CATHERINE RUTH WYLIE

REFLECTIVE SURFACES: THE INDIVIDUAL AS THE
KEY SOCIAL RELATIONSHIP IN NEW ZEALAND SOCIETY

Submitted for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy
in the Department of Anthropology and Maori Studies
at the Victoria University of Wellington.

October, 1979.
ABSTRACT

The variety of concerns and everyday practices found in the lives of members of Western societies has to some degree deterred their exploration by anthropologists. In this thesis, I hope to demonstrate that a commonality does indeed exist within and sustains this multiplicity. However, it exists where we might least expect to find it: in a dialogue which takes place with reference to the physical person rather than, as in other societies, with reference to the relations between categories of people. This thesis posits that the individual is not merely a synonym for person, or human being, but a social mode of being which is characteristic of particular social formations, namely those of the industrialized West.

By mode of being I refer to both human experience and the terms in which it is comprehended. The mode of being derives from two overlaid dialectics: the inner dialogue between what I have termed the active self and the sense of self, and the engagement between that dialogue and the stock of options available in any given social ambiance. The mode of being becomes individualistic (compared to those based on exchange, descent, patronage, hierarchy etc) when the inner dialogue refers back to itself, when it is stressed as the locus of reality. The sense of self can be seen as a reflective surface in which is caught the configuration of elements derived from the social options, a pattern which differs sufficiently from person to person for the active self to be affirmed as distinct amongst others, as 'individual'.

In the body of this thesis, the constituents of this mode of being are articulated and explored through a spiralling sequence of portraits depicting nineteen individuals, their relationships, possessions, opinions, expectations and the concerns which colour their lives. Three prime styles of the individual mode emerge. The most common of these stresses complementarity, and so focuses on partnership in marriage, exemplified and made demanding (purposeful) by children and home ownership. Less common, though increasing in frequency, is the autonomous style, which focuses on the person as separate, on a capability which carries its owner through a

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY OF WELLINGTON
range of situations in which its use refers solipsistically back to the person, demonstrating to others, particularly peers, those like him or herself (more the former than the latter) his or her high worth. Finally there is the participant style, which in contrast to the other two is more open to options, more fluid; which if involved in family and house, or job, is unlikely to make of those the enclosures they form for the executors of the other two styles.

This thesis attempts to refresh our understanding of both individuality and society; and to show that it is not possible to comprehend the former, even though we may sense its significance, unless we broaden our perception of the latter beyond something that is shared, stressing community and categorization, to encompass processes which may lack a shared focus or ordering but which are nonetheless simultaneously common and transcendent.
## CONTENTS

**Title**

**Abstract**

**Acknowledgements**

**Table of Contents**

**Preface**

### PART I: DISCOVERY THROUGH DIALOGUE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chapter 1.</td>
<td>From Shadowplay to the Woman next-door: the approach to fieldwork</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter 2.</td>
<td>Roll Your Own, or, 'They do the police in different voices.' An account of fieldwork</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter 3.</td>
<td>From System to Being</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter 4.</td>
<td>Portraitmaking</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### PART II: PORTRAITS

#### A: MEN ALONE: THE AUTONOMOUS STYLE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter 1.</th>
<th>Coming and Going: Mike</th>
<th>80</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Introduction</td>
<td>Text</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Commentary</td>
<td></td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter 2.</th>
<th>Standing: Dennis</th>
<th>80</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Introduction</td>
<td>Text</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Commentary</td>
<td></td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter 3.</th>
<th>Progressing: Howard</th>
<th>80</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Introduction</td>
<td>Text</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Commentary</td>
<td></td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Summary:                                                               | The Autonomous Style                                                | 80   |

#### B: WOMEN ON THEIR OWN: THE COMPLEMENTARY STYLE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter 4.</th>
<th>Rising to the Occasion: Clare</th>
<th>80</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Introduction</td>
<td>Text</td>
<td>176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Commentary</td>
<td></td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Chapter 5. You've got to keep going: Joan
Introduction
Text
Commentary

C: COUPLES - THE COMPLEMENTARY STYLE

Chapter 6. Marriage as the pursuit of individual growth: Marjorie and Bill
Introduction
Text
Commentary

Chapter 7. Marriage as touchstone (this is the house that Jack built): Barry and Sandra
Introduction
Text
Commentary

Chapter 8. (Marriage can be) free and easy:
Gavin and Sue
Introduction
Text
Commentary

Chapter 9. Marriage the Unit: Duncan and Linda
Introduction
Text
Commentary

Chapter 10. The Family Name: Mavis and Pat
Introduction
Text
Commentary

Summary: The Complementary Style

D: CONVERSATIONALISTS - THE PARTICIPANT STYLE

Chapter 11. The Developing self: Mary
Introduction
Text
Commentary

Chapter 12. The Responsive self: Peter
Introduction
Text
Commentary

Chapter 13. The Reflecting self: Father Sinclair
Introduction
Text
Commentary

Summary: The Participant Style

PART III - CONCLUSION

Reflective Surfaces

Bibliography

Appendix
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Both the research underlying this work and the writing of the first draft were carried out whilst in receipt of a Postgraduate Scholarship from the New Zealand University Grants Committee. John Young of the Centre for Industrial Relations at Victoria University was good enough to introduce me to those in charge of personnel at four workplaces, and these people patient enough to take me in, answer my questions and suggest interesting areas to look into.

I owe much to Jan Pouwer for his continual encouragement to take nothing for granted, to search for the givens and assumptions maintaining anthropological theories as well as those sustaining social life and meaning. Judith Barker and Patricia Kinloch gave their advice and support, in different ways and at different times. I thank Joan Metge especially for her patient querying of antecedents in both writing and the discipline.

During my sojourn at the University of British Columbia, I was grateful for the discussion, support, and devil's advocacy of Tissa Fernando, Dan Jorgensen, John Leroy, Lorraine Miller and Alan Salo; and, most deeply, to Ken Burridge, who when I was whistling in the dark of the individual, guided me to the illuminating process of self.

Gael Anderson, whose good nature would not hear such problems as time and length can offer - nor ask payment! - typed this thesis. Jo Dennis offered to share the proofreading, and lightened a dreary and scary task with his humour and forbearance. I owe much to the warm support of my family, Gary Griffiths, and Tom Gati.

Last, and hardly least: the people who responded to my interest in them with good humour and hospitality, talking freely of what was closest to them. I hope this work is worthy of those who constitute it.
PREFACE

The writing of a thesis in anthropology has often been described wryly as an initiation rite. Certainly one runs the gamut of the emotions, from utter despair to exultation, and finds oneself a different person than who one was before, or during. And despite the personal nature of fieldwork and the subsequent tussle with words, never entirely satisfying, the novice anthropologist, asked to situate his or her work in relation to that of his or her possible colleagues, becomes more aware of the discipline of the discipline, and gains a sense of its heart, which could not be approached before the endeavour, and may not be reached so intensely again. The thesis is a personal saga whose details vary but whose spirit strains through different accounts. This preface describes the mixed proceedings of my own rite of passage.

I began reading in preparation for fieldwork in Java and Malaya in February 1974, under the supervision of Jan Pouver, then Professor of Anthropology at Victoria University of Wellington. In April, I realized that I wanted to - needed to - discover more about my own society, and fortunately Professor Pouver agreed to my request. I spent the next two months reading and working out an alternative thesis proposal for Victoria University's PhD Committee, which approved it at the beginning of June. The change of direction, and the development of a theoretical framework and fieldwork method, are described in Chapter One of the Introduction.

Chapter Two covers the fieldwork experience, which occupied me from February to December 1975. After I finished, I tried out the theoretical framework with the material, and saw it fail. I attempted another kind of illumination, one more synthetic, but ran into problems I could not solve without further reading and thinking. For several months of 1976 I was in limbo. Professor Pouver had decided to return to his native Holland, and left in July, a few days before I departed for the University of British Columbia on the advice of a friend who had spent a happy and fruitful year there writing the draft of her thesis in anthropology, and with the approval
of the PhD Committee. I was not sure how anyone could help me; I did feel that I needed some perspective on my material which leaving the site of fieldwork might foster.

So my thesis - and I - were in a rather incoherent state when we reached Vancouver. Fortunately, Professor Kenelm Burridge, who became my supervisor there was patient but firm, making me face up to the fact that my material was simply not going to fit the customary forms, and directing me to works which might provide a basis for a more apposite exploration. In December 1976 I had arrived at an understanding sufficient to allow me to write a description of this basis ('A Conversation with myself about Conversations'), and to start work on the first chapter of the thesis in January 1977. The third chapter of the Introduction deals with various dead-ends and frustrations encountered in exploring the literature. The fourth describes my dialogue with the works I found illuminating and sets out the framework I finally arrived at. However, this framework only became explicit and realized when the first version of the thesis was rejected, and had to be overhauled.

I left Vancouver in October 1977 with the first draft of the thesis, seeing only minor rewriting ahead of me. Of course, the second draft took much longer: another nine months, this time back in Wellington, and under the supervision of Associate-Professor Joan Metge, who assumed with me that it would be a fairly straightforward job. I rewrote most sections, added others, edited the texts which appear here, following the format of the first draft. I rewrote also and expanded introduction and conclusion, but they were condensed and elliptical, leaving too much to be read between the lines. I felt that I was trying to do something different, and that it would be best to steer readers away from customary treatments of anthropological material and individuality.

The result was incomprehension on the part of my examiners, who sent the thesis back for revision. Where I had hoped to make evident the social and dialectic nature of individuality, they saw only its subjective aspect, the aspect I had wanted to move away from. Where I had found it necessary to present the material in a series of portraits, they saw only fieldnotes.
So, with the persevering supervision of Dr. Metge, to what I hope will be the final station in the progress of this thesis: the addition of four introductory chapters, summaries of the three styles of individuality at the end of the appropriate sections, and a new conclusion. The original framework of the thesis remains pretty well intact, the text tidied up here and there.

The Introduction traces the path of the various encounters between theory and material which developed into this thesis. It does not do so in a strictly chronological fashion: understanding does not grow so directly. Like the body of the thesis, it moves forward in a spiral, between diverse particulars and their more abstract consideration, their connection with one another. In discussing various writers, I have confined consideration to those aspects of their work which are relevant to my material and what I have made of it: distilling their understanding of individuality for its essential pivot (too often, I feel, lopsided). I make no claim in the survey of the literature to thoroughgoing or detailed critiques (a thesis or two in themselves).

There have been occasions when I have cursed the subject of this thesis, times when I felt that it - and I - had no place in anthropology. I did not set out originally to investigate the individual: instead I was disturbed by its insistent emergence from the material, from my conversation with that material. At first I did not understand that individuality is a social mode of being, that is, the dialectic between experience and the terms of its comprehension, and when I had grasped its significance, it was still a long haul, stumbling over last year's false start, before I could communicate my comprehension to others. In the endeavour to find ways and means, steer a course towards unknown waters while retaining not unfamiliar landmarks - for my subject is what we know so well that we can no longer see it - my own understanding of individuality has sharpened and clarified, leaving me profoundly grateful to this troublesome material.
PART I

INTRODUCTION: DISCOVERY THROUGH DIALOGUE
FROM SHADOW PLAY TO THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR:

THE APPROACH TO FIELDWORK.

At the beginning of March 1974 I began background reading on the topic I had chosen to investigate for my doctoral thesis: the relationships between the wayang kulit (shadow plays) of Muslim Java and Malaya and the myth cycle originating in Hindu India, the Ramayana, which they embody and expand. I hoped by examining and comparing the elements and forms of these two longstanding and still popular cultural moral plays to arrive at the fundamental concerns - or, as I then phrased it, the 'deep structure' - which generated two societies which are closely related in language, history, cultural forms and social organization, yet quite distinct from each other. My intent was clear. I would produce a careful 'structural analysis'. My desk was well stocked with interesting material.

But something was amiss. The material failed to hold my attention. Time and again, I caught myself gazing down to the courtyard below, watching the figures of people as they walked, met, talked, dispersed. What was happening out there? What informed their conversations? What was it that they and I had in common which made us 'us': members of the one society? I often felt very ambivalent about my own society. On the one hand, I wanted it to be 'better' than it was in my experience, less smug, more tolerant, more fair. On the other, I could be equally frustrated with stereotyped portrayals of New Zealanders as (for instance) 'fretful sleepers', a people wary and perplexed. An anthropological education had at least freed me from the acceptance of such one-dimensional characterizations. As I understood them, societies could not be described in flat statements. They had to be unravelled through a series of paradoxes.

Ambivalence is a curious state of mind. It does not wash through one's thoughts, as do love and hate, colouring them in one hue only. It transforms the mind into a kind of kaleidoscope, twisting from one perception to another, unable to settle on any

1. Bill Pearson's coinage in one of the most significant studies in this vein. (Pearson, 1952).
one pattern, any one colour combination. My own ambivalence has two roots. The first, already mentioned, is in anthropology. Because of an absorption in that abstract framework whose focus is the composition in more concrete terms of social realities, I have gradually found it impossible to simply live my own life without wondering how it is constituted, without pondering on the terms of 'New Zealand' reality. My upbringing is the second source of ambivalence. Perhaps I can sum up its implications with two illustrations. When the Beatles rocketed to stardom (as the saying goes) my intermediate teacher was inspired to make them the subject of our next poem. Out of some thirty resulting ditties only two were not rapturous. One of them was mine, and the refrain went, 'Boo Beatles, I repeat'. On Mondays, when the topic of conversation was what we had done in the weekend, my schoolmates told of playing tennis, or watching rugby, or sewing a skirt, of visiting with their parents, or being visited by relatives and family friends. I did fence, for a while, ran about the hockey field for a term, but could not sew, and our relatives lived elsewhere. My father was a librarian; my mother trained as one. Our weekends - so it seems to me now - were largely spent reading. Reading has never been an alternative to 'living' for me. My friends visited relatives and family friends; in reading I too was encountering other people, different lives. That my experience came through the written word rather than face to face did not seem important: I was as equally liable as they were to absorption, shock, uneasiness, and the easy recognition that borders on tedium. But it did have the consequence that the world I moved in felt rather different from that of my fellows, a difference I felt most keenly in adolescence. However, I was accustomed to difference, and could on the whole respond to my contemporaries with the same curiosity with which I approached a medieval apprentice or a Victorian chimney-sweep, an interest which inhibited the development of resentment or wariness.

When I looked at the people in that courtyard, I wondered especially at groups of young men roaring heartily together, and the contrast with the same men as on their own they flirted with a girl, or talked softly, walking with her hand in hand. What was going on in their heads each time? How were the two ways of conduct connected? At the time, 'Women's Lib' was
beginning to assume prominence, and it was possible to overhear conversations on buses as well as to read articles in magazines and newspapers which were concerned with women working, women as 'sex objects', the causes of 'suburban neurosis'. There were few signs of a consensus on these matters, and they aroused a remarkable emotional heat. Obviously, they touched on what laymen might call a raw nerve, and what I thought of as 'deep structure'.

The position of women was changing rapidly. Some people were still debating the moral merits of women working, while increasing numbers of both single and married women were joining the labourforce. I was often struck in my own experience by the discrepancy between the general statements made by 'experts' or politicians, and the day to day arrangements between actual men and women. What was the relationship between the way people talked, the categories available, and what they 'actually' did?

In a paper written the year before for an Honours seminar on 'stereotyping', I had tried to tackle the question through a combination of a general examination of stereotyping, a study of images in the media, and some conversations I had had with the woman next door. I had not been able to coordinate all of these: the woman next door proved particularly recalcitrant when it came to seeing her words—and her world—through the lens of classification. She and I did not share the same system; nor did hers resemble others I had caught a glimpse of in people of the same occupational, educational, religious—etcetera—niche. I was curious about this, but it did not seem a matter for a novice anthropologist to investigate. It seemed too complex; and I had come across only one or two anthropologists whose first research had been undertaken in their own societies. Nonetheless, as I bent back over the books and papers dealing with Java and Malaya, I was nagged increasingly by the thought of that woman next door, by the thought that it made no sense to be launching myself into another society (or two) in the expectation of plumbing its depths (or theirs) when the makings of my own society remained opaque, a provocative mystery.

It was hardly a comfortable interruption. To the layman, anthropologists are a bunch of people who go and live with primitives, peasants or at least ethnic groups to return with colourful tales and accounts of exotic practices. We see
ourselves as the specialists in what is 'other', which has largely meant in social orderings and cultural patterning which do not order our own relationships nor pattern our own comprehension. The otherness which attracted me, however, did not lie in South-east Asia, as I had thought. It was 'here', 'at home': in my friends, relatives, neighbours and colleagues, in people I passed on the street, sat next to on a bus, watched on television, read about in the daily papers. Lévi-Strauss, the doyen of structuralism, whose tenets I then adhered to, had in several places admonished anthropology against tilling its own birthplace. But it seemed to me that his fears of losing objectivity could be allayed by the very procedures of the structural method he had propagated, combined with semiological analysis such as Roland Barthes had described.

Ambivalence and the woman next door forged themselves into an imperative need to find out about my own society. My supervisor, Jan Pouwer, recognized its intensity, and allowed me to change thesis topics. The material on Java and Malaya vanished from my desk, to a file marked 'Shadow play'.

My concern for the next eight months was to enlarge a theoretical framework, work out the kind of material I wanted to discover, and how to go about its unearthing.

The new working title of the thesis made apparent the general lines of this framework:

"Male/Female: an analysis of the classification of the sexes in New Zealand, and its relation to other semiological systems in New Zealand culture."

I was interested in finding out what the relations between the sexes were (e.g. domestic division of labour), how they were expressed, and through that to reach a deeper level, the level of the 'code' generating these relations and their classification. But I was not interested in this code for its own sake. The intensity with which the 'position of women' was currently being debated convinced me that this code was intertwined with others.

2. For example, Lévi-Strauss, 1967:43; Charbonnier, 1969:23.
possibly to the extent that it was used as a way of talking about other domains of social life, as a shorthand to express abstract relations of such matters as division and hierarchy, nature and culture. I had in mind the Chinese series of associations which range across yin and yang, male and female, heaven and earth, in the sense that the relation between male and female is held to be analogous to that pertaining between heaven and earth, and so on. Such a series makes it possible to talk of abstractions in concrete terms, terms of personal experience: it also has the result of overlaying each complement, each relationship, with the others it is associated with, embedding it in such a way that it is difficult for participants in the cultural framework to separate one domain out from the other, to think, for example, of men and women without thinking also of work and home? I might be able to uncover such a system in New Zealand by analysing not just how people spoke about the male/female domain, but how the terms of that domain were used in talking of other matters.

As a participant in New Zealand society, I was aware of two factors to bear in mind. First, that what was reported in the media or spoken of by prominent people in the community did not necessarily tally with the understanding of others in the society. Second, that the latter was not uniform either. I had to expect variations in the code I sought. I also had to make sure that I found those variations: I could not concentrate on a limited field, such as a particular suburb, in the hope that the dwellers, the way they were related, would provide a telling microcosm, or an institution, in the hopes that inhabitants of a mental hospital or prison might point up in obverse the classification systems of the 'wide majority'. Equally, I was not interested in basing my research upon a statistical sample. For that, I would either have to clone myself into a team of researchers, or be content with questionnaires and brief interviews which could not give me the context I sought for the operation of the male/female division as metaphor. I had two sets of guides to the problem of how

3. As Berggren puts it succinctly in his essay on metaphor, "To construe life as a play or a dream is not only to organize or interpret life in different ways, but also to give plays and dreams a significance that they might otherwise not have." (Berggren, 1962: 237)
best to uncover this material, the work of Western anthropologists who had undertaken research in their own societies, and the theory-methods of Lévi-Strauss and Barthes in the structural-semiological approach.

In November 1974, as I was nearing the end of my reading, I attended an anthropological conference on structuralism at Monash University. It was disconcerting to find my plans for research in my own society met with polite — and not so polite — switchings of the topic to my interlocutor's own experience of fierce jungle denizens (both insect and human), hardships endured in the name of anthropology, and derring-do in the Outback. Or a shrug: "Won't that be pretty dull?" It was indicative of a general absence of anthropological interest in complex western societies. Most of the work I was acquainted with dealt with ethnic groups or enclaves within the larger society. Their material came from a bounded area of social life: something which replicated the proverbial village, something in which they could study social organization as community, as if the two were synonymous. These works suggested that anthropological methods and the holistic nature of its translation of social realities could cope only with 'small scale' situations, and were not fitted to tackle the sprawl of a complex society.

There were some notable exceptions, namely Bott's Family and Social Network, Firth, Hubert and Forge's Families and their Relatives, and Schneider's American Kinship: A Cultural Account. These three were concerned not so much with community as the place in western societies of kinship, which elsewhere has loomed large in social organization and thinking, and consequently in anthropological accounts and theory. Indeed Schneider saw America as providing the ideal setting to find out what kinship really was, freed of its functions and connotations.

"It makes particularly good sense, it seems to me, to study kinship in the United States. It is as close to its "pure form" as possible here in America, rather than in some other society where it is hidden beneath layers of economic, political, religious and other elements."4 Schneider's apprehension of kinship as having some kind of 'pure' existence, as if it were a chemical element, is somewhat

surprising in an anthropological context, a context which has stressed the relativity of institutions. His two short books are inspired by the fieldwork he orchestrated, but they do not address the material in any detail. They are valuable for their illuminating flashes and the questions they arouse rather than for their ethnographic depth.

