

BRAND MĀORI FATHERING THE FUTURE

TE KARAKA

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MAKARIRI

JENNY RENDALL PEPEHA IN THE CITY JOHN TAMIHERE
JASON DELL ROSEMARY McLEOD TOM BENNION

PETER ARNETT

FROM BLUFF TO BAGHDAD



aspire

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*Performance Based Research Fund (PBRF) report, 2004



FROM THE EDITOR

**Kei tua i te awe māpara
he tangata kē, māna e noho
te ao nei, he mā.**

Behind the tattooed face a different man
appears. He will continue to inhabit this land
– he is untattooed.

The face of Māoridom is changing, and with it too the face of Aotearoa.

Pākehā population growth has slowed, while Māori and Pacific Island communities burgeon. Add to that increasing numbers of Asians and strong immigration across the board and it is fair to say the kiwi melting pot is at a rolling boil.

The majority of our Māori population is young and urban, with mixed ancestry – a far cry from the predominantly rural community who married their own and lived with the land.

It is disappointing that today some still try to paint all Māori with the same brush, denying the fact that we are a diverse group of people living at a pivotal time in the building of a nation.

Parliamentarians often ask the subjective question “Who is Māori?” And, in the absence of consensus, they will denigrate the debate into an absurd rhetoric on issues like rights versus needs and rangatiratanga versus “one law for all”.

Where Māori “are at” is as changing as the tides. Self-determination (rangatiratanga) isn't a policy, it is an inalienable right of any citizen. How you achieve it is an issue that faces all New Zealanders.

In an address recently to a group of Māori journalists in Rotorua, Chief Judge Joe Williams spoke of Māori re-colonising the mainstream. In his words he said Māori are at a “tipping point”.

“A growing population of Māori are strongly identifying with the culture and they have the language... [What constitutes the] mainstream is changing. Māori is now a strong brand!”

TE KARAKA looks at this issue through the eyes of 14-year-old Starloss Heremaia. From the suburban streets of South Auckland where he lives emerges a picture of hope and growth. The sound track may be by American gangster rapper 50 cent, but the kaupapa is definitely Māori!

We also talk to Peter Arnett, a Ngāi Tahu man, recognised as one of the world's leading war correspondents, after 50 years covering some 27 wars from Vietnam to Iraq. At age 71 he shows no signs of slowing down, and currently lives in Baghdad while he completes a book on the fall of Saddam Hussein.

“Fathering the future” is an article about raising boys and the crucial role fathers have to play. All too often our young men fall through the cracks and we hear about the results in the media every day – the message is simple – boys need good men in their lives.

Hope you enjoy the read as much as we enjoyed bringing it to you.



TE KARAKA

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OPINION **nā ROSEMARY McLEOD**

Hand-wringing: Our National Pastime?

I'm not sure when exactly we became such a land of hand-wringers, but I'm wondering about it as reports anticipate the Māori Party doing well in the election.

Māori Party co-leader Pita Sharples says there will definitely be more race-based funding if they get enough influence on government – and, threat or promise, Sharples exudes the kind of confidence that shuts Pākehā New Zealanders up tightly. The only ones who'll speak out equally confidently from another perspective seem to be extremists longing for the days when Māori kids dived for pennies, and the rest posed for

seriously as men, many opt for the ugly girl look as a disguise.

This isn't a stupid move, either. It's more acceptable these days to be an ugly girl, especially lesbian, than it is to be a Pākehā bloke who isn't gay. Young Pākehā men have worked out that, instead, they're better off looking as if they're lesbians out on the town with their girlfriends, and so, chameleon-like, they've turned to camouflage.

To complete the disguise, they enrol in university courses that girls once took, having done less well at school in just about all areas of

racism if they lift their voices in a pathetic bleat of protest against ideas like those of Sharples, content to be out of it on drugs, and resigned to being in the wrong.

The Māori Party is gaining influence just as this cringing is at its height, which can only help its cause. Pākehā are persuaded we don't really belong here; we look around nervously, waiting for brown people to claim our lettuce patches and camp on the porch. The rush is on to search family trees for Māori names – one friend of mine insists the best thing I ever did was have two kids with real whakapapa. Meanwhile, all



It's more acceptable these days to be an ugly girl, especially lesbian, than it is to be a Pākehā bloke who isn't gay.

tourists. Sharples could get what he wants, since there is neither safety nor certainty in his opponents' position.

There have been exhausting changes in the last few decades: legalised prostitution, a transgender member of Parliament, a political party with seats in Parliament advocating legalising cannabis as one of its key objectives, civil unions, a strong resurgence of Māori culture, women prime ministers, women governor-generals, a woman chief justice – all were quite recently unthinkable. Māori may be fighting back from a marginalised position, but they suffer nothing like the plight of the average white, heterosexual male today.

Look at the poor beggars with compassion. If they're under 40, they dress like boy/men with little tufts of bum-fluff sprouting from their chins, and those weird shorts that end at mid-calf as if they've grown out of trousers but Mum can't afford to buy new ones. If they're under 30, you'll see them wearing their girlfriends' fur coats and coloured leggings, with dreadlocks down to their waists, 14 nose piercings, and chipped green nail polish. Too scared to be taken

study. So you'll find them going for art history degrees, not plumbing apprenticeships. That may be useless for getting work, but then again, they're not expecting to work. They've absorbed the idea that they're pretty well useless, and hope for nothing better than to team up with a corporate woman who will support them in style, possibly opting for a sperm donor in preference to themselves when their biological clock ticks loud enough. They can hope to put whatever fragile talents they have to use in child-minding and flower arranging, tamed and nearly as good company as gay men in the eyes of the women who keep them as pets. But they'll have to remember to keep the toilet seat down.

Do these men have a voice? Are they represented in politics? Well, hardly. Green MP Nandor Tanczos, with his rendition of the ugly girl look, gets paid lavishly for flourishing his dreadlocks, but he's an exception. Other young pale-skinned men are too busy practising tricks on skateboards, trying lamely to imitate black hip-hop artists, and getting tattoos up their backs. They're the wrong sex as well as the wrong skin color, and so they cringe, accused of

he can do is wring his hands and apologise. It doesn't matter what for: the main thing is he's Pākehā and male – at a time when women, gays and Māori are on the ascendant, and Sharples and co-leader Tariana Turia look sleeker and more statesmanlike by the day.

Compare the plight of these hand-wringers with Māori men performing a rousing haka, and tell me I'm wrong. No wonder our so-called national day has been given over to Māori protest, and our preferred national day – Anzac Day – celebrates defeat.

Rosemary McLeod is a Wellington-based journalist, who is noted for her social comment. Her weekly columns feature in a number of newspapers around the country. She is a descendant of missionaries who arrived here before the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi, and of other colonist families who arrived here in 1840. Her early childhood was spent in the Wairarapa.

PETER ARNETT: FROM BLUFF TO BAGHDAD

As one of the world's best-known war correspondents, Peter Arnett has interviewed the likes of Saddam Hussein and Osama bin Laden. His commitment to finding the truth and presenting an honest account to the world perhaps found its beginnings in the values and perspective he gained from his boyhood in Bluff.

BRAND MĀORI

We take a look at what the future holds for our rangatahi and find out what they think of themselves, their culture and their prospects.

FATHERING THE FUTURE

Strong evidence suggests that fathers play a critical role in guiding their sons into manhood. Are fathers today embracing this role and, if not, what are we doing about it?



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HAND-WRINGING: OUR NATIONAL PASTIME?

Rosemary McLeod ponders whether the days of the heterosexual Pākehā male as a political force in this country are numbered.

NGĀ HUA O KAIKŌURA

Award-winning chef Jason Dell tempts us with succulent crayfish recipes, while local kaumātua recall the days when crayfish were plentiful at Oaro, south of Kaikōura.

STICKS AND STONES

Tom Bennion asks "What's in a name?"

TE AO O TE MĀORI

Marama Higgins has devoted her life to her family, her teaching career and her community at the tiny fishing village of Moeraki.

POI

Until recently the poi was rarely seen far from the kapa haka stage, but today they are finding a new spin in the mainstream. Master weavers like Doe Parata and Ranui Ngarimu seek to keep the poi traditions alive.

JENNY RENDALL

Jenny Rendall's art is a reflection of herself and her environment. The Ngāi Tahu artist presents a selection of her paintings.

PEPEHA IN THE CITY

Traditional Ngāi Tahu pepeha will be making a bold appearance at this year's Christchurch Arts Festival.

ABREAST OF LIFE

Julie Mason provides inspiration living life to the full, in the face of breast cancer.

LIFE IMPOSSIBLE WITHOUT HARAKEKE (NEW ZEALAND FLAX)

Versatile harakeke (flax) was an important commodity to Māori and to Europeans in the early days of settlement. Rob Tipa tells us why.

BOOK REVIEWS

Eruera: the teachings of a Māori elder and Amiria: the life story of a Māori woman both by Anne Salmond.

HE TANGATA

John Tamihere.

Sticks and stones

Whangarei’s official website says that Mount Parahaki “towers 242 metres above the city and offers a superb panoramic view of the city and harbour. The summit can be reached by road, or by walkway from Mair Park. The top is crowned with a war memorial and a large red cross, which glows in the dark.”

The mountain has been in the news lately because the District Council wants to change the name to Mount Parihaka, apparently on the basis of an historic spelling mistake. The New Zealand Geographic Board has to consider the issue. Many locals are upset. ACT Party MP Muriel Newman has presented a 2,200-signature petition questioning the change. If there are objections, and the Board still supports the change, the final decision will be made by the Minister of Land Information.

Whoever said “names will never hurt you” was only partly right. Obviously they matter.

If “Parahaki” turns out to be an historic spelling error, it’s still easy to see how, in the intervening years, and with a war memorial on the summit, people might have gotten used to the misspelled name and attach some significance to it. That may be part of the opposition to the name change. But it is also obviously an argument about who’s in charge. It is not surprising that place name changes are one of the flash-points for race relations.

The New Zealand Geographic Board, which deals with these issues, is an interesting body. Successive governments have talked a lot about a Treaty partnership, while remaining firmly in charge, but this body seems to have operated under a bicultural model (of sorts) for quite a long period.

An Act of Parliament in 1894 introduced a

policy that gave preference to Māori names. This was relaxed in 1912 and discontinued in 1921. Then in 1946, the current law, the New Zealand Geographic Board Act 1946, was passed. The Act requires the Board to collect original Māori place names for recording on official maps, encourage the use of original Māori place names, and “determine what alien names appearing on official maps should be replaced by Māori or British names.” You can’t get a stronger bicultural statement than that (although the reference to “aliens” seems a little dated).

Given its age, it’s not surprising that the Act is under review. One concern is that the Board doesn’t have authority to carry out its normal public consultation before place name changes end up in Treaty settlements. That is because such changes are usually incorporated directly into Acts of Parliament – such as the various name changes in the Ngāi Tahu Claims Settlement Act 1998. The hope is that there will be public involvement in name change proposals before they end up in Treaty settlements.

One of the name changes in the Ngāi Tahu Claims Settlement Act 1998 was the change from “Mount Cook National Park” to the “Aoraki/ Mount Cook National Park”.

I am in favour of dual names. You get twice the interest and twice the history. Sometimes even a spelling mistake can tell a story. Dual names can also be extremely poignant reminders of the past, and even provide a kind of reconciliation for the present.

In 1996, remarking on the bitter impact of the New Zealand Wars in Taranaki, the Waitangi Tribunal noted:

“Beneath the escarpment that marks the Owae-Waitara Marae, ... is the town of Waitara,

where the wars began. There, on the lands that were once held by Wiremu Kingi and generations of his forebears, and to the offence of many Māori, the street names are a celebration of military and political conquerors. It is our view that name changes are needed. It is when leaders like Kingi, who understood the prerequisites for peace, are similarly memorialised on the land and embedded in public consciousness that those names will cease to stand for conquest and the Waitara war will end.”

Place names serve not only as spatial reference points to identify, locate, and describe where we are on the land, but are also important signposts of the historical and cultural influences and values of the people that name them. The naming process also often identifies some sense of belonging to, rights over, or uses of land, and in that sense is a marker of the links between land and people.

No wonder, then, that a “simple” name change can generate such spirited debate.

Tom Bennion is a Wellington lawyer specialising in resource management and Māori land claim and Treaty issues. Formerly a solicitor at the Waitangi Tribunal, he is currently the editor of the Māori Law Review, a monthly review of law affecting Māori, established in 1993. He recently wrote a book, Making Sense of the Foreshore and Seabed.



Letters

TE KARAKA welcomes letters from readers. You can send letters by email to tekaraka@ngaitahu.iwi.nz or post them to: The editor, TE KARAKA, PO Box 13 469, Christchurch.

WONDERFUL

I have been reading your spring mag for a long time now – it keeps drawing me back. I would like to subscribe to it but I’m not sure how to. I like it – the short articles, the layout, everything. It is the type of thing I like to keep around my office. It keeps my business partner and myself (not Kāi Tahu) motivated, and allows my husband (who is Kāi Tahu) to revel in the advanced nature of his iwi compared to ours! Wonderful. Many thanks.
Paula Conroy

UNION JACK

Kia Ora TE KARAKA and Ngāi Tahu.
My whānau has whakapapa from both Māori and Pākehā

dating back prior to the Treaty of Waitangi.
I am very proud to have Ngāi Tahu heritage, from many areas of our rūnangas, but find no place for the use of our publications to disseminate a desecration of the New Zealand flag.
Especially the hook through the Union Jack part of the flag, and therefore one side of my whakapapa.
You will know many Ngāi Tahu who are similar to me.
How can Ngāi Tahu explain the front cover of the autumn TE KARAKA?
Errol Anderson

COME A LONG WAY

I received TE KARAKA this morning and just wanted you to

know that I think you’re doing a fabulous job. I see from the Letters section that the upgrade has caused some controversy, but I know you will weather the storm.
It is certainly a long way from the colour cover and black and white text of the early days!
Loved the layout and photos in the “Ka koroki te manu – the chorus of birds” section (autumn issue). The photography overall is fab, really liked the kaimoana pages too.
Certainly a production for you, your colleagues, and for your tribe members to be very proud of.
Kristin Flanagan

GET OUT THERE

I have just received the latest issue of *Mana* magazine and I think it highlights just how great TE KARAKA is and what a fantastic job you have done. *Mana* has no in-depth articles, nothing challenging and was made up of one page stories of little interest. The print quality is poor and so is the design.
I know you have taken some hits on the changes you have made but stick with it because it is worth it.
Also I think you just need to get it out there as there is a real role for the magazine to educate and there is no alternative at the moment.
Jack Davies



Our Heritage
Our Culture
Our Community

*Mō tātou, ā, mō kā
uri ā muri ake nei*
For us and our
children after us

Ngāi Tahu –
partnering
Art Initiatives



Te Rūnanga o NGĀI TAHU



nā FELOLINI MARIA IFOPO

POI

High up on the hill that cradles Rāpaki Bay, Doe Parata is making traditional poi. Talking about poi warms her voice – there’s a definite mellowing, tinged with excitement, as her mind reaches for memories of making and performing poi. She describes how the different leaves make different sounds when they click in mid-air. “I see them as something of beauty, depicting the flight of birds – particularly the double, long poi.”

As a young girl, Doe first saw traditional poi when she was visiting a stall at the now defunct Te Waipounamu College, where she later became a principal and matron. Enchanted by the poi’s appearance and sound, she learned how to make them and has passed this knowledge on to her children. Most times she uses raupō (bulrush); at other times she may use harakeke (flax) or corn husks or wrap them in muka (the fibre of the flax

plant). “I remember as a kid using raupō poi. They were only very small and we used them more for show,” the Ngāi Tahu tāua recalls.

The poi Doe makes are usually destined for kapa haka group Te Ahikaaroa. The group not only performs with traditional poi, they also practise with them. But, as Doe explains, it’s necessary to know how to handle them properly, especially when the poi’s most common counterpart is a hardy, white, plastic-covered ball of soft stuffing, attached to a braid of wool.

Another passionate poi maker is Ranui Ngarimu, who leads the national weavers association, Te Roopu Raranga Whatu o Aotearoa.

Ranui (Ngāi Tahu, Ngāti Mutunga) says Māori were very innovative when it came to making poi, experimenting with different materials to achieve different sounds. And not all the materials were from Aotearoa’s plant life: in Taranaki, pig bladders were used to make poi.

Over the years, Ranui has built up an impressive private collection of poi made by her grandaunt, aunt and granddaughter. The collection includes poi made out of houhī (lacebark), harakeke pape and tī kouka (cabbage tree), kiekie, kuta (rush) and pingāō (a golden-yellow sedge). And, of course, there are big ones, little ones, long ones and short ones.

Ranui and Doe took part in the Matariki celebrations at the Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa, during Queen’s Birthday weekend this year. Ranui took up her collection for public display. Also involved were Ngamoni Huata, author of *The Rhythm and Life of Poi*, and Erenoa Puketapu Hetet, who first approached Te Papa with the idea of a poi exhibition.

Te Papa’s Curator Māori, Awhina Tamarapa, says she wants to convey the poi as a dynamic art-form. Awhina connects to Ngāi Tahu through her

tipuna Horomona Pohio. She is also Ngāti Kahungunu, Ngāti Pikiao and Ngāti Ruanui.

Among the Te Papa poi displayed was a poi awe, which is highly decorated and features dog hair tassels, taniko, and raranga designs. This poi awe’s origin is unknown, but it may have been made in the mid-1800s.

As part of the celebration, emerging artist Donna Walford (Ngāti Porou, Ngāti Kahungunu, Ngāti Raukawa) created a work titled Poi Āwhina. Donna melted down pennies obtained from her grandfather, to form the poi balls. They were then displayed lying across a barrel, representing the barrels of tīti that were sent to the Māori soldiers in World War II.

Āwhina says poi is undervalued as a taonga. “It is understated in that it symbolises so much – strength, beauty and nurturing. To me, it reflects women.”

Her sentiments are echoed by Dr Patricia Wallace (Ngāti Porou), research associate at the Macmillan Brown Centre for Pacific Studies, Canterbury University.

Patricia is part of a team, led by Ranui, conducting research for Te Roopu Raranga Whatu o Aotearoa to improve the resource management of weaving plants, facilitate weavers’ access to those materials, and promote a deeper understanding of the custom and knowledge around the care of weaving plants.

In a recent Roopu newsletter, Patricia says traditional poi are a taonga category that has long been overlooked. She says poi, because of their portability, were often gifted or taken far from where they were made. “Unfortunately, all too often, their provenance has not travelled with them, and details of their original locality and history have been lost.”

She adds that poi can be found in most national museum collections, but are accompanied by sparse documentation. She would love Māori to start documenting stories about poi, waiata poi, occasions they were used and who used them. “It’s part of the taonga tikanga that goes with it.”

A visit to Canterbury Museum to view a single poi from Tuahiwi showed up how stories of poi are missing. This one was originally gifted to the Auckland Museum from the R.F. Taiaroa Collection, in 1959, by Rima Thorne-George. That is all that is known about the poi.

However, poi seem to be enjoying a fresh focus. Canterbury Museum held a poi-making class last month, and kapa haka tutor Brigitte Riddle (Tuhoe) is scheduled to present a seminar on the history of the poi on August 6.

According to Ranui, the origins of the poi go back to the kii, which was a flax bag for carrying moa eggs, attached to a flax rope. Later, she suggests, it was used to extract water out of an object by twirling the kii around. It then developed into a training device for warriors to strengthen their arms and wrists.

A scan on the internet found a Christchurch-based website, homeofpoi.com, with an explanation by Daisy Hemana (Ngāti Whātua). Daisy says there was a little-known Māori game that used just the kii bag so it was like a ball. This ball was called a kii. The light stuffing inside the kii was usually feathers, wool or even clothing. Long ago the stuffing would have been dog fur, feathers or plant fibre. She says the kii trainer became known as kiitoa or, today, as poitoa. “Later on the poitoa was used in action songs and this has become simply poi.”

Poi performance has changed over the years. The novelty of neon poi has been partly usurped by the spectacular, though rare, fire poi. The Kahurangi Dance Group from Hastings performs fire poi by request, or as part of its major productions. The group’s former road manager and artistic director, Sadie Naera (Kahungunu ki Wairarapa, Tūwharetoa, Te Arawa, Tūhoe) is the tutor for Tākitimu Performing Art School based at Ngā Hau e Whā National Marae in Christchurch. She says the long poi is used for fire poi because you can manoeuvre it past your body. “There is the obvious danger of getting burnt ... but there are always safety precautions in place. I’ve never been hurt.”

Internationally, “poi spinng” is becoming increasingly popular, as websites selling poi and giving instructions on how to “spin” have been set up in England and Ireland and here in New Zealand.

But closer to home, it seems that flashy and furious is no substitute for the real thing, as Ngāi Tahu weavers like Doe and Ranui seek to preserve, promote and cherish this taonga called poi.



Tuahiwi poi: This poi was gifted to Auckland Museum in 1959. It now resides in the Canterbury Museum collection.

Piupiu poi made from harakeke (flax), held in the Canterbury Museum collection.

Raupō (bulrush) poi, from the Canterbury Museum collection.

nā MIKE McROBERTS

PETER ARNETT

FROM BLUFF TO BAGHDAD

Peter Arnett never wanted to go to war. In fact he left his home in Southland in the mid-fifties to avoid military training. So it seems incongruous that this Ngāi Tahu son should become one of the world's best-known war correspondents. At the age of 71, there's scarcely a conflict in the past 50 years that Peter hasn't reported on – some 27 wars in all.

PHOTOGRAPH: MARWAN NAAMANI / AFP / GETTY IMAGES

These days he bases himself in the place that made him famous. It’s also the most dangerous city in the world. So how did Peter Arnett get from Bluff to Baghdad and, in the process, become more recognisable around the world than our own Prime Minister? To answer that question, you need to take a journey back to the place where it all began.

Peter Arnett was born in Riverton in 1934 and moved to Bluff in 1937, where his father, a skilled carpenter, built the family what Peter recalls as a modern and handsome home. He fondly remembers growing up in Bluff, which was bustling and prosperous – even during the war years.

“I had the great fortune to be brought up by loving parents and doting relatives, who gave me a wonderfully rich and challenging boyhood. I was lucky; I don’t think you can have such a boyhood today. Bluff flourished during the war years as an important export centre for wool and meat destined for the battle zones of Europe. Prosperity continued into the post-war years, and my parents could afford not only to provide a middle class standard of living for the family, but also eventually to send all three sons to the then-expensive private school, Waitaki Boys High School, at Oamaru.”

Bluff in those days was a town of around 2,500 people. The Bluff rugby and rowing clubs were known as the terrors of the sporting south. A young Peter was a coxswain, guiding the skiffs at regattas in Bluff, Invercargill, Queenstown and Port Chalmers. He remembers a popular expression of the day: “I’m rough and I’m tough and I come from the Bluff.”

It was a melting pot of cultures: Māori, Scandinavian, Scottish, English and Irish. “It made for a fine mixture of people, who socialised together at the local pubs, or at family parties, and attended dances. There was heavy drinking in the pubs, but there was work to do the next day and most people rose to the challenge. There were some very large families, but I don’t remember any abject poverty.”

Many of the old families who traced their ancestry – as Peter’s family did – back to the whaling days of the early 19th century, had married into the local Māori population. For Peter, having Māori blood was considered neither a plus nor a minus, in Bluff in the 1940s.

“Probably half the population had Māori blood, but there was no political or social movement at that time that attracted any attention to it. Remember that, by then, the percentages of Māori blood in local people had diminished considerably. My mother wasn’t sure if her children had one-eighth Māori or one-sixteenth. Some people looked more Māori than others, but this didn’t seem to worry Bluff’s young men and women, who continued inter-marrying as enthusiastically as they had since the arrival of the first Europeans a hundred years earlier. Māori was not spoken at my house or at any other relative’s house I visited in the course of my youth. My mother, Jane, was part of a local entertainment troupe that occasionally did poi dances and sang Māori songs; but my father, a rich baritone, much preferred singing classical and popular British songs.”

But if the language was missing at home, Peter was made well aware of his Māori heritage by his maternal grandmother, Catherine (Kitty) Cross. “She was a diminutive dynamo of a woman, very proud of being the great-

granddaughter of one of the earliest settlers in Riverton, Willie Leader, and his Māori wife. As a kid I would sometimes travel with Kitty to Kaka Point near Balclutha, where she would float in the surf off the beach to gather kelp bags to dry in the sun for packing muttonbirds. Kitty also knew the art of cutting flax, drying it and weaving baskets to contain the kelp bags. I went muttonbirding several times, enjoying the adventure of surfing ashore on the rocky outcropping of Poutama to land our supplies, and gathering the birds from their nesting holes.”

In fact, muttonbirding on and around Poutama Island is one of the enduring images Peter has of his father. “His command of the dinghies as they bumped and ground in the sea swells as we landed and took off from the islands, his skill at catching the birds and cleaning them and stitching the filled kelp bags with bark as they nestled in their flax baskets. The muttonbird season lasted only a couple of months. My family made a small profit, but it was more the adventure and the taste of the delicious fresh birds that took us to the islands.”

Peter’s grandmother was well-connected within Māori society. Peter’s family once hosted the prominent Māori political leader Eruera Tirikatene at their Bluff home. But Peter says he lost touch with his Māori roots when he went off to boarding school at the age of 12. “Waitaki Boys High School emphasised sports and classical learning and taught nothing about the place of Māori in New Zealand society. The school was not racist, just indifferent.”

Peter Arnett doesn’t quite come out and say it, but you get the feeling he was sometimes embarrassed about his Māori heritage; not about being Māori, per se, but about how Māori he was – or wasn’t.

“Over the years I’ve talked to friends around the world about my Māori heritage, but when I confess to “possibly one-eighth Māori or maybe a sixteenth, they look uncomprehendingly at me and think I’m kidding. In this multi-cultural world, an eighth or a sixteenth of anything just doesn’t rate. I feel the same when I visit the North Island and meet full-blooded Māoris and stutter that I too have the blood. They tend to look me over dismissively.”

And his uncertainties look likely to transcend the generations. His own children identify with him being Māori, but haven’t figured out yet how that relates to them.

“They are half Vietnamese, a race that has maintained its strong identity for 3,000 years. They have US university educations, but they love speaking and reading Vietnamese, and I am sure they will teach their children that language. In contrast, as a youth, I never learned one word of Māori because it wasn’t taught at school and my parents, and even my grandmother, had forgotten it. Consequently, I tended to identify with the European side

Arnett family photo from 1956 as Peter was about to leave Bluff to work in Sydney, with father Eric (Ray) Arnett, mother Jane Arnett (died Invercargill 2004, age 101), and grandmother Catherine (Kitty) Cross (died 1964).



of my heritage, with the whalers who sailed across the Pacific to settle in Riverton, rather than with the peaceful Māoris who welcomed them, had their children and gave them the land.”

If nothing about Peter Arnett’s formative years seems especially out of the ordinary – particularly for a young Māori growing up in the South Island in the fifties – perhaps it’s that very normalcy that has so clearly stood him in good stead in his choice of job. He joined the Southland Times as a reporter at the age of 18 and began a career that he says was never either positively or negatively affected by his racial background. But perhaps some of the traits he took for granted would prove to be more useful than he realised.

“I think I learned in my youth to be resourceful and positive, probably from enjoying school and sports. Muttonbirding and other aspects of my Māori heritage gave me a taste for adventure and risk. I was lucky in my friends, some of whom remain friends 50 years on.”

Those fundamental, intrinsic values helped form the very cornerstone of what Peter Arnett stands for as a journalist. He has a genuine and uncompromising view of what that role should mean.

“Bluff and New Zealand gave me a solid background on which to build. But the structure of my life came from something less tangible, and that is a commitment to the idea that the truth is important – important to democracy, important to a decent way of life. Truth is so important that it is worth risking your life to find it and present it to people, so that they can make their decisions based on truth. That’s what I learned as I advanced in



my career as a journalist, and that’s the standard I follow today. I’ve had a lot of controversy in my professional life, but even my most die-hard critics know that I try to tell the story as it should be told, whether it’s covering the Vietnam War from 1962 to 1975, or Iraq from 1990 to 2005.”

But Peter Arnett’s move from the Southland Times onto the world stage of reporting had less to do with journalistic ideals than it did with romance.

“It was really by pure chance that I happened to go to South-East Asia. I had met and fallen in love with a British-Canadian girl who wanted to go back to England, and I decided to go with her. In 1956 we took a slow boat to Asia.”

When Peter arrived in Bangkok and started mixing with Pulitzer Prize winning American journalists, something stirred in him. He set up a weekly newspaper in Laos, where being in the right place at the right time meant everything.

“Fortunately for my career, an important coup d’etat took place in 1960, and even though I was thrown out of Laos, I had covered it dramatically – by swimming across the Mekong River to get my dispatches out. So I was offered a job in Indonesia with AP [Associated Press] and eventually sent on to Vietnam in 1962.”

Which is where Peter’s career as a war journalist really began, covering the Vietnam War for the Press Association, including the fall of Saigon in 1975. Along the way, he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1966 for his coverage. But even then, he was never far from controversy. In the late sixties, at a Saigon market, Peter watched as a Buddhist monk set fire to himself as a



“Truth is so important that it is worth risking your life to find it and present it to people, so that they can make their decisions based on truth. That’s what I learned as I advanced in my career as a journalist, and that’s the standard I follow today.”

form of protest. Peter didn’t intervene, which raised ethical questions that continue to divide the profession. Peter’s reasoning was this:

“I could have prevented that immolation by rushing at him and kicking the gasoline away. As a human being, I wanted to; as a reporter, I couldn’t. This monk was one of many who committed suicide to dramatise the iniquities of the Diem regime in Saigon. If I had attempted to prevent them doing this, I would have propelled myself directly into Vietnamese politics. My role as a reporter would have been destroyed along with my credibility.”

In 1981 Peter joined the fledgling CNN and, for nearly two decades, became the face and voice of the network.

During the first Gulf War in 1991, there were as many as 40 foreign journalists in Baghdad, but only CNN had the technology to broadcast live and directly to the outside world. As other journalists left, Peter was soon the sole remaining reporter, broadcasting for CNN a staggering 57 consecutive days from the al-Rashid hotel. His reports on civilian casualties caused by the bombings weren’t received well by a United States administration intent on spinning a positive image where civilian casualties were concerned. But Peter’s daily broadcasts made a mockery of their talk of “smart bombs” and “surgical precision”. Not for the first or last time in his

career, Peter was called unpatriotic.

A week after the start of the war, Peter scooped an exclusive, uncensored interview with Saddam Hussein, in which he famously asked Saddam if he realised he had made a mistake by not withdrawing from Kuwait at the insistence of the coalition. Saddam answered: “I don’t care of the consequences, Allah is beside me in this struggle.”

Apart from asking Saddam what no other reporter would have dared or been allowed to ask before then, it also showed clearly the Iraqi leader’s intentions.

In 1997, while still working for CNN, Peter became the first western journalist to interview Osama bin Laden. The man who would become America’s most wanted left a lasting impression.

“He was a very impressive individual, well over six feet tall. He walked into the interview wearing a camouflage jacket and carrying an AK 47 machine-gun. I had never before interviewed anyone under those circumstances. He spent one hour spelling out his dream for the Arab world, and his first action would be to expel all American troops and business and cultural influences. He wanted to turn the Arab world into what Afghanistan was becoming under the Taliban, a primitive Islamic society.”

Interestingly, Peter says, if he had the opportunity to interview Osama

bin Laden again, his question would be similar to the one he posed to Saddam Hussein: did he realise he was making a mistake when he ordered the attacks on New York and Washington?

A year later, Peter’s parting with CNN was as spectacular as his 18-year career with the network.

In a joint venture between CNN and Time magazine, Peter narrated a story documenting “Operation Tailwind”. The story accused the United States army of using sarin gas on a group of deserting US soldiers in Laos during the Vietnam war. The Pentagon refuted the claims and, under tremendous political pressure, CNN retracted the story. A number of employees associated with the story were fired or forced to resign, but to this day they stand by their claims. Peter was only reprimanded by CNN, but it became clear his career with the network had been put on the back-burner. Some months later, after completing the term of his contract, he was not offered another.

A lesser person may have faded into obscurity, away from the glare of publicity, but not Peter. He soon picked up work with NBC and National Geographic – only to be embroiled again in controversy during the recent Iraq war.

Peter Arnett had made a career out of challenging the so-called “official line” coming out of the White House. He did so in Vietnam and during the Gulf War. At the height of patriotic fervour in the United States at the start of the Iraq War, Peter gave a 15 minute interview to Iraq’s State-run television channel, in which he criticised the US war plan. At the time, Peter described the interview as a professional courtesy, where he said nothing people didn’t already know. But the outcry in the United States was immediate; one US senator even described his actions as treasonable. NBC and National Geographic fired him.

Less than 24 hours later, Peter was hired by the British tabloid *The Mirror*. His first story was titled “My shock and awe at being fired”, and when asked what he might do, he said he was considering swimming to a little island in the South Pacific.

At 71, Peter shows no signs of slowing down. At the moment he’s writing a book about the last days of the Saddam Hussein regime and adapting it for a Hollywood movie. He says to do it properly he has to base himself in Baghdad. It’s an unenviable task, and the sheer difficulties of working and living in that environment take most of his energies.

It’s a world away from Arnett’s inseparable tie with this country. This widely travelled, intrepid reporter has had frequent trips home to New Zealand. Sadly, his mother, Jane Arnett – the main reason for those visits – died last year in Invercargill, at the grand age of 101. But it was during those visits that New Zealanders gained a more intimate insight into the man they’d see on the screens of CNN. He was regularly interviewed here, on television and in newspapers, on the various successes and crises of his career. And such was the impact of his work that a journalism school was named after him in Invercargill. He’s grateful for the opportunity it has given him to speak out about his career.

“It’s allowed me to address the debate that has sometimes surrounded my work. I feel that as long as I can present my side of the story then the public – whether in New Zealand, the USA or elsewhere – can make up its own mind about me.”

On some of those trips home, Arnett has brought his children, Elsa and Andrew. He likes seeing the country through their eyes and getting the chance to tell them about his youth.

“When I come home I always look up my old buddies from Bluff and Invercargill school and newspaper days, and tend to view the country through their eyes and from their point of view. Personally, New Zealand has always been an oasis in a troubled world to me. I’ve spent much of the past 50 years covering wars in the worst places on earth, from Vietnam to Iraq. Even the US, which I have called home since the early 1970s, is sometimes roiled with political and social controversy. Coming back to New Zealand, then, is to anticipate amiability and ease, the renewal of old friendships and the refreshing of memories of the past.”

One recent development in New Zealand Peter is excited about is the resurgence of the Māori culture. “The New Zealand I knew as a youth did not admit to the existence of a sublime Polynesian culture that in its own way was diverse and creative, even more so than the stiffly British style



favoured at the time. What I welcome in returning to New Zealand over the years is the acknowledgement that Māori culture has indeed an important place in society, and enriches all. The rise in awareness of the Ngāi Tahu and the other tribal peoples is another manifestation of pride in race and the reassertion of basic rights.”

Peter knows his old home town of Bluff isn’t the place it was when he was younger. It’s had the boom time and since endured some hardships over the years; but, he says, there’s a “gritty pride” that exists, which means it’ll be around for a lot longer.

You could say the same of Bluff’s most famous son.



“Personally, New Zealand has always been an oasis in a troubled world to me. I’ve spent much of the past 50 years covering wars in the worst places on earth, from Vietnam to Iraq.”



PEPEHA IN THE CITY

nā SANDI HINERANGI BARR

“I am hoping that *Pepeha Across the City* will challenge the received history of Christchurch starting with the first four ships.”

Pepeha Across the City is a bold boil-up; it is traditional Ngāi Tahu fare served up by non-Ngāi Tahu designers in a variety of media. It is also one of a suite of pepeha-inspired projects that forms the core of this year’s Christchurch Arts Festival.

According to an eminent Māori academic, Hirini Moko Mead, pepeha are often identified as proverbs, but to his mind the word proverb is too restrictive.

“The term also embraces charms, witticisms, figures of speech, boasts, and other sayings.....Indeed for the modern Māori pepeha are not merely historical relics. Rather they constitute a communication with the ancestors. Through the medium of the words it is possible to discover how they thought about life and its problems.”*

The chief executive of Te Rūnanga o Ngāi Tahu, Tahu Potiki, has been the key instigator in using Ngāi Tahu pepeha as a platform for creative expression in this year’s Christchurch Arts Festival.

“Ngāi Tahu pepeha – or customary forms of spoken expression – are one of the most cryptic and provocative forms within Ngāi Tahu culture,” says Potiki. “They include codes of living, histories, cultural markers, landmarks and provide an entry into Ngāi Tahu perspectives of the world. They are unique to Ngāi Tahu, but they have universal relevance and currency.”

Take this pepeha as an example:

Kauraka koutou i mate pirau pēnei me au nei. E kāore! Me haere ake koutou i ruka i te umu kakara. Taku whakaaro i mate rakatira i ruka i te tāpapa whawhai.

Do not die a rotting death like mine, but instead pass from this world via the fragrant ovens of a battlefield.

This is the kind of rich prose that can stimulate a range of creative responses from artists, and it is exactly that inter-play which Potiki has been so keen to elicit. As a device of oral tradition, most pepeha are only ever heard on the marae. In more recent times, you’ll come across them on Māori radio, TV or in Māori publications, but they are very seldom taken out of a Māori context.

The pepeha project emerged after discussions between Te Rūnanga o Ngāi Tahu and the Christchurch Arts Festival organisers, about how to involve tangata whenua in the festival programme.

Potiki says, “We deliberately avoided going to the Ngāi Tahu or Māori end of the spectrum because we wanted Ngāi Tahu to contribute to the central part of the Christchurch Arts Festival, rather than being on the periphery.”

Laura Tapp, 3rd year visual communication student, CPIT School of Art & Design.
“Although it is black above, light shines below” lightshade design.

PEPEHA RECIPE

A city

One broad-minded arts festival director

One co-ordinator

One passionate advocate of Ngāi Tahu pepeha

One to five willing tutors

Thirty-five enthusiastic senior design students

Heaps of creativity

A dash of courage

Ensure the broad-minded arts festival director is well oiled before you prepare the mixture. Take two wānanga on pepeha from the passionate advocate of Ngāi Tahu pepeha, mix with the willing tutors, enthusiastic design students and a dash of courage. Stir well until creativity rises and visual images of pepeha start to appear. Pressure cook for eight weeks. Use the co-ordinator to serve up pepeha across the city.

Festival director Guy Boyce has been closely involved with the pepeha project and says the initiative has generated more than this year’s festival could accommodate. Two wānanga were held last year with an eclectic selection of artists including comedians, authors, playwrights, photographers and musicians.

Boyce says Pākehā playwright Jo Randerson came up with the idea to produce *Pepeha Across the City*, and both Ngāi Tahu and the festival organisers loved the idea.

“I am hoping that *Pepeha Across the City* will challenge the received history of Christchurch starting with the first four ships,” says Boyce. “And that it will broaden perceptions of Ngāi Tahu beyond being savvy business-people with their eye on monorails in Fiordland, to being a dynamic cultural force within the South Island.”

The pepeha project has certainly been a revelation for tutors and third-year students at the CPIT School of Art & Design. Potiki introduced the concept of pepeha to the senior students before encouraging

them to submit design concepts for consideration.

Tutor Michael Reed says the cultural base of this project was an interesting challenge for the majority of the students who are Pākehā. “They were apprehensive about not having the cultural background and not knowing the territory or of offending people in some way. Tahu emphasised that the push of this project was to get the Māori language and the ideas out into the community in places and formats that were not typical.”

So one student has taken a traditional Ngāi Tahu pepeha uttered by the founding chief of Kaikōura Pā and created a warrior motif using the universal male symbol, the word “war” and the colours red, white and black. It is designed to be applied to lampshades.

The chief, Maru Kaitātea, when viewing a show of enemy strength, said:

Pōuri noa ki ruka, e mārama ana a raro.

Although it is black above, light shines below.

While a lampshade may seem like a very literal interpretation, it is also a clever play on the general theme about light and dark, strong and weak.

Suzanne Ellison, who has the task of co-ordinating the placement of these pepeha across the city, says you can expect to see Ngāi Tahu pepeha pop up in surprising places. For instance, she’s looking at getting the lampshades in the window display of a popular Christchurch shop and into some restaurants and cafes.

“We’re working with a number of retailers, libraries, art galleries and businesses to get these pepeha out across a wide range of places. The students have produced some stunning work that I’m sure will challenge people’s thinking and generate discussion.”

Suzanne says during the Festival you may come across Ngāi Tahu pepeha emblazoned on a billboard, on an outdoor art installation or at the start of your movie.

“The push of this project was to get the Māori language and the ideas out into the community in places and formats that were not typical.”



Boyce says the pepeha project has exposed a rich source of oral history for artists to draw on, and he believes it makes living in Te Waipounamu a much richer and more diverse place.

For Potiki, the exercise is partly about reaffirming Ngāi Tahu traditions, but also about integrating Ngāi Tahu culture into the wider community.

In 1860 Hoani Paratene, who later became the first MP for Southern Māori, addressed Governor Gore Browne when he arrived at a gathering of Ngāi Tahu in Lyttleton; he said:

E rite ana mātou ki te kauwau e noho ana i runga i te toka; ka pari te tai, ka ngaro te kōhatu, ka rere te manu.

We are the same as a shag perched upon an ocean rock; the tide encroaches, the stone disappears, and the bird must fly away.

A hundred and forty-five years later, the bird has returned, adapted, made some new friends and stands firmly on the rock. *Pepeha Across the City* is a dynamic way of expressing this.

* Mead, Hirini Moko & Grove, Neil, 1994, *Ngā Pepeha a ngā Tūpuna*, Department of Māori Studies, Victoria University of Wellington.

Above: “Te Kōpu Iti A Raureka” by Vanessa Ide, a final year Visual Communication, Bachelor of Design student, is destined to be a poster and screen-saver.



TE COMEDY

Inspired by the grizzly but glorious Ngāi Tahu pepeha about dying in the fragrant ovens of the battlefield, comedian and social commentator Te Radar has produced a stand-up show called Hitori for this year’s Christchurch Arts Festival.

“This pepeha stuck with me because it’s so vivid and powerful. To me, it says seize the day – life is for living. I liked the idea of telling history through people, and what a pepeha seems to do is personalise history.”

So, armed with a swag of Ngāi Tahu pepeha, Te Radar’s show traverses the sociological, geological and mythological history of the South Island. Te Radar (100% Ngāti Pākehā) believes our Nation’s history is rich fodder for an ingenious comedian.

“Most New Zealanders think of our history as a burden – it has a lot of guilt attached to it. But we’ve got some hilarious stories in our Nation’s past. Believe me, this will be a very fun and interesting show.”

Te Radar’s Hitori is on at the Christchurch Art Gallery, August 2-7.

The other pepeha-inspired project is the art exhibition ATEA, on at the Centre of Contemporary Art for the duration of the Christchurch Arts Festival (July 20 to August 7).

LIFE IMPOSSIBLE WITHOUT HARAKEKE NEW ZEALAND FLAX

Harakeke (New Zealand Flax) holds a unique status in Māori traditions, befitting it’s impeccable ancestry. Every part of this extraordinary plant was used in so many different ways that the tangata whenua regarded it as indispensable to life here.

When northern chiefs learnt the plant did not grow in England they were astonished. How was it possible to live there without it, they asked? Cut off from their supplies of manufactured goods, Pākehā settlers soon found they could not live without it either.

nā ROB TIPA





Ropes and lashings
A small sample of ropes and lashings plaited from dressed harakeke fibre, from the Otago Museum’s Southern Māori Collection.

As an industrial fibre for ropes, lashings, fishing lines and nets it was without peer. Experiments in England showed ropes made from New Zealand flax were twice as strong as those made from European flax. A Sydney rope maker declared it was superior to any other fibre he had used. Navy tests confirmed flax ropes out-performed the best English ropes.

Such glowing reports created worldwide demand for this wondrous fibre. From as early as the 1820s, flax became one of New Zealand’s first primary exports. But there was one major problem: separating the fibre from the leaves was slow and laborious work, a highly skilled job traditionally performed manually by Māori women.

Tribes quickly realised the value of the fibre and began trading their expertise in hand dressing flax for muskets. In an ironic twist to the tale, the rivalry by tribes to arm themselves led to the Māori wars of the 1860s, but that’s another story.

With the invention of a mechanical flax stripper in the late 1860s, flax milling flourished and became a major export and source of employment in rural districts for the next 100 years. But the quality of mechanically dressed fibre was variable and could not match that of hand dressed flax. Prices fluctuated and the mills closed down as they struggled against competition on world markets from other natural fibres and cheaper synthetics.

In fact, harakeke (*Phormium tenax*) is not a true flax at all. Early European traders called it flax because its fibres were similar to flaxes found around the world. It is a lily and a close relative of tī kouka (cabbage tree), which shares many of its properties.

The plant is unique to New Zealand (and Norfolk Island) and is one of our oldest species. Two types have been identified here: harakeke, or common flax (*Phormium tenax*); and wharariki, or mountain flax (*Phormium cookianum*, formerly *P. colensoi*). Harakeke is the larger of the two, growing to three metres, while wharariki rarely exceeds 1.6 metres in height. Both species are easily raised from seed but are usually grown by division from the parent.

Harakeke is distinguished by its size, usually more rigid leaves, dull red flowers and its distinctive three-sided, upright seed capsule. Wharariki flowers are yellow in colour, and the hanging seed capsules are long and twisted.

Both species are adaptable and hardy. They will grow almost anywhere in the country, from brackish coastal swamps to dry, windswept hillsides up to nearly 1500 metres in altitude. Harakeke is extremely variable in its growth habits and colour, ranging from green, yellow, red, orange to bronze and many variegated combinations in between.

Māori weavers recognised at least 60 distinct varieties of harakeke, although the names often varied from region to region. Different cultivars were often specifically grown in pā harakeke (plantations) for their strength, softness, colour and fibre content.

Traditionally, only the outside leaves of the plant were harvested. The central leaf (rito) and next two leaves (awhi rito) were not cut, to ensure the plant’s survival. Leaves harvested in autumn and winter were of better quality and easier to strip than leaves cut in spring and summer.

Tikanga prevented weavers from eating food while they were working, and children were discouraged from touching or stepping over flax materials. Work on important garments proceeded only in daylight hours, and weaving was rolled up or covered at the approach of strangers.

All parts of harakeke were used in one way or another for personal, domestic, industrial and medicinal purposes.

Before the arrival of European influences, both males and females wore two garments: a knee-length flax skirt (piupiu) secured by a belt (tatua) around the waist, and a rectangular cape or cloak worn over the shoulders. The quality of the garments varied according to the status of the person, but most items of clothing used flax somewhere in their construction.

A rough rain cape (pōkeka) made from undressed flax leaves was an essential piece of clothing for travellers to survive the harsh southern climate. Likewise, flax sandals (pāraerae) were roughly plaited from split

harakeke leaves, but they did not last as long as those made from the tougher tī kouka leaves.

For finer garments, muka (flax fibres) were extracted from the upper surface of the leaf by using the sharp edge of a mussel shell, obsidian or, in post-European times, a knife to separate them. The fibre was carefully scraped clean, beaten, washed, dried, bleached in the sun and sometimes dyed ready for weaving, depending on the end use. The finer the weave, the better the garment, comparable to a strong, coarse canvas.

The best-dressed fibre (whitau) was used for finely woven cloaks (korowai), often decorated with an ornate border (taniko), dog skin or the highly prized bird feathers. A fine cloak might take a weaver many months of work to complete, and was generally worn by a person of chiefly status.

Coarse mats (whariki) were roughly plaited from green, split flax strips, to cover earth floors, and may have been covered by finer mats (takapau). Baskets (kete) came in all conceivable shapes, sizes and styles, from coarse plaited food baskets to the most intricately woven and patterned containers for carrying precious possessions.

Cordage and ropes also came in any number of round, flat and square plaits, from the finest lines for fishing, bird snares and lashings, to ropes strong enough to hold a waka at anchor. Early European explorers, including Captain James Cook, were astounded at the size of massive, communally owned fishing nets (kaharoa) measured at between 1000 and 2000 yards (almost two kilometres) long.

Even the flowers and stalks of the plant had a multitude of uses. Before the introduction of the honey bee, flax nectar was a prized beverage and sweetener of the bland aruhe (fernroot or bracken) meal, a staple food in the south during hard times. The dry flower stalks (korari/ koladi) were tightly lashed together to make a buoyant mokihi (raft) for running or crossing fast-flowing rivers.

Detailed descriptions and preparations of the medicinal uses of the roots, leaves, gum, flowers and stalk of the harakeke amount to 111 pages in Murdoch Riley’s comprehensive reference book *Māori Healing and Herbal*.

Flax roots were boiled as a blood purifier, or roasted over hot stones and beaten into a poultice to treat abscesses and ulcers. Juice from the roots was applied to wounds as a disinfectant and to treat everything from rashes, ringworm and chilblains to toothache.

Pia harakeke (flax gum) was a popular remedy for burns, scalds, old wounds and minor cuts and abrasions. It was a quick substitute for a sticking plaster, sealing a wound from bacterial infection. It could even be used as a glue, or to seal lashings.

A sharp stick and a thread of muka (flax fibre) was commonly used to sew up wounds. Leaf strips served as bush bandages, and the thick base of the leaf made an excellent splint when firmly bound around broken bones.

During the Māori Wars, the preferred method of treating bayonet and gunshot wounds was to bathe the wound with the boiled juice of flax roots and then plug it with a dressing of clay.

“Such rough and ready surgical treatment would probably have killed the average white man, but the Māori usually made a quick recovery,” wrote one observer. As William Colenso so tactfully put it: “The New Zealanders [were] far better surgeons than physicians.”

However, respected Pākehā doctors, surgeons and chemists experimented with many traditional bush remedies and reported reliable results and the speedy recovery of patients. Often bush remedies were more effective than western medicines available at the time.

Today, modern research and technology has revived interest in this extraordinary plant. Scientists, researchers and flax growers are exploring exciting new uses of harakeke extracts for cosmetics, pharmaceuticals and biochemistry and as reinforcing fibres for the construction, boat building and furniture industries.

In the Clothing and Textile Sciences Department at the University of Otago, Natasha Cruthers, who has Ngāi Tahu ancestry, recently completed her master’s thesis which explains the scientific reasons why some harakeke cultivars are more suitable for weaving than others.

Traditionally, Māori weavers knew this through experience, but unfortunately much of their knowledge has been lost. Now, with a resurgence of interest in traditional weaving, modern microscopic technology has confirmed why different cultivars were used for different end uses.

Perhaps, with the trend back to natural fibres and medicines, harakeke’s contribution to our economy and lives is not over yet.

For more information on harakeke, try the following references used in researching this article: *Māori Healing and Herbal*, Murdoch Riley; *The Māori As He Was*, Elsdon Best; *Traditional Lifeways of the Southern Māori*, James Herries Beattie; *Flax Mills of the South*, Margaret Trotter; *Textile Fibre From Six Cultivars of Harakeke (Phormium tenax)*, Natasha M. Cruthers, University of Otago (master’s thesis); *The Cultivation of New Zealand Trees and Shrubs*, L.J. Metcalf; *Gardening with New Zealand Plants, Shrubs and Trees*, Muriel E. Fisher, E. Satchell and Janet M. Watkins.

Opening page: This pair of traditional paraerae (sandals) was found in a cave on Puketoi Station, near Patearoa in Central Otago. Sandals made from flax or tī kouka (cabbage tree) leaves were essential to protect the feet of travellers on seasonal food gathering treks into the interior of Te Waipounamu. Photo: Otago Museum, Dunedin, New Zealand.

Piupiu, flax skirt
One of the earliest complete piupiu (flax skirts), from the Otago Museum’s Southern Māori Collection. This example is at least 80 years old. Notable features are the waistband made from twined harakeke (whatu), red/brown and purple/brown dyes and the unusual plied tassels.

Puketoi kete, bag
A finely woven harakeke kete (bag) found in a cave on Puketoi Station in Central Otago. The red stain suggests it was used to extract the juice of the poisonous tutu berry, which was used to flavour pounded aruhe (fernroot/bracken) meal, a staple food during food shortages in the south. From the Otago Museum’s Southern Māori Collection.



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MAORI™



AS THE WAKA THAT IS MĀORI KATOA SETS A COURSE FOR THE FUTURE, WHO WILL BE ABOARD TO PADDLE IT? WHAT IS THE DESTINATION, AND WHO WILL TAKE RESPONSIBILITY TO NAVIGATE?

HALF OF NEW ZEALAND'S MĀORI POPULATION OF 600,000 IS UNDER THE AGE OF 23, WITH NEARLY A QUARTER LIVING IN METROPOLITAN AUCKLAND. STACK UP THE POSITIVE MĀORI STATISTICS AND IN THE NEXT 20-ODD YEARS THE TANGATA WHENUA LOOK SET TO BE A MAJOR FORCE IN THE COUNTRY'S CULTURE AND ECONOMY.

BUT WHAT RELEVANCE DOES BEING MĀORI HAVE TODAY FOR THE PREDOMINANTLY YOUNG, URBAN POPULATION? DO THEY EVEN CARE? WILL IT BE THE CULTURE THAT BINDS MĀORI? SOMETIMES IT SEEMS THAT RANGATAHI TODAY ARE MORE CONCERNED WITH WEARING THE RIGHT LABELS, TEXT MESSAGING AND IMITATING THEIR BLACK AMERICAN HIP-HOP HEROES THAN EMBRACING THEIR CULTURE. IS THIS REALLY WHERE THEY'RE AT, OR IS THERE MORE GOING ON?

EARLIER THIS YEAR, MĀORI CAME TOGETHER FOR THE HUI TAUMATA AND TALKED ABOUT THE POSSIBILITIES, THE GOALS AND THE DIRECTION THAT THE INDIGENOUS PEOPLE OF AOTEAROA SHOULD FOLLOW. THAT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR THOSE WHO ARE CULTURALLY, POLITICALLY AND SOCIALLY AWARE ENOUGH TO CARE, BUT WHAT DOES ALL THAT TRANSLATE TO ON THE STREETS OF SOUTH AUCKLAND AND ELSEWHERE?

HONE BROWN ASKS THOSE WHO KNOW, AND BUILDS A PICTURE OF A GROWING GROUP OF YOUNG MĀORI WHO ARE PROUD OF THEIR CULTURE AND SEE THE FUTURE AS FULL OF PROMISE . . .

Thomas Tawhiri was champion to his Korakonui Primary School classmates. But it was not the Ngāti Raukawa youngster's natural talent on the sports field that prompted the tag from his mainly Pākehā peers.

Champion was the brand of flour sack used by his mother to make his clothes for his first day at the rural, South Waikato school. For Tom, the outfit brought pride, but in the school yard, it caused mirth.

The year was 1934. Tom was nine years old and he and his sister Nuki, aged seven, walked the four kilometre journey to school. Neither spoke English, a situation their mother believed must end. From this day they were to learn the ways of the Pākehā.

At home, in the earthen-floored whare they shared with their mother and six other siblings, communication became limited. Their mother, despite speaking little English, believed education and tikanga Pākehā were the only things that would end the poverty that pervaded their world. The reo was no longer spoken.

Starloss Heremaia saunters home from school on a warm autumn afternoon. His grey James Cook High School uniform hangs from his lean and maturing frame. For this rangatahi, the sense of cultural inferiority that once clung to Māori is gone. He is proud of his culture and desperate to learn a language lost to his parents.

The 14-year-old, Ngāpuhi teenager is among the country's swelling Māori population of more than 600,000, half of whom are rangatahi under 23 years of age.

Starloss was named after a falling star, but it is during his lifetime that the Māori star is on the ascendant. He is among a new generation now able to learn their language and culture.

The beginnings of this cultural renaissance can be traced back at least 21 years. In 1984, at a Hui Taumata, a gathering of Māoridom's leaders expressed concern at the decline in use of the reo, and demanded action over the simmering frustrations arising from Treaty of Waitangi grievances.

Earlier this year, the country's Māori leaders in academia, culture and business met again, but this time it was to celebrate the progress made and to set a new direction.

The Hui acknowledged the gains of Māori since the 1984 meeting and the growth in use of the language, in part driven by te reo immersion teaching now available to the young through the kura kaupapa and kōhanga reo movement.

There was also acknowledgement of the improvement in educational achievement by Māori (although those leaving school unqualified remains at 30%) and the greater Māori contribution to the national economy. Māori enterprise now boosts the Nation's coffers by almost \$2 billion, a figure expected to soar to \$8 billion by 2030.

Economic development and leadership dominated the presentations at the event. For many, it is time to steer the waka on a new course.

Māori continue to live in the cities, with more than 80% in urban centres. Starloss and his whānau are among the almost one-quarter of all Māori (144,000) who now reside in Auckland. By 2021 the Māori population will have swelled to more than three-quarters of a million, with a moderately young median age of 27 years (compared to the median of 43 years for non-Māori). Māori by that time will make up almost one in five of the country's working-age population and 28% of New Zealand's under 15-year-olds. Economic and educational development will benefit the whole country, it seems.

However it was attempts to lift the lot of Māori, who dominate the country's negative social statistics, that led to a backlash by non-Māori via the polls conducted last year. What emerged was a growing resentment among many non-Māori, fed-up with shouldering the blame for the wrongs of their ancestors and resentful at what was perceived to be a Government-driven easy ride for Māori.

National Party leader, Don Brash, gave voice to these mutterings, launching his party's fight-back from the political abyss at Orewa last year. His one-law-for-all mantra and criticism of policies in which he claimed the Government was a soft-touch for Māori, hit a nerve among many voters. National soared in the polls, and political and social commentators were stunned.

The Labour Government, stung by the reaction, swung into action. Senior Labour MP Trevor Mallard, a regular face in heated confrontation between Māori and the Government at foreshore and seabed consultation hui, was elevated to Race Relations Minister. The period of so-called "Māori perks" looked set to end.

Starloss reckons you need to look pretty hard to find any perks to being Māori where he lives. In fact, signs of a cultural and economic renaissance are also decidedly sparse. Still, his mum and step-dad both have jobs and Māori unemployment is relatively low at 8%. His mum works in the service industry and his step-dad (Starloss prefers "uncle") works as a packer at a nearby warehouse.

For Starloss, talk of a renaissance means little. He is proud to be Māori – and always has been. He thrusts his chest forward and breaks into an infectious broad smile. “I represent my culture. Being Māori for me means not being a bum – doing something with my life.”

“It is hard to explain what it means to be Māori. It is about tikanga and protocol: following the ways of my ancestors. It is about learning from our past, learning about the past, and preparing for the future.”

The year 10 student is among 200 Māori enrolled at James Cook High’s Pūkake, a marae-based learning wing. Starloss is still finding his Māori voice, but can get by. He worries that he will have little opportunity to speak the reo, with few of his peers and none in his household able to converse.

He laments the hard choices facing rangatahi on the tough, at times turbulent, streets of South Auckland. Some seek the solidarity and protection of gangs. The regular escape of drugs and alcohol has already won over some of his peers.

“Our people are too much into drugs and alcohol. I am Māori, hard and proud – that is not the way of my ancestors,” Starloss says.

While Māori make up more than half of James Cook High’s roll, just 30% are enrolled in the tikanga Māori wing. The 550 others join the hotch-potch of cultures that are rapidly expanding in New Zealand’s evolving multi-cultural landscape.

“There are not many English at our school. I don’t like saying Pākehā. That sounds racist,” Starloss says.

The youngster lists Black American rapper 50 cent as his role model. He gauges the response to his answer, aware that the hard-talking, expletive-laden, gangster lyrics the rapper espouses may not be seen as a healthy choice.



“Do you mean Māori role model?” he asks. He then offers George Pounama, head of the Māori unit at his school. He also admires Māori Party co-leader Pita Sharples. “He is the man. He has done good for Māori. He fought for the foreshore.”

“People criticise us, if they are not Māori. They discriminate and put us down. Because we are the best,” he suggests, with a cheeky grin.

There is a confidence in this energetic rangatahi. His eyes are alert and he easily charms with his cocky kōrero and casual demeanour. He knows where he is going, and does not hesitate when asked what his future holds. “I want to join the army and represent my country.” He lists the academic requirements to become a soldier, subjects he is confident he will pass, and enthuses about the positives army life will provide.

When asked about his ability to speak the reo, his confidence falters. He speaks of a sense of exclusion at not being among the kōhanga reo and kura kaupapa generation. “If kids go to kōhanga or kura, they get heaps

more opportunities.” But he believes this can cause them to struggle in mainstream subjects, especially English: immersion in the language can come at a cost.

Dealing with racism is also a part of his world, infecting some in his generation. “It depends if you were bought up to discriminate against Māori. If you were, then your path is set.”

He admits that racism exists throughout the community, and not just against Māori: it’s also just as likely for Māori to harbour racial stereotypes about other cultures.

Starloss’ confidence again falters at the mention of his whanau marae, at Orahiri in Northland. It is a place he is yet to visit. “I was meant to go up north to our marae last holidays. I couldn’t go because I had no ride. I will get there one day.”

This distance from his marae has meant he has had little opportunity to interact with his extended family. He spends time with those whanau who also live in Auckland and sometimes visits his koro in Onewhero, south of Auckland.

His family moved from a rougher part of Manurewa a few years back. Now his weekends are not disrupted by out-of-control parties and the shrill sounds of family violence that often pierced the night.

“Families need to take greater responsibility for their own. Whanau need to change things,” Starloss says.

This sentiment is shared by Starloss’ mentor and teacher, George Pounama (Ngāiterangi). George has spent the past 22 years steering young Māori back to their culture. He has seen Starloss blossom, through the nurturing of his culture. “That boy, without being here, would not last in school. He needs tight barriers around him. We provide our kids with tight barriers. Barriers of learning, not discipline.”

Raised by his grandparents, George is grateful to have been brought up under the traditional whāngāi system. He was immersed in his culture from birth.

Around 50% of James Cook High’s 1,500 student roll is Māori. However just 200 of its Māori students choose to learn under a tikanga Māori guideline. The majority of George’s students do not speak fluent Māori.

“They are all Māori and they are all proud to be Māori. Most have very little reo. We teach mainstream, but the emphasis is on tikanga Māori. I have a whole lot at this school who were not brought up with the reo and have no understanding. Some don’t even know where their marae is.”

“When I teach them pātere, I say to them, you know most of you people have been taught something your parents don’t know. Your parents have been denied that, by self-denial or through moving to the cities away from their whānau and marae. This is the consequence of the non-speaking Māori time.”

George laments a time when the language and culture were shunned, when Pākehā education was seen as the only way for Māori to succeed. “At the moment our kete has nothing in it. Every time we learn something we have put something in it. One day it is going to be enough for us.”

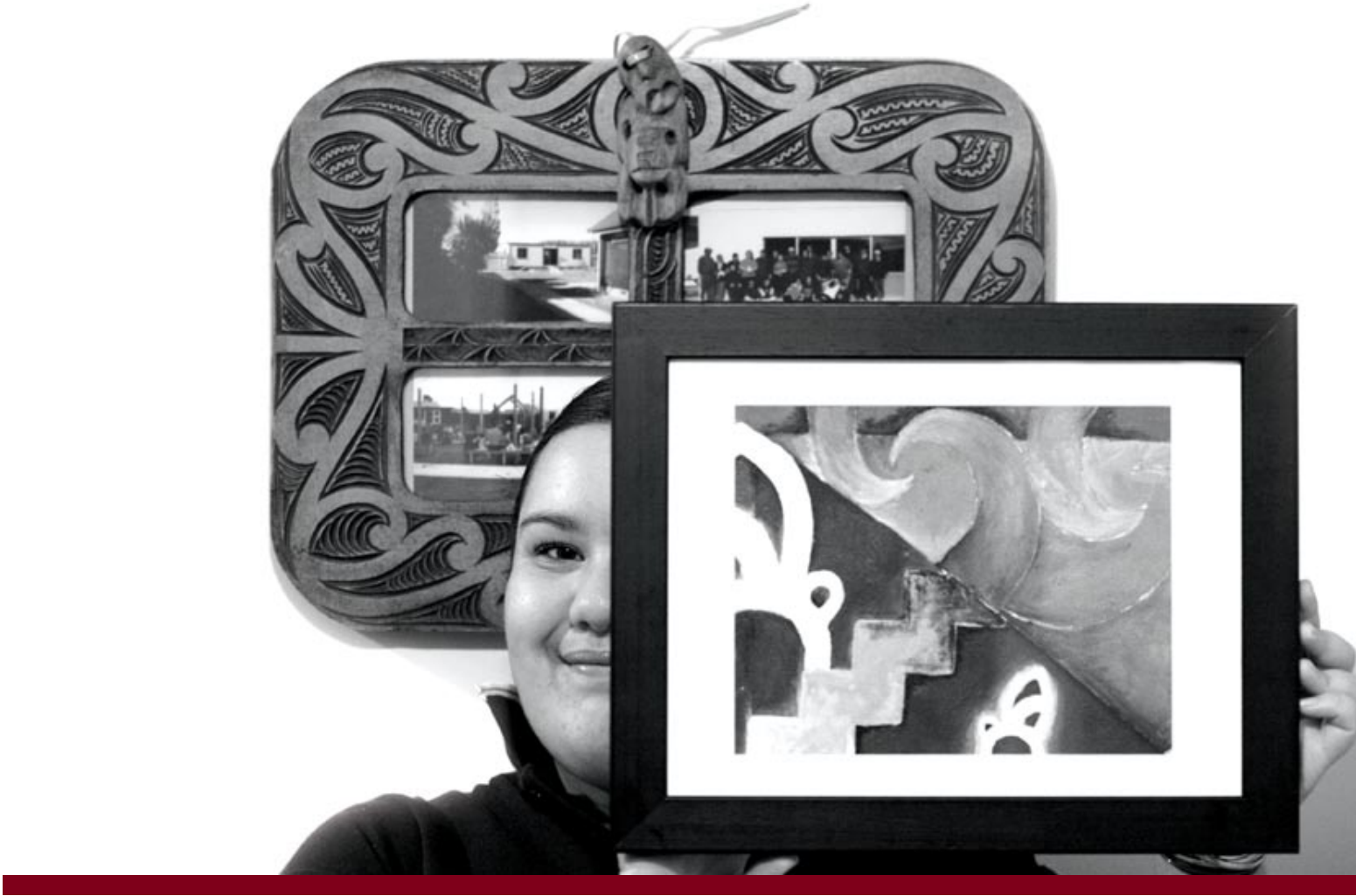
But he says building confidence in rangatahi and their cultural knowledge requires time and patience. “At the moment we are proud to be Māori, but when people question us on a couple of things Māori and we do not know, it sort of knocks us a bit,” he says.

“I teach these kids to be prepared to stand up. I teach them so when they go home to their marae they can stand up and sing a waiata or do a paatere for their koro when he does a mihi. A lot of that doesn’t happen today because our people are gun shy – or they don’t know. Our young ones do.”

“I say to our young ones. If you know a waiata and you are at the marae and the old people get up to mihi, and nobody gets up to awhi them, you get up. You get up and do his waiata. He will say, ‘tēnā koe e moko.’”

“Our senior boys must be able to mihi on the marae. We get this business where kaumātua have a go at them and say, ‘e hoa your father is still alive, or your uncle is still alive, you are not allowed to stand.’ I say to them it is best to get up and mihi and be growled at; if you don’t, the mihi may never come.”

For the Mataatua man who was raised in the idyllic country on Matakana Island in the Hauraki Gulf, there is concern at the large number of Māori who refuse their culture and seem immune to attempts to help prepare them for a better future.



“There is a big group of Māori that cannot be reached. They need to sort themselves out. Those people have got to get to that point where they want to open our door. I don’t know how you do that.”

Until there is a willingness, he says, there is little he can do, although he retains confidence that the future for Māori is in good hands.

“Our kids are now leaving secondary school better qualified. We have quality coming through. They are confident and are coming through with a compatible kete of knowledge. They have the maths, they have the science, they have the English, like everyone else, but they also have the tikanga and te reo Māori, which really stands them apart.”

“The future is good for Māori. I send people out of here awesome. Ninety per cent of them are going to tertiary study. This year I have 35 graduating year 13. Thirty of them will go on to tertiary study. They walk with confidence.”

Former kōhanga reo and kura kaupapa student Arohanui Nicholson (Ngāi Tahu, Ngāti Raukawa, Te Arawa), aged 16, is among the new generation of rangatahi who are equally confident in both her culture and in mainstream.

Raised in Christchurch, she spent four years in Rotorua before moving to Meadowbank in Auckland last year. She is now a year 12 student at Selwyn College – a mainstream school in central Auckland. “Being Māori is everything for me,” she says.

Arohanui is fluent in the reo, and wants to be a Māori artist, to “bring out all the Māori I have been given, to hand on to the next generation.” Her father, Alex, teaches the reo, and wants her to do so also. “My father says because I have the reo I should use it. I better follow his wishes, but I will also study Māori art as a back-up.”

The Ngāi Tahu wahine lists *Whale Rider* star Keisha Castle Hughes as a role model and would like to follow her lead in acting. “I see Keisha as a Māori and a woman who is capable of doing what she wants.”

It is lunchtime, and the classroom Arohanui sits in is deserted. She studies the groups of teenagers, of all shades, who drift past the room’s broad

windows. A striking Somalian teenager strides by, her ebony skin contrasting with the bright shawl draped over her head.

Arohanui laments the lack of fluent speakers at her new school. “Not many speak the reo. I only know a couple who can really speak it.” Māori make up just a small percentage of the school’s roll, and tend to stick together, she says. “Most Māori hang out with Māori or with other Polynesians. It’s their choice.”

“A lot of kids think being Māori is really cool. The Pākehā ones think all cultures are cool because all they can speak is English, whereas I can speak two languages.”

She cringes, however, at the staunch face displayed by a number of her Māori peers. For her, the culture is about more than being tough.

Exposure to the melting pot of nationalities has helped Arohanui to appreciate and respect others, something she longs for among the wider community. “I think other cultures do not understand Māori. People misunderstand the significance of things Māori.”

She relates an example of a Māori woman denied work because she wore a facial moko. The employer deemed it inappropriate. “That is not right. That is our culture. We have a right to wear our culture proudly.”

She has, however, struggled in moving from a Māori immersion school to mainstream, and misses the regular exposure to the language. “You hardly hear it. At this school it is very unusual.”

She is able to speak Māori at home with her parents, but also struggles to find fluent speakers among her extended whānau, the majority of whom she says have greater priorities in putting food on the family table. “Many of our whānau are in poverty. My mother doesn’t want me to fall into the poverty trap. She wants me to do the best I can at school to ensure I get ahead.”

And it is through application and determination that she believes success is achieved – not through expecting others to do it for you. “It is good to be a Māori, but there are those who believe everything is owed to them.”



“There are those that look down on Māori and think they are no good – that’s not right, but should not stop Māori from helping themselves. I think that if Māori really want to get ahead in life they can. Many do nothing and wait for things to come to them – that is not how it works.”

“I have a friend who thinks the only way in life is to be naughty and do nothing. I don’t want her to be like that. She could do a lot with her life if she pushes herself.”

“I have another friend who wants to be a forensic scientist. Last year she worked hard at school and won a scholarship. She studies really hard. She wants to be in the New Zealand softball team. She is really succeeding. She is an inspiration.”

Robyn Roa (Waikato) has taught Māori children for almost 30 years. She cut her teeth in the iwi and non-Māori melting pot of South Auckland, starting in 1978 at Otara’s Hillary College. Over the years she has taught at Porirua College, Queen Victoria Māori Girls School in Parnell, and at West Auckland’s Hoani Waititi Marae Kura Kaupapa.

She is now deputy principal of Ngāruawāhia High, a school of around 350 children, more than 70% of whom are Māori.

Last year she completed her masters on Māori educational leadership. She and her husband Tom, a respected Maniapoto and Waikato leader and senior lecturer at Waikato University, were a driving force in the cultural resurgence of the early 1980s.

She believes the country’s rangatahi are fragmenting, with three distinct groups forming.

The first group embraces their culture. They are either fluent or are learning the reo, and are heavily involved in kapa haka. At Ngāruawāhia High this group makes up around 30% of the school’s Māori roll. Robyn says the children are driven by a mix of regular exposure to their culture through extended whānau, and regular involvement at the pā. They are nurtured either by parents who are eager for their children to learn a language they were not given the opportunity to learn, or by those who are fluent and want their children to be fluent too.

“This group is capable in both Māori and mainstream. The culture builds

their self-esteem; it enhances who they are and how they learn. It becomes a movement where they feel part of something. These kids are awesome, wonderful to teach.”

The second group, which Robyn says makes up the majority of today’s rangatahi, are aware of their culture but choose to focus their energies in other spheres, such as sport or mainstream study.

“Most kids who come to this school have very little reo. Their parents are the generation where it was not taught or was just new. They know of their culture through tangi and working at the marae, but they are whakamā about learning the reo. They don’t have it and don’t seem to want it.”

Robyn says in other cases it is simply that their priorities are elsewhere. “They are confident in whom they are; they walk well in both worlds.”

The third group she says is a small but “staunch” group who believe the Black American culture espoused through rap and hip-hop music is their culture.

“They think the Black American culture is the be-all and end-all. They put on this staunch façade – ‘I’m the man’. Girls are bi-arches (slang for bitches). They think it’s so cool to be like Black Americans, when really they have no idea about their culture. Sure Māori kids have the moves and can sing, but Black Americans are more likely to see Māori as Hispanic than close to their culture. Why would they form an affinity with our culture?”

In the Waikato, Robyn says, the Kīngitanga has helped strengthen Māori culture. Waikato children grow up with regular contact with their marae and whānau. And she says she is glad to see an end to the generation forbidden to speak the reo at school, and of parents insisting their children learn only Pakeha education.

“We were told as children to go to school and be good little brown kids. Listen to the Pākehā ways. We had to walk in two worlds. My mother spoke beautiful Māori, so we could only learn it at home,” Robyn says. “When Tom and I had children, we decided we did not want it to be this way.”

Robyn’s daughters have excelled in mainstream, while maintaining a strong connection to their culture. Both are fluent in the reo, with one recently completing a PhD, the other a BSc.

THE FOLLOWING STATISTICS WERE SOURCED FROM TE PUNI KŌKIRI.

DEMOGRAPHIC TRENDS

- Between 1986 and 2001, the Māori population grew from 405,000 to 604,000.
- The median age of Māori is 22 years.
- In 2001, Māori children made up 25% of all children aged 0–14 years.

By 2021:

- The Māori population is projected to increase to 749,000 (17% of the total population).
- The median age of Māori will be 27 years, compared to 43 years for non-Māori.
- Māori children will make up 28% of all children aged 0–14 years.
- The number of Māori in the main working ages (15–64 years) will increase from 350,000 in 2001 to 468,000 (an increase of 34%).
- Māori will make up about one in five (19%) of workers aged 15–39 years.

EDUCATION TRENDS

- The number of Māori children in early childhood education is increasing. In 1983, around 12,500 Māori children were enrolled in early childhood education. In 2003, just under 34,000 Māori children were enrolled.
- The number of Māori in tertiary education is increasing rapidly. In 1986, there were around 3,000 Māori tertiary students. In July 2003, there were 62,574 Māori enrolled in formal, tertiary education.
- The tertiary education participation rate for Māori in 2003 was 23%, compared to 13% for non-Māori.
- In 2003, Māori made up 17% of industry trainees. By comparison, 10% of the employed workforce was Māori.
- There has been continued growth in the number of Māori participating in industry training, including modern apprenticeships. However, Māori trainees are more likely to be training at lower levels than non-Māori.
- New information on retention, completion and progression rates shows that Māori students at certificate level are achieving qualifications and moving to further study at higher rates than non-Māori.
- While there has been growth in Māori participation at degree level and above, the growth has been much slower than at other levels. Māori participation rates at these higher levels of tertiary education are still lower than those of non-Māori. Māori students also have lower retention and completion rates at these levels.

ECONOMIC TRENDS

- Between 1981 and 2001, the number of Māori who were either self-employed or employers more than tripled to just over 17,000.
- In 2001, the Māori commercial asset base was conservatively estimated to be worth nearly \$9 billion. Of these assets, around \$680 million has come from Treaty settlements.
- The Māori economy is small but comparatively profitable, with a higher rate of return than the overall New Zealand economy. Māori production contributes around \$1.9 billion per year to the New Zealand economy.
- Māori export at a significantly higher rate than the total New Zealand economy. The Māori economy is estimated to make up 1.4% of the total economy and generates 2.3% of exports.

“You have to make a conscious choice,” she says. In her view there is now a balance developing between children achieving cultural learning and mainstream. A number of parents who have schooled their children through kura kaupapa and kōhanga reo are now putting them into mainstream schools. “The parents say, ‘right you have the reo, now you must learn to be good at English.’”

Robyn believes Māori children are seeking broader career paths, with the brightest no longer just pursuing employment in teaching the language or cultural careers. A high number of last year’s school leavers have chosen to study business this year.

“Their spirit has been built up, and they are now confident to go and do whatever they want – be it doctors or accountants. They can handle anything; if you are bright you can do whatever you want.”

Robyn sees the future as bright for Māori. More and more will seek out their culture and embrace it, interweaving it with their lives. She does not believe Māori will ever become just brown-faced Kiwis.

Robyn talks of rangatahi forming into three distinct groups. Research over the last three years by advertising agency Clemenger BBDO is also detecting a range of attitudes and some ambivalence amongst rangatahi.

Sophie Jenkins, a strategic planner for Clemenger BBDO*, says their qualitative research indicates that while rangatahi are positive about total immersion, many don’t speak the reo and differ in their desire to learn. Some are interested, but haven’t yet engaged; others, especially urban males and some females, have little interest. There is concern about how immersion meshes with the Pākehā system.

It appears that many rangatahi are entrenched in a non-Māori world and are less willing to fight against it; nor do they wish to be associated with negative stereotypes about Māori. Some expressed embarrassment about Māori activists and radicals, “they give Māori a bad name”, and believe that their lives are harder than older Māori – more temptations, less connections and less discipline. As a whole, rangatahi are highly sensitive towards stereotypes, especially those portrayed in the media, and unless it’s a Māori specific issue, prefer to be communicated to in mainstream media as “one New Zealand”.

On the other hand, those Māori who have learnt the reo recently (especially older people) often find it has led to a greater sense of confidence, empowerment and contentment. The reo, and in many cases whakapapa, are seen as a vital link to self-esteem and confidence, and are viewed as a way into Māori culture. Māori generally believe that the resurgence of the reo and the availability of total immersion will lead to the next generation being more successful and satisfied.

According to Sophie, “What is tending to filter through is that rangatahi are more confident and assertive than their kaumātua, in a non-Māori environment. They aspire to get ahead but, in many cases, are not really sure how to do so. They want to participate whole-heartedly in New Zealand society generally, as well as fully embracing Māori culture. At the same time, they do not want to be saddled with negative stereotypes about Māori, which, for some, acts as an inhibitor to their successes.”

Differences in attitudes also seem to be emerging in relation to where rangatahi are living. Those living in urban locations appear to be more disassociated and disconnected from the reo and whakapapa, and tend to be more cynical and more conscious of racism than their rural peers. Although many rural rangatahi head for the cities to try and find work, they often become disenchanted and return home for the support and familiarity of their family and community.

Without a doubt, there is a diversity of opinion amongst rangatahi today. Who would have it otherwise? But many seem to be cutting a path that is constructive and self-assured. There will be “blips”, but many Māori have a quiet confidence that their rangatahi are on the right course and are increasingly equipped to deal with any challenges along the way.

As Robyn Roa says, “Oh yes – the future is good and will keep getting brighter.”



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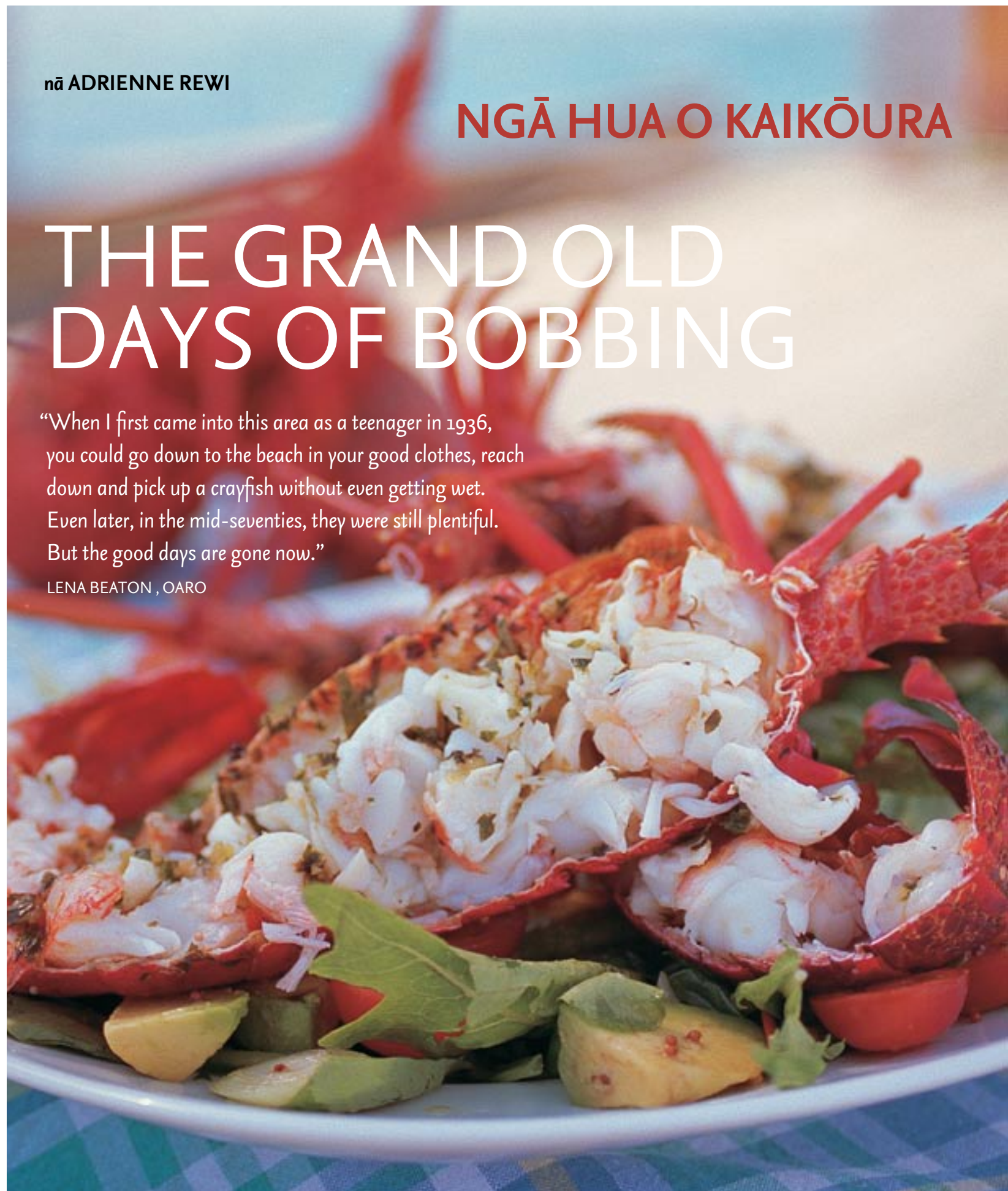
nā ADRIENNE REWI

NGĀ HUA O KAIKŌURA

THE GRAND OLD DAYS OF BOBBING

“When I first came into this area as a teenager in 1936, you could go down to the beach in your good clothes, reach down and pick up a crayfish without even getting wet. Even later, in the mid-seventies, they were still plentiful. But the good days are gone now.”

LENA BEATON, OARO



Tangata tiaki Owen Woods pushes the boat out into Kaikōura's clear waters. The early morning sky is clear, and the sea is deep blue and as flat as an iron. He's off to check his crayfish pots with fellow fisherman Gary Melville.

A former commercial fisherman and chairman of the Kaikōura Marine Coastal Protection Society, Woods knows as much about crayfishing as anyone. As he heads the boat toward the reef line, he and Melville enlighten Jason Dell, executive chef at Glenorchy's exclusive lodge, Blanket Bay, about their tried and true methods.

“Times have changed from the days when kōura were caught in abundance here. They're not as plentiful as they used to be, and we use metal pots now. Even a few decades back you could still see the cray pots that were made by hand, by coiling hoops of supplejack vine. They would be weighted with stones and let down to the seabed on a rope.”

As proof of his words, only two crayfish are caught that morning. Later the same day, as Jason Dell sets to work in the Takahanga Marae kitchen preparing a crayfish meal for the local kaumātua, Lena Beaton of Oaro says she isn't surprised by the small catch.

“When I first came into this area as a teenager in 1936, you could go down to the beach in your good clothes, reach down and pick up a crayfish without even getting wet. Even later,

in the mid-seventies, they were still plentiful. But the good days are gone now.”

Leaning on her smooth-worn walking stick, Lena recounts the old saying that “when the tides are out, your table is set.”

“We never used pots because the kōura were so plentiful we could just reach down for them. There were only two farming families living in Oaro then, and we got a lot of our food from the sea. But we only ever took what we needed.”

Curried crayfish was her favourite – “I still love it on toast, or in a salad with a little of the brown fat out of the head stirred into the mayonnaise. We never wasted anything because kōura was always a luxury.”

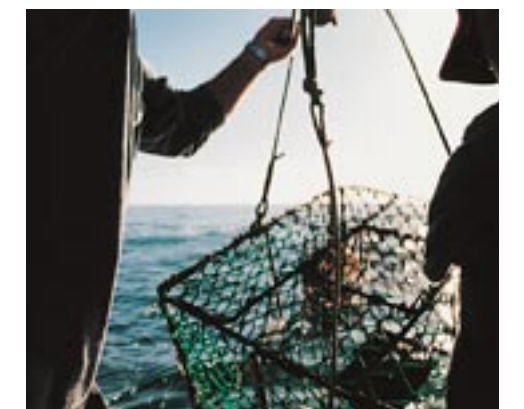
Joining Aunty Lena are the three Solomon sisters, Ngāi Tahu and Kaikōura identities, Rebecca Clayton, Miriama Kahu and Hariata Manawatu. Born and raised at Oaro, just south of Kaikōura, they too remember days of bountiful kōura catches.

“We lived in good times, and crayfish were a big part of our everyday life,” sighs Rebecca Clayton. “We used to spend a lot of time bobbing for kōura. We'd put paua in the bottom of a sock, hang it from a string and lower it into the water. The crayfish would come for it, and we'd just pick them out of the water. Sometimes we'd get half a sack full without any bother at all.”

Miriama Kahu points out that it was “a real



PHOTOGRAPHY PHIL TUMATAROA



whānau thing.” “We'd go as a village – whole crowds of us some nights – and there would be little kids falling asleep on their parents' shoulders. You could see lights (little tins of diesel to make flares) bobbing all over the reef, and we'd often split up into twos to see who could catch the most,” she says.

“And we'd take cases of food for our midnight snacks – or our picnics, if it was during the day. We'd light a fire and fry up dozens and dozens of eggs to feast on with bacon and bread. We even took cakes with us. It was all great fun for us kids. We started catching kōura just about as soon as we could walk,” adds Rebecca Clayton.

Hariata Manawatu remembers her father going out in a boat for kōura. “He used supplejack pots and he'd bring in heaps. Sometimes the boat would be so full of kōura it would be only inches out of the water. Now you'd be lucky to get ten kōura if you went out there. He dropped his pots in every morning and picked them up every night. He made the pots himself, and we kids had to learn how to weave and



mend them – and the nets. If the sea wasn't too rough, we'd often go out with him."

Ever mindful of the sea's temperamental nature, they say that, even as children, they knew where to go and where not to go. "You gathered from the time you were a little person and you learned about the sea because you had to live with it every day. We always knew where to go for the kōura and where not to go – there were some dangerous spots. And we knew not to take the females with eggs, the big breeding bucks or the kōura with soft shells," says Miriama Kahu.

They all fondly remember kōura mara, simply described as rotten kōura. "We'd leave dead kōura in fresh running water for two to three weeks, until the tail turned white. The flesh would be clear in the centre and it would be very strong smelling. We'd mix it with vinegar, onions and salt and eat it on bread and butter. It was a delicacy – a bit like dried shark – that took some time to prepare, but we ate it regularly."

Lena Beaton says that when she was young she would hunt for kōura probably twice a week and, like the others, she ate it in many different ways – grilled with cheese, curried, fried in butter, in a mornay sauce, or in a salad – for any meal of the day, even a morning or afternoon tea snack.



New Zealand crayfish has a succulent, sweet-tasting flesh, which is easily paired with any number of ingredients. Be careful not to confuse guests by using too many strong flavours when cooking crayfish. Keeping it simple is best.

On the global restaurant circuit, crayfish, and its European counterpart the lobster, is a high-priced commodity that is not readily accessible or affordable. So when someone gifts you some kōura to enjoy, treasure the moment.

In the following recipes, I have endeavoured to showcase preparations of crayfish that highlight simplicity and minimise any wastage from this sought-after delicacy. The bisque recipe illustrates how a royal, flamboyant meal can be achieved from even the most basic of leftovers.

Jason Dell

Jason Dell (Ngāi Tahu/ Ngāti Wheke)
Executive chef, Blanket Bay
Glenorchy, New Zealand

They all rue the demise of the kōura. "There used to be an abundance, but the regulations haven't done their job; conservation hasn't preserved anything. And our gatherers today are not as good as we used to be. They only want to go in up to their ankles and that's it. They don't know how to gather today," says Miriama Kahu.

"We have such fun memories from those Oaro days," concludes Rebecca Clayton.

Since this interview "Auntie Becky" has sadly passed away, but the fruits of her wisdom and commitment to her iwi remain.



MANUKA-SMOKED KAIKŌURA CRAYFISH AND KŪMARA SALAD WITH WATERCRESS

INGREDIENTS

- 4 golden kūmara, peeled and diced 2 cm square
- 4 live crayfish
- 4 tbsp chopped fresh chives
- ³/₄ cup good quality mayonnaise
- ¹/₄ cup freshly squeezed lemon juice
- 2 tbsp seeded mustard
- 2 cups watercress (washed)
- 1 cup manuka sawdust shavings

EQUIPMENT

If you do not have a smoker, you will need two frying pans of the same size and a cake rack or cooling wire, to smoke the crayfish.

METHOD

Boil the kūmara in salted water until tender but not mushy. Drain and cool. Drown the crayfish. Remove the tails from the heads with a sharp knife. Wash the heads under cold running water. Reserve heads for the bisque.

Cut the tails in half lengthwise. Rinse under running water. Place into a stainless steel bowl and pour over enough boiling water to cover. Leave for 3 minutes and then drain well. Very carefully remove the crayfish flesh from the tail shells, using a small, sharp knife. Place the

tail flesh onto the cake rack. Reserve the tail shells for later use in the presentation of the salad.

The next step is the smoking process. This is best done outdoors on a barbeque (to avoid smelling your house out) but it can also be done on a stovetop with sufficient ventilation.

Line a frying pan with tin foil. Scatter manuka sawdust in the bottom. Place the cake rack with the tail flesh over the pan. Cover with a second frying pan that is inverted. Wrap tin foil around the sides of the frying pans to retain the smoke. Place the frying pans on the stovetop and turn up the heat. Once you can tell that there is some serious smoke happening, turn down the heat and continue for 3 minutes more. Turn off the heat and carefully remove the crayfish. Finish cooking the crayfish meat by either baking it in the oven or cooking it under a grill or simply poaching it in water, until just done.

Allow the crayfish to cool and then chop it into small chunks. Combine the chives, mayonnaise, lemon juice, mustard, smoked crayfish meat and cooked kūmara. Mix well and check seasoning. Place all the salad ingredients back into the empty crayfish tail shells.

Wash the watercress tips, dress with your favourite vinaigrette and place in the centre of a plate or bowl. Arrange the crayfish tails on top, and serve.

This crayfish salad would be best matched to a medium-bodied chardonnay. Serves 8.

KAIKŌURA CRAYFISH BISQUE

INGREDIENTS

- 4 tbsp vegetable oil
- 3-4 crayfish heads
- 1 carrot, diced small
- 1 white onion, diced small
- 1 stick of celery, diced small
- 1 leek, diced small
- 2 garlic cloves, minced
- ¹/₄ tsp paprika
- 1 bay leaf
- 6 black peppercorns
- 2 tbsp tomato paste
- 3 litres fish stock
- 200 ml white wine
- 500 ml cream
- 1 cup assorted finely chopped fresh herbs (thyme, chives, tarragon, Italian parsley)

METHOD

Place the crayfish heads (split in half lengthwise), small-diced vegetables and 2 tbsp of the vegetable oil into a roasting tray. Cook for 30 minutes at 180°C until well coloured.

Heat a large pot. Add the remaining 2 tbsp of oil and the minced garlic. Cook for 2 minutes until aromatic. Add paprika and cook for another 2 minutes. Add tomato paste. Reduce heat and cook for 5 minutes. Remove from heat. Add the roasted crayfish heads (smashed into smaller pieces with a meat cleaver or similar to release more flavour) and the diced vegetables. Add the bay leaf, peppercorns and fish stock. Bring to the boil, then reduce to a simmer and cook for 1½-2 hours until the liquid has reduced by half.

Allow to cool and then carefully blend in a food processor (shells and all). Strain through a fine sieve and then pass through cheesecloth. Add the white wine and cream to the strained soup. Check the seasoning. Bring to the boil and simmer for 10 minutes.

Just prior to serving, stir through the finely chopped herbs. Serves 8.

NB. In the restaurant, we garnish this soup with medallions of poached crayfish tail, a little cream perfumed with brandy and drops of crayfish oil.

NGĀI TAHU SEAFOOD
Thank you to Ngāi Tahu Seafood
for its generosity and support.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND WORDS nā PHIL TUMATAROA

Te Ao o te Māori

A WINDOW INTO THE RICH LIFESTYLES OF CONTEMPORARY MĀORI.



Often in life, a place will sustain a person; rarely is it the other way round, where a person sustains a place. But in the case of Marama Higgins (nee Leonard) and the tiny fishing village of Moeraki, it's true.

While Moeraki, famous for its round boulders, indeed inspires Marama, there is no doubt that she breathes life into the seaside village with her zest for living, selflessness and a deep sense of belonging that only a lifetime of community service can produce.

The view from her home overlooking Onekakara Bay is breathtaking and, unlike the fishing, it has hardly altered over the years. "There are still two families that fish, but things have changed so much," she will tell you.

Six generations of her tūpuna and her tamariki have fished out of the port – her sons David and John were the last in the line. Today it is Marama who upholds the ahi kā for her whānau and her iwi, Ngāi Tahu, at Moeraki.

As a young woman she spent a year in the north at Murupara, after completing her teacher training. But she soon felt the pull south and returned home for a long career teaching at nearby Palmerston, Dunedin and her beloved Moeraki.




Marama was instrumental in helping develop the Moeraki Marae, which was no more than a hall when she returned to live full-time. She is a long-standing member of the Kotahitanga Church congregation and is kaitiaki (protector) of the historic church, which features celebrated stained glass windows made in Rome, depicting Ngāi Tahu rangatira Matiaha Tiramorehu.

While tending her home and garden are favourite pastimes, a lifetime obsession has involved the rumble of a well-tuned V8 engine. Marama loves motor racing and has owned a host of "muscle cars" in her time, from a 1969 Holden Monaro, to a 1971 Mach 1 Ford Mustang Cobra and a Ford Falcon GT coupe, to name just a few.

Marama's favourite cars are Jaguars; she has owned many and still has a Mk I X stored in Christchurch, which she has owned for 30 years. And just like Marama herself, the car is an absolute original and in fabulous condition.





Matariki
Acknowledge the old
Advance the new
Embrace the present

Please drive carefully this season.

FATHERING THE FUTURE

BOYS AREN'T BORN KNOWING HOW TO BE MEN,
AND MEN DON'T AUTOMATICALLY KNOW HOW TO BE
FATHERS. SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE THE MAN IS
CREATED IN THE IMAGE OF ANOTHER, A PARENT,
A BROTHER, AN UNCLE, A TEACHER, A PEER, OR SOME
IDEA OF WHAT A MAN MIGHT BE.

IF THE BOY DOESN'T LEARN TO BE A MAN,
THEN WHEN THE TIME COMES, HOW CAN HE
BE EXPECTED TO TEACH HIS SON TO BE A MAN,
OR A FATHER FOR THAT MATTER? IT'S LIKE
THE CHICKEN AND EGG THING.
WHICH COMES FIRST?

Steve Biddulph, best-selling author of books like *Raising Boys* and *Secrets of Happy Children*, believes only men can teach boys to be men – a belief few would dispute in theory, but what about the practice?

