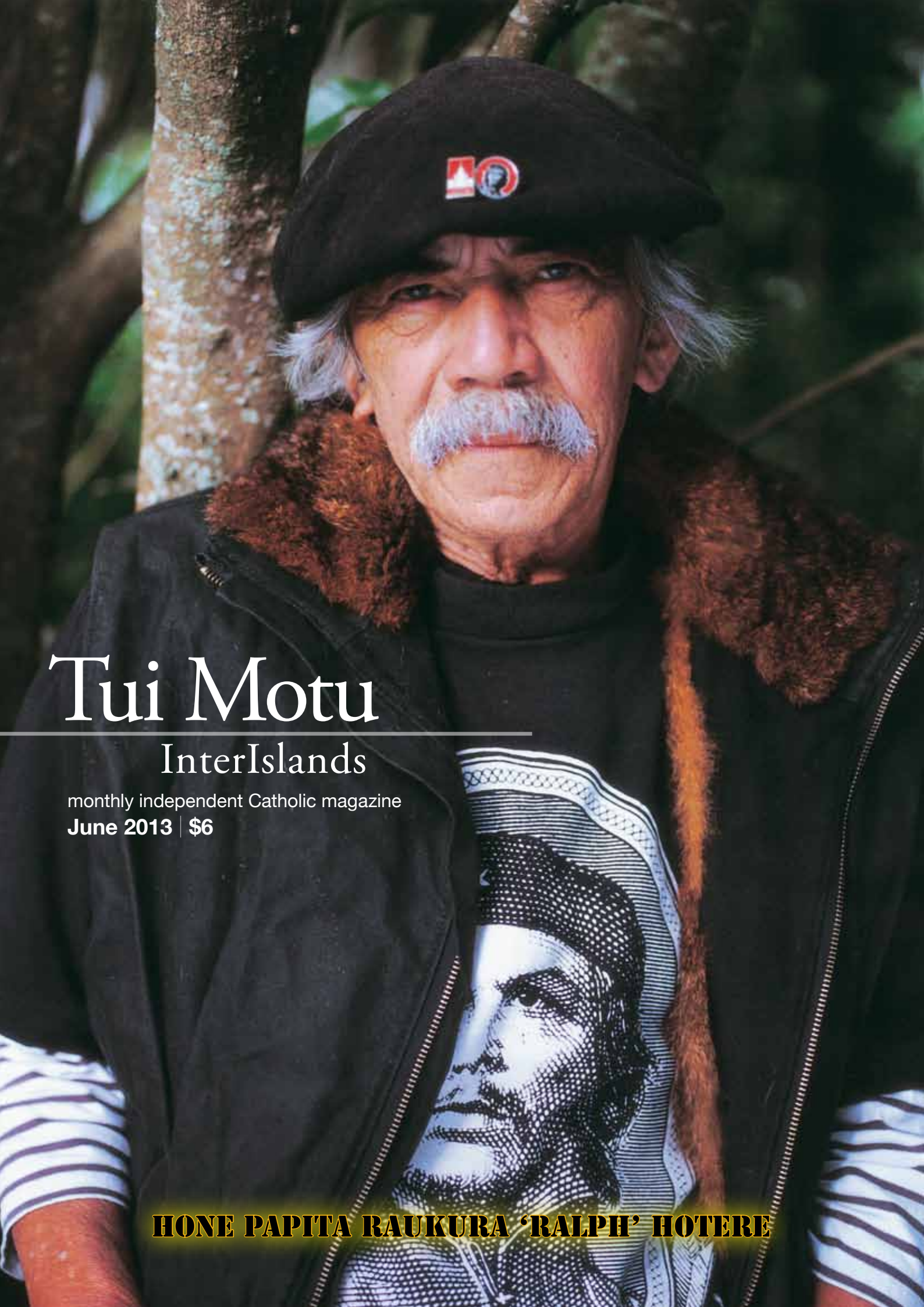

Tui Motu

InterIslands

monthly independent Catholic magazine
June 2013 | **$6**

HONE PAPITA RAUKURA 'RALPH' HOTERE

a rare diamond

Children are always curious. As a boy of seven or eight, I was fascinated by my mother's diamond engagement ring. It was an unexceptional gold ring set with three small diamonds. However, now I can see why I was entranced. The exceptional quality of these jewels shone forth in their beauty and diaphanous colours. A jeweller told me that the natural quality of the diamonds has been enhanced by fine bevelling of the jewels themselves — 'nature and nurture' combined to bring extraordinarily fine results.

Hone Papita Raukura Hotere was a rare diamond. Rau, or Ralph as he became known, was baptised and named 'Hone Papita' after Bishop Jean Baptiste Pompallier, the first Catholic Bishop of Auckland, who died in 1871. The Honourable Pita Sharples, speaking at Ralph's funeral Mass, saw this as adding to the make-up of the man we celebrate. In his humorous way he said, "Ralph's parents called him Hone Papita. I was only christened Russell!" The implication, as Mr Sharples saw it, was that this ninth-born child of Tangirau Hotere and Ana Maria Daniels was destined for great things from birth. A bright child, Ralph excelled easily at primary school, winning a boarding scholarship to St. Peter's Maori School (now Hato Petera College). Going to Auckland Teachers College for two years seemed a logical step forward. And from there, his known ability at art meant he was sent, in 1952, to Dunedin Teachers College to train as an arts adviser in schools. Such is the background of the man we honour.

A most important reason for remembering this man is that if much of the art for which Ralph is rightly famous had been disseminated in the former Soviet Union, he would have spent years languishing in prison. It is the nature of the artist's yearning to express universal themes: freedom, justice, peace and pressing issues of life and death. Artists are often thorns in the side of society and government. They spur us to thinking anew, and often raise to another level of thought and perception what makes a reasonable society tick. All artists (writers, poets, singers, musicians, composers) are questioners, prodders, making us uncomfortable, yet helping our spirits soar because of the beauty and aesthetic power they bring to their art. They stop us in our tracks. Ralph's ventures into such vital issues as the plight of the Algerian people in their search for freedom from colonial domination, the Cuban missile crisis, and proposed aluminium smelter at Aramoana are at the heart of this man's work. He combined in his unique way a Māori heritage and a thoughtful but fiery spirit that exposed what was not right in our world. The sheer beauty of all he did inspires us. I hope you will enjoy the thoughtful ways in which Vincent O'Sullivan, Tony Eyre, and Gregory O'Brien have shown us the extraordinary in this generous and ordinary man — a rare diamond indeed.

Daniel O'Leary pops up again to remind us of Pentecost, while Peter Murnane takes another look at Reconciliation. David More spurs thought on priestly ministry and ideas for broadening it, while Susan Smith looks again at evangelisation.

A special word should be made of the Comment on p 5 in this edition. It points to an argument presently circulating in the media at large: that

contents

Front cover photo: *Ralph Hotere in Harbour Tce Front Garden* [© copyright Ross Coombes]

reprehensible as it may be, torture has been helpful in the never ending search for terrorists and others who seek to destabilise our world. Professor Jackson unseats this argument with great clarity: torture is not acceptable in any circumstances.

With the joy of our regular contributors, this edition provides fine fare of thoughtful material.

KT

from the chair

Dunedin provided the best of weather for the *Tui Motu* Board to meet over the weekend of 10-12 May.

Friday evening was devoted to a subscriber's event. This meeting drew 55 people who were thrilled with the presentation of Professor Kevin Clements from the National Centre for Peace and Conflict Studies here at the University of Otago. His workshop presentation touched on themes of justice, peace, truth and mercy as paths to reconciliation within our troubled world, and provoked much discussion then and later. The Board came back to Kevin's provocative ideas more than once.

The Board meeting focussed on IT matters and planning for the future. We were happy to approve of the magazine's upgrading itself to take on a Facebook page (see the sidebar) We are grateful to Theresa Eyre Vossen for her ready acceptance of administering this support to members of our on-line community of supporters.

We also approved plans for a substantial redesign of the website, including eventually the possibility of making available the whole of our archival material to our reading audience.

Considerable time was gainfully spent in doing formal planning for the future of the magazine.

Sunday morning saw the Board dispersed to various of the Dunedin parish churches. There we promoted the ideals of the magazine, and received many subscriptions and the possibility of many more.

All in all it was a very productive and happy weekend.

And now for my push 'from the chair' to you, our faithful readers. I want to draw your attention to Sister Elizabeth's Pentecost 'dreaming dream' suggestion made in the May edition of *TM*. As a means of new evangelisation and taking the idea of the Year of Faith seriously, the content of *Tui Motu* may serve as a stimulus to greater faith and action. I hope you can take up the dream.

Philip Casey

Tui Motu InterIslands now on Facebook

Greetings to all our *Tui Motu* subscribers, readers and supporters. This month we have launched our very own social networking website on Facebook.

Please visit us on http://www.facebook.com/TuiMotuInterIslands and become part of our online community of supporters. If you are already a member of Facebook, click the LIKE button on the *Tui Motu* page to ensure you receive regular updates to your own homepage.

And we take this opportunity to introduce our Facebook administrator, Dunedin born Theresa Eyre Vossen who lives on Queensland's Gold Coast. See Theresa's beautifully reflective sharing on what *Tui Motu* means to her and join her in sharing your own comments and views about articles from the magazine that will be regularly posted on the page.

If you enjoy our Facebook page, please share it with your friends as we embrace this new means of communication to broaden the outreach of *Tui Motu InterIslands*. ■

Tui Motu InterIslands

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Tui Motu – InterIslands is an independent, Catholic, monthly magazine. It invites its readers to question, challenge and contribute to its discussion of spiritual and social issues in the light of gospel values, and in the interests of a more just and peaceful society. Inter-church and inter-faith dialogue is welcomed.

The name *Tui Motu* was given by Pa Henare Tate. It literally means "stitching the islands together...", bringing the different races and peoples and faiths together to create one Pacific people of God. Divergence of opinion is expected and will normally be published, although that does not necessarily imply editorial commitment to the viewpoint expressed.

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the wound of gender

Dr Anna Holmes is to be applauded in her open letter to Pope Francis (*TM* April 2013). Her analysis of the major wounds of the Church is courageous and very relevant to a world that is better informed today than any other time in its history.

In particular Dr Holmes continues to highlight the very serious issue of gender imbalance in the Church. This issue perhaps pervades all the other wounds the Church is currently suffering from. In an article I was involved in some time ago I attempted to show, at least linguistically, that Catholic theology, liturgy and general expressions of faith were almost exclusively expressed in masculine terminology.

To a person who was not Christian, reading through our missal or other Catholic documents would leave them with the impression that the Trinity was three men. The defence of the use of language metaphorically does not justify the predominance of the male gender.

Does not the language we use reflect what we believe? Of course God is neither a man nor a woman, but that fact is not reflected in Catholic language. The repression of the feminine in our theology and language carries over into the Church's ministry. No doubt Pope Francis' election will rightly throw some much needed focus onto poverty in the world.

But unless the Church faces this core issue of gender, the five major wounds Dr Holmes speaks of will remain. Let's hope more people like her will have the courage to speak out.

David Loving-Molloy, ***Palmerston North***

☞ letters to the editor

We welcome comment, discussion, argument, debate. But please keep letters under 200 words. The editor reserves the right to abridge, while not changing the meaning.

We do not publish anonymous letters otherwise than in exceptional circumstances. Response articles (up to a page) are welcome — but please, by negotiation.

Correction

In the article entitled "A nuclear weapon-free world?", which appeared in our May issue, we described Commander Robert Green as "the retired commander of a British nuclear submarine". This was incorrect. Robert should have been described as "A retired Commander in the Royal Navy whose final appointment was as Staff Officer (Intelligence) to the Commander-in-Chief Fleet".

We apologize to Robert for our mistake.

torture and the erosion of morality

Richard Jackson

Sadly, the argument that sometimes torture works and it should therefore be considered as a legitimate method of counter-terrorism has become increasingly visible in public debate, particularly since the death of Osama bin Laden. However, this is both a meaningless argument, and a dangerously immoral argument. It's meaningless because it doesn't tell you anything about the relative merit of using torture compared to other less violent methods. The truth is that with enough tries, reading tea leaves will sometimes work, as will tossing a coin. But neither of these methods is recommended as a way of getting life-saving intelligence to prevent terrorist attacks. In fact, there is a veritable mountain of evidence showing that torture is highly ineffective compared to using other established forms of investigation, which is why most intelligence agencies around the world, including the FBI, have banned it.

A major study by Professor Darius Rejali of Reed College suggests that interrogators who use torture might as well ask simple yes/no questions and toss a coin for the answer instead. It would produce similar results. The reality is that out of the hundreds of thousands of people who have been tortured in the 'war on terror' over the past decade, torture supporters can point to only one or two dubious cases as evidence that it works.

The reasons for the failure of torture are very easy to comprehend. The fact is that there is no science of pain: every person reacts to pain differently, and therefore prediction of its effects is impossible. In other words, torturing people for information is always a gamble — like the toss of a coin. Some will hold out forever, some may fold in a minute, others will forget or lie and send investigators in the wrong direction. One thing we do know is that extreme pain can lead to the loss of cognitive function. Try reciting your phone number when you've just stubbed your toe, if you don't believe this.

In the end, the real question is: in the event that the authorities have captured a terrorist suspect, should they ever use torture in order to try and get information? Based on the massive amount of evidence we have gathered, the simple answer is, No. It would be highly negligent of the authorities to use a method they know is so consistently unreliable. Imagine if we found out that they were tossing a coin or reading tea leaves to try and discern where the next bomb was going to go off? We'd be rightly outraged, as it would be simply irresponsible.