By contrast the two English studies are replete with illustrations and case studies. The aim in the Firth, Hubert and Forge study was

"...to see if kinship is important in the sectors of social life we have chosen to investigate, and if it is, for what kinds of people, in what kinds of conditions, and with what kin." 5

The 'kinds of people' they found less clearly and less uniformly demarcated than in non-Western societies, and described less in terms of statuses and categories than as

"the kinds of interconnection that exist between factors of personality, including individual selection and forces of self-expression, and factors of social patterning, including norms of convention and moral evaluation." 6

Kinship had "standards of conduct, but a lack of rules". 7

These are perhaps vague conclusions, but they are true to the varied nature of the material. It is a pity that they were brought to a full stop by the element of choice: it is the very key to the society they were working in, the very thing we need to investigate. The value of the work lies in its demonstration that kinship is not so fully articulated or systemic in a Western society as it is in its operation in non-Western societies, and that Western kinship is thus better described in terms of principles than in terms of the anthropological familiaris of norm, status, role and classification.

Bott describes a similar vanishing of the intended subject. Her framework was oriented towards roles, norms and reference groups. There was too much variation in her material to talk of role in the customary way, as she put it, "behaviour that is expected of any individual occupying a particular social position." 8

5. Firth, Hubert and Forge, 1969:14.
6. ibid: 56
7. ibid: 65
She explained the variation she discovered by linking particular instances of family relationships, division of labour and so forth, to the density of the family's 'network' of interactants, friends, relatives, colleagues, neighbours, etc. In a sense, the concept of network, particularly when linked to its density or overlap, is no more than a more sophisticated translation of community. In other words, it is still a 'small-scale' unit which organizes experience and its understanding. Although she sees the person as "reworking" "ideology, norms and values" from "outside", a formulation which suggests that the person is discrete from society, thus somewhat begging the question of the relationship of society to the person, she also suggests that each person is still primarily a group or unit member, in this case participant in a family network. The same assumption is present in the Firth, Hubert and Forge study. It is present even in the titles of the two works: Family and Social Network and Families and their Relatives, despite the openended nature of their conclusions.

Each of these three studies was based on a series of interviews with people selected, at least to begin with, on a statistical sampling of a chosen suburb. Each used a team of interviewers and a common list of questions. Use was made of the interviews to gain figures, illustrations and 'case studies'. I found them interesting, but felt that something was missing. They left me vaguely frustrated, with the feeling that the connections I was looking for were not to be found through the use of interviews as raw material to extract nuggets of information from. Nor did concepts such as network ring true to the whole and kernel of my experience of life as a participant in a western society.

So, to structuralism and semiology. My intention here is not to describe their epistemology in any detail but to make apparent what part they played in the development of my framework for fieldwork.5

---

5. Parts of structuralism and semiology have now become part of the general anthropological currency, though they were not when I began fieldwork. Further sources are the works of Barthes, Boon, Jakobson, Lévi-Strauss, Pouwer, Robey and Rossi cited in the bibliography.
The Saussurian distinction between "parole" and "langue" plays a seminal part in both structuralism and semiology. "Parole" refers to actual instances of speech, "langue" to the underlying structure which generates them, a set of rules which allow the production of meaning in speech. De Saussure described language ("le langage") as constituted by both yet reducible to neither. But he also suggested that because of the non-finite nature of 'parole', and thus the impossibility of gathering a statistically significant sample, the analyst of language should concentrate on 'langue'.

Lévi-Strauss translates the concepts of 'parole' and 'langue' into two 'orders' in social life: the order of events ('l'ordre vécu') and the order of structure ('l'ordre conçu'). Again, we cannot hope to cover all the experiences and events in the lives of a particular society's members; but we can unearth the structure which orders those events into a pattern which endows them with significance.

How do we find this pattern? Lévi-Strauss takes his lead once more from the linguists. The stress in the concept of 'langue' is on the organization of elements into systems; to explain the existence of phonemic patterns, for example, in a particular system by looking at the way the elements are combined, the rules binding their use. Jakobson in his work described such rules as consisting of selection and combination. Languages differ in the elements (e.g. sounds) 'selected' from the possible pool, and also in the way in which they are combined to form sequences. The analyst begins not with the elements, but with the sequences (e.g. morphemes; sentences; myths; marriage patterns). His or her aim is not the extraction of the elements, since each element exists distinct from its fellows only insomuch as it is defined by them, but the distillation of the rules of selection and combination, the 'code' behind sequences which allows them to bear meaning.

10. de Saussure, 1959.
The sequences to be analysed are selected on the basis not of statistical sampling, but rather more of an intuition of their richness—what Barthes calls 'saturation', the exhaustion of the logical possibilities of the code's permutations. This is obviously something one would not know in advance for a given society, though hopes have been held for the production of a code of codes which could act as a general model.

The elements of a particular system are not monadic. Jakobson describes them as "an indissoluble unity of an immediately perceptible signum, and an inferable, apprehensible signatum." The elements, or, as they are generally termed, 'signs', comprise both expression and reference, neither of which determines the other. To give a simple example, 'I', 'je', 'ego' each refers to a concept of the person as subject. The concept does not determine its linguistic form. Now, if this is also the case in social life, something like a totem does not stem directly from itself: a totemic animal such as a kangaroo is not used as an element in a totemic system simply or only because of its kangaroo-ness. The kangaroo is only a totemic animal because a rodent and a cockatoo are also: only because of the existence of other signs which together constitute a totemic system.

If societies are conceived as consisting of a number of sign systems, the very nature of the sign ensures that none is disjoint from the others, that all are interrelated. We therefore cannot talk of a particular domain of social life without reference to its fellows. Social life can be seen as a further system of signs, each domain defined by its place in an overall social system. So an investigation of the male/female system would be incomplete so long as it looked only at 'roles' or 'division of labour', or sought to explain one facet of itself, for example, ideological portrayals of each sex, solely in terms of another facet, such as the division of labour.

The necessity to place a system in the context of its mutually defining fellows is a rather daunting prospect.

14. As Lévi-Strauss elegantly explicates it in Totemism.
Fortunately for anthropology, such connection has always been the (bold) aim of ethnographic accounts. However, its consideration has led structuralist or semiological adherents to focus their attention on already articulated systems, such as myths or fashion. Some then stick to that, and their analysis concentrates on the structure of the chosen system. Others like Barthes and Lévi-Strauss regard the system which is their focus (e.g. myth) as an element in a system or order at another level, and so inform their analyses with contextual material, while using the chosen system also as a lever on the opacity of deeper levels. Sometimes the deeper level is a particular society (e.g. Lévi-Strauss in 'The Myth of Asdiwal'); at others it is a dialogue between fundamentals (e.g. Lévi-Strauss in Elementary Structures of Kinship).

Barthes also talks analogically of examining a system of signs for its emphasis on one of the tripartite relations of the constitution of the sign. An emphasis on the symbolic gives a system a flavour, or 'imagination' which is different from that stemming from an emphasis on the paradigmatic or syntagmatic. Apart from this one essay, 'The Imagination of the Sign', he does not put this insight to work, foregoing its fluidity for a much tighter and denser analysis. But his discussion of the imagination of the sign does give an indication that the sign is not a tool with only one use: that the idea of the sign can be as fruitful in the illumination of social understanding as in its more inflexible and dissective application.

15. More in 1974 than now, largely because the idea of the sign has percolated out beyond the theoretical confines of a strict semiology. However, most of the discussion occurring in semiology's twin but not identical sibling, semiotics, remains concerned with the structure of sign systems and the typologizing of signs. Semiotics takes its lead from Charles Ficre, whose sign is a triadic relation between sign (as a semiotologist would use it), object and interpretant. It does not, as semiology does, place human language and linguistics at its centre, but systems of communication instead. See, for example, two volumes edited by Sebeok, its chief proponent, A Precision of Signs (1977), and Sight Sound and Sense (1976); Indiana University Press.


17. As in his S/Z or *Système de la Mode*. 
From these ideas and their use I decided that I should gather a number of sequences or 'texts', and carry out a systematic investigation of them in terms of how things were said as much as what was said. My main difficulty was that there existed no articulated system of male/female relationships: no 'system of cultural artefacts' such as Barthes favoured for a structural analysis. I could collect instances of use as I found them in the media, literature, conversations: but then I would accumulate a host of usages without any idea of how they were being used by each speaker, or in other terms, where they fitted into the speaker's system of male/female.

I realized that the best sources for these texts would be individual persons. By listening to them talk about a variety of matters, events and relationships in their own lives, I would come as close as I could to a 'natural' production of texts, things that might have been said without the presence of an interviewer. And by getting a variety of information (or ways of informing) I would gain a context for each text. I foresaw an analysis which went through each text in turn, extracting its logic, or structure, and by the final comparison of each in terms of its particular logic or structure arrived at some ultimate code, a very abstract set of operations to which they all adhered, or through which all their variations could be made intelligible and connected: a set which made them all 'New Zealanders'.

I hoped that this process would safeguard me against the blurring which might come from my being a part of what I studied. I had some misgivings: how well would the structural-semiological framework hold up in the absence of a 'system of cultural artefacts'? Could it yield as much with data gleaned from a complex Western society as it appeared to do with data from bounded domains or non-Western societies? And most significantly, was its stress on meaning as 'how' at the expense of meaning as 'what'? Would a code which set out how meaning was arrived at also tell me what that meaning was?

18. I am bearing in mind Boon's definition of 'text', "I call a 'text' any body of data in any sorts of units - sounds played, phones uttered, acts effected, colours applied, sentences writ, stars contemplated, geographical features surveyed etc - which smacks of systematization, given an observer." (Boon, 1972:10).

Yet on the whole I felt myself prepared, framework tucked securely into my belt, when I set off at the start of 1975 to encounter the natives of a profusely explored yet misunderstood country, my fellow New Zealanders.
"It is impossible to determine, at one and the same time, the trajectory and the position of a particle. Similarly, we perhaps cannot both try to get to know a society from the inside and classify it from the outside in relation to other societies." 2

"The sociologist objectivizes for fear of being misled. The anthropologist does not experience this fear, since he is not immediately concerned in the distant society he studies and since he is not compelled to leave out of consideration all its nuances, details, and even values - in a word, all that in which an observer of his own society risks being implicated. Our position as observers brings us unhoped for guarantees of objectivity." 3

Lévi-Strauss's cautions against carrying out fieldwork in one's own society rest on the proposition that the part cannot see the whole in which it is engaged by virtue of its position, its inability to stand outside, unengaged. This implies that all societies are alike in the degree and kind of participation of their members, and that they are bounded: one is either inside or outside per se, rather than able to be at times more unengaged - or differently engaged - than others. His emphasis on objectivity leads him to the logical conclusion that since we are studying other human beings and their realities, thus in a sense part of what engages our attention, the nearest we can come to the scientific objectivity he holds as anthropology's goal is to go as far as possible away from ourselves and our own social milieu. But perhaps this very fact, the recognition that we are a part of what we study, as evidenced in anthropology's stress on personal fieldwork (c.f. the highly structured research of many sociologists) might make us cautious instead about aiming for objectivity.

1. T.S.Eliot's original title for 'The Wasteland', recalled here not for its connections with the poem, but for the suggestiveness of the phrase itself.
I think our best guarantee of detachment (to escape from the falsifying opposition between 'objectivity' and 'subjectivity') lies not in the otherness we study, but in the curiosity which draws us to whatever manifestation of social life we investigate, and renders us open to it, eager to collect as much and as varied material as we can about it. Without this openness, accounts of even the most 'exotic' lives are cast primarily in the terms of their interlocutor. Fieldwork began as a response to the uneven and often frustrating pictures given by explorers, missionaries, traders. As anthropologists we are not without our own lens, our own set of terms, but ideally these terms do not guide us without our knowing: they act instead as equal partners in a dialogue with the material, and thus are themselves available for alteration.

Curiosity refers to something the investigator does not - or decides he or she does not - know and wants to know through its own terms. In short, the object of curiosity is defined as 'other', and it is 'other' whether it occurs in one's own society or in another's. Because it has been defined as other by the researcher he or she attends to the minutiae that in ordinary life, which is active rather than interrogative, we take little heed of: they are so familiar as to be invisible and banal. In this respect fieldwork in one's own society is the same as that carried out elsewhere.

4. Loudon has written in a recent collection, Social Anthropology and Medicine:
"If there is anything in the study of what is for most of us our own society to which we can bring a special kind of approach and experience, it is the close and critical examination of what is odd about what is taken for granted, particularly about sacred cows. At the same time, however immediate and localised, the approach of the social anthropologist to such questions should have a timeless and spaceless dimension...the essence of the approach lies in the patient analysis of universal aspects of human experience and social organization by means of scrupulous dissection of particular instances noted, directly or indirectly, in the first hand observation of small-scale events." (Loudon, 1377:34)
It is nice to see Loudon's association of small-scale with events rather than the customary community (or network).
The main difference may lie in the subsequent construing of the material gathered. Levi-Strauss seems to forget that there are two stages to the research process: fieldwork, in which analysis is held at bay, and then the making sense of one's material, which is in anthropology, also making sense of one's own 'personal' experience. For the anthropologist's task in his or her own society is not so much the translation of the alien into words which without traducing its differences make it intelligible to an audience who will never encounter it 'face to face'; it is rather the attempt to illuminate what is taken for granted, to make recognition resound.

I planned fieldwork to centre round interviews. Both to find people who would talk to me, and to gain some context for what they said, some feel for the kind of work they did and its setting, I decided to spend a couple of weeks in a variety of workplaces, aiming for a cross-section of occupations. My entree into these was effected through the connections of John Woods, a lecturer at Victoria's Industrial Relations Centre, after he had satisfied himself that I would not take advantage of the opportunity to 'stir', to preach a version of Marx. Some of these connections were his ex-students, some his colleagues on committees or in past research. I wanted a mixture of 'white' and 'blue' collar situations; we found a cigarette factory, a freezing works (the New Zealand combination of abattoir and packaging plant, largely for export), an insurance company, and the research section of a large government department.

The account which follows begins at the beginning, but it is not a blow by blow chronicle. It circles between events and the more abstract commentary they inspire.

First to be tackled was the cigarette factory. It was arranged that I join the payroll as a temporary worker for two and a half weeks. I would be allowed to work alongside others, but not wander round asking questions. It was probably just as well: there was more than enough for me to simply try to absorb, and I was perfectly content to watch and listen rather than initiate.

Like other new employees, I filled out forms, had a chat with the personnel officer, was handed on by her to the staff
nurse for a medical check-up and a uniform, and she in turn brought me to the production manager of the section I was to join, Roll Your Own. And I found myself ten minutes later simultaneously trying to load sheaves of dried tobacco on to a conveyor belt, work out which machines did what, notice how they were 'manned', watch the interaction of those I could see, and listen to the snippets of conversation I could catch above the continual clatter and thump of different machines in concert.

It was a very different world from mine. I had worked in a shop, an office; I had been a waitress and a dishwasher; and I was well accustomed to the self-set life of the student. Life in the factory was strictly regulated. We punched a timecard as we came in in the morning, as we went for lunch, came back, and finally trooped out at the end of the day. Everyone was on the same time. The machines stopped for ten minutes for afternoon and morning tea, and we rushed upstairs to the canteen where people settled into familiar groups to talk, play cards, with one or two at the back against the wall, reading comics or Truth, New Zealand's weekly yellow paper. Some of the groups did not mind a newcomer; others seemed very closed. I often sat there cradling my cup and trying to hold in my head several different conversations ans their contexts. The group I worked with, loading sheaves most of the time, was mostly composed of adolescent girls, and sometimes they expected me to stay with them, and not to act, as it were, freelance. People seemed very conscious of their circles; and aware of the hierarchy above them. Those who had worked there two years or more wore a blue band in their caps; they received more pay and they felt entitled to more respect than those who had not yet put in their time. Each division of the section had its own supervisor, and above them were a pyramid of others whom you could recognize by their streetclothes and their mobility round the section and the factory. They were liable to appear at any time and strike up jovial conversations; the girls regarded them with suspicion. The sections too had their own hierarchy: Roll Your Own was near the bottom, with machinery that kept breaking down, and with most of its work unskilled in comparison to the operators of the machines marching out line after line of cigarettes.
Above them were the office workers, and above the clerks and account keepers, the management. There was little movement between sections. At lunchtimes I would make a conscientious effort to go to the main canteen (Bingo twice a week), and once I was sent over to the cigarette side for the day, more as a consequence of the deployment of workers than from consideration for the research.

The regulation was not all that struck me. I found my fellow workers on the whole suspicious. It was not that they were wary or silent, but underlying what they talked about, and their accounts of people and relationships an uncertainty was evident. What was the motive? How long would it last? They sorted the world into those you could take at their word, and those you took with several grains of salt. Amongst the teenage girls, for example, relationships with the opposite sex were pervaded with jealousy. So at times they became competitors, antagonists who also understood each other - and felt for each other - in a way their boyfriends could not. Frequently I heard of beatings or more casual violence inflicted on the girls or on someone they knew; and what was to me more shocking, these acts were recounted with some pride, for through them the girls learnt how much they were valued by their companions.

I was 'tried out' by them: different girls spoke with me, talking about each other, telling tales to see if I would pass them on. Of course I did not, though many were, sooner or later, common currency. I tried to give them an outline of why I was there - I did not think there was anything to be gained by acting covertly - but my conscientious description was far too complicated and ornamented. I learnt to cut it down, to simply say that I was at the university, and that I was interested in finding out how men and women thought about each other and what they did, and that usually met with a warm if ribald response. One girl did ask me what use my findings could be to people like her. I could tell her only that people making decisions often talked about 'the man in the street', 'the ordinary bloke', but no-one actually went round to find out what he or she was really like, what he or she did and wanted. She nodded her head, and remained sceptical that such knowledge would do very much to change the minds of those in power.
I became close to three girls, and began to visit them, or went out with them visiting, playing mini-pool, having a Chinese meal, and once to a strip show. They did not mind if I asked them questions, but we could never sit down for a couple of hours with my notebook on my knee. I asked questions as something happened, gradually accepting the fact that I was not able to cover the same ground with each person, desirable though that was from the point of view of a strict textual analysis. It was the first instance of my material frustrating this aim. Later the list of questions I developed went through several alterations; I found too that questions had to be put in different ways to different people. The form that made sense to one would draw a puzzled look from another, and I could see little point in sticking to a particular, and in a logical sense, arbitrary form. The order in which I went through the list also varied from person, stemming from their previous answers. Usually I began by asking them for a life history, not as such, but as 'tell me how you got here' or 'tell me about your family, where you grew up, how you met your wife/husband'.

So from the beginning of our interviews, and really from my initial approach, when I had requested their participation as particular people, not as representatives of a class of category, the persons interviewed were each at the centre of our joint attention. What they said played a visible part in directing the course of questions. I think this enabled my informants to feel themselves active partners in the interviews, rather than passive recipients of a list of specific questions. They could thus be more expansive of 'personal' matters.

Questionnaires and structured interviews, particularly those that deal only once with each person, by contrast do not place the informant as a particular person at the centre of questioning. It is one thing to take into account 'variables' such as age, education, marital status, occupation; another to see the interviewee primarily as a representative of these axes of sociological identification. Research based on types and categories alone frustrates its own end by taking it terms

---

5. This list can be found in the Appendix of the thesis.
for granted, and in such a way that the material cannot 'talk back'. Types and quantification, the kinds of questions they promote, and the way in which these are ordered form a closed circuit into which new kinds of information cannot readily enter. Judging by the material I was able to gather using unstructured interviews, I am not surprised at the growing 'consumer' resistance to persons arriving at the door armed with a clipboard. I suggest that researchers in a 'mass' society will in fact learn far more about the people they are interested in - though for many it is primarily an interest in behaviour alone - by designing more flexible forms of research, ones which allow the informant to guide the line of questioning as well as to give answers.

I asked fifty-one people met in workplaces or other public situations if I could come and interview them in their homes, if they were willing to tell me about their lives and opinions. Only three people refused. They were all from the Roll Your Own section, encountered at the beginning of fieldwork. For a while I was afraid that their refusals were indicative of more to come, of a general reluctance for people to answer questions about themselves, questions I regarded as touching on private matters. But instead people were often gratified that I asked them, pleased that someone was paying them attention. At some stage when I asked for interviews or during an interview, I would be asked, 'why choose me?' I told them that I wanted to find out about a variety of people, in different situations. In other words, they were like some others, but not all others, and they were not identical with those who were like them. Sometimes I was asked 'if other people think this way'. I would respond with a 'some do, some don't' which satisfied them. I gradually realized that my informants liked to think of themselves as slightly yet clearly different from others, yet not so totally removed from them that they seemed 'odd'.

6. It occurs to me in writing this phrase 'pay attention', in this context, that it may be no accident that we describe it in terms associated with money, i.e. with the medium of economic transactions in Western societies. It implies that attention is not something which comes 'naturally', without intention. It is something that one gives - from and of oneself - to another. It is an object of exchange.

7. Rather than using axes of measurement of, for example, a suburban housewife to build up an identikit of the 'average' housewife.
I am not sure why the three people who said no did so. One was a married woman in her fifties who invested her conversations and reportage with a sparkling intensity which made her the centre of her group. She said she would have to check with her husband, who vetoed it. The second was a slightly older widow who had a warm placidity about her, with whom the young could feel at ease. She pondered on my request for a night, and said she was sorry, but she couldn't see the point. The last was a foreman near retirement, someone the girls both feared as arbitrary, and laughed at. He gave a near instant no, looked round to see if anyone could over hear us, and told me (it was not a question) "What would my wife think if a young girl like you came round to talk to me". Fortunatelly the production manager had been watching. He came over to offer his condolences in a few observations about the fishy nature of the man I had wanted to learn more about. So I asked him if he would be willing to be interviewed. A flush of colour, and an agreement. His boy would be going to university next year and he would like to think that someone would give him a hand - so he would give me one.