If you look at what is happening in New Zealand today, something is going wrong with our boys – dispiriting suicide rates, road deaths and crime – so it's reasonable to ask whether there's something wrong with our men.

There's no doubt that there are a lot of good fathers (and mothers) out there, raising responsible, competent and caring sons, but there is plenty of evidence to paint a fairly bleak picture of fathering in Aotearoa. That's not to say all the ills of today's boys and young men can be blamed on a lack of fathering, but the weight of evidence suggests that absent fathers, fatherless families and dysfunctional dads have a far-reaching effect on the men of our future.

Biddulph is regarded as an expert in matters concerning the raising of children, relationships and men. He has sold millions of books worldwide in all sorts of languages, but if you ask him about fathers raising boys, it's likely he'll tell you everything he knows on the subject boils down to five key points.

One, spend time with your sons, lots of time! Two, play rough-and-tumble games – it will teach them self-control. Three, teach them to respect women. Four, honour their tender feelings. And, last but not least, teach them to do housework.

They all seem like simple enough things for a father to do, but so often other things get in the way, like work and career, unhappy relationships, financial stress or the pub, to name a few. For some, it's a more complicated mix of not knowing what to do or how to do it (having never been taught) or just a matter of can't be bothered.

Mothers can do a good job of guiding their sons into manhood, and all too often they have no choice, says Biddulph. But the reality is that only men can pass on the “secrets” of being a man.

Biddulph was recently in New Zealand for a whirlwind tour. He packed halls in places like Nelson and Greymouth and spoke twice in Christchurch to sold-out audiences.

He has lived in villages in places like Papua New Guinea and the slums of Calcutta in India, and witnessed third-world fathers being incredibly involved in looking after children and raising their sons. “They were very good at it, and I realised it [lack of fathering] was endemic in industrialised countries. If you have never seen good fathering, then you never know that it is missing.”

“The generation of about 10 years ago was the most under-fathered generation that's ever lived on the earth: kids got less father time, apart from say the middle of World War II...and it was a mixture of things – long working hours, marriage break-up and dads not realising they had a role to play.”



Statistics show that involved fathers raise sons that do better at school, have better self-esteem, stay out of trouble and are more likely to stay alive to 21.

Boys between the ages of 15 and 20 are three times more likely to die than teenage girls. In New Zealand we have the highest suicide rate for male youths (15-24 year olds) in OECD countries, and Māori males top the list.

Celia Lashlie, a self-prescribed social justice advocate, is currently writing a book dealing with the issues of raising boys, particularly those around mother and son relationships.

She is adamant that fathers need to be more involved, but is also just as adamant that mothers need to let go and let the fathers step in.

The book, due for release in November, will be based on her research for the Good Man Project, which looked to answer the question “What is a good man?” It involved candid interviews and observations at 25 New Zealand boys' schools.

“One of the things that began to make itself very well known or visible in the project was the role of mothers, and the boys' descriptions of their mothers, and the boys' sense that...mothers often block the process of boys growing up, even to the point where they often counteract their husbands...”

“There were quite clear examples of cases where mothers had almost sabotaged the work that an older man, be it a teacher or the husband, was doing with the boy.”

Pair this with the fact that many families do not have a father or father figure around, and the hurdles facing many boys' safe and successful journey to manhood become even greater.

Lashlie spent 18 months travelling around the country, spoke to 180 classrooms of boys and conducted 110 one-on-one interviews with adults involved in the lives of boys. She came away with a new understanding of how boys and men operate and an appreciation of just how different the sexes are.

One of her key insights from her research is the concept that a mother can lead a son to the “bridge of adolescence”, but it is the job of a father or other men to guide him across.

This is often where things fall down and boys around the age of 15 years can derail.

Formerly a guard in a male prison, Lashlie all too often saw the result of a “dumb decision in a 30-second moment” send a “good boy” to prison. “I've seen too many young men, particularly Māori, lose their potential inside prison wings. So many of our prisons house young men who seem to have been on a quest for manhood.”

That quest for rites of passage to manhood so often involves alcohol, drugs, fast cars and the absence of a father or strong male role model.



A five day taiaha wānanga, organised by He Waka Tapu, underway at Wai-Ora Trust, Christchurch.

Fourteen years ago, Rex McCann founded Essentially Men, a trust established to support men. In the late 1990s he wrote the book *Fatherless Sons*, which looks at the problems facing men and their sons.

He believes we have entered the time of men's liberation, but it has happened without the fanfare that signalled the woman's equivalent in the sixties. Whereas women burnt their bras in a fight for equality of the sexes, today's battle is quite different for men as they face an inner battle and the prospect of freeing themselves from themselves.

It is a significant time and this growing awareness and acceptance by men of the importance of their role in the raising of boys has to be recognised. "Men are the most significant factor missing in boys' lives today," according to McCann.

And the greatest hurdle facing men today is the ability to be able to express themselves and their feelings of tenderness to their sons, their peers and their wives and partners.

He says boys are growing up in a vacuum, deprived of father time and meaningful attention. With the absence of involved male role models there is no one to guide boys through the all-important rites of passage which initiate them into manhood. Instead they look to their peers, the media, sports and music to find their heroes and role models, and ways to express their manhood.

McCann says this is often messy, directionless and fraught with danger, and in the end destructive.

Daryl Gregory has an extensive background in social work and counselling. He founded He Waka Tapu in the mid 1990s, offering a broad range of services to Māori families and individuals working with rangatahi, substance abuse, violence, gambling and relationship counselling. He and his team deal with the downstream effects of fatherless sons on a day-to-day basis.

"It's not about the individual not being a good parent; it's just so hard in today's world to do it all on your own."

Even two parent families struggle to keep up with the demands of working fulltime, raising a family, playing sport and being on the school committee. As a result the children suffer, he says. They may have the material things, but they are missing the emotional support that comes through time with their parents, and they go off the rails.

In a Māori context, Gregory identifies the breakdown of the extended

whānau and those traditional communities as being at the heart of the problem.

"A lot of people I talk to don't know their cousins or their extended family and don't even know their neighbours – that sense of community, we've lost all that. But we still think we can do everything, and the trouble we are having with kids today is the result."

Gregory and his team are well aware of the importance of rites of passage for boys to become men, and run five-day taiaha wānanga for between 60 to 100 males.

Although predominantly for young Māori boys, the wānanga are open to any race or age, and create an opportunity to get boys and men together with other men. No women are allowed, although families are invited to share in the experience with a demonstration and hākari at the end.

Tane Keepa works for He Waka Tapu and is also the chairman of Te Tohu o Tū Trust, which facilitates the wānanga.

For him the taiaha represents discipline and skills knowledge and is a doorway to tikanga and tradition. He says it also has a strong spiritual element and helps build a sense of wairua in the group. "The wānanga build self-esteem and confidence, and at the same time the boys are getting good messages about fathers and males – the taiaha is merely a vehicle."

"But unless you connect that to the responsibility of moving into the next age, then all they are doing is learning a skill. It's about how do we take children through that process of coming into manhood and adulthood and the responsibilities that come with that. I think that's what's missing, and if we wait till they're 15, it's too late."

Piri Sciascia is a father to three sons, Teone (30), Tumarangāi (23) and Makere (21). He is the Pro-Vice Chancellor Māori at Victoria University and a proud Māori man of Ngāi Tahu and Ngāti Kahungunu descent.

He is engaged in his sons' lives: "It's one of those awesome joys to be a dad. You make mistakes, but you've got to breathe. You've got to learn to be kind to yourself and enjoy not only your effort, but also learn to enjoy their achievements."

"You've got to stay close and understand their complete need to be men and complete, at times, inability to express it. It's about walking with them in that journey. And you can do it in many ways: it's listening to them, it's helping out, using your influence to help out, and it's embracing their friends."

THAT QUEST FOR RITES OF PASSAGE TO MANHOOD SO OFTEN INVOLVES ALCOHOL, DRUGS, FAST CARS AND THE ABSENCE OF A FATHER OR STRONG MALE ROLE MODEL.

The raising of three sons gave him a sense of men's issues and he set about educating himself in the work that had to be done. This involved courses run by the likes of Rex McCann and led him to run a one-off Māori course for fathers and sons.

For Sciascia an important first step was the naming of his sons, giving them strong Māori names and rooting them in their whakapapa and their place.

He's adamant that there be no compromise around the boys' "Māoriness".

"It helps them to deal with the inconsistencies for the part of New Zealand life that is not bicultural, and that's quite a lot of it."

"One of the greatest requirements for a father and a parent is the spiritual well being of your children – that's the biggest thing, leave that intact – to imbue them with that sense of male energy."

Like most things, it's a cycle. The growth of today's fathers will lead to better sons, who will in turn make better fathers.

So now – if you can – jump forward 50 years into the future, to a time when your children may have sons and grandsons.

McCann believes men will have come of age (again) and reclaimed the skills that were lost when the industrial age robbed them of family time and focus.

Men will happily divide their time evenly between work and family, money will take a back seat to time, they will be better communicators and they will be able to express their feelings.

Under pressure, the nucleus of that futuristic generation is being formed now. Currently it is a piece of carbon trapped within a flawed male stereotype, but with time it will transform into a diamond, given the right conditions.

And as for that comment from Biddulph about the housework, he says boys who contribute to family life regularly, gain valuable insight into what it is to be a man. He believes a nine-year-old boy should be responsible for cooking at least one family dinner every week.

"Not only will it teach him responsibility, even better, it will instill enormous pride in a young mind that is craving responsibility and acknowledgement."



I'm a father. I have a young family: a five-year-old daughter and two sons, one aged four and another 18 months.

After the birth of our daughter, my partner and I were spellbound – from her first breath to her first step and beyond; we were immersed in her wonder, and giddy from the pink and purple haze that surrounded our "little girl".

Nowadays it's safe to say that the matter of two sons in our family is beginning to hit home. I tend to frighten myself when I say "the boys" out loud.

And as the mist clears from the spell that is prancing ponies, hair ties and Cinderella Barbie, it is very clear that our once genteel world is being overtaken by random low-flying objects, bruises, abrasions and noisy monsters with big sharp teeth that growl and bite.

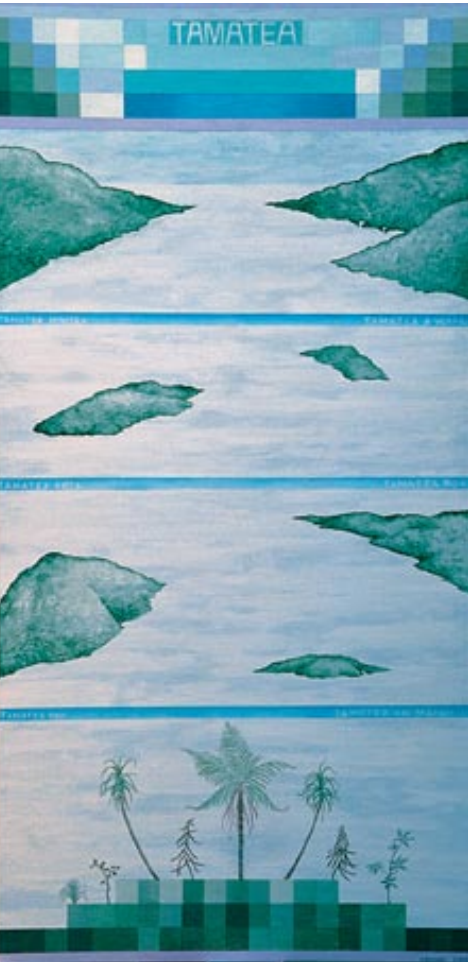
The realisation is profound for us both – it's frightening, challenging, exciting, rewarding and exhausting. No one ever said it would be easy, but then most things worth doing never are.

As a Māori man, and now a father, who grew up in a fatherless family devoid of any vestige of te reo and tikanga, and without the advantage of any real male role models, I wonder what I will pass on to my boys.

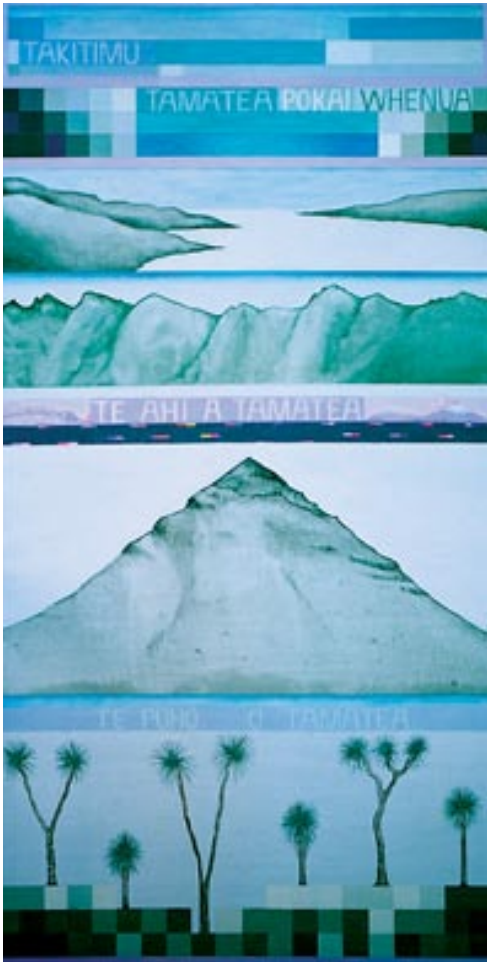
I now know enough about myself to recognise my strengths and weaknesses as a man and a father, and as I look back, I see that history is a great teacher, if you take the time to listen and learn.

I remember being in a hurry to grow up to be a man, but never having a concept of what one was... I want more for my sons and want to believe I am able to create that potential for their sons and their sons after that. Because boys will be boys, as the saying goes, but boys will always be boys if we don't begin to create more good men, and ultimately it will be men who pay the price.

PAINTINGS nā JENNY RENDALL
(NGĀI TAHU, KĀTI MAMOE, EUROPEAN)



Tamatea Series, Dusky Sound, 750 x 1530mm
All paintings acrylic on canvas, 2005



Tamatea Series, Whakaraupo, 750 x 1530mm



Tamatea Series, Dusky Sound, 510 x 910mm

*The southern journeys of Tamatea Arikinui form the basis for a series of works by painter Jenny Rendall. These paintings explore the adventures of Tamatea, the captain of the Takitimu waka, which sailed from Hawaiiki.**
The series featured recently in an exhibition of South Island artists at the Warwick Henderson

Gallery in Auckland. Rendall still has the Ōtākou/ Murihiku part of the series to complete.
Of her painting, the Lyttelton-based artist says: “Living this side of the tunnel, with its history of volcanic activity and relatively recent, rich and volatile Māori history, the land is buzzing one way or another.”



Waiuhero, 300 x 460mm, oil and acrylic on board, 2000

“I had always been in awe of Te Poho o Tamatea (the sacred maunga above Rāpaki of Ngāti Wheke hapū); so the starting point for the series was hearing the stories of Tamatea travelling to Piopiotahi (Fiordland) and Murihiku, where the waka Tākitimu was wrecked and turned to stone, to become the Tākitimu mountain range.”

*Some of the paintings, including a depiction of the hills known as “the seven sleeping sisters”, have been reproduced in a beautiful book of poems by Ngāi Tahu writer and singer/songwriter Hinemoana Baker.***

Rendall has incorporated images of waka and constellations that were important for navigation, planting and harvesting crops. Her paintings are also infused with images of native forest and plants, the preservation of which she feels very passionate about.

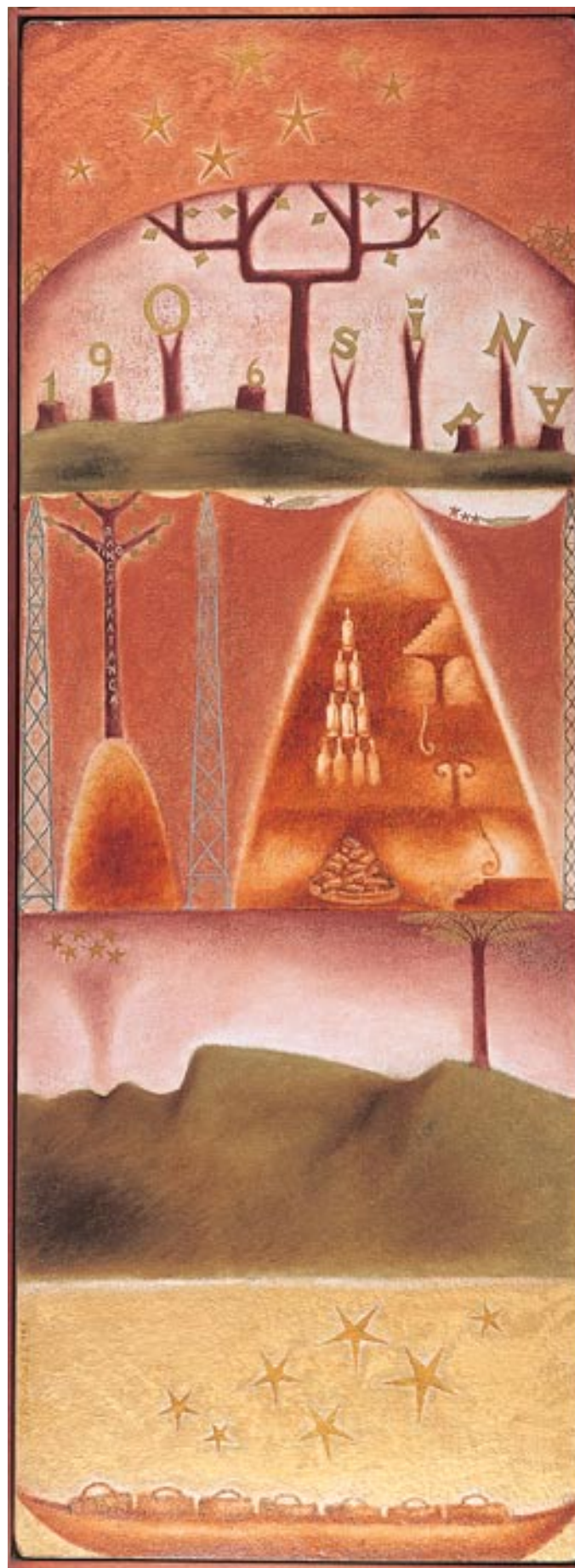
“It’s incredible – we have some of the oldest forest in the world here. Being out in the bush or sitting outside at the extended whānau whare on the coast is like going back in time; it’s like an open-air natural history museum, although sadly many birds are missing.”

“But out there among that ancient, primeval forest it’s not hard to imagine a Hakuwai flying overhead or a moa walking out of the bush – and the dinosaurs were walking around not so long before that.”



* Tamatea Arikiniui is also commonly known as Tamatea Pōkai Whenua, Tamatea Pōkai Moana and Tamatea Ure Haea.

** Published 2004, by Victoria University Press/Perceval Press.



Opposite page: SILNA (South Island Landless Natives Act 1906), 1640 x 600mm, oil and acrylic on board, 1999

This page: Matuhi, 300 x 460mm, oil and acrylic on board, 2004

Abreast of life

HERE IS A WOMAN TO WHOM THE WORD CANCER REPRESENTS LITTLE MORE THAN A TEMPORARY OBSTACLE TO BE OVERCOME... “I WANTED THEM TO HURRY AND GET ON WITH THE CHEMOTHERAPY. I TOLD HIM TO JUST BLAST IT.”



It's an utterly beautiful thing – being alive on this autumn postcard Christchurch morning. I knock on Julie Mason's door and am greeted by a vibrant, energetic type who has just turned off “the beast” (the vacuum cleaner) in honour of my arrival.

She announces she's been up since 5 a.m. “Training?” I enquire. No, but she has been working with other members of her dragon boat team. This time, instead of being in the gym or the boat, they have been providing extra woman power to a catering company – doing breakfast for 550 people. It's all in aid of fundraising for a late June trip to Vancouver's “Abreast in a Boat” Dragon Boat Festival.

This could, given Julie Mason's sports-flavoured background, be any other physically competitive, internationally marketed event she's planning to attend. (Her sporting history includes competitive netball and softball.) The difference here is pink. It's the colour – in a bright, lively incarnation – pinned to breast cancer awareness. Julie's team will be wearing it in Vancouver, racing at least 50 other teams of pink-attired dragon boaters from around the world. All of the dragon boaters will be women with personal histories studded by surviving breast cancer. Hence the boat-ing festival's subtitle: 10 Years Abreast Celebration.

And it's not just an awareness-raising event. In 1995 Dr Don McKenzie, a sports medicine physician at the University of British Columbia, formed a breast cancer survivors' dragon boat team to test his theories of the positive effects of this type of exercise. Since then, findings have shown that paddlers' physical and mental health markedly improves.

Just two years ago Julie, a Ngāi Tahu descendant, then aged 45, learned her cancer had returned for the third time. It was a shock, as with her previous diagnoses, because she has “always felt so well!”

Already a member of a Wellington dragon boat team, Julie continued with her sporting aspirations. Here is a woman to whom the word cancer represents little more than a temporary obstacle to be overcome. It fuels her goal-setting propensities. For instance, Julie has already looked beyond the Vancouver race. Next on her agenda is a triathlon, an ambition no doubt more manageable as a result of her experience as part of a relay team in Taupō's 2003 cycle race.

“I think setting these physical goals is my coping mechanism – my way of finding a focus, to avoid dwelling on the ‘what ifs.’”

Julie definitely isn't the type to mull misfortune into misery. While the initial breast cancer diagnosis when she was just 33 was like being “hit between the eyes”, her response was to take quick, effective action.

“The surgeon immediately presented a raft of treatment options. The interesting thing here is that everyone's treatment seems to be different. I wanted them to hurry and get on with the chemotherapy. I told him to just blast it.”

Even the treatment didn't seem to sideline Julie from life-as-she-knew-it. She recalls that once, toward the end of some radiation treatment, she felt more tired than usual, but that was all. She had kept on with her fulltime office job, often squashing cancer treatments in at 8 a.m. before the working day began. She also wanted (and was still able) to have children.



PHOTOGRAPHY GEOFF SHAW

On medical advice, Julie and husband Frank waited for four years before attempting to have their family. And in 1994, remarkably to plan, she was blessed with Tessa.

Before the arrival of second “miracle” child Perry, however, the cancer re-emerged. This time Julie was advised, and elected, to have her breast removed.

Her willingness to do what the doctor suggested didn't imply passivity. In fact, she was later to learn the importance of common sense assertiveness with health professionals.

Three years ago, when Julie's cancer was found in her neck, she was “furious” to realise that a test for oestrogen receptors had been omitted after her mastectomy. But any bitterness is no longer in evidence. Julie is focussed on life, not death. Life seems divided into chunks bequeathed by her check-ups – her three-monthly warrants of fitness. She infuses the time with achieving things.

Children, Julie says, are a great reality check. Life is too pragmatic and full to allow for melodramatic wallowing or worrying about the future.

“The children still need to be cared for. And bills still need to be paid.”

Quietly, in the sun at Julie's dining table, we look at her whakapapa in the form of family-tree documentation. We see that her great great grandfather, Englishman George Mason, who arrived in Aotearoa in 1837, aged 27, married Hemi Watikini Mahaka. They lived at Okains Bay, Banks Peninsula. Of their six children, the first died very young and the last died aged 16, by falling from a tree. In the next generation, several died of

“convulsions”. We talk about how life has changed, about how these days we expect life to be perfect – we assume our tamariki will survive.

This century, crucially, there is much we can do to protect health and life. Julie says she is a strong mammogram advocate. She's also hugely in favour of persuading doctors to allow ex-cancer patients to have annual CT scans.

“Early cancer detection often means staying alive, and CT scans can detect cancer in those places you can't feel! I've always been argued with, but I've always won and been granted the scans!”

There's a certain think-for-yourself mentality, combined with an upbeat directness, about Julie Mason. You get the impression her leadership qualities have served her very well.

And now Julie's next challenge is to help crew a 22-strong team of dragon boaters in Vancouver. She'll be “stroking” right out in the front of Christchurch's Abreast of Life boat. The team members will aim to stay in sync.

The other Aotearoa team to participate is the Auckland team, named Busting with Life. In the same vein, the line-up of team names from around the world makes titillating reading. There's Busting Out, Bosom Friends, and Tit Bateau, to name a very few.

The website, www.abreastinaboat.com, dubs the June event: “The World's Grandest Breast Cancer Dragon Boat Festival.”

Te Rūnanga o Ngāi Tahu are proud to sponsor Julie on her trip to Canada and wish her well. Go Julie!

BOOK REVIEWS

ERUERA: THE TEACHINGS OF A MĀORI ELDER and AMIRA: THE LIFE STORY OF A MĀORI WOMAN

BY ANNE SALMOND

Published by Penguin Books.

RRP \$39.99.

Review nā DONALD COUCH.

One of Ngāi Tahu's more distinguished whānau is descended from Te Huikau and Captain William Stirling, who married at the Bluff in 1839.

These books are about the lives of one of their descendants, Eruera Stirling, and his wife Amiria, their tūpuna and their own whānau. Notwithstanding the Ngāi Tahu origins, Eruera writes from his Whānau-ā-Apanui links and Amiria from her own Ngāti Porou perspective.

Amiria was originally published in 1976 and Eruera in 1980. Penguin has recently re-published them as a pair. It is a fair question to ask why?

Most people's lives are of interest to others, and these two certainly lived very full lives, which provide a window into a period of Māori life that has now mostly gone. For anyone interested in Māori life 50-100 years ago, these books together provide an easily read picture of how it was.

Theirs was a taumau (arranged) marriage. Amiria was asked to agree to it before she even saw Eruera Stirling. She had been living an adult life, working in Wellington; he was a student still at Te Aute. Romance? Yeah right – to coin a phrase from a Tui billboard. In describing his life at Te Aute, Eruera comments that it ends “when this marriage business came along.” Amiria's account is more passionate, but primarily about how to escape! And yet they had eight children together, supported each other and now lie side by side in the urupā next to the church built by Eruera's father at Raukokore, Bay of Plenty.

As a child, Eruera lived and learned at the traditional Whare Wānanga o Kirieke. His recollections provide one of the few first-hand

accounts of such an experience. Eruera became very accomplished at whaikōrero and spoke eloquently on many marae. His accounts of working with Sir Apirana Ngata, “the best man I have known”, provide a good picture of that outstanding leader.

Eruera's skill and experience came together in 1956 when the Government was having major difficulties with the people of Parihaka – again! The Minister and Under Secretary couldn't even get onto the marae to speak, but Eruera did (eventually). He had been there before with Ngata, and was able to calm the storm. He describes it as “one of the best things I have ever done in my life.”

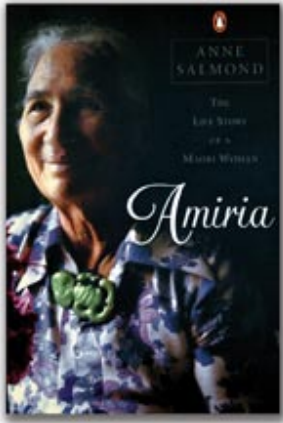
Amiria too has a story about a salutary Ngata project. Api wanted the community to pay off the debt they had on a dairy factory they had built, so that they would then be able to take out mortgages to build houses. He knew that the men would not give up their drinking, the cost of which he wanted diverted to debt repayment. So he persuaded Amiria's mother to get the women to sign an agreement for a period of Prohibition – which they did – and that's what happened!

Much of the credit for the readability of these books must go to Anne Salmond. She is Distinguished Professor and Pro-Vice-Chancellor at the University of Auckland, won the award for the best non-fiction New Zealand book of 2004, *The Trial of the Cannibal Dog*, and has written many well-respected books on Māori history.

For these two books, Dame Anne, who named her own daughter after her friend Amiria, has let the subjects tell their stories, for the most part in their own words. So, for instance, when Eruera describes work on a farm, he says “there was no time to humbug around.”

Pedants could have a field day as there are some errors and inconsistencies. For example: Ngata went to Canterbury University not Otago; the Stirling's son Waha is variously described as being 15 and 16 years old when he joined the army; and so on.

But most of these inaccuracies don't really matter too much, with one exception. Eruera's oratory at Rāpaki in 1958 (p. 34) on the occasion of Te Ari Pitama's tangihanga was a fairly serious misreading of Ngāi Tahu whakapapa. Refer to Te Maire Tau's full description and comments in *Ngā Pikitiroa o Ngāi Tahu* (pp. 149-155). Perhaps Eruera Stirling's interpretation is best seen in the context of the ongoing debate between



Ngāti Porou and Ngāi Tahu about our respective whakapapa.

Eruera and Amiria suffered all parents' worst fear – the loss of a child. Their son Waha went to the war in part so that his very able brother George would not have to do so.

But, later, George died in a vehicle accident, and eventually that lead to Eruera and Amiria moving to Auckland, where they revived their active, involved lives in a new urban environment.

Their son Waha returned from the war and eventually established himself in a painting and paper-hanging business in Christchurch, where this reviewer as a schoolboy spent a couple of summers learning how to clean paint-pots and paintbrushes, how to make tea and eventually how to paint! Waha Stirling became Upoko Rūnanga of Ōtautahi and was awarded an honorary doctorate by Lincoln University. His descendants are active in Ngāi Tahu activities to this day.



Donald Couch is a senior lecturer in Māori Resource Management at Lincoln University and the Christchurch Institute of Technology. He is the deputy kaiwhakahaere of Te Rūnanga o Ngāi Tahu.



JOHN TAMIHERE
MEMBER FOR HAURAKI, LABOUR
NGĀTI POROU, WHAKATŌHEA, TAINUI

HE TANGATA

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GOOD DAY?

Surviving it and knowing something's being achieved.

WHAT NEW ZEALANDER DO YOU MOST ADMIRE? WHY?

Ed Hillary. Why? Get real!

ONE THING YOU COULD NOT LIVE WITHOUT?

My missus.

IF YOU COULD LIVE ANYWHERE, WHERE WOULD IT BE?

Mataora ki Hauraki.

WHO IS THE MOST IMPORTANT PERSON IN YOUR LIFE?

My children and my missus.

DID YOU CRY IN WHALE RIDER?

No.

ON WHAT OCCASION DO YOU TELL A LIE?

When someone's ugly.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A BAD DAY?

Ending up in a cemetery – hopefully you are there attending a ceremony, not the participant of one.

WHAT IS YOUR GREATEST FEAR?

Failure.

DO YOU HAVE A DISLIKE FOR SOMETHING YOU SHOULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT?

No.

DO YOU HAVE A FAVOURITE SUPERHERO AND WHY?

No.

WHAT IS YOUR WORST CHARACTER FLAW?

Not being able to live up to the expectation of others.

WHICH TALENT WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO HAVE?

Singing.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE CHILDHOOD MEMORY?

Christmas 1966 – we all got a reasonable present each for the first time.

DO YOU BUY LOTTO?

Sometimes.

IF YOU COULD WRITE YOUR OWN DEATH SCENE, HOW WOULD IT GO (IN ONE SENTENCE)?

Not only are you coming with me, so are your whole tribe.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION?

No.

EVEN SO, WHAT WOULD YOU COME BACK AS?

A spoilt woman.

WHAT IS YOUR GREATEST EXTRAVAGANCE?

Clothing purchases.

WHAT IS YOUR MOST ADMIRABLE QUALITY?

Ask others for that one.

He cares about people.

(Written by his secretary.)

WHAT IS THE LAST BOOK YOU READ?

Winston Churchill, by Roy Jenkins.

WHO IS YOUR FAVOURITE AUTHOR?

It varies.

WHAT IS YOUR GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT?

Surviving a whole lot of things that may have buried others.

TAHU COMMUNICATIONS
CELEBRATES

MATARIKI 2005

WITH THE LAUNCH OF

Kommikal's Chronicles

A hip hop tour into the world of conservation with Tahu FM's Brett Tamati-Elliffe a.k.a. Kommikal

*Screening on Māori Television
Mondays at 5.30pm from August 1*

Waka Reo

The reality show where 13 rangatahi battle the odds in their quest to learn te reo Māori and take home the \$10,000 prize money

*Be watching Māori Television
Sundays at 8pm from August 7*

COMING SOON ALSO ON MĀORI TELEVISION:

Tūhono TV Series 4

The youth hip hop music show presented by Sista, Kommikal and Karizma

Ngā Kararehe Toa

An animated claymation series for tamariki
"Join Kuwao and friends for a spirited kung fu lesson"



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