More important than the question of effectiveness, however, is the question of morality. Even if torture did work to save lives, would it be acceptable ever to use it? The answer is clearly, No. Torture is deeply immoral because it is an attack on defenceless people — like terrorism itself. It also produces permanent moral and physical injury to the victim, and often the torturer too. A seemingly innocuous torture technique like sleep deprivation can ruin a person's sleeping patterns for life, let alone forms of extreme physical pain. The fact is that whether it works ultimately has no bearing on whether it is moral, otherwise we might also consider other techniques like rape or child abuse as legitimate tools of intelligence gathering under some circumstances.

In fact, rape is frequently employed as a torture method, and there are no doubt real cases from around the world where it produced intelligence for the authorities. But if any newspaper was to publish an article debating the morality of rape which cited cases where the rape of female terrorist suspects had produced useful intelligence, there would be a storm of outrage. This is because there are some moral lines that should never be crossed. Torture is one of them, and writing an article which implies that because it is sometimes effective, we ought to consider it as a legitimate subject for debate is a way of trying to legitimise what should be unthinkable in our society.

Human rights organisations like Amnesty and Human Rights Watch have documented the re-emergence of torture during the last decade of the 'war on terror'. In part, this is because politicians, the media and some academics have publicly come out and suggested that it may be acceptable under some circumstances. It is morally irresponsible to give any credence to arguments that torture, like rape or child abuse, could ever be a legitimate practice, no matter what the circumstances. We ought to be outraged that such a regressive and immoral viewpoint is ever given public airing. We wouldn't countenance a public debate on whether rape is sometimes necessary; why would we countenance a debate on whether torture sometimes is? The New Zealand government ought to signal its opposition by suspending cooperation with any state that practises torture, even when it involves close allies like the United States. ■

Richard Jackson is Deputy Director of the National Centre for Peace and Conflict Studies, University of Otago.

hotere, avignon, and the year of the popes

Vincent O'Sullivan

Graham Greene liked to say that he was a Catholic and a novelist, but not a 'Catholic novelist'. Much as Ralph Hotere said, irritating some by saying it, that he was a Māori and a painter, but not 'a Māori painter'. With both, it was a way to evade being conscripted, to out-manoeuvre being tagged with the kind of hold-all label that most writers and artists usually deplore.

Yet one does not look long at Hotere's prodigious output without Catholic images and motifs asserting themselves as intrinsic to what he does. Phrases in Latin, the Greek abbreviation for *Xristos*, the heart surmounted by a cross, and sometimes by an anchor, that he took from the gitane Church Les Saintes-Maries de-la-Mer in the Camargue, or the resonant numerals of the Stations of the Cross that he finally tended to draw on if nothing else occurred to him. An artist's use of an image may be as much about instinctive aesthetic choice, as a declared religious intent. But the depth of that instinct is still to the point. It is part of what the man is, and what went into shaping him.

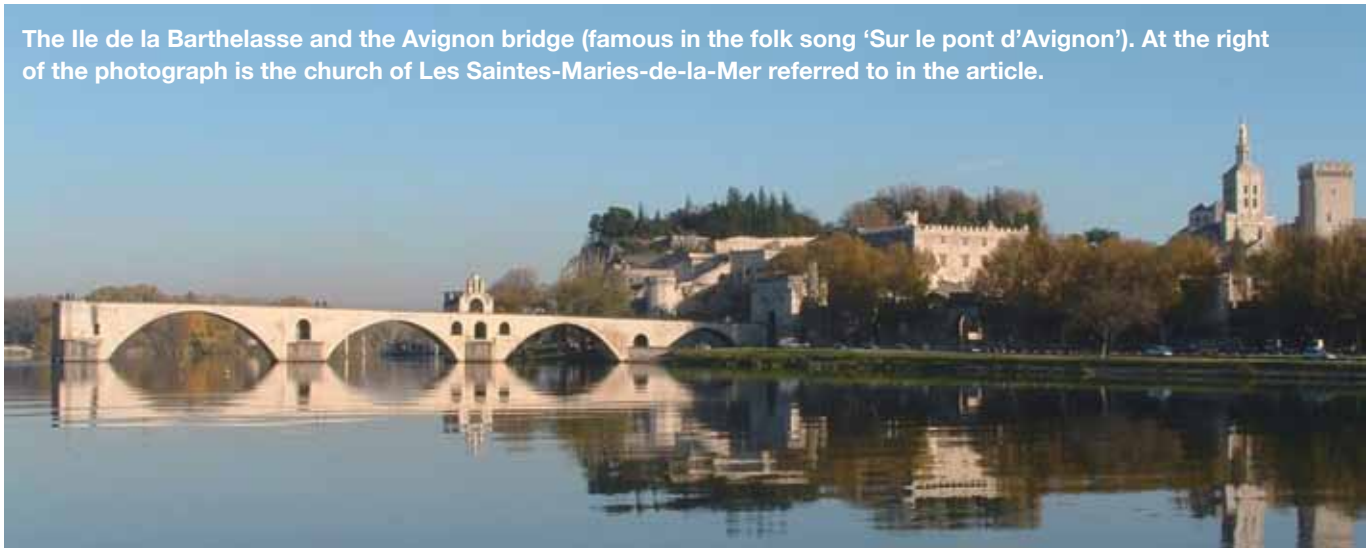
Ralph was not a sentimentalist. The fact that his Maori baptismal name, Hone Papita, was a tribute to the Jean Baptiste Pompallier who first converted his forebears in the North Hokianga, did not prevent his seeing missionary zeal within a framework of colonial enterprise, or his referring to the French cleric 'and his henchmen'. But the broad European context of Catholicism appealed to him, although appropriately enough for one of Te Aupōuri descent, an *iwi* famous for its legends of evasion and camouflage, he was cagey in speaking of it, or of much else that touched him deeply. "Tell them nothing", as he once said to his collaborator Bill Culbert before they were interviewed in Germany.

hotere revealesd

Ralph's exaggerated reputation as a recluse is in fact a misreading of something else — his deep reluctance to talk about his art, or to being cornered into having to 'declare' himself. He never spoke on the marae. He could comfortably sit with a friend for a long time and say nothing. And as he sometimes put it, if you wanted to know what he is doing in his paintings, then look at the paintings. Don't expect chatter about them. Even when being interviewed for the book he wanted written about him, he stayed doggedly elusive. He would tell you when a work was done, about the people he saw at the time, about technical aspects of the work, where the metal came from, the problems of hanging it. But try drawing him on the *personal* significance of his repetitive religious motifs, and he deftly veered off — "Because they look good".

avignon - palace of the popes

But to jump to that important year, 1978. Ralph had not been in Europe for thirteen years, since the time he had lived in London, and then in Vence. Now, with his wife Cilla McQueen and her daughter Andrea, he settled for several months on the Ile de la Barthelasse, the long flat island between the banks of the Rhône, with the ramparts of Avignon, that medieval 'white city' across a stretch of river. The Palais des Papes and the handsome square in front of it became a favourite place to visit. To live in France again enlivened him. He wrote to a friend, "I've managed to do a prodigious amount of work here." His large Avignon canvases, both brooding and luminous, at times carried an image of three keys, a traditional emblem of the papacy, and hints of the city's architecture. "I



The Ile de la Barthelasse and the Avignon bridge (famous in the folk song 'Sur le pont d'Avignon'). At the right of the photograph is the church of Les Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer referred to in the article.

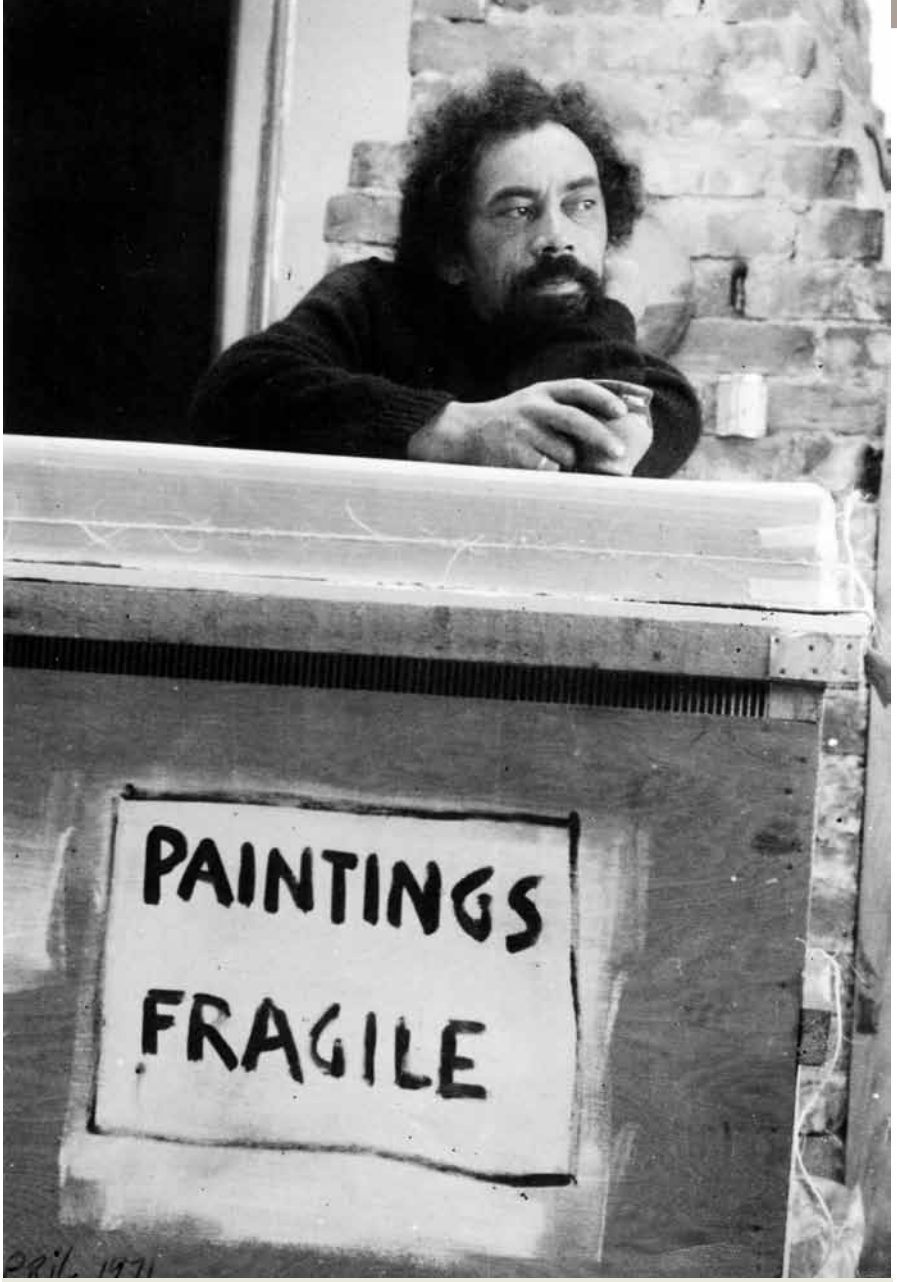


Photo: Tony Eyley, c.1971

don't know yet whether the paintings are any good. I'll bring them home and look at them in a different light."

year of the popes

There was a curious historical resonance, Ralph thought, to be in this other 'City of the Popes' when Paul VI died at the beginning of August. He followed the newspapers closely, and the attention events received from inside a Catholic culture fascinated him. He began on *Le Pape est Mort*, a series taking its title from a newspaper headline. The phrase was repeated in several paintings which perhaps are not to be read as conventional mourning, or a single voice descanting on a public theme, so much as a recharged focus going back to his childhood, to practices and emblems where he was imaginatively at home. One canvas is deeply evocative. Beneath the French headline, the ecclesiastical Greek lettering *XP,* and the dead Pope's name, all set in white lettering against a black blunt-armed cross, he inscribed the Maori words

He Hinga Atu Ana
He Tetekura
He Ara Mai Ana
He Tetekura.

They are lines that announce how one frond falls, another takes its place; that as one chief dies, another will come to replace him. He used the same lines again on another canvas, with the headline this time in Italian.

Cilla McQueen noted how easily, how casually, Ralph assumed that his engagement with traditional belief was not something he had any call to explain. It enriched his work, it was personally fulfilling, and that was that. When pressed on what these words and images might mean to him, "They're a good design" was as far as he would go. Privacy, as ever, was a gateway few passed. But those months in Avignon stayed with Ralph and Cilla as a touchstone for near-idyllic family life. As she later wrote of it in one of her poems, "These memories thread clarities/ that light our way back to each other, then, man, woman, child, all whole of heart."

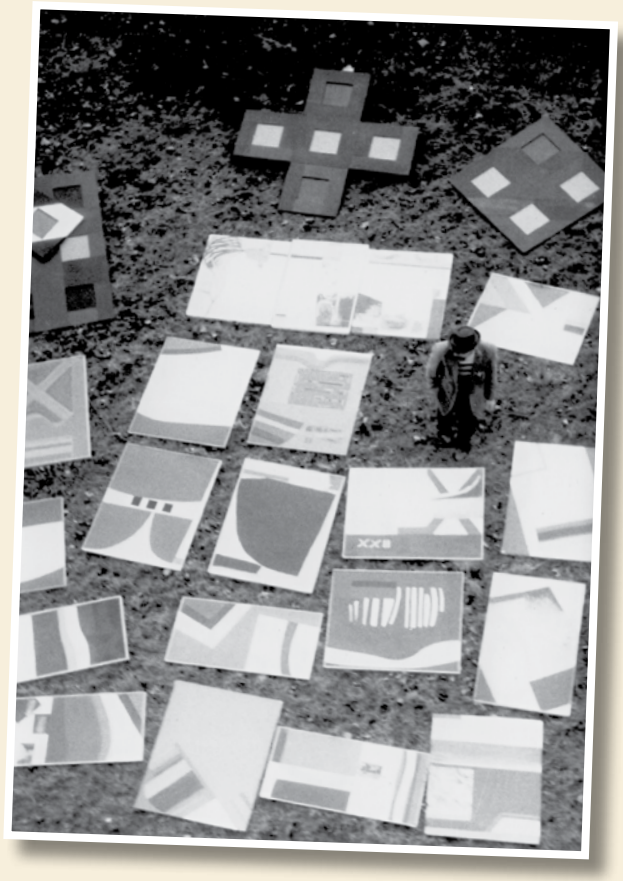
Then in late September, while the family stayed in Menorca with Ralph's old golfing mate, the academic Sebastian Black, and his historian partner Judith Binney, the newly elected pope also died. This time his text was in Spanish, *El Papa ha muerto, Juan Pablo I.* The first phrase appeared against a truncated white-mottled cross (the effect was produced by a laden brush held above the surface and flicked through the artist's fingers), the second on another strip of canvas attached beneath the first. But few works bear witness to Hotere's ease with the breadth of his shared cultures than a painting also from this time that he gave to an Irish friend in London, who had worked as a barman in the *Kiwi* during Ralph's Auckland days as an art teacher.

Its words were both intensely Catholic, and famously subversive — *Introibo ad altare Dei [I will go to the altar of God]* written at the top, 'yes yes yes' at the bottom — the beginning and the end of James Joyce's *Ulysses.* But how better to conclude than with Ralph's own warning on reading into a painting, our demanding as it were more from it than its immediate visual presence. "Make sure what you see was put there by the artist, and not by you." For Hotere, there's the painting, and that is what we should attend. The rest is silence, which of course may be the very time to look. ■

Vincent O'Sullivan is a fiction writer, poet, biographer and literary editor, who lives in Dunedin.

Hotere scrapbook - page 1

See the energy in the photo of the young art teacher with a painting rolled up under his arm. Taken in 1952. [Photo courtesy Vincent O'Sullivan]



Just before Ralph left London in May 1965, he put out on the lawn of his home the paintings that he was sending back to New Zealand. This photo shows him in the middle surveying them. [Photo courtesy Vincent O'Sullivan]

Taken in the midst of 'No 8, an installation': most probably at Hamilton, 1992 creating "... a tangle of extraordinary proportions ... it is a very beautiful material that has been wrapped around this country for many years." (Graeme Speden, NZ Herald, 17 March 1992) [Photo courtesy Vincent O'Sullivan]

a journey of protest through art

Tony Eyre

Wingatui, a small settlement on the Taieri Plains just south of Dunedin, has been a home of thoroughbred racing for over 100 years. I must admit, it has been my 'spiritual home' at times — I have enjoyed on a few occasions a part-owner's thrill of cheering home my winning horse. Which explains why I was intrigued to come across the word 'WINGATUI' floating in a sea of text in one of Ralph Hotere's many lithographs produced in 1992.

Curious to find out the significance to Ralph of this particular word association, I popped the question to him on one of my many visits to his Carey's Bay home. (My own sleuthing in later years found it was a reference to a Bill Manhire poem of the same name). Noted for his reluctance to explain his work, Ralph's silent gaze to some fixed point beyond me indicated that no explanation would be forthcoming. But as soon as I shared my own Wingatui association with 'the horses' his eyes lit up and immediately there was a connection, an articulation, a fond recollection of days at the races, a hot tip from the horse's mouth or a romantic recall of an unfashionably bred champion that became a household name.

It was this celebration of the ordinary that made Ralph Hotere so special to his friends whether they were the collaborating artist, the Carey's Bay fisherman, the watersider from Port Chalmers, tradesmen like his old mate, Cor Oranje or members of his local golf club.

I first met Ralph Hotere in the 1990s when he approached me to be his accountant. This professional relationship and personal friendship would extend close to twenty years but my awareness of the work of this lionised artist began in the 1970s when his images graced the covers of poetry collections by James K. Baxter and Hone Tuwhare and short stories by O.E. Middleton.

Ralph Hotere (and his dog Piglet) enjoying a day at the races with Cor Oranje.

Over the years I would visit Ralph at his Carey's Bay home and his various studios. Our paths would also cross at the social gatherings of artist friends. As accountant to numerous Dunedin artists, I gradually became familiar with the large network of creative people enjoying Hotere's friendship, hospitality and generosity.

While I appreciate the sublime beauty of Ralph Hotere's abstract work, it's his large body of protest art — his outrage against environmental degradation, racism, militarism and the futility of war — that has had the deepest resonance for me. For him this was no fashionable dabble into art of the politics — rather it became a journey of artistic expression over more than 50 years.

the 1960-70s

His *Polaris Series* of the early 1960s was a reference to the development of US Polaris nuclear warheads deployed on submarines in the wake of the Cuban Missile Crisis in 1962. That same year he had a residency in Vence, France which inspired other major protest work of that decade – his *Algérie* and *Human Rights Series,* in response to French colonialism and the war for independence in Algeria.

Whilst in France in 1962, he visited Italy and the Sangro River War Cemetery where his brother Jack is buried, killed in action in 1943, aged 22, when serving with the 28th (Māori) Battalion. In response he began his *Sangro Paintings,* a moving personal statement on his own grief and the futility and stupidity of war. A feature of these and his 1978 works on the same theme are the staccato stencilling of the word '*Sangro*' and floating double numerals denoting the ages of soldiers killed in the battle to advance across the Sangro River. Once, on a visit to his Carey's Bay villa, I shared with Ralph how his Sangro works were my favourite and his response was the silent welling up of tears.

the 1980s

For me, as for many others, the 1981 Springbok Tour of New Zealand was a defining period in my life. On the wall of my office hangs one of Ralph Hotere's lithographs. It depicts a Union Jack with a circled '1981' hovering above it and underneath, the rhetorical question — 'A Black Union Jack?' Often, in the busyness of my day, I pause and gaze at that framed Hotere image and muse on the unprecedented conflict that split our nation down the middle — an ideological clash between the racism of apartheid and the right to play a game of rugby.

Ralph's opposition to the Springbok Tour expressed itself in his *Black Union Jack* works produced before and after the tour. Other works like *What's in a Game* and *O Africa* incorporated poems by his good friend Hone Tuwhare.

French nuclear testing in the Pacific in the mid 1980s became a target for Hotere's protest in his extraordinary Mururoa canvas paintings, many featuring the perfectly inscribed circle — the *No Ordinary Sun* of Hone Tuwhare's poem of that title and phrases from Bill Manhire's ubiquitous *Pine* poem.

The French bombing of the Greenpeace *Rainbow Warrior* in 1985 and its eventual scuttling at Matauri Bay in the Bay of Islands led Hotere to produce canvas works and a suite of lithographs to commemorate this disgraceful episode in New Zealand's long-time opposition to nuclear testing.

In the 1980s and 1990s his artworks reacted to events that were to threaten his own back yard. A proposed aluminium smelter on the fragile salt marshes near his beloved Aramoana is met by staunch resistance by the local community through the Save Aramoana Campaign. Ralph plays his part with subversive acts of public graffiti and an exhibition of corrugated iron works expressing his opposition to the smelter — Viva Aramoana!

the 1990s

In the early 1990s I attended a party at Ralph's Observation Point studio overlooking Port Chalmers. Looking very much like a gang headquarters from the outside, the interior of these former dilapidated stables had been restored by Ralph from a mishmash of sturdy timber, bricks, old church windows and carvings — like the inside of a Middle-earth Hobbiton dwelling. But a shadow hung over its future with Port Otago's plans to amputate part of the headland to provide space for storage of logs for export.

Oputae, the Māori name for Observation Point, featured in Ralph's works depicting the 'cut' that was to desecrate permanently this former Pa site and burial ground. Despite strong community opposition and legal challenges the go-ahead was granted to Port Otago to remove part of the historic headland and on the casualty list was the Hotere studio, demolished in 1993.

Even after his debilitating stroke in 2001, Ralph Hotere still wrung out images of protest. A 2003 lithograph is stamped with the red repetitive stencilling 'Keep NZ Out of Iraq' that emerges out of the threatening darkness — a challenge to the New Zealand Government not to commit troops to the American invasion of Iraq.

And possibly his last act of public defiance — was a series of lithographs – *AORAKI is the Mountain WAITAKI the RIVER* — highlighting the environmental damage that would result from a proposal by Meridian Energy to channel the flow of the South Island's Waitaki River for a hydro electricity scheme.

As to be expected after a serious stroke, Ralph's physical world immediately shrank. Months of recuperation and rehabilitation, ongoing homecare and, in later years, residency at the Little Sisters of the Poor were factors in his wider circle of friends no longer having the same access to him. I know this led to much hurt and sadness, particularly with some of his lifetime friends. In fact, in the intervening years between Ralph's stroke and his recent death, the 'ownership' of the Hotere persona became a topic of private debate.

On a more public front, the ownership of Hotere artworks became the subject of public scrutiny with court action in 2010 over the disputed title of a large private collection of his artworks up for auction. Also grabbing the headlines has been the stealing of one or two 'Hoteres' — a rather brutal form of ownership transfer. And with any significant artist, the exercise of copyright over artwork is always going to be a point of tension between competing interests.

When Hotere died in February 2013, aged 81, the country witnessed a huge outpouring of tributes, personal stories and anecdotes from his friends and associates who just knew him as 'Ralph'. In a sense, this was all of us claiming a bit of the man that we came to love so fondly.

And now Ralph has gone home. His own *Tangi* at Mitimiti in the Hokianga of the Far North has brought him back to his birth place to be claimed at last by Papatūānuku, his earth mother.

Haere ra ki te moenga roa o nga tupuna. Go to your long bed of sleep, of those who have gone before you. ■

Tony Eyre is a parishioner of Holy Name Parish, Dunedin and a former trustee of the Hotere Foundation Trust.

a farewell to ralph hotere

'To lamp me through inscrutable dusk'
-Charles Brasch

Gregory O'Brien

Ralph Hotere's old friend, Ian Prior, once told me about a visit he had received from the artist not long after the death of their mutual friend, Charles Brasch, in 1973. As editor of the literary journal *Landfall* and an avid collector, Brasch had been a staunch supporter of Ralph's art from the early 1960s onwards. On the afternoon in question, Ralph had dropped around to the home of Ian and his wife Elespie (who was a cousin of Brasch's). Looking out the front window of their house, they both observed a visibly distraught Ralph lifting something from the boot of his car. After lingering a while on the roadside, Ralph advanced across the lawn towards their front door. At the last moment, however, he was diverted, as if by some stray or unresolved thought. He paced back and forth across the grass before, eventually, going up the steps, ringing the bell and, when Ian and Elespie opened the door, handing them a framed watercolour painting, "a gift in memory of Charles". And then he left. The painting, titled *Winter anemones*, quotes in full Brasch's elegaic poem of the same title:

The ruby and amethyst eyes of anemones
Glow through me, fiercer than stars.
Flambeaux of earth, their dyes
From age-lost generations burn
Black soil, branches and mosses into light
That does not fail, though winter grip the rocks
To adamant. See, they come now
To lamp me through inscrutable dusk
And down the catacombs of death.

In Ralph's painting (which is now in the collection of Aratoi–Wairarapa Museum of Art and History), the dark, luxuriant music of Brasch's poem finds a perfect setting, inscribed alongside a tide-like seepage of earth-brown ink. The work is imbued with the spirit of both artist and poet, while also memorialising the bond between them. The way Ian described it, the handing over of the painting was like the lifting of a weight off Ralph's back, an unburdening. He was lighter on his feet as he went back down the path.

a lamp gone out

I found myself pondering *Winter anemones* while flying home from Ralph's funeral in Dunedin on February 28. The work of art as a gift given. Images and words. The body as a lamp. A lamp gone out ... For a man of few words, Ralph incorporated a great deal of language within his art. His works track the human need for symbols, for language, for meaning — hence all the ghostlike utterances, to light our way through Brasch's 'inscrutable dark'. The works also register that moment when language fails us — when it dissolves into the mysterious darkness at the heart of the human world.

For Ralph, art was a means by which the conundrum of human mortality could be, if not exactly resolved, then somehow acknowledged and made peace with. Ralph's art also hints at how humanity is upraised and enobled by death, and how we must learn — in William Bronk's words — "how despair and deepest sadness can and must be phrased as praise, thanksgiving". In an era when so much contemporary art was characterised by bombast and ostentation, his work was often prayerful and solemn; it hinted at the spiritual yet remained utterly grounded in the physical, human world.

Colin McCahon, in his art, would often place a lamp in a room, shining its 'divine' light onto the human world beyond itself. In Hotere's art, as in Manhire's poetry, the human body itself becomes the lamp — 'let your throat be the lantern', as the poet sings in 'The Voyage', inscribed on numerous of Ralph's *Song Cycle* banners. The inference is that the spiritual exists within humanity, rather than being beamed down upon it from above. (In the late 1990s I spent some months refining a related theory that Hotere's art belonged to the mystical arm of the Catholic Church whereas McCahon's was firmly in the theological camp. The end result was an essay in the 2000 publication, *Hotere: Black Light*.)

resurrection

Resurrection is another great theme of his art; also its equivalents in the natural world: regeneration, cycles of day and night, the seasons, the tides, the laying down and the

getting back up of everything. One might reach the conclusion, via Teilhard de Chardin, that it is through the Resurrection that the Christian faith is married to, and becomes indistinguishable from, Nature, rather than is made distinct from it.

While it was the death of a single friend, Anthony Watson, which precipitated Ralph's 1974 *Requiem* series, ultimately his works are powerful because they transcend the personal. Art can indeed be an appropriate goodbye, a gesture — witness the delivery to the Priors' front door — yet mourning and grief reach out to encompass all of humanity. Which is why Ralph's *Requiem* paintings are so eloquent — they enter that collective mystery, they go very wide indeed. And they don't feel they have to say anything, as such. To say something is often to put limits on a subject, to rationalise, quantify or qualify it. Instead, his art strikes a dark, resonant chord — much like music, a lyrical poem or a prayer in Latin — or else it is silent. And it is this silence that renders us — the onlookers — silent too, as we stand before the reflective, encompassing darknesses of these works.

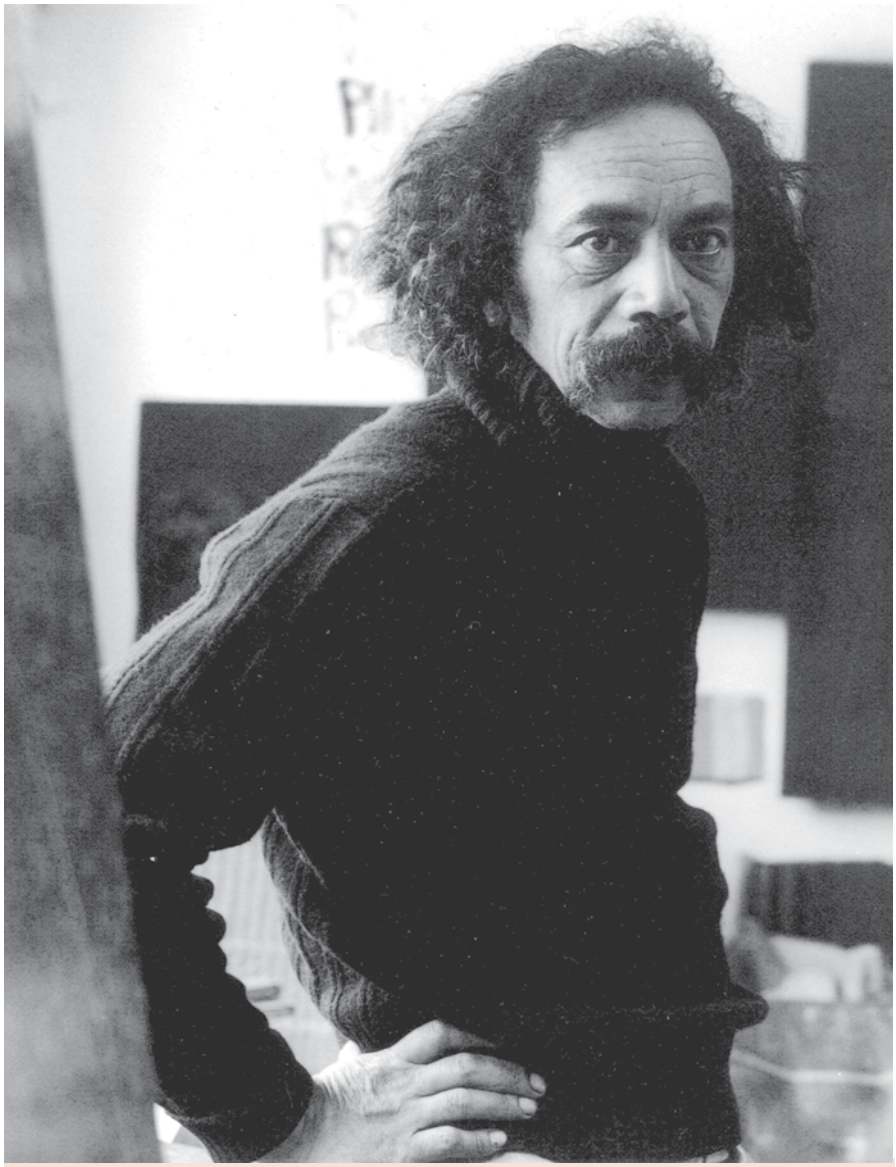


Photo: Marti Friedlander

catholic faith

Of Ralph's deep and nuanced relationship with Catholicism, I remember one telling moment shortly after I had finished writing my book about his collaborations with New Zealand poets, *Hotere – out the black window*, back in 1996. When Ralph read my completed manuscript, he made only two suggestions: the first was that his full name should be put on record: Hone Papita Hotere. (He had been named John the Baptist in honour of Bishop Pompallier.) He also asked that I amend a speculative remark I had made regarding his series *The Pope is Dead*, which he had painted in Southern Europe during 1978 — a year marked by the death of Pope Paul VI and then his successor John Paul I. In my original text I had suggested that *The Pope is Dead* works, with their graffitti-like scrawlings and overwriting, might have alluded to a possible loss of religious faith. He told me, unequivocably, that this was not the case. The series, he went on to say, had been his expression of 'solidarity' with the grieving Catholic communities of Southern Europe, as it had been with the Maori communities of Northland (Ralph's canvases incorporated lines in French, Spanish, French and Maori, as well as Latin).

There is one further thing I remember from that time when, having nervously handed over my manuscript, I finally received Ralph's response: his immense gratitude that I had included his parents, Ana Maria and Tangirau Hotere, in the narrative. (Works in their memory were also included in the exhibition that accompanied the book.) The absolute respect and love he held for his late parents — who had passed on to him a deep sense of both Catholic and Maori traditions — was something that, even in his late 60s, continued to reside at the core of his being. ■

Gregory O'Brien is a Wellington artist and writer.

Hotere scrapbook – page 2

Another bevel on the Hotere diamond was his love of sport . . .

Ralph's teacher training in Dunedin in 1952 gave him opportunity to exercise his skill as pitcher and captain of the Dunedin Teachers' College softball team (front row, far left). Note his elegant sports rig, and the 'roll-your-own' in hand – very "louche". [Photo courtesy Vincent O'Sullivan]

Ralph caddying for Ben Gallie at the St Clair Golf Club. Many enjoyed Ralph's company at golf. [1996, photo courtesy Otago Daily Times]

Ralph's happiness at being on the Auckland harbour during the 2000 America's Cup challenges is self-evident. [Photo courtesy Vincent O'Sullivan]

after the funeral

The writer reflects on events surrounding the funeral day of his friend and colleague, Ralph Hotere, and the ways this was caught up into the ordinary threads of life.

Gregory O'Brien

The conclusion of Ralph Hotere's funeral, for all intents and purposes, marked an intermission in, rather than a resolution of, the processes of mourning and remembrance which had overtaken the lives of friends and family following his death. Ralph's coffin was driven off over the rise — beneath a pristine Dunedin sky — to reappear on the television news the following night, arriving by helicopter at Mitimiti. Some made the journey north with his body; others resumed their ordinary or not-quite-so-ordinary lives.

another death

Flying back to Wellington after Ralph's funeral, my wife Jen and I were 45 minutes north of Dunedin when the pilot came over the loudspeaker, asking if there was anyone on board with medical training. A few minutes later, he announced that, 'for medical reasons' we would be returning to Dunedin. The little aeroplane spun dramatically around and then accelerated south. In the meantime, our air hostess had strapped herself back into her seat, facing Jen and me. The young woman was crying. Jen passed her a handkerchief. No one said a word.

Upon landing, the plane went full-tilt up to one end of the terminal, where an ambulance was waiting. The back door of the plane was swiftly opened. From that point onwards, everything slowed down. A medic, who had rushed out from the terminal with a respirator, went slowly back across the tarmac, less than a minute later. The ambulance backed in to the rear of the plane. No one onboard so much as looked around. Everyone was silent. Such was the solemnity, it was as if our seats — 2A and 2B — had become pews in a chapel. When we took off again, we looked earthwards from our window and saw the ambulance parked beside the airport building with a couple of figures waiting outside. We noticed that the second airhostess, seated at the rear of the aeroplane, had also been crying.

The incident on the aeroplane set us thinking about the anonymity of death, and how it is that mourning engulfs all of humanity. *Media vita in morte sumus.* This was something Ralph Hotere had reflected upon in his art and that a planeload of strangers had just had some inkling of — all of us perturbed yet somehow humbled by the experience, and drawn together by it. "In the midst of life, we are in death." In my mind, the tears of the airhostesses have become an integral part of the emotional outpouring which surrounded Ralph's passing.

the image of the setting sun

There is one further detail from the flight north which remains with me. High above the Canterbury Plains for a second time, two hours

Dolphins in Wellington Harbour

behind schedule and with the sun just going down behind the Southern Alps and the light fading, my eye was caught by a number of scrub-fires which had been ignited not far from a settlement. Smoke was blowing southwards from these seams of blazing red and orange. I thought of Teilhard de Chardin's *Mass on the World* —the transformative fire of the Eucharist/sun and, beneath it, the human-made burn-off. The flames looked like scars, or underlinings, left upon a page by a faulty red pen. This brought to mind another of Ralph's works which I had seen in Ian Prior's house: an untitled abstract painting (circa 1970) which included a cross motif and a circular form, rendered by the exact same lines — fiery and intermittently broken — which now passed beneath us. I also thought of Ralph's *Dawn/Water* paintings (his protest against French nuclear testing) with their incendiary reds and yellows; and I remembered seeing the blowtorch in Ralph's studio and how he would use it to burn words and shapes — often crucifixes — into sheet metal. His great work *Black Phoenix,* made from the prow of a burnt fishing boat, was another work with fire — real fire — at its core. Again, I was confronted by the miraculous correspondence Ralph was able to make between the physical world and that of the spirit.

rare visit of dolphins

We understand but a small fraction of a human life, but we feel every smallest particle of it, and live every millisecond of it. Someone famous is farewelled; someone else slips away in the company only of strangers, fellow passengers. The world has its rituals and its happenstance. But the 28th of February was not quite over yet. Upon landing in Wellington, we were told that a pod of over 100 bottlenose dolphins had made a rare visit to Wellington harbour that afternoon. It had been a perfect day in the Capital — sun-drenched, windless — at the tail-end of the most perfect summer anyone could remember. On the television news later that night, Ralph's funeral was followed by footage of these creatures leaping and playing, close by the shore, and the beaming, euphoric faces of those watching them. This event — another gift of sorts — has also become part of our record of Ralph's farewell. The world can, at times, be an otherworldly place — with its coincidences and its correspondences, with its cycles of burning back and regrowth, its annihilating and its transformative fires, the cold facts of life and all we have to compensate, human warmth, a lamp. ■

Gregory O'Brien is a Wellington artist and writer.

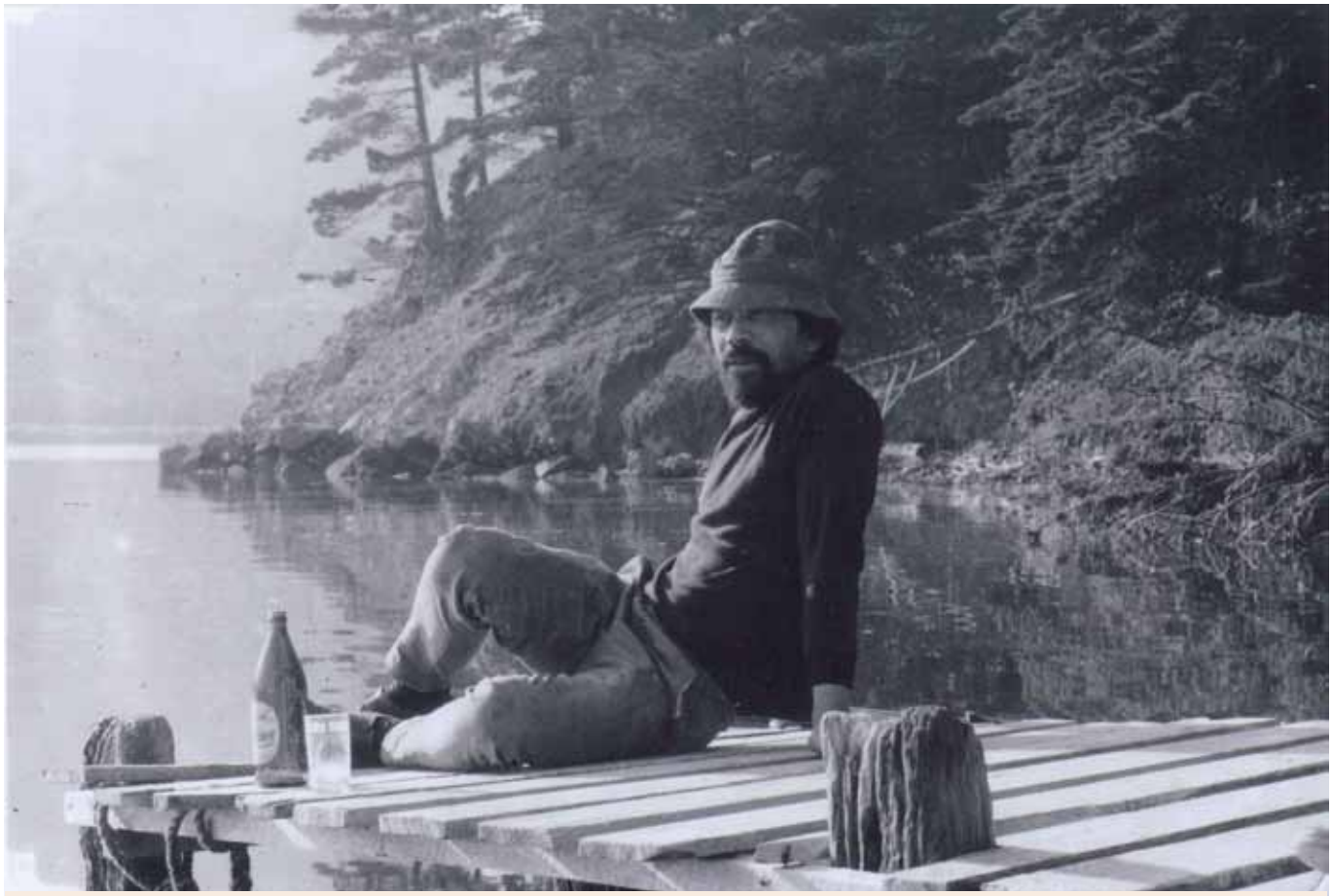


Photo: Tony Eyley, c. 1971

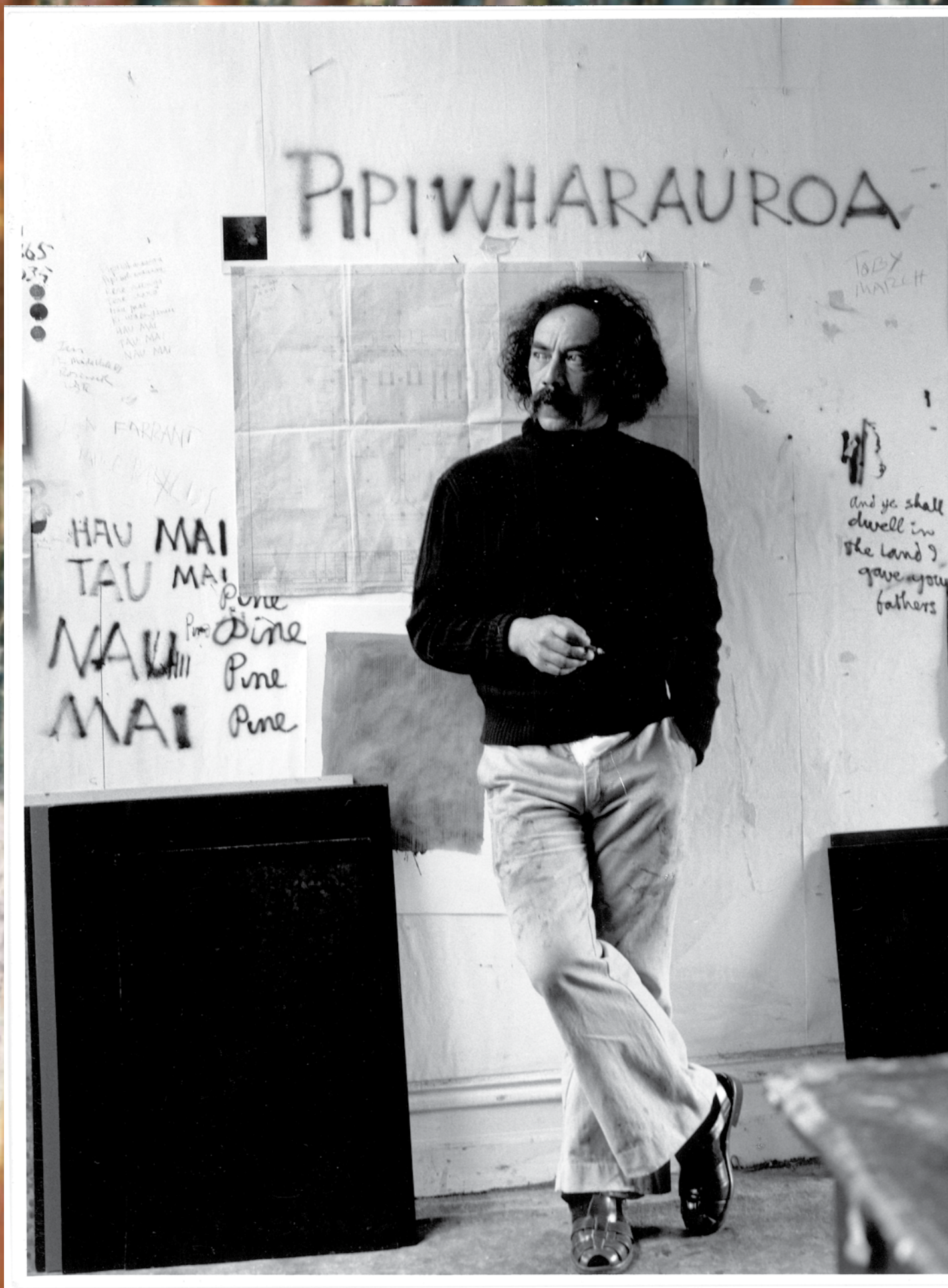

PIPIWHARAUROA
HAU MAI
TAU MAI
NAU MAI
MAI
Pine
Pine
Pine
Pine
and ye shall
dwell in
the land I
gave your
fathers

Photo: Marti Friedlander

Poem Beginning with a Line by Ralph Hotere

The wind is blowing the year away.
The painter is holding a lamp.
The light is on at Careys Bay.

The wind is blowing the year away.
The painter is holding a lamp.
Light fills the canvas, day after day.
The light is on at Careys Bay.

The wind is blowing the year away.
The painter is holding a lamp.
Light fills the canvas, day after day.
Our eyes do dark adaptation.
The light is on at Careys Bay.

The wind is blowing the year away.
The painter is holding a lamp.
Light fills the canvas, day after day.
Our eyes do dark adaptation.
The traveller sings.
The light is on at Careys Bay.

The wind is blowing the year away.
The painter is holding a lamp.
Light fills the canvas, day after day.
Our eyes do dark adaptation.
The traveller sings. The dancer departs.
The light is on at Careys Bay.

The wind is blowing the year away.
The painter is holding a lamp.
Light fills the canvas, day after day.
Our eyes do dark adaptation.
The traveller sings. The dancer departs.
The world takes shape, but will not stay.
The light is on at Careys Bay.

The wind is blowing the year away.
The painter is holding a lamp.
Light fills the canvas, day after day.
Our eyes do dark adaptation.
The world takes shape, but will not stay.
The traveller sings. The dancer departs.
The wind is blowing the year away.
The light is on at Careys Bay.

— ***Bill Manhire***
Victims of Lightning
(Victoria University Press, 2010)

fire in the depths of the earth

Pentecost reminds us that the Holy Spirit is a power at work in a continually renewed universe, and is present in the innermost mystery of all things. Grace and science come together to offer a fuller picture of what is true: that God's love is embodied in all humanity, and in the evolving world itself.

Daniel O'Leary

Breakthrough into new vistas is an essential dimension of Pentecost. This Sunday's Collect implores God to "fill now once more the hearts of believers", encouraging us to expand our horizons. Pentecost, for theologian Karl Rahner, is a vital "hour of courageous vision" in the history of the Church, when the Holy Spirit weaves new patterns out of the "interrelated-ness of Creation and Incarnation". A central path, for him, towards that expansion of the restless heart's horizon, concerns the currently popular question about the divine intention for the Incarnation — did Jesus come to atone for the sin of Adam and Eve, or would he have come anyway?

Beyond doctrinal debate, this is a crucial question with implications for every aspect of our lives, personal and universal. Is there a theology, people ask, other than one based on a fall/redemption supposition, that tells a different story — a story of original grace and beauty rather than of original sin?

By way of reply, theologians point to two schools of theology that are central to our present reflection. One is the familiar sin/ redemption model with its basic themes of reparation and sacrifice. The other is called a theology of nature and grace. Creation, our earth, our bodies, our death, all we mean by the 'natural', 'the secular', are not the unfortunate results of what Blessed John Henry Newman called "some terrible aboriginal calamity". On the contrary, they are all already graced, and carefully fashioned in the divine image.

But if there was no Fall, people ask, why then are we so sinful, so destructive, so evil? Theologians reply that the act of Creation in the very first place — involving time, space and free will — carries with it the need for redemption. Salvation is implicit in Creation itself.

To be human is to be wounded from the start, to be in need of completion. Love is what completes us. "We were already saved", writes Richard Rohr OFM, "by the gaze from the manger." The terrible death on the Cross is not about an atonement demanded by a punitive Father for one early original sin of disobedience; it reveals, rather, the astonishing love of God for a broken humanity, healing it and charting its course towards its blessed destiny.

An orthodox theology of Creation holds that God, right from the beginning, desired to become human simply because, as St Thomas Aquinas put it, his infinite love needed to express itself outside itself (*bonum est diffusivum sui*) — first in Creation, then finally and fully revealed in Incarnation. And by virtue of solidarity and derivation, this love is embodied to a greater or lesser degree, in all of us and in the evolving world itself.

Being human does not mean being banished, fallen, cursed — a *massa damnata* as St Augustine put it — as if God's original dream for us was, at some stage, radically destroyed. Terrible things happen when mythical truth is confused with historical truth. Paradise was not lost in the past; Adam and Eve never existed on this planet; the Creator's original blueprint was never destroyed by an actual 'fall'.

If all of this is true — that the essential face of Creation, as we have it, has always carried the tender look of love rather than the sinister shape of sin — then other intrinsically connected issues to do with the vibrancy of faith will need careful revision and development.

Here is one topical example. People sense that we're at a very significant threshold in history where two pivotal stories meet — the love story revealed in the orthodox theology of nature and grace, and the amazing story revealed in the scientific explorations of a painfully evolving and utterly wonderful world.

These stories do not have to collide with each other: rather do they embrace each other, offering a fuller picture of what is beautiful and true. They both speak of a fundamental connectedness in our origins, evolution and destiny. The emerging cosmology, often called the New Universe Story, can be seen as validating the rich theological (but mostly neglected) vision which has always been at the heart of true Christianity.

A new consciousness of the bigger picture is called for, a clearer insight into the intrinsic connection between Creation and Incarnation, into the deepening conversation between the mystic and the physicist. A fundamental concept is that we all flow from one source; some will call it the process of evolution, others the work of the Holy Spirit.

In *Field of Compassion*, Judy Cannato writes, "There is a single Creator of the entire cosmos, a Creator who remains present to every part of the cosmos, sustaining

and empowering its ongoing life and development. This same Creator will bring the whole movement of evolutionary Creation to completion." The original divine design in our evolving world is revealed in Incarnation, to be fulfilled in the Omega of Revelation.

Evolution, you could say, is intrinsic to Incarnation. It is how Creation, already containing the divine seed, has prepared the necessary ground — the human era — for the birthing of God. There is a sense in which Creation is the beginning of Incarnation, "the first Bible", as Aquinas put it.

Pentecost reminds us that God's fire already burns in the darkest depths of the living earth. Ultimately, for the Christian, the Holy Spirit is present as the innermost mystery of all things, and may be understood as the invisible power at work in a continually evolving universe, until God be "all in all". There is now no longer a destructive dualism between the things of God and the things of earth. "When we want both the God of infinity and the spirit within the familiar (evolving) universe, as it is, and as it shall become, there is one path to both," writes Rahner.

The recovery of a theology of nature and grace, now enriched by the emerging insights of the new cosmology, will have profound implications for many Christian teachings, for our understanding of sacrament, for pastoral ministry, for the religion/science debate and for a new evangelising of young and old. It will help, above all, to shift our self-image as fallen failures, complicit somehow in the death of Jesus, to an awareness of our role as vital co-creators with God of a steadily developing, ever-evolving universe. We are not guilty exiles on a fallen earth — we are the beloved bearers of her divine dream. ■

Fr Daniel O'Leary's website is www.djoleary.com
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Wisdom, Understanding, Counsel, Wellington Harbour

A cable clinking against the mast collides
like a conscience against my jangled thoughts.

Serpent-like, multicoloured ropes coil around my feet
and seem to tighten the knots already binding me.

Gulls squawk accusingly as the engine putters
through the emptiness of the evening.

Leaning back I see the cross-bar
silhouetted against the sky, white on blue.

A tentative breeze puffs life into the sail,
you cut the motor and all there is

is warmth and clear distance,
breath of wind, bright light, silent strength,

the Spirit's gifts revealed.

Fading sunlight feathers the water across the quiet harbour.

A stillness, caressed by gentle waves, releases me.

-Helen Sligo

rhapsody in blue ... and other tones: *letter from gizo*

What do God's sure reconciliation, hope and harmony bring to our poor unbalanced lives? Fr Peter looks more deeply into the infinite love of our God.

Peter Murnane

On Sundays I sometimes journey 22 kilometres by outboard-motor canoe from Gizo to Kolombangara, to celebrate Mass for the people of Vanga Point's Rural Training Centre, Teachers' College and schools. Returning home recently about noon, on a calm sea, I marvelled how the tropical sunshine lit the ocean and surrounding islands in wonderful blue light.

The islands gave the impression that we were in an inland sea. Some of them, more than 50 kilometres off, had that ghostly blue of distant mountains, but the wide plains between us were waters about 500 metres deep, in surprising blues between navy and royal. In the gaps between islands, this blue went on, with subtle variations, to a straight-ruled horizon of open ocean. A disabled boat might drift through those blues, across the Equator and for thousands of kilometres northwards to the icy blues of the Arctic.

The nearer islands offered a range of subtly different blues, depending on whether you chose to focus on their nearer or further mountain ranges, but as we came closer to our home islands the blue slowly solidified into the dark green of forested hills.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

On Sundays when I am not crossing to Vanga Point I am often in Gizo cathedral. For half an hour before Mass begins, I sit in a corner just inside the front door, behind a kneeler with a wooden grille, waiting for anyone who wants to receive the Sacrament of Reconciliation. While I am hearing confessions, people stream through the front doors, from the glaring sunlight into this slightly cooler space of tiled floor and high, varnished ceiling-beams. Parents enter, trying to quieten their energetic children; wrinkled grandmothers walk in slowly; beautiful, shy teenage girls; boys showing off; mothers breast-feeding; the glowing brown of Micronesian skin and the glossy, blue-black of Melanesian.

One by one a few persons from every category come to kneel and speak through the wooden trellis, their soft voices hard to hear against the lusty choir practice up near the altar. Nor is it easy to link together the phrases of their Pijin. If they use their First Language I am completely lost. Sitting there in long Dominican habit with a heavy stole I can forget the sweat dripping off me, for as if through a briefly-opened door I glimpse into lives of struggle: old or young struggling in poverty and the close intimacy of the extended family, which is both a blessing and a burden. This ancient sacramental ritual awes me, which lets us admit our most painful concerns to another human being and be reassured yet again that the Infinite Love that the gospel shows us, will understand and forgive us, no matter what.

The older view of confession as a fearsome judgment-seat where we come to scrape out the barrel of our conscience and be rebuked and punished, has faded out, justifiably parodied in Catholic jokes. Some clerics seem bent on restoring it, but for what motives? Do they want to lead people to God's infinite love, or retain power over them?

One Sunday, after eight or ten people had knelt in succession at the other side of the grille, I noticed a middle-aged man standing a couple of metres away, looking towards the far end of the church as if searching for someone. I suspected that he wanted to come to confession, but was embarrassed to be seen doing so. After hesitating for a while he made a kind of quick, sidewise dive in my direction like one trying to catch a chook in a fowl-pen. As he landed on the kneeler, I welcomed him with the usual prayer and began to hear bits of his story, in Pijin, enough to indicate serious difficulties in his marriage and family life. But before the fragments began to take shape, a great crash of sound overwhelmed us ... the four big bells hanging just outside the front door began announcing that Mass was soon to begin.

My penitent continued until he had finished his story, probably relieved that the only one who could hear it now was God. In my loudest whisper, against the din of bells I said a few words of encouragement, then the prayer of absolution. Even though I did not get 'all the facts', and despite what some rigorist canon lawyers might say, I am sure he received the full benefit of meeting God in the sacrament. Without any discussion of his situation, he walked away a little more aware that our deepest human difficulties don't put us outside the reach of that Infinite

Love from which flow all the tones of sound and colour that give us such delight. Surely that Love will in the end bring all things into harmony.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

About the same time we buried the body of our Dominican sister Rosa, in the little jungle cemetery here on Loga. The Melanesian customs around funerals are similar to those of the Māori and, I suppose, most indigenous peoples. We had about three days of vigils, storytelling, prayers. The grave must not be dug until the day of burial, then filled in while all are present. Finally there is a feast.

As the women wailed around Rosa's open coffin; as we carried her body into the chapel and later up the bush track, then lowered it into the red clay, I wondered what her mind/spirit/consciousness might be experiencing now. For a long time Rosa had endured being ill and seriously overweight, her body's beauty distorted. Towards the end she suffered from diabetes that led to gangrene. I began to rejoice that she would be enjoying — I have come to believe — an astonishing, wonderful encounter.

A person who prays the powerful lines of St Patrick's Breastplate binds to themself like body-armour the realities of God, creation and community. One line has the beautiful phrase "the sweet 'well-done' at judgment hour", expressing our faith that our often-wretched, spotty lives will be brought before the Being of Light, origin of all the world's lovely sights and sounds. And that Being will thank us!

All of us do some bad things, and some people do a great many horrible things to others. But even when we do evil we try to justify it with some warped, selfish view that it is for a good cause. Daily we torture and assassinate in the name of "national security". But was there ever a person who has not done some real good? Are there grounds for hope here? I hold firmly to the Catholic tradition that there is an opportunity after death, in the presence of Infinite Love, somehow to "clean up" the woeful parts of our lives.

If, like me, you were taught that it is not quite decent to accept thanks and praise — it might make us vain or (God forbid!) proud — then the thought that the Infinite might say 'well done' is a rather lovely note to restore harmony to our poor unbalanced lives. ■

Peter Murnane is the novice master of the Dominican friars at Loga, Gizo in the Solomon Islands.

a call for change

The situation within the Diocese of Dunedin is a microcosm of the shortage of priests in the Western world: with falling numbers of priests, and laity encouraged to perform many of the ministries till now reserved for priests. Is there another way? What about returning to the situation of the early church, where the priests and bishops were ordinary men, married and unmarried? In short, the writer calls for priestly celibacy to be made voluntary.

David More

The Dunedin Hill Suburbs Pastoral Area comprises the three parishes of St Francis Xavier Mornington, St Joseph's Brockville, and St Mary's Kaikorai, a relatively large area of Dunedin City. It is served by one Priest only, Father Cipriano Fernandez, an Indian on loan from the Archdiocese of Goa. Not so many years ago, St Francis Xavier and St Mary's parishes each had two priests and St Joseph's had its own Capuchin Friary, comprising two priests and a number of lay brothers.

I have no doubt that similar situations can be found in other dioceses. In Otago and Southland the priestly shortage is not assisted by the fact that there are presently few seminarians studying for ordination for the Dunedin diocese. A just released strategic plan for the diocese predicts that it will have a total of only 15 priests by 2025. Whether we like it or not, New Zealand celibate males who aspire to priestly life are thin on the ground.

What is the solution? For the Dunedin Diocese it appears to be to accept that the number of priests will continue to decline, and plan accordingly. The strategic plan calls for a reduction of areas where priests will be based, and the closing of churches where Mass is currently celebrated. Nowhere is there any suggestion that we should look at extending the criteria for ordination to the priesthood.

The laity are being encouraged to take a greater part in the liturgy, but this does not include celebration of the Mass. It is worthy of note that the Church permits married men and women to perform marriage and funeral services; conduct liturgy of the Word with Holy Communion; undertake parish visiting, and other priestly functions; but continues to refuse ordination to all but single men.

I have not heard our New Zealand Bishops publicly calling for an examination of the criteria for ordination. I understand they did raise it privately with Pope John Paul II. On their watch the number of seminarians has fallen below replacement, but is anything being done? We are exhorted to pray for vocations. I do not doubt the efficacy of prayer, but in the 21st century is the Church best served by limiting the priesthood to unmarried men? Is the apparent lack of response to our prayers a sign that the answer lies elsewhere? I suggest it is time for the Catholic Church in New Zealand (both clergy and laity) to discuss publicly the return to ordaining married clergy. I say return, because for the early centuries of the Church's existence many of her priests were married. There is no doubt that St Peter was married, and the likelihood is that so were the majority of the Apostles. In Paul's first letter to the Corinthians he wrote, "Don't I have the right to follow the example of the other apostles and the Lord's brothers and Peter by taking a Christian wife with me on my trips?" (1 Co 9:4–5)

Married men were ordained priests for several hundred years, and this included a number who were subsequently elected Pope. The actual number of married Popes is uncertain. All were married before ordination. In many cases their children entered religious life or were ordained priests. Pope Hormisdas (514–523) was the father of Pope St Silverius (536–537).

From the fourth century, the Church discouraged priests from marrying. From a material perspective, priests were personally accumulating wealth and possessions, and leaving these to their families rather than the Church. Initially priests were not forbidden to marry. The Church's prescriptions were much more subtle. There was a growing expectation that priests would celebrate mass on days additional to the Sunday mass. At the Council of Elvira in 386 it was decreed that a priest was not to sleep with his wife the night before saying mass. It was not until the first Lateran Council in 1123 that priests were not permitted to marry. Married priests were therefore permitted for over half of the Church's existence.

In 1967 Pope Paul VI re-examined, and upheld, priestly celibacy in his encyclical *Sacerdotalis Caelibatus*. He acknowledged that celibacy was not required by the nature of the priesthood itself. However, he did emphasise the importance of celibacy as being particularly suited to God's ministers. He placed great emphasis on the example of Christ, who "remained throughout His whole life

in the state of celibacy, which signified his total dedication to the service of God and men."

In saying priestly celibacy was following Christ's example, then, with the greatest of respect, Paul VI was not comparing apples with apples. Christ was personally celibate, but he chose his apostles, the first priests and bishops, from ordinary men, married and unmarried. That was his example to his Church. I suggest it is time the Church followed it.

Whilst Paul VI listed the major objections to mandatory priestly celibacy he did not attempt to answer them. These objections are, in his order.

- It is not required by the New Testament.
- It is not right to exclude from the priesthood those who have been called to the ministry but are not called to a celibate life.
- It will relieve the shortage of priests.
- It will remove the occasions for infidelity and defections, and enable Christ's ministers to witness more fully to Christian living by including the witness of married life.
- Priestly celibacy is detrimental to the development of a mature and well balanced human personality. Priests often become hard and lacking in human warmth.

I would add the following.

- Married priests will bring more humanity to the Church. Christ's message of love and forgiveness will not change, but the emphasis will. Not enough priests understand the issues that face married couples and families, and are out of touch. The Gospel message will be presented with more relevance especially to young people, and hopefully the exodus of Catholics from the practice of their faith will be arrested.
- It will be a start in ending the perception of women as lesser beings in the life of the Church, and a step on the way to women participating more fully in the Church's ministry.
- With married priests, any cover up of the abuse of children by priests and religious will cease. A married man who has fathered children will not remain mute, and condone the protection of the priests who have offended in this way.

So, where to from here? We could train married men for the priesthood, arrange with the Anglican Church to have them ordained as Anglican priests, and then accept them back as married Catholic priests. This is, of course, a facetious suggestion, but the sad reality is that it would work. Married Anglican priests are currently the only married men accepted for ordination as Catholic priests in the Roman rite. If an Anglican who has a vocation to the priesthood, but not a vocation to celibacy, may be ordained a Catholic priest, why not a Catholic?

Let us, as a Catholic community, discuss the issue. If there is consensus for the ordination of married men, then our bishops are obliged in conscience to argue the case to Pope Francis. Vatican II emphasised the role of bishops as successors to the apostles and shepherds of the Church. Bishops are subject to the authority of the Pope, but obedience does not prohibit debate and disagreement. It is not disobedient to say, "I think you are wrong, but nevertheless I will obey you." Under Pope John Paul II, bishops from several countries were far too ready to acquiesce in the Pontiff's refusal to discuss the question of married priests.

I do not know what Pope Francis' views on priestly celibacy are. South America has over 40 percent of the world's Catholics. Anecdotal evidence, including documents released by *Wikileaks*, is that many of her priests do not observe celibacy, and the Vatican is concerned. Perhaps this time a call for priestly celibacy to be voluntary will not fall on deaf ears. ■

David More is a Dunedin barrister .

treaty settlements – celebrating tūhoe!

. . . continued from page 31

has stubbornly ignored and devalued the Indigenous experience.

In our generation we are collectively creating a space in the political landscape for a Māori historical story to emerge to avoid perpetuating the settler story which enabled Pākehā culture to dominate the political and cultural landscape.

One of the difficulties is that while the relationship between the Crown and Māori continues to be healed, many Pākehā choose to remain resentful spectators on the sideline. Māori patience is astonishing.

Every New Zealander has the opportunity to be part of this remarkable process. Teilhard de Chardin calls it the creative art of imagining a better future — and making it happen. ■

Robert Consedine is the co-author (with his daughter Joanna) of Healing Our History – The Challenge of the Treaty of Waitangi' *Penguin, 3rd edition 2012. www.waitangi.co.nz*

hope for new evangelisation

'New Evangelisation' has been a strong theme of both John Paul II and Benedict XVI over a period of 30 years. A Mission sister looks at what this means in a broader and local sense.

Susan Smith

"Surely the Lord is in this place, and I did not know it"(Gen 28:16). Jacob's words indicating that we are not always aware of God's presence in a particular time or at a particular place gained a significance for me recently. At the end of April I was fortunate enough to attend the annual SEDOS Conference in Nemi, Italy. This year it was concerned with understanding what the papal teaching on New Evangelisation required of religious women and men. SEDOS (Service of Documentation and Study) began during Vatican II when superiors general of men's missionary congregations began to meet informally in Rome to share on what mission might mean in the light of conciliar teachings. Today it is a forum open to religious missionary congregations committed to deepening their understanding of mission.

Over the last three decades or so Pope John Paul II, followed by Benedict XVI, had expressed concern about what Benedict described as "abandonment of the faith — a phenomenon progressively more manifest in societies and cultures which for centuries seemed to be permeated by the gospel ... there has been a troubling loss of the sense of the sacred." (*Ubicumque et Semper,* 2010). So the SEDOS conference was concerned with why this was happening in the Western world and what the Church's response should be. Speakers from Australia, New Zealand, North America and Western Europe were asked to speak about church realities in their countries, and what was being done and what could be done to address issues of declining numbers, particularly among youth. I also learnt

in informal conversation with religious from Poland and parts of Asia, that vocations to women's congregations are falling quite dramatically in some places as is Mass attendance in large cities. Our concerns today look set to become their concerns tomorrow.

response to new situations

The religious gathered at Nemi were not the first group to have undertaken such a task as in October 2012 bishops from around the world, including Archbishop John Dew and Bishop Charles Drennan, met in the *Synod on New Evangelisation* to discuss how their local churches could respond to the new situations in which they find themselves. In New Zealand, it is obvious that our Sunday Mass demographics are changing fairly rapidly, and the significant numbers of Asian and Polynesian Sunday worshippers can mask the reality of a diminishing and ageing Pakeha congregation, and the almost complete absence of Pakeha youth.

I sometimes think that the first beneficiaries of Vatican II were Catholics of a liberal persuasion, all of whom — laity and priests — enthusiastically embraced the changes the Council called for, while a smaller number of Catholics felt that much that was important had been lost. However, in the latter years of John Paul II's pontificate, and during Benedict's time as pope the former "losers" were heartened by the restorationist policies of both. To some extent it could be argued that Benedict understood that the way to the future was to reclaim and affirm the past.

There are examples that demonstrate this, and one of the more obvious is the recent language changes in our Eucharistic liturgies while another was Benedict's attempts to heal the rift with the traditionalist Society of St Pius X (SSPX), who despite papal overtures resolutely refuse to accept Vatican II.

The SEDOS participants agreed that affirmation of Tradition was important but knew that something else was needed and they were hopeful that this would happen. Much of their hope was generated by the arrival of Pope Francis. There is

no doubt that Francis' attempts to divest the papacy of practices that have little to do with gospel values have touched the hearts of millions and not only Catholics. I understood this only too well when a group of us went into St. Peter's for the Sunday Angelus. We arrived at the Piazza at 10.30 and realised that to see the Pope was mission impossible. The crowds were reminiscent of the TV footage covering the opening of the Rugby World Cup on the Auckland waterfront in 2011. Apparently more than two or three hundred thousand are there for the Sunday Angelus and the Wednesday audiences.

image of volcanic rocks

One image has stayed with me from the conference. Italian Comboni priest, Guilio Albanese turned to geology to explain what was happening in the church. Geology teaches that there are three major types of rock formation — volcanic, sedimentary, metamorphic. Volcanic rocks explode and lead to changes in the landscape. Sedimentary rocks on the other hand are old stones on which others rest. These serve as a metaphor for dogmatic teachings and sacred truths that are foundational for Catholicism. Finally there are metaphoric stones that as their name suggests metamorphose into either volcanic or sedimentary rocks depending on what is happening around them. We need all three but Albanese suggested that sedimentary rocks might soon be experiencing a few seismic shifts as volcanic rocks begin exploding and changing our ecclesial landscape.

The different speakers emphasised that any transformative change in the church much be grounded in believers' deep, personal relationships with Jesus Christ. Synodal documentation demonstrates that the bishops at last year's *Synod on New Evangelisation* recognised this as key. But SEDOS speakers went on to say that few bishops spoke of the need for institutional transformation of the Church. A reading of official documentation or bishops' comments on what new evangelisation requires of the church suggests that the current decline in numbers is basically a catechetical problem.

Thus *The London Tablet* reported Cardinal George Pell as saying that English-speaking bishops had not been vigorous enough in speaking out on church teaching. The cardinal went on to argue that "a 'cut-price' Christianity won't produce growth and those Christian communities that had accommodated with the world were 'going out of business'" (*The London Tablet*, 29 Oct, 12). On the other hand, Australian Columban, Noel Connolly, stated that our task today as evangelisers is not to pump religion into people, but draw it out. In order to do that we need not only to know the mystery and hunger for God in our own hearts, but also to respect that mystery and hunger in the hearts of others. People are searching for spiritual meaning in their lives and sadly growing numbers no longer find it in the institutional church.

turning to *evangelii nuntiandi*

Pell's comments also expressed another concern that pre-occupied Benedict and that is the presumed dangers that secular society poses for the church. While none of us would deny that secularism and consumerism do have a negative impact on the life of the faithful, this position can also make it easier for the institutional church to refrain from a close examination of its own life and practices. Paul VI taught in *Evangelii Nuntiandi* (1975) that the church has a continual need to be evangelised. The church not only evangelises through what is proclaimed, but also through its way of living, of organising, of exercising authority, of using its human and economic resources, of valuing from within the different charisma and ministries, of establishing relations, of judging culture and entering into dialogue with today's men and women, of feeling like a church in the contemporary world. And this is why Francis is proving so effective an evangeliser. His actions speak loudly to contemporary society. But some of his words too are interesting as his comments on the Vatican Bank at a Mass for Vatican employees on 25 April indicated (*http://www.reuters.com*). So far Francis' attitude is not characterised by defensiveness and caution toward the world. He does not deny that it is a messy and somewhat dysfunctional world but we must engage with it.

a postitive critical approach

This helps explain why SEDOS participants spoke of the need for a positive but critical attitude towards the world. We were reminded more than once of the words of Jacob: "Surely The Lord is in this place, and I did not know it" (Gen 28:16). God is present in our secular society and we need to keep on searching. We were reminded too that the English title for *Gaudium et Spes* is "The church in the modern world". Our church is in the world, not above, not apart from it. We were reminded that John Paul II taught that the Spirit is present in all times and cultures (*Redemptoris Missio* #28). Vatican II had persuaded many Catholics to let go of an earlier fortress mentality and accept that the joys and sorrows of humankind are the joys and sorrows of the church. However, in recent years, extra-ecclesial realities — secularism, consumerism, individualism, moral relativism — have been identified as more damaging than intra-ecclesial realities such as gender, cultural and sexuality issues. This can encourage a negative attitude towards the world.

I went to the SEDOS conference in a questioning mood and returned a much more hopeful person. God is present in our transitional culture and along with other people of good will we need to search for God who is in this place although we do not know it. ■

Susan Smith is a member of the Congregation of Our Lady of the Missions (RNDM) who lives and works in Whangarei.

the widow of nain

Luke 7:11-17 – Tenth Sunday of Ordinary Time

Kathleen Rushton

Often I hear people say that they have a tune that they cannot get out of their head. It is not tunes for me but images. Lingering images are part of my Mercy DNA. Catherine McAuley spoke often of such images as being ever before her. Of young women whom she could not admit to the House of Mercy because of widespread unemployment and homelessness in Dublin, she wrote: "Their dejected faces have been before me ever since." Such images shaped her action and her prayer.

Recently, I was munching my way comfortably through my breakfast. I turned a page of the morning paper. I was confronted. The nameless woman looked at me as she sat crying on a pile of rubble in Lingguan township in Baoxing County, China. Now presumably a widow, her relatives, and maybe her only son, had been killed in the previous Saturday's earthquake. Her image remains and disturbs me often. Who is she? Where is she now? How is she? Who is there for her?

a nameless silent widow

Another woman is nameless yet she is silent. Cast in the traditional role of a widow, she evokes pity. Her plight is extreme. She has lost not only her husband but her only son. Her only son who is her means of support and status has died. She is weighed down

A woman whose relatives were killed in the earthquake cries while sitting on a pile of rubble in Lingguan township in Baoxing county, on April 21, 2013. [AP Photo]

http://www.theatlantic.com/infocus/2013/04/sichuan-earthquake-recovery/100502/

with grief for her loss of him. She is weighed down by anxiety for her future.

Near the town gates of Nain, Jesus comes with his disciples and a large crowd. They met a large funeral procession for a young man. At the centre is the widowed, sonless woman. Jesus sees her and "had compassion for her." The Greek word used for how Jesus felt means he was moved by a deep inner emotion accompanying mercy. The Jerusalem Bible translation of Jesus "felt sorry for her," which we hear in the Sunday Lectionary, does not capture this sense of deep emotion.

The same Greek word is used in two of the most loved parables of all. It is the inner movement the Good Samaritan felt when "he was moved with compassion" (10:33). As a consequence, he chooses to cross the road to go to the wounded one rather than pass by on the other side. Similarly, the father, in the parable of the prodigal son, was "moved by compassion." So he sees, feels, runs, embraces and kisses his son (15:20).

Other stories of widows in Luke show them as active. In the temple, the prophet Anna sees, she "came and began to praise God and to speak about the child to all who were looking for the redemption of Jerusalem" (2:38). In the parable of 18:1–8, the persistent widow demands justice. The poor widow gives her whole livelihood to the Temple (21:1–4).

We hear nothing about the widow of Nain's faith, or her reaction, or if later she became a disciple. Simply that at the affliction of this silent and voiceless widow, Jesus is moved by compassion. His ministry to the grieving mother overshadows the restoration of the young man to life. His mother is reborn and restored to her place in the community when Jesus gives him back to her. It is the moment of her resurrection

there in the crowd

The large crowd who saw what happened glorified God, saying, "A great prophet has risen among us!" and "God has visited his people!" (7:16). 'Visit' is used in the Old Testament for the times when God intervenes on behalf of the people. Luke uses this sense when Zechariah prays: "Blessed be the Lord of Israel, because he has visited his people" (1:68). He continues, saying that through the compassion of our God a dawning "from on high will visit us" (1:78). Jesus' whole life and ministry are a 'visitation' of God to Israel and to "all the world." Later as Jesus came close to Jerusalem and saw the city, he wept over it because it did not recognise "the time of your visitation from God." (19:44)

To be there, as those in the crowd were, was to recognise that in Jesus "God has visited his people." It was the silence, the tears and the powerlessness of the woman that brought Jesus to compassion. Life was restored. We have the potential to be "moved by compassion." In the prologue, Luke writes of "the events that have been fulfilled among us." Luke-Acts makes it very clear that the 'fulfilment' is still happening in our times. Today, we are "in the crowd." We see tears and powerlessness. Maybe, we are moved to compassion and in some way we restore life. What about the silent and voiceless for whom life is not restored?

Barbara Reid suggests that this widow and those who mourn with her are prototypes of groups of women who come together in many places in our global world to protest against death. Such were the Mothers of the Plaza de Mayo who in the late 1970s began marching silently every Thursday around the government square in Buenos Aires demanding to know the fate of their disappeared husbands and sons. The 2011 award winning film, *Where Do We Go Now?* centres around a group of Lebanese women who try to ease religious tensions between Christians and Muslims in their village.

And what of the image of the woman crying for dead relatives amidst the earthquake rubble whose image I cannot get out of mind? As I seek to touch those within my reach her image remains and influences my prayer and action. The questions linger and grow: Who is she? Where is she now? How is she? Who is there for her? Is life restored to her?

Kathleen Rushton is a Sister of Mercy working in adult education in the Diocese of Christchurch.

late creative flowering

Book: The Judas Tree

Poems by Lorna Staveley Anker

Edited by Bernadette Hall

Canterbury University Press
ISBN 978-1-927145-46-3, $20

Reviewer: Nicki Chapman

The beautiful Rita Angus painting, *Tree* (1943), on the cover of this elegant little book has both subtle and overt connections with this book's poems. Rita Angus painted this about-to-bud cherry tree with a sense of new creativity. She wrote of her life, "I am beginning the second half ... I am free to flower, if only for a few years." Anker too, began a 'flowering' in the second part of her life, beginning to write poetry only in her fifties. Many of these have been published only for the first time here.

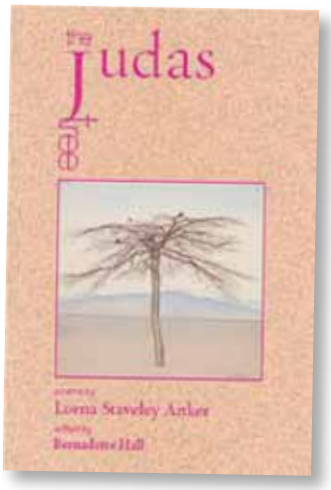
Another connection between the two artists is their strong response to war. Angus was a pacifist. Anker's poetry takes no overtly political or intellectual position, but the private suffering of those often overlooked — children terrified by war's bogies and unsettled by the anguish of their adults, the never-married women whose loves did not return — is all the more poignant because it is so very 'ordinary', or, at least, domestic.

Anker was born in 1914. Her father died two years later from cancer, and three of her mother's brothers died in World War I. Her mother was traumatised, and Anker spent some of her childhood with her thrice-bereaved grandparents. *Ellen's Vigil* achingly describes her grandmother's loss:

Benjamin Isaac Tom / Passchendaele Ypres and Somme…

Ellen, / her three boys gone, /…

no longer counts crops / in season / but digs, diligently, delicately / digs down / further down /



her spade searching / her garden for / three lost sons /

Thomas Isaac and Ben.

This truncated reproduction of her poem misses Anker's attention to the visual shape of poetry. In this poem the words are spaced like trenches made by a spade.

Anker digs diligently and delicately, but she is also warm and quirky. She describes her usually demure and trim aunt, Hannah Arabella, dancing with a tea cosy on her head to the kettle's singing — and of her horrific migraines — and imagines her dancing to meet her lost-dead sailor love.

Other poems are more indirect. *The Judas Tree* begins with botanical exactness, *"the rosy pink sprigs / are glued along / the heavy bole and limbs / milking the mother substance"* but ends with a hint of the subject's obsession with suicide: *"the comfort of its biblical name / which can here only be whispered."*

Not all poems are to do with war or death. Some are plain funny, such as *Mills & Boon* with its maddened cry *"Oh Bust and Boom, oh Mess and Doom, / your blasted name affrights me."* Others have delightfully apt images, *"Ancient harbour cats / lope / wearing crab-apple faces."*

I also enjoyed the poet Bernadette Hall's introduction describing the 1980s Christchurch literary and feminist scene, where she first met Anker. Anker gratefully acknowledged all who helped her, and Hall repeats that gratitude, especially towards Anker's daughter, but she deserves much herself for finding and sharing these poems, and the helpful notes. Elizabeth Smither's poem *for Lorna* is another bonus.

Reading Anker is having a conversation with a courageous, creative, loving woman, whose vitality and compassion extend us in unexpected ways. ■

a lesson in compassion

Film: Barbara

Director: Christian Petzold

Reviewer: Paul Sorrell

Like another film set in the former East Germany, *The Lives of Others* (reviewed in TM, July 2007), *Barbara* explores how common humanity can be kept alive in a totalitarian society where citizens' movements are controlled and watching eyes and listening ears are everywhere. It also deals with the emergence of love, compassion and self-sacrifice in a wholly unpromising environment.

Beautiful, elegant and fiercely independent, Dr Barbara Wolff (Nina Hoss) has been sent to work in a provincial hospital after falling foul of the authorities in East Berlin after applying for an exit visa. We follow her around on her first day in her new job, where she holds herself aloof from her colleagues, her every act guarded and considered. Barbara appears self-contained to the point of coldness.

She is particularly wary of her boss, Dr André Reiser, despite his friendliness and evident attraction to her. She has good cause to be, as he, too, fell from grace following a medical misadventure — at least, that is the story he tells her — and part of his penance involves reporting on his colleagues, especially those with a less than perfect past.

But Barbara is no innocent herself, as unfolding events make clear. We see her retrieving and stashing packages at a drop-off point along her cycle route to work and having assignations with a lover who, it transpires, is making plans for them to escape together to the West. There is much to escape in her present circumstances, despite the beauty of the rural setting. The drab, peeling buildings and squat Trabant cars project an atmosphere of neglect and spiritual decay. The constant surveillance to which Barbara is subject sometimes turns intrusive and brutal, and even everyday exchanges are curt and functional.

But, almost despite herself, Barbara is drawn into the life of the hospital and becomes involved with Stella, a young runaway from a state institution, and Mario, a lad who has attempted suicide as the result of a broken relationship. Gradually, their plight engages her compassion and draws her away from the allure of the West and the material wealth and security that it promises.

What happens at the end of the film is unexpected, even shocking but, considered in the light of Barbara's inner trajectory, it marks a turning point on her path to maturity and a fuller humanity that her repressive environment is powerless to hinder. ■

Crosscurrents

Jim Elliston

dark matter and logic

Scientific investigations have led to the theory that roughly 95 percent of the universe consists of 'dark matter' and 'dark energy' — 'dark', because the existence of these mysterious entities cannot be detected directly by known means. We can 'see' only about 5 percent of the universe; scientists calculate another 24 percent consists of matter, but its existence can be deduced only from effects on the visible universe that can't otherwise be explained; likewise the remaining 70-odd percent, which seems to be in the form of energy.

In other words, a logical deduction from observation, following the laws of cause and effect, leads to the conclusion that something, the reality of which we cannot verify directly, has a major bearing on our existence.

Professor Sam Ting, who heads a two billion dollar experiment at the International Space Station, counsels caution regarding the existence of 'new physical phenomena' indicated by results to date: "There are possible explanations other than dark matter". *(The Independent)*

business logic 1

An *Observer* sourced report describes a business venture by Brendan Kennedy, who has an engineering, soft-ware development, and business-banking background. Kennedy noted that while the cannabis industry is huge in the US, it is also fragmented. There are numerous small enterprises producing various types of the stuff. To the eye of an entrepreneur the situation calls out for rationalization, which includes classification, quality control and marketing.

After conducting research among the various interest groups currently existing — such as growers, suppliers, advertisers and politicians — he estimates that the US market is worth $50 billion. Various states have differing degrees of tolerance, ranging from prohibition, to allowing use for medical purposes, and even partial decriminalization.

He sees an obvious business case for a commercial venture and has established a fund (aptly named 'Privateer Holdings'), and a web-site and apps for Android and iPhones (currently 50,000 downloads per month). He hopes to raise a further $7 million privately. Later, if new rules on 'crowd-sourced funding' (the process of getting financial backing — usually on-line, from a crowd of people) are approved, he aims to make a bid for public funding.

business logic 2

Gwynne Dyer (*NZ Herald,* April 25) analysed a report ('Unburnable carbon 2013') from the London School of Economics concerning fossil fuel mining companies. It appears the top 200 companies' market-valuations, based on the sale value of current reserves, total about $4 trillion. This has enabled them to assume debt of $1.5 trillion. On the face of it there are three possible consequences of this investment, given increasing global climate change.

One is that if we are to have a reasonable chance to halt warming before the predicted tipping point of 2 degrees extra, about two thirds of current reserves will have to stay un-mined. The result: financial crash. Another possibility is no controls will be imposed by governments, thus allowing natural feedback mechanisms to arise, resulting in widespread natural disasters.

Dyer adds his own, third, possibility: "It's not disaster A or disaster B. It's first one, then the other, mutually interlocking and mutually reinforcing. And then disaster B will mean there's no money left to do anything about disaster A."

The companies, of course, are still investing in exploration — about $647 billion last year.

cautious optimism

On a happier note, here are two extracts from recent interviews in *Vatican Insider.*

Leonardo Boff, a prominent theologian censured by Rome, believes Pope Francis "will not just take up Vatican II, he will move it forward. He has already given signals … He will advance collegiality in the government of the Church ... a pastor who is close to the people ... who will emphasize more the dimension of a Church that is poor, straightforward, divested of power, than a renewal of doctrine." Ninety-seven year old Archbishop Loris Capovilla, John XXIII's secretary: "[Francis and John] have the same passion for people … The people saw John as a child of theirs who had risen to the Throne of Peter. Francis was welcomed by everyone, like a living message of dialogue and fraternity. What Francis and John XXIII have in common is a thirst for sharing and the search for a solution for mankind. When he was on his deathbed, Roncalli kept on repeating: "I haven't changed one thing. I say the same prayers and the same Creed as when I was a child, but now we are beginning to gain a better understanding of the Gospel."

Great leaders are distinguished by their ability to communicate a vision in a way that appeals to people and motivates them to follow. My belief is not that Francis will create a revolution but that he will be a catalyst that transforms the Church. Fifty years ago the pressures engendered by Leo XIII's reforms came to fruition thanks to the conservative John XXIII. Over the past 30 years or so the myriad attempts, fruitful or not, to implement Vatican II have created pressures for further reform. ■

treaty settlements – celebrating tūhoe!

Robert Consedine

Earlier this year we witnessed the historic Treaty settlement process between the Crown and Tūhoe. In March, the Deed of Settlement was initialled, signalling the conclusion of years of challenging negotiations between Tūhoe and the Crown. The Deed is in the process of being ratified by the broader *iwi* members and is due to be signed in June 2013. The proposition was visionary in assisting Tūhoe to begin to deal with over 140 years of shameful treatment by the Crown.

Tūhoe had not signed Te Tiriti in 1840 and had initially remained in full control of their customary lands. In 1865 during the 'wars of sovereignty' the settler Government confiscated most of their productive land even though they were not in rebellion. This was followed by a Government orchestrated 'scorched earth' policy with indiscriminate killing, burning houses and crops, executing unarmed prisoners and killing non-combatants. A Crown officer described Government actions at the time as extermination.

Since the 1860s the history of Tūhoe treatment by generations of Pākehā Governments has been despicable. This included the continuous dishonouring of agreements by the Crown and racist raids by the Police into Tūhoe territory in 1916 and 2007. As a consequence generations of Tūhoe people (85 percent of whom live outside Te Urewera) have suffered grievously.

The settlement presently negotiated with the Crown includes Te Urewera being vested in a new legal identity jointly managed by the Crown and Tūhoe — moving to a Tūhoe majority in three years. The settlement also includes $170 million, acknowledgement of Te Mana Motuhake (self determination), cultural redress, an agreed historical account, and an official Crown apology.

As at April 2013 the Crown has signed 62 Deeds of Settlement since 1990. The nominal value of the settlements including financial and commercial redress is approximately $1.4 billion (excluding the costs of researching and negotiating the claims). The South Island settlements are now complete. There are 60 North Island groups working through negotiations. It is widely accepted that the 'full and final' settlements are about 2 percent at current values and, in total, still represent less than the cost ($1.7b) of bailing out South Canterbury Finance. The current National/Māori Party coalition is committed to completing the settlements by 2014.

There is a continuing challenge for all of us to embrace this historic process. It has been described as 'the greatest cultural comeback in history.' All New Zealanders can stand tall as Governments continue to settle historic grievances and new and enduring relationships are built with the Crown and the Maori communities. This process has continued in the face of sometimes indifferent and often hostile public opinion. Although far from perfect, this is one area of New Zealand politics where we have witnessed political courage at work — on both sides of the relationship. We all have much to celebrate.

The big challenge for Pākehā is to continue to relinquish the persistent myth of themselves as historic peacemakers and acknowledge the destructive legacy of a society that

. . . *continued on page 23*

a Mother's Journal

by Kaaren Mathias

Dear K and M

I have just had a quite amazing four days in Western Uttar Pradesh — and I hope you don't mind my writing and sharing about it, partly just to think aloud as it was pervadingly intense.

I recently started some research which seeks to describe and understand access to health care and also stigma and discrimination for 'People living with Mental Disorders'. This week I went house to house with our projects' mental health volunteers to talk to individuals that volunteers had identified as 'high risk'. Using a mental illness screening tool I assessed whether they could have a mental disorder, and sat and listened to peoples' stories. It was an intense, sad and also beautiful time.

Intense because for 10 hours a day in the 40 degree C heat, travelling on the back of a motorbike, I was hearing the untold stories of individuals and families, of their long illnesses, of the very difficult or nonexistent access to health care ... and of the pain, disappointment, shame, and exclusion as well as at times violence given and received. The Hindi words that kept resurfacing were "he was lost" and she was "no longer there." The dimensions of grief and loss were huge:

- "He went away for a year — we didn't know where he was."
- "She didn't talk to us for three months."
- "His wife and children in the end just left him here."

Sad because the huge majority of the 50 or so people I saw over these four days were undiagnosed and untreated. There was the severely depressed man in his early 20s, and the two women who had had post natal psychosis and were now fully well. As well, there were 12 young men aged 20 to 40 with schizophrenia — or some variant thereof. None was taking any treatment. They were really shells of who they had been. Some almost mute, all of them spending most of their days lying in bed, eating alone or roaming and lost. One 26 year old who was particularly unwell was actually shackled and living up on the roof. His parents are scared of him and poke his food through to him using a grill.

The wife of Jagu, 35 years old, explained that for six years they had given him medicine and he had been well. Then they had had to sell their buffalo to pay for treatment, and so they eventually decided they could not pay for medicines at all. For the last seven years he has been generally too unwell to work. Their five small children sat and watched me, flicking away flies. They were thin and ragged.

Sad because many of those who had gone to a 'mental hospital' or psychiatrist had had CT scans, EEGs and MRIs and been started on four to seven drugs — and it had been so expensive they hadn't returned.

And yet ***it was a beautiful*** time because I witnessed such tenderness, and compassion and kindness. The husband of 45 year old Mridula, who had been paralysed with anxiety for many months, explained how he and his mother had done the housework, and cared for their children and made her cups of tea while she lay there for such a long time — and how happy he was that she was now well. And she smiled at him and me, and said how lucky she was to have such a great husband. In a hot airless room, I glimpse that we can bear, and show, the image of God.

Later that afternoon, the father of 20 year-old Jagir said, "He has hit me, he speaks rude words to me in front of my neighbours, and all our other children are angry that he does not do any work and lies on his bed. But I still love him ... Please, is there any treatment that could make him well?"

And so I come to the clamour — the huge resonance inside me that is slowly and surely building — that working for mental health in these abandoned places is something I deeply want to do in the coming years. Beyond these 50 people and their families in our project area, there are millions of people in India with no access to care and the lack of good models for community based care. India has only one psychiatrist for every 300,000 people (which would translate to 14 psychiatrists for the population of New Zealand). Clearly health care has to be delivered in a different way. But at least we can start with these 50 families carrying so much disability, pain and compassion.

It's all a journey and I am only starting on the journey — but so are we all really, when it comes to delivering health and health care for 'People Living with Mental Disorders' across India. I am not writing needing you to do anything — in case this starts sounding like some aid agency appeal, but somehow wanted to let you know about further steps in this journey.

Love,
Kaaren

Kaaren Mathias lives and works in community health and development in North India with her husband Jeph and four children.