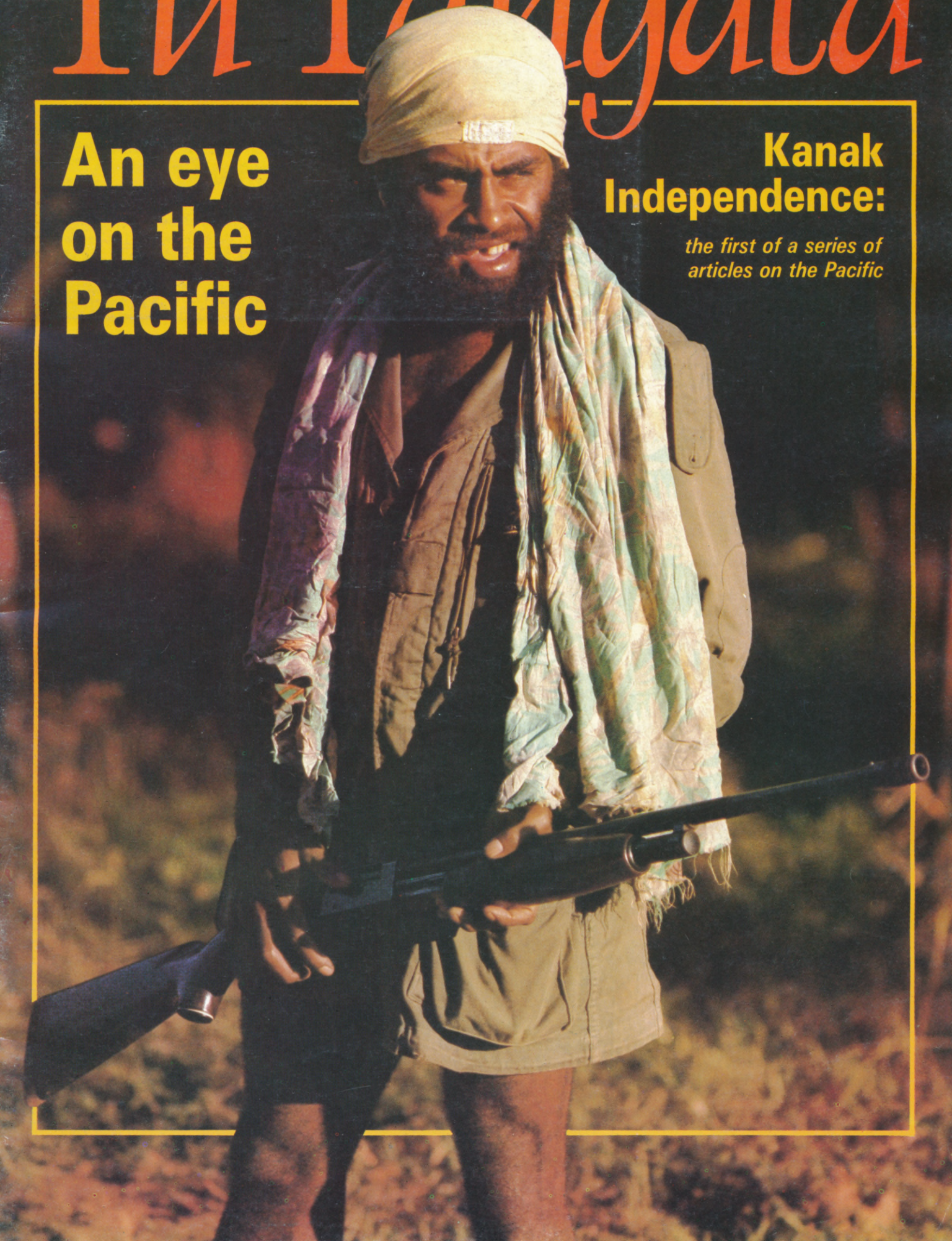
Issue 24 June/July 1985 $2.00

Tu Tongata

An eye on the Pacific

Kanak Independence:

the first of a series of articles on the Pacific



Maori Culture Clubs

TURANGI

Tongariro Cultural Club:

Contact: Mrs D A Tupe, 8 Rota Street, Turangi. Tel: 8599. Founded by Mrs Kohine Whakarua Ponika in 1980. Members: 40 between the ages of 16 to 60 plus. The club is involved in community activities both locally and out of the district. They are making preparations for regional and Polynesian competitions.

Tongariro High School Culture Club:

Contact: Mrs Horowai N Maniapoto, Principal, Tongariro High School Waipapa Road, Turangi. Tel: 8684. Founded by Mrs H N Maniapoto in 1967 when Forms 1 to 7 commenced. Prior to this it was the Tokaanu Maori District High School. Members: Currently 30 in the 12 to 17 plus age group. In past years membership has been up to 60 or 70. Some of the clubs activities are as follows:

- Participated with Ngati Tuwharetoa at the South Pacific Festival at Rotorua
- Welcomed the President of West Germany at Papiouru Marae, Ohinemutu
- Participated in the welcome to Prince Charles and Princess Diana at Waihi, Lake Taupo
- Welcomed Hawaiian delegation to Wairakei Geothermal Station
- 1976 runners up of the South Auckland Secondary Schools Maori Cultural Competition held at Hamilton
- 1977 Senior Aggregate winners of the Pine Taiapa Trophy of the above cultural competition • 1979 visited Rarotonga
- 1981 on: Practising for the opening of the Turangi Senior Citizens Building and for the opening of the school marae and working on fund-raising for the latter. Also entertaining at local events and welcoming visitors.

HAWERA

Hawera Intermediate School Maori Club

Contact: David Gibson, c/- Hawera Intermediate School, South Road, Hawera. Tel: 850-30. Founded by David Gibson in 1976. Members: 35 between the ages of 11 to 13. The club performs within the school and welcomes visitors to the school.

Kimihia te Rangimarie Maori Club

Contact: David Gibson, c/- Hawera High School, Camberwell Road, Hawera. Tel: 84-145. Founded by David Gibson in 1980. Members 45 aged between 12 and 18. Besides welcoming visitors to the school and performing there, the club also performs for community and provincial organisations. They travel in support of members involved in the National Maori Speech finals and marae live-in week ends. Highlights of the clubs activities are:

- 1980: Six day tour of Hamilton, Rotorua, Whakatane and Opotiki
- 1983: Eight day tour of Hamilton, Dargaville, Te Kao, Whangarei, Auckland. Performed for Tongan Rugby team. Performed on Telethon. Backed a New Zealand recording in Auckland.
- 1984: Eight day South Island tour. Welcomed a bus load of Japanese Tourist to a local historic pa site. Performed for French Rugby team.

TAUMARUNUI

Taumarunui High School Maori Club

Contact: Maude Ketekiri Wildermoth, Hohotara Road, RD4, Taumarunui or Taumarunui High School, Golf Road, Taumarunui. Tel: 7179 (day) 4726 (evening). Founded by Maude K Wildermoth in 1973. Members: 48 plus between age of 13 to 17.

Activities include school and community projects, performing powhiri at local marae to dignatories, school pupils, international rugby teams and other visitors etc, Hosting visiting school culture clubs on local marae, nd assisting and supporting local organisation such as Lions, RSA, Police etc.

In 1982 visited Christchurch as hosts of the Nga Hau E Wha Cultural Group and also stayed two nights in Wellington.

Two new clubs in Taumarunui Region

Two new cultural groups have been recently formed and further information can be obtained by writing to the following people: Ray Wade, Tongariro Culture Club, National Park; Kiwi Hutu, Post Office Ohura.

OTARA

Te Kupenga Maori Club

Contact: Henare Mahanga, Box 58243, East Tamaki P.O. South Auckland. Phone 2745-136.

Originally formed in 1979. Founder: Henare Mahanga.

The club has three sections, seniors, intermediate, and junior (Midgets) including a junior Maori womens. The club has an overall membership of 560. The club is a charitable and competitive club. It has won 16 Cultural competitions, they have come second in two, and third in two other competitions. It's participated in 20 competitions all over the North Island.

The club has appeared on the late Prince Tui Teka Television show in 1983. Performed at the Cook Islands constitution celebrations in Rarotonga in 1982. Performed to many V.I.Ps, in Prisons, in elderly peoples homes, on board tourist ships and to many other organisations.

Tutor: Henare Mahanga. Mother of the club is Mrs Huhana (Sue Kingi).

The youngest performer is four and the oldest is 43.

Churchill Trust is offered

The trust fund was donated by New Zealanders for a memorial to Sir Winston Churchill who wished to be remembered by some means which enabled people to travel where this promoted understanding and was for the betterment of mankind. The income from the fund is used for grants to New Zealanders whose work will benefit New Zealand, or to bring a person to New Zealand where that visit will benefit New Zealand.

This year Rangi Nicholson of Paremata, course director at Te Wananga o Raukawa, will visit Tahiti, United States, and Canada on a Churchill fellowship to investigate the latest trends in second language course design.

Leroy Ortiz Associate Professor at the University of New Mexico is working with bilingual education and is arranging the programme for Rangi Nicholson. New Mexico has large minority populations including Hispanic, Pueblo and Navajo all of whom have their own distinctive culture and language.

Applications to The Secretary
Winston Churchill Memorial Trust
PO Box 12-347
Wellington.

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outlining your experience.

Correction

We apologise for a wrongly captioned photograph in Feb/March Tu Tangata, page 5.

Wellington College should read Wellington High School and girl in front row left was Awhina Hamiora. Girl third from left in back row was Tina Reremoana.

Tu Tangata

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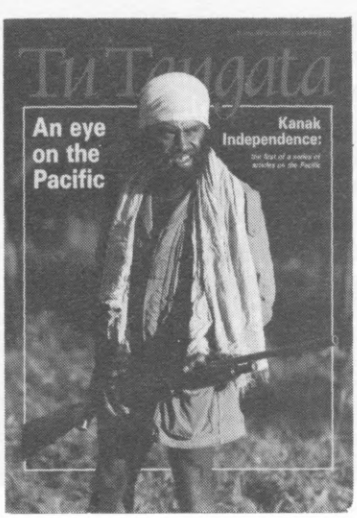


Front Cover: Bruce Connew

Eloi Machoro

An eye on the Pacific series:

Independence for

— last thoughts of Kanak martyr,

Vernon Wright

As *Tu Tangata* went to press, President Mitterand of France announced that a referendum on New Caledonian independence would be held in 1987.

It was also announced that France intended to develop New Caledonia (Kanaky to the tangata whenua) as a strategic nuclear capable defence base.

Pacific neighbours have voiced their concern at these developments.

Kanaks

Eloi Machoro

Eloi Machoro, the charismatic Kanak freedom fighter, shot dead by police in January, was propelled by urgency. For 30 years or more he had watched as talks on Kanak self-determination see-sawed between Paris and Noumea. The gains that had at first seemed possible under Mitterand's socialist administration in Paris, stayed tantalisingly out of reach. Machoro was convinced that the socialist would not be re-elected in 1986 — a view shared by nearly everyone in New Caledonia — and he said "As soon as Chirac comes back into power in '86 we are done for."

Machoro became the gladiator for the FLNKS (the Kanak Socialist National Liberation Front) which has declared itself the Provisional Government of Kanaky. If the French settlers in New Caledonia wanted a scapegoat for the increasing violence in New Caledonia, they turned to Machoro: if the conservative French press wanted a media bogey, they turned to Machoro. And if the politicians in neighbouring Australia and New Zealand made their usual noises about the need for moderation and talking instead of confrontation, their fingers were pointed accusingly for them in the direction of Machoro.

It is the enforced alienation of the Kanaks from their land which is at the centre of their struggle with France, and it was to this problem rather than to the war of words, that Machoro addressed himself. His weapons ranged from persuasion to intimidation to harassment. He would approach a non-Kanak farmer and attempt to persuade him to turn in his farm to the land reform office which, under recent land reform legislation, would compensate the farmer and turn the land over to the Kanaks. (Even so, the ownership would still not revert to the Kanaks; they merely held it for the French state, no doubt pending further land reform legislation.) If the farmer agreed, and also wanted to stay in the area, then he and the Kanak revolutionaries could continue to work the land amicably, either together or separately. And in fact this shared system is in progress between the Kanaks and a number of settler-farmers. However, most of the farmers, given their accustomed attitude of racial patronisation and fierce protectionist attitude to the land they had either bought or inherited, tended to answer with their rifles. When they did, Machoro and his men would then begin a campaign of harassment and intimidation against them. Farm buildings might be damaged or burned down, vehicles confiscated or wrecked, stock run off or killed. Human casualties were remarkably few.

The success of Machoro's guerrilla-type technique was such that he quickly became, for the settlers, the most hated man in New Caledonia, almost a symbol of some profound, black evil. Ironically, his only serious opponent in the contest for most-hated-man was President Mitterand, a man who had even *dared* to mention the possibility of independence for the Kanaks.

Above: French gendarmes and Kanaks at a roadblock

Below: Seeing what the French press has to say about them

The act which more than any other turned Machoro into a gladiator, was the assassination of Pierre Declercq in 1981. Declercq is now generally regarded as the first white martyr of the independence cause. Machoro, who was to follow Declercq into martyrdom, inherited Declercq's position as secretary-general of the moderate *Union Caledonienne*. Following Declercq's murder, Machoro declared in a speech in his hometown of Canala: "The reconquest of New Caledonia will begin here. When we have cleaned up this area we will move on to Thio, La Foa and Boulapari. Each tribe must draw up a list of those (*caldoche* and *colon*) they want to leave. This is going to be a trial of strength. Everyone should know that we are prepared to use guns if necessary."

He was remarkably successful. The Canala area was "liberated" and Machoro and his men moved on Thio, immensely important because of its role as centre of the nickel-mining industry, the only substantial foreign exchange-earning industry that New Caledonia has. Machoro and his Kanak insurgents, striking a delicate balance in their harassments so as not to justify a massive French response that could wipe them out, quietly, in a series of almost pinprick harassments, all but cleared the countryside around Thio of reactionary settlers.

Demands for action against the ragged army were growing, however, and it was at La Foa, the next goal in Machoro's liberation plan, that Machoro was shot dead by a French gendarme.*

At the time Machoro died, settlers in Noumea were rioting in protest at apparent French inaction following the shooting of a 17-year-old European youth on the same farm at La Foa where Machoro was also to be shot. When Machoro's death was announced the rioters started cheering and clapping.

It would be hard to find a better example of the vicious irrationality of race conflict. What was Machoro, after all? Part of the answer is that he was a primary school teacher, a slightly-built, somewhat nervous actor in a drama over which neither he nor anyone else appears to have much control. He had consulted Canberra and Wellington many times to seek money and help, and had had to return home with sympathy and very little else. His exasperation drove him to Libya — and that produced an outcry from the same people who he had approached first and who had turned down his requests for assistance. A few days before he died he said: "It's up to New Zealand, Australia and the other countries around New Caledonia to ensure that communists or Libyans don't come into New Caledonia. It's up to them. If they help us, if they give us the assistance we ask for, we've no reason to go looking for aid elsewhere. We're certainly trying to make them understand. But they don't want to understand."

A French law-enforcer

In turning to the sword, Machoro knew he would die by it, and he remarked on that too. He presented his knowledge with bravado, possibly to obscure the nervousness he felt. His main concession to nervousness was a lop-sided grin, the result, so local legend has it, of a memorable brawl with his wife which resulted in an incisor tooth being knocked out. But the story is probably apocryphal since no one can now say with certainty whether it was he or his wife who lost the tooth. All that remains is his assault conviction and his nickname of "Captain Incisor".

Machoro might have surprised his enemies, if they had listened to him. He carried no radical banners, except the claim for freedom. His personal philosophy, as he explained it, differed little from that of all the major Kanak leaders who proclaim — fully aware of the apparent contradiction — a specifically Kanak independence as a necessary first step towards a genuinely free, multi-racial society.

Inevitably, the charges of communism were made. The mileau of the international socialist was not that of Machoro, however. "There are amongst us some who've gone to school in the *Metropole*, and they are able to differentiate between communism and international socialism. All that. But most of us haven't gone further than the New Caledonia primary schools, and when we talk of socialism it's because the Kanak community lifestyle is close to socialism. We know what capitalism is, and we are reacting against that, seeking the socialism of Kanak community life. People want the world to believe that we're Marxist and that we've got behind us the USSR or some other country that wants to destabilise the capitalist system. That's not us."

In a lengthy interview shortly before his death Machoro made plain his concerns: "Earlier we spoke only about the question of land. But the whole situation here is colonial. We're talking about schooling, the economy, work, running the country and even the demographics, even they are colonial. At present we make up only two-fifths of the population. It's not us who wanted that: the government imposed on us intentional immigration to make us a minority. Now they say to us that there is a majority of people who don't want the country to be independent, and we have to listen to them. We refuse to accept that.

"In the economy the Kankas are only consumers, they're not producers. And they're not producers not because they don't want to be, but because they haven't got the land to produce on. It's been taken from them. But even if they *could* produce they haven't got a market, because the market is controlled by Paris, by the unions, by organisations that are controlled by Europeans and non-Kanaks. Right?

"Then, to launch out into the economy you must have the means. But (Kanaks) can't launch themselves into the economy by mortgaging their land

The war of words

to get loans, because their land has been taken from them. The subsidy system here helps the non-Kanak group, especially the *colons*, and also the people who own the businesses and trade in the territory....

"In education, the Kanaks are disadvantaged relative to non-Kanaks, and above all relative to Europeans, because schooling is in French and the Kanaks have another language in which they live, into which they are born and in which they will then die.

"And there's no adaptation of teaching to the current situation, so that few Kanaks have a diploma, and to get a job here — in the European situation — you must show a diploma. Now the people who come from the *Metropole* to here, they arrive with their pockets full of diplomas. They come here and two or three days' later they've got a job in Noumea or elsehere whilst we're unemployed from beginning to end."

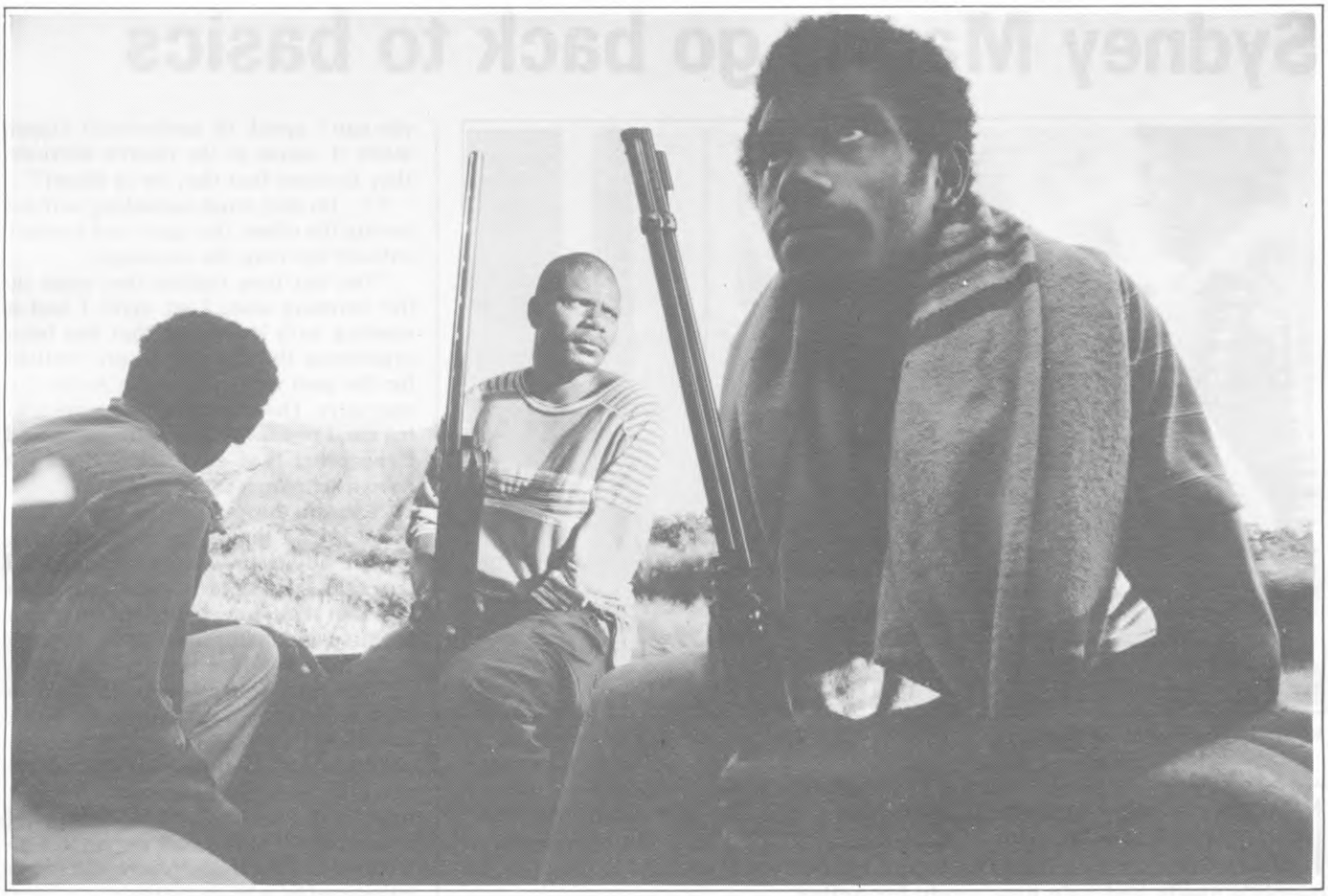
There's a hoary story that does the rounds among settler groups in Noumea, a story which is trotted out for disbelieving visitors when they express scepticism about the barbaric nature of Kanak resistance to a well-meaning and benign French colonial presence. It has to do with the senseless murder of two gendarmes who were sent to protect a forester who was doing much for the people and the country by way of individual, entrepreneurial development. Machoro's version of the story puts it in a different perspective, a perspective which explains as well as anything Machoro's frustration and anger:

"The two gendarmes went into the tribe of Kwindou-wi-kwan to enforce the law, the law which protects the colonial situation against the interests of the Kanak people. Right? It's simple. The forester was working in the mountains and in so doing he was polluting the river. There were two tribes living beside that river. Now the river was used for food and for cleaning. It had shrimps in it too, and the shrimps bought in good money. Those people had no other source of income because their land was very steep and they couldn't work it. So they fish and sell the shrimps. Right? The forester came, he took out the wood, he polluted the land, he polluted the river. That lasted for perhaps five years. The people protested, asked the administration to intervene. Nothing.

"After five years the forester bought in more people from elsewhere, mostly Europeans, to work the forest, to cut the wood on land that once belonged to the Kanaks but was taken from them. At Lumbua he was bringing out that wood under the noses of people who knew the value of it. The strangers took the wood out then returned through the tribe in the evening. Now they were fed up with that. They protested again. Nothing. They laid complaints with the sanitary services and with the administration regarding pollution of the river. Nothing.

"So they decided to block the machinery of the forester. So they blocked it and then had talks with the administration who said 'yes, we're listening'. Nothing. Then early one morning they sent in the *gardes mobile* to clear the barricades and free the machinery for the forester. When the tribe woke up and went out the *gardes mobile* threw teargas grenades amongst the tribe. So there was confusion, uncertainty, and one of the people took up a rifle and fired it. Two dead.

"The problem was that the forces of order intervened to protect the possessions and the free movement of this forestry exploiter who was polluting the river. The children, due to swimming in the river, began to get covered in spots. The tea was red in the morning — the water was red. That lasted for



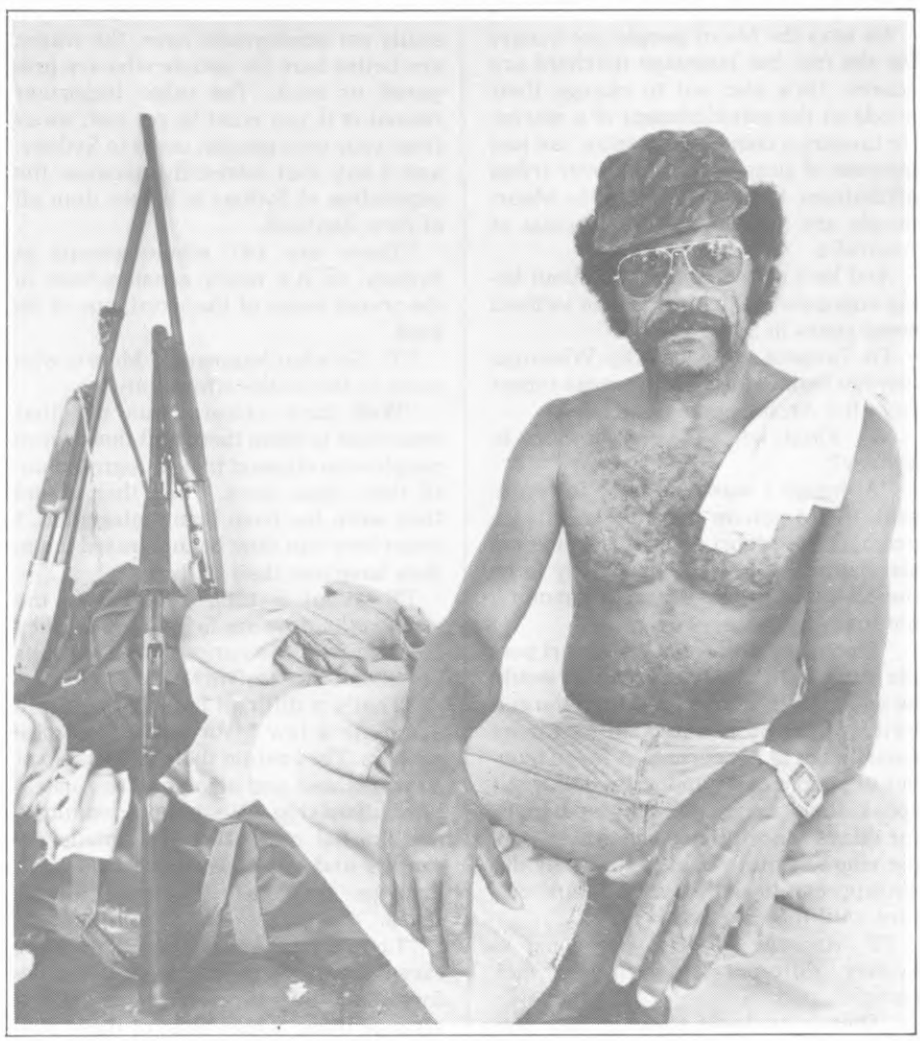
Above: Waiting and thinking

Below: 'Eloi Machoro had become fatalistic'

five or six years. After the two men died the police gathered up and did over about 10 young tribespeople. But the forester got out with his machinery, with the help of the forces of order — and at the present time that forester is taking out wood in the south, always under the same conditions."

Elio Machoro had become fatalistic. He regarded his reputation in the local and foreign press as an ogre with a kind of grim amusement. What they said didn't surprise him — he had only to look, he said, at the ownership of the media and the interests they represented. It was frustrating for him, however, that the messages weren't reaching South Pacific neighbours: "What is certain — and everyone needs to be clear about it — we want Kanak independence and we're going to have it. If it's with the understanding and support of New Zealand, Australia and the other countries of the Pacific, so much the better for everyone. If they don't want to help us — well, we'll have it anyway."

* *Note: The official version of the shooting of Eloi Machoro differs considerably from the events as pieced together by officials of the Provisional Government of Kanaky. The two versions can be found in the March edition of "Overview", the journal of Corso.*



Sydney Maoris go back to basics

Kingi Ihaka (Photo Gil Hanly)

Maoris living in Sydney, Australia are in for some culture shock following the arrival of Archdeacon Kingi Ihaka, the first resident Maori minister. Kingi has spent his first eight months finding out the people's needs and he's now ready for action.

He says the Maori people are hungry for the reo, but language teachers are scarce. He's also out to change their minds on the establishment of a marae. He favours a community centre, not just because of possible conflict over tribal affiliations, but also because the Maori people are not the tangata whenua of Australia.

And he's not so concerned about being unpopular with Maoris who've lived some years in Sydney.

Tu Tangata editor, Philip Whaanga went to Sydney to get a progress report from the Archdeacon.

TT Kingi, what is your job here in Sydney?

"Although I was sent here to represent the Anglican Church and work amongst the Maori people, I was licensed by the Archbishop of Sydney to be the chaplain to the Maori community, not just Anglicans.

"I feel very aroha for the Maori people living here, the bulk of whom would be under forty years of age, and the majority would be ill-equipped as far as maoritanga is concerned. A large number of people can't understand or don't speak their language, they're hungry for things Maori. I've come across people who say quite bluntly that they did not appreciate the value of Maori culture until they arrived here."

TT Are the Maoris who come to Sydney different from those back home?

"There's no doubt about it, they generally get employment here, the wages are better here for people who are prepared to work. The other important reason is if you want to get lost, away from your own people, come to Sydney, and I say that advisedly because the population of Sydney is bigger than all of New Zealand.

"There are 147 ethnic groups in Sydney, so it's really cosmopolitan in the truest sense of the word, one of its kind."

TT So what happens to Maoris who come to this multicultural city?

"Well their culture was not that important to them then, and these were people who claimed to be integrated until they came here. They then found they were far from being integrated. I mean how can they be integrated when they have lost their culture."

TT What is their reaction to the strong ethnic groups in Sydney? Do they blend in with the various ethnic groups or become Australian?

"That's a difficult one. I think there are quite a few Maoris with dual citizenship. They retain their citizenship of New Zealand and also acquire Australian citizenship. What the advantages are I'm not quite sure. I've made enquiries and can't see any sense in it. Perhaps there are financial advantages.

"I can't quite understand it, perhaps these people were lost back home before they left to come here. It's a strange thing, whilst most of these people can't speak or understand Maori, when it comes to the church services, they demand that they be in Maori."

TT Do they want something without having the other, the signs and symbols without learning the language?

"Yes but they realise they must do the learning also. Last night I had a meeting with the group that has been organising the Sydney Maori Festival for the past eight years, the Aroha Co-operative. The questions they were asking me, I really felt aroha for them, and I suggested that after the festival we have a wananga to discuss them.

"I mean the people we are talking about are in their thirties and forties, mature adults, who for all intents and purposes appear to be ashamed of the fact that they know so little of their own heritage and culture, and their concern is for their children.

"One lady from Whangarei said to me last night, 'I'm not concerned about myself but I am concerned about my children.' I told her that in that case we can't do everything in such a short time, we should have a series of wanangas on topics that people are interested in. One thing they're extremely interested in is learning their own language. People have come to me saying, 'When are you going to start up maori classes?' "

TT Are there any maori language teachers here?

"There are one or two, but they are very restricted in the sense that they work for state departments. One lady, Patsey Williams, nee Wipaki from Tuhoe, sets aside so many hours per week for people who are interested in learning the maori language, but it's her own initiative. I've asked the Minister of Education back home if there's a chance of extending the correspondence school lessons in maori to those Maoris here in Australia.

"I've received a positive reply from his secretary saying they'll investigate the whole matter and let me know. I know if it's just a matter of cost that the Maoris here will be prepared to pay."

TT Why has it taken so long for these Maoris to do something about their language. Is it their children who've prompted the response?

"Yes, they want their children to be better than them in so far as their culture is concerned. The other thing is that for the past twenty years Maori people have been coming here, then going home, coming here and going home and I don't believe that's a good way of looking at things Maori in Australia. I think the only way to see properly is to come and live in Australia.

"I don't think we should impose, say kohanga reo, I don't believe it will work in Australia, I don't think those type of

Kingi with Mereana Pitman (Photo Gil Hanly)

exercises are of benefit. Because if kohanga reo was in Five Dock where I am living, if they learn the maori language, who are they going to converse with, because their parents can't understand it, they can't speak to anyone else but themselves.

"I think it's better to start with the young parents, rather than the preschoolers, get the parents to have some knowledge of maori language. It shocks me sometimes when I say to a Maori, 'tena koe', and the Maori will reply 'tena koe', and then say, 'please don't speak to me in maori'. That's sad.

TT I've heard some Maoris say they came to Sydney to escape family ties, would that explain this embarrassment with the language?

"That is true, one thing we do not have here are the peer pressures we have back at home and this is why it is a wonderful challenge working here in Sydney amongst our own people. We're all learners in the broadest sense of the word, not just Maori culture but living.

TT Does the attraction of big money always pay off for Maoris coming to Sydney?

"No, I've seen some shocking houses, I've been to them and then some are very beautiful. I guess it's the same back home.

TT Have not some of the labouring jobs dried up now, that would formerly have brought many young Maoris over?

"No, for instance my son, a school teacher came here. He didn't want to teach, he got a job as a security officer at one of the hotels. He just went up, introduced himself, no references, no nothing, and asked if there were any vacancies."

TT How do Australians view Maoris, have they got a bad name?

"Yes, I think they've been tarnished. Australians think all Maoris live in Bondi. I was only here three weeks when I met this pakeha lady who said, 'You've got a lot of your people in the jail'.

"And I said oh yes, really. How do you know.

"She said, 'By their colour and by their behaviour and by their looks'.

"Well I said, you're better than I am.

"She said, 'What do you mean by that'.

"I said, well I've already mistaken Aborigines and Italians for Maoris. When you mix some of the Italians up with the Maoris you couldn't tell the difference.

"I had this elderly lady come into church quite regularly, and she really looked like a Maori kuia, the facial expression, the way she walked. After one service I greeted her in maori, saying, 'tena koe e kui', and she looked at me and said, 'hello'. I mean it's not that unusual for a Maori to reply like that, so I said, where do you come from and she said, 'from north'. I thought, north Auckland or what. Some time later I realised she meant Northern Territory, Australia."

TT On this subject of Aborigines, how do you see the relationship between Maoris and the tangata whenua of Australia.

"Well I don't think the Maori people living here or any other ethnic group for that matter can call themselves the tangata whenua. As far as I'm concerned we are all manene here, strangers and foreigners in another land. I think our first responsibility is to the tangata whenua.

"At present we are sharing a parish church and that's not very satisfactory. We're looking to acquire a big church in Redfern, and that can be our 'turangawaewae' away from home. Redfern is also a centre for the Aborigines in Sydney. When we're established there, I intend to go out and talk to them, meet them, encourage contact, but they're a very shy people. They're shy and they're scared and I don't blame them.

"It reminds me of the days when I was about ten years of age, I was scared of pakehas at that age, we rarely saw pakehas outside of schoolteachers, the doctor or health nurse.

"The aborigines here are still living in that age, and they are being treated as far as I am concerned in that way, perhaps not financially but morally and spiritually."

TT So returning to your assessment of what the Maori people here in Sydney need, what are your plans for the future.

"Well I'm here for a trial period under the umbrella of the Bishopric of Aotearoa that goes til 1987, although plans are afoot to extend this time to 1988 because of the Australian bicentenary in that year.

"As for my future plans, I have just set up an organisation which covers church, cultural and social fields, known as the Sydney Maori Arohanui Fellowship of which I am chairman, and we have a council of fourteen representing various tribes and denominations. We have nine sub-committees acting on various aspects of the work. We are also looking at getting a maori language speaking social worker from NZ to work here. I find it very exciting working like this with no peer pressure."

TT You seem to be suggesting that they seem freer here.

"Yes, no doubt about it. The majority of young people have used Auckland as their base for many years and thence migrated here. They're not Aucklanders as such, they come from rural areas to live in Auckland, not satisfied with that, they come across the Tasman.

"I think the predominant tribe are Waikato.

"I came across a chap called Eric Daniels, his real name is Ranera. He comes from round about Maungatautare. He's got his own business, taxi driving. He said if he hadn't come here, he wouldn't have it. Another chap, Puhi Williams, his father is Nuki. He's got his own taxi business. He was a cop back in New Zealand."

TT What is it about this freedom, that makes people perhaps attempt things they wouldn't back home.

"I'm not quite sure what they mean by freedom here, but they feel it."

TT It's been suggested that Maoris really come here to get lost, how do they do this.

"Well something that really concerns me is a lot of Maoris come here and change their names, or have about ten aliases. I had a ring this morning from a Maori funeral undertaker about a chap that was shot. He was a Maori, with about ten names. That's the sort of thing that happens here."

Bondi — the capital of New Zealand?

Why do Maoris flock to Australia and more particularly, Bondi, a seaside suburb of Sydney. The lure of big money to be made has faded now with previously easy-to-find labouring jobs now scarce.

In the minds of two polynesians, who've made Bondi their home, it's summed up in freedom. Freedom not to be constricted by family ties, preconceptions or just plain small town thinking.

Jim's a Cook Islander, who figures high in activist circles and Rodney is a Nuiean who came to Bondi nearly nine years ago with big dreams and little money in his pocket.

Both shared their thoughts with *Tu Tangata*.

The idea of polynesians being restricted in what they can do at home may be a new thought. However for Jim and Rodney, Bondi represents a freedom of living style that they felt wasn't possible at home. And what is that style. For Rodney it's the late late hours and night life and for Jim it's a more tolerant environment.

Jim says he didn't realise how tolerant until he returned to New Zealand recently. He says he was appalled by the underlying violence and tension in Auckland and Rotorua. Not having been back for ten years, Jim found the gang presence, just one of the contributors to the tension.

He says in Sydney, the main violence is associated with Maori 'bouncers' at Kings Cross, a dubious reputation they've earned over the years. Consequently he says most Australians have this view that Maoris are big and can fight.

Another surprising fact is that there are a large number of pacific islanders living in Sydney, a fact that pleasantly surprised Rodney's mother when she came to visit.

For Jim, who's taking sociology at university, life is very much wound up in politics. He says he served his apprenticeship during the 60's hippie counterculture phase and has kept active since.

One of his current involvements is FM community radio based at the university. Radio Kotahitanga started last year and has two hours each week. It's what Jim calls 'inner city radio', not just because the low strength signal only covers the inner suburbs of Sydney, but because it's community based.

Jim. "I've been here in Bondi 14 years. My arrival is typical of a lot of Maoris and New Zealanders who come over here. I came to get out of the small town attitude. I got a job labouring in the building industry, a job traditionally taken by young Maori because of the non-union labour. They come to Bondi, where they know people, hang around for two to three years with the idea of taking back a lot of money from the big city to keep their mums and dads satisfied that they've done a good job over here. So they want to make big money and they're not interested in unions. They want to make it as fast as they can. The building industry has always been attractive. They pick up jobs on the side, like being a bouncer at the Cross. They're heavily involved in that. A few Maoris were involved in murders and organised crime. Most of the activities are centered around the Cross and people come over and always check out the Cross and so Maoris become a very focal point because they're seen around the Cross.

"I came here to the building industry and got involved in the unions and stayed with the unions.

"A lot of people coming over here won't give up this idea of making money, especially for the folks back home.

"But from what I can see, they're not making it and they just perpetuate the myth of Sydney, the big city.

"They won't give up this idea of making it big, you know like a taxi business, but they end up after around three, four years with a child or two running around Bondi. They're then faced with, 'Do I go back, or do I get a mortgage and go and live in the Sydney suburbs.'

"The climate, the sun is very attractive to brown-skinned people and about the only place they can get a big enough house is out in the western suburbs. So they get scattered in all directions, purely because of economic reasons. Bondi is a place for single people, not kids.

"It's a transient population in Bondi, it changes every three or four years. Out in the western suburbs, they have to find a job, anything, it's usually to do with small businesses. They have to make it living on their wits, they pick up a few skills. They're definitely survivors.

"However because of this making money thing, they tend to have different factions distrusting one another. I found it very factional.

"In different fundraising efforts for a marae or projects I found people wanting to know where the money has gone.

"I mean a lot have no money but that doesn't stop them asking."

TT: This entreprenurial skill seems a lot more evident in Sydney than back home though.

"Yes but it's a lot more alienating here. I go back to that small town attitude they bring with them.

"A twenty year old arrives in Sydney, he's never seen a city like Sydney. I mean Bondi is next to the Cross, and then you have television that goes all night. I mean when my mother arrived here, all she did was watch television all night, she loved it.

"When you come here, you're away from those small town restrictions, you're on your own."

TT: But don't Maoris bind together here in Bondi?

"Well because the building industry is in a crisis, we lost our jobs, we have the highest unemployment per density in Australia here in Bondi. Because we

Jim George looking to the Pacific from Bondi

were unemployed, we met more often now in the street, rather than as before in the pubs after work. We have this informal network connected up with what's happening back in New Zealand, this Treaty of Waitangi issue, those things. With those political, social things happening elsewhere we were able to bring people together.

"People going backwards and forwards between here and home keep us informed.

"There are not too many Maoris who come over here to work in tertiary institute or get education. Most come to make money.

"I happen to have those skills, and instead of working at the Cross, I went to university.

"A lot of the Maoris coming here haven't had the tertiary education and so find it hard acquiring the professional skills needed in small business. The last idea they have is to get some higher education.

"I've been within the University of New South Wales for seven or eight years. I see a few pacific islanders, but don't see any of this particular crowd. But those things must change. The myth about the big city is slowly changing to the extent where more of them are going back to New Zealand now."

TT: What stories do they tell on returning?

"That's it's tough, normally they're beaten, with two dollars in their pockets or someone else has paid for their fare.

"I think they don't understand the politics of the place, it's never been an area that Maoris outside of Maori activists, have been involved in. I mean they don't see the connections between Aborigines and Maori land rights."

TT: Well what political connections have you made that you're still here after fourteen years?

"Well I got to the stage about three or four years ago when I had been involved in unions and knew more about Aboriginal land rights than what was happening back in New Zealand.

"I've applied that knowledge that I've gained from meeting aboriginal activists to the scene back home and I find there's no difference. The same bureaucrats are impeding the progress of Aborigines and Maoris. There have been links between Red Indian groups, Aboriginal groups and Maoris. An indigenous people conference was held a few years back with Donna Awatere and Rebecca Evans coming from New Zealand."

TT: What does political knowledge do for your group here in Bondi?

"We were dealing with bread and butter issues like housing and unemployment and came together as Maoris. We had problems within this particular area.

"Those activities like squatting in an abandoned house became blown up. If we didn't take some action we would have ended up with eight or nine people living in a one-bedroomed flat. I mean we didn't have the money to send them back to New Zealand."

TT: What has your squat achieved?

"It became the catalyst for resident action groups to start up here. Other groups came along and got involved as a community.

"It gave us credibility as a Maori group.

"To give an example. In setting up this particular group we approached the Australian Arts Council for a project with cultural and modern music. An aboriginal activist, Gary Foley was on the council. We asked him for money and he turned us down flat saying the best place for Maoris was back in New Zealand.

"He said Sydney Maoris had not done anything for Aborigines.

"That's how we started, thinking, 'What have we done?'.

"That's when we realised what our stereotype was.

"After that we kept out of Gary's way and kept contact with kooris (Aborigines) living in Redfern. We now have credibility with them. No way

would Gary Foley say those things about us now."

TT: How do Aborigines benefit from your group's work now?

"We make it a priority to involve them, get the Aborigine Dance Theatre in with our projects. Music is a big uniter, the reggae. One of them, Tiger shares an FM programme with us. They've invited us to talk about Waitangi Day protests on their radio shows."

TT: How do you see the Aboriginal struggle? Is the lead coming from urban blacks?

"I think there is a challenge to these urban blacks from older, tertiary educated blacks who've been to university and been promised jobs within the Aboriginal Affairs. They're having a modifying influence which is smothering the radicals.

"These urban blacks are now finding groups rising up and challenging them now, where for about ten years they were given a free rein. Their opinions were always in the media.

"Now we find new groups, sometimes people no-one knows. They've been selected to counter people like Gary Foley; to give support to government policy. It's to the extent that Gary has said that the biggest obstacle, they now face in the eighties are the bureaucrats, and they're the black bureaucrats."

TT: What connections does your group have with other Maoris living in Sydney?

"We went out and met these particular people before the squatting incident, so they know ourselves, but they find us a bit informal. We joined a few of their committees but found our interests were different. We're a bit younger. They'd hold a social and say tickets were ten dollars. We'd ask if there were any concessions for unemployed. I mean they would organise fundraising from crook raffles while we have an Australian government grant. That's the difference plus at the time of the squatting incident, we needed all our resources here in Bondi.

"The present council running Bondi is what I would call 'mavericks', flash-in-the-pan who want to develop Bondi. They've rushed around Bondi upsetting and alienating different groups."

TT: You recently returned to New Zealand after an absence of seven or eight years, how did you find New Zealand?

"Well before I left, groups like the Mongrel Mob weren't around. Now after going back I wonder what I'm doing here in Bondi, I should be back home.

"Now living in Bondi, I have a greater concentration upon the Pacific because of things like Anzus. I've moved away from Maori and more towards a pacific awareness."

TT: Was the gang thing fearful for you?

"I found it very territorial and very tense. I also found it very exciting, the physical presence of Maoris. I'm a first generation migrant, a Cook Islander born in Rotorua. I'm the oldest of ten. When I went to school there was a little box where you had to tick Maori or European, and like Islanders didn't exist. Now I see more people looking like me.

"What I find exciting are the street kids, who've made their own links through music, they've broken down divisions between Maoris and Islanders. Instead of the old idea of the two groups fighting, they're dancing together.

"There's still a few punches between groups but it's disappearing.

"In New Zealand I think there's nothing to do beyond having kids. These street kids are making their own action and to me that's exciting.

"The older gang members I talked to said they're bored and got into mischief. The young kids show promise. I think music can do a lot for Maoris."

Game to have a go! Australian tourists learn the actions from John Hudson during their entertainment night at the Rendezvous restaurant.

Maori International On Road To Success

Maori International appears to have confounded the sceptics if its first venture into tourism is any indication of the company's future..

Opotiki was a stop-over for a bus load of Australian tourists during a three-week holiday in New Zealand, and they had a further taste of Maori hospitality at the Rendezvous restaurant on Friday night when, after the evening meal, they joined in an impromptu concert with their host, John Hudson, and his group of entertainers.

Speaking to the News through the music and laughter, Hine Pipi told us she had been engaged to put the tour package together, and was also appointed as guide for the duration of the Australians' visit.

"It seemed such a massive task that the week before the tourists were due to arrive I almost threw it all away — but I'll never have any doubts again. The whole experience has been absolutely wonderful," she said.

"The tour has been designed as a public relations exercise among other things, and has certainly achieved its aim.

"The tourists are having an in-depth look at New Zealand culture, and the togetherness of our lifestyle is what they like.

"They've spent two nights sleeping on marae out of 11 to keep a balance in their itinerary.

"Credibility, integrity and quality is what they're looking for, and this is what they have found," Hine said.

The coach driver for the tour is Tui White of Rotorua, who has been eight years on the road with guided tours.

He has taken the Australian tourists from Auckland through to the Bay of Islands, returning through the kauri forests and calling at tourist places on the way back to Hamilton, and finally to their first Maori reception at Waahi Marae.

Then it was on the road again via National Park, Taupo to Rotorua and the Tarawhai Marae for another traditional welcome.

The following day it was on to Kawerau, a tour of the Tasman Pulp and Paper Company's mill, and then on to Opotiki via Whakatane.

On their arrival in Wellington travelling on the west coast of the North Island, another Maori driver will take over from Tui for the tour through the South Island which will include Queenstown and Mount Cook.

And what of the Australian tourists themselves? We spoke with a number of them as they were enjoying Johnny's special gourmet seafood dishes.

"Unbelievable," was the word that most of them used. "We've never experienced hospitality like it."

Marae Nights

And their most memorable part of the tour to date? Without hesitation they all voted for the nights on the maraes.

To be greeted with a traditional Maori welcome, experiencing a meal in the dining room and a night in the meeting house was something they will never forget.

Still their enjoyment goes on. One excited lady found it difficult to express all that she felt. "That cunning little kiwi coach driver told us tonight that we were going out to dinner. We had no idea it was going to turn out such a wonderful evening."

"This is the real thing, and so different from the tours where you travel on the main highways, and stay in city hotels," said Mrs Phyllis Robinson, who was mothering her Australian counterparts.

"It is not an expensive tour, and one of our people even sold an insurance policy to come here," she said.

As the evening in the Rendezvous wore on, the spontaneity of "Old McDonald Had a Farm" sung like it had never been sung before, followed by "Whakaria Mai" all the groups supported by waiatas — Maori people singing with their guests — it was all tremendous fun.

There were few dry eyes among the visitors when the evening really had to come to an end and brown hands clasped white to sing "Now is the Hour When We Must Say Goodbye".

But there will be other occasions just like it, because our visitors are going home to "tell everyone of the holiday they had."

Te Maori

Not only from across the Tasman will they come. Te Maori exhibition has created such an impression in the United States that a number of Americans are now making inquiries about coming to New Zealand to see the land from which the exhibition came and Maori International is waiting.

Opotiki News

Bill Herewini

by Judith Martin

Wiremu "Bill Herewini — Ngati Maniapoto kaumatua, Maori Battalion captain, and once one of New Zealand's top Maori public administrators, died suddenly on March 23, aged 70.

Born in Oparure, near Te Kuiti, Bill attended Te Aute College. He worked for a short time in a Taranaki real estate office and in 1939 enlisted. He started off in the Taranaki Company of the 19th Battalion before eventually joining the Maori Battalion.

He travelled to England and Greece, and was a Prisoner of War for four years before returning to New Zealand in 1945.

Later that year he joined the public service, and a career which would see him become one of the pioneers of the welfare services division of the Maori Affairs Department.

Bill began that career as Maori rehabilitation officer for the Hamilton district. In 1947 when the government set up the Maori Welfare division of the department, Bill was appointed Maori welfare officer in Hamilton. Four years later he was doing this work for the whole district.

In the mid-1950s he moved with his family to Wellington to become assistant controller of Maori welfare. Two years later he was controller.

In 1973 he became executive director of social services in what was then the Department of Maori and Island Affairs.

Bill Herewini was president of the Porirua RSA for 13 years until 1984, and was the second Maori ex-serviceman to receive the coveted RSA gold star award.

He represented the NZRSA at a War Veterans Federation general assembly at the Hague, and also attended a reunion of the African Korps at Stuttgart.

Bill was extensively involved with community groups in Porirua, where he lived, and was known as a "peacemaker" on the local authorities on which he served.

He became a member of the Porirua District Licensing Trust in 1974, a Porirua city councillor in 1980, and deputy-mayor of Porirua in 1983.

Bill Herewini's tangihanga was held at Takapuahia Marae, Porirua, and his funeral service in the Church of Christ the King, Cannons Creek.

The church was packed with more than 800 people, and mourners included Maori Affairs Minister Koro Wetere, the MPs for Kapiti, Porirua and Southern Maori — Mrs Margaret Shields, Dr Gerry Wall and Mrs Whetu Tirakatene-Sullivan — and the Dominion president of the RSA, Sir William Leuchars.

In a tribute to his longtime friend, Maori Battalion Association past-president Mr Ned Nathan said a very valuable ambassador for New Zealand had been lost.

"If each of us remember some of the services Bill has contributed, this country will be a better place.

"An important part of Bill's life was reaching better understanding between Maori-pakeha, and this he has achieved," Mr Nathan said.

"He achieved what he believed was an understanding, and whatever the problem was, be it Maori, pakeha-Maori or Maori-pakeha, the achievements speak for themselves."

"Bill had the kind of diplomacy which could handle any situation, both in this country and overseas. He was one of the most important people in our generation, simply because he could cross the river between Maori and pakeha and resolve many of the differences and hardships we have had.

"He has contributed much to the future of our country and our people," said Mr Nathan.

Porirua Licensing trust chairman, Mr Jim Gray said Bill Herewini was a man who could temper unrealistic expectations with wisdom, and who had a great ability to take the sting out of adverse situations.

He was compassionate and objective, Mr Gray said.

Porirua's mayor, Mr John Burke said his deputy was known throughout Porirua as "one of nature's gentlemen".

"He was a warm, happy and generous man. He could be firm, he could be critical, but his criticism was always expressed in gentlemanly terms, and it was always with a view to creating the positive. He was a friend to everyone.

"He had his burdens to carry, but he came through with an optimism and a gentleness that was assuring to those around him. We in Porirua are grateful that we had the benefit of his sparkle, his love and support," said Mr Burke.

Mr Herewini's wife, Ailsa, died in July last year. He is survived by three adult children, Moana, Keith and Ross.

KI A NGOINGOI PEWHAIRANGI NA TONA WHANAU O TE ATAARANGI

"Moe mai e te whakaruruhau a te motu
I to moenga roa
Haere noa atu koe
Ko o mahi i mahia e koe i tenei ao
Ka noho hei pohatu whakamaharatanga
Ki a koe
Engari
Ko te mamae... ko te pouri
A te iwi whanui... ka nui rawa atu
Orite koe, me o mahi katoa
Ki te ahi mahurehure
E tahunga nei
E koro ma, e kui ma
Hei maramatanga mo ratou i roto i te pouri
Hei mahana hoki i roto i te matao
Ka tamoutia ana te mahurehure
Ka pouri... ka makariri
Ki te kapekapetia ana te mahurehure
Ka puta mai ano
Te maramatanga ... te mahana
Kei roto to whanau a Te Ataarangi
I enei whakamatautau e noho ana
No reira e Kui
Okioki mai i roto i te Atua".

Ngoi and Dalvanius — composers

"They came this most special ope in the early hours of the morning. Came as a breeze cooled. Papatuanuku... came under a gentle moon which with the lights of the marae softened the faces that waited... Came to the waiata powhiri of Ngati Porou... came arms linked eight across, so many their numbers stretched back into the darkness... came their faces streaked with tears and exhaustion... came led not by their Rangatira, but by their own pakeke... came HER people... came the ringa wera for their poroporoaki, unable still to comprehend their loss, unable to believe it.

Oh they had all come, huge ope, from the four corners of Aotearoa, from Australia, as if Maoridom had halted for those few days, halted to pay tribute to this short dark woman, her eyes hidden behind dark glasses, who walked across a room and the mana of a people walked with her.

A humble gentle woman, whose gift lay in her acceptance of all people, whose pride lay in her own.

Aotearoa wept at this tangi, much of her will remain and in the mana of her death will gain in strength.

Some will write of her, some will seek to wear her mantle of leadership, seeing in themselves suitable candidates for the role, all will miss her, none will take her place.

We will talk of her often, her words now to become taonga, for she is in the realm of the tipuna... and her tangi, the tangi of aroha will blend into memory for that is as it should be... "Haere e Kui! Haere!"

Na. Rosa Tamepo

Tribute to Ngoi Pewhairangi from a pakeha friend

Ngoingoi Pewhairangi was the kind of character around whom legends build. Although emphasising and practising humility above all other virtues (she always entered her marae through the back entrance), she was regarded as a queen by the people of Tokomaru Bay. She was wise and quietly eloquent in serious matters. Often she spoke in a near-whisper and people had to strain to catch what she said; but strain they did and all other conversation ceased. She also had a devastating tongue in repartee and a wholly original sense of humour.

Some of the images I retain of her:

Ngoi at a Kotahitanga meeting at Mangahanea Marae, speaking last but to greatest effect, describing her own people as having to live like seagulls on the cliffs of the coast.

Ngoi in the kitchen at Pakirikiri late at night, composing a song with her women, trying out lyrics, experimenting with bursts of melody.

Ngoi at a city restaurant arguing with the owner that she wasn't going to pay for her omelette because the eggs were off. When the owner called in the police, she called in the local health inspector. She offered to pay if the others — owner, policeman and health inspector — were prepared to swallow mouthfuls of the omelette. They were not. The constable spat his out in his helmet.

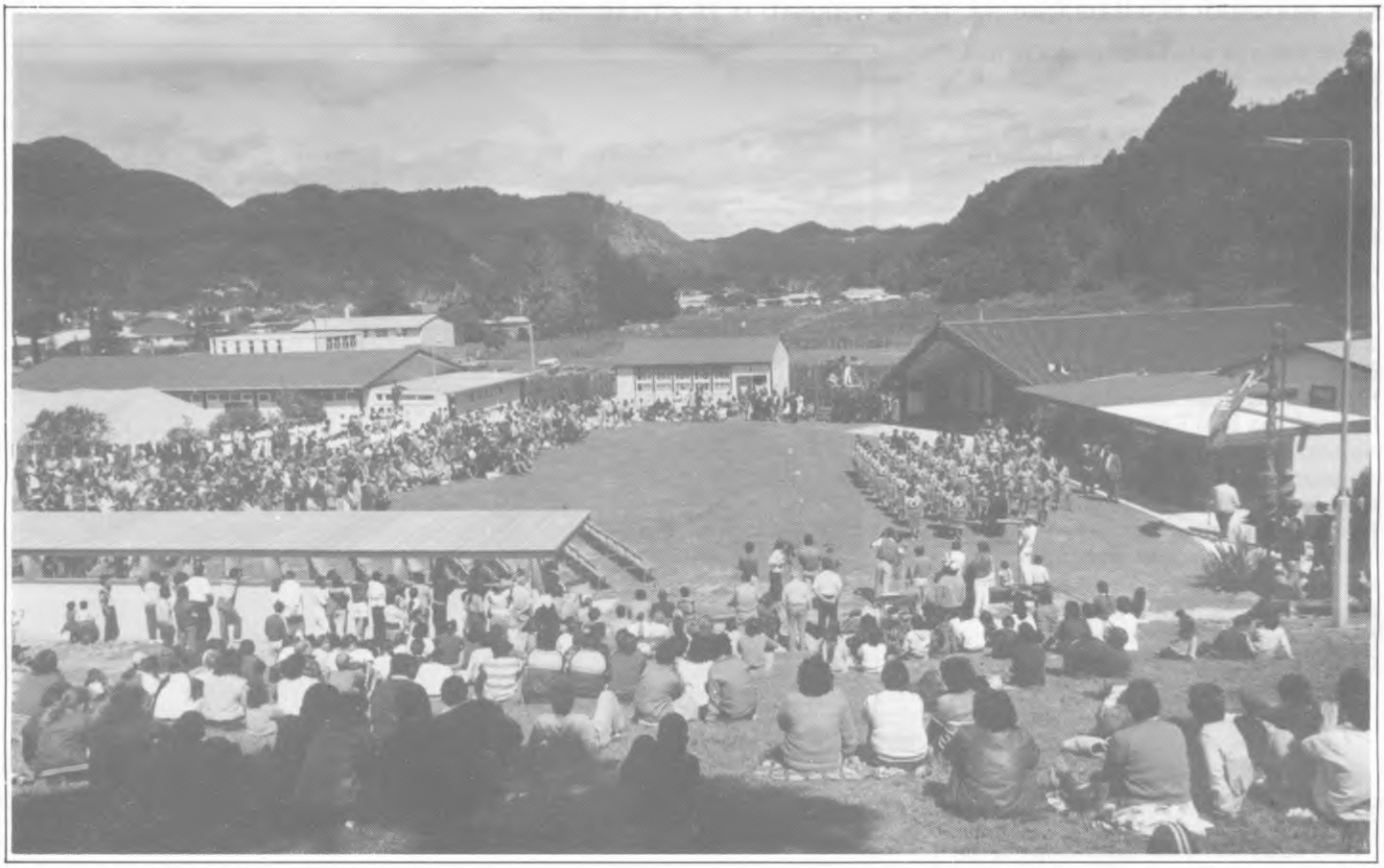
Ngoi greeting a busload of inebriated and sleepy rugby supporters returning from Gisborne, including her husband Ben: "Hello, here comes my wet dream."

Ngoi describing how their truck was stripped of its wheels when she and Ben were sleeping in it, returning home one night from Te Puia Springs: "**You** stop them." "No you."

She was three things above all else. A community leader for whom people would have done (and did) anything. A superb and patient teacher. And the finest Maori composer of her time. In the pakeha public mind she will be best remembered for *Poi E* and *E Ipo*. But her best waiata and powhiri, such as *E Hara Tenei*, have already passed into the standard Maori repertoire. In this role she stepped into the shoes of her beloved aunt, Tuini Ngawai, to whom she bore a startling resemblance; and she revived the wonderful custom of writing songs to commemorate occasions as they occurred.

Ngoi is irreplaceable. To her, my greetings and the saddest of farewells; to the bereaved, her orphans, my love and sympathy.

MICHAEL KING



Panoramic view of the new marae.

Rautahi: the vision that became reality

A strong wind was blowing across the marae stirring the flags of 20 nations, as the proudest flag of all, the host flag, reached out from the flagstaff on Rautahi to welcome the Minister of Maori Affairs and Lands, the Hon. Koro Wetere and the official party to an occasion which has been described as "Unique in Maoridom."

After 27 years of planning and desperately hard work, March 9, 1985 saw the opening of the newly carved meeting house, Te Aotahi, on the Rautahi Marae at Kawerau — a house dedicated to both European and Pacific Islands peoples.

With the Minister to celebrate the occasion were the former Member of Parliament for East Cape, the Rt. Hon. Duncan MacIntyre and Mrs MacIntyre; the present member, Mrs Anne Fraser; Mr and Mrs Monita Delamere and Sir Norman Perry of Opotiki; chairman of the Waiariki District Maori Council, Mr Maanu Paul and management representatives from the Tasman Pulp and Paper Co. Ltd.

In extending a welcome to the visitors, the Mayor of Kawerau, Mr Ron Hardie, emphasised the fact that he felt privileged to be seated with the elders, an indication that Rautahi was a multicultural marae, and indicative of the many races represented in Kawerau, "an integrated town, and an example to our country and to the world," he said.

The Mayor paid tribute to the Tasman directors who had been of great assistance to projects on the marae and in the town over the years.

"Mr Monita Delamere was a prime mover in the project and a hard worker since its inception," Mr Hardie told the gathering.

"You have heard speakers here today paint a vivid picture of planning, determination, sacrifice and pride and community efforts which have gone into transforming what was a bare paddock 27 years ago, into a marae without peer in the world.

"A meeting house that is unique, where the outstanding carving inside depicts the mixed, cosmopolitan races of our town," said Mr Hardie.

Also with the welcoming party was Mr Max Bish, industrial relations manager with Tasman.

A Heart and Soul

"With the opening of this meeting house, the marae now has a heart and a soul," said Mr Bish.

"Kawerau is a unique society. When the mill started up in the 1950s, all you saw around you were paddocks and scrub, but people came from many corners of the earth bringing with them different cultures, customs and traditions, determined to carve out a new community.

"By their own efforts they built most of the facilities. They used our labour, begged, borrowed or stole materials to build Kawerau into what it is today. But there was something missing in all this, a common ground where all men could stand equal — the community needed a heart.

Vision

"It was the dream of people like Monita Delamere and others here today, who not only had the vision, but the determination to put it into reality.

"It was a long hard struggle, taking much time and energy, but it is because of those people that we can stand proud, as the marae and the community this day has a heart."

Mr Gary Mace, managing director of Tasman said his company was proud to have been associated with the project, which he described as "inspiring".

"For the first time there has been a bringing together of tribes, cultures and races. That's not only innovative, it's courageous," said Mr Mace.

"As time went on, the task became more demanding, and required tenacity and dedication.

"I would like to think these attributes would rub off on the wider Kawerau community, and into the Tasman mill," he added.

But it was Mr Graham Ogilvie, Director of Operations at Tasman, who had a special message for the Maori people present.

"I represent a company of tradition and achievement.

"Pioneers of Tasman introduced what was a new industry to New Zealand, and with it came new technology, and an introduction to the markets of the world. But, most importantly, they built a whole new town.

"People came from other countries and helped to make the concept a reality.

"We have to pick up that pioneering effort, and we of the current generation must look to that spiritual and cultural achievement.

"Many of the projects of Tasman and

Mrs Mere Brown

Rautahi have been achieved in partnership between the mill, the forest, and jobs, for the completion of this marae.

"But we have things yet to be done.

Management

"We have found the traditional way of management not to be efficient if it ever was.

"The democratic way of person against person is now gone, or should be.

"We now recognise the key is co-operation and mutual support groups rather than individual pride.

"These are the characteristics of the traditional Maori culture. We pakehas must adapt them, and we need you, the Maori people to show us.

Need Leaders

"We need Maori leaders if the Maori people are to stand tall as partners rather than as servants.

"You as a people will know you have two obvious weaknesses in education and confidence.

"Education is fundamental, and there must be a greater emphasis on maoritanga.

"Kohanga Reo is a good start, but parents must be encouraged to take a greater part in their children's development.

"You do have a natural pride and confidence which is evident by the Maori renaissance.

"But so many young people have a needlessly poor opinion of their work.

"How many see themselves as employers rather than employees? I believe it is the result of inattention rather than lack of ability.

"I look forward to the next phase of our partnership — working together in the mill and on the marae," said Mr Ogilvie.

Opotiki News

'New Era In Kawerau'

"As from today you begin a new era in Kawerau," said the Minister of Maori Affairs and Lands, the Hon. Koro Wetere in speaking at the opening of Te Aotahi.

"There are other marae of this kind in our nation such as the Waititi Marae in west Auckland. Its origins are inclined to what we are about to do here today.

"Although these show changes in structure and concept, we still have our hapu marae.

"Now we have church, urban and multicultural marae, but they all play the same part in inviting and entertaining our guests.

"How are they funded? Most are registered under section 439 of the Maori Affairs Act, but some are not. They are in the care of the church by the canon law of the church.

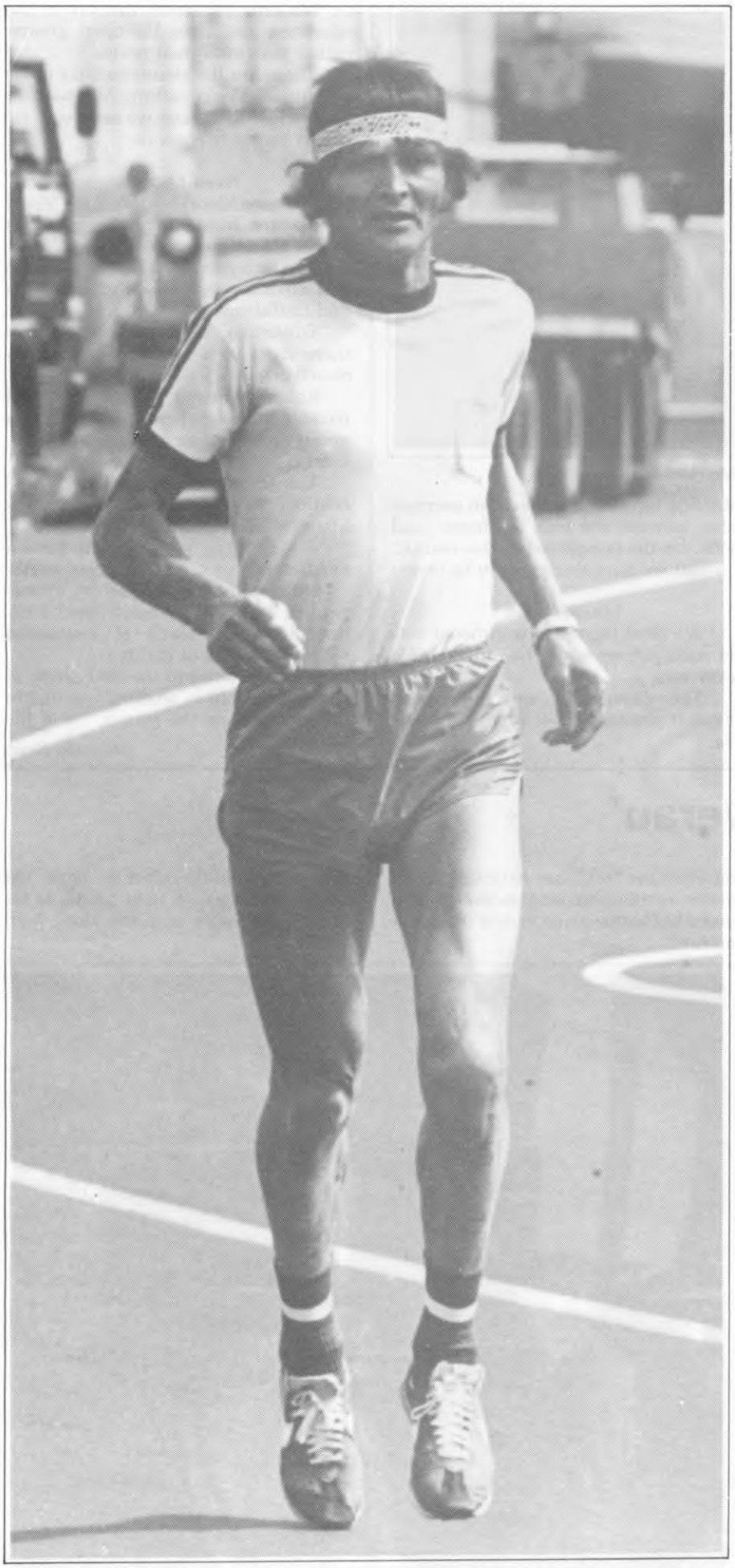
"The Crown is offering land for non traditional marae and I wouldn't argue with that point, as it was originally Maori land, and the Crown has an obligation to look at these facilities.

"I would like, along with Mr Ogilvie (Director of Operations at Tasman), to see the partnership between Maori and pakeha continue forever.

"Look at the flags represented here today. We have been friends with those nations for many years. But we need to cultivate our traditions to bring about a closer relationship and understanding, and what better place to do it than on a marae?"

The young maiden first to enter the house, Ria Mereana Huia talking to Mr Monita Delamere and the Hon. Koro Wetere.

Opotiki News



Left: Aged 60, out training the day following his magnificent 2hrs 56min marathon

Te kaha of the

by Michael Romanos

Sonny Te Kohi McLaughlin can run and run and run. His endurance running feats have brought him a world record, many amazing world class performances and the admiration of athletes and onlookers the world over.

But McLaughlin has fallen short of receiving the kind of recognition he richly deserves in his own country.

This proud, superbly conditioned man is perhaps the greatest ever Maori athlete. Certainly he is one of New Zealand's most incredible sporting competitors.

You see, McLaughlin, the long distance runner, is a 67 year old "youngster" and last April completed his 68th marathon — an event he first contested a mere 13 years ago as a 54 year old.

He clocked a magnificent 2 hours 56 minutes 5 seconds in the Winstones' Hamilton marathon in 1978 and 2 hours 57 minutes three years on when aged 63.

His burning ambition is to complete a sub-three hour marathon when he's in his 70's. The current world record for a 70 year old over the arduous 26 mile 365 yard event stands at 3 hours 6 minutes.

McLaughlin who took up competitive running when most people are looking towards retirement, is a past rugby and tennis star, reaching the top in maoridom and Bay of Plenty.

Sonny McLaughlin has been called "Cy" ever since he was four or five years old.

"I really don't know where 'Cy' came from, but I'm quite happy with it. It's distinctive," said the man who stands out even among a 70,000-strong Auckland fun-run.

Born at Opape Pa, nine miles south of Opotiki, Cy's parents were Harry McLaughlin, a Scotsman, and Te Ao Te Kohi. Cy, the boy, was brought up by his grandparents Te Kohi Ranapia and Keita Reweti. Grandfather Te Kohi was a Ngaitama sub-tribe chief and a tohunga of the Ringatu Church.

Cy relished their clean-living style and even today, he still refrains from alcohol and tobacco.

"Its got to be one of the reasons I'm fit and healthy," he says.

At 67, Cy is an unbelievably healthy stamp of a man. Picture this tall (6ft

long distance runner

2in) 10 stoner with not an ounce of fat. Square shouldered and straight back, barely a wrinkle exists anywhere. Ronald Reagan eat your heart out — Cy has a lengthy, full head of reddish-brown hair with not a trace of greying.

In fact, Cy looks more like a well preserved 45 year old. He wears dapper clothes and his running gear is always spot on, including his special trade mark — a head band either of American Indian or Maori origin.

A long healthy life is the background of Cy's family tree.

His mother passed away last year aged 86 and was active right up to her death, "always in a kumara patch," says Cy. Grandparents Te Kohi and Keita both lived til near 90.

Cy said as a youngster he used to go into the bush with his grand-dad to chop the vine that grows around the kauri tree. "The juice of the vine is called Aaka and is marvellous as a mouth wash and keeping teeth in order. "My grandparents always had sound teeth and so have I."

McLaughlin played representative senior A rugby for the Bay of Plenty for almost a dozen years and was considered an outstanding, fast 14 stone flanker and lineout forward.

But he couldn't get any higher until he was 32 years old and perhaps a little past his peak.

"I had confidence in myself," he said. "I was a very speedy side row forward.

"Being from the country, the national selectors, even the Maori All Black selectors, seem to bypass me.

"The Bay of Plenty side wasn't a glamour team in those days but the New Zealand Rugby Almanac picked me for three successive years in their national All Blacks teams so I suspect the Maori selectors at least had to look me up eventually."

McLaughlin finally gained selection in the New Zealand Maoris in 1950 and stayed in the side for three seasons. He played matches against the British Isles, Fiji and a New Zealand 15 in Wellington following a six match internal tour.

"The biggest thrill I got was playing for the Maoris against the British.

"That was my first big time game. We were beaten by four points but what happened was, we lost a player through injury and because of the no-replacement rules, I had to mark their winger Ken Jones in the second half. Jones was an Olympic sprinter but I feel I did pretty well in marking him. I guess he only escaped me once."

McLaughlin kept playing rugby till he was 36. Tennis took over his main sporting interest. But that went back someways as well.

He was a top player for around 20 years, playing for the Opotiki club and representing the Bay of Plenty.

In 1949, Cy won the New Zealand Maori championships doubles with Bunny Peni and three times he reached the semi-finals for the singles crown.

One memorable occasion was when Bay of Plenty met Waikato and Cy went down fighting to national third ranked Joe Roach 6-5, 6-5.

At 53, after the McLaughlins shifted to Auckland, Cy won the New Zealand watersiders' open singles title.

McLaughlin began running five miles a day, partly because he liked running but mostly because he realised if one wants to keep healthy, fit and alive for a long time, "you've got to prepare for old age".

His serious, motivated running started in 1972 when he joined the Owairaka Athletic Club and soon after he completed his first and slowest marathon. Something less than three and a half hours.

His appetite for continuous endurance running is enormous. The sheer enjoyment and competitive spirit seems unsatiable.

"I want to beat the younger ones," he says.

"It gives me satisfaction to pick them up in a race. The further the race the better and more successful I run."

Examples of McLaughlin's fantastic recovery and racing mileage ability comes thick and fast.

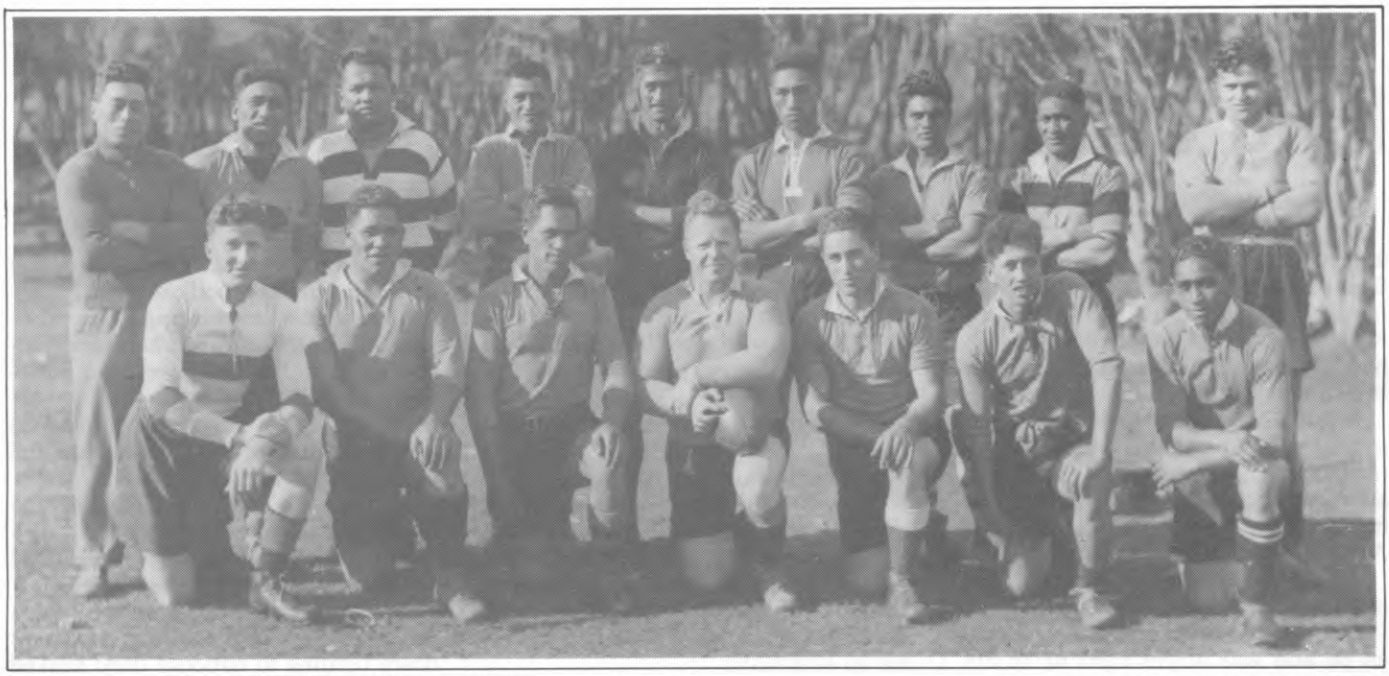
For instance, in 1981 he ran the 30 mile Iron Man race, a week later the Mountain to Surf Marathon in 3hrs 10sec, a little later the Auckland to Hamilton 80 miler and the next weekend the Rotorua Fletcher Marathon in 3hrs 6sec.

In 1982 he squeezed in eleven marathons when the "normal" marathoner struggles to race three or four over a 12 month period.

In all his marathons and road races like 10km, Cy seldom finishes other than first in the over 60's grade and in the ultra distance events he often finishes high up in the overall placings let alone his age group.

His marathon racing has taken him to South Africa, Boston, Canada, Australia, Honolulu and Japan.

Below: Kiwi Hockey Team winners for 1950 Cy middle row far left



Cape Runaway Football Team, 1939 Cy back row far right

NZ Maori All Black 1950-51-52 Ruru Gardiner and Cy

Maori Golf Tournament, Rotorua Cy second from right

The last named country hosted the world veteran marathon championships in 1983. Cy finished fourth in the over 60's but he was a little disappointed.

"Japan wasn't my day for a real top race. I only had one day to acclimatise and the weather didn't suit me. I like it very warm with not much wind."

But marathons are for beginners one might be led to believe. The annual 80 mile race from Auckland to Hamilton in 1980 had McLaughlin clocking his best time in the event — 12hrs 21min on the road.

He lapped Auckland's Mt Smart Stadium a mind-boggling 402 times in order to run the 100 mile event in heatwave conditions. Cy's time. Exactly 16hrs 3min 47sec.

During 1981 he gave a real standout performance, running the 60 mile Auckland to Huntly road race in 7hrs 53min. That equates to under eight minutes per mile. Amazing for a 63 year old and for good measure, McLaughlin's piston-like legs took him to second placing overall.

But an even greater achievement was still to come.

In June 1984, Cy smashed the world non-stop 24 hour running record for over 60's, completing a journey of 210.129km (131 miles) around the East Coast Bays (Auckland) track stadium. He bettered the record at 2pm and carried on to complete 24 hours at 5pm.

"The body was going well that day," he recalls.

"I never suffered during the event. It was amazing because I finished second over a specially selected field of 10 runners. The chap that won it was 36 year old Dick Tout and the world open record holder Joe Record of Australia could only finish fourth."

McLaughlin won a Auckland road race spot prize giving him a trip to Rarotonga to race in the Around the

Island 20 miler last November.

Cy circled the Rarotonga perimeter in a superb 2hrs 17min, finishing 17th overall from a field of 160.

Earlier this year, Cy raced in his eighth New Zealand marathon championship, winning (of course) the over 60's age grade by more than 30 minutes. The next morning he trained as usual with the Auckland YMCA road runners club and in the afternoon he was on the track at Mt Smart Stadium.

At Mt Smart he competed in the veteran's track and field meeting, winning the over 65's 800 metres, 2000 metres, long jump and took second placing in the 100 metres and 200 metres sprints. Impressive huh!

McLaughlin said he was profoundly touched when he received a life membership, trophy and T-shirt from the YMCA last February.

"Its the first time I have been honoured this way," he said.

"Even my athletic club, Owairaka, have never presented or acknowledged me with anything like the YMCA did."

Retired from working as a watersider two years ago, Cy is married to Charlotte Apiata who comes from the Cape Runnaway region.

The couple have three married children — Sonny lives in Vancouver, Canada and daughters Ngarangi and Keita. There are also eight grandchildren.

Cy trains once a day almost every day of the year. He runs for one to three hours, covering a weekly total in excess of 100 miles and spends upwards of 20 minutes a day with weights.

People from all over the world write to Cy asking him about dieting, running and training procedures.

A hint when running he said is to keep your hands relaxed to keep blood circulating and to keep your body straight.

Cy said his advice to people of all ages is to, "do something, move around as much as possible. There's no need to run like I do. Walking and general exercise is sufficient. A lot of young people carry far too much weight.

"Drinking a little alcohol is alright but the downfall of many people is that they over-drink. Smoking is one of the worst things one can do.

"Join some kind of social club. It's important to occupy the mind. There are too many people alone and lonely."

When asked why so few Maori people have excelled in athletics, Cy says, "Maoris don't keep it up. There are some good ones at school but they don't keep going. A good athlete is not a lazy athlete."

Sonny Te Kohi McLaughlin keeps going, that's for real.

I am in no doubt this astonishing encourager of healthy activity will achieve his world record sub-three hour marthon when he's 70.

And Cy won't stop there.

Honolulu marathon 1980.

Last lap for a 66 year old at the East Coast Bays track in 1984. Cy completed 530 laps to smash the world over 60's non-stop 24 hour record

He's no hustler but he's shooting for the top

By Michael Romanos

Harry Haeropa Haenga of Porirua is no hustler but he is capable of beating anyone in the snooker world — professional or amateur.

This may sound a big statement, but the proof of it is already emerging.

In December 1982, Haenga defeated former world professional snooker champion, Eddie Charlton of Australia 79-51 in a one frame contest. With an ounce more luck and early-tournament confidence, Haenga could well be the reigning world amateur champion.

He was superior to his first two opponents he faced at the 1984 world champs in Dublin, Ireland, but the rookie world championship competitor was nervous beginning and lost both matches. Haenga subsequently tallied seven victories on the trot which gave him a luckless ninth placing among 41 competitors — the best a New Zealander has achieved at this level.

Among Haenga's victims was his section's top seed, John Wright of England who eventually finished runner-up in the section, losing to Glen Wilkinson of Australia, in the section final.

To make the world champs in Ireland, Haenga was the beaten finalist for the 1983 New Zealand title. His conqueor, Dale Kwok also represented this country at the world champs but could only finish 23rd overall.

The 1985 world championships are in London this October but Haenga won't be the New Zealand representative. He dipped out at the national championship last year when he unexpectedly lost to Steve Robertson of Wellington in the semi finals.

Haenga will go all out to take the national title (or at worst runner-up) later this year and win the right to represent New Zealand at the 1986 world championships to be held in Invercargill (of all places).

Harry initially learnt the game and skills through playing at an early age, avidly reading all he could about the sport and showing keen observation. He displays an uncanny touch on the 12ft x 6ft, six pocket green-topped table and like all the modern day champions, he places emphasis on the positioning of his white ball after it is played, rather than the actual potting process.

"It's cue ball control which wins games, that's for sure," said Haenga.

"It's an art which conceals art."

Haenga who stands only 5ft 6in, said his height is considered ideal for the game of snooker, "because one can get down lower to the cue."

Of the 1984 world championships, Haenga said he only missed making the quarter-finals by a single frame.

"Wilkinson had to beat Wright by 4-2 in order for me to finish ahead of Wright. Unfortunately, the Australian could only manage 4-3.

"I didn't feel too good after watching that particular game, but really it was my own fault and inexperience which cost me a quarter final berth.

"The championship winner, O.B. Agrawal of India (who defeated defending champion Terry Parsons of Wales) was certainly beatable.

"Agrawal is an open-type player and that would have suited me because I'm considered a good break-builder.

"I won most of my seven matches 4-0 by blowing my opponent apart as soon as they let me in.

"I was a bit overawed at first in Dublin but then I settled down, realising the opposition were no better than me.

"When I think about it, playing the world champs wasn't much different to playing in the New Zealand champs. There must be five or six of our players capable of holding their own with any of the top world amateurs."

Haenga said he learned nothing new about the game itself from the world championships but he gained most benefit from improving his mental attitude and determination.

His immediate plans are to win his first national title next October at Dunedin and with it the right to represent New Zealand at the 1986 world championships.

"Gosh, I can remember only a couple of years ago that it was my ambition to win the Wellington A-grade title, and here I am thinking in terms of world champs.

"I don't know whether I'll turn professional — my wife, Carole is not keen on some of the aspects of professionalism.

"I'd like to be a pro. It could mean big money. Just getting in the last 32 at any pro tournament is worth over $2,000.

"For the last 16 years, snooker has been my life and turning pro would be an extension of this. I'd be quite happy to practice eight to ten hours every day.

"But Carole is not prepared at this point to live in England or Europe where all the professionals need to reside.

"The whole question is in the air."

Mrs Haenga told me she was quite happy for her husband to spend six months of the year overseas playing professional snooker.

"If he wants to further his career I won't stop him, but overseas travel is not for me," she said.

New Zealand has currently only one professional player in Dene O'Kane who joined the ranks last year and has shifted to Britain.

New Zealand's sole other professional was the late Clark McConachy who at one time was the world snooker and billiards champion and world record holder in both disciplines.

Haenga believes he has what it takes to succeed as a professional.

"It takes guts, guile and ability," he said.

In Haenga's case, it also requires finance.

Haenga unofficially holds the New Zealand amateur break record (scored against an opponent) of 143 points. That effort constituted clearing a full table by potting 15 reds and 15 colours in sequence and then all the colours. The maximum or ultimate is 147 points.

Recently, he potted 15 reds and 14 blacks (113 points), just failing to pot the 15th black when he used too much sidespin to get positioned onto the yellow.

Haenga has scored the greatest volume of century breaks by any New Zealander apart from McConachy. His total stands at 307 to the end of February.

Harry Haeropa Haenga was born in Waipiro Bay on the East Coast 31 years ago. His father, Jan of the Ngati Porou tribe, lives in Tiki Tiki. Harry was raised as a child by his grandparents, Toi and Awanipiki Karini in Mangatuna (north of Tolaga Bay) and when they passed away, he shifted to Wellington 21 years ago to live with his uncle, Jim Karini. Eventually, he married Carole, and the couple have one child, Daniel.

"I used to be a loner," Haenga said, "It's the way I've been brought up — perhaps that's why I took to snooker. It's an individual sport."

Unemployed for over two years, last February Haenga was finally slotted into work for the Porirua City Council as a labourer. But it's hardly the ideal occupation leading up to a professional career in snooker.

"It's good that I have been able to practice every day for more than six hours at the Porirua Club while I was unemployed, but I was under pressure because I always had financial difficulties."

Haenga started playing snooker as a 15 year old.

"I use to sneak into the Victory Pool and Snooker Hall (formerly the largest pool rooms in New Zealand with 18 tables. Now it's the Wellington YMCA health and fitness centre) when the manager wasn't watching and get in a few games without the lights on, before I got caught and kicked out.

"I enjoyed the improvement I was showing almost every time I played and by the time I was 18 (the legal age to enter a public pool room) I was able to clean up the regulars at either pool or snooker and I had already notched up about 10 century breaks."

Haenga said he has never been a hustler.

Hustling is when a pool player feigns his true ability to lure an unsuspecting opponent into a cash deal on the outcome of a game.

"I just play my best all the time," he said.

Dale Kwok winner of the 1983 NZ Snooker amateur title with Harry Haenga

Haenga said he's been influenced most by his friend and rival player, Clint Polamalu.

"Clint has a marvellous touch of the cue ball. I learned a lot from playing with him."

Rata Prince, the veteran Wellington tournament controller and referee, said there are a large number of Maori players prominent in snooker and billiards because they have the patience and ability to sit back and learn just from watching.

"Maoris enjoy snooker and pool in the manner that it is a contest, a personal competition," said Prince.

"I think this one to one basis is an inherent trait of the Maori people.

"Harry is very well read on the subject, which is unusual for a Maori player. This indepth study has helped to make him the player that he is.

"Harry has been a little bit careless in his approach to his personal life, but snooker could be his way out.

"He gets no recompense from those daily six hour sessions he puts in. As a pro it could reap reward.

"I recognised his potential many years ago and at 31 it's a good age to develop as a professional. He's more of a complete player now, a far better tactitian. He has an excellent playing temperament and even away from the table, Harry can't be flustered when it comes to snooker."

Haenga agreed with Prince that snooker and pool are natural sports for Maoris.

"Probably because Maoris are prepared to practice simply because they enjoy the game," he said.

There is no doubt that Haenga is gifted. He is the best Maori snooker player that New Zealand has yet produced. He stands out through devotion to the cause. He is prepared to practice solo for hours and hours.

Harry is part of the Haenga clan who are chasing a claim for an eighteen billion dollar estate in Brazil. But if the claim succeeds it's Harry's father, Jan who will be entitled to part of the spoils, not Harry or his two brothers and sister.

But Harry is not too concerned.

"I don't think the Haengas' will be able to get the legacy out of Brazil.

"They might just be able to do a deal on a couple of bags of coffee," he said with a typical grin.

He korero mo taringa mamae

Philip Whaanga

"Papa, papa, taringa mamae, taringa mamae."
Ko tenei te tangi o tetahi o aku tamariki.
Ka titiro ahau ki tana taringa mamae, engari kaore i kitea te rarururaru.
Ka tangi tonu te tamaiti i a po i a po.
Ka awangawanga ahau. Ka heria e maua ko taku hoa wahine
ki te takuta.

Earache is one thing I didn't think I would be writing about in my magazine but seeing as Tu Tangata wants to educate parents in looking after the health of their whanau, my experience as a parent may help others.

Of my five children, two have already had grommets inserted in their ears to drain away fluid that was affecting their hearing. And my six month old Hana will have to wait a few more months til she too can have her ears done.

Our first child to have his ears affected was little more than a baby when he used to wake up crying in the night holding his ears. As he was not yet talking it took a while to figure out what was wrong.

Fortunately my wife and I had good experiences with the Clarence Moore Medical Centre in Palmerston North at the time of our first child so we had no inhibitions about being a pest by visiting regularly for the slightest trouble. I guess it was with later experience that we gained more confidence in handling childhood illness.

Anyway our doctor explained that a build up of fluid in the inner ear wasn't draining away because the ducts were blocked. He explained that tiny grommets would have to be inserted under general anesthetic in the hospital that would drain the fluid. These grommets would grow out naturally as the problem cleared up.

He did point out that sometimes children have more than one insertion of grommets if the problem reoccurs.

So our Kahu went into Middlemore Hospital with his mother as he was still being breast-fed. Thankfully he was out fit and well the next day. He's now five, his hearing is perfect and his bellow is something to be heard.

Our second child to have ear trouble, had recurring pain in both ears on and off for six years. It never got so bad that she was incapacitated, but it did make for some sleepless nights for her and us, as she used to come into our double bed.

We used to see the doctor who'd prescribe Amoxil, which usually meant she had an ear infection. This antibiotic became a favourite drink amongst our children. The course of medication would be finished and the ear trouble would clear up. Kei te pai, engari not for long.

Josie had a hearing test at school in her first year and it showed hearing loss in one ear. We had to wait for another bout of ear infection to clear up before a second hearing test could be done. This took some mucking around with specialists and long waiting lists but finally the decision was made to have the grommets inserted.

She went into Wellington Hospital late last year with me and the operation only took a day. I was brassed off that the preparation time is so long, and unnecessarily so for young children.

Some advice here for parents: If you're asked to bring your child in on a Sunday evening for a Monday operation, tell the hospital you'll bring the child in on the Monday morning. I found that coming earlier than necessary is just for the convenience of hospital procedure and is tough on children in strange surroundings.

It's also tough on older patients who have to put up with boisterous children who wake up much earlier than others and make a lot of noise around sick people.

Also the fact that I wasn't allowed to be in the recovery ward when my little girl came out of the anesthetic, put unnecessary stress on my girl.

Heoi ano, I now find the potiki of the family, Hana, will probably need her ears fixed also. She's had a runny nose almost since she was born. She too is on our favourite medicine, Amoxil, which sort of keeps the pain and cough at bay.

I've been told that polynesian children are more likely to have ear trouble and that certainly is borne out in our family.

I hope our experience with taringa mamae will encourage other Maori parents to be watchful of their children's health and not hesitate to see a doctor or nurse if the child seems fretful or withdrawn. My wife and I are glad we did.

The Whaanga whanau. Kahu is second from left at front, Josie is next to him. Eldest Abraham at back, Hana the baby in my wife Anne's arms and Joseph in front of me.

Department of Health, ear, nose and throat specialist, Mr Eisdell Moore comments:

I have been asked to comment on the Editor's experiences with glue ear in the family. I agree with him. This is a terrible problem. Are we all going about it the right way?

Perhaps "terrible" seems to strong a word, but I think it is indeed bad that so much glue ear is affecting our youngsters. A lot of research is being done here in New Zealand both on how to prevent it and how to treat it. In the meantime, Mr Whaanga's children are lucky that they have concerned parents who seek help.

The first treatment is, of course, an antibiotic. This is not necessarily the one that he quotes (in fact, some ears are resistant to this) but an antibiotic for long enough to prevent the rapid relapse that he describes. Often the operation may be avoided by the proper course of antibiotic. Engari, sometimes the condition is not an infection at all and antibiotics are not useful. Thus, eventually, grommets may be necessary. A grommet is a tiny plastic tube that sits in the eardrum to ventilate the ear. It is not a drain. The fluid is drained away at surgery; but the grommet is inserted so that air can get at the middle ear lining to return it to normal.

A warning here — the condition is not necessarily taringa mamae. It can be completely painless. For this I have coined the phrase taringa hupe. The build-up of sticky glue caught behind the eardrum may be silent. The signs may be apparent inattentiveness, poor speech, insecurity. Since a child develops best in a secure and stable environment, the world seems topsy turvey if the hearing fluctuates. Suppose the right ear is deaf for a while. You then hear your mother come into the room on the left of you but you can see that she is actually on the right. Na te aha? It is all too confusing for a child's comprehension. Thus one of the early signs of taringa trouble may simply be behavioural — confusion, irritability, aggression, withdrawal.

These children need family support even more than other children entering hospital. It is right that the parents should be with them. But what happens. We tried this in the hospital where I work. The ward toilets could not cope with all the mothers queuing up for an anxious mimi! Also, some hospitals need to admit children the day before, so that proper anaesthetic evaluation can be carried out. Grommet insertion is regarded as a small surgical procedure. Kei te pera pea. It is still an anaesthetic. It is still a major responsibility for the doctor to take over someone else's child. Each doctor has his own routine of care and if that means an over-night admission, kei te pai; there is no room in medicine for a casual, she's right approach.

I like Philip's closing remarks. Choosing those warning words "fretful and withdrawn" reveals his deep personal awareness of the problem. As parents, we are all the resident experts on the subject of our own children and it is therefore up to us to recognise those warning signs and get help. Early treatment will often avoid the need for grommets.

NOTE: The Department of Health produces a leaflet "Taringa mamae — Earache" which is available free from your public health nurse.

Moko danced by the Royal New Zealand Ballet

By now Moko would have been presented to the people of China as part of the New Zealand package by the Royal Ballet, and Moko would have been seen by New Zealand ballet patrons.

As such the preview I saw in early March seems long ago and perhaps my response has been overtaken by public acclaim.

However, the increasing use of Maori legends, themes and cultural borrowings right across the arts field is overall very encouraging for those who see the need to reflect a New Zealand identity in the arts.

The New Zealand Royal Ballet are relative 'Jony come lately's' to this scene with the likes of Te Ohu Whakaari pioneering Maori theatre/dance to school group and audiences mostly unused to theatre, and Willy, Warren and Tai, the dancers featured in the December/January issue of *Tu Tangata*. Te Kani Kani o te Rangatahi is another fledgling modern dance group along with Merupa, a young Maori dance group.

Even Limbs have incorporated a vague Maori flavour into one of their sequences based around a poi.

But of course the New Zealand Ballet is a bit more prestigious and of course more is expected.

Well the ballet, Moko is a continuation of previous works for choreographer Gaylene Sciascia, and it is a measure of her professionalism and integrity of the finished work, Moko, that Kahungunu kaumatua gave their approval after viewing the preview.

The ballet is in three acts and tells the story of Mataora who marries Niwareka, who comes from the underworld. They are happy until Mataora, jealous of his wife's affections, hits Niwareka for looking at another man. She returns to the underworld where later Mataora journeys to find her.

In the underworld he discovers the art of moko or body tattoo. Niwareka's father, Uetonga tattoos Mataora and in his agony, he reveals the purpose of his travels. Through this he is reconciled with Niwareka and they return to the upperworld taking with them their knowledge of moko and taaniko decorative weaving.

The ballet works as a vehicle for the story, with strong convincing performances from Stephen Nicholls as Mataora and Adrienne Matheson as Niwareka. Jon Trimmer made much of his minor role as Uetonga and threatened the steal the show.

Not being a ballet patron, the finer points would have been lost on me, but I enjoyed Moko as a professional slice of theatre.

One or two points irritated me and although it seems finnicky to mention them, it was noted by some others.

The used of the wiri or gentle shaking of the hands is an art which would have been better not to have been attempted by some dancers. The sight of fingers being waggled reminded me of pakehas on first coming to grips with action song movements. Enough said perhaps.

The other was the lack of ihi in some of the haka movements. It might have been too much to ask for from a largely European cast needing a crash course in Maori dance, but a better use say, of pukana would certainly have helped.

Set design by Sandy Adsett was most impressive while being simple. Freed from the 'traditional' Maori setting, Adsett's design was very contemporary Maori. Indeed the use of more design like this for urban Maori gathering places would go a long way to breathing fresh life into Maori art.

Music also for Moko was very effective providing a great atmosphere of 'underworld' and 'upperworld'. And the music kept very much to a Maori feel with the koauau being used to blend in with the sinuous dance movements. Some people I spoke to mentioned the effectiveness of the koauau and supposed that either Joe Malcolm or Donna Hall had done the playing.

However talking afterwards with music director, Ross Harris, I fould he had taught himself how to play some time ago, and had played the koauau himself for Moko.

So I would applaude the New Zealand Ballet for its rendition of Moko and suggest that contemporary ballet be written for such companies to dance, and would further suggest that a planned musical by the Patea Maori Club could be a starting point. One of the songs is already well-known, Aku Raukura which speaks about the quest for identity for a young urban Maori. Another titled, He Tangata Tinihanga, portrays the brashness of youth in the 'big smoke'. Both songs I feel could be a kicking off point for New Zealand cultural ballet.

PW

It's OK to 'do your own thing'

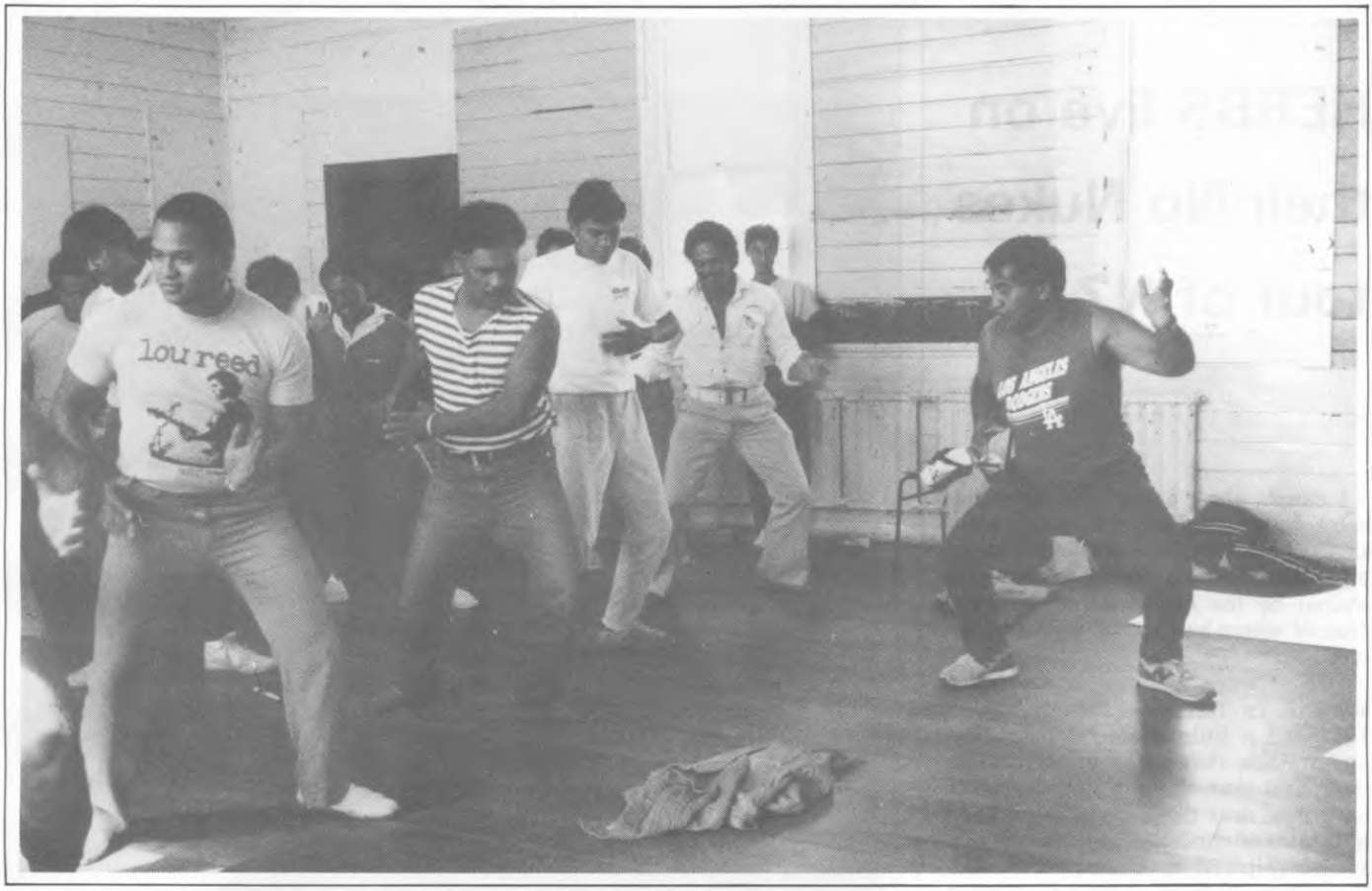
Myths laid to rest about performing arts

Participants at this years performing arts hui were told it was alright to do their own thing when it came to traditional waiata, haka etc.

Tutors at the hui at Maunao Marae, Ratana spoke about the general acceptance of the rigid and uniform presentation of performance popularised by copetition and entertainment groups, in preference to free-style action.

This view did not mean that uniform action should be discouraged but rather that there be scope to allow for individual expression and free-style action in performance. After all, an action could be expressed in a number of ways and who is to judge what is right or wrong?

The rationale was that movement and expression is motivated by the



spirit (mauri, ihi) rather than the mind. Examples are the use of pukana, body stance and action.

The theme of the hui was youth involvement in the performing arts with the majority of the four hundred attending in the 16 to 25 year old bracket.

Most came to further their skills in waiata, haka, poi and waita-a-ringa. As well as the workshops, the feature of the hui was a tribute to Ngoi Pewhairangi, the late convenor of the performing arts steering committee.

Far left: The art of the poi

Above: Napi Waaka showing the stance

Below: He korero noa iho

HERBS live on their No Nukes tour of NZ

I caught their act at the Terminus hotel in Wellington and was really knocked back by their music and stage presence. It was a response evidently shared by the crowded bar patrons, most of whom had not seen HERBS before.

HERBS were featured in the cover story of *Tu Tangata* February/March 1982 and a little while later covered again when they were preparing for their first tour of the islands. Looking back now over those stories, the hard luck tales of cancelled gigs, withdrawn sponsorship and mis-management seem incredible. If there ever was a band plagued by troubles, this was it. The shame of it all was the HERBS music was about the only genuine polynesian response in the length and breadth of the country.

From their formation in 1980, HERBS have retained this identity and moulded it with some political comment into a tour de force of talent.

That talent was evident at the Terminus and looks to be getting stronger.

Only two originals remain, Dilworth Karaka on guitar and vocals, and Fred Faleauto on drums and vocals.

Willie Hona on lead guitar and vocals has perhaps made the biggest difference as I feel he more than adequately has filled the vacuum left by former lead vocalist, Samoan Tony Fonoti.

Hona is a frontman as Fonoti was, the big difference being that Hona can play, sing and deal with the audience.

That's not to under-rate other band members, Jack Allen on bass, Tama Lunden, keyboards, Morrie Watini, saxaphone and sole pakeha Carl Perkins on percussion.

The night I saw them was perhaps an uncharacteristic one for the Terminus. Maoris and polynesians were in the majority that night, a fact a friend at the bar pointed out to me. He said he'd heard them play in Auckland and invited them to do a benefit concert for his marae. This they did and he and the boys had been friends since.

Enough to bring him to Wellington especially to see them, I ventured. No he said, that was just coincidence. And then to dispel the doubting tone in my voice, he called on his mate Dilworth to have a beer with us. And HERBS guitarist Dilworth Karaka obliged my friend. The last I saw of him was just before the band started up. He told me HERBS were the best bloody band in the country but I could judge for myself.

That's the sort of devotion HERBS drum up, and it's an experience I feel many New Zealanders need to have.

From tracks off their latest album 'Long ago', to the soul classic, 'Louie', HERBS couldn't put a note wrong.

Even playing from a woefully congested stage to an equally congested audience couldn't stop the flow of energy. The earlier, 'Dragons and Demons' and 'Azania' were given a much more powerful treatment, indeed most of the numbers I had come to associate with HERBS were much better second and third time round.

So compulsive was the musicianship or perhaps so shy were the audience, that dancing didn't start until after an hour into the two and a half hour show. At a time when door charges seem more like a mortgage downpayment, HERBS value for money can't be beat.

Anti-nuclear sentiment underlined much of the music fare with French Letter perhaps the highlight of the evening. Vocal harmonies really distinguish HERBS from other groups and I for one am happy they've returned to more reggae/blues feel for their music.

The day after I saw them, HERBS were opening for Neil Young at Athletic Park. This is just one more measure of their music standing, they've shared the bill with Stevie Wonder, Black Slate and UB40.

However success in the form of acknowledgement of their top standing has so far been denied them. It is up to music fans to search out their music

and bone up on HERBS for the contemporary music experience that points to life after ANZUS.

Herbs P.S.

Just recieved the studio album that Herbs took their new material from. It's called Long Ago.

Not only have Herbs improved enormously as a live act, they've also come to grips with the studio sound.

Long Ago stands up well as a complete album. Even so I have my favourites, 'Tahu's Song,' co-written by Emory Tahu and Dilworth Karaka and the two ballads, 'On My Mind' and 'In The Ghetto'.

While Herbs are mostly known for their reggae tunes, both ballads surprised me, in that the mellow feelings well suited Herbs. Keyboard player, Tama Lundon has a lovely feel for the slower song and a different sounding voice from the others in the band.

As for the album lyrics 'Jah Reggae' — "cause if you broadcast hate I say... you'll never be a dread that way," through 'Repatriation' — "a stranger among strangers.. where is the sense of history," to 'Long Ago' — "realise the downfall of that time has made you wise, long ago was so long ago."

The picture painted is bleak, from the title song's plea to build on the past but live for today. From the 'Lonely Faces' who, "call for help it's just too late... sounds of laughter lost forever,".

To the single from the album, 'Nuclear Waste' — "it's coming down on you, you better watch out now." A strong song with a great hook-line, let's hope it pulls in those politicians and people who wholeheartedly sanction nuclear power at any cost.

However it's Tahu's Song that sums up this bittersweet shot of love from Herbs, "a'int it sad we don't pull together, a'int it sad we don't trust one another."

PW

Professor Titonui Series

A genius ahead of his time

This latest in Professor Titonui's enthralling and thought-provoking series, "The Maori Impact on World History", tells of a man who actually had no impact on the history of the world whatsoever. But he might have. And even if he didn't, this was not his fault. Besides, this is a story of such prescience, brillance and motivation that it deserves to be told nevertheless.

The recent discovery of a battered and mussel-encrusted radio, dredged up by a trawler in the Bay of Plenty, lends weight to a theory I have held for some time — that in the seventeenth century a Maori on White Island invented the transistor radio.

The theory has met with scepticism in certain quarters, and unfortunately I have never been able to reveal my sources for the story. My informants are descendants of the inventor, and they are too embarrassed by the whole business to say much about it outside the immediate family. But it seems to me that they should be proud of their tupuna, a man of great vision and genious who managed in a few short weeks of inspired and dedicated toil to beat the scientists of Europe by almost two hundred years.

This is what happened.

One morning the inventor (whose real name I will not disclose: those familar with certain whakapapa might work out who he was) called together the people of his kainga. So far he had been a fairly remarkable man, but today with a strange gleam in his eye he told them of a dream he had had. In it, he had fashioned a curious waka huia with knobs on. By manipulating the knobs he had been able to produce weird and thrilling noises. The people laughed and called him porangi (and for the sake of identification so shall we.

Porangi became tired of their taunts. The dream haunted him, and he withdrew himself to Whakaari to work it out. Inspired by the dream, he attempted to make the box in real life. He devised ways of making things so far no one had even thought about.

When all was ready he paddled back to the mainland and sent word to all of the Bay of Plenty tribes to come and hear his wondrous new invention: the first transistor radio in Polynesia, or anywhere else for that matter.

The great day came. Several hundred people turned up, some from curiosity and others to laugh, but they came anyway. With a trembling hand Porangi placed his waka huia on the marae and switched a knob. Nothing happened. He twiddled further knobs. One or two lights may have come on, and there may have been a bit of crackling and whistling — the family tradition doesn't say.

With some anxiety Porangi turned to the assembly and said, "There appears to be a slight technical hitch. Doubtless this will soon be cleared up, but meanwhile I will sing for you."

His audience was less than impressed. The people threw his radio into the sea and then killed Porangi for wasting their time. After that they all went home and forgot about it — apart from Porangi's relations.

The story could be dismissed but for the discovery of the radio by the trawler. It is so badly corroded and knocked about that it is impossible to prove that it is modern. I think we may safely conclude in the face of such persuasive evidence that this is indeed the first transistor radio in the world, invented by the luckless Porangi.

Luckless he may have been, but he was a genius nevertheless. Despite the damage done to it, this prehistoric ghetto-blaster is perfect in every detail, incorporating technology which the greatest minds of Europe, America and Japan have only recently discovered. It is accurately designed and constructed to pick up any radio station in New Zealand.

And there lies the tragedy of Porangi's invention, for which he lost his life. Three centuries ago there were no radio stations in Aotearoa. Porangi's radio would have picked up a broadcast, but there were no broadcasts to be picked up. The man was literally ahead of his time.

He could clearly see into the future. One wonders what he listened to in his dream: the 2ZM cash call? Haare Williams or Henare Te Ua? "Ghostbusters"? The news in Tokelauan? "My Music", with Denis Norden and Frank Muir? We will never know.

More startling than the radio itself was the technology behind it. Porangi must have single-handedly invented or discovered plastic, ways to process metals, electricity, dry batterries, the principle of radio waves, loudspeakers, knobs, dials, even the handle to carry it by. Unfortunately no evidence of his workshop exists. As if in sympathy, Whakaari erupted the day after his death, obliterating everything. Perhaps some day an intrepid archaeologist will excavate the island, but so far my appeals to the archaeology departments of our universities have fallen on deaf ears.

Just think of how Porangi's discovery could have changed history. Instead of relying on flutes, Hinemoa and Tutanekai could have communicated by CB radio. The great hui at Waitangi in February 1840 need not have happened — Hobson could have chaired a phone-in programme on the National Programme. The slaughter of the musket wars could have been avoided if the phone directories said then as they do today: "When disaster strikes, turn on your radio for advice and information."

Next issue: How Tin Pan Alley ripped off fledgling Maori music industry

Meri — The Wonder(ful) Woman of NZ

by Michael Romanos

Time has not altered the 1926 proclamation that Marie Henriette Suzanne Aubert/Mother Mary Joseph Aubert or just plain (Sister) Meri to the Maori people, was New Zealand's greatest woman. This accolade came on Mother Aubert's death in that year.

This amazing tiny Catholic nun whose compassion, humour, big heart, steely determination and boundless energy compares well with Mother Therese of Calcutta, is considered by some as the pioneer and champion of Maori education and New Zealand social services.

Her fame spread beyond the little mission she helped re-establish at Hiruharama (Jerusalem) alongside the Wanganui River.

For she was foundress of the Homes of Compassion, an order which was based in Wellington and spread throughout Australasia and Fiji.

It wasn't just through her love and devotion for the Maori people and the abandoned, orphaned and handicapped children that installed her in the history books of this nation. It was also for the herbal remedies, largely of Maori character and origin, she successfully dispensed throughout Australasia.

Suzanne Aubert (pronounced O'Bare) was born at St Symphorien De Lay village in France in 1835 of influential parents.

Her father was president of the Chamber of Bailiffs in Lyons and her mother was Dame Claire Perier.

As a pointer to her patience, love and understanding of the handicapped and incurable (in times when the afflicted were often regarded with contempt), Suzanne herself suffered as a child.

An accident at the age of two left her with crippled limbs and a damaged eye. Somehow she recovered both physically and mentally by the age of 10 with just a slight cast in her left eye as a reminder.

Suzanne Aubert arrived in New Zealand in 1860 as a 25 year old knowing nothing of english but determined to dedicate her life to the Maori people.

The Catholic Bishop of Auckland, Pompallier had told Aubert, "If you will not love my Maoris, go back. I brought you specially for them."

Along with three other nuns in Auckland, Aubert became the foundation members of this country's first teaching order, called Congregation of the Holy Family. Suzanne took the name Sister Mary Joseph.

She persevered with acquiring knowledge of the Maori tongue and culture and she set up a school for the education of Maori girls. She eventually became fluent in Maori and learnt the traditions.

Her teaching methods and results were generously praised and considered unique.

But the project was doomed through financial, ill-health and diocesen problems. The order was disbanded.

Sister Mary Joseph continued to support the Maori children under her care and the small boarding school for Maori girls she had established, by giving tuition in French and music in the evenings until the arrival in 1870 of a new Bishop to Auckland.

The Bishop refused to support Aubert. He mistrusted her intentions and wanted to integrate the Maori girls with the Europeans. The strong-willed Aubert was defiant. She returned dona-

Mother Aubert, aged 51 and her companion Sister Magdalen in 1888.

tions given to her to rebuild the Maori orphanage, removed her religious habit and told the Bishop she would take no further directives from him.

A year later, Suzanne Aubert shifted to Meeanee (near Napier) at the invitation of the Marist Fathers to take charge of their Maori school.

Aubert began her research and experimentation into Maori herbal medicines and remedies at Meeanee. Whilst in Auckland she had travelled to Maori villages as part of her visitations to the homes of children she was taking care of. During these times she became conversant with the use of Maori medicines.

In France, Aubert had completed a full course of lectures in the science of botany and medicine and no doubt touched on chemistry. As a woman, she could not be admitted to the French Universities but attended the courses in a separate wing of the lecture hall.

The busy Aubert assumed the role of district nurse and Maori missioner, as much as teacher in the Hawkes Bay — especially when the land wars led to Maori mistrust of pakehas. She was able to win the hearts and ears of the Maoris when no one else could.

She also developed her famous Euro-Maori herbal medicines to a degree nothing short of genius. With her private collection of medicines and ointments, Aubert cured many people of all kinds of ailments.

For instance, she cured a Maori woman of leprosy by giving her a course of arsenic and eucalyptus internally. The mayor of Hastings at the time, Dr Spencer, published her treatment in medical journals.

On another occasion, a little girl had severe burns to her hand and arm and Aubert dressed the arm with her quince jelly. The doctors at Napier hospital wanted to amputate the arm but Aubert would have nothing of it and grabbed the child out of their clutches. After more treatment and prayers, the youngster's arm healed, growing a new skin within seven weeks.

Mother Aubert seated next to Governor General, Lord Islinton and Archbishop Redwood at the opening of the Jubilee Ward at the Home of Compassion in 1912.

Among many testimonials sent to Aubert by prominent Maoris who had been administered with the Aubert remedies are: "Meri, Salutations to thee, the doctor of doctors. I send thee my child and wife who are very ill. If thou cannot cure them nobody can." (Signed) Renato Kawepo, Chief of Omahu.

"Meri, Long life to thee. Thou hast saved my child's life when it was almost gone. Come and save also my wife. No one can die under thy care." (Signed) Paora Kaiwhata, Chief of Moteo.

"Meri, Salutations to thee our mother, the mother of everybody. We are all crying after thee. So many amongst us are ailing and die. Come back to thy children that they should live or at least send us some of thy medicines." (Signed) Ngarati.

"Meri, I salute thee. Come and see me before I am gathered to my ancestors. Come, thou who has the eyes of the departed, the heart of those we love, thou who hast saved the life of so many who were already shrouded in death. Let me see thee and rejoice." (Signed) Hoani Tokotiko, Chief of the Te Karaka.

During these years, Aubert compiled a comprehensive Maori-French dictionary and a new edition of the Maori prayer book. A little later she compiled a manual of Maori conversation which was well recommended by Maori scholars.

Aubert took her concentrated remedies and dispensary with her to Jerusalem in 1883.

She was asked by Archbishop Redwood of Wellington to help revive the Catholic mission at Jerusalem.

The beginnings of Christianity on the Wanganui river go back to the 1830's under the leadership of Wiremu Te Tauri from Taupo. The first European missionaries were led by the Reverend Richard Taylor who gave many of the villages biblical names such as Atene (Athens), Koriniti (Corinth) and Hiruharama (Jerusalem).

The Hau Hau uprising killed and devastated various missions in the region in 1864, and it wasn't until Chief Tai Whati pleaded with Bishop Redwood to re-establish the mission and school at Jerusalem that action was taken.

A new priest arrived from France, Father Christopher Soulas and he was despatched to Aubert at Meeanee to learn the Maori language.

Soulas (called Hoani Papita, i.e. John the Baptist, by the Maoris) needed assistance in Jerusalem and the now 48 year old Sister Meri was appointed Superior of the Sisters of Mary giving her the task to receive postulants (novices) for training and supervision at Jerusalem.

Aubert persisted with her herbal remedies. It was necessary to sell the medicines in order to fund the mission which had grown to include foundlings, orphans and handicapped children of all races, and caring for the chronic sick.

A Catholic Maori women's brass band in the 1890's at Ranana, formed to combat the attraction of Maoris towards the Salvation Army.

The original St Joseph's Church, described as a "perfect little gothic gem" was built almost entirely by the Maori people. It was destroyed by fire after only three years and as it was set alight by a pakeha, the Maoris refused to rebuild it and instead built another church at Ranana.

"The pakeha burned the church down, let the pakeha build another one," they said.

A fine new church at Jerusalem was completed in 1892 largely from funds collected by Sister Meri. It's understood there was a Maori hand or two in its construction.

Urged to market her remedies, Aubert relented and engaged the firm of Kempthorne and Prosser to market "Mother Mary Joseph Aubert's herbal products". The marketing started in 1890 New Zealand-wide and extended to include Australia.

Interestingly, it was subsequently discovered that drug marketers, Kempthorne and Prosser were diluting Aubert's medicines and an angry Aubert successfully sued the company and changed her distributors to Sharland and Company.

Aubert gave the commercially sold remedies Maori titles. They included: Wanena lotion or ointment (for cuts and bruises), Marupa (for coughs and colds), Paramo (for liver compalints), Karana (for the digestive system), Kekako Plasters (for lumbago and chest pains), Hapete Ointment (for boils, warts, tumours etc), Romino Ointment (for sprains, rheumatism, stiffness).

By 1894, the retail prices for these products ranged in price from one shilling and sixpence (15 cents) to two shillings and sixpence (25 cents). The remedies were highly commended by Maori chiefs, Governor Generals, Bishops, doctors and other dignatories.

Spot the maori face

Mother Aubert amongst her group of abandoned children in Hirauharama. Maoris obviously don't abandon their children.

The effectiveness of the remedies is unquestioned. Perhaps they were the most potent of their kind in the world. Maybe they still would be if they were available.

At one time, Mother Aubert was keen to export her products to Europe and she corresponded with contacts in France as the following letter signifies.

Dated 1890, the letter was sent to Monsieur Lostalot de Bachouee.

"Dear Sir, I am delighted to send you a small box containing some of the medicines of which I was speaking to you. I shall send to you others later, as it is impossible for me to prepare them now, through lack of time and because of excessive weariness, for I can scarcely drag myself around.

You will find Karana, which Mr Larochette who is a chemist of the first class and of the University of Paris, considered is superior to Quinquina in the treatment of chronic stomach sickness. It has been useful to me in cases of anaemia, of adebility, of continuous diarrhoea etc, etc and in recovery from temperatures.

Marupa is excellent for chest and bronchial troubles. The Paramo is for liver troubles as an alternative and a laxative. The Natanata I have found is unrivalled in the treatment of chronic illness of the stomach and especially among children, even those who are being breast fed and also among old men. Many children have been abandoned by doctors and, dying from diarrhoea and from continuous vomiting, have been restored to perfect health in two or three weeks by the use of Natanata.

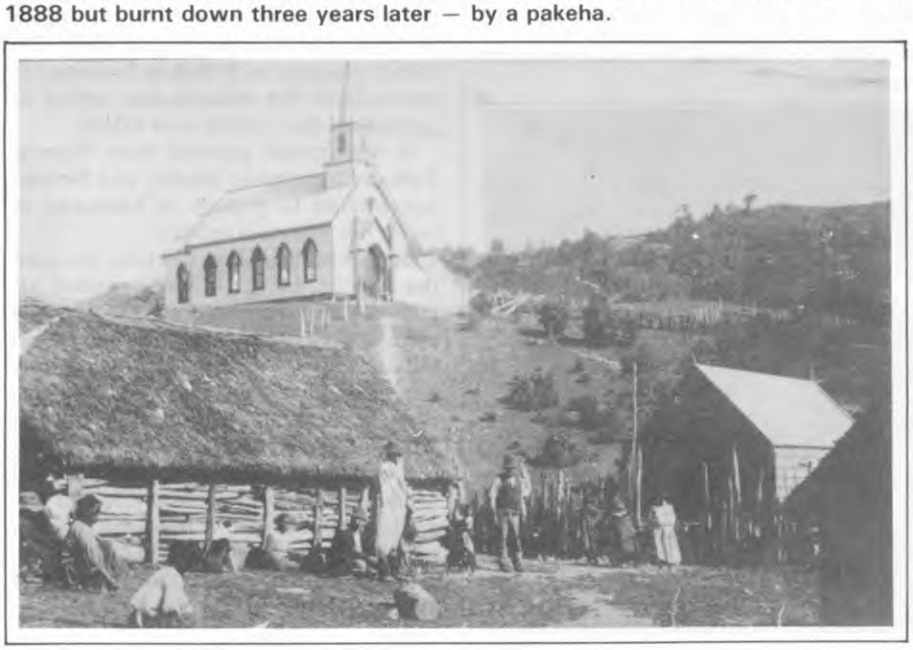
The Eucalyptus is an antifebrifuge. It has been most successful in throat illnesses (the diphtheria of the English) and even, most truthfully, I found it completely successful in a case of authenticated leprosy, also in many cases of broncial infection." (Note: this letter is abridged).

It's believed the church stepped in to stop Aubert's activities from becoming too commercial on a broad sense. However, from 1895 the entire Aubert remedial medicine industry started to drawback because her own direction was changing in the way she wanted to help people.

The medicine process was time consuming and involved day and night maintenance for upwards of six workers who helped in tending and growing the plants, drying of the herbs, mixing of the formulae and bottling and freighting. All this was carried out under the painstaking guidance of Mother Aubert.

Perhaps the success of Mother Mary Joseph Aubert's Maori remedies also had a spiritual base. People believed in

The original handsome St Joseph's Church which was build by Maori labour in 1888 but burnt down three years later — by a pakeha.



her goodness and holiness.

Realising the limitations of an isolated area like Jerusalem for her caring of the children and chronic sick, Aubert took up the challenge to extend her work to Wellington.

Now Mother Superior of her own order, the Sisters of Our Lady of Compassion, the imperturbable nun arrived in the Capital before the turn of the century and from absolute humble beginnings founded the Home of Compassion at Island Bay.

Street begging by Aubert and her group helped build between 1900 and 1902 a home for the incurables, a soup kitchen for the unemployed, creches for baby daytime care (a first in New Zealand) and finally in 1907, the Home of Compassion.

The Home was initially a place for child care, then it was enlarged to include chronically sick women, and finally a full general hospital and training school.

In 1913 Mother Aubert was criticised by a section of the church hierarcy in New Zealand for her caring of foundlings (illegitimate babies and children). The 79 year old nun again angered by a narrow view, went above the reigning Archbishop of Wellington and took off to Rome to seek the approval of the Pope for her work. The Pope showered praise on Aubert giving her full permission to carry on as she saw fit.

Today, there are 12 Homes of Compassion spread over New Zealand, Australia and Fiji carrying out varied work, like caring for the chronically ill, district nursing, care of socially handicapped children, a day care, a relief centre, primary schools, dispensaries, sick visiting on mission stations, care of physically handicapped girls and a general hospital.

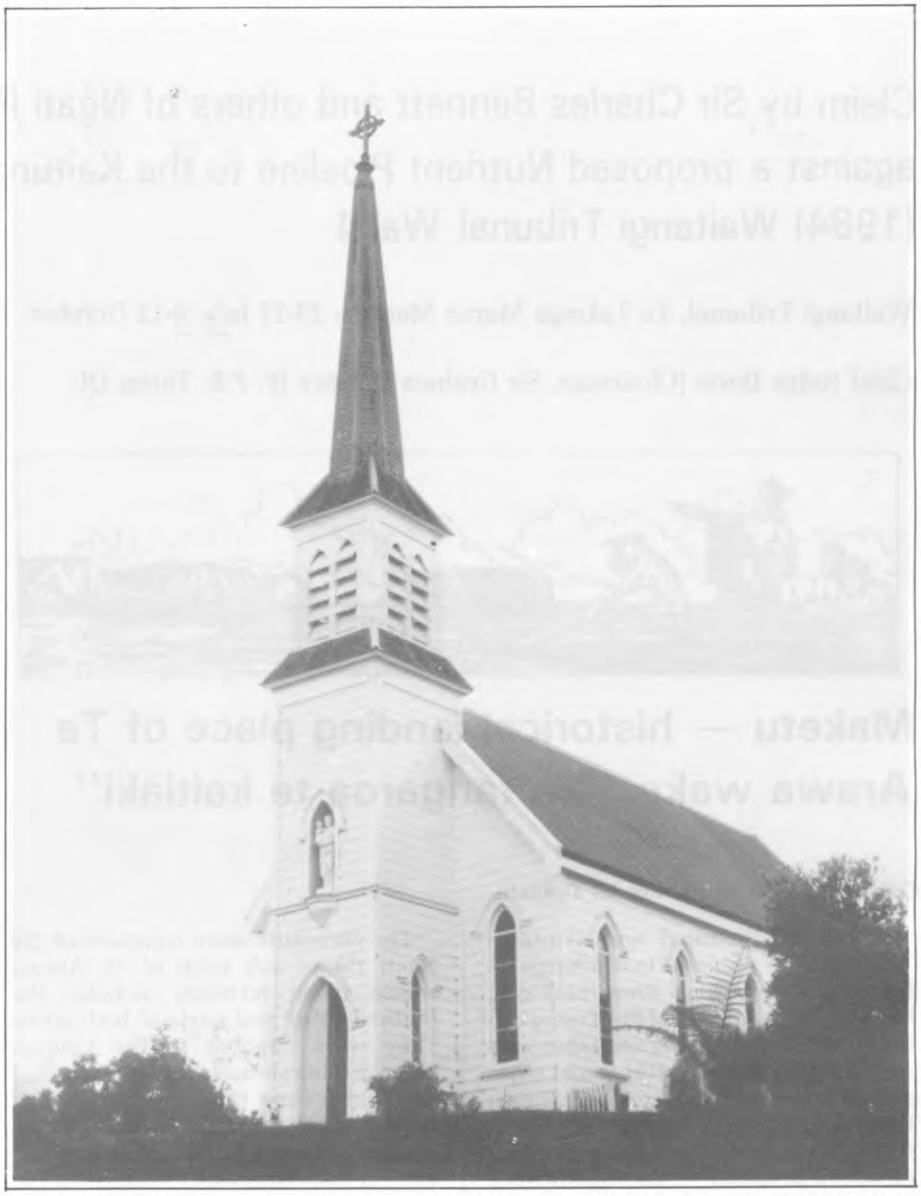
Suzanne Aubert lived in New Zealand for 67 of her 92 years. She died in 1926 and her funeral in Wellington was one of the largest held in New Zealand. The Sisters of our Lady of Compassion who celebrate their centenary in 1992, are hoping that their foundress will be canonised by the Pope — that is, recognised by the church as a Saint.

Current Secretary-General of the order, Sister Bernadette Mary says of Aubert," she had great faith and love of God, which filtered through to her love and respect for the poor and the unfortunate. She had a special rapport with children especially if they were afflicted.

"One of the things she said was, 'always have a place in your heart and home for the Maoris.'

"She saw Maoris dying through European-imported diseases and through the land wars. To Mother Mary Aubert, Maoris were not getting a fair deal.

"Some would say, Maoris are not getting a fair deal today either. Perhaps this is one of the reasons for such a firm bond being established between the Sisters of Compassion and the Maori community."



St Joseph's Catholic Church in Jerusalem, built in 1892 from funds collected by Aubert.

When she died, Sister Meri took her pharmacopoeia receipts and research notes with her. Apparently she did not leave behind written notes on the remedies. Only she knew the full formulae. The archives at the Island Bay Home of Compassion still have in their possession quantities of Wanena, Paramo, Karana and Natanata.

Mother Aubert was convinced that though education was needed by the Maoris, it must be brought to them, not they to it.

"Let the Maori keep their culture," she said.

"Aid them to preserve their good qualities, and their customs so far as they are good for the benefit of their race. Christianise them, educate them too, but do not aim to make a second-rate European out of them. Be sure to let them stay Maori."

A New Zealand poet, Eileen Duggan paid this tribute to Mother Aubert.

"She saw in each of these a Christ grown old,
A Christ with battered soles and ragged sleeves,
A Christ with withered hands, a crippled Christ,
A Christ that all the world rejects and grieves.
She had the biggest heart this country knew,
And when I add, the straightest, all is told —
A blinding candour in the eye and tongue,
Mirth like a Tui's chuckling into gold.
And when God walks His rounds at eventide
On the New Zealand side, and comes on them
She will have still her brood beneath her wings
As he once yearned to hold Jerusalem.

Claim by Sir Charles Bennett and others of Ngati Pikiao against a proposed Nutrient Pipeline to the Kaituna River (1984) Waitangi Tribunal Wai 4

Waitangi Tribunal, Te Takinga Marae Mourea, 23-27 July, 8-12 October, 7 December 1984

Chief Judge Durie (Chairman, Sir Graham Latimer JP, P.B. Temm QC

Maketu — historical landing place of Te Arawa waka "ko tangaroa te kaitiaki"

Continued from April/May Tu Tangata

Treaty of Waitangi and Waitangi Tribunal — a proposal to discharge effluent to the Kaituna River held contrary to the principles of the Treaty owing to traditional fishing and other uses and the prospect of cultural and other pollution — recommendation against the project on the ground that the objective sought could be achieved by an alternative proposal — the significance and legal effect of the Treaty and the Treaty of Waitangi Act 1975 — Water and Soil Conservation Act contrary to Treaty.

The Rotorua District Council proposed the construction of a pipeline from the city to the upper reaches for the Kaituna River for the discharge of the city's treated effluent. A water right was granted by the Regional Water Board and the grant was upheld by the Planning Tribunal on an appeal. The proposal was an integral part of a major scheme of the Bay of Plenty Catchment Commission directed, amongst other things, to the arrest of the pollution of Lakes Rotorua and Rotoiti and the restoration of the waters.

The scheme also had Government support. The lakes were regarded as national assets. Through the Ministry of Works and Development the Government had provided special and substantial subsidy rates. The pipeline had been proposed by the Ministry. It acknowledged that the construction of the pipeline was a policy of the Crown within the meaning of s6 of the Treaty of Waitangi Act 1975.

The claimants were members of the Ngati Pikiao sub tribe of Te Arawa whose tribal territory includes the Kaituna River and parts of both lakes. They were opposed to the Kaituna River discharge upon the grounds that it would pollute the river, which had special significance for them, and convey the pollutants to the tribal shellfish and fin fish fisheries at Maketu on the coast. Although only highly treated waste would be discharged, the discharge of human or animal wastes to water used for bathing and supporting food and plant life offended their spiritual and cultural values which demanded a very high standard of water purity. There was conflicting opinion on whether the Maketu fisheries would be affected by the discharge of treated effluent to turbulent waters some distance from them but the evidence of a cultural pollution was "virtually unchallenged".

The Waitangi Tribunal found that the Ngati Pikiao had traditional fishing rights in respect of the river, Maketu estuary and the sea, that the Treaty of Waitangi guaranteed them the continued enjoyment and undisturbed possession of that right, and that the discharge of sewage effluent to the river, "no matter how scientifically pure" was an infringement of that right and was therefore contrary to the principles of the Treaty.

Having found that the claim submitted to it was well founded the Tribunal had then to consider whether, in all the circumstances of the case, action should be taken to stop the discharge. Various parties in support of the discharge argued, amongst other things:

— That although the river discharge might represent a cultural affront, it ought nonetheless to proceed. The lakes were of considerable local and national importance, the pollution of the lakes had reached such a severely critical level that the Crown had committed itself to a substantial expenditure to arrest pollution and restore water quality, that a major contributor to the pollution was the existing discharge of treated effluent to Lake Rotorua, that the pipeline would remove that discharge from the relatively still lakes waters to turbulent river waters beyond the lakes, and that alternatives to the pipeline were either impracticable or insufficiently proven when compared with the certainty that the pipeline gave.

— That the discharge to the turbulent waters of the river would have little effect on the river or the marine life at the coast, or, any effect would be small when weighed against the effect of a continued discharge to the lakes.

— That if the river discharge did not take place, and the lakes continued to deteriorate, the river, which flows from the lakes, would be polluted anyhow from the eutrophic overflow.

— That the existing discharge to Lake Rotorua must be culturally offensive to the tribes surrounding the lakes and whose members fish the lakes. The pipeline would remove that prejudice.

The Maori claimants argued that the lakes were already polluted and that it was now wrong to pollute the river. The pipeline simply transferred the problem from one water body to another. The use of rivers from the disposal of waste was wrong and there had been an insufficient investigation of land disposal, which was the only alternative that was culturally acceptable. The position might be different if the river was secondary river for the tribe, but it was a river of high importance, passing through native bush, pa sites and wahi tapu and renowned for its purity enabling its use for the treatment of kiekie and flax for weaving, and the gathering of plants for medicinal cures. Unlike

other tribes enjoying an expansive coastline, the Te Arawa-Tuwharetoa who extended to Lake Taupo were an inland people having only a narrow corridor to the coast along the Kaituna River, and with a small coastal fishing ground that was virtually limited to Maketu.

The Tribunal considered on the evidence that the Ministry of Works and Development had not properly explored the alternatives in the light of the Maori objections. By its control of the subsidies it had been able to dictate to the Rotorua District Council. The Council on the other hand had explored the alternatives and had shown a willingness to accommodate the Ngati Pikiao concerns. The Tribunal accepted that a discharge to land was not practicable at this point in time. It considered however that on the evidence an expanded treatment plant with nutrient stripping, when coupled with other land retirement programmes, would achieve the objective of arresting pollution and restoring water quality. It would also avoid the transfer of the problem to another area. Although this would still involve a discharge of effluent to a lake used for fishing the discharge point would be at Sulphur Bay, a thermal area not used for fishing bathing or recreation. There was also evidence that the acid conditions of the Bay operated to remove much of the phosphorous from the effluent stream.

It was recommended that the nutrient pipeline be substituted by an expanded treatment plant with biological or chemical stripping, and that the search for a practical land disposal system continue.

Other matters considered by the Tribunal were as follows.

On the significance of the Treaty of Waitangi to the early Maori

The Tribunal cited with apparent approval from the submissions of Professor Kawharu a Professor of Anthropology. He argued that for the Maori the important words in the Treaty would have been those relating to "kawanatanga" and "rangatiratanga" In agreeing to ceded "kawanatanga" the Maoris would have known that by so doing they would be gaining "governence", the law and order for which the missionaries had long been pressing. They would have ceded "that part of their mana and rangatiratanga that hitherto had enabled them to make war, exact retribution, consume or enslave their vanquished enemies and generally exercise power over life and death". In return they would have seen the Treaty as protecting their "rangatiratanga" that is "all the power privileges and mana of a Chieftain" or "Chieftain-ness' in the widest sense. "They would have believed they were retaining their rangatiratanga intact, apart from a licence to kill or inflict material hurt on others, retaining all their customary rights and duties as trustees for their tribal groups...".

On the significance of the Treaty to the Maori New Zealander

"He (Professor Kawharu) can say, with absolute truth, that no other ethnic group in New Zealand has ever had such a solemn pact made with it. The Maori New Zealander has a special place in our community so long as the Treaty of Waitangi stands in its present form".

On the effect of the Treaty of Waitangi Act

The Tribunal considered the general judicial view that rights purporting to be conferred by the Treaty of Waitangi cannot be enforced in the Courts except insofar as they have been incorporated in the municipal law.

It then considered that the enactment of the Treaty of Waitangi Act 1975 gave the Treaty a new status.

"From being 'a simply nullity' the Treaty of Waitangi has become a document of importance approaching the status of a constitutional instrument so far as Maoris are concerned. It is not truly a constitutional instrument because conflict between an Act of Parliament or Regulation and the Treaty does not render the statute null and void. But it does expose the Crown to the risk of a claim that the statute in question is in conflict with the Treaty and to that extent it would seem prudent for those responsible for legislation to recognise the danger inherent in drafting statutes or regulations without measuring such instruments against the principles in the Treaty.

This leads us to the conclusion that there is ample room for the view that the Treaty of Waitangi is no longer to be regarded as 'a simply nullity', that it is now part of an Act of Parliament, that it is in the nature of a statutory instrument and not something to be taken lightly by those responsible for introducing new legislation or enforcing legislation that already exists."

The Tribunal went on to consider that a "policy of the Crown" includes the continuation of pre 1975 legislation.

On the legal status of the Treaty

The Tribunal considered a lengthy submission from P G McHugh a Fellow of Sidney Sussex College Cambridge. He argued that the principles of the Treaty are directly enforceable in the New Zealand Courts as a matter of colonial law.

He challenged the approach taken in the New Zealand Courts "as being based on a concept of international law when they ought to have been based on established principles of colonial law". The Tribunal commented: "Tempting though it may be to reach a final conclusion on Mr McHugh's interesting argument, we do not propose to make any ruling on the matter. Our statutory authority is to make a finding as to whether any action of the Crown, or any statute or Order in Council is inconsistent with the principles of the Treaty. This wide power enables us to look beyond strict legalities so that we can in a proper case, identify where the spirit of the Treaty is not being given due recognition".

On legislation contrary to the Treaty of Waitangi

The Tribunal considered: "The Water and Soil Conservation Act 1967 and related legislation does not contain any provision to enable Regional Water Boards or the Planning Tribunal to take into account Maori spiritual and cultural values. By contrast, the Town and Country Planning Act 1977 does make such provision in s3(1)(g). This gap in the Water and Soil legislation puts Maori objectors at a disadvantage and does not reflect the principle contained in Article II of the Treaty of Waitangi by which the Crown guaranteed to Maori New Zealanders ("... to the Chiefs and Tribes of New Zealand, and to the respective families and individuals thereof ...") the full exclusive and undisturbed possession of their Fisheries and other properties".

It was recommended: "That the Water and Soil Conservation Act 1967 and related legislation be amended to enable Regional Water Boards and the Planning Tribunal properly to take into account Maori spiritual and cultural values when considering applications for grant of water rights, the renewal thereof or objections to such applications".

On whether the Tribunal members were disqualified from hearing the claim

In the course of hearing the Tribunal delivered a decision declining a motion that certain members disqualify themselves from sitting on the ground of a prior involvement with certain of the claimants in other commercial and legal proposals. It was considered that the involvement would not have led to predetermined view or bias.

H K Hingston for the Maori claimants, L H Moore for Rotorua District Council, T G Richardson for Bay of Plenty Catchment Commission and Regional Water Board, A Munro, B Curtis, B Rankin and N R Watson for Ministry of Works and Development, C N Northover for Commission for the Environment, H A Gadjadhar for Director General of Agriculture and Fisheries, J Walker for Secretary for Maori Affairs, C J Richmond for Conservator of Wildlife, A Miller for Director General of Health, E J Sherring for Tauranga County Council, G R Fish for Guardians of the Rotorua Lakes.

Above: Illustrator Robyn Kahukiwa and writer Patricia Grace surrounded by the children who were models for the characters of Watercress Tuna.

Watercress Tuna meets the children of Champion St. Porirua

Book launchings invariably consist of mountains of guests, speeches, food and books on sale afterwards.

The launching of the children's book Watercress Tuna written by Patricia Grace and illustrated by Robyn Kahukiwa was most enjoyable because it was the children's day and I had my four children with me.

There were no mountains to climb that day, just a pleasant sit back and listen to the book's heroes singing.

The book uses the children of Cannon's Creek Primary School to portray a lovely world in which all cultures appreciate each other.

It was this very theme that made for such a unique book launch, I pointed out to my children that the children they had seen in the book were real kids and we'd see them at the book launch.

That we did, and it was a pity that the monocultural school my children attend in Ngaio could not share in such a celebration.

Below: The children dance a Pacific welcome.

However it was left to the headmaster of Cannon's Creek School to sound the only sour, if perhaps realistic, note of the day, and speak of the graffitti just freshly daubed on the school that weekend, and also of a school pupil who had just gone into welfare custody that morning.

That multiculturalism is not rosy tinted spectacles is accepted but that isn't the purpose of Watercress Tuna.

Negative comments like the headmaster's will always be spoken when an entrenched position is being threatened with light and understanding. This I feel is the wonder of Watercress Tuna, the wonder of children accepting each other before they pick up grownup prejudice which sometimes masquerades as realism.

For me the day was won by the children.

PW

Children from Brandon St Intermediate entertain manuhiri.

South Pacific Festival held in Tahiti

Despite the opposition of some Tahitian independence groups and a change of venue from Noumea, the South Pacific Arts Festival gets underway in Tahiti later this month.

The postponement of the Noumea venue because of civil war, has meant a reduction in the Maori contingent from 123 to 63 performers.

Organisor, Tungia Baker is even more adamant that the Festival needs to be staged despite the political meddling that is taking place in the Pacific.

She says Maoris should step out of the cushioned environment of their papakainga and see the need to assert a Pacific awareness rather than stay under the cloak of colonialism.

Tungia believes Maoris have become part of the colonialism that the Pacific peoples have shed or are in the process of trying to shed.

"The growing Maori voice against the Treaty of Waitangi not being honoured, is part of this shedding of the cloak.

"But our Maori people haven't defined any commitment to the peoples of the Pacific, we should take the initiative into this world, a world that is the new strategic and commercial centre for nations."

Tungia says instead of Maoris asserting a kind of cultural arrogance that says, 'here I am, this is what I have to offer,' they should be open to sharing in the expression of art, allowing others to have a different interpretation of that expression.

She's aware of a backlash against Maoris from some Pacific peoples. Tungia says this came from Maoris who tried to tell Vanuatu people how to deal with colonialism, when the Maoris had no experience to go by.

"You see our environment is so different, we've had it easy."

Because of this arrogance, no Maori women were invited to speak at the recent Pacific womens conference in Vanuatu, she said.

The holding of the South Pacific Festival in Tahiti has come in for fire, as did Noumea, and the reasons given are similar.

Two Tahitian independence groups contacted Tungia opposing the festival being held. They both purported to speak for the people and said the festival would give support to anti-independence feeling and a nuclear Pacific. It was also suggested that the customary chiefs of Tahiti should have called the festival and not the governmental body, The Territorial Office for Cultural Action.

But Tungia counters by saying she had to dig round behind the scenes to find that the independence groups didn't appear to speak for the majority and that she disagrees not with take presented but with the timing.

"I believe it's with korero ngakau ki te ngakau that a breakthrough is made, through the multi-nationalism that pervades the Pacific. That's the big problem, when colonialism was shed, multinationalism becomes the next pitfall."

When asked if expecting a cultural festival to redress the balance in the face of such odds, Tungia was optimistic.

"Well that's the landscape, but it's one of many landscapes and not the only one. Art is a universal environment that is not unique to individuals. It belongs to a people. Its energy force is overt and lasting, whereas political energy comes and goes.

That's why, she says, the Festival experience has attracted the ire of independence and nuclear-free groups, it draws that sort of reaction.

"While the shifting political sands create the sort of take that is coming to the fore, art has to be political, all art is political, just like Wahine Toa and The Bone People were political statements."

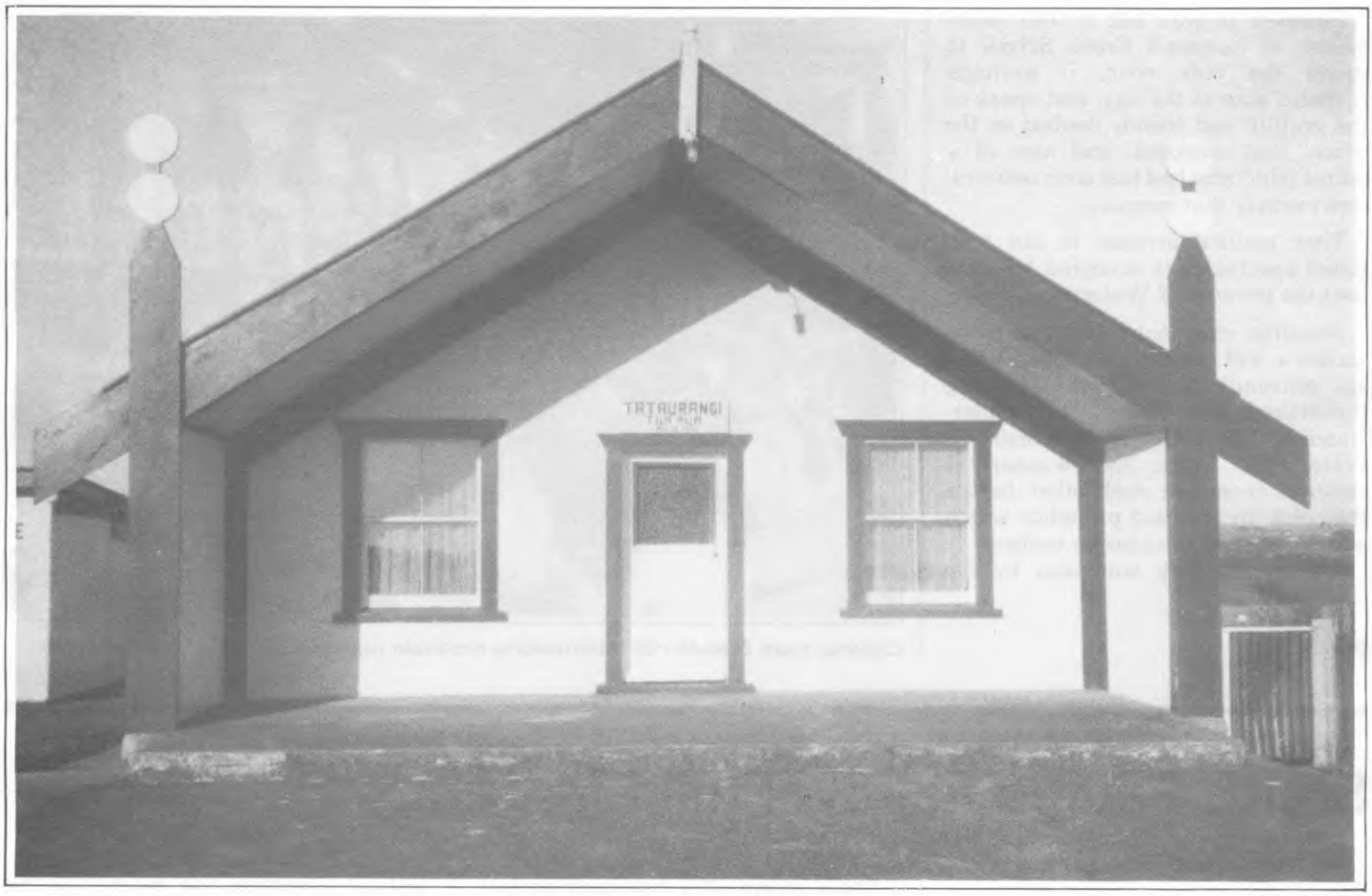
And Tungia is bitter about the way the Noumea venue for the Festival was scuttled. She says the Kanaks wanted the Festival, but the white right-wing movement pulled the rug out from under them by withdrawing essential services like sanitation and water from Festival accommodation.

And Tungia sees big differences between Noumea and Tahiti.

In Noumea the High Commissioner was the kingpin but in Tahiti the French High Commissioner is like a 'man-o-war' without guns.

It's an autonomous French territory rather than a dependant.

All politics aside, Tungia is keen for Maoris to not only dip their toes in the Pacific but also be prepared to swim for it.



In his song Timotu speaks of a carved house called Tataurangi. This house was eventually replaced by others of the same name. The Tataurangi which stands now on the well-kept Meremere marae was opened in 1936.

He waiata na Timotu

Margaret Orbell

In about 1834, a man named Timotu was living at Meremere, near Te Hawera (Hawera) in southern Taranaki. His tribe was Ngati Ruanui. Timotu had been a famous warrior, but was now suffering from asthma. Some of his kinsmen who had migrated to Waikanae, far to the south, found themselves facing a war there and came asking for his assistance. Timotu had to tell them that he could not help them, and he afterwards composed a waiata complaining of his illness and expressing his grief.[1]

Like much of the poetry of the Taranaki district, Timotu's song is remarkable for the power of its imagery. In the first lines, the waning moon is identified with his declining strength. Though sometimes his heart 'comes to rest' and he is reconciled to his fate, soon he feels again the urge to fight. Rehua is a deity believed to bring the warm months of the year; Timotu is as isolated as one of the solitary, wandering fish sometimes caught in the early summer. Fish were traditionally thought of as victims, and this idea must lie behind the next image as well. Motu-kiore is a large flat rock at the mouth of the Tangahoe River where the fishermen used always to gut their fish. The poet must have referred to this rock partly because of the use of which it was put.

In the second stanza, evil and death are seen as having their origin in the darkness of the underworld, the entrance to which is at Te Reinga. It is not known why the mythical Rongotaharangi is mentioned, but one authority tells us that a figure of this name is guardian of the sun. If the poet held this belief, and if the sun is identified with light and life, the meaning must be that the guardian of life and wellbeing is turning away and neglecting his duties.[2]

People who were unhappy or disadvantaged in some way were traditionally said to lie, or sleep, in a bent-up position. Mahutonga is the constellation of the Southern Cross, which does not sink below the horizon but constantly moves around the sky; its circling motion is associated with sorrow. In the last line, Timotu compares himself to the harrier hawk, which in the early summer is seen as screaming with hunger, and to the bittern; the booming cries of the male bittern as it called to its mate were thought to be expressive of loneliness and sorrow. These images must have been felt to be all the more appropriate because Timotu, who was suffering from asthma, could be thought to be making similar sounds.

A New Significance

Timotu's song is his monument. It soon became famous among the West Coast tribes, and the second stanza, which originally lamented the loss of bodily strength, came to be sung on its own as a lament for the dead. It is sometimes spoken of as a tangi apakura, a kind of song which is not so much a lament for an individual as a confrontation of death itself, and its performance, whether by mourners at a tangihanga or an orator remembering the past, is accompanied by much emotion. In 1930, James Cowan wrote that it was 'the most dramatic wailing chant I have ever heard.... Whenever it is sung it has an electrical effect upon the people, who rise and join in it with the most intense feeling'. And Cowan de-

scribed the 'splendour' of its performance at a great tangihanga he had attended:

> I saw the Whanganui chief Takarangi Mete Kingi rise to his feet and raise his greenstone mere above his head, in signal to his people. He cried the opening words of the death chant and the next moment all the assembled mourners sprang to their feet, and with two black-garbed women at their front gesticulating and rolling their eyes, they broke into a grand chorus.... They stamped and threw their arms this way and that, and the women waved their leafy twigs of koromiko and willow, emblems of sorrow, and as they sang with full voice the ancient rhythmic poem, it seemed as if they were defiantly challenging the Death that lay personified before them....
>
> Eyes rolling, head-feathers dancing, black tresses tossing, greenstone and whalebone weapons and carved taiahas brandished, the people ended their great song with a long-drawn cry. And Takarangi, with mere quivering, called his loud farewell until he almost screamed it: 'Farewell! Depart, depart!
> And greet your thousand ancestors
> Go, go, go to That Place!'[3]

An earlier account of a performance by an orator comes from an Englishman, J.E. Gorst, who in 1906 revisited the Waikato tribes he had known 44 years previously. At that time Gorst had been a resident magistrate at Te Awamutu, and while he had been powerless to prevent the onset of war, he had won the friendship and respect of many leading men. He was now received with honour and greeted with emotion, all the more so because his reappearance after so many years brought back memories of the men and women of that time who were no longer alive. He later described his reception by Ngati Maniapoto:

> The first speaker was Tuko Rewo, a white-haired old chief, who spoke the most cordial and affecting words of welcome, and in a high quavering voice sang a song, in which he likened my reappearance to the first dawn of light in the morning sky. I had gone as a chief from their midst, and I now returned to them as a chief. All the high chiefs of olden days were gone, and I remained alone. He ended his speech by chanting the pathetic old song of sorrow for the dead which begins:-
>
> Listen, oh ye people,
> This is the parent of death,

and all the assembly joined with heartfelt energy in the chorus.[4]

Timotu's song has been sung now for 150 years. During this time it has acquired further depths of meaning, as it has come to be associated with all of those who have sung it in the past.

Notes

1. The text of this song, and many of the explanations, come from pages 276-9 of *Nga Moteatea* volume 1, by Apirana Ngata (Wellington 1959). The line divisions are uncertain.

   The tribal rivalries which led to the request for Timotu's assistance, and eventually to the battle of Haowhenua, are recounted on pages 34-43 of *The Kapiti Coast*, by W.C. Carkeek (Wellington 1966). Ngati Ruanui were allied with Te Atiawa against Ngati Raukawa.
2. For Rongotaharangi, see pages 60 and 167 of *The Lore of the Whare Wananga* part 1, edited by S. Percy Smith (New Plymouth 1913). The word *paroa* is not explained in the dictionaries. I have followed Pei Te Hurinui in *Nga Moteatea* in translating it as 'far off'.
3. Page 321 of *Legends of the Maori* volume 1, by Maui Pomare and James Cowan (Wellington 1930-4).
4. Page 286 of *New Zealand Revisited* by J.E. Gorst (London 1908).

Tēnei ka noho i te kopa whare i Tataurangi,
He marama ka roku i te pae.
He tahuritanga, he tautanga no te ngākau
Kia noho au ma reira, e raro hē nei.
Whakataritari, mau pū nei, mau patu nei,
Mau tao nei, e ngana ra koe
Ngā whatukuhu o taku manawa
Piri ki te poho, tē hōhā koe!
I ngā rangi ra o taku ohinga, e kui mā e,
I kawea, hau Aotearoa!
Me tautika, me aronui
Kia kite mai koutou i ōku hē nei.
Ka waiho au i te ngutu hei hikihiki
Ki te taha rautai, e pā mā, ko tō te huna hoki.
Tirohia mai au, he ika tuaki,
Paenga toroa, he koroirangi.
He ika pakewha, hau na Rehua, e tama mā e!
He huka moana, paringa-ā-tai akahu ki te whanga
Ki Motu-kiore, ko te rite i ahau
E whakamōnehu, waiho te raru i ahau ī!

Whakarongo, e te rau,
Tēnei te tupuna o te mate
Ka piri ki ahau.
I tupu i Te Rēinga,
I tupu mai anō i te pōuritanga.
Ko Rongotaharangi
E huri paroa.
Ka hinga au, ka takoto,
Moe tūturi, moe pēpeke,
Moe tūpoupou.
Ko te rite i ahau
Ko Māhutonga e rauna i te ao.
He maero au nei,
He kāhu ka kē i te waru,
Kei te matuku e hū ana i te repo ī!

Here I sit in front of the house Tataurangi,
A waning moon on the horizon.
My heart turns about, then comes to rest
At my staying here so powerless.
The urge to grasp a gun, a patu,
A spear, you rage
In the organs of my body,
You cling to my chest, never tiring!
Women, in the days of my youth
I fought throughout Aotearoa!
Come to me here, come straight
To see my ills!
Men, I am raised up on lips,
I am with those left at home, hidden away!
Look at me here, a gutted fish,
A stranded albatross, a whirlwind!
I am a solitary fish of Rehua.
Like the sea-foam on the tide that flows
Into the inlet by Motu-kiore
I am fading, alas.

Listen, you multitude,
The ancestor of all maladies
Has fastened on me here.
It grew in Te Reinga,
It grew in the darkness and came upon me.
Rongotaharangi
Is turning about, far off.
I fall down,
Lie crouched up, lie with knees drawn up,
Lie with body bent.
I am like
Mahutonga circling the world.
I am thin and weak,
A hawk screaming in the eighth month,
A bittern crying in a swamp.

He mate i te marama

(Engari te marama, ka mate atu, ka ea mai ano.)

by D.S. Long

Only the moon, when it dies, comes to life again — or a man, who becomes a character in fiction. For several years now I have been trying to solve a mystery. Perhaps you can help provide the solution.

In 1851 an American writer named Herman Melville published a book he called *The Whale*. Now known as *Moby-Dick* this novel is today regarded as one of the most important examples of modern fiction. It was written in 1850, one hundred years before I was born. It was based, in part, on Owen Chase's *Narrative of the Most Extraordinary and Distressing Shipwreck of the Whale-Ship Essex, of Nantucket* (1821) which had been sunk by a whale in the Pacific. The very month *Moby-Dick* was published in New York news arrived of the sinking of the Ann Alexander of New Bedford in the mid-Pacific, also rammed by a whale.

The Essex had sailed on its fatal voyage the year Melville was born (1819). We discover this fact in the opening paragraph of *Call Me Ishmael*, a study of *Moby-Dick* by the American poet Charles Olson (who has himself exercised an extraordinary influence upon a whole generation of New Zealand writers). Melville had been a seaman on whaling ships in the Pacific in the 1840s and Olson was able to show that by that decade, of the 18,000 men in the whaling fleets "one-half ranked as green hands and more than two-thirds deserted every voyage". So many Pacific Islanders and Maori were taken on to replace them that a section of Nantucket came to be known as New Guinea. Melville himself deserted the Acushnet in the Marquesas (and later the Lucy Ann in Tahiti). In *Moby-Dick* we discover just such a Pacific replacement, a Polynesian harpooner called Queequeg, who enters the book in New Bedford having unsuccessfully spent the day trying to sell tattooed heads from New Zealand.

Melville was the kind of writer who liked to build upon (some might say *steal*) material in other books. Scholars have discovered that while he was writing *Moby-Dick* he also possessed a copy of Charles Wilkes's six-volume *Narrative of the U.S. Exploring Expedition... 1838-1842* another copy of which can be read in Wellington's Alexander Turnbull Library, as I discovered.

In 1957 one of these scholars, a man called David Jaffe, of Arlington, Virginia, decided to compare the text of Wilkes's *Narrative* with that of *Moby-Dick*. He published the result of his research in an essay called 'Some Origins of *Moby-Dick*: New Finds in an Old Source' (*American Literature*, 1957). (I have to thank Gavan Daws of Hawaii who pointed me to Jaffe's discoveries.)

Jaffe was able to show that Melville had based his Queequeg on a Maori chief pictured and discribed in the *Narrative*, even to the point of "pillaging" whole phrases. As he tells us, "The prototype for Queequeg seems to have been... a New Zealand chief named... Ko-towatowa. The name of Ko-towatowa's domain, Kororarika, at the northern extremity of New Zealand, is even more interesting in its similarity to Queequeg's birthplace — Kokovoko."

Let's go back to the *Narrative* to see what more we can discover about Queequeg as he was before Melville transformed him into a character in fiction.

Members of the Wilkes expedition witnessed the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi and it is of that time that we are speaking. On pages 394-396 Wilkes describes how, "Some of our naturalists made a visit to a town called Wangarara, situated near the coast, about thirty miles to the southward of Cape Brett. They passed up the Waicaddie river eleven miles to Waicaddie Pa.... The old chief of Waicaddie was very indignant, and treated them quite uncivilly, because they were going to Wangarara. After procuring a guide, they set out on foot for that place. The distance is twelve miles, which they accomplished by sunset. The road lay over mountains. The village of Wangarara consists of four or five miserable huts....

They, therefore, gladly accepted the invitation of the chief Ko-towatowa, who was on a visit here, to accompany him to his hut, at the mouth of the bay. They went with him in his fine large canoe, and reached his residence late in the evening.... This was Ko-towatowa's principal farm. His pa is situated a few miles up the bay, on a rocky point, and contains one hundred and fifty houses.... They here saw the old chief of Wangarara, grand-uncle to Ko-towatowa.... Ko-towatowa is a member of the (Anglican) Church.... Wangarara is a deep indentation in the coast, to which it runs parallel, and is separated from the ocean by a narrow belt of high and rocky land.... Ko-towatowa took them back to Wangarara, stopping on the way at his pa.... Ko-towatowa, on taking leave of them, refused any compensation for his services; but a pressing invitation to pay them a visit at the bay was accepted.

Ko-towatowa as he was pictured in Charles Wilkes's *Narrative of the U.S. Exploring Expedition... 1838-1842*.

They returned by the same route, and by noon reached Waicaddie Pa. It contains about two hundred houses, and is situated between two small fresh-water streams. This is the most clean and extensive town in the neighbourhood of the Bay of Islands. Mr Baker, of the (Anglican) Mission, has settled here....

Wilkes's naturalists formed a high opinion of Ko-towatowa and even this seems to have passed into *Moby-Dick* for Melville largely presents Queequeg in the same light, despite the prejudices and misconceptions of his day. Melville's only serious injustice to his character is to ascribe to him the selling of the heads. This was also taken from the *Narrative*, but in fact it was a steward on a missionary ship who made such an offer to Wilkes's men! Gavan Daws feels that in the end "Queequeg came to stand for human dignity and honest impulse".

Mr Parore of Whangarei has written to tell me that 'Wangarara' may be Whangaruru and the 'Waicaddie River' the Waikare. He tells me that three people left the Whangaruru area during the 1840s to work on whaling ships: "One was a man called Wi Parangi and the other two were both Ko-Towa-Towas. These three men had all left together," and he informed me that the name might rather have been Ko Toatoa.

What became of these three men? Was one of them the Ko-towatowa de-

scribed in the *Narrative*? Mr Parore goes on the explain how, "during World War II, a desendant of Wi Parangi was a marine in the American Army and came to Whangarei to locate his family and in fact met with some of his New Zealand relatives. It appears that he came from San Francisco."

It seems to me that the situation is this. Ko-towatowa (Ko Toatoa) was an actual chief in the 1840s. Melville converted him into a character in fiction. He thus became the first New Zealander to enter the world of the novel and in the annals of 'New Zealand' literature he remains perhaps its best known character. It has been, at least, a celebrated "life after death". All the more remarkable is the suggestion that at the very time that Melville was converting Ko-towatowa into the harpooner Queequeg, the actual Kotowatowa may have become exactly that, on board some unknown whaling ship of the 1840s. (Could that ship have been, in fact, one of those on which Melville served: the Acushnet, or the Lucy Ann, or the Charles and Henry, on which he served between Moorea and Lahaina in the Hawaiian Islands, where for once he was properly discharged?)

I write all this in the hopes that some reader may be able to cast light on part, at least, of this, the greatest mystery in 'New Zealand' literature, if I can call it that. Who, in actual fact, was Kotowatowa? What do we know about him? Did he go to sea on a whaling ship? Do we know the ship? Did he ever return? What seems almost certain is this — that there may be many people alive today who could be descended from one of the greatest characters in fiction!

Note

If you can cast light on any aspect of this remarkable story you can write to D.S. Long c/o *Tu Tangata* and if a solution can be found we will publish it.

Karakia at the reinstatement of Hokowhitu — name to the park in Palmerston North. Rangitane Kaumatua Matawha Durie (left standing) with church representatives.

What's in the name?

A lot I would say. Maybe a great deal more than you have ever thought of before. I am thinking in particular of Maori place names throughout Aotearoa. You notice I said Aotearoa and not New Zealand. To the Maori, this land has always been Aotearoa for hundreds of years before the arrival of Abel Tasman, a Dutch sailor from the other side of the world. Abel Tasman returned to Europe to tell his people about it, and in his own language called the land something that sounds like New Zealand. That does not make any difference to the Maori who are the local people (the tangata whenua) here. It has always been Aotearoa, it is Aotearoa, and it will always be Aotearoa. If you don't believe me, try listening to Maori speeches on marae across this land.

Long before the arrival of the European (pakeha) visitors and later the settlors (the manuhiri, if you like), all the geographical features of the land — coastlines, lakes, rivers, streams, hills, valleys, mountains, hot springs, glaciers, etc — had already acquired Maori names. So had the many different species of plant and animal life on the land and in the water. Many of the Maori names have been replaced by pakeha names over the last 100 years of our history. Name changing is part of the conquering process. It happens at different times and in different places throughout human history. The winner has the last say. Some people think of it as a cultural putdown by the winner.

Many Maori place names record and preserve the great deeds and events of tribal history, myths, legends and traditions. They link the past with the present, giving people a sense of belonging and identity. You destroy a name and you take away part of the people's history from which they derive their sense of identity, their mana. So be careful with names.

To give a local example, **Hokowhitu** is a very important name in the history and traditions of the local Rangitane people as well as maoridom as a whole. **Hokowhitu** is part of their mana. In days of old **Hokowhitu** was the gathering place of Rangitane war parties. The name speaks of the fighting strength and mana of Rangitane people many of whose descendants are living now among us. Over a period of time, the term **Hokowhitu** became synonymous with a "war party" throughout maoridom. It was no coincidence that the famous 28th Maori Battalion of World War II was formed and trained here in Palmerston North in 1940. The Maori name for the 28th Battalion was **Te Hokowhitu a Tumatauenga** (the war party of Tu — God of war in Maori mythology). The past was linked with the present for those brave men of the 28th Battalion. To the Maori people, the past is the present. The past is now. So be careful with names.

If we are really one nation — here in the Pacific or rather te Moananui-a-Kiwa (Maori name for this ocean) — then all names are part of our shared heritage as New Zealanders. They are part of our history, our traditions, our identity. Our mana.

What's in the name? Rather a lot — so be careful with names.

Thana na Nagara
Manawatu
Aotearoa.

Maori students face a lonely track

Maori university students should use their skills to help their own people, says Maori student leader, Pakake Winiata.

Pakake Winiata, aged 21, has taken up the post of tumuaki Maori — a position formerly known as Maori vice-president — of the New Zealand University Students Association.

One of his first duties this year was a tour of New Zealand universities in March, gauging the feeling of Maori students, making himself known and sharing ideas.

The main thrust of his campaign is for Maori university students to contribute more to maoridom — because he believes that at present, most of them do not.

"I think a lot of Maori university students aren't aware of what is going on around them," he says.

"And they certainly don't have much knowledge of the important issues that are facing maoridom.

"It's a reflection of their 'lonely track' through the school system, often where they're the only ones in the sixth and seventh form.

"They suppress their Maori side to fit in with the pakeha students around them."

Pakake says that once the students make it to university, they often say they do not have the time to become involved in things Maori.

"Yet they go out at night, play sports and so, and I don't know whether they hold Maori things in high priority."

A big problem for the students is they have nowhere they can come together, to discuss issues and the things going on around them, he says.

To help solve this, Pakake is among many Maori students who are promoting the idea of a national association of Maori university students.

The association would provide a forum for the students, who could decide on work to be carried but by the tumuaki Maori and Nga Toki (the Maori university students' executive).

Another aim this year is to promote the Maori language.

One step Pakake has taken is to sound out Maori lecturers on forming a group to modernise the language, and he says the response so far has been positive.

Another aim is to form a national runanga rangatahi (Maori youth council) to tie together all the different Maori youth groups.

"It would plan projects and programmes towards developments of Maori youth, to secure funding for such programmes," says Pakake.

"A major primary objective would be to try to re-establish and strengthen links between urban Maori youth and their tribal organisations."

Pakake, who is taking a year off his medical degree for his new job based in Wellington, believes the skills that Maori students gain at university are sorely needed to help maoridom as a whole.

The ability that students gain to examine and look critically at what is happening around them is the kind of training their own people do not have, he says.

Academic qualifications "open doors" in the pakeha world, enabling Maoris to get into decision-making positions which benefit the Maori people.

Pakake will finish his degree in 1989.

He then plans to return to his tribe, Ngati Raukawa, to set up practice — "rather than gaining my degree and buggering off to Australia and getting heaps of money but not really doing much to help my own people."

At present, he is involved in a series of young people's hui for the particular marae and hapu in his region.

The hui have been taking place at a tribal level, and they will be "moved down a notch" to hapu level, to strengthen the grass roots.

Pakake's tribal affiliations also include Ngati Toa, Te Arawa and Ngati Awa.

He was born in Michigan in the United States, and moved to Vancouver, Canada, at four.

His father, Professor Whatarangi Winiata, of Victoria University, was teaching there at the time.

The family returned to New Zealand when Pakake was 12.

"I remember soon after we got back, going out to one of my marae in Levin. My father was saying 'this is yours, the houses, the marae, all these things here.'

"It was like having a gigantic Christmas present, I've always remembered that.

"People think it must have been a real disadvantage growing up overseas. But I think in a way the advantage of it was that I've never ever taken any of my marae or my hapu or my iwi for granted."

He also believes the experience has given him a better international perspective.

This year, he says, will be the last he has to help Maori university students before "switching worlds" to clinical school.

Another idea he will be pushing is for Maori university students to gain autonomy to make their own decisions within the New Zealand Univesity Students Association.

And as for plans in the far future:

"Most of my efforts will be in the medical field, working towards helping the people, rather than helping me, the individual."

New Adviser for Support

Presbyterian Support Services (Northern) has appointed a new polynesian adviser to its community services in Auckland.

Mr Paraire Huata, 38, will be responsible for increasing the awareness of services offered by Support among Maori and Pacific Island people.

Widely experienced in many fields, his career has spanned teaching, youth development work, cultural entertainment and even a spell as a taxi driver.

His family has had strong ties with the Anglican church since 1860 and a commitment to the development of the Maori people.

Mr Huata sees his role in Support as one of "informing, performing and, where necessary, reforming."

"I will be responsible for identifying areas of need in the community and ways we can best direct Support's resources to meet those needs.

"Importantly, the job entails advising Support community service staff about the values and traditions of all Polynesian people.

"The understanding has to be a two-way process," he says.

"Commitment, attitude, kinship and empathy are all important for me and this applies to everyone in the community.

"Empathy will help me to deal with many situations, for example knowing how it feels to be on the dole."

Born in Napier, Mr Huata has spent most of his life in the Waikato, returning to New Zealand seven months ago following five years in Australia.

The director of Support's community services, Mr Pat Thomson said: "Paraire's appointment is the culmination of a year's intensive planning for this post."

Leader ends long term at Wallaceville

In Dr Wally Te Punga's time at the Wallaceville Animal Research Centre, dating back to 1953, it has doubled in size.

Dr Te Punga, 61, began work there as a diagnostic officer. Halcombe-born he went on to graduate with a Bachelor of Science degree at Victoria University followed by a verterinary science degree from the University of Sydney. He practiced as a vet in Eltham and Waipukurau for a few years before joining Wallaceville — the oldest veterinary institute in the South Hemisphere.

After his send-off at the centre the long-serving director — 11 years — told the Leader he will be settling down for a quiet life at his Upper Hutt home.

The cut from the demanding administration of the centre will be complete. Dr Te Punga said he would not presume to leave any messages to staff — I'll leave the future to my successor (Dr Jack Park)," he said.

His retiring manner belied years of being at the forefront of research — what he called a "funny sort of game".

He qualified for a postgraduate diploma in bacteriology from the University of Manchester in 1955 and in the 1960s studied for his doctorate at the University of London.

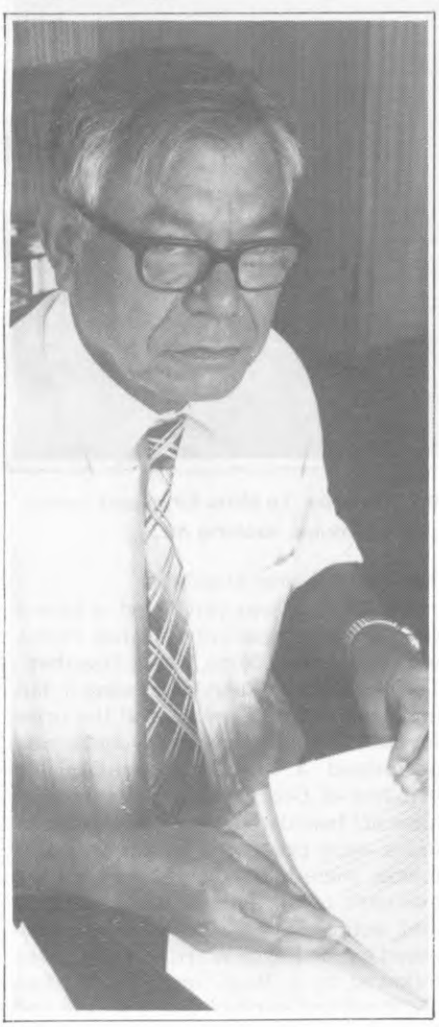
His PhD work had nothing to do with the world of a vet — he helped pioneer techniques for curing infant diarrhoea and whooping cough.

Specialised

He has specialised in study into infectious infertility in sheep and cattle, and in vibriosis. His work led to a new and practical method of treating dairy cows, novel and more satisfactory tests and vaccination.

Dr Te Punga's findings have appeared regularly in scientific periodicals, part of the "continual interchange of information", and he has attended many overseas conferences which were always more hard work than holiday.

Wally Te Punga



Church behind bars

by Ressy J.T.K. Marafiaano

The theme is tatou tatou katoa, altogether, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ our saviour. Regardless of race, colour, or creed. What we have learned with our ears and seen with our eyes in the life of Jesus Christ, may we now proclaim to all the world, namely, that we are the sons and daughters of the living God, created in love and destined for life.

On the 10th March 1985 at 2pm. a new Catholic lay chaplain to Paparua prison near Christchurch, South Island, Mr Ray Kamo was commissioned. Mr Kamo had taken part in the morning service at Te Rangimarie marae centre in Glouster St, and the prison chapel in the afternoon.

The appointment of Mr Kamo as chaplain was recognition of the sad fact of the high Maori prison population throughout N.Z. prisons.

"Why so many Maoris in prisons," said the Catholic Bishop of Christchurch, the most Rev Dennis Hanrahan.

During the morning mass the local Maori and pakeha population expressed their support and encouragement for Mr Kamo at Te rangimarie marae.

The afternoon service at Paparua prison for inmates saw their new chaplain installed in the job in the same way that new parish priests, brothers, layman, were often commissioned.

Mr Kamo's predecessor, Mrs Iri Choat was the first Maori woman to be appointed R.C. assisting chaplain in 1982, Mrs Choat is now social coordinator for the welfare of inmates and their families and doing a wonderful job, prisoners call her mum. Mrs Iri Choat also started up the Maori cultural group, she is a dedicated and tireless worker.

Elders, laymen, pakehas from around Christchurch were among the 80 people attending the installation in the prison chapel after traditional speeches by the elders. The Bishop spoke in maori and english about Mr Kamo's ministry work within the institution.

Among the visitors and elders were, kaumatua Hohua Tutengahe of Te Waipounamu, Rev Peter MacCormack, senior Catholic chaplain Justice Dept, Wellington, Chris Albert, involved with Te Rangimarie centre, Mr Charlie Hood, superintendant Paparua, Addington prisons, Rev Jim Tahere, Maori missionary Te Waipounamu, Rev Father Barry Jones, Te Rangimarie Maori mission of Te Waipounamu, Mrs Mary Kamo, women's chaplain at the women's prison Christchurch, Mr Hoani Stirling, lecturer maori language Canterbury, Mrs Anne Kamo, aunty of Ray Kamo, Mrs Taniora Croft, Kaiapoi, Mr George Rau from Temuka marae, and Mrs Iri Choat the prisoners mum paparua jail rock house. For 40 inmates attending the gathering it was a joyful Christian fellowship, meeting people from the world of freedom.

What parish is top parish?

Faith, fun, fellowship and food were in evidence as forty teams of Christian young people from Bay of Plenty and East Coast Anglican parishes and pastorates competed for the title of Waiapu Top Parish at Whakatane recently.

Hawkes Bay were prevented from attending by the closure of the Taupo/Napier highway.

On Saturday morning Mr Geoff Cranshaw, Vicar of Whakatane introduced the theme "Being Young Together" and asked God's blessing on the weekend. Then the fun started at the march past as teams came forward to be judged on their general quality, the amount of noise they made, their enthusiasm and the ease by which their name was recognised. Mr Jack Gow, Mayor of Whakatane, his wife Mrs Bev Gow and Mr Peter Joplin awarded the Cup to Smyff, (St Mararget's Youth Fellowship), of Kawerau.

Determination to be the Top Parish grew as the games' sessions started at Whakatane High School field, in the Whakatane Swimming Pool and at Ohope Beach. Playing volleyball with the large colourful earthball loaned by the Whakatane District Recreation Officer brought forth may shouts of excitement. Shrieks of delight were heard from the soapy wet plastic sheet as team members slithered and slid holding on to a swing ball on a length of elastic.

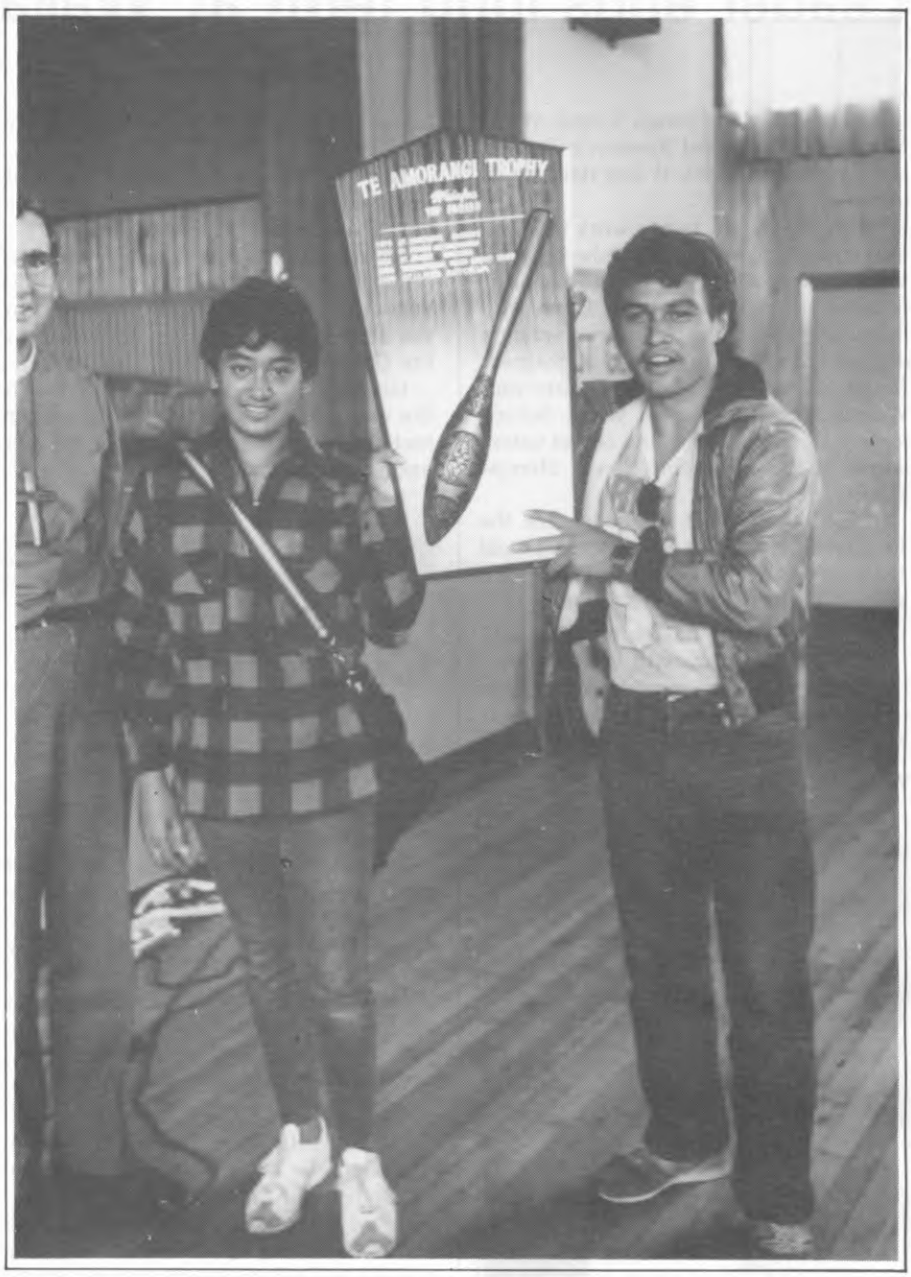
They took turns in poling themselves on Herod's Chariots (drums) and pushing a team member in a wheelbarrow around an obstacle course. Ever tried filling a tractor tyre with water? Each team did so, pushed the tyre a short distance, then emptied it into a drum to gain points according to quantity in the drum when the whistle blew.

The Kiwanis Club from the Swimming Club ran the pool events. The favourite game was Baby Moses. Spectators were treated to the sight of large boys being rescued in a rubber tyre by three hand-maidens, having a nappy put on and being made to drink orange drink from a baby's bottle!

Centipedes with 11 legs invaded Ohope Beach as teams tied their legs together to run from one pole to another as they transferred tyres.

Then off to play volleyball in knee deep surf before going in the Highway to Heaven, travelling on a sack, tied to a rope and pulled by team mates.

The seven games at every venue were supervised by marshalls from the Parish of St George and St John, who were hosts, with the help of St Margarets, Kawerau. Many other parishioners helped with providing and setting up equipment, planning the programme and sending out preliminary information.



Collecting the Top Parish Trophy for St Faiths, Rotorua Te Miria Kingi and James Whitney with the Bishop of Waiapu, Rt. Rev. Peter Atkins, looking on.

The mammoth task of feeding 400 young people plus their leaders and all the helpers fell on the shoulders of several ladies' groups in the two parishes, ably led by Mrs Kay Ernest. It was no mean feat to supply 900 filled rolls for both Saturday and Sunday lunch and then have such a generous afternoon tea that there was some left over!

As the light faded all those present were young together as they queued for a serving of delicious hangi prepared by Mr Ian Castle, Mr Doug Wright and the Black Power Members.

The Diocese was privileged to have a song written especially for Top Parish with the theme 'Being Young Together'. The Ngati Porou Rohe teams sang it during the concert. They shared the prize for Best Concert Item with Opotiki, who performed a sketch illustrating the bringing of God's word to people who have not heard about the Bible. A dozen items were presented by participating teams, some of whom encouraged the audience of all ages to join in singing and action songs. The concert, compered by Mr Roger Ward of Taupo, was followed by a 'Rage' until 11pm when 450 tired and excited young people and

their leaders headed for bed at one of the four marae which billeted the visitors.

On their arrival on Friday evening the elders had given a maori welcome, which for some was a new and fascinating experience, as was sleeping on a marae.

After only a few hours sleep and Holy Communion on each marae, everyone was full of joy, ready to sing praises and listen to the Bishop of Waiapu, Bishop Peter Atkins, talk to them during worship. Many helpers and other parishioners attended this service of celebration which was well prepared by the four Kawerau teams, ably led by Mr Mark Chamberlain.

Top Parish was drawing to a close. Quiet anticipation leading to mounting excitement greeted the convenor as he took the microphone for the last time. Who was the Waiapu Top Parish for 1985? Nine other prizes were presented by the Bishop and Miss Wendy Davidson of Rotorua, who is the chairwoman of the Diocesan Youth Council under whose auspices Top Parish is run annually. Excitement reached a peak, cheers and roars rose from the back of the hall as St Faiths Team 1, Rotorua, was announced "Top Parish" and their leader received the coveted trophy from the Bishop.

The co-operation of so many people from town and parish was a feature of the weekend and one reason for its huge success. Everything was done with a minimum of fuss and with faith that God would bless the weekend. One person was heard to say that it was very clear that God was working longer hours than we were, and they were very busy hours for many people.

PRIZEWINNERS

March Past
Combined SMYFF Teams
Best Concert Item
Opotiki; Ngati Porou Rohe Teams: Equal
Best Turned Out Team
Titiraupenga, Taupo.
Best Organised Team
SMYFF 1.
Least Organised Team
St. George & St John 2, Whakatane.
Top Beach
Tolaga Bay.
Top Field
St. Lukes 1, Rotorua.
Top Pool
St. Marks 1, Gisborne.
Booby Prize
Holy Trinity 1, Tauranga.
TOP PARISH
St Faiths 1, Rotorua.

Old must 'heed young'

Older Maori people should acknowledge the know-how of their young and give them the chance to show what they have learnt, says retiring New Zealand Maori Council member and Tairawhiti District Maori Council chairman Sir Henare Ngata.

"I think young people have to be given opportunities and responsibility," he said yesterday.

"Traditionally Maori society has taken the view that age vests a person with wisdom. That might have been so in Maori society then, but we are in a dynamic, changing world now and older people should acknowledge that there is a lot of knowledge, knowhow and maybe wisdom in younger people.

"Certainly they should be given more chance to display what they have learnt.

"Statistics indicate that in the 60-plus level we are very much a minority within a minority race. To expect, in that range, all the answers which should be forthcoming to deal with the problems our people face is expecting far too much."

Sir Henare, himself, is 67 years old.

In the New Zealand Maori Council younger people were coming forward, he said. The destiny of the Maori people lay in their hands.

In the past 20 years there had been a big drift of Maori people from rural areas to the city and gradually the thrust of the council's work had reflected this.

"Maori people are wanting a greater share of the action," said Sir Henare.

"We are now getting younger, well-educated, city-bred, articulate people on the council. They are not quite so concerned about land matters but want to be part of total society, particularly of the whole decision-making apparatus.

"That requires two things — the ability to put forward a convincing case and, perhaps more important, receptiveness on the part of Government."

The biggest problems which the council saw, but with which it was ill-equipped to deal at present, were those relating to the young Maori in the cities, he said.

Sir Henare has been a member of the Tairawhiti District Maori Council for the past 25 years, the past 14 as chairman, and a member of the New Zealand Maori Council since its inception in 1962.

He said he wished to pay a tribute to his predecessor on the District Maori Council, the late Sir Turi Carroll. He had been chairman of the council from 1960 to 1971 and president of the New Zealand Maori Council from 1962 until 1971. Sir Turi had put had heart and soul into the welfare of his people.

Sir Henare, a chartered accountant and chairman of Mangatu Blocks Incorporation since 1959, said he would continue to take a keen interest in all things Maori.

Gisborne Herald

Makutu: Maori witchcraft

By Alan Taylor

The penalties of power were great. To be a tohunga makutu or priestly expert in witchcraft and the supernatural was to be identified with Whiro, god of evil and death; its consequences ranging from drowning among sharks, to tribal exile or to banishment among lepers, the insane and resurrectionists of ancestral dead.

Tohunga makutu exercised their remarkable influence over Maori society for more than a thousand years. In mythology it was Tane, separator of Earth and Sky, who gave man knowledge of evil-contained in a sacred basket of occult knowledge (kete tuatea) obtained from the supreme being Io. Passed on through the generations, Tane's gift was tapu. So much so, that its priestly inheritors revealed its mysteries only in a special house of learning — the whare maire.

Instruction in the whare maire was restricted to youths of intelligence and inherited ancestral mana; their teachers usually being priestly relatives who taught all magic rites destructive to man as well as the spell's, incantations and rituals of witchcraft. During teaching, pupils underwent such ordeals as self-inflicted pain, exposure to ghostly spirits (kehua) materialised by tohunga, and feeding on offal. At the conclusion of instruction pupils were required to demonstrate knowledge and skills by killing plants, trees, birds and human beings; the victims ranging from slaves and relatives to even teachers, who's death was accomplished (at a distance) by the life force or hau being destroyed by magical karakia-spells.

The powers of tohunga makutu were awsome. Through some form of innate psychic mana, they could shatter stones, blast trees, destroy the fertility of land. Greater still was their power of the elements. They could raise lightning and thunder storms; cause the sun to shine, the rain to cease; and produce the kura hau awatea or solar halo and kura hau po-a lunar halo that could be seen by man and gods. Equally dramatic perhaps, was their ability to transport themselves through space, render themselves invisible and, frighteningly, summons souls of the dead from Te Reinga, the Underworld. Evil spirits could also be activated and their demonic arts, tohunga could malignantly inflict illness and disease on victims or destroy minds by a magic rite called ahi matiti.

Among the supernormal powers of tohunga makutu was the power to walk on fire: umu tamoe; a rite accompanied by sacred incantations recited to tribal deities. Performed at sunrise, the ceremony took place close to a wahi tapu or sacred enclosure where makutu was usually practiced. It was here also that tohunga as seers or matakite, experienced visions, predicted future events and discovered the will of ancestors and gods. At such times, tohunga were symbolically covered in blood-red ochre and oil; their appearance creating in the minds of observers both awe and terror.

Tohunga makutu were believed to have the power of transforming themselves into owl's, hawk's and, the ultimate horror, lizards — the personification of evil, and emissaries of death and the god Whiro. Not surprisingly perhaps, was that tohunga adopted the high-pitched chattering of lizards when calling up and communicating with spirits; particularly the spirits (wairua) of stillborn infants, often adopted by tohunga as mediums. Other mediums included cord-bound, wooden images representing such atua as Tumatauenga, god of war and Tawhirimatea deity of wind, rain and clouds.

Parema Te Pahua was a tohunga of the Tuhourangi tribe. In 1864, when Arawa warriors fought against the Hau Hau in the battle of Kaokaoroa, Te Pahau accompanied the war party as priest of the war god, Tu Matauenga. Born about 1820 he died in 1905.

Te Pahau was responsible for resurrecting the bones of dead chiefs. He ritually cleaned and reburried the bones in sacred burial places. He was known among the Arawa as 'the bone scraper', and was highly tapu. Goldie painted several portraits of Te Pahau.

For tohunga makutu to kill, it was often only necessary to employ simple mediums or ohonga in the form of hair, spittle or cloak fragment belonging to an intended victim; the magic involved consisting of ritualistic chanting over the medium before burial or casting into fire. Whether close or near, the victim, invariably died on the last word of the karakia and destruction of the ohonga, which represented the hau or personality of the tohunga's unfortunate subject. To ward off shafts of magic, or to avert suspected death at the hands of the sorcerer, it was vital, for example, for fish or kumara to be taken quickly to a waitapu or sacred stream and cast in the water, at the same time chanting: 'I generate my fire to great ocean to vast ocean, to restless ocean!' Performance of a similar rite was protection against illness and disease caused by the magical arts of makutu priests; the most feared disease being ngerengere or leprosy.

In the event of sickness, tohunga makutu were often employed in its treatment — another aspect of tohungaism; its benign aspect, which also involved diagnosis. Should a patient not respond to the tohunga's remedies (usually simple herbal remedies combined with karakia), he would make he way to the nearest forest and search out a karamu shrub. On recitation of a particularly potent charm called takutaku, he would pull the shrub up by the roots and should they come away unbroken the patient would recover. However, should they break, death lay ahead:

Tungia te tohu o te mate — Revealed is the sign of death
Tungia te tohu o te ora — Revealed is the sign of life.

War and combat injuries were common in Classic Maori society.

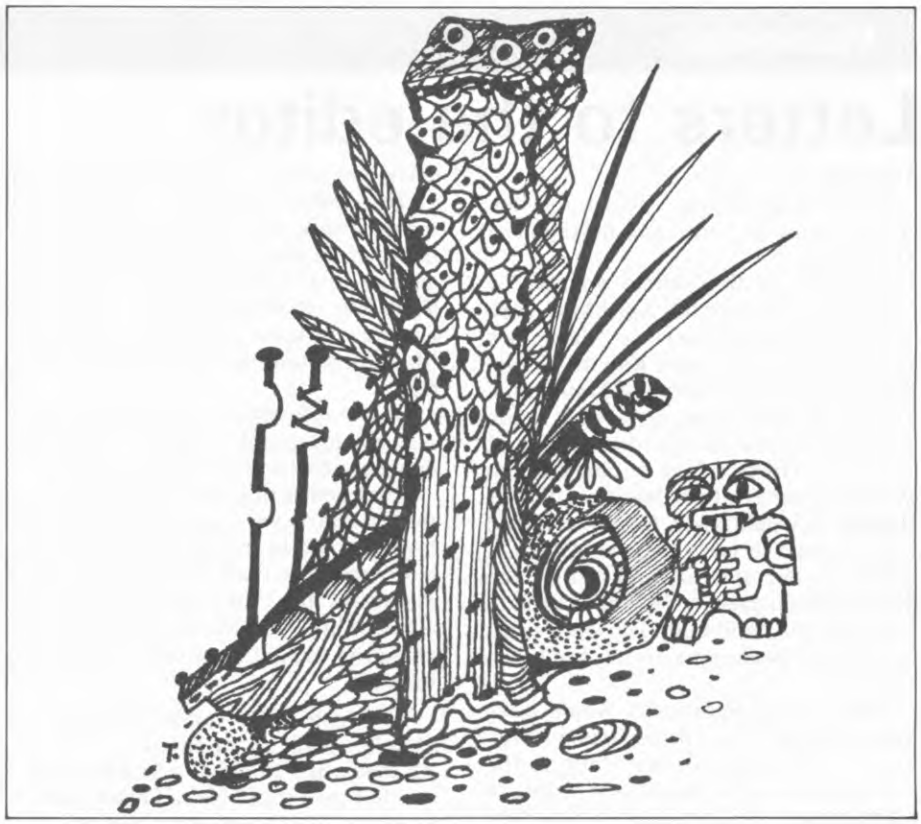
Consequently, the services of tohunga makutu were often called upon in the treatment of casualties. In addition to setting broken limbs, treating

open wounds, they also responded to the results of club-inflicted brain injury: keka or madness, a much feared condition that involved tohunga in spiritual as well as medical healing. In the treatment of illness generally however, tohunga makutu relied greatly on incantation and ritual as it was believed to be either the consequence of witchcraft and evil spirits or by visitation of mokemoke the lizard — which was knawing at the vitals of its victim. Failure to cure patients, if important chiefs, could mean death for the tohunga. But, normally, there was no penalty. Loss of a patient was ascribed to insufficient faith in the powers of the priest — or the secret defilement of a tapu place, an act that the gods alone could absolve.

Tohunga makutu were believed to possess amazing autosuggestive and hypnotic powers, and strange powers of mind over matter: rock shattered at a glance, birds fell to earth... They were also masters of supernormal powers that enabled them to animate sacred stones, tapu weapons — and the dead. Variously termed tohunga ruanuku and tohunga puri, they were shamans of miraculous mana or prestige — and were feared by all; their influnce remaining into the 19th Century and European settlement. Slowly however, their power declined — but not before they had created havoc in Maori society between the end of the land wars in 1872 and the early 1900s; a period that would be called: Te riri o te tohunga makutu, The anger of the sorcerers.

Spiritually demoralised over defeat and loss of tribal land drove many Maori into a frightening world of cultural crisis and — tohungaism, which preyed on a people rapidly declining in numbers and health. Illness arising out of malnutrition, introduced disease and poor housing and sanitation in rural paa decimated communities; its greatest toll being among children — victims primarily of pulmonary infections, measels and typhoid. Because of general isolation in bush settlements, European medical facilities were denied thousands of Maori, which meant resort to tohunga makutu in the event of serious illness — even on a community level when say, an epidemic of measles broke out among younger children as it did on more than one occasion in the Urewera country at the turn of the century.

Continued next issue Te riri o te tohunga makutu



Makutu or witchcraft was an aspect of classic maori culture that may well have been responsible for more deaths than warfare. As part of the blood and fabric of maori society for over a thousand years, it was occultism in its most malevolent form; its practitioners, tohunga makutu, having great mana and mysterious powers in the service of Whiro, God of Evil.

The darkness of Classic occult practice contrasted strangely with its setting: the sunlit forest clearing; the solitary tohunga makutu, his arms raised suppliantly, facing the east, beside an altar or tuaahu-a roughly formed stone pillar, annointed with shark oil and sacred red ochre. Sometimes there would be more than one taahu, and sometimes fires would be lit, into which were cast the hau or spiritual life force of the tohunga's victims. It was into the ahi tapu (sacred fire) that the hearts of battle-slain enemies were offered up to tribal gods or to the supreme god of war, Tumatauenga, by tohunga taura. And it was beside the tapu fires that the will of Tu was interpreted by niu or short divining rods, which were set up, then scattered — the pattern of their falling, revealing the gods intentions. In the niu ringaringa, the niu were the hands; its karakia or invocation:

Kia mana tenei niu;
Tenei te niu ka rere;
He niu na Mahu.
Ko te he kia puta

Let this niu be strong;
This is the niu, here it goes;
A niu of Mahu.
The bad let it be seen.

Destroyed or placed under tapu at the tuaahu, were material mediums of witchcraft, such as fragments of victimes cloaks or small possessions belonging to them. Under protection of the sacred altar, was the tohunga makutu's magical taonga; the beak of a hawk; a sun-dried lizard; a black, pierced stone; a fragment of human bone; and wood carved gods.

Survival into old age gave an added dimension to a tohunga makutu's image. He took on a more alarming, malevolent aspect if he was grey-beard, infirm and half blind. Also, age conferred on him, it was believed, greater powers in witchcraft. Of solitary impulse, kaumatua or elders of sorcery searched the depths of human fear and anxiety, terror of their supernatural powers being no mere effort of imagination on the part of their victims, but unquestioned reality. As visionaries they revealed all — and nothing; being astute masters in sophistry — with, in the 19th century, prophet Te Kooti Rikirangi personifying the ideal in matakite. Prudently, tohunga makutu denied possession of power over Europeans; particularly missionaries, who where the earliest and most critical commentators on witchcraft. Settlers, when they envinced interest in tohunga, were concerned only in their reputed knowledge of herbal medicine — which was almost unknown in Classic Maori society as all sickness was attributed to makutu or to the will of the gods.

Letters to the editor

Dear Sir,

Would you please record the following reply in your next mazagine. I thank you.

In reply to the article written by Margaret Orbell in the April/May 1985 *Tu Tangata* magazine re — "He waiata tangi mo Maihi Paraone Kawiti", I, and my family, greatchildren of Maihi, and, the iwi of NgatiHine, do wish it made known that we utterly disapprove of Margaret Orbell's lack of consultation with us, over matters dealing with this article. It would have been polite and very correct to have done so after all, Maihi is our tupuna and we of the NgatiHine do deem ourselves to be suitably qualified and quite knowledgeable in matters pertaining to his life's history.

Now, on consultation, I would have corrected her "Kawiti became a Christian".... No. Kawiti lacked faith in the missionaries so he would not embrace Christianity. He remained a heathen until he died.

On her "References to the Past" page 26.

The "Mount Puketutu" referred to is a high hill in Waiomio called Puketutu. The hill is a historical landmark so we refer to it as Mount Puketutu, Waiomio is called "the cradle of the NgatiHine tribe". Maihi was born there, he lived there and he died there. His bones now lie in a cave at the foot of Puketutu, Waiomio.

On "Traditional concepts and new ones" page 26. Motau, line 19. Motau is an abbreviation of the name Motatau.

The Ngati Te Tarawa, a hapu of NgatiHine who reside in the Motatau district are extremely indignant that their place of residence should be associated with seaweed. Motatau is nowhere near the sea. I shall now quote a whakatauki used in 1860 at the occasion of the official opening of Maihi's house called Maramatautini.

Ko Motatau te maunga, Ko Miria te marae,
Ko Maramatautini te whare whakairo
Ko Maihi Paraone Kawiti te tangata. I te puaretanga o tenei whare i te tau 1860,
Ko NgatiHine te iwi, Ko Waiomio te kainga.

Motatau received its name from its mountain range, which owes its name to a sacred cave tucked secretly away on its bushclad slopes. The entrance to this sacred cave resembles that of the entrance to the cave at Te Reinga. According to our kaumatua Sir James Henare, "mo" was once used as our plural instead of the "nga" in common use today, so that when the cave entrance was first seen, the following remark was made, "Rite tonu ki mo tatau o Te Reinga", which translates to mean, These doors are similar to the doors of Te Reinga, or, this doorway is similar to the doorway of Te Reinga. Thus line 19 of the waiata — "Tarehu kau ana te kohu i Motau" means, the Motatau mountain range is obscured in mist.

On the reference to "The Kingitanga was not acceptable to Maihi"... page 26 column 1 line 4 from the bottom.

After consulting Sir James Henare on this matter, we considered the following reply to Tawhiao's offer, to be more relevant than Margaret Orbell's statement that "the Kingitanga was not acceptable to Maihi because of memories of past wars between the two tribes."

To quote Sir James Henare on "Maihi's reply to Tawhiao".
Ka mea atu a Maihi ki a Tawhiao, "Na wai te Kingitanga? Na te Pakeha hoki, e hara na te Maori. Kotahi ano taku Kingi, Kuini, kei Ingarangi e noho ana. Waiho ki a koe te ariki, ki ahau te ariki. Na, kei konei katoa nga ariki o Ngapuhi. Waiho ki tēra."

Which translates to mean:
Maihi said to Tawhiao, "Whose idea is this Kingship? Kings belong to the pakeha not to the Maori. I have only one King, Queen, they live in England. Drop this matter and leave well alone, you're an ariki, I'm an ariki and, (pointing to Ngapuhi seated behind him) Ngapuhi here have their own ariki as well. Leave it at that."

On behalf of NgatiHine, I thank you for your time.

Na Kene Hine Te Uira Martin, nee Kawiti, great grand daughter of Maihi Paraone Kawiti.

Sir,

Margaret Orbell seems to have confused father and son in her rather fanciful article on Maihi Paraone Kawiti (P 25/26 Issue 23 April/May 1985).

The waiata she publishes was obviously composed for the Kawiti who died in 1854.

Her comment "but in the end, after fighting bravely, Heke and Kawiti were defeated by the pakeha's artillery," would be greeted with scornful laughter by any 7th Form History pupil. So, too, would her comment "Kawiti became a christian". And we do know "whether Maihi fought at Puketutu."

Margaret Orbell appears to have only one-sided British propaganda sources at her disposal when she writes. She obviously has not read the writings of that great Ngati Hine historian Hotorene Te Rangaihi Keretene.

Te Paki Cherrington
of Ngati Hine

Dear Sir,

At present I am in the process of gathering information regarding Prince of Wales Cup rugby matches, which as you know, is the premier match each year between the Northern and Southern Maori teams. In the next year or so I am hoping to publish a book on my research.

On 12th May 1924 at Eden Park, Auckland, the game between Northern and Southern Maoris was played for the Te Mori Rose Bowl (forerunner to the Cup) and was also regarded as a trial for the 1924 All Blacks. In the backline for the Northern Maori team was a player named FRYDAY (spelling from match report N.Z. Herald 13th May 1924) or FRIDAY (spelling from match report Wairoa Star 14th May 1924).

At the moment I can find nothing about him — I don't know his initial or maybe that was his first name — he is only referred to as FRYDAY or FRIDAY in the newspaper accounts. I have been in contact with Mr Jack Blake (Hastings), Mr Wattie Barclay (Dargaville) and Mr George Nepia (Ruatoria) who played in that game, also Mr Terry McLean (Rugby author) and Dr T.M. Reedy (Secretary Maori Affairs) and they neither can recall him or have no knowledge of him.

Perhaps you would be so kind as to publish this letter and hopefully one of your many readers may be able to assist.

Many thanks,

Mervyn Snell
P.O. Box 13-196,
ONEHUNGA.

Dear Sir,

I came across the advertisement of Morris Black & Matheson Ltd in the 21st Issue of Tu Tangata Dec'84/Jan'85.

I am wondering whether you can question the inclusion of the photograph of European influenced fretwork when the appeal was obviously made to the Maori carver.

So much more effective would have been an illustration of Maori design, drawing the attention of the proud

craftsman and far more impressive for people from abroad.

All other illustrations seem to have relevance and continuity.

Ms Alison I.M. Jack

He Mihi Aroha Ki Nga Tangata O Nga Hau E Wha.

My name is Rangi Ataria from Wairoa HB.

My tribal affiliations are with Tuhoe and Ngati Kahungunu.

I am employed at the Wellington Multicultural Educational Resource Centre, designated Librarian Resource Officer.

The Centre was set up in 1981 and funded by the Department of Education, providing support services to minority groups, schools, educational agencies and Government Departments. We have multilingual resources available on a loaning system and publications can also be purchased.

A priority for me is to re-establish the Taha Maori' Resource and to inform our people of the 'outreach' within the Centre.

Please contact me at:
Wellington Multicultural Educational Resource Centre,
PO Box 6566,
Te Aro,
WELLINGTON. Ph: 850.280/1

No reira,

Kia Ora Koutou Katoa.

na Rangi Ataria

Dear Sir,

Kaitoke Marae is not at Kaitoke, and nestled between the Tararua and Rimutaka Ranges. It is out of Dannevirke towards the coast. How can such a blunder be published? I have subscribed to Tu Tangata since its inception. I also subscribed to it's predecessor, and we find it an interesting and knowledgable magazine, but the standard of written grammar is slipping eg. Tu Tangata Feb/March 1985 Issue Page 5. "I know see that things are limitless." May I also wish Dr W Te Punga a happy retirement? He retired as Director of Wallaceville Animal Research Centre on February 28, 1985.

M. Goodwin

P.S. Have you spotted the spelling mistake?

Reply: Kia ora mo to whakatikatika. Nako te he. EDITOR.

TORCH OR RAMA

used in mutton-birding

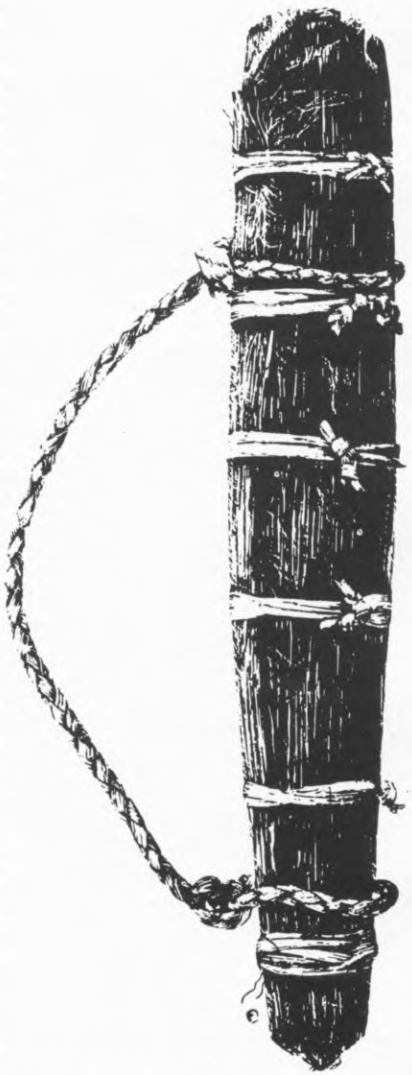
By W.J. Phillipps

The torch or rama was an important item of old Maori days. It appears now to have disappeared from use among all Maori communities. Fortunately we were recently able to have a specimen made by Mrs K.A. Cross of Bluff. This is an example of the type formerly used on mutton-bird islands of Steward Island. Mutton-birds are taken in the burrows, and late in the rama or torching period, which commences on April 20. It is then that the young leave their burrows and come out at night to exercise their wings and shed their down.

Mrs Cross was taught the art of making torches by her mother when she was about eight years old, and had already started visiting mutton-bird islands for seasonal work, which she still undertakes. To make the torch, strips of flax about five inches apart are laid on the ground. Long pieces of totara bark, each about 2ft 6in, are laid across the flax strips, and inside these the body of the torch is rolled and tied.

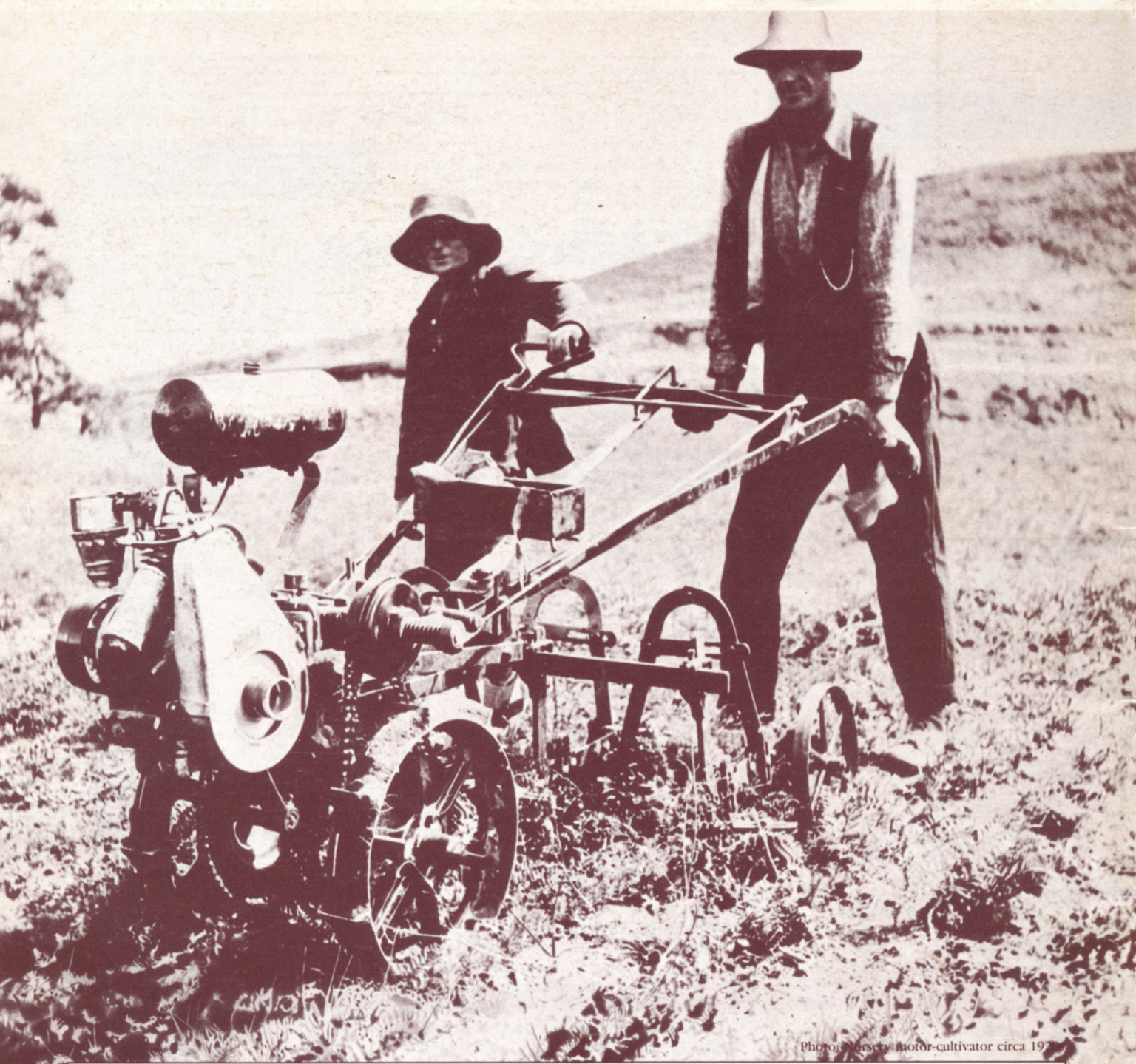
It was necessary to secure the bark by using a rod termed koo, cut at one end into a chisel-shaped edge, the dry totara bark being levered away from the tree from below upwards. The bark is said to be fairly loose for a period of six weeks each year, about the end of February. The dry bark is called amoka. Inside the cigar-shaped torch, a quantity of dried grass (titaki), together with broken bark, is held in position by vertical bark rods, the whole being saturated with piro or kato, fats from inside the body of the baby mutton-bird.

It was the custom for a party of mutton-birders to carry two torches and for groups to keep close to the torch-bearers. This pre-caution may have assisted operations and have prevented too much bunching of workers. In use the torch is held in the hand at the narrow end. If it tends to burn too quickly, green kelp is used to stop the rate of burning. Green kelp is also used to protect the hand from the heat of the torch. If slow to burn, the torch is whirled around the head. A single torch should burn up to three or four hours.



A Maori Torch, Poutama Island.
Drawing by Margaret A. Morison

Te Ao Hou 1953



Photograph: forestry motor-cultivator circa 192

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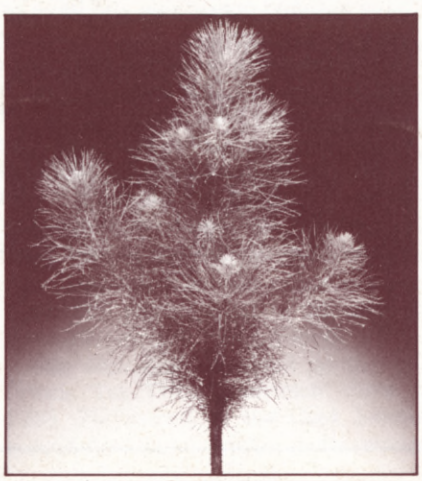

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