The fact that these three were all over fifty does not explain their refusals, since others of the same age agreed to be interviewed. Perhaps they had not had sufficient experience of me. But women, though younger, 'met during a couple of hours at a Playcentre, some from much the same 'background' or matrix of education and occupation as these three, were immediately agreeable to my coming to visit them. Perhaps their desire not to talk in detail about their own lives could be traced back to the general wariness I had noticed in the conversations of the workers in the Roll Your Own section, a wariness which those of the same section closer to my own age could largely disregard once they had found out I already had a 'boyfriend': and was therefore no possible predator.

My selection of informants was a combination of classification, coincidence and intuition. Those who did agree to talk to me

8. Lévi-Strauss explicitly attributes to intuition his selection of myths, at least those with which he sets the analytical ball rolling. (Lévi-Strauss, 1970:2).
about their lives were not typically more talkative or articulate than others met in the same workplace or setting. I tried to keep a rough balance between different ages, occupations, marital status, number of children, sex, so that I had a broad coverage of the social spectrum. There were overlaps: I did not have a series of slots I was looking to fill. 'Coincidence' covers a variety of opportunities which offered themselves unanticipated. A personnel officer lived in a suburb with an active Playcentre, and offered to put me in touch with one of the organizers so I could go out and use it as a base for meeting non-working mothers. The husbands of two of these were shift workers, and when they found me talking to their wives settled down to participate themselves. Again, the 'pure' form of the text was altered by those who were giving it to me. I was happy to interview those who felt like it as couples. Only rarely did one person assume he or she spoke also for his or her partner; they regarded them as joint sessions, and were often curious about how the other would answer, using that as a starting point for their own response, or adding something which they felt the other had forgotten. With other couples, the interviews took place separately, often because I had started out to interview one of them, then realized that it would be possible and worthwhile to talk to the other as well. By that time the other was used to seeing me, and I was vouched for by their partner's participation.

Most of my informants met me, talked with me and saw me with others (in the workplace, or with their friends or spouses) before they agreed to be interviewed. If I was seeing people they knew, they also knew that I was not passing on any information - though we would often use people we knew in common as reference points, people who did not need to be described before my informants could tell me what they made of them. I was a visitor, not a neighbour or colleague: what they told me of themselves would not rebound upon them in their daily surroundings and relationships. It was these which needed to be known to be protected: there seemed to be less concern about what I planned to do with the material in an academic context. Indeed, those who had been to university or held professional jobs were pleased with the idea of a book based on individuals' lives and opinions and happy to think
of themselves - or what they had given me - as included.

By qualifying the last sentence with 'what they had given me' I do not wish to imply that there was any conscious withholding of information. I was not a detective, nor did I pursue an answer as if I were hunting down a quarry. There was no obvious profit to be gained from adopting any particular response to me and my questions. There was very little in my approach to lie against, and a lie or evasion is essentially a response to a threat, a fear, or a manipulation of the situation. My questions were open-ended, and in both them and my response, little sense of a 'correct' answer, little guidance as to what I wanted from them, other than their own response, whatever form that took. I was less interested in finding out the 'true facts', for example, had a husband really come home soaked drunk for months on end, than in discovering through a variety of reported experiences a person's approach, his or her underlying framework for understanding events. My questions ranged widely; our interview was not a single occasion, but usually extended over three or more encounters, over six or more weeks. It would have been difficult to sustain a fiction or an evasion through that variety. I saw no evidence that they had even tried to do so.

Some have suggested that informants might prefer not to 'see themselves as they really are'. Interviews are however fluid situations, one in which participants are more aware of the details than they are perceptive of the whole the particulars constitute. Moreover, not all my interlocutors were content with themselves and their lives; they expressed dissatisfaction, and were often, though not always, aware of paradoxes in what they said. I might be aware of the paradoxes, but I did not confront them with them. I was not there as judge, pigeonholer or moralist: I was there to find out why they thought what they thought, which did not always coincide with the whys they gave me for their views and relationships. The best way to do that was to listen, and to ask questions which would encourage their flow.

9. Unlike the merciless techniques of the ethnomethodologists who attempt to break down the constitution of 'commonsense' through remorseless repetition.
I had wondered before I started fieldwork how I would cope with people whose views were very opposed to mine, people I considered prejudiced or jaundiced. It was not a problem. As with matters less disturbing to me, I listened and took notes and asked further questions. I was not there to convince, or to make a stand. I was there to find out how people thought. My purpose detached me, even though we were members of the same society, sharing the same resources, and I might prefer someone to think or perceive things differently. Indeed, part of the thought behind the fieldwork itself was the hope that change in the directions I favoured might be more feasible if we knew, not just the what, but the how and why of people's thinking. Once or twice people asked me what I thought on a matter, especially race relations — surely the speciality of the anthropologist! Indeed, many were surprised to find me looking at Pakehas, New Zealanders of European descent. On these occasions I would try to state my position and its reasons clearly, but not forcefully: indicating that there was room for different viewpoints.

I was there to listen, rather than to talk, and for that reason preferred to say very little about myself. This does not mean that I was present almost in absentia, in neutral. But the kinds of things I knew about my respondents were not the kinds of things they knew about me. They did not know, for example, who I lived with, or why, or whether I could sew or who I had voted for in the elections. I felt such 'facts' would clutter the picture, and shift our converse on to an everyday level, a finding-ourselves-sharing-a-bus-seat level. I think now there was an element of protection of myself — as researcher as much as 'self' — in this stance. It worked to ensure that I remained open, that I was there to find out, not to be responded to as a fully detailed person. As well as lessening the possibility of guarded answers, it also allowed me to emerge from what I found intense encounters with my own self intact, not too bruised. There was a part of myself which — as it were, because it was by no means hard and fast — remained apart from fieldwork, and which remained as some kind of touchstone, even as my thoughts were filled to saturation point with other people, with the otherness of people.
My informants knew me as a particular person, even if they did not know me in particulars. They knew me as someone who was interested in them, without hanging round all the time, getting in their way, or threatening to be there for years to come. My attention had not had to be achieved by them; it was not an approval of some right opinion or success: it was because of that an unsought for (and therefore all the more pleasant) affirmation of who they were. In interviews, their gift to me was their talking about their own lives. Instead of replying in kind, expanding on my own—which would have cut across their account—I affirmed their lives by my very interest and concentrated focus on them as they talked, by my asking them to tell me more, or remembering a specific detail of some anecdote in a further question. They knew me as someone who waited while they sorted out details, laughed at their punchlines, nodded her head over more sobering tales, who sometimes got excited and tripped over her words, and who could, on the whole to their amusement, be almost guaranteed to have a 'why' lying in wait. In fact, some of them began to pose their own whys, using the interviews as some kind of internal expedition, a way of sighting the landmarks in their lives and working out questions of origin, questions of connection.

10. I use the term 'gift' advisedly, in its anthropological vestment. In receiving my informants' words and experiences I was obliged to do something with them, not waste them. In low despondent moments it was paradoxically the feeling that I could not let down those who had already entrusted themselves to me that spurred me on to the next interview, the next workplace.

11. On the whole people did not ask me 'personal' questions of the kind I had been putting to them. In our chat before and after interviews (ie questions and note-taking) we would talk about general matters: a recent film, a news item, something they had noticed which they thought would interest me. I was always ready to steer the conversation onto their own experiences and anecdotes; perhaps many of them never got the chance to ask me more about myself. A few did, and I responded in honesty, and with one whom I felt at home, in fullness.
If there were any connotations of intrusion,\[^{12}\] they were transformed by my informants' offer of various concrete forms of hospitality, through which I became an invited guest. I was often invited to meals, usually, if there was a family, with the whole family present. Interview sessions would be followed by or accompanied with drinks, and we would sit on chatting over tea, coffee and alcohol. I discovered to my surprise that I enjoyed the 'national beverage', beer - and also that many people turned to wine and spirits in preference. I drank more in the course of ten months fieldwork than the sum total of several previous years, and found to my relief that the downing of several hospitable drinks did not muddle my head and sabotage a fieldwork excursion. It may even have made the burden lighter.

All the interviews were recorded with notebook and pen. I considered using a tape recorder, and decided against it on the grounds that it was far more intrusive\[^{13}\] than a notebook, which sits discreetly on one's lap. Writing down what someone says as they say it, in a one to one situation, also allows one to be attentive without staring, without making the informant too self-conscious, aware of him or herself as the uninterrupted object of one's care. I had too a picture of a machine suddenly stopping in the middle of a vital passage and my frantic efforts to replace a cassette disturbing the informant's connective thoughts. Other considerations were the time and expense of transcribing, intractable as my own idiosyncratic shorthand sometimes proved to be, forcing me back on memory to abandon indecipherable passages. My memory proved far more trustworthy than I would have thought before fieldwork, and it appeared to sharpen further with use. It would wake me in the night weeks after an event to ensure the recall of some detail, or allow me to reach back a year when I was typing up. I could not keep up with the typing as I went; earlier interviews could be managed,

\[^{12}\] I think in general the voluntary nature of their acceptance of being interviewed reduced the chance that our conversations would be felt this way. In talking of hospitality here I am talking more of the logic of the situation than of actual feelings. Only one man indicated, at the third and final interview, that he was feeling tired of questioning; it did not stop him from replying fully. He felt I think that he had said what he had to say, and could add little.

\[^{13}\] Perhaps where tape recorders are far more prevalent in both business and pleasure, e.g. North America, this would not be so.
but once in the thick of it it was impossible, though highly regrettable. People seemed content for me to note all they said; I was never asked not to record something, though once or twice I stopped writing of my own accord. Nor was I asked what the fate of the notes would be, or for copies of the transcription.

After each interview I would add details of further conversation, interaction between people, if others than my informant had been present, descriptions of the house, furnishings, food and drink, the kinds of ornaments etc. I did not record the exact form my questions took and my intonation on particular occasions, nor the intonation of my respondent, though I did mark lengthy pauses or intense passages in the margin of my notebook.

In the cigarette factory, I took no notes, though there as elsewhere I would sometimes retreat to the toilet to scribble down events and conversations which struck me as significant. At night I would incorporate and expand these jottings into full fieldnotes.

I found the research section of the Government department a great contrast. There, people worked at their own projects, dealt out by supervisors, but each different from a neighbour's. The rooms they worked in were not large, and conversations often broke the quiet of pens and rulers on paper, the rustling of papers clipped together, conversations which most people in the room could hear and opt to participate in. I could not be treated as a new employee – another marked difference between a factory and professional situation – but I was given a desk in each of the three subsections in which I spent a week, and asked not to interrupt working hours. I did not initiate conversations, on the whole, but my presence stimulated some, and I joined in others. I brought along pen and paper myself, added a few books from the departmental library and proceeded to read them, listening all the while to discussions, this end of phone calls, and noting them all down, feeling at times like a playwright keeping an ear out for likely dialogue. My notes from the Government department are hefty in comparison to those from the other working situations. I spent my tea breaks and lunches between the main recreation room with its table tennis and pool tables, mostly occupied by the men, and the
tealady's room, where most of the women on the staff congregated. Two of the four people who agreed to be interviewed here preferred to see me, for reasons of privacy and time, in their lunch-hours, usually in an empty office, so I was able to keep an eye on the development of relationships and events I had observed while I had been present weeks before.

The freezing works when I reached it (after a break spent concentrating on interviews) provided some very rich material and encounters with future informants. My presence there had been subject to union as well as management approval: the session in which they jointly interviewed me was fascinating for their jousting. The union requested that I become a member - and used the occasion to demonstrate its strength by winning a concession from the management: the latter would pay for my ticket. Thus I was allowed to attend union meetings, a vital factor in understanding the context of the freezing workers. I was paid as a management trainee (thus not cutting into the union quota), but was identified with neither side. The foremen and some of my coworkers encouraged me to wander round in slack moments, of which there were many at the end of a season's killing. I talked to a wide variety of people, seeing in the process most of the stages in the transformation of animals into 'meat'.

In the insurance company I was also treated as a quasi-employee. With other newcomers I attended a two-day 'school' in which members of the company outlined for us its organization, its different branches, their rationale, employment opportunities: generally extolling the virtues of the insurance world's concepts of protection, investment, hard work, getting ahead, and providence.

I ended the year with a month spent in a small country town, vouched for by my host, a fellow anthropologist then engaged in writing up field material collected elsewhere. I attended church services, meetings of voluntary organizations, Playcentre mornings, and was taken by some of my informants to a Scottish country dance (fun but exhausting) and to see shearing, for the first time.
During the year I also took care to observe situations and events which were beyond my usual round: the round of someone participating in her own society without simultaneously investigating it. I went to a range of pubs and bars, dances; a stock car meeting, a boxing match, a rugby game; a Christmas Parade; different church services. I took a note of things that struck me in the course of walking round city streets or along country roads, in the course of reading the papers, watching television. I listened to talkback shows on the radio, then very much in vogue. I noted things from conversations heard in buses, or when with friends and acquaintances. I did not ask questions of those close to me (though they were sometimes subjected to raves); I did not want the most personal domains of my own life overlaid with the interview relationship, the assymetrical and limited exchange of information. For much the same reason, in reverse, I could not see my informants, even the two with whom I felt most at home, entering into enduring friendship with me. Had I regarded the interviews as panning for nuggets of information, I do not think this separation would have been so important or noticeable. But my interest was in configurations: people as sequential wholes, as texts. And when I sat down at the end of fieldwork, saturated with other people, other lives, others' voices and words, I set out not to carve out of that a general ethnography, nor to make an exposition of one domain of social life, but to pursue a textual analysis.
It is a central anthropological axiom that a particular society carves out from the diversity and contingency of life and death an order which sustains and places its members through their own lives and deaths. By 'order' is denoted something systematic and shared. Various anthropological approaches can be differentiated by the kind of system and sharing they describe. In my research, I was not interested in unravelling lines of interaction to reconstitute a bounded social organization. I had begun fieldwork inspired by the structuralist emphasis on how minds are shaped: on the idea of culture as blueprint.

I did not think that the order I would find in my fellow New Zealanders was the kind of holistic and concrete system others working in this vein had described for non-Western societies. As an example, I did not expect 'woman' to have a set number of links through associations, all or most of which would be present in each of those I interviewed. Nor did I expect people to use the same set of terms to talk about the same things. What I did think would be shared was the means or logic which made each set of terms systematic, and hence mutually intelligible, even if the terms themselves and the actual sets were not shared. The fact that I was a participant in the society I studied proved an advantage in that it prevented me from using the structuralist-semiological theory mechanically. My own experience before fieldwork, reflection upon that experience, and the fieldwork experience itself generated a necessary scepticism, a distance which enabled me to use the theory with detachment.

I think the value we attach as anthropologists to distance, to the 'otherness' of what we study should also apply to the theories we use to make our material intelligible, so that they too can become 'other', and be thought about as much as thought through. As we gather material through participation as well as observation, this detachment does not imply standing outside a theory so much as 'participating' in it, following it through in relation to our material, and allowing that material to enter into dialogue with the theory as an equal rather than as a sprawl of actuality to be alchemised through the refinement of abstraction.
I had been inspired by the structural-semiological framework to gather material as 'texts'; but what I wanted to discover did not allow me to confine myself to an already articulated system, akin to Barthes' 'system of cultural artefacts'. I thought however that the interview format and the coverage of a list of questions would give my material a comparable shape, in line with Boon's flexible definition of a 'text':

"I call a 'text' any body of data in any sorts of units - sounds played, phones uttered, acts effected, colours applied, sentences writ, stars contemplated, geographical features surveyed etc - which smacks of systematization, given an observer." 2

The difficulty came with the 'units'. According to structural-semiological theory, these are to be found by logical operations such as substitution and inversion. But the paradox of this method, with its stress on logic as a decoding tool, is that the fundamental elements of the structure or code it seeks to discover are the very means by which they are to be made explicit.

"Structure can be defined as the internal relationship through which constituent elements of a whole are organized. Structural analysis thus consists of the discovery of significant elements and their order." 3

"One of the primary problems of any structural analysis is to find operational units, i.e. elements which can be manipulated and on which logical operations can be done." 4

These units are homologous; they are of a comparable order and level. One should not juxtapose a phoneme with a morpheme, a colour applied with a form outlined, a mythical relationship (or mytheme) with a ritual sequence (a riteme?).

My material 'smacked of systematization' - but it did not stem from one system only. It resisted my combing it through line by line for 'operational units'. I began my analysis with the interviews of Barry and Sandra, a couple who appear later in this work. I noted down recurring expressions and the contexts in which they appeared, cross-referencing what used

to be known as synonyms and antonyms. So 'going out' denoted for Barry and Sandra leaving the house, which one could do to shop, to get away from the wife/husband/children, to take the family as a unit out for a Sunday drive, and which one dressed up for, tidied and cleaned the house before doing. 'Going out' thus also appeared on the pages dealing with 'shopping', 'being alone', 'being together (before others)', 'the house' and 'clothes', etcetera. When I had finished going through their interviews I had more than a hundred such headings, some of which came from their actual phrases (e.g. 'ignorant buggers'), some from my own categorization of the material. The first whiff of trouble came when I realized that this dissection of material into 'elements' made little distinction between matters which at the time of interviewing had seemed important to Barry and Sandra and matters they had talked of, possibly in detail, but which had occupied them very little.

I tried next to recombine these units into a formal structure, through inversion, binary opposition and the like, but cutting up the material into 'operational units' seemed to break the connections - the order - rather than to render them more apparent and logically correct. Hoping that the order of the text would become more evident through comparison, I embarked on a similar analysis of the 'text' - the set of interviews and related observations - of another couple, who do not appear in this thesis. I added to already existent listings like 'going out', which barely figured in this couple's accounting, and found myself with fifty more headings. And this was just the first two of forty-eight! At the end of the second analysis, I was no clearer about the structure which ordered the reality of each couple, let alone the code which made these structures mutually intelligible, and thus part of the same shared system of 'New Zealand culture'. Indeed, the reality had been cut so finely that it could now slip through my fingers, leaving only a trace of what I had touched and felt when interviewing.

A trace was not enough. I turned my back on the structural-semiological method, renouncing its analytic bent and its emphasis on hierarchical systems of mutually defining and homologous elements. However, I did retain the idea of transformations, the idea that a kernel of meaning could be grasped and understood through the comparison of particular
wholes, through similarities and contrasts. It did occur to me to resort to the customary format of anthropological monographs, abandoning the idea of a set of wholes, 'texts' in this case derived from persons, for the familiar use of the interviews as sources of information and illustrations (Vide Bott; Firth, Hubert and Forge). But it was obvious, even though there were times when I dearly wished it not so, that my material would not fit the conventional form. If it was not based on one system, equally it was not based on interaction, or on a unit such as 'the family'. My 'wholes' were persons talking about their own lives, telling someone who was an interested listener their experiences and what they had made of them. Extracted from its structural-semiological support, it bore little resemblance to other anthropological material.

And yet it seemed to me that the interviews were more than a collection of subjective or idiosyncratic accounts. There was something about them, and about the fieldwork experience, that to me did 'smack of systematization'. It simply was not the system of structural-semiological analysis: it was not finite, it might not be able to be ordered into a table of permutations, it appeared to have no definite units and no set rules. For one who had come to regard meaning in this light, as the interplay of signs which mutually define each other - thus presupposing a finite system - the renunciation of the structural-semiological analysis left me comforted only by unavoidable questionmarks. What I was groping my way towards, and at this stage in negation of my framework, was a way of establishing through my material - and because of it - that meaning could exist and be explicated without being carved up into units and rules, and by means other than finite systems.

Social Self or Selfish Socius?

I felt that if I was to make sense of my material - and I was convinced there was an anthropological sense to be made of it - I would have to confront the material on its own terms. Hastened by a seminar I was to give on my work, I went through the interviews with Barry and Sandra again, this time looking for recurring themes, matters which had received emphasis: the things which seemed important to them. I used these not
as elements in a structure but as constituents of a 'portrait'.
I wanted to portray the way in which their different activities
fitted together, not as a uniform whole in which the parts
became indistinguishable, but as a complex series of
relationships and implications in which activities meshed and
clashed, supported and undermined each other.

A portrait is not a replication; it is a likeness, drawing
out what the portrayer sees as essential, what will absorb
attention long after the person portrayed is gone. It is not
life itself but the transformation of a particular life in such
a way that it brings the wider terms of existence in the minds
of the portrayer and the viewer (who may also be the portrayed),
if only by virtue of the fact that time has passed on: a gray
hair amongst the auburn, a child parent herself, the cherry tree
cut down. A portrait is not a model, nor a prediction. Precisely
and paradoxically because it is not an abstraction, the good
portrait transcends its subject, the portrayed. It does not
present its subject as one experiences oneself and others in
actual life, in bits and pieces, never quite fixed into a whole,
but gives 'raw' material a configurational shape, even if it is
a shape which because it concentrates on particulars fools us
by seeming most 'life-like'.

5. Jerzy Grotowski, a Polish director well known in the
theatrical world for his attempts, in the main successful,
to produce ritualistic theatre, uses 'sign' in a way I have
always found illuminating. His starting point is that there
are no common rituals any longer, and audiences come to a
performance with vastly different experiences and interpretat-
ions of their experience. If theatre is largely an enactment
through shared symbols, then it has lost its basis. Other
directors have evinced the same fear. Grotowski's solution is
to train, or educate the actor to draw upon his or her own
personal experience, recalling gestures or events which are
or were significant, no matter how idiosyncratic or private.
His thesis is that its very import in the actor's life gives
it an integrity and an intensity which grasps the audience,
no matter how varied that is, how lacking in common
understanding. The intensity endows the gesture with a potency,
an ability to refer beyond (or transcend) its particularity,
its personal origin. As with portraits, it is the very
particularity, as opposed to generality or abstraction, which
renders it powerful: a particularity which has nonetheless been
transformed and clarified by the actor. I might add that
having seen one of Grotowski's productions three times, knowing
not a word of Polish, I find his thesis borne out.
When I presented the first (double) portrait at the seminar, participants expressed enjoyment, but also doubts that it was anthropological. After all, anthropology was less concerned with individuals than with kinds of people; it was concerned with making general statements about a given society. The fact that the audience responded directly to the people portrayed - as 'people', passing judgement, asking whether they were not 'rather insecure' - seeing the double portrait as characterizations aroused doubts in my own mind. In a sense, the portrait had been too successful: the audience responded to it as they would dramatic characters. They missed the point of presenting material in the form of a portrait; they sought 'the meaning' not in it, but outside it, in the more customary forms of models, generalizations (or abstractions), case studies.

I myself had no rationale and no precedent for what I had attempted. Looking back, I can see parallels in the way I approached the material with the way I was used to opening myself to plays and paintings and then juggling with the different elements in them of intention, materials, the actual effect, to produce reviews which both described the experience and analysed it without reduction to any one of those elements alone. In reviewing, one is attempting to bring together different elements in a whole (the actual review) which has as its genesis another kind of conversation between a whole and its parts (the play and performance; the artistic vision and the painting). The terms of reviewing are at once abstract and particular, the event seen in its own terms and also through comparison with others like it. But even had I glimpsed the analogy between review and portrait (or, the process of reviewing and portraiture) I was liable to have dismissed it at that point as 'all very well, but not anthropology'.

I spent the next eight months trying to find out how my material could become 'anthropological'. It was not an easy search. The more obvious sources of guidance frustrated rather

6. I began reviewing drama for the student newspaper Salient in 1973; from the end of that year until mid 1976 I reviewed theatre and art for the weekly (New Zealand) Listener, contributing also occasional pieces of criticism to Act, the New Zealand theatrical journal, and Islands, a literary quarterly.
than illuminated: it was a course of negation which allowed me to see what I did not want to do, what was not right, but which for some time did not indicate a direction, a basis for interpreting the material. Often I had no foundation for my rejection of a framework bar my own feeling and unarticulated thoughts that something was missing, that it rested on some premise which was implicit rather than explicit, making the theory simultaneously suspicious and rather hard to criticize.

The works I looked at were concerned with 'the individual', since my 'units' in fieldwork were persons discussing their own lives. At some time during the course of this reading I dropped my focus on 'male/female', in part because I had given up the idea of finding a string of metaphorical associations which stemmed from one domain of social life; in part because as I read through the literature I became more and more convinced that it was necessary to look at my informants as individuals, to explore individuality rather than take it for granted or make it vanish. The sources of my texts now became the texts whose kernel I had to make apparent through underlying connections. The difficulty was that I could not find a precedent for the treatment of individuals as texts.

What did I find? I looked at Langness's The Life History in Anthropological Science, Berger and Luckmann's The Social Construction of Reality, Garfinkel's papers 'The Origin of the Term 'Ethnomethodology' and 'Suicide, for all Practical Purposes' in Turner's Ethnomethodology, Goffman's The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life and Interaction Ritual, Sartre's The Problem of Method, Wilson's Oscar: an Inquiry into the Nature of Sanity, and du Bois' People of Alor. The catalysts which finally set me off in a fruitful direction were Mead, in the collection On Social Psychology (edited by Strauss), Buber in I and Thou, later Between Man and Man, Pfeutze's useful comparison of Mead and Buber in The Social Self and various lectures and papers by, and conversations with, Kenelm Burridge, who referred me to Mead and Buber.

In the following discussion my concern is to treat various approaches in the light of my purpose only, not in their full detail and nuance.
Langness in his overview of the use of the lifehistory in anthropology laments over and over first the general absence of biographical material in the discipline, and second, that when it did appear, it was "sadly inadequate when it comes to interpretation and analysis." Lifehistories (the nearest I found to my series of interviews, though not the same) have been used most often to extract ethnographic facts, 'information'. They have also been used as supplements to ethnographic presentations of social institutions and practices, e.g. Wilson's Oscar complementing Crab Antics, either as an 'EveryNavaho', a representative or encapsulation of a particular society's lived reality, or as a deviant who shows up what is regarded as normal, the bounds of social being.

Cora du Bois' magnum opus People of Alor came closest to my concept of persons as texts one presented in sequence, avoiding the embodiment of Everywhoever implied in presenting just one person. But though she provided several life histories, from different people occupying different positions in the community, with different experiences, these were still essentially accompaniments to the bulk of the book, which was a traditional ethnography. Moreover, she did not attempt to interpret them in anthropological terms, but had them analysed by Abram Kardiner, a psychologist, as psychological documents. It was as if she could collect this material, and supply the psychologist with the concrete cultural context, but because the material was 'individual', from the realm of personal experience, people talking directly about themselves, it had entered the domain of psychology, and should not be treated by the anthropologist.

This division of labour illustrates a common separation between material seen as 'personal', belonging to the realm of the person, the individual, that which is not shared, which is 'subjective'; and that which expresses 'social' relationships, orders which are systematic and shared, and thus can be described as 'objective'. Most of the literature I read was

concerned to amalgamate the two domains, but foundered on the one hand because one of the two was reduced to a function of the other, thus vanishing despite the evidence of its existence which made it a problem in the first place; and on the other, often even in the same analysis, because each domain was presupposed to have its own order, its own essential being, to be an entity which encountered the other entity, both universally preformed rather than mutually constitutive as moments in particular ceaseless dialectics.

Culture and Personality writers tackle the problem of the relationship of person and society by perceiving both person and society as personalities, psychological entities (and I am referring to both the subject of psychology and the discipline itself) endowed with drive, attitudes and urges, the one mirroring the other. One important exception, whom I did not come across till late 1978, is A. Irving Hallowell who in some of his papers moves away from a description of personality to discuss the 'self' as necessary to society. He sees concepts of self as socially ordered and society maintaining, because they identify the wants and needs of the person with those means and ways with which the society is concerned and through which it is upheld and found real. Self-awareness is necessary to human beings if they are to have a source for action. It differentiates them from other animal orders, but it does not mean that it pulls against the social order (unless, as I think could be said of Western 'romantic' thought, such a conflict is included in the concept of self). Hallowell was primarily interested in the cognitive framework of the self, the particular cultural maps through which it is known and explored, the difference between one society which includes in its concept of self encounters in dreams or beyond the event of death and another which dismisses such encounters as delusions inadmissible to the activities of everyday life and reckoning. Culture he takes for granted as a shared reality, something transcending actual people and thus able to shape them into persons, endow them with a 'self' which does not in fact stem from the person per se, as a separate being.

Sociologists and social psychologists have come at the relationship between individual and society from the opposite pole. Instead of taking society as their given, they take the person as their starting point, and are led to the question of how society can exist and function if each person is a self, if each person regards him or herself as autonomous. It is a question which arises out of observations made in large complex societies whose functioning or solidarity cannot be attributed to density of face to face interaction, small numbers and simple division of labour, as it has been for non-Western societies. One of the first to propose both question and an answer was George Herbert Mead, whose thinking continues to influence much sociology and social psychology, especially in North America.

In his writings on the self, Mead makes the point that it is only through interaction that the self, which we experience as separate and private, can come into being. He divides the self into two components or 'moments' in a continual process. There is the acting self, which he terms the 'I', and the self one can know, that is, the self as object, which he terms the 'me'. Both are formed through interaction with others:

"The 'I' is the response of the organism to the attitudes of the others; the 'me' is the organized set of attitudes of others which one himself assumes. The attitudes of others constitute the organized 'me' and then one reacts towards that as an 'I'." 9

Although the person is autonomous, retaining desires and activities which refer back to him or herself, these desires and activities cannot occur solipsistically. Others must be taken into account; others look on; others are present in the 'me'. The 'I' is accompanied by others, no matter how much he or she is physically alone, how private his or her end. The 'I' s assessment of a situation is informed by the typifications of the 'me'. Since 'I' and 'me' are separate processes, in a diachronic sense, it is possible for the 'I' to contemplate, speculate upon, work to change or deny, the 'me', and the attitude of others present in the 'me'. Thus we can become objects to ourselves.

Mead suggests that it is because we 'take the part of others' that the 'me' can come into being, and we are enabled to become aware of ourselves as selves. Childhood games, for example, from cowboys-and-indians to ball games, give us the essential experience of taking on another perspective. One is never always pitcher, never always the cowboy. Subjectivity is left through a range of different parts, of being different 'others', to an awareness that oneself can be viewed by others as other, that oneself is something which can be observed and grasped as if from the outside, in the same way that one sees others and can thus take on their parts. Taking the part of others coalesces over time into what Mead calls a 'generalised other', a kind of conscience, an inner audience, an assessor of the 'I''s actions, acting as a check on its yearnings for autonomy and self-sufficiency.

I find Mead's 'generalised other' too general, recalling (at least for me) the monolithic constraint of Durkheim's concepts of Society and Social Facts. The 'me' comes across essentially as an observer, someone who does not directly encounter others (and in Mead's analysis these are always people, omitting things, divinities, thoughts) but who 'takes their part' or is constituted through their 'attitudes'. Attitudes which are presumably evolved from yet others' attitudes, in a kind of infinite regression which must always take for granted the prior existence of 'others' and 'attitudes'. Mead's interest in general, as evinced by his stress on attitude, is in experience as behaviour, as interaction. Conformity does not stem from the comfort of an ordered perception or the grip of classification systems but from the 'me''s constitution as the attitude of others.

The relationship between the 'I' and the 'me' is, so far as I can tell, one of reaction rather than mutual constitution. There is no indication of how the otherness - or rather, a narrow kind of otherness, an assessing, observational 'attitude of others' - shapes the 'I''s perception of the 'me', and yet it must, because the 'me' provides the filter and its very ability to discern itself as other than others and therefore 'I'. If one takes Mead's model literally - and perhaps one should not - it is hard to see how the 'I' can stand back and contemplate
functions of behaviour as entity numberv.

otherness, the conception of otherness as being only

experience, the creation of presence, of self, through

found mean for this division of the self, and this stress on

asucessor of the generation of this self, and of the self's

function of that otherness as being only

response that the symbol is a significant symbol.10

or transcendental universes.

response, that the symbol is a significant symbol.

of a shared reality rather than a number of potential realities

and Ensures, through the use of common symbols, the construction

intelligent and effective, because the authority of the

Aside from this, according to Mead, the concern to be

a further assessment; the "me",

lucumemon.

Peter Berger, varioustly with Harrald Ketterer and Thomas

Harold Garfinkel, and the construction of social reality, of

the dramaturgy of Erving Goffman, the ethnomethodologist of

Mead's lead, I want to look directly at three related approaches:

needy part in the writings of the sociologists who have followed

for all that, behaviour and observation continue to play a
The basis for each of the three approaches is that social reality is made and maintained ('constructed') through the interaction of self and others: that is, primarily on the basis of behaviour rather than perception or classification (cf structural-semiological approaches). This behaviour is also taken to be self-interested, in the (economic) rational sense.

"The individual may desire, earn, and deserve deference but by and large he is not allowed to give it to himself, being forced to seek it from others. In seeking it from others, he finds he has added reason for seeking them out, and in turn, society is given added reassurance that its members will enter into interaction and relationships with one another. If the individual could give himself the deference he desired there might be a tendency for society to disintegrate into islands inhabited by solitary cultish men, each in continuous worship at his own shrine." 11

If one could be self-sufficient, one would. One's life and meaning do not, in Goffman's model, come from involvements with others: instead one accepts them as a necessary but undesirable mirror through which one can have one's presence affirmed.

Both Goffman and Garfinkel see Western society as lacking structure, clearcut statuses, roles, slots for persons. For Goffman this necessitates a view of life as a series of situations in which one takes not the 'part' of others, but roles, in relation to theirs. Persons become strolling (or driving) players, watching each other for cues. Garfinkel's analysis rests upon the extremely close examination of phrasings through which 'situations' can be established through their utterance and repetition as 'real' for 'actors' and through which their roles (or definitions) can be parcelled out.

The framework of analysis for both Goffman and Garfinkel is the 'situation', which ranges from a setting, such as a restaurant or morgue, to institutions, such as asylums, hospitals, courts, 'correction' centres. The situation closes off the sprawl of Western (social) life, providing for the sociologist the equivalent of a community, interactions within a bounded frame. Within this construction actions receive names, persons take on

categorizing labels with reference to one another (as roles). Reality is constructed, chaos held at bay because the focus of activity is shared, the classifications held in common.

There are profound limitations in this approach. First is the enclosure of the multifaceted nature of people's experience and involvements into uniform 'situations', whose analysis can show up only the structure of those situations, not the full reality, the things which are important in the lives of those who participate in them - because they participate in a multitude of other situations at the same time. Ethnomethodologists such as Jack Douglas in his book *Understanding Everyday Life* have been concerned to establish 'rules' by which situations might be played, reality gained, as if reality could be gained only through definitions and rules, without asking, to turn the analogy back on itself, what part these situations play in the lives of those who participate in them, or what the participants bring to a situation. Life, whether 'everyday' or 'special', seems to me to lie rather in the simultaneous involvements, each with its own differing demands on and satisfactions for the person. Undoubtedly, it seems easier and is certainly tempting to break down this complexity into manageable units such as situations, especially if one understands the task of the social scientist as one carried out primarily through analytics. But it may be just their very desire to divide material up into manageable 'units' which posits that material as needing to be so divided. It is the very tendency to perceive material in terms of variables and situations which makes the subject of analysis, 'reality' seem too ponderous and complex for its explication through the play of principles or Mauss's total social facts.

Second, the person is uniformly characterized as self-interested. The purpose of the self is to be self. A dangerous leap is made between the existence of the self and its reference (a leap which Mead avoids). The different intentions which might make different persons - with different selves - want to enter a 'situation' and create a common reality are barely touched upon. People are assumed to interact on a transactional basis. That is, the encounter in itself is not an end or a joy, but a means towards some self-referring or
self-maintaining goal. If one enjoys the company of others, it is because they can bolster one's self-esteem and confidence - can return the self - as mirrors, not because one is interested in different lives. Persons are assumed to be self-centred: amongst others of necessity, but not of desire. Others are to be watched - as they watch oneself. Social encounters require masks and wariness. Others are likely to be a threat to one's desires. They may define you wrongly, which is dangerous is one assumes, as Garfinkel and Goffman do, that one's self-image is gained through the response of others to one's actions - or masks.

This is taking Mead's process of the self deriving from the experience of others too literally. The stress is not on the difference of others but on their opposition - for others are essentially not-self. And yet they have the power to define one through their receipt of one's self-image. Others assess, and one cannot avoid becoming their subject. So the trick becomes putting on the best face. What Goffman, Garfinkel, and Berger forget is that before the self can be put in its place by the responses of others, that same self must decipher their responses. Sartre reminds us that a mountain becomes steep or dangerous because of a human intention to climb it: not because it is a mountain. To perceive oneself as defined, constrained by others one must first have perceived them as other in the sense of a negation of self. The perception of others' actions is filtered through one's perception of them, as 'others'. 'Others' do not constitute the self directly, without mediation. The 'generalised other' seems to have had the unfortunate effect of returning Mead's painstaking setting out of the individual as a dialogue to monadhood. So, Berger and Luckmann:

"In the face-to-face situations"(which they define as 'prototypical...all others are derivatives of it') "the other is appresented to me in a vivid present shared by both of us. I know that in the same vivid present I am appresented to him. My and his "here and now" continuously impinge on each other as long as the face-to-face situation continues." 12

Mead puts equal stress on the phenomena of the self becoming self only through interaction with others and on the existence within the formed self of the generalised other, a watchdog audience. Berger and his colleagues are concerned primarily

with the latter, as if the self were, to paraphrase Dumont's
general criticism of sociology,13 fully formed and making a
contract with society.

"The central question for sociological theory
can then be put as follows: How is it possible
that subjective meanings can become objective
factualities?" 14

Their answer is: through habituation, repetition and the
validation through assessment of the coterie of 'significant
others' we make our attachments with. The concept of 'significant
others' allows them to make a closure, like that of the
'situation'. Otherness assumes a concrete and limited form:
others become the others. Within this enclosure symbols and
beliefs are shared, for much the same behavioural reasons of
intelligibility adduced by Mead. Reality exists, sweeping aside
chaos (assumed in its absence), but at the expense of personal
autonomy, which seems to be equated with self-sufficiency as
regards meaning and the lines along which one relates with
other persons.

Berger and his colleagues posit a progressive sequence
resembling nineteenth century evolutionists' ascendingly tighter
definition of marriage and descent. For the sake of intelligibility
autonomous individuals systematize their symbols, within a set
of relationships, and these through repetition assume their
own objectivity, in both the literal sense of being like an
object, and the sociological sense of having a transcendental
autonomy vis-à-vis persons. Through objectivization they come
to be institutionalized as 'reality'. Like other ideal sequences,
this one cannot be empirically verified. Nor is it clear
whether the contemporary twentieth-century society they describe15
is one that has been entirely habituated or institutionalized; or
whether they are referring to different modes of comprehensibility
that can coexist in one and the same life and society.

15. One of the prime problems with their theory is that it
describes no one society, but a generalised 'Society', one
which ranges across time and space, Western and non-
Western formations, sweeping aside questions of difference
and particularities in its abstracting wake.
The following suggests their preference for the former, more uniform formulation:

"The individual is supplied with specific sets of typifications and criteria of relevance, predefined for him by the society and made available to him for the ordering of his everyday life. While there are individual biographical differences making for differences in the constitution of this apparatus in specific individuals, there exists in the society an overall consensus on the range of differences deemed to be tolerable. Without such consensus, indeed, society would be impossible as a going concern, since it would then lack the ordering principles by which experience alone can be shared and conduct can be mutually intelligible. This order, by which the individual comes to perceive and define his world, is thus not chosen by him, except perhaps for very small modifications. Rather, it is discovered by him as an external datum, a ready-made world that simply is there for him to go ahead and live in, though he modifies it continually in the process of living in it. Nevertheless, this world is in need of validation, perhaps precisely because of an ever-present glimmer of suspicion as to its social order and relativity." 16

What seems to worry Berger and company, a worry which they think also nags away at ordinary people, is that social reality is not 'natural', and yet it transcends individual choice, as if it were some implacable 'force of Nature' like a hurricane or flood. It derives from men, yet it is not directly traceable to particular men - particularly men seen through the Western lens of choice. 17

For anthropologists, supreme dwellers in relativity, the social nature of reality is no big deal, nothing that needs a grand theory all to itself. And this is because anthropologists are less likely to conceive of the person as a universal in opposition to society as a universal or to a set of 'typifications'.

The reality Berger and his colleagues expound remains described as 'objective'. It is still shared, through typifications, which structure perception, even as they stem from the behaviour of self-centred people. Social reality is typified knowledge through which we shape our experience (or which we reshape to fit our experience), so that in sharing it with others, through the

17. In contrast to Mead, who dismisses questions of origin as beside the point in the investigation of social meaning, Berger et al seem to regard them as vital in the quest for the 'real'. It may be the necessary murkiness of any possible answer which leads them to stress a need for validation.
Typification, we can have that experience seemingly validated: whereas in fact it is our behaviour that is validating the typifications. The irony of Berger's model is that he does with social reality just what he criticizes it for doing with experience: he reifies it.

'Cogito ergo sum': for Goffman, Garfinkel, Berger et al, the emphasis is on society as knowledge, setting the person's terms, nibbling away at his or her freedom to see for him or herself. They ask 'How do I know?' not: 'Who am I?'; 'How do these people know the world as real?' not 'What is the reality of these people?' This may be because of the poverty of the material they use in illustration, its generalised nature (compared with Lévi-Strauss's explication of his method through the story of Asdival, or Hallowell's use of Ojibwa material to outline the centrality of a social sense of self. Anthropology's saving grace, which not all anthropologists take advantage of, is its insistence on a dialogue between particular ethnographic facts and the theory they suggest or ramify. As with portrait-makers, we dare approach the universal only through particulars in configuration.

In considering the writings of these sociologists in relation to my material and problems, I concluded that they have two fundamental faults. First, they describe processes of self as if the self is everywhere the same, as if there is a universal self, simply because it is identified with the human body. They then describe social interaction from the point of view of this universal self, as an entity confronted with 'others' (never the other way round, how the 'others' feel confronted with 'self'). Second, their unit of analysis, whether role, situation, institution, habituation, relies upon closure. Meaning thus appears to be a function of interaction. Different perceptions of the situation are amalgamated, or attributed to 'biographical differences', begging the whole question of typification. Persons as individuals are in fact not the focus of their investigations, what they wish to explore and understand, but a false 'reality' which they feel they must expose (while relying on its characterization as self-interested, in need of validation of experience etc).
Although my fieldwork had focused on relationships between men and women and their metaphorical use, what had emerged most vividly and richly for me was my informants' experience of their lives as individuals. When I asked, 'What is their reality (who are they)?' and attempted an answer, I felt strongly that their experience of individuality had to be communicated and made sense of. It should not be explained away on the grounds that each person did not in fact have the ability to author their own terms of experience, nor the autonomy and self-sufficiency associated with the concept of the individual in Western thought, and was thus the dupe of 'false consciousness'. Eventually, I worked my way through to the conclusion that individuality is not a mode of consciousness, of knowledge; it is not something which can be logically verified or falsified (e.g. by pointing out the transcendent nature of social reality). It is a mode of being, and as such, is related to particular social formations rather than to any inherent 'nature of Man'.

'Mode of being', as I use it, refers both to the way in which human experience occurs, and the way in which that experience is perceived, assessed and understood: both ways mutually constituting moments in a dialectical process. It is a purposefully fluid description: the ways of understanding may range from tightly ordered to loosely construed. The mode of being is a social formation, and does not stem directly from the biological foundation, the division of the species into separate units, persons. In searching for a passage through the opacity of my material, its diversity, it took me some time to grasp the difference, to understand that the material I had gathered was not just about persons, as disjunct entities, but also about their mode of being. Though they were not in interaction, this did not mean that what they had given me was merely a series of 'subjectivities'. Though my material did not square with ethnographies I knew, nor with the less translated material fellow students at much the same stage as I were grappling with, this did not mean that my material had nothing anthropological to say, that is, nothing pertaining to the questions 'What is the reality of these people? How is it constituted?' Increasingly, I felt that the disparity lay primarily in the differences between the kinds of societies anthropologists have studied,
between non-Western societies and the society I was studying, with its Western foundation.

The first difference to strike me was the openness evident in my material, the lack of common signifiers; or the use of the same signifier to express quite opposed concerns. I felt that if this society were like others - at least as they have been reported by anthropologists - then the interview material should have been less varied, specific terms and references more recurring. At this time I was attending lectures and seminars given by Kenelm Burridge, and following with great interest his exploration of the different ways in which the moralities of the mundane leave open or set up positions from which they may be criticized, and renewed or altered. He suggested that in non-Western societies, this crucial position is embodied in particular persons (such as the shaman, the leopard-skin chief of the Nuer, the sannyasi of India) and/or experienced in bounded events, such as initiation or healing. Western societies, by contrast, have transformed this position into a general possibility, an 'injunction' to each member to move continually between the enactment of moralities, and standing back from them, their critique. Change is a byword in Western societies, and change stems from critique.

I certainly found I could not set out my material in terms of position of critique: there was no equivalent of the sannyasi, no sense that one could lay out the culture as a metaphorical map with boundaries marked by such positions. It seemed feasible that this was because it was a society which worked in a different way, had another base for reality.

Since then, largely after the first version of this thesis was written, I have found support for making a distinction between Western and non-Western modes of being in other writers. Some of these, Dumont, Goody, Lévi-Strauss and Simmel have been directly concerned with exploring the difference and trying to render it in explicit terms. Those I shall begin with found

18. Burridge focuses particularly on the Christian contribution to Western morality and thinking, which has provided a substantial and pervasive legacy despite decline in Church institutions. He summarizes this legacy as "a dialectical engagement between 'rational objectivity' on the one hand and the opposed notion of 'participation in oneness' on the other." (Burridge, 1973:9).
it necessary in their explication of non-Western phenomena to make contrastive observations.

Geertz in his paper 'From the Native's Point of View' compares the three different concepts of the person held in Bali, Java and Morocco to make the point that the 'native's' point of view is, in a sense, beyond the ethnographer, or at least beyond his 'empathy', because its terms and basis are different, precluding 'identification'. The Javanese make a distinction between the inner and outer man, but strive to be 'smooth inside and out', to bridge the divide and make it uniform, which Geertz contrasts with "our own notions of the intrinsic honesty of deep feeling and the moral importance of personal sincerity." Furthermore, the essence of both inner and outer aspects of Man in Java are "identical across all individuals, whose individuality it thus effaces." The Balinese concept of the person stresses Man as dramatis personae; names are not given to separate someone out from others, but to indicate his or her place in a temporal sequence of birth-order repeated through the generations. Geertz describes this as "a persistent and systematic attempt to stylize all aspects of personal expression to the point where anything idiosyncratic, anything characteristic of the individual merely because he is who he is physically, psychologically, or biographically is muted in favour of his assigned place in the continuing and, so it seems, never-changing pageant that is Balinese life." The Morrocan concept of person is much looser than the two Indonesian examples, but it is tied to locality, even though at different times and in different situations, the specificity of location alters. The person is still not an abstract and separately autonomous whole.

"The Western conception of the person as a bounded, unique, more or less integrated motivational and cognitive universe, a dynamic centre of awareness, emotion, judgement, and action organized into a distinctive whole and set contrastively against a social and natural background is, however incorrigible it may seem to us, a rather peculiar idea within the context of the world's cultures." 23

21. ibid, p 484.
22. ibid, p 485-6.
23. ibid, p 483.
Note that Geertz is not saying that all Balinese etc are the same, or that they lack an idea of themselves as a person distinct from others. He is stressing that the terms in which the person is sighted emphasize identity with others by virtue of something held in common, something shared. There is not the same dilemma that Westerners confront themselves with, believing in the uniqueness of each person, yet observing how like others they are in their manners, dress, ideas - how 'conforming'.

Dobkin de Rios in her examination of South American drug use, 'Cultural Persona in Drug-induced altered states of consciousness' is struck by the difference in the kinds of experience reported from South America, where users follow cultural scenarios, report meeting significant persons or animals which others in the society also meet, and the far more idiosyncratic experiences reported from Western users. In part, this is a matter of societal use. 'Mind-altering' drugs have a traditional and honourable use in the South American societies she looks at which they lack in Western societies. Nonetheless, it is remarkable that what emanates from the subconscious in the South American societies shows little variation in contrast to the wide differences with regard to signifiers and interpretation apparent in Western drug-users. It seems, as Burridge notes, that Westerners "have infinitely more social and cultural spaces to experience".

Both Lévi-Strauss and Goody find the crucial difference between Western and non-Western societies to lie in the centrality of the written word. Lévi-Strauss reminds us that writing allows the administrative bridging of distance and time, and is thus a form of domination. Goody points out that it also provides us with a resource of otherness, the availability of other people's experiences, experiments, exegeses, and since it is accumulative, it promotes what he calls a 'scepticism' which is not lacking in other societies, vis-à-vis moralities and classifications, but which remains inchoate, having to be discovered anew by each

generation because the only vehicle for its transmission is oral tradition, which tends to transmit the 'legitimate'.\textsuperscript{27} The written word allows us to build on what has been carried out, to 'progress'. Both past and present become common resources, available in different versions, and, since the middle of the last century, when literacy spread to common folk, to the vast majority to receive in their own terms, put beside their own and different experiences.

Simmel sees a similar open-endedness in the use of money as our common medium of exchange.\textsuperscript{28} Money is an empty medium: it has little use in itself (bar in capitalist societies, i.e. those of the West, where it has gradually reified into what Marx described as a fetish). Unlike labour or food, it does not suggest directly what can be done with it by a recipient, who instead has to make a decision, to choose. Nor does it bind persons together. Indeed, Simmel describes it as promoting 'transactions' rather than exchanges, because there is no necessary duration of the relationship between giver - or as we say, payer - and receiver. Money buys an item outright; there is no need to return a bride or throw a feast five years later. As the saying goes, 'you pays your money, and you takes your choice': you are not entering into a set of obligations or reinforcing them. Simmel points out that money is factorial, divided into units which make possible - as food and brides do not, since one can always quarrel over their quality - the continual translation of commodities, skills and time into these (abstract or contentless) units, and thus into each other, but without being reduced to one another, or without being held as different spheres of social life, with different sets of relationships between people appropriate. Money generalises social life, in the same manner that the category 'individual' does not specify a set of people, but applies to every and each member of a Western society.

Money, says Simmel, makes us 'free': members of Western societies are no longer tied to a particular matrix of obligations or a particular piece of land (or lack of it) in order to hew a living. They can instead use something of themselves, develop

\begin{itemize}
\item \textsuperscript{27} In \textit{The Domestication of the Savage Mind}, 1977
\item \textsuperscript{28} In \textit{'Individual Freedom'}, in Lawrence, 1976.
\end{itemize}
a skill which earns them a wage. They can shift from place to place in order to earn a better wage, and so have more choice over consumption. Simmel is here looking at freedom in positive terms; but he is also aware that its cost is the transactional cast to relations with others, and the feeling that there is no necessity, no 'rightness' or obligation linking a person with his or her spouse, his or her job. I think its absence in fact often accentuates the mode of being as individual because of its emphasis on 'choice' - even if not choice in a strictly logical or existential sense.

In the last sentence I had to qualify the word 'choice':
indeed, in writing about the individual as a mode of being, one is faced continually with having to qualify, to anticipate the connotations which will be read into such terms, as with 'individuality' itself, by those who also participate in Western societies, including fellow social scientists. The following passage from Dumont, in which he discusses the individual, clarifies the issue.

"On the whole, we have two persons in one: the empirical subject of speech, thought and will, indivisible sample of mankind, and the independent, autonomous moral being, as found first of all in our own ideology of man and society. The latter conception of man as an Individual is as peculiar in the range of known societies as its economic and political concomitants: 'free enterprise', 'liberty and equality', 'the rights of man' et al, and underlying them, the autonomy of Economics and Politics. The society that invented this - actually a new type of society - has for centuries believed in a personal immortality, guaranteed by an omnipotent and unique God come down to earth as man, apparently the first Individual, being at the same time man and absolute. This should never be forgotten because the normative, the value content of 'the individual' is too easily hidden behind its empirical aspect." 29

Dumont has been concerned to demonstrate that much of our anthropological and sociological analysis uses terms such as choice, freedom, interest, without realizing that these terms do not have an objectivity that is transcendent of social meaning; as with Mauss's use of 'hau', they should be bracketed and used with caution. At the same time, they are the terms of our own daily lives, part of our own sine qua non, and it is hard to see how we could escape their cultural embedding without dislodging our own foundations in the world.

My own concern to explore the nature of individuality is a complement to Dumont's sensitivity to unthinking adherence to the terms of its ideology. Terms which are all the more potent because they are indeed rooted in our experience, in 'our own' experience of our lives (particularly as academics) based on individuality, on the individual as the basic social unit (livelihood through job or marriage; marriage or job gained through the development of the person in terms of skill or character as main resource) and the central moral unit, responsible for our own content or failure.

However, one cannot demonstrate the significance of the individual through generalization, building up a composite Everyindividual. It is precisely this kind of abstraction, riddled with assumptions as to the nature of the Individual which I have criticized in the work of Goffman, Garfinkel and to a lesser extent Mead. Self and Other(s) are not universally preformed and identical. The very nature of individuality as a particular social mode of being has the consequence that they are variously constituted for different participants in a given society, a constitution which must be discovered through ethnographic detail, not generalization from confined situations. It may simplify matters enormously to treat individuality as a reification of the relationship between self and other, but unless we delve into into individuality as a process, we are in fact no wiser about its constitution or its significance than we were previously. My task in this thesis has been to find a way in which the various realizations of individuality and their anchorage in a wide range of particulars could be grasped at the same time as their common core is apprehended: to present them in dialogue.
The key to understanding the individual as a (social) mode of being lies in the relationship self-other. Berger, Goffman and Garfinkel give the key too strong a twist, and it remains stuck in the lock: for in their analyses the individual is reduced to a self confronted with other selves, people who have their own goals and self-interest as he or she has his or hers, and who thus - per se - stand as opponents. Otherness takes on a negative cast, despite Mead's characterization of the 'me' as the very object which allows self-awareness. It is formed through social interaction, and acts to temper the 'I''s temptations to autonomy: but without it the 'I' would have no presence. In the hands of those who have followed his lead, Mead's division of the self into two moments of being has become two reified, separate states: the private self, and the conforming self. And the self as a whole is no longer a process but a bounded territory, something described in spatial terms such as 'interiorization', as if the self pre-existed interaction, and had its own regulative mechanisms. Mead gave social scientists the opportunity to transcend the Western opposition between individual and society; in their treatment the opposition has merely been translated as self/others, and talked of still in terms of imposition (of others upon self). By reifying the opposition, treating self and other as Everyself and Everyother, the insights of the self-other relationship are truduced.

It is far more fruitful to regard the relationship as a dialogue, between mutual constituents. Tension exists simply because it is a dialogue, a dialectic, but it is a dynamism that in itself has no particular direction or character. The nature of self and other is not given: one must examine closely different instances of the dialogue. Here I have found the thought of Buber and Sartre apposite and illuminating against the background provided by Mead. In examining their thought, my concern is not to delve into the rich totality offered, but to make apparent the ideas I have used, the ideas that excited me when reading both men with my material in mind: the ideas that gave me the shock of recognition.
Buber looks at the relation self-other along two axes. First, a tripartite division of the other into human beings, or those we treat as similarly endowed to ourselves; objects, things which cannot respond as we would; and the divine, which transcends our being and allows us to transcend our own terms of response. Second, he examines the two attitudes which one can take to otherness (C.F. 'The others'). One can approach otherness as an 'I', open to its difference, oneself the subject of experience. As an 'I', the self can relate to otherness by recognizing it as another 'I', in a relationship of mutuality; treating it as an object, to be used, as an 'It'; or finding it 'Thou', the divine which allows the 'I' a momentary, because unsustainable freedom from intention and purpose, the spurs which keep us active in the world. The second approach to otherness is the subject as 'It': a paradox, since the 'It' reifies him or herself, treats him or herself as something defined, something object-like, to be used as one uses objects, as means towards ends. The ends of the 'It' are usually self-referring, if not solipsistic. Because the self becomes an object, it is not possible to recognize an other as 'I', thus ruling out mutuality. Nor is it possible to recognize 'Thou' in the other. Indeed, recognition is replaced by use, so the 'It' can relate to otherness only as other Its, other objects.

So where the interactionists I have criticized assume there to be only one relationship between self and other, Buber points out two. His 'It' mode is close to the interactionists' model, emphasizing encounters as transactional, self-interested - though he also makes apparent the cost to the self of becoming its own object, limiting relations. The 'I' mode counters the transactional cast by demonstrating that the constitution of the self through otherness - being open to it - need not be resisted nor an impingement, simply because it is paradoxical.

Buber is not concerned to trace the evolution of the mature self, the social adult, as Mead is. His self is not two selves, as Mead's 'I' and 'me' are, but a set of relationships between attitude and intention, and otherness. This has two important effects. It promotes an understanding of the self as something more fluid than Mead's, less arrived at, and less fixed in the chemical bath of the 'generalised other'. Instead of a
'generalised other', we have a set of othernesses, not all of which are fellow humans. The dialogue of the self is allowed more complexity and variation; and the relationship of self-other is mediated through this set of othernesses. Buber talks, not in the same book as he outlines his model of relationships, and without referring back to that, of an 'internal court'. Before I came across this passage I had thought of it as a conversation. Both phrases convey, I think, the idea of an open-ended process: one which is neither complete nor closed to new entrants, new 'othernesses' to be engaged with as we encounter them in our experience, Mead talks of "taking the part of the other"; Buber sees our relation to othernesses and any understanding of it and any self-awareness it promotes as stemming rather from our dialogue with it, according to our mode, whether 'I' or 'It'. Dialogue implies that self and other meet but do not merge. Nor is it necessary to "take the part of the other" in order to either apperceive the other, or to catch sight of oneself from its 'exterior' perspective, to sight oneself objectively. The very nature of dialogue, a continual process of engagement and response makes apparent the presence of self (as source of action) and its otherness for others participating in the dialogue. Where Mead stresses behaviour, Buber emphasizes experience, and the dialectical relationship between experience and intention (e.g. to treat for use, as an 'It', or to meet as another 'I').

Sartre examines this dialectic in more detail, and like Buber, in terms of the paradox that constitutes self through other, other through self. Both thinkers see 'self' as both the subject of action and an awareness of that source. Sartre approaches Mead's division of the self into 'I' and 'me' perhaps more closely than Buber, since his main interest has been in the conditions of knowledge, the framework of consciousness.

2. In the Critique of Dialectical Reason, according to Craib (a very perceptive commentator on Sartre's social theories) and the excerpted passages I have read, Sartre deals with the conditions of knowledge as stemming from social relationships, which are for him the ordering of the relationship between self and other (human being) in terms of a common transcendent point.
Consciousness is not empty, not something existing in and of itself: it is, he notes, always consciousness of something. Our perception is not something autonomous or wholly abstract; it is a relationship with the concrete components of our experience. At the same time, the something we are conscious of does not determine how we perceive it: that is influenced by the other elements in our experience, as a configuration subject to change (through further and continual experience), and by our intention toward it, related also to this configuration. Sartre sees human beings as restless, seeking the kind of solid matter-of-factness objects have: seeking through action upon objects (or matters treated and seen as objectlike) to transform their being as a 'For-itself' into an 'In-itself', something whose value simply is, as theirs is not. It is the seeking of purpose through activity upon objects whose transformation is evidence of presence. The irony is of course that the intentional nature of our perception itself prevents us from simply 'being', and from perceiving things-in-themselves in their own, in-themselves terms. The mountain remains 'difficult' or 'awe-inspiring'.

In working out my own framework, I found two of Sartre's concepts, both pervasive throughout his work, particularly useful. He uses 'praxis' to refer to the dialectic (i.e. mutual constitution rather than interaction) between experience and perception, Aristotle's 'the mind becoming in a sense the thing that it knows'. It implies that the matters and relationships which are important to people - hence the things that occupied them during our interviews - have some bearing on the way in which 'the world' is understood, and on the way in which people carry out their lives, their variation on (and thus change to) a given society's mode of being. His idea of 'project', involvement with otherness which by transforming it affirms one's existence further corroborated my feeling that while people can never be fully known - in-themselves as it were - they can be grasped intelligibly through their relationships and involvements with othernesses (the things my informants talked about), and that these are not random, but patterned.

Both ideas supported the understanding I had reached myself that individuality as a mode of being is not something which is determined or caused by something else: it is a term in a continuing dialectic, and whose constitution has something
significant to tell us which could not be found elsewhere. One cannot, for instance, say that industrialization caused democracy: but one can point to the joint reinforcement of a mode of production in which 'jobs' are central, and a mode of thinking which stresses 'freedom and equality', with reference to the person rather than the group (member). At a lower level, it would be acceptable to most social scientists to 'explain' different manifestations of individuality by reference to education, occupation, income: 'objective' factors - even allowing for the arguable nature of current indices of status and stratification. But I had material which evidenced two quite different responses to very similar matrices of such objective 'facts'. To describe them in casual terms, endowing the facts with determinative powers would not in fact have explained the crux of the problem: their difference. And to 'explain' this difference away by resorting to 'biography' would sidestep the very aspect of individuality we take most for granted and know least about. How is it constituted? How does it work? To discover answers to these questions, I suggest that we must eschew causal explanation for an apprehension through dialogue. This is what I have attempted to do in this thesis.

In these introductory chapters I have traced the course of the dialogue I engaged in between my material and the various theoretical approaches which seemed relevant. Out of that dialogue I have developed an apprehension of individuality as a mode of being which is characteristic of New Zealanders, which may be contrasted with other modes of being such as descent, exchange, hierarchy, patronage, and which involves and is generated by two ongoing and simultaneous dialogues. By mode of being, as I have already indicated, I mean experience and its terms of comprehension (see p. 49). The first of the two dialogues involved in the individual mode of being is a dialogue between what I have termed 'the active self', and 'the sense of self' or 'reflective surface'. The reflective surface is a configuration of elements drawn from a 'stock of options' which is social and cultural, transcending individual authorship. The second dialogue engages that first inner dialogue (between active self and sense of self) and the stock of options: it occurs through the sense of self which is involved in both and so acts as mediator.
I will look first at the components of the inner dialogue. The active self refers to the energy of a person. Though I found that for some of my informants it was channelled into a disciplined object-like form, which they could describe and discuss, for most it was formless, and thus could not be made explicit or available for analysis. In an anthropological examination, the active self remains a somewhat mute partner, felt rather than articulated.

It is otherwise with the sense of self. I see this as a configuration of projects and involvements with othernesses such as other human beings (dead or alive), objects, divinities, hopes, speculations, understandings, categories - etcetera. In the title and body of the thesis I use the phrase reflective surface as synonym for sense of self. In part this is as a corrective to some of the connotations that cluster round 'self' in current usage, connotations such as selfish, subjective, solipsistic, idiosyncratic, identity which might divert some readers away from the concern of this thesis, which is to demonstrate and explore the social nature of individuality.

I use the word 'self' without qualification to refer primarily to the context of the inner dialogue, that is, the physical person. It is not intended to conjure up the self as it is used in sociology and psychology, either in monadic opposition to 'other' or in its subjective cast, in opposition to 'society' seen as shared reality. The substitution of 'subject' or 'source' for 'self' in the phrases 'active self' and 'sense of self' may have avoided such misunderstanding, but they are so deeply embedded in the text of this thesis that I have decided to stand by them.

The term 'reflective surface', used as a synonym for 'sense of self' is rich in its own right, in what it suggests. It is a term to be taken not literally, but metaphorically, as a way of grasping a continual process. 'Reflective' has two senses: the idea of a returning of an image to the source of perception

3. I do not wish by referring to energy to call to mind the idea of biological instincts or 'drives'; by itself this energy has no specified direction: it is channelled through otherness.

4. Hallowell also uses the phrase 'sense of self', as I discovered after writing the thesis. But he uses it to refer to the social concept of the self, an outline similar for concepts of space and time, something given for all members of a given society.
(in this case energy, activity); and the idea of contemplation. The image returned to the active self is not how a person imagines he or she appears in the eyes of others (or through their attitudes toward him or her). Nor is it mirror-like, since the active self has no substance, no shape, and no existence independent of the particular involvements, activities, relationships appearing in the reflective surface, bearing the imprint of its energy. The image has a form, the way in which the elements on the surface are arranged vis-a-vis each other and weighted, which is obviously not identical with the active self. This image or configuration allows the active self to engage in dialogue, and to contemplate, to use this surface as a lens through which to sight othernesses (options) beyond it. Were the active self able to ask 'Who am I?' it is the reflective surface, imbued with relationships, involvements with othernesses, which would provide an answer.

The reflective surface is not self-contained, nor is it self-authored. Its elements are drawn from the stock of options available in a given social context; it resembles Lévi-Strauss's perception of the myths of a particular cultural area as twists of a kaleidoscope, being both pattern and particulars. But instead of a finite set of elements, each of which appears in each twist, its elements (or particulars) are derived from a stock of options which tends to be open-ended - more diverse and open in some instances than others. The stock of options available to participants in Western societies tends to be especially varied, and to promote a sense of self which refers back to the active self as such: to promote a mode of being which is understood as 'individual'.

The concept of the sense of self, the reflective surface, explicates the problem of how different comprehensions can be found in two people who fit the same matrix of sociological 'facts'. Options taken up enter the sense of self in relation to the arrangement and weight of other options already present

---

5. My interviews with informants are essentially someone asking 'Who are you?' and encouraging the respondent to give their own terms - to respond with their sense of self, the configuration composing the reflective surface.
on the surface. They do not determine their own enactment or response. Nor does the active self, as if it were an autonomous entity. Affirmation of the latter as a source of action stems from the elements in the pattern of the reflective surface: elements which derive from the options. The sense of self mediates between the active self and the options. The sense of self mediates between the active self and the options or othernesses. Its mediation, its constitution through both the active self and options, allow us to conceive the social as something inherent in the (physical) person, not as facts or constraint, not as a blueprint, but as participant in a dialogue through which meaning emerges, a meaning which is not uniformly the same for the members of a given society and not some typified reality, but more a moving spirit. We can also see that the person is not something apart from society, something 'naturally' endowed which must be 'socialized' but is part and parcel of the social process, even when the person is experienced, as in the West, as private and separate, as 'our own', as individuality. We experience ourselves as individuals not because we are firstly persons but because of the nature of particular social processes. Our experiencing has two overlaid dialectical movements. First, the dialogue between active self and sense of self; second the engagement between that inner dialogue and the stock of options of a given social context.

It is apposite now to look at this stock of options, a term suggested by Kenelm Burridge. As the term implies, this is not a closed determinative set of institutions. It is instead a pool of possible involvements with othernesses, such as love, friendships, group membership, occupation, hobby, the alternatives for activity available to the person in a particular social context. Especially in societies where the economy is energised through a highly specialized division of labour producing goods and services in great diversity and quantity: it is a store

6. At this stage it can only be a hypothesis, but I think the stock of options is not confined to Western societies. It may be illuminating to look at non-Western societies not in institutional terms, but, more flexibly, as a stock of options, more limited and uniform than those of capitalist, urbanized, industrialized societies. Some of these options may be institutional; but not all. Variety and choice are not confined to the West; but variety does spawn choice, and in societies with more simple modes of production and more direct means of distribution the elements in the stock of options are more restricted and may need to be more regular.
subject to additions and alterations, a store which cannot be listed conclusively or exhaustively. The list which follows indicates the range available to New Zealanders; I have drawn it from the material gathered from those interviewed in fieldwork.

**A list of options available in the New Zealand context**

**Longterm**
1. work
2. marriage
3. house-and-garden
4. child/children
5. parents (especially looking after)
6. friendships
7. religion

**Memberships**
1. sports teams
2. church
3. political party
4. charitable organizations
5. pressure groups
6. 'women's organizations'
7. 'service groups'
8. work affiliated associations (eg Federated Farmers)
9. local history group
10. car club
11. drama society
12. art society
13. choirs
14. spiritualist circle
15. camera club
16. Old Girls/Boys Association
17. Parents' Association
18. Playcentre/Kindergarten
19. Plunket/League of Mothers
20. Committee for Cubs/Brownies
21. Ethnic associations (eg Scottish Society)
22. Bridge-playing club

---

7. In this section, the plural indicates the possibility of simultaneous membership in more than one variant of the option.
social but not formally organized activities

1. pub
2. 'outings', eg picnics, going to the races (horse or car)
3. dinners
4. parties, barbeques
5. 'popping in' to see friends and acquaintances
6. cardgames
7. snooker; minipool
8. conversing
9. helping others; lending a hand
10. films, concerts
11. watching television
12. family drives

activities engaged in by oneself

1. reading
2. listening to music
3. walks
4. taking cars apart and putting them together again
5. writing
6. travel
7. fishing
8. handcrafts, eg knitting, weaving, sewing
9. gardening
10. photography
11. hotrodding
12. playing a musical instrument
13. painting

others

1. educational classes and courses
2. oratory competitions (etc)
3. individual competitive sports (eg golf)

I have made an elementary distinction between the kinds of options that are longterm involvements and those which are not. The longterm are nigh unavoidable, such as work, or are not easily shrugged off once taken on, and they influence or colour the kinds of other options taken on by the person. So, the mother of small children joins Plunket or Playcentre rather than a political party or an occupational association; the man who
continues a nightly 'school' at the pub puts a strain on a marriage with children. The rest of the options I have divided roughly between those which are carried out in a rule-structured context, group memberships, and those which have a more flexible form and can be undertaken more spontaneously or on one's own. Some, like bridge-playing, fit in either domain, indicating that one cannot simply name an option but must also indicate how it is realized. So, to continue with our bridge-playing, is it attendance twice weekly at a club where members are ranked and periodically play in competitions with other clubs as well as with other members; or is it an occasional game on wet afternoons over tea and sandwiches with whoever happens to be at hand?

In other words, an option can have a core: here, the rules of bridge (depending which you follow!) - but that core does not determine how the option is taken up, nor the part it plays in a person's life, his or her configuration of involvements in a number of options which provide a foundation for understanding and meaning. The term 'option' is thus particularly apt: implying on the one hand something that is selected; on the other, variation in the way it is carried out.

The actual selection made is dependent upon a person's experience, the options he or she sees available, and upon the terms or demands (upon time, attention) of each option. Some options do not occur in the lives of those the person knows, and some do not occur at the time of life when they could be taken up. The terms of the option may exclude certain persons on the grounds of age, sex, skills, lack of a particular achievement. On the whole, the options open to women have been less varied than those available to men in New Zealand. But as the material presented in this thesis shows, there has been in the last decade a remarkable revision of the terms of many options: for example, in the division of labour in a marriage, the inclusion of paid work as an option for married women with children. There are notable differences between the contemporary husband who likes to cook and pitch in with the housework and his father who never went near the kitchen and stuck rigidly to the lawn-mowing and the vegetable garden. The basis of the option of marriage is still for most complementarity, but the contemporary emphasis - not followed by every New Zealand couple,
by any means — pushes that to sharing rather than division of labour, or a division based on 'interests' rather than sex.

The nature of an option can thus alter through involvement, through the kind of response made to it (in the dialogue between options and the inner dialogue between active self and sense of self). In talking about options, we cannot confine ourselves to an analysis of their structure, for example, the rules of bridge, the implications of a game based on four players divided into two teams, who should not communicate during the game but rely on their individual strengths. Such an analysis would not give us the 'meaning' of the game, nor allow us to incorporate 'change' as an inherent element of social life rather than something which needs us a separate treatment, a theory of its own. Change becomes less bedevilling if we regard neither the option nor the person as preformed entities, one subordinate to the other, but as two partners in a dialogue which mutually constitutes them. Our selection of options is not the result of a conscious or deliberate cogitation over the entire stock. We do not confront this store as autonomous beings standing outside it, but as beings who have been brought up within its ambience, thus using the terms of the options — as we have experienced them in the lives of those we know, directly or indirectly, through books and films, and in our own lives — to sight them.

Our involvement in an option, our response to its terms, varies from compliance to criticism. Criticism may lead us to work to change the terms of that option, or to drop the option altogether, and seek our projects elsewhere. The criticism can be conscious: in the case of marriage, it can promote 'feminist' analyses and political stances. Or it can be more manifest in activity, in this example, a woman taking a job, a husband taking his turn at cooking the evening meal.

Other involvements also influence our response to the terms of a particular option: its particular 'otherness'. It is through the arrangement of the options (othernesses) we take up, the relative weight and depth of our involvement, the specific ways in which we realize them, that we gain the sense of self. In New Zealand, as in other Western societies, the sense of self does not only anchor the source of action in the (physical)
person; it also affirms that source as distinct from others like it, as being an 'individual'.

How does it do this? First, no-one can take up all the available options: the range is various enough and the selection open enough to allow some knowledge of those who have otherwise engaged themselves, to realize that that which vivifies one's one existence is not shared with everyone else, or even with most others. So there is a difference in options.

There is also, the second consideration, a difference in the way that people who have taken up the same option realize it. The young man who plays social rugby and enjoys access with the current girlfriend to the rugby clubhouse (i.e. the bar) and company on Saturday nights, sees and uses rugby in a much less intense light than the ex-All Black who is to be seen at practices and matches exhorting and bewailing, whose main topic of conversation is rugby, thus excluding women from his converse, and who feels resentful when he sees the young man and his girl coming into the clubhouse amidst a party of other couples.

But more than this, differences also stem from negation. So I may, for example, grasp the terms of the option of marriage and being a housewife from my mother, but I will take care to hang orange curtains instead of her customary gauze, and I will not press my husband to bring me breakfast in bed on Mother's Day, remembering my father's annual effort. However, I may at the same time stand proudly by the use of the brand of tea my mother favoured, her recipe for scones: and the negation in this instance is of the practice of my friends who are also housewives and mothers. Negation is not an overall matter, and it does not amount to rejection. What is negated varies contextually. It is a way of using otherness to place oneself as a particular (or unique) configuration of specifics, through the variation playable through those specifics. So I am Susan who married Ron, not Roger, and we chose design 184 for the house we built, not 180 or 189, and though there is another like ours two streets away, we planted native trees and shrubs and painted our house chocolate; they have a lawn and their house is pale yellow, and it looks very different.
In my hypothetical case, 'choice' plays a large part. This is not choice in a logician's or existentialist's sense. We are not talking about 'freedom' of choice nor the 'authenticity' of choice, but about the approach to the the terms of an option through the exercise of selection from a range, with reference to oneself. Negation is a kind of choice. Choice accompanies the individual mode of being in much the same way as reciprocity is used by exchange partners in other societies with other modes of being: it is simultaneously an ideal and a consideration which can be used to manipulate an act of exchange, and so form a part of it. We sight our activities through the lens of choice. If we are compliant with the terms of an option, it may be such a choice as 'which design for the house we will build and thus make our own, our home?' If we are critical, it may be 'I don't want the headache of a twenty year mortgage: let's stay in this flat. Home is where the heart is.' Through both criticism and the unanticipated effects of compliance (e.g. a mortgage sending out to work both husband and wife) options alter, and the social horizons shift. In New Zealand, there is considerable emphasis placed on owning one's own home and garden; it is the concrete embodiment of personal ability, the working of a marriage (at least at the outset, its concomitant), and it allows time and space for the realization of projects which express distinctness.

Such distinctness is fundamental to the experience of the world as an individual. It poses its own problems: people feel they are not 'different' enough, that is, not sufficiently distinct, and they also resent the absorption of their particular configuration into generalizations, or categorizations which are not satisfactory because they address the abstract individual rather than the lived individual, this very strong sense of specificity. Indeed, the bureaucracies built on consideration of the abstract individual as a locus of 'rights' and 'duties', thus of necessity removed from the particularities of personal existence, are, ironically, found peculiarly frustrating.

8. Indeed, 70% of the houses in New Zealand are owned by their occupants, either outright or through mortgage payments. Comparable proportions are around 50% for the United States and England. (sources: New Zealand Year Book 1978; and Pat Hanley, Auckland City Council Community Officer).
And individuality sets its own puzzles for the anthropologist. How was I even to talk of it as a social mode, given all the connotations embedded in its terms? How was I to demonstrate its variousness, its emphasis on distinctness which, for me anyhow, made it impossible to have chapter headings such as 'marriage', 'sport' or to pick out different parts of people interviewed for illustration and 'case' study, because the part makes no sense, or only a falsifying sense, if extracted from its holistic process, the twin, overlaid dialogues between active self and sense of self; and between that dialogue and the stock of options.

When in 1976 I turned away from a structural-semiological approach to my material, I tried to restore this intuited wholeness to it by essaying a portrait of one couple. At the beginning of 1977 I returned to this idea by composing the first draft of another portrait, which became the first chapter of this thesis: but this time on the more solid ground provided by my 'conversations' with Buber, Burridge, Mead and Sartre. This portrait was the first of a sequence whose order I did not know beforehand and whose composition through comparison revealed relations - and the individual mode of being - to me. In this respect, the thesis remains imbued with the original framework: it is a transformational sequence whose working out has been very like the movement back and forth, from part to whole to part to whole etcetera that Lévi-Strauss describes in his introduction to the Mythologiques series.

9. So we have the paradox of traditional sociology 'explaining' exceptions to rules or norms by talking of 'personality', 'personal factors', and even Berger resorting to 'biographical' differences. The irony is that this expedient is acceptable in a discipline which sets itself up as a 'social science'. I believe it is only the cultural context of individuality which makes such explanations of exceptions possible (given the particular epistemology which perforce ends up with 'exceptions'.

I began the composition of Mike's portrait by typing out the transcript of our interview and the record I had made of our conversation before and after the interview itself. As I went I made notes of the kinds of matters and relationships which seemed, by the way he spoke of them, and their appearance across different domains of experience, to be important to him, to shape his experience and understanding. Were they relationships with machines? relationships with friends? I also made notes of other activities that were not so well marked. Then I read through the transcript again, together with the fieldnotes from the freezingworks, particularly the account of my meeting with Mike and our initial conversation, making further notes. From these I built up a picture of the way in which his relationships and activities fitted together: not in a harmonious, functional sense but in the way they both underpinned and undercut his understanding of the world and his place in it. The way, for example, his emphasis on personal freedom led him into a series of monotonous, not especially high paying labouring jobs which made him chafe at the bit, and cast doubts upon the overall prowess that meant so much to him. The tone of the resulting comprehension is ironic. Irony is more often than not the privilege of the observer who has sufficient and diverse knowledge of a person (or society) to juggle them together, seeing the relationships of past, present and possibility in a holistic way normally unavailable to the person living his or her own life, who may stand back and grasp it momentarily in analogous fashion, but who must also return to it, live it, having no other life (as the observer has) to turn to in its stead.

I selected Mike to look at first because I had the smallest quantity of material for him, though sufficient for my purpose; and more compellingly, because he was my own age, and yet had a very different experience and understanding from my own. My puzzlement was considerably appeased after I had worked through his material and drawn it together into a portrait.

11. Not his actual name. I have altered the names of all those who appear in this thesis.
At this stage there were two aspects to the portrait. First, his voice, speaking through the edited transcript of his interview; and then my voice, speaking through a commentary. Later on, parts of the commentary were pulled out to form an introduction to him: and the portrait became a triptych. It is apposite now to return to the general idea of the portrait, before discussing its three components in more detail.

Like anthropological research, there are two processes in portrait making, which however may be contemporaneous rather than sequential. The encounter between the artist and the subject turns on how open the artist is to the otherness of the subject, to what extent his or her intention to portray allows an effort to see the other in his or her own terms (particularities). Without such a meeting the portrait cannot be produced. The finished product, the object for others to gaze upon, is the result of the artist's transformation of this encounter - or dialogue - through a concrete medium, with its own demands or channelling of possibilities, in a holistic form which retains the particulars of the subject, arranged in such a way that viewers feel they are not merely seeing a pattern, but that they are 'meeting' another human being, and in a depth of apprehension not normally available at first meeting in everyday life. The subject thus becomes more than him or herself (if the portrait is good) and the portrait more than a mirror reflection. The meeting between artist and sitter, one human being and another, is replicated in and through the portrait (the artist's work) to allow the viewer to meet the sitter. What is most important about portraits for my purpose is this replication of dialogue through the artist's rearrangement of the subject's particulars into an apprehensible whole, and his or her selection of a suitable context (eg showing someone in a favourite room, with or without possessions) which together - in their very particularity - make possible a meeting between viewer and subject which transcends the subject. A portrait is of and about an individual person, or group, but it also conveys impressions of a more general condition - whether or not this was the conscious intention of the artist.

12. Joan Metge's happy suggestion.
In the case of the portraits which compose the body of this thesis, the intention to juxtapose the particular and the general - through the drawing of the particulars into a recognizable whole - has been conscious. And it has meant, to retain these particulars in a form which allowed this meeting, the somewhat cumbersome inclusion of large portions of the edited texts of interviews.

The text component of each portrait is not the bare or unadulterated transcript of the interviews with the person concerned. My main desire is to give sufficient detail of the variety both within individual lives, and between individual lives, and to present it as people speaking in their own voices, their own phrases: their own particulars. I have omitted obscure or repetitive passages, those which added bulk but not different examples of similar relationships in a person's or couple's life. I have altered the placing of some passages, but not many, if they would make more sense to the reader when placed alongside material dealing with a similar subject matter than if they were left in the original order. Most of the ums and ahs have been left out. The texts are in general about two-thirds the length of the original transcript.

This material, essentially people speaking in their own voices (but shaped into something more readable), has not been included for sentimental reasons. I wanted to make apparent to readers, at the expense of their ease, the wide variety through which individuality in New Zealand is fashioned, the evidence of this individuality, as a mode of being, in the material: to demonstrate that I have not merely extracted passages which lent weight to my hypothesis. Whether a reader will feel the urge to check this out in relation to my interpretation is another matter! At any rate, the material is available for alternative interpretations.

The texts record one aspect of my, the investigator's, encounter with others. The introduction in each portrait depicts another. Here I have mainly described our initial meeting, the look of the person and their setting, and to some degree my own response, as an investigator, someone concerned with the ironies of things, not as an assessor or categorizer. I have also
included in some cases extra material which came outside the interviews but which added significant particulars to them.

Commentaries are the third part of the portraits: the explicit voice of the investigator, drawing on my further encounter with my interviewees, through the transcripts of interviews and fieldnotes. They are the outcome of my 'reading', my readiness to grasp them in their particulars, yet not remain amidst these details, using them, and others belonging to other informants already reconstituted into a whole, a portrait, to apprehend them anew. I have since discovered that this 'reading' has affinities with the hermeneutic theories expounded by Gadamer, Habermas and Riceour, amongst others. However, I place less emphasis than they do on delving into the nature of my response; that response has informed the process of portraitmaking, as we have seen, but it is not the subject of this thesis - that is the sequence of portraits, and their immediacy (or efficacy) could only diminish with the increasing self-consciousness of their composer.

Nor do I see this process of reading, or encounters, as the basis of a theory of social knowledge and reality, as it is for hermeneuticists. The focus of their critique is the objectivity pursued by other academic disciplines as a Holy Grail. But the very nature and subject of fieldwork: exploring the other through a personal encounter, has long provided anthropology with a healthy scepticism in this search. Relativity and, the inability to ever know the other in its own terms have also provided a continual inspiration (or irritation) to discover modes of presentation which come as close as possible to the otherness of the other which is its subject while remaining able to convey that to readers whose reality is not set by its terms. In the case of my material, this has meant a presentation which departs from the customary ethnography, but in form rather than spirit.

In the commentaries I draw together the particulars: the anecdotes, opinions, relationships, possessions and feelings, which appear in the text without explicit connection. My concern in these parts of the portraits is to unfold the person as a configuration and to make explicit through the details the underlying principles of that arrangement, principles which
link one person with another, despite the differences in outer
details. What I am investigating in these sections is the sense
of self, so that through the comparison of different styles of
the reflective surface we can arrive at an understanding of
individuality as a mode of being. Each commentary, then, is not
self-contained, dealing only with its subject, but refers also
to others who have preceded it in the work.

Each portrait is thus not something to be seen in isolation,
but as participant with its fellows in a sequential spiral in
which we move between particular realizations of the sense of
self, and an understanding of its common core, the process of
the individual mode of being. This spiral hopefully allows the
reader to replicate my own progress through the material, which
was very much a dynamic development.

I had little inkling of the final shape of the thesis before
I composed the first portrait. That portrait illuminated Mike,
and my experience of him, rendering clear what had before been
opaque to me, the researcher. It thus proved its worth, and I
decided to continue using it to make my material intelligible.

Following Mike, I moved on next to Dennis, because he struck
me as a Mike grown older, following a somewhat different
direction. There was a link of similarity between them, yet
also a vantage point of sufficient difference to allow me to
check my interpretation of Mike. Susan, Dennis's secretary,
had been present in our interviews, and provided a counterpoint
to the way in which he realized individuality. Howard, whom I
next selected, gave me the chance to compare someone plying the
same trade as Dennis, yet with a life accumulated through what
appeared to be different kinds of involvement. In fact, the
method of portraiture, allowing a comparison between the two,
showed how similar at base they were.

After I finished my portrait of Howard there seemed to be
no-one who was an obvious progression (as he and Dennis had been). I
took stock of where I was, drawing up a table of core
relationships of the kind that were emerging through the portraits. There were four main relations: between self and self; self and
other; self and objects; self and divinity. Within each
relation I described a number of modalities, drawing partially
on fieldwork, partially on logic. The second self of self-self (I had not refined my terms at this stage) could be an object, fixed: like Dennis. Or it could be a project, to improve and develop, as with Howard. In the relationship self-other, the other could be peers, as with Mike; it could be friendship; a warm circle of acquaintances; family; spouse; crowd; family past. The object in self-object could be the land; business; position; house and garden; the good life; or accumulation. The self-divinity relation could be characterised as 'doing it right'; a critique on one's everyday life; or a critique of others as well as oneself.

The table was crude, but it broadly described the crucial relationships, their mode as well as their subject, in the lives of those I had interviewed. It enabled me to plot my path among the latter, and to select out exponents of each relationship. I chose another nineteen people, including seven couples. Two of these couples were later dropped when it became apparent that they would not add anything substantial to our exploration of different senses of self, different dialogues constituting individuality.

I decided to follow the three men I had begun with with two divorced women. One of these had been introduced to me by Howard, thus providing a link. After them, I decided to move on to the couples, and here the guiding consideration was a combination of the stage of their family - whether their children were infants, young, adult - and their main involvements. And from a sense of symmetry as much as anything else, I decided to follow them with the two people I had felt most at home with, and as a final test of the method of portraiture and the individuality it evinced, the priest.

This sequence proved very illuminating: it showed up the inner dialogue of the active self and the sense of self, thus allowing the original self-other framework to handle more complexity, without an undertone of characterization of the other as outside, or per se suspicious. It also made apparent the richness of the sense of self, as well as its ability to make social phenomena available to the researcher (through a personal encounter). This exploration of the different senses of self also corroborated, about halfway through, my initial,
intuitive arrangement of the portraits into four groups.

I have adhered to the working sequence in the final 'hanging' of the portraits in this thesis because it did develop my own understanding and so, I hope, will provide readers with a parallel process of discovery and comprehension. The first group of portraits, presented under the title 'Men Alone' comprises three men whose sense of self differs in particularities but which is commonly constituted through a style which stresses autonomy, the identification of the individual with the self. The second group, 'Women on their Own' and the third, 'Couples', go together: these portraits show different facets of a second style of the individual mode of being, a style which emphasizes complementarity, the individual realized through joint and interconnected longterm projects. The final group, 'Conversationalists', explores yet another style, one centring round participation, the individual constituted through involvement in a diversity of projects and relationships.

I have thought about the rest of my informants through the lens of these three styles, and have found that they fit into one or another - bearing in mind that we are not talking here about personalities or characterizations or particulars, but of what are best termed principles. On this basis, and in the present absence of comparative material, I would suggest that these three styles broaden our understanding of individuality, and demonstrate its reality as a social mode of being as well as an ideological concept. They point up its constitution as dialectical, not monadic or subjective; a basis sufficiently flexible to allow for the coexistence in the one society, New Zealand, of three very different emphases: participation, complementarity as well as autonomy, the literal enactment of the individual, and the understanding of it which is most prevalent - and misleading. It has, for example, largely put anthropologists off the investigation of individuality, and astray in their exploration of complex Western societies.

This thesis will, I hope, demonstrate both the existence of individuality as a mode of being, and a method flexible enough for its investigation, the heart of each being dialogue. The work had its origins in a conversation between me as an anthropologist and me as a participant in New Zealand society,
the former making the latter apparent, and the latter urging the former's response in exploration of its opacity, its otherness. The form of the exploration was a further series of conversations, through the interviews which were its focus. In those, the concentration of my (explorative or curious) attention upon the particularities of another allowed that other to express his or her continuing dialogue between source and significance, events and understanding, momentarily intensified because of the interview - the concentrated attention - and thus able to be grasped by the interviewer. Following fieldwork, there were further conversations within (as it were) the researcher: between the material and various anthropological, sociological, psychological and philosophical theories, between the material and the written word. The outcome of those conversations is, fittingly the presentation of material as a series of portraits, each itself an ironic dialogue between particulars and abstract, and between different kinds of presentation (introduction, text, commentary). The series follows a sequential order which allows the portraits to 'converse' with each other, to form a context of enquiry for each other, and through such dialogue, to spiral into comprehension.
PART II

PORTRAITS
A MEN ALONE

- THE AUTONOMOUS STYLE
Chapter 1. COMING AND GOING

MIKE
The men working in the Beefhouse in the Freezing Works will tell you that theirs is the most prestigious department in the Works. They handle the stunned carcases, cutting off hides, fat; gutting and carving them up into suitable sizes for the boners to exercise their skill upon. Only the boners in fact, would venture to disagree. Between them, they juggle for power: if the boners are offended and lay down their knives, not only trimmers and packers but also the Beefhouse workers are affected; and vice versa, since the boner cannot divide up what doesn't arrive. (Perhaps the strategic pivot is the freezers' capacity, and its current loading at the time of a disgruntlement.) Although much of the satisfaction and status has departed the meatworks since butchering has been streamlined, the tasks divided so that all a man might do is make the same cuts on every body that jerks past him on the rail, the men in the Beefhouse are reckoned superior, since the carcases they deal with are bigger and heavier than themselves: you need to be fit and strong. Such strength, be it physical or strategic, is recognized in their rates of pay.

When I met Mike he was sharing a platform with a silent, middle-aged Maori, each trimming off a defined area of fat and hair from each carcase as it swung past. The view he had of the Beefroom operations was almost the equal of that from the Foreman's office, and overlooking the gut table, more graphic. He was 23, had worked in that job for two seasons, he told me, going on to make it clear to me that it was just temporary, a way of making money so he could build his yacht, buy another car. He described his prestigious schooling in some detail, and disassociated himself from everyone else working in the meatworks; at least everyone who actually handled the flesh. They were, to his mind, idiots to not only put up with the monotony, the clatter (which was deep enough so that Sunny beside us beamed upon our conversation), but to also bring in their sons and brothers, or aspire to be a chargehand, a foreman. They said it was good money, but when you averaged it out over the year, it was nothing more than you could earn in most semi-skilled jobs. The Union made out that it was tough, would stand up to the bosses: nonsense! He'd seen them back down at the beginning of the season, and lose the initiative for the remainder. This was
only the second criticism I had heard of the Union from a member; and about the first basic criticism of fellow workers.

Mike had started off as an Agricultural Department Meat Inspector, Diploma trained; was lured to labouring by the gross disparity between his Civil Servant salary, and their wages. The Meatworks is one of the few remaining workplaces where education (that which is recognized with certificates) counts for very little in obtaining a job, or working a way up to 'positions of responsibility'. Very few men with letters will in fact be found there, outside of the Accountant's office. Mike was proud of his schooling: (I use the word schooling because academic achievement played a minor role in his accounting). I was surprised to come across him where I did: and he at pains to show me how he didn't really belong - was just passing through.

Our second conversation took place at his parents' home, a house his father had built himself. Despite the offer of a good deal on a large house surrounded by market garden ten years before, he had chosen to remain there. It was not a choice that Mike understood. Staring out over the sloping garden and the old railway carriage which served as his father's shed, he said they could have made a mint with the other house, and let this one while they were at it. Yet he respected his father for sticking to what mattered most to him.

He had hopes of land a 'salesman-executive job', using as a recommendation the partnership he had with a friend on leaving school to put up fences on farmland. It had fizzled out in a rainy year - and so, apparently, did this hope. Instead, he went back for his third season labouring at the Freezing Works, spending most of his spare time constructing a yacht with a friend, a yacht in which they intended to cruise the Pacific for a couple of years, bound to no timetable but their own. Attempts to pin him down for another interview proved fruitless, despite his enjoyment of the first. Perhaps he felt it had all been said.
"For a start off, you've got to get on with other people. Boarding school taught me to accept other people, get on with them. They're a lot rougher - a person has to be able to stand up for his rights, physically and mentally.

"A big emphasis on physical things like the First Fifteen. It's a hero worship, not the same in a Co-ed school. Especially the bigger; older schools. Have big rival rugby matches, both schools attending, fighting.

"I revelled in it. First Fifteen, Prefect, and all that rubbish. It doesn't mean much at a Co-ed school. In a single sex school you do wield a certain amount of power. There was a special room for prefects, essentially a lounge. You could smoke if you wanted to. It was off-limits to teachers, and other pupils; we punished them by caning. The room would end up dirty, smelly, with football boots etc, so we'd grab 12 likely looking boys to clean it up.

"One thing it does breed is arrogance. I've got a fair dose of that, it's not always a bad thing. It's a bad thing when you walk into a person's home as if you virtually owned it, and the wife gets a little hairy about it. When you walk in the street, you take it for granted that everyone thinks of you as a superior person. Being reserved and shy never got you anything. I never regarded myself as inferior. I can talk to high-ups as well as the milkman's daughter. Some people wonder how the hell I do it; you've got to get on.

"50% of the time when I chat up girls it backfires. Either it's a complete success or an utter failure. No middle of the road. Some chicks, something about it anyway, really go for it. On reflection, never all the time. More in the last couple of years; a hell of a lot are really switched off by it. I pick a woman who will be impressed, usually a person whose father's at a lower income level - I don't know, a lower educational level. I'm all for it - stop educating girls at 15!
(Q: His family?)  "Five of us; three kids. I'm the oldest. 2 girls; one's a teacher, primary. She toyed with the idea of University - had a three year holiday instead at Training College. Has a job now out at Porirua - babysitting! She's got herself engaged, so home is the best place money-wise. Other sister's at secondary school, about 15.

"We've got nothing in common. I'm very rarely here. If I was here and round with them - we couldn't get on at all. We get on if we don't see each other. It is a close family, but not one which likes to be in each other's hair too much. My mother works for an outfit in town, something clerical. I don't take much interest, don't give it a lot of attention. My father's in Real Estate.

"I could change my job - for a week - only way they'd probably know would be if they saw me not in the same rig, going for labouring - but something with a collar and tie. The only clue would be the change in dress. They haven't chucked me out. To be quite fair, I do help....I'm in the process of painting this thing for them. Got talked into it. Straight out cash gift. $8-900 in labour. That's not meagre.

(Q: Role of women?)  "Not something I'd get too uptight about. Role of the female in society, not something you can say will change too much. They should - the effort has got to come from the girls themselves - not from men. This is where the whole thing falls down. For 100 years women have had the same role which they've got today - I haven't really thought about it too much. I can't see that it's going to change overnight.

"Women's Year is going about it completely the wrong way - they're attacking men for it. Women's libbers, the ones they should be attacking are women themselves. To break into the male fields, that were traditionally male - I can't see that there is a barrier. And then again, I suppose that's only myself. They can't expect everything to be handed to them. I can't imagine a woman being not elected purely on the basis that she was a woman; it wouldn't matter to me at all, if we had a female P.M."
"In that field, in the political field, I can't see that they'd approach it any differently. The only thing with women, they approach things differently, emotionally, which doesn't come into politics at that level. A person who was over-emotional wouldn't get to that level. The only situation where they react differently - I'm not saying they're inferior at all ... women react naturally to things. Men try to hide their reaction or the reaction expected of them disguises their true reaction to the thing.

"See it in any crisis type of thing, generally, especially a family crisis. Women complain that they have a role, but we have a role, and we have to play it. Have to be head of the house, and decision-maker, sort of remove yourself slightly, weigh things up coldly and logically. We had a death experience last year. I stood back and noticed. Women were teary-eyed, the blokes were fairly straight-faced. Not until the two brothers were in the room together that they both cried. I couldn't understand how they'd gone through the whole thing with stony faces. It didn't worry me. How they had disguised their feelings for so long. The sister had broken down on the spot. Not these guys, but they had wanted to do that.

"You're conditioned. The big tough man thing, the hard guy, the bloke who can take all the knocks. I was in a rep game once bones in front had been broken the week before - I went and played the game; it was my anklebone this time. I didn't have it fixed. Primarily ignorance on my part. Carrying on. The hard thing. The guy with a bullet staggers on, cleaning up all the Indians.

"In a single-sex school, a bloke's judged a fair bit on that sort of thing. Whether you can withstand a fair amount of pain. The person who's a sukey type, he's in for a fairly hard time at a school. Sport is absolutely compulsory, but you were never judged on your performance. A guy was never put down because he wasn't a naturally gifted sportsman. It was great for physical exercise. Mental fitness goes up too. I've got friends - a particular one I went through secondary school with; the guy was never a brilliant rugby player, but he always played. That guy's doing a music degree and manufacturing sound equipment,
a new company that's started up. He played Grade 3 for years. He was never looked down on by other guys. Another's a tremendous violinist - in fact I was rather jealous, never having had the opportunity myself. A lot of people in New Zealand who think rugby players are one-eyed, think that people who go along will automatically put down arty types. I never find that to be the case. In fact I've been peddling a bit of art myself recently - I invited people to look at them. I can pick up any sort of financial thing.

(Q: Enjoyment in sport?) "The actual enjoyment is in playing; it's not competitive if you don't want it to be, though rugby's a terribly competitive sport - if you play in the top senior grades. I play socially with guys who can't be bothered with training; they like the game, and the social attitudes. I used to travel every Wednesday night - to the Prince bar; a social thing. We're serious when we're actually playing. It near kills us with our standard of fitness. There are special grades for that standard of playing. Most of the guys are well experienced; others who are studying and can't afford the time to train. This thing in a rugby club that a lot of people aren't aware of - people who play for sheer enjoyment and nothing else.

"In other sports, baseball, that sort of thing, the majority of teams, people are playing more to keep fit than for sheer competition. What I call competitive sport is a guy like John Walker or a golfer, going out for himself, and self alone.

"Let's face it, a helluva lot of drink is involved. I wouldn't disguise that at all. But the social side of rugby clubs is really something now - leaves most hotel lounger bars for dead. Bar stays open till 1 am. Great fellowship thing in rugby; goes right through Saturday night too.

"Depends on the team whether there are women there. Lots of teams where it would be all male. Sort of thing, wives and girlfriends come along to the game, or blokes go back and get them, and the night starts from there."
"Never any tensions arise in there either - we got together only last Easter, and now we're just about finishing, then we don't see each other all summer. Too difficult being together all winter and summer, though a lot of rugby teams form themselves into softball teams in summer. It can cause factions, and it's caused bust-ups of damned good teams. They see too much of each other. I've seen this - people come together, and get to know each other, play sport together, get a tremendous fellowship building up between the guys in a rugby team. You go out together, separately - friendships are never too involved. Fairly good-time friendship sort of thing. Never really all that deep. With wives and girlfriends as well. Bloke I'd played with, he was back in Wellington a couple of months ago - he married a girl I used to knock around with - I seem them all, they come up for a night, that sort of thing. Some do get more friendly than others, as I'm sure's the case with any crowd of people.

"It's a cross-section. I was going to have a year off, but a friend in this team said, come along. I went along and played this particular game, and went right through with them. Got to know everybody else. Car salesman, bank, couple of lawyers, then we've got labourers - guys from all walks of life. The kind of job, what you do, doesn't make a damn.

"They're great social things, sports clubs. Lots of people, girls, give up any sport when you leave school virtually. A tremendously wide social range; I don't care - it's who the people are... social organisations, cliques, groups, it's the same people doing things. I removed myself through being injured, haven't been able to play rugby - well I'm not supposed to; I played a game on Sunday - conveniently forgot about it.

(Q: Women playing rugby?) "I have played a rugby game against a girls' team once- never seen such indecent rugby. Women can't play rugby, not in its purest form - it's hard physical contact - you take a helluva lot of knocks. I do know girls who've tried to form social rugby teams. A rugby game is a lot of sheer brute strength. A lot of people think that's where it begins and ends; but it's a really skilful game; to have to force yourself on the opposition. Helluva lot of birds would be fairly knocked about and injured. There's not a rugby game played where you're not knocked about to some extent.
I've played a lot of positions. I began just after I was 5 years old. I was injured fairly badly — up till then I had been a sprint champ and a forward — a position which relies on speed, and also I had been very short and skinny. A change in physical structure put me a bit out of the position I was in — a tall guy doesn't move as quickly off the spot. The little guy is put into certain positions in rugby, others in others.

"Saturday morning at the local park, they play local teams — I watch the parents, it's entertaining, hilarious. Actually, I'll never forget — as a kid, some guy chasing the ball and me; because he'd tackled, and got hurt, the little boy's parents 'Kill him!' As a little boy my father used to take me when he first started off coaching a team. He had a great attitude to it — they took different positions every week. My parents also watched when I was playing in the First Fifteen. My sisters were so young that they tagged along with my parents. No great family pride so much as an understanding of good rugby. My mother is a very keen spectator of rugby — she knows her rugby — her father was a great rugby player in his time. There was no question of playing any other sport. I never questioned it. I was brought up with the idea that all soccer players were poofs — I've changed that to a certain extent.

"Girls social teams starting off now; I went and watched them. Every bit as brutal as it could possibly be for a social game — in fact it was less ladylike than a lot of guys playing socially. At the moment I've probably still got all my prejudices — at the moment it's kiss and kill. I think it's hilarious to me it's a bit like a newborn foal trying to walk, much the same sort of thing. Just laugh at their sheer incompetence as sportsmen.

"Essentially I've always been a team sportsman. Never really been interested in individual sports — unless you count snooker, which isn't sport. Bar athletics at a young age; never anything where I was competing for myself. You're not hiding behind any guy, to me the team atmosphere and that far outweighs the actual sporting thing you get. There's room for individual achievements: put the ball on the line, though that isn't anythin
- as a kid I used to get so many tries it just wasn't funny. Got a helluva lot of acclaim then. If I played individual sports though, I hardly ever scored.

(Q: Did you aspire to be an All Black?) "Every New Zealand kid does. My parents would have loved it. I'm a very lazy sportsman. I don't like training. The playing of the game I enjoy, I'm not a fanatic. Type of guy that makes that team trains six days a week - and loosens up Sunday. I'm not like that, fanatical. 3 nights a week - lucky if I got to two of those practices, think I was doing well. Completely bugger myself on the field. I've never been keen enough to give up drinking, smoking, anything like that.

"My older sister didn't go past school, the younger one I think will; I have seen her get talked into it. She plays indoor basketball - it was essentially a duty. Nobody knew anything about it - she knew I didn't. She wanted to show me how good a player she was, sort of thing. So I went along and watched her make a fool of herself.

"Girls - I think they call it groupies now. Actually we had quite a following, right throughout the boys' schools - they were just sort of around. Quite a complex social scene ... there'd be a certain amount follow each team, and needless to say, the more successful team - we were the top team, and we got the followers. New Zealand girls are not hellishly fussy. Social scene afterwards, that sort of thing.

"I'd have been quite content to stay at school for years. Had a cleaning contract. I'd employ blokes from school to do it; quote out the job at $1.50 an hour - gave them $1.00; made a helluva lot. Could pick up $10 a week doing that, fairly good dough. Could go a long way on $10 a week. Could rarely get into the pub - if you could, your friends couldn't, so we'd make a quick dash into the bottle-store, get the cheapest booze, and most of it we'd drink till we were sick, and we'd stagger home. I'd say some fathers would have been really mad if they knew the company their daughters kept.
"I could never stick with any group of people. I'm a loner. Come and go. Could go to a do with the blokes at work, for example, could go on a Saturday night, they might have them every Saturday night - I've only been to one. They usually have them all the time.

"There's a woman I knocked round with for a certain time, I'm very good friends with her. Not interested in each other on a male-female basis; haven't seen each other for 3 years. Hard to count my friends. Anyone who says he's my friend. I've got one friend, someone who'll virtually do anything for me. At the same time he does question it. Someone who knows if they're hard-up, to come on round. Only two of those. I wouldn't want any more.

"I've never been the type to confide; bit of an introvert. Hadn't thought it would take them long to catch on. I've always sorted things out myself, also. A stickler for privacy, the most basic of human rights. A certain amount of things you could keep to yourself. I don't go off to people, tearing off to other people, to solve their problems, I mean if they need help with anything.

"These two friends are both from outside school; one I was working with, did a Varsity Diploma course down South together. The bugger's getting married in two days' time - that'll shag the friendship. Then again it can't be maintained, not when you're living life on a very happy-go-lucky basis. Marriage must restrict you. The fact that they don't let it restrict them - they're idiots, financially. When I go out on the weekend I don't give a damn - well, I do at the moment; I really don't give a damn as to how much I spend in a week. All week - I work hard, and I play hard. Saturday night, I could wipe out $20 just like that at the pub - a married man can't keep up with me. Slowly, married men leave themselves out of the crowd - if they don't, they're heading the wrong way. They really get themselves in the cart. It doesn't change them basically - the financial aspect is what they have to adapt to. Depends on the girl too. A guy I'm close to - at 5 am three of us came through his bedroom window. He was quite happy about that. I don't think she was rapt in that, but she couldn't do a lot about it. It does change guys, getting married.
"I'm not the marrying type at the moment. I've got no intentions of getting married. It's never something that I've seriously considered - too permanent, and I'm not a permanent type of guy. Don't think I know someone well enough to even consider it. Besides I enjoy life too much. Buy a decent-sized boat, then a house - and I don't - they don't spell marriage, that's for sure. Almost conned myself into it a couple of times - woke up. One of my friends married - helluva unstable marriage - purely because it was the only thing in life virtually that he hadn't done. I've known him long enough to be sure that that's the reason. Nothing especially, about her, anyway. Don't think he gave a damn about her. I couldn't see it lasting. Marriage is a helluva serious step, shouldn't be entered lightly. Would never tell him that, hell no. Privacy. I don't think, on a personal basis, that it would work very well. Probably just me. Too much of a strain on my freedom - you can't sort of come and go as you want to, this sort of thing. I don't like having to explain my actions to people. Then again, it's this privacy kick of mine.

"I can sit down and talk to a woman as I can talk to a bloke. But so many women seem to get the idea there is something else. There's something about a group of males, you can just sit down, they don't take casual conversation for seduction. Helluva lot of women always think you're doing a great line for them. In actual fact, you're just yakking. Certain types more than others. Bloody dangerous talking to a divorcee. Last weekend, (laugh) I was having a casual yarn in the pub with a group of people - there was a bird there yakking away at the double; I didn't wake up till later that she was doing a big line - search me. Apparently I wasn't selected for any particular qualities, she'd virtually done the rounds. That type is particularly dangerous. I've had other experiences - it's bad news. All out hunting fools. It's pretty common. Hard cases, a lot around. They're so hard to pick out at times too. If there was a guidebook - guy'd make a packet, I'd say, - a light-hearted warning.

"I talk different things depending on the person, and their interests. No good talking football to a bloke who knows nothing about football as a serious discipline. Adapt it to where you are.
"Single women — their conversation is patterned invariably round social events. That's not the sum total of the conversation. I'm a bit of a fan when I'm talking to a person to bring out their interests, get them talking. Married women, especially women with kids, they're part of her conversation, but it's just part of her life at the time. It depends on where you are.

"Married guys talk about kids too, but they won't go on about them. One that had a bit of a do, young baby there, a lot of people there — 'Come and see Junior'. I said 'Isn't he nice!' — turned out to be a girl! Dad comes in and he says 'She's a beauty, isn't she', and his wife said 'Wasn't she good'; I was getting the whole thing — how often it slept at night, woke them up — wasn't any kind of topic of conversation before she was married. I couldn't have imagined her as a clucky wife type.

"Lots of conversations with guys revolves round the job, sports interests, hobbies, social events. I don't tell people about a thing; tell people when I've actually done it. I don't like people who go on like that. Mention in casual conversation that I'd like to do it, or if I'm actually building it, it's concrete, yeah.

"The other friend is a married guy I've known for years. Type of bloke that I haven't seen for about 2 months, then we see so much of each other through a series of social events, then we don't see each other again for a while. We meet at various do's, parties and that — the way it always seems to work; no matter where I go, I see a lot of him, interspersed with odd nights at the pub; and all of a sudden, I don't see my friend again, he's blown through. We've been fairly good cobbers for years; Alan goes in for cars; lost his licence, so he's not all that mobile, so I haven't seen much of him.

"Actually, I was in an accident with this guy. 300 yards the car rolled, got my head split open. We were trying to make it to the Dannevirke pub before it closed. Left here, at half past four at the weekend; got to Porirua and had a beer each, got 2 dozen and put them in the car for the trip. Ran out at Shannon, so we bought a carton of beer, 6 flagons. Got through the Manawatu Gorge at 100 mph — there was a corner we didn't get
round. Big aggregate of gravel; helluva impact. Quite funny, thought we were wiped out. Took 3 chains to get the car back to the road.

"Not very funny at the time - sitting there. A completely stupid thing to do. He had a can of beer in one hand and a cigarette in the other, and was talking to me. One of those experiences you've got to live through. Know now, what people say - my whole life flashed past me. I don't know how, but anyway we got out. Crushing, graunching metal and petrol. The car came to rest on its wheels, roof completely crushed down, we got out of reach, and it went up. And they were holding the pub open for us. Hospital buggers took a blood count; if they hadn't, I would have said that I was the driver, lied to the Police no matter what; he was the drunken. He couldn't remember much. That was April, this year.

"I love high-speed driving. I have to get out. I like little cars, hot little cars, always have. In the process of doing up the Mini for that purpose - very expensive one - $500 to alter the motor to what I want; too high. Money doesn't grow on trees.

"While not all men know what's going on in a car, the average woman doesn't have the least idea what the clutch actually does; what an accelerator's connected up to, the starter in the gearbox. They're doing what they've been told to do. She doesn't understand what she's doing. That's not particularly good. I'd like to see the driver's licence harder to get, with a compulsory course in basic mechanics, explain the working of an internal combustion motor. Helluva lot of girls never know what's going on under the bonnets of their cars. A helluva lot of women change gear by speed- no idea of gauging the engine revs; Saw a guy once walk up to a woman; she had a flat tyre, she hadn't noticed through the steering - it was precarious - yet the woman kept on driving it. Silly bitch. There's one woman in Wellington, a Jag dealer. She just about wiped me up - doing 80 mph; she's just as skilled a mechanic, fantastic. She's got a tremendous reputation, she's raced cars.
Most women drivers I've found nervous, and another thing about women drivers, they think they're a bloody sight better than what they are - and they blame everyone else on the road for a driving blue on their part. A lot of them, in certain situations, 'What's happened?' 'What's going on?'. She's not taught to - they don't teach them how to get out of situations. When I got my first car - not when I bought my first car - I was 15; it was a Mini - I've had them ever since; we used to drive along the gravel, little cars, and jump out the door. Knowing how to handle a car, and to have lived through it. Guy comes racing up to see how close he can stop to it; I've had a few dents that way. A lot of guys dip out, haven't the same taste in cars. Some cars are really a helluva lot of junk. A person's car is what they're judged by; a bloke's proven by what he's put personally into a car; sports cars are crumpet catchers, straight cut.

Once on the Forirua Motorway, this guy with a Holden stationwagon...we had three girls in front, guys on the back, surfboards, come up past this guy - he stared. We passed him by a couple of inches. He's irate, ups his speed, and then the hot car hits 110 and just took off! It was the whole point of having it, and all the work that went into it. Don't try to explain the mentality of that.

In a lot of cases, a bloke in the lower education, but not exactly lower income - guys who left school with little education: he's got into a good looking car - that's the big thing to them, and they measure achievement in these, the type of car they drive. Interesting. The other day I was taking my mother to buy a car and the dealer said they hadn't any left of that type - a car that only some could afford to own.

We're a fairly car-oriented society. Different types of guys go for different types of things - the guy who goes for a customline is a different type of bloke from me. More for the era of driving this particular type of car. '38 sedans - big and old; it's an experience to try and control the things. The custom guys are all perfectionists - often 36 coats of paint - I don't know how many coats of lacquer - wheels $100 each - pinstriped - purely for looks. Some beauties - big, padded
upholstery, really fantastically done. Idea is to bring it back to its original condition, not hotting it up as much as doing the body up to a hotrod looking thing; huge V8 motors in them. Fat tyres and the rest of the gears that go with them.

Hot car type of thing is a basic sedan that performs to racetrack specifications. Sort of thing you can do 100 – perhaps 110 mph – you know. I haven't raced officially. Financially, its a helluva outlay doing this sort of thing. I can sit back and criticize the mentality of people who do, but I do it myself, I thrive on speed. Not anything I can understand; like to be flash and fast for a limited expenditure."
MIKE - Commentary

I was surprised to come across Mike where I did, and he was at pains to demonstrate to me that the Beefroom was not his natural setting, that he was just passing through. In our conversations we were both attempting to answer a question which neither of us explicitly posed. What was a likely lad like Mike doing in such an unlikely place?

The first point to establish is that Mike, by his own account, is indeed a likely lad; someone with potential, someone who should go far. Someone who sticks out a bit, but not too much, from ordinary blokes. (Perhaps, if he were too removed, he would not be visible) There are several areas in which he feels that he has proven himself, in which he could be recognized by others as having done so. School was the prime domain; but what he associates with 'school' went somewhat beyond the concept of educational authorities. They would be pleased that he did not, as others of his generation do, disdain the value of team sports in promoting 'maturity' and as a member of the First Fifteen, he accorded recognition to those who did their best, but could not hope to aspire to his own ranks.

However, they would probably inch an eyebrow above its accustomed resting-place were they to hear of his cleaning contract. Perhaps admire his gumption, but not the carousing ends to which his earnings were directed. While most high-school boys support the growing expense of their extra-curricular activities with a part-time job, or a hand here and there, it is somewhat precocious to take on a contract involving the organisation of one's peers. Had Mike continued to develop as an entrepreneur in the wider world it would have seemed less questionable. The fact that he hasn't also puzzles him. He looks back to the time when he was at school as a period when he was successful, and it glows with this reflection. His self-assurance, keen enough so that he is happy to call it arrogance, owes itself to his top-dog position within a hierarchical system as much as it does to feeling he possesses acumen sufficient to control a contract or a hotrod.
He reasons the absence of an expectably smooth progress as due to his own 'laziness'. To his mind it is certainly not that he lacks the ability, or that the maturity won through a particular schooling system may have had its limits. If he decides not to engage his talents in a particular activity, it is not because he has little hope of success in that sphere. The fencing contract fell apart because of inclement weather, not because of its organization (or lack of it). It takes a 'fanatic' to turn himself out day after day to make a top grade representative rugby team, let alone the All Blacks. Only as a 'kid' did he harbour those kind of aspirations; it does not seem worth the bother now to direct all one's efforts to the relentless pursuit of one goal alone.

What defines Mike to himself is not so much what he did, as what he could do: what he is, skilled and free to 'come and go' as he pleases. It is convenient to stay with his parents and sisters. More to the point, they do not expect him to answer for his actions, adhere to a timetable, or participate in their affairs - unless he chooses to. Labouring at the Freezing Works does not allow him to exemplify his ability 'to pick up anything financial', but it was a job without ongoing responsibility, without the need to give notice a month or more ahead of departure which would accompany the 'salesman-executive' job he has half an eye on in the off-season.

His leisure time is spread across a number of activities: social football, socializing afterwards, or at a party, in the pub, tuning up the engine of the current hot rod, or working on his yacht with a friend. He describes himself as a loner, yet he is rarely without company. It is not, however, a constant composition. The people he drinks with one weekend would not be the circle he relishes the next. He enjoys his membership of the football team, but is pleased that it does not carry on over the entire year. The close friend he is willing to perjure himself for is not met on a regular, set basis: when he turns up, he turns up. He avoids interaction with those who are continually present in his day to day life, his family and co-workers.
Most of his friends and acquaintances are married or on the verge of a commitment; Mike is wary of the relationship, and laments the coming marriage of his close friend, seeing in it a competitor to their own relationship. Not because his friend would become transformed, another personality, but because he would no longer be capable of keeping up with Mike’s own style of ‘work hard, play hard’. As a married man he has become responsible to another person, and lost the spontaneity of the single man who can ‘blow $20 in a weekend without thinking about it’. If Mike curbs his spending, it will be for his own purpose: to spend on the car, the yacht – both investments of money and skill into a further, more visible mobility.

He offers no critique of marriage per se, or as an institution, and his only criticism of his friends’ choice is that one of them has decided on the basis that he had nothing else left to try in life, a rationale too flimsy to support what Mike conceives as a serious endeavour. His caution is exercised solely on his own behalf; he knows himself well enough to be sure that the stability it provides others would only stifle him, make him feel tied and not the fancy-free man he has become familiar with. He does not address himself to relationships; his focus is directed toward enjoyment and movement.

However, these two concerns do draw him into and sustain him within relations with others. He remembers school through the fond lens of a First Fifteen member, one of an elite. Big enough to pass the quick inspection of a bartender, he elects to remain with his fellow team-mates (and cleaners), drashing in instead to pick up something cheap and pungent to pick them all up for a Saturday night celebration in one home or the next. The two friends he mentions to example his broad spectrum do not attain his level – but nonetheless they turn out loyally to their low grade games, pay their own homage to the game. Mike values it for the knockabout maturity he feels it has fostered in himself. More important than its honing of physical acumen is its team nature. Mike castigates athletes ‘out only for themselves’, and notes that while he kicked so many goals ‘it wasn’t funny’, his scoring ability slumps if he plays in some sport by himself, beyond the purpose provided by a team. It is not the result one would anticipate from a ‘loner’, a man who takes care to retain flexibility and spontaneity, remain free of standing
obligations in order that he may 'come and go'. Why is the team significant to him?

The team provides Mike with a circle of peers, others who share his focus (from their own position): those who can - more than an applauding crowd - justly appreciate the skill and prowess behind a touchdown. It is of little consequence that he no longer counts those he moved amongst at school amongst his present pool of companions: what mattered was their ability to affirm his own accomplishments (and vice versa). Yacht and car gave him entree to similar circles of equals, less evident and actual than his team-mates, but nevertheless important in his self-reckoning. The purpose which gives them a commonality does not reside outside each person, unlike the goal of team success, but within their own, self-set aspirations and projects. Each man's end is his own, different from others. The means they put toward that personal goal, however, allow a mutual recognition of skills and 'know-how'.

As soon as he is old enough to obtain his licence, Mike is out in his car playing chicken, skidding into gravel, taking the motor apart to put it back in a finer condition: developing his nerve and skill. He has little patience for those who drive in ignorance, endangering his play, or who seemingly mock the seriousness he accords driving and vehicles, driving casually in carelessly kept cars, blaming others (like himself) for their own mistakes or ineptitude. Surprising the driver of a powerful family stationwagon by suddenly overtaking in an overfull, battered looking little car, is a delight which gains from the presence of his passengers. Even without them, incidents such as the accident can be retailed into anecdotes, to be told over a drink at a gathering. Anecdotes which - on the whole - provide evidence of his prowess, the motor made more powerful, another car raced, a silly driver thwarted. His friend taking a windy road, bottle in one hand, cigarette in another, mouth busy with talk is 'silly'; but it is the cockiness of someone at ease in a vehicle, someone accustomed to taking its risks. Mike's decision to take the blame for the accident may stem from a kind of respect, a recognition of similarity - and a desire to remain on a par with him.
Peers are other individuals who not only share one's own concerns, but who participate in these endeavours or enjoyments at the same level. Mike does not think to secure his married friends' company with him at the pub by paying for the drinks they should no longer allow themselves in the light of the responsibilities they have chosen to assume. Were he to do so, an imbalance would result to strain the ambiance. As it would also if they were to ask his advice in their own affairs, or proffer their's, unsought. It is important to Mike's understanding of who he is, as that underwrites what he does, that he feels that his decisions have been his own: whether taking him into the First Fifteen or the Freezing Works, they have been taken to further his own ends, not always obvious to an onlooker. As long as he feels in a position to come and go, his skills (portable) exercised on the road, or in building; on the rugby field, and drinking off it, evidenced in the company of others of a similar standing to himself, but not his duplicates - it does not really worry him that the member of the First Fifteen and the precocious contractor are contained in the same person as the Beefroom labourer.
2. **STANDING**

DENNIS
DENNIS - Introduction

Most of my time in the insurance company was spent in administrative or clerical sections. At lunchtimes I was intrigued by the cluster of men, smartly dressed, sporting grins, round the pool table in the staff canteen, and I was told that they were mainly sales representatives. I did not have the courage to approach the group and attempt to single one or two out for a one-off interview; instead I asked one of the Personnel Officers if she knew of a salesman I could meet. So it was that the following day I took the lift down several floors to the office suite Dennis shared with four other insurance 'consultants', a small company within the company. Most of the company's salesmen were housed two floors above, in a warren of cubbyholes, sharing one secretary between every ten men. Dennis's office was larger, more comfortable, with a window (giving on to other office blocks), and a receptionist-secretary, Susan, whom he shared only with his four colleagues. I think the Personnel Officer must have stressed the male-female aspect of my research, for when I arrived Susan came with me into Dennis's office, where there were two chairs facing his desk, and sat down with me.

Dennis had a confident presence, at once jocular and yet somehow intense. It was a while before I noticed that one of his arms was much thinner and stiffer than the other, and that he moved it carefully, as if he had had to train it. His room had very little decoration, apart from a colour photograph propped up on his filing cabinet of his two sons, beaming out. Seeing that, I looked for a picture of his wife, but she was absent.

There was much mutual ribbing between Susan and Dennis, and our conversations were frequently directed by one querying something the other had said, or commenting on it. Susan provided an illuminating counterfoil to Dennis, often expressing feelings I might myself have communicated (or wanted to communicate) to him had we met in other circumstances. Her clothes were as bright and neat as her own confidence; and one day she came in with her hair tinted silver, prompting remarks from Dennis about a 'silver-headed bird'.

Our first interview, intended as a single occasion, provided sufficiently rich material for me to ask them, a week or so later, if I could return: they assented. In fact, Susan was good enough to come in during the school holidays, which she had off work, and that time we could hear in the background the murmur of children engaged in colouring in as well as the customary sound of conversations interspersed with snorts of laughter and appreciation which came from behind the partitions separating Dennis's office from those of his fellows.

At the beginning of the final session, Dennis greeted me by exclaiming that I had wrecked his faith in human nature. How? He had been sitting over a quiet drink with some of his colleagues at the Country Club, when along came Howard, another insurance salesman in the same firm, who had revealed "in front of everybody" that I was interviewing him also. "You'll make me the laughing stock of the firm! That guy's got enough confidence for everybody - he's such a pompous ass!" Having relished my stricken look, he and Susan settled down to talk again - as much with each other as with me, or my questions. When we had finished, Dennis said to her, "Now I know more about you than your husband does". "Yes", she answered, probably aware that the converse was also true, "But we never have these deep philosophical discussions."
Interview One

DENNIS: "Insurance salesmen as a group are independent. The successful guys are almost arrogant - they make a lot of money, they know what they're doing, and they do it very well. They're in the top five percent earners in the country. They get their knocks; they're immune to them: they have to be. They can compare their incomes with the average for their age, or with professionals, and they get sort of independent, arrogant sort of approach - 'to hell with you'. Money makes them immune to bad comments. To sell life insurance you've got to talk to people, contact people; a good seller knows more people than a poor, and he simply contacts more people and keeps on selling. His earning power doesn't decrease. In the old days it would take twenty years to get to the 'weak' - now guys get there almost straight away.

"They're superior in earning ability to others in the company, and they're doing things their own way. They're more switched on anyway, than a group of administrators. Quite a lot have been - not exactly failures - elsewhere, but there have been other activities that they've got out of, been forced to get out of. Could be because they get frustrated with being inside, the system within: you can't get ahead if you have any bright ideas - you can't apply them.

"The team here is peculiar, 50% have been here ten years or more, and they represent most of the big writers. That's unusual - in other companies they're good for two to three years, and then they fade away. Bursts rather than sustained staying. Here it's more a professional approach, a more switched on and strong team. They're good blokes, and they get on well together. Unselfish in their knowledge, something you wouldn't expect with commission salesmen. In theory that's directly opposed to their own interests, but they're very good in that they'll sling a man a few leads if they see he's struggling. Generous."
"There are no single salesmen here. You need to work for money to have a goal, for example to own a car, furniture - that motivates a young man more than if he was single and had no real need for money. You need to be married to be really successful.

SUSAN: "I have two children, ten and seven. They're at primary school. I came back when my daughter went to school, nearly a year now. It was hard at first. I had nothing else to tie me down, nothing to do at home, unless I was particularly interested. I felt I was better out, meeting people. I suppose money came into it too. I feel a little bit independent having some of my own. I'll pay bills, buy the kids something, clothes, that my husband would have paid for.

DENNIS: "I've got two boys, eight and six. My wife's not working, but she will be soon - because I think it's a good idea.

SUSAN: "My husband didn't, but he's found that it has its compensations. I'm not so scratchy over little things as I was before.

DENNIS: "It's a good idea to get the wife out to work as quick as you can. They get self-centred.

SUSAN: "You tend to lose the art of talking to people. Because you're always talking down, to kids, you go a bit stagnant. I wouldn't work full-time, not at the expense of the children. Anyway, my husband would read the riot act.

DENNIS: (Q: Hours Dennis works?)

"Very few salesmen work long hours. They're lazy, naughty - and it's quite exacting work, very exhausting sort of work if you're doing it properly. I waste my spare time completely - golf, fishing. Have a holiday two to three months of the year, go away. Get out of the place. Very few stay home. We come together and talk shop at the drop of a hat. The successful guys cling together, use any pretext. Men need somewhere of their own. That's why the insurance guys stick together, they need one another."
SUSAN: "Same thing as a rugby team, you get protection from the group.

(Q: Do men and women get on together?)

DENNIS: "I don't think they do. There are money problems. I don't know very many happily married people. Their mates aren't really mature enough, they expect too much.

SUSAN: "I don't entirely agree.

DENNIS: "Talking about a younger type of person.

SUSAN: "It depends how you were brought up, what you did or didn't do.

DENNIS: "I look around my area: the wives are suffering from suburban neurosis; their husbands get brassed off with their wives nagging, and drive themselves to work. They work to get away from home.

SUSAN: "When the kids are off your hands, there's nothing.

DENNIS: "I don't think males understand the female psychology. If it's a married couple it's more interesting to the husband to talk about his work than to hear what his wife has done all day, cooped up between two walls, female work. Very few people are actually happy in marriage.

SUSAN: "Don't you think so?

DENNIS: "It depends on how close you get to people. Most of them do look okay - on the surface.

SUSAN: "I'll concede that part of the argument.

DENNIS: "There are sex problems, that would be the greatest single thing I've come across. Money: there just isn't enough. What you need or want, you can't get. Bloke is paying off the house, wife needs the housekeeping - there just isn't enough.
SUSAN: "There's a lack of communication.

DENNIS: "The wife's got her problems, and she brings her problems and attitudes to the husband on a continuum basis - it's natural that he's had a gutsful, so he reverts to his own interest mainly work.

SUSAN: "He has someone to talk to at work - who's his wife got to talk to?

DENNIS: "That's her problem. There are ways of discussing things. Where a breakdown occurs is if you're not clued up in personal relationships, had no experience, no background, never read about these subjects, the problems they've got. The husband comes in, his wife is in tears - the guy doesn't know what hit him. There are ways and ways of letting a guy know something is wrong or you're unhappy.

SUSAN: "Granted. Possibly the reason is that they're emotionally different.

DENNIS: "No doubt about that. Female needs are a lot different. I don't think men let their emotions get the best of them to the same extent.

SUSAN: "You change. Crumbs, I've blown up - basically because you meet no-one else, things get blown up, the tiniest thing can spark you off, get you bugged.

DENNIS: "You don't normally get that in men, but if they were stuck in the same situation -

It would be a bit hard for a bloke to accept that his wife was earning more than him, he'd feel resentful, a bit inadequate. Gay, our one saleswoman, was earning more than her husband; it did create a problem. If there's a crunch she'll give way, for the peace of the family, if you like.

I think males like to work with males. Feel they can understand men better I think. He can associate with a male boss - if it's the right sort of guy, and back him up. If the guy's good, it feeds back onto the staff, you get status from
working with him. If it's a female, men can't identify. Men and women are very different in nature - vive la difference, you know. Female goes more for the job than the person, compared to a bloke. Females in that situation are a bit more aggressive trying to prove herself. The odds are against her, the thing isn't common, so she'll try that much harder, do that much better because of the pressure. Male looks at the thing as being the Big Daddy, Chief.

SUSAN: "Women seem to go a bit silly together.

DENNIS: "Men like to get together - in the sales situation anