatari noa ki te huringa muri e  
Engari māro ana tō tū ki te poroporoaki mai e  
Ki te Ao mārama ki te Ao tangata, ki te Ao hurihuri  
Tiahoaho ana te murara mai o tōu kānohi  
Whakakoi ana ko i āu hoari hei aha e e

Tera pea kei tua o te pae-raro o Whakaari tāu e hiahia nei. Ahakoa a Ranginui i whakapekapeka i tō huarahi ki nga taura kapua kore rawa koe mō te tōmuri e.

Pohēhē ana koe ka whai atu āu e, i au mahi maminga! Aha! ha! Taotū ana i a koe te paeraro o Whakaari. Kākari mai ana kōrua – riro atu ana koe i te paeraro. Tōtohe ana koe ki te haere i tau haere ā, toromi ana koe. Nanati ana te wheke a Tangaroa i tō kaki – Whakatahataha ana to haere, whakatakataka ana moata i muri tonu mai i to whakaahuatanga i a koe i runga i te kare o te wai o te Moana-nui-a-kiwa. Piata ana te moana i a koe, engari kua timata kē a Hine-ahiahi ki te toha i tana huru. Kia hiwa ra! Kia hiwa ra!

Mokemoke ana te tū a Whakaari i waho o te moana. Ano he whenua mahue. Ko te kare anake o te ia o te moana e papaki kau ana i te akau e rongonā atu ana.

Rere pōpoto noa, te rere a te kawau i runga i ngā wai popokorua – he kai rā mā taku noho puku e. E to e te rā, E moe ē te rā i tekau-ma-rua e. Hei tō hokinga mai ka Ao, Ka Ao, ka awatea!

## DON'T MISS THE NEXT KAEA!

Bigger and brighter than ever, **Te Kaea** will have more pages, more stories and more pictures – and still at the same price! Fill in the subscription form at the back of this issue now in case you miss out.

Our next issue is timed to appear for National Maori Language Week, and there will be plenty of information on what's happening around the country, on radio and TV, to promote te reo Maori.

In addition we'll be bringing you:

- A special crash course in Maori
- Pictures from Hoani Waititi marae, Ngati Poneke marae and the Turangawaewae coronation hui
- A tribute to Auckland's beloved Aunti Hope
- An assessment of the historic hui for the kaumatua of Maoridom
- A look at why so many young Maori women are unhappy with their traditional roles
- How Te Kaha got its name!
- A crossword puzzle that works
- A look at Pakeha extremist groups
- And much, much more

Last issue we printed two of the winning Ngarimu V.C. essays. Here are extracts from some of those essays which didn't quite make it.

- Two basic factors which can destroy a Maori's personal tapu and mana are women and food. Someone has said they are the only things worth living for.
- Until the Europeans came the Maoris were free from diseases apart from their own.
- In Captain Cook's time two warriors would fight to the death. Such challenges were dead serious.
- There were the small houses in which normal people lives – then there were the larger ones.
- The Maori of today often has his tatoos painted on with vegetable dye. There are a great amount of Maoris who are pakhearised.
- In olden times the Maoris used to sleep in the mating house.
- Looking back I realised that a great sea lay before us.
- The men were busy day and night calving.
- Today Maoris wear anything from jeans to long johns.

## What our students are doing – and what they're being taught

### THE FUNERAL

#### A Test of Love

The death of their mother came as a real shock.

She was so young, vital and full of life.

She was taken away one day. We were very sad and could not find any words that would heal the family sorrow. The mother of nine children. They wept at her side, and searched each other for comfort. Their father was all that they had left for security and love. They clung to him like dry lips to water. They dreaded the day when she was to be buried.

When the time came their weeping was painful to our ears. I couldn't bear to hear it any more. Everyone was weeping. Slowly tears came to my eyes. They were crying, and through their tears I heard them say, Mummy! Mummy! Wake up! Wake up! The youngest child was confused, but still he sensed his mum was not going to wake up. The older children were lucky. They understood the meaning of death. People from far and wide came to pay their respects to the dead woman. Some made speeches about the good she did while she was alive. But Why?, I asked in the back of my mind. Why her? She was such a beautiful person. Why, God?

Slowly I answered my question. He's putting us through a test. A test of what is meant to bring a family close together. Unity! I wanted to yell, that's what it is; to show our love for one another here on earth. And now in my mind these words linger:

*In Memory of Malaahi Davis and Lest we forget.*

**GEORGINA NGAPERERA**

Broadwood Area School  
(Ngapuhi)

### A POEM

In the cold night air  
A breeze stirred the trees  
I fell:  
    Into the wayside  
    Into the gutter  
They expected this from my blood  
From my mixed peoples  
Yet I arose:  
    Into a new life  
    Into an education  
They gave credit to my European blood only  
As I became agile in the mind and the spirit  
Now I stand tall:  
    Mocking those who once mocked me  
    Mocking those who did not believe a  
Maori had the power to better herself.  
HA!

**MARIA DUFFY**

St Catherine's School, Wellington  
(Ngati Porou)

### HOW TO TRAIN STEREOTYPISTS

Here is an extract from a typing manual called *Students Typing Training*, published in Australia by Pitman but used extensively in New Zealand too.

#### Beautiful Maoriland

Maoris still sit in the park along the riverbank, drinking their soft drink from the bottle and enjoying their fish and chips, relaxed and happy in the sunshine . . . the merry dark eyes, the lustrous hair, the flashing teeth, the handsome faces and soft singing voices of the East Coast Maoris enliven the town. This is the home of the Ngati Kahungunu tribe, whose ancestors landed at Mahia more than 600 years ago in the canoe Takitimu.

This kind of stuff may be excellent for young New Zealanders anxious to learn all about typing, but it won't teach them anything useful about people . . .

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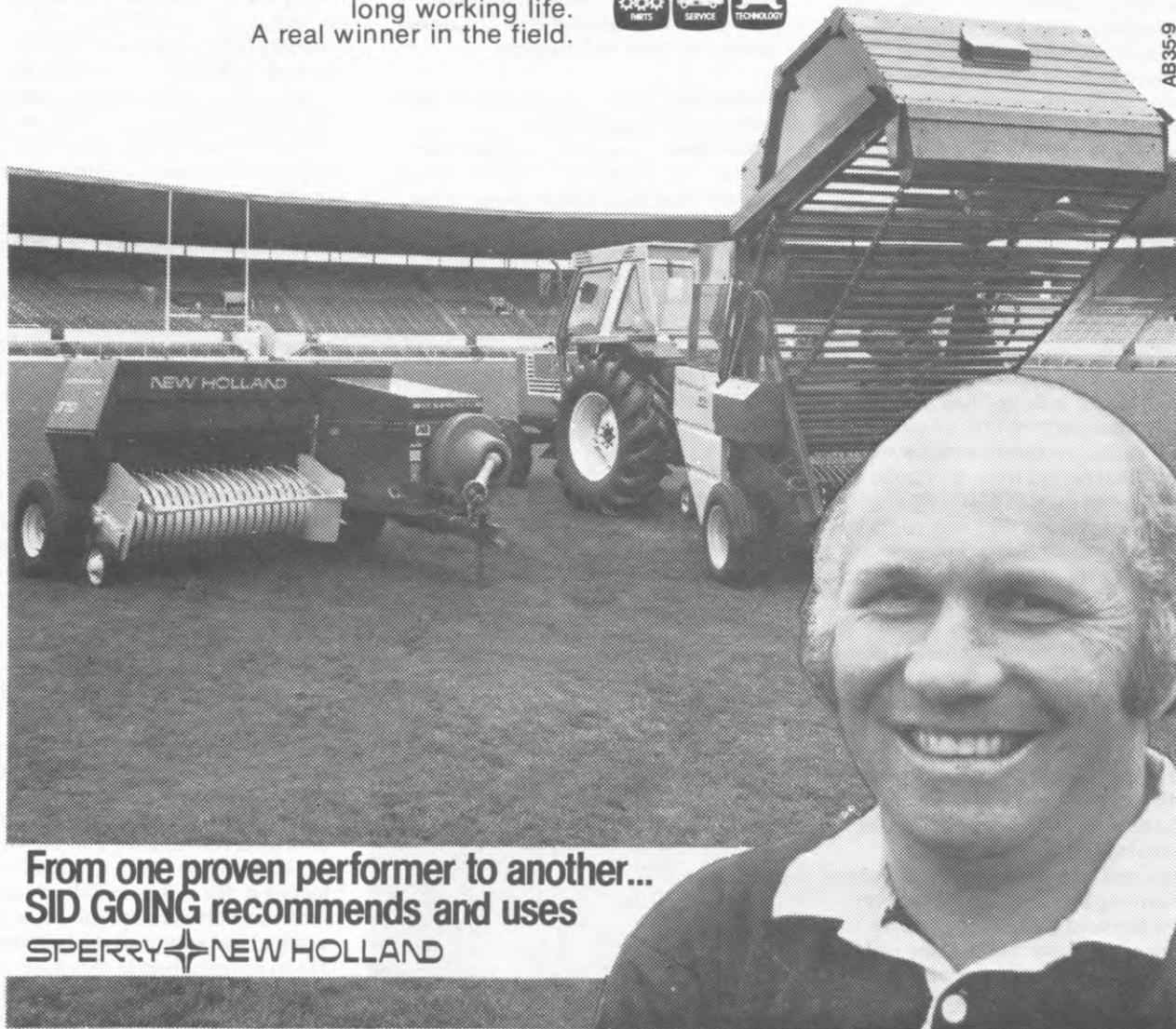
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# NEW BOOKS

## ART OF THE PACIFIC

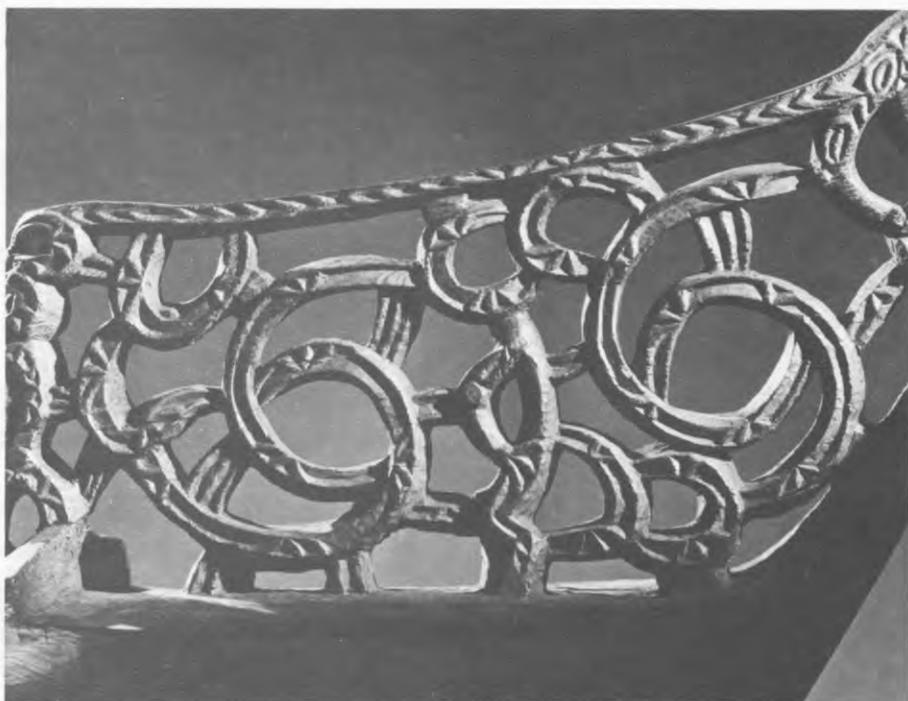
Brian Brake, James McNeish and David Simmons

Oxford University Press in association with the Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council: \$39.95

Few New Zealand books have been heralded with as much well-orchestrated acclaim in the media and the press as that which has been accorded *Art of the Pacific*. It has even achieved that near unique distinction of two full pages of praise in the *Listener* at the hands of no less a reviewer than Bruce Mason. So generously has it been baptised in adjectives that it is with hesitation that a differing perspective is put forward in this review.

This large book is in itself a taonga in that it is beautifully made – a museum without walls within which the taonga of the Pacific which are stored in some of New Zealand's museum collections are displayed by Brian Brake's camera. Brake is a photographer whose craft has been refined into art. His art is to reveal for us the art of other and unknown artists – the old people of the Pacific world who shaped into these things their beliefs, their dreams and their idea of what was beautiful. He presents us with his view of 166 different taonga from the Pacific and from different parts of Maori New Zealand. As pictures they are superb but they are very much Brake's pictures and I am uneasy as to the extent that his vision interferes with the quality of the taonga that the old artists produced. I turned to the pictures of those things that I know well, that I have sat gazing at in wonder for a fair part of my life and I knew that Brake saw them very differently. He was fascinated, for instance by the head of the great rei puta in the Canterbury Museum and he cropped the picture. We are faced by the head with its slanted, menacing eyes staring out from a darkened background and that's all. The rest of the long curving body and the intricately woven flax cord which is so perfectly integrated, so much a part of the whole, is denied us. Though I appreciated the way in which the clever lighting has emphasised the rich, mellow quality of the bone I felt cheated – it was as though the thing itself had been broken, that there was something to hide.

Much the same sort of thing can be said of the effects that are used to show off the pounamus, the adzes and some of



*Maori carving from the four winds*

*Above* Detail of an 18th-century canoe prow from the Mokau district of Taranaki, now in the Auckland Museum.

*Below* This unusual carving, which can be seen in the Canterbury Museum, Christchurch, was found in a cave near Sumner. It was probably carved in the 17th century. Less than 8 cm in length, it may have been an amulet.

*Opposite left* A carved bone box from the Bay of Islands. A metre in length, it dates from the 18th century or earlier. Such boxes contained the scraped and painted bones of the dead, but were also designed to frighten anyone who might accidentally come across a cave burial place.

*Opposite right* An ancestor portrayed on a centre pole in a house from the Waiapu Valley. The house belonged to Te Wharehinga, a chief of Ngati Porou. This figure was carved about 1850. Like the bone box, it can be seen in the Auckland Museum.



the carving detail. They were respected and familiar friends that I did not readily recognise. The taonga that I do not know so well, or even at all, I rejoiced in meeting. The pictures are superbly crafted, kaikanohi – a feast for the eye. I could delight in the caring precision with which these things were made, wonder at the kind of society that could afford to impart such beauty to simple things. I could sense the art in artefact. The joy is tinged, though, with reserve. Would those who feel possessive about the things that were new to me feel as I did about the photographer's intrusion into my vision? Or would they, in a more generous spirit, respond to another man's eye and feel enlarged, their own awareness expanded? These less resentful souls will be able to feel with their eyes the worn and handled quality in the carved flute, the stark carving of the bone casket uncaressed and spiritually isolate. They will touch the matt blacks and reds and feel the texture of the symmetrically woven lashings. Brake the artist will have served them. He does not spring open my own half-closed eyes.

David Simmons of the Auckland Museum introduces the collections from which these taonga are drawn with a lucid and up-to-date introduction encompassing the origins, distribution and artistic cultures of the Pacific peoples represented. Each group of artefacts is treated to its own introduction in crisp, informed, commentary and each article has its own note which identifies and locates it. His task is confidently and professionally accomplished. For those of us who have witnessed the recharging of Maori communities as they have rediscovered tribal arts and skills and sensed the communal power as marae have been renewed, Simmons's line:

"Identity can be lost in a changing world, art can give it back"

has a ring of truth that cannot be denied. James McNeish contributes immaculately polished interviews with



BRIAN BRAKE

contemporary people of the areas from which the taonga originally came or, less usefully, from people who just happen to be contemporary. This is superb journalism of a tried format that McNeish has offered us with distinction in earlier work. In this context however it is incidental, almost irrelevant. I am reminded of my old Latin teacher, anxious always to encourage, who would console me for some stupid answer with "No, no boy! It would do very well for another question, though!"

The bulk of these interviews should have been published in his earlier *Larks in a Paradise*, or in another volume of the same type. They are excellent in themselves, they convey rich insights into people, but they do not belong here.

If the interview approach was to be used it should have had a much more controlled focus. How do the contemporary inheritors of Pacific cultures infuse the things they make with beauty? How do they see the things their tupuna made? How does the artistic and creative urge survive and flourish in their lives?

Throughout the Pacific the indigenous arts are thrusting back, nourished in the flames of cultural renewal, vitalised by tools and techniques that our forebears would have seized with avidity. The time is past for bemoaning shattered culture and the destruction of past things. The old taonga are inspiration, like language and the other arts, to the fresh, confident regrowth of cultural identity and expression.

It is not enough for the Western Ozymandias to sip his sherry and make tears for past beauty. He must also recognise that the heritage from which the beauty sprang is a continuing heritage, bruised like all well worn



BRIAN BRAKE

heritage, but living. Simmons, in closing his introduction, recognises this:

"Successive attacks on the religious and social fabrics of Pacific societies have damaged the context of the mana but the new artists rising out of the chaos of conflicting values and conventions are making images and symbols in which can be seen a rebirth, not only of art, but of social pride."

With one notable exception the point seems to have by-passed McNeish. That exception is contained in a piece called "The Pedestal", an interview with a Maori carver working in a New Zealand provincial town. It is frank and honest, stripped of the mystique so frequently attributed to custom and to carving. His regrets and his frustrations surge out but he cannot disguise his compulsion to create. People such as this exist in all societies and they are certainly present in the societies McNeish visited. It is a shame that he by-passed them.

Apart from the frontline artists, what about the ordinary people at Whakatane, at Manutuke, at Koriniti and Kaikoura? The ones who are weaving into their lives the threads of their own artistic roots? What are their feelings? How do they see the beauty in what they are making and doing? These are the kind of people

McNeish should have been talking to. And he should have been talking about art!

McNeish has a great gift for capturing the spirit and the concerns of ordinary people without in any way diminishing them. This gift could have been used to adorn this book. Instead he has attended too much to the well-rationalised conflicts of educated Maori and Pacific people. He has succumbed to the obsessive fascination that academics seem to have for the destructive elements in cultural conflict, to the fixation with the culturally divided personality. He should at least have balanced this by speaking with some of those who see interaction rather than conflict, who rejoice in their plural personality and who are too busy living it to worry very much about the fiddling inconsistencies in their lives.

I will treasure this book. I will learn from Simmons and I will be provoked by Brake. I will treasure McNeish too but I will be constantly saddened by the knowledge of what he could have given it and annoyed that what he has written is not between different covers.

## MAORI DUNEDIN

Marire Goodall and George Griffiths  
Otago Heritage Books: \$5.85

I can never forget the utter frustration in trying to teach the Maori history of the Wellington region to a group of earnest school teachers. They were enthusiastic and willing and well realised the simple truth that a Maori curriculum should best proceed from the Maori environment which surrounded the child. They were utterly locked though, into their own geographical reference, into Naenae or Porirua, the Hutt or Island Bay. They could not cope with the idea that Maori geography is different and that, together with its associated history, it has different sets of reference from those into which New Zealand is today divided. Maori regions and Maori history are tied to tribal and hapu relationships and just as ancient Maori Wellington relates more to the Wairarapa than to Horowhenua and the Manawatu, so too Maori Dunedin must be seen in the context of its surrounding coast from Moeraki down to Taiari (or The Taiari as it is now known). Maori history only makes sense when it is related to its own boundaries. It is in grave danger of becoming a quaint colouring-in of a Pakeha idea when it is deprived of its own essentially tribal framework.

Marire Goodall knows this well enough but he has been cramped and his story distorted by the publisher's determination to confine *Maori Dunedin* to the Pakeha — drawn boundaries of Pakeha Dunedin. After approximately five columns of introduction this little book reaches out to the regional Maori reference points only rarely and then almost furtively.

This jointly authored book has been published to coincide with the opening of Stage 1 of the new Dunedin Marae, Araiteuru, so the fixation with contemporary boundaries is probably understandable. The authors go so far as to note:

“We are at all times concerned only with the viewpoint of residents in urban Dunedin.”

This tightly constrained concern places severe limitations on the Maori adequacy of the book.

The new marae, Araiteuru, in the Kaikorai valley commands a separate chapter in its own right and the story of the name Araiteuru another. This will be valuable in the future. Few marae have fully recorded the enormous human effort and commitment that goes into their creation, the backbreaking, and often lonely, dedication that finally sees them standing proudly as a symbol of Maori community, as a mark of hope. A useful testament to that effort and those who made it is contained here as well as some indication of the dreams that powered the sweat, the idea that Araiteuru might succeed in harbouring within its mana the mosaic of tribes that constitute modern Maori Dunedin. The emergent modern relationship of the new people with the takata whenua, the Kaitahu-Kati

Mamoe, is based on an innovative formula that could well work. If it does it could offer some directions for those Northern communities in which such relations have been sometimes less than satisfactory.

Two chapters are devoted to the Otago Maori Land sales to the Crown of 1844 and the subsequent claims and political battles which still remain largely unresolved. Whilst these are factual enough they are clearly written from a Pakeha perspective — and a pretty provincial one at that. To have such a perspective in a book carrying the title *Maori Dunedin* must have Ellison, Taiaroa, Topi Patuki, Timoti Karetai and other past warriors of the Otago land struggle turning uneasily in their sleep. Perhaps the least acceptable aspect of the treatment of land matters is, however, the picture we are given of the great Walter Mantell. This articulate and dedicated fighter and defender of the Maori interest has his lifelong commitment to racial justice disposed of as a sideshow to mask his Anglican prejudice of Dunedin's righteous Presbyterians. Both as Commissioner of lands and in later life Mantell sought the implementation of the agreements he had made on behalf of the Crown; his correspondence in the archival record demonstrates his stand with Rusden, Martin and their lonely Parliamentary compatriots for a just and equitable settlement of the grievances over land. That they were largely defeated by the powerful provincial settler lobbies of their time is understandable, if not forgivable. Why the perspectives of the Otago settler lobby should continue to be advanced here is incomprehensible.

An important feature of the book is the amount of attention devoted to the “Taranaki occupation” — the period

when Te Whiti and his Parihaka followers were confined in the South Island as exiles from their Taranaki homelands. The unique photo portrait of Te Whiti is reproduced as is also a photo of “Te Waipounamu”, the house at Otakaou in which he and his people held their religious meetings. Although the Taranaki prisoners were compulsorily used in several major public works in Dunedin, the fact that is important to the Otago Maori is the strong relationships which developed from the support and manaaki that they were able to offer the Taranaki exiles.

The hospitality of Otakou was returned in kind by the Taranaki and the memory of the exchange is treasured to this day. A number of the northerners are buried in the South and a section, returning to Patea, named themselves Ngati Otakou to commemorate the kindness shown them and their dead who remained behind. The emphasis accorded this phase of the history reflects Marire Goodall's personal fascination and involvement with it. It protrudes a little from the story of the land itself particularly when the restriction on coverage referred to above is remembered. It is a subject, however that merits attention in its own right and it is to be hoped that before long Goodall or another historian will attempt a serious study of the Taranaki sojourn in Te Waipounamu. The important relationships between Maori and Maori must take their place alongside those of Maori and Pakeha in this country's story.

The chapter on Araiteuru and its origin is a further contribution to discussion of an important element on Waipounamu myth and tradition but it is less than satisfactory. One of the southern versions of the story of the Araiteuru canoe has been retold in double vowel Maori by the author with a matched translation in



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English. That does no particular harm even though it is only one version and runs the risk through publication of becoming "the" version. What is less acceptable is the sourcing of the tradition and the suggestion that the version offered is a peculiarly Otago-Murihiku one. This is not so and neither is the accompanying suggestion that the *Uruao* canoe tradition is in any way confined to Murihiku or Southland, an area in which it has far less currency than in the more northern parts of the Ngaitahu area. Within a tribal rohe as far flung as ours of Ngaitahu one must expect a range of variation in tradition, differences in emphasis and in detail. One also can expect that the essential unity in tribal traditions will be emphasised and the variations relished: that they should be

expressed in the ways of our tupuna to bond the people. That emphasis is not evident here.

More importantly the authors fail to utilise the powerful capacity of Araiteuru tradition to build the cross-tribal kaupapa of the new marae. Wherever Araiteuru traditions occur in southern or northern Maori and in other parts of the Pacific, and particularly in Rarotonga, the role of Araiteuru is that of kaitiaki or protective force. Whether as an atua, a waka, a taniwha or simply as a geographical feature it is consistently protective. In the south where there is no whakapapa from Araiteuru this mauri can be inclusive, a cloak to enfold all those from different areas who commit themselves to it.

The authors express the hope that the traditional content contained in this

section will be of use to schools. The Maori experience of what schools can do to our tradition exhorts great caution.

All of this could be seen as negative carping about *Maori Dunedin*. It is not so. Within the limits set by its conception there is an enormous amount of valuable content. The section on place names alone merits the price. I know that the end result reflects a brutal pruning of available Maori material and is therefore not a fair reflection on its Maori authorship.

It does not pretend to be authoritative but in the absence of readily available alternatives it will be indispensable to the caring seeker after the Maori content in the southern landscape.

TIPENE O'REGAN

# MIHAIA

Judith Binney, Gillian Chaplin & Craig Wallace

More than 200 photographs, many previously unpublished, the long-lost records of Rua's trial, and the memories of people involved intimately with the events and the man at the centre of them, Mihaia — the Messiah. These are the components of this unique documentary which sets out to correct the historical view of the prophet Rua Kenana and his community at Maungapohatu.

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# Oxford



## MAORI PLACE NAMES OF AUCKLAND: Their meaning and history

George R. Graham, edited by D. R. Simmons

Auckland Institute and Museum

In 1926 George Graham published two papers on Auckland's place names. These have now been edited into a single version by D. R. Simmons and published as an attractive booklet by the Auckland Institute and Museum. It is an interesting addition to the literature of New Zealand's place names, most of which is very localised. An exception is A. W. Reed's *Place Names of New Zealand*, but that book gives scant attention to names no longer in use. In this book, however, the majority of names are now obsolete.

All the more reason, therefore, to get hold of a text which offers us not only the names themselves, together with translations, but wherever possible some explanation of how those names were given. In some cases the author went even further, as with Te Paneohoroiwi, where he quoted a whakaara pa, or sentinel's

watch song. Te Paneohoroiwi is the name once given to the headland east of St Heliers Bay, and was visible from the watchtowers at Mokoia pa at Panmure:

Tirohia Te Paneohoroiwi,  
Ka whakapukupuku,  
Ka whakatikitiki,  
Ki waho ra.  
A — he kawau! He kawau!  
A — he kawau-tikitiki  
Kei te eke ki runga  
Ki tahuna-torea.  
A — he kawau tikitiki, he kawau!

Such information enlivens what might otherwise be a dull, if worthy, gazetteer and adds greatly to the enjoyment and value to be gained from the book. There are instances, of course, where information is lacking. It is frustrating to learn, for example, that the site of the Waitemata Hotel was once known as Nga (H)uwera, without knowing why. What dramas lie behind the name, which means "Burnt breasts"?

Most of the names listed have long been supplanted by European ones. But

even where they have survived it is clear that they have sometimes undergone change. The high-class suburb of Remuera, for example, was once Remuwera, and took its name from an incident nearly four hundred years ago when a young chieftainess from a visiting tribe was murdered and cooked by local people. And once upon a time Orakei was called Orakeiiriora, after the chief Rakeiiriora who came here on the canoe Tokomaru.

It is difficult today, shopping in Karangahape Road or waiting for a bus in Queen Street, to think of Auckland and its environs as anything other than a vast sprawling city of freeways, paved streets and suburban homes. But here we are invited to look at a different Auckland, one of tribal movements and battles, of great chiefs and pa now vanished, of creeks and gardens and navigational landmarks. If our place names have not survived as place names, we must be grateful to George Graham and David Simmons for ensuring that they have not disappeared altogether.

# He Maramara Korero

## WORK INTEGRATION ISN'T WORKING

A study just published by the Labour Department reveals that a disproportionately large number of Maori are employed in areas like production, transport and labouring.

The study, which looks at the integration of Maori people into the "mainstream" labour force from 1951 to 1976, is based on an American study which argues that the lack of such integration in the workforce stems from prejudice and discrimination.

While the report claims that the differences between Maori and non-Maori participation are not of great significance, it nevertheless makes the following observations:

- Maori men are most integrated in groups which anyway have the greatest share of male employees, such as agricultural, labourers, transport, production and equipment operators. They are least integrated in the clerical, technical and professional areas.
- Maori women also figure in clusters in the production, transport and services fields. While differentiation has lessened in the clerical and sales areas, the position of Maori women in the professional technical group has worsened.

- Although there are more Maori women than men in the so-called professions, most of them are working in the "female" areas of teaching and nursing.
- By 1971 the production and transport occupations had become disproportionately high employers of Maori women. The study concludes that in a truly egalitarian society there would be no differentiation at all, and that "economic integration among New Zealand's various ethnic groups is far from complete."

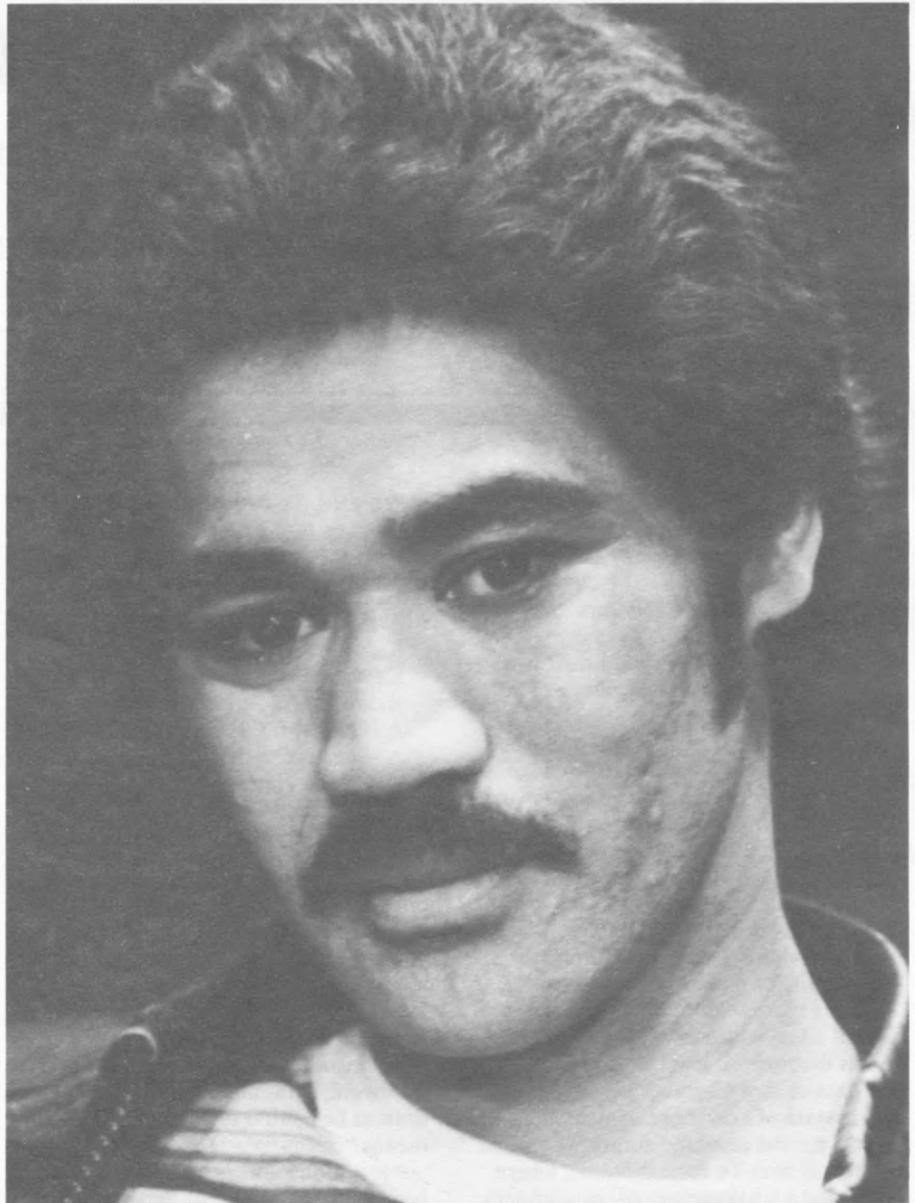
## PLAYWRIGHT'S DILEMMA

Remember *Joe and Koro*? Well, Rawiri Paratene (and no prizes for guessing which part he played in the popular TV series) is about to demonstrate that he can do more than just act. He has written a play called *Saturday Morning*, and he's producing and directing it too. Billed as a comedy, *Saturday Morning* is not without its serious side, set as it is in the local lock-up — "the morning after the night before" — with a bunch of predominantly Maori characters chatting as they wait to go up before the magistrate.

The actors are mainly amateurs (the exception is Jim Moriarty, best known as Riki in *Close to Home*), and ironically enough the main part is played by Rawiri Rangitauira, who is a lawyer in real life!

The problem, says Rawiri Paratene, is where to stage it. He sees *Saturday Morning* as a very Maori play, and for that reason he thinks it is a play that Pakehas ought to see. He's been offered Wellington's smart Downstage Theatre, but not many Maori people go there. Or he could put it on at Newtown Community Centre — but then not many middle-class Pakehas go there. Either way, Wellingtonians are urged to keep an eye out for what Rowley Habib has described as "a marvellous slice of life".

*Rawiri Paratene: getting his act together.*



## RUKA BROUGHTON

Mr Ruka Broughton, who recently took up his new post as lecturer in Maori studies at Victoria University, Wellington. From Whanganui, Ruka belongs to Nga Rauru. He has had a busy and fascinating career to date: he was a farmer and in 1961 embarked on theological studies which led to him becoming the first Maori ever to become ordained in St Paul's Cathedral, Wellington.

He has played a major role in the preserving and continuing of Maori traditions. His waiata compositions have won prizes, he has judged at several Polynesian competitions, and has supervised the carvings for the Maungarongo marae at Ohakune as well as the model pa in the church grounds at Putiki. He was awarded his M.A. degree from Victoria last month, having presented a thesis on the history of the Nga Rauru people.



## MAORI ART OVERSEAS

Auckland Museum ethnologist David Simmons has spent six months researching the collections of European museums to build up information on historic Maori artefacts. As a result, Auckland Museum now has records of ninety per cent of all known Maori artefacts.

He says: "The aims of my period of research in Europe were to make a record of collections not otherwise recorded; to study collections made by early navigators; to obtain information from these sources on regional variations in material culture, both geographically and chronologically; and to record, particularly, information on tribal carving styles for the use of present-day carvers

wishing to inspire themselves for the future."

During his tour, which was partly funded by the Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council, he visited sixty-nine museums and recorded about 5,000 artefacts. In the course of his work some surprising discoveries were made. The Hunterian Museum of the University of Glasgow, for example, holds items which Captain Cook had given to his friend William Hunter. Some of them have been kept in cupboards and never exhibited, and the staff thought they came from the north-west coast of Canada!

Among these items were dogskin cloaks where the fur is still fresh, in rich reddish-brown and white. In most known cloaks as old as these, the fur is grey or has disappeared altogether. Similarly, the

## NEW ZEALAND PLANNING COUNCIL

One of the roles of the Planning Council is to stimulate New Zealanders to think about the issues likely to confront us over the next few years. In this role it recently published *He Matapuna: Some Maori Perspectives*.

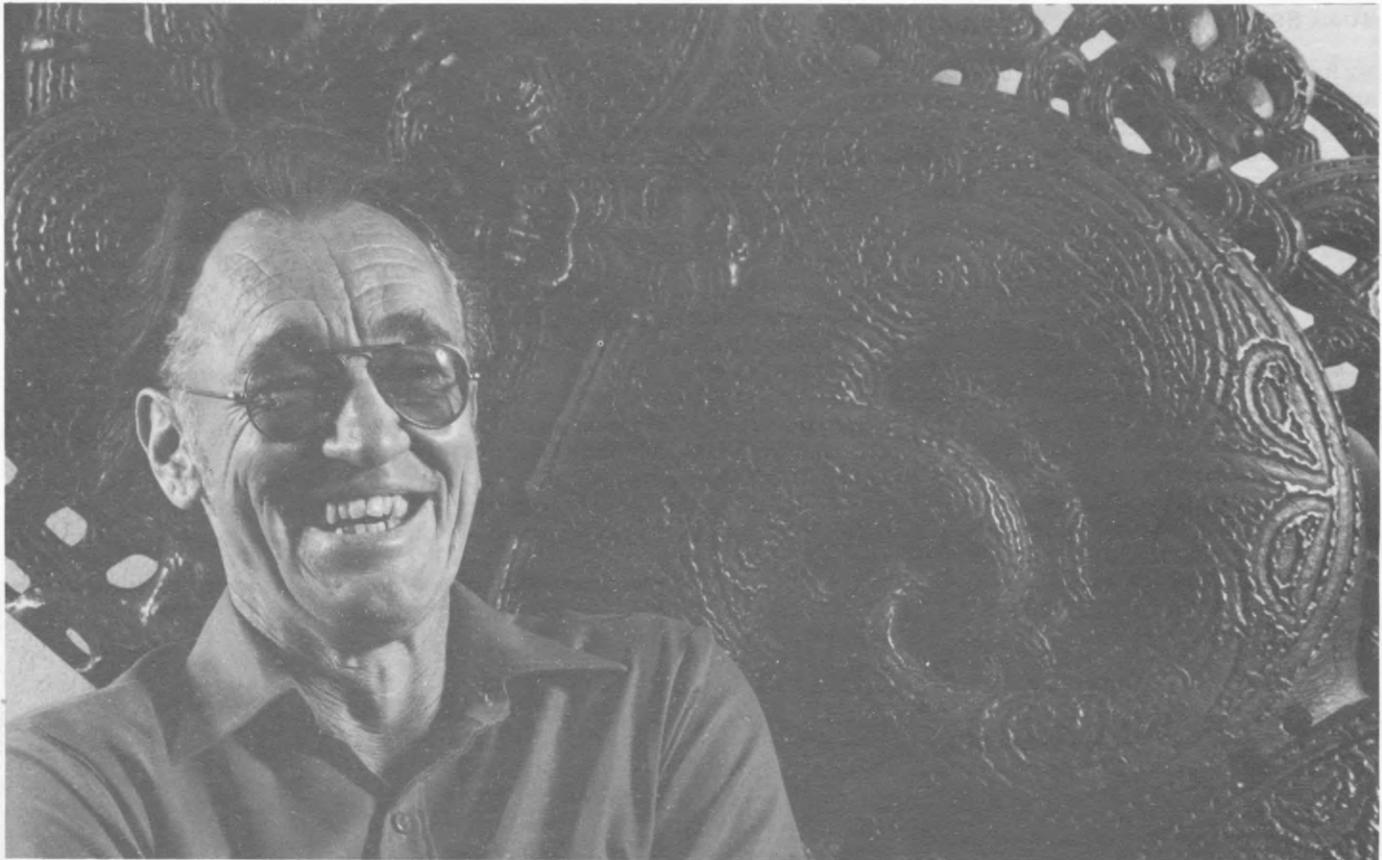
The Council is continuing its interest in multicultural relations and would welcome inquiries from people who would like to join the Secretariat to work in this area.

The Secretariat is an interdisciplinary group of around 12 people which services the Council and which is engaged both in the preparation of the Council's publications and in the process of consultation with which the Council is charged.

The appointments may be on contract to the Council or a secondment from either the private or public sectors may be arranged if preferred. The Public Service conditions of service apply. Salaries are negotiable according to qualifications and experience. Appointees will be required to live in Wellington.

Inquiries in the first instance should be directed to the Executive Officer, Jill Burch or the Director, John Martin at:

N.Z. PLANNING COUNCIL  
P.O. Box 5066, Wellington  
Phone 724-250



KEN GEORGE

taniko has all the freshness of its original colours.

And in Florence David Simmons discovered the prows and sterns of eight war canoes carved by Ngati Tarawhai before 1860. After that date Ngati Tarawhai, who had traditionally been canoe carvers, turned to carving houses. No clear examples of their canoe work has been preserved in New Zealand. Otago Museum was not established until 1862, and Auckland was not active in this field until some years later, so in David Simmons's words, "We are in some ways fortunate that so much was preserved overseas."

Are there plans to repatriate any of these items? The aim of the trip was not specifically to consider bringing artefacts back to New Zealand, but the possibility of returning certain objects is being considered. For example, in Florence are the halves of six house carvings from Rotorua. They were given by Auckland Museum in around 1890 in exchange for an Egyptian mummy. The other halves of the carvings are still in Auckland.

*David Simmons, of the Auckland Museum, poses in front of one of his carvings. Two new books with which he has also been involved are reviewed in this issue of the magazine.*

#### NGARIMU SCHOLARS

The seven Maori students who will hold the 1980 Ngarimu and 28th (Maori) Battalion Memorial scholarships for undergraduates have been announced by the Fund Board's chairman, the Minister of Education, Mr M. L. Wellington.

The successful scholars are:

Garth James Pickett, of Papatawa, Woodville. A former pupil of Tararua College, Garth will study industrial engineering at Massey University;

Mark Tuariarangi Milroy, of Glen Eden, Auckland, who will study law at Auckland University. He attended Kelston Boys' High School where he helped to train and teach the school's Maori culture party during its tour of Canada last year;

Annabel Lucy Jacob of Pahiatua. She plans to study law at Victoria University. Annabel attended Tararua College and Samuel Marsden College where she was Head Girl.

Four of this year's Ngarimu scholars will study medicine. They are:

Fear Taitimu Brampton, of Mangere. As a pupil at Penrose High School, Taitimu took a special interest in Maori art and carving;

Suzanne Mary Crengle, of Pakuranga, who attended Mana and Pakuranga Colleges, gained very marks in her science subjects and pursued her interest in Maori by taking evening classes;

Guy Claude Naden, of Gisborne, who studied at Gisborne Boys' High School. He has represented Poverty Bay at golf. He was the Tairawhiti region representative at the national finals of the Korimako Speech competition at Otaki;

Sallyanne Tanya Patchett, of Blenheim. Sally took a special interest in Maori culture and distinguished herself at sport. She was Head Girl at Marlborough Girls' College in 1979.



*This year's regatta at Turangawaewae went on despite heavy rain. The participants (below) seem to have been too busy to notice, while at least one onlooker (above) was able to keep snug and dry.*

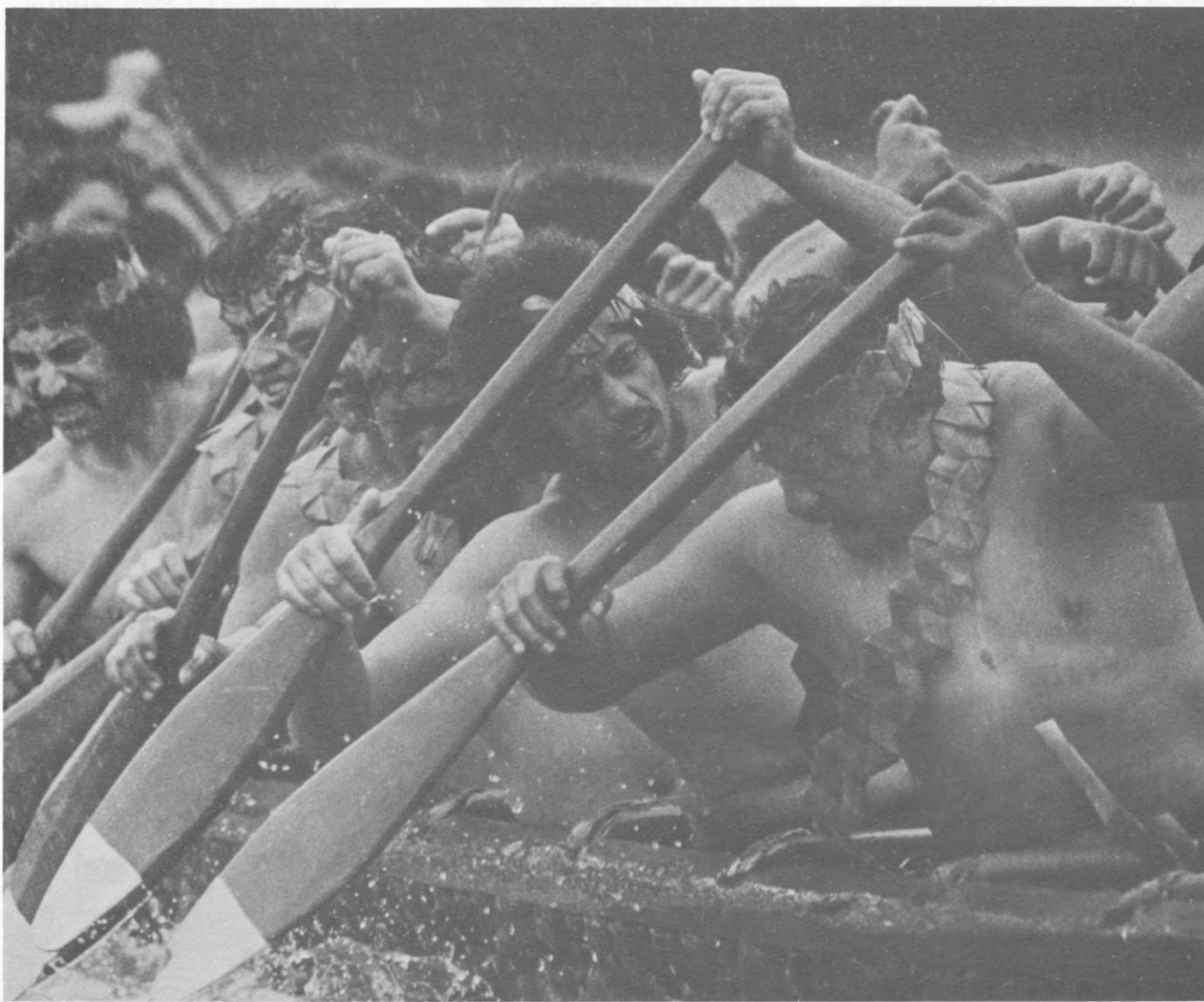
### BELLS APPEAL

Mr G. W. Stuart believes that most old bells have a story to tell, and is busy compiling a register of the bells of New Zealand. He is interested in the origin, metal, size, age and sound of the bells to be found in churches, schools, museums, farms, ships — and marae. Many of our marae bells have an interesting background — they may, for example, have come from a shipwreck. Mr Stuart would be pleased to hear from anybody with information, and you can write to him at P.O. Box 730, Nelson. Or you may prefer to give him a ring. . .

### CULTURAL COMPOST

Api Taylor, vice-president of New Zealand Maori Artists and Writers (Society Inc.), sends us the following message:

If you are on our mailing list, you receive a newsletter designed to inform, turn and enrich the topsoil of your mind. If you are not on our mailing list, send your address to Tapu te Ranga Marae, 44 Rhine Street, Island Bay, Wellington.



Human Rights Commission in Wellington, 739 981, or the Race Relations Office in Auckland, 771 295). Anyone is encouraged to make further submissions in writing to these two offices, or contacting their officers who will be touring the country according to the following schedule: Wellington (Polytechnic) 26-7 May; Upper Hutt (Central Institute of Technology) 27-8 May; Palmerston North (Technical Institute) 9 June; New Plymouth (Taranaki Polytechnic) 16 June; Napier-Hastings (HB Community College) 23-4 June; Hamilton (Waikato Technical Institute) 30 June-1 July; Rotorua (Wairiki Community College) 1-2 July; Auckland (Manukau Technical Institute) 14-5 July; Auckland (Technical Institute) 16-7 July; Whangarei (Northland Community College) 21-2 July.

## RACIAL HARMONY IN NEW ZEALAND

If you thought you'd heard the last of the Auckland haka party incident, you're wrong. A while ago, as a result of the strong opinions expressed over the incident, the Human Rights Commission invited the public to make submissions on what it thought were the main issues under the general heading of "Racial Harmony in New Zealand". Now a report of the same name has been published by the Commission.

It contains some very challenging views, and suggests a diversity of thought which needs further discussion. Says Hiwi Tauroa, Race Relations Conciliator and Human Rights Commissioner, "It is time we stopped sweeping problems under the carpet and started being honest with ourselves . . . we are now publishing this material so that the public can discuss it fully."

Anyone is encouraged to read the report (which can be obtained by telephoning collect the office of the

## KEEP ON TRUCKING

*Tairāwhiti District Officer of Maori Affairs, Harris Martin, is pictured here with members of the Mongrel Mob Tu Tangata Co-operative. From left, they are Boris Hurinui, Eddie Karini, Nicki Tu and Ikadie Miringaorangi. The occasion is the handover of a new truck, bought with the aid of a loan from the Maori Trustee. It will play an important part in a new venture set up by the Co-operative for gathering seaweed along the East Coast. First-grade agar commands good prices, and the fifteen-strong Co-operative, previously unemployed, are keen to make the most of the opportunity. Mr Martin has since been appointed District Officer for Wairiki.*

After meetings around the country, and the taking of further submissions up to 1 August, a final report will be prepared.

To aid analysis of the submissions, the Commission asks that any specific points and recommendations are made with a view to *eliminating* racial misunderstanding and discrimination in New Zealand. The full report will make appropriate recommendations to government and other bodies, says Hiwi Tauroa, and he adds: "We are hoping for a vigorous response so that all the people of New Zealand can work together for a just and harmonious society."

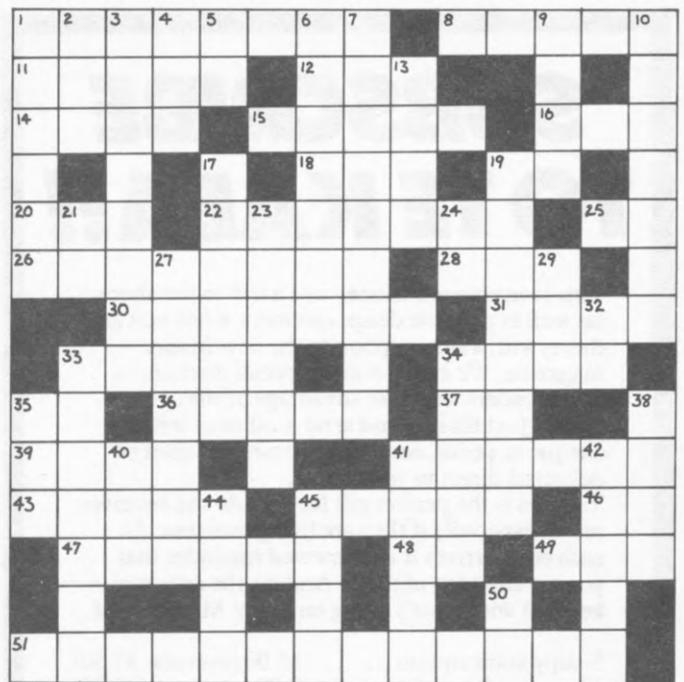
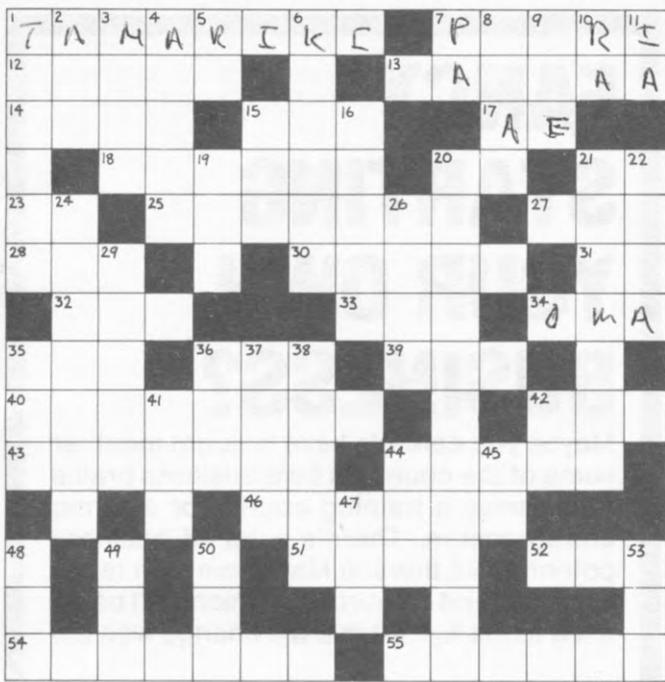
## INTERESTED IN JOURNALISM AS A CAREER?

The Department of Maori Affairs is organising a four-day course to be held in Wellington towards the end of August for young people (aged 15-24). The idea is not to train journalists, but to give an introduction to the profession. Successful candidates will visit newspapers, radio and TV stations and meet Maori and Pacific Island journalists.

The Department hopes that this course will enable more students to consider journalism as a career, and ultimately to boost the number of Polynesians in the news media. The proposal has the support of the Journalism Industry Training Board and the Polynesian Advisory Committee to the Vocational Training Council.

If you're interested, get in touch with a community officer at your local office of the Department of Maori Affairs.





We have had a few cross words from people claiming that our last crossword was too difficult. It was more than that, it was downright impossible! This was because, once again, mistakes were made in getting the puzzle to press. Sorry.

What happened was that we put the wrong set of clues against the wrong crossword grid. This time we print both puzzles, and we're keeping our fingers crossed.

## CROSSWORD PUZZLES 3 & 4

### ACROSS

1. Children
7. Fry, fend off
12. Graveyard
13. Flour, bread
14. Butt, attack
15. Spit, splutter, cold
17. Yes
18. Although, in spite of
20. Say, fill
21. Shake, agitate, sow
23. Wooden digger, girl, sing
25. Day after tomorrow
27. Over the other side of
28. Downwards
30. Last night
31. I, me
32. Finished, completed
33. Line
34. Run
35. Descendant, offspring
36. What
39. Hang up, be published, heard
40. Material for caulking canoe
42. Embark, mount
43. Nephew
44. Come and go, wander
46. Fear, dread, shudder
51. Which ones?
52. Spear, cook in oven
54. Dirge, lament
55. Serves you right

### DOWN

1. Meet, close
2. Follow, pursue
3. Flax fibre
4. Officer
5. Day, sun
6. Eye, face
7. Touch, fortified village
8. Obstacle
9. Forehead
10. Day, world

11. He, she
15. Vine
16. Was caught in the rain
19. Morning
20. Corporation
21. Earthquake, god
22. Difficult, sinews, muscles
24. Start suddenly
26. Large, plentiful
29. But, however
35. Cover, yam
36. Burrow, gorge, clutch, heap upon
37. Hoist, pull up
38. Fern root
41. Be assembled, gathered together
42. Avenged, paid for
44. Abundance, plenty
45. Bee
47. Nose, prow
48. Deer, decorate with feathers, steer
49. Brave, victorious, store
50. Wind
53. Health, wellbeing, alive

### ACROSS

1. Fearful
8. Apple
11. Head
12. To throw; thunderbolt
14. Giddiness; sickly; wander
15. Become powerless; honey
16. To run
18. Friend
19. Chick; tide flow; sodden; to slight
20. Elevated, on high, erected
22. Make a snare or noose; to snare
25. White
26. Sister-in-law of a man
28. My (pl.)
30. Ta — Ngata
31. Long after; think on the spur of the moment

33. Not yet
34. Appearance; somewhat
35. Rain
36. Full of hard fibres; dry lower leaves of flax, etc.
37. Full; to say
39. Ebb; shoulder; end, tail
41. Shout out
43. Warm, comfortable
45. Largest New Zealand tree
46. Yes
47. Now
48. To fish; draw up; dawn
49. What
51. Spider

### DOWN

1. Named
2. Party, group
3. Whirl; whisk
4. Stab; butcher knife
5. Pout; droop; shout
6. Pheasant; basin
7. Wiping up; rinsing
9. Scrape, abrade
10. Of, from ancient times
13. Obstacle, barrier
17. Assist, befriend
19. Shoulder
21. Your (pl.)
23. Lean, emaciated
24. Burn
27. A lament
29. Cramp, stiffness
32. Current
33. Stray, wander
34. Throw away, reject
35. The shore, dry land
38. Be weary; wire
40. Swarm, infest
41. Inland Bay of Plenty tribe
42. Cut; jealousy
44. Landing or arrival place
45. To see, discover
50. And, with, if

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## Who runs it?

The programme is promoted by the Department of Maori Affairs together with the Department of Trade and Industry, tribal trust boards, the NZ Chamber of Commerce, the Small Business Agency and the Department of Labour.

## Must I have a scheme in mind?

Ideas will be researched and developed in training, but you'll be given preference if you already have a scheme worth developing.

## Where do I find out more?

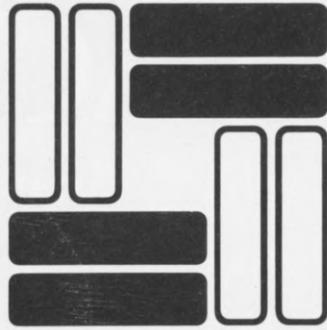
Fill in the form below, and we'll send you details with an application form.

I am interested in the Tu Tangata Business wananga. Please send me details and an application form.

Name .....

Address .....

E mohio ana koe he aha te mahi o tenei roopu?



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AUCKLAND  
Tel: 771-295, 774-060

Human Rights Commission  
Chase-NBA House  
163 The Terrace  
PO Box 5045  
WELLINGTON  
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Tono mai ma matou hei whakamarama

# ART OF THE PACIFIC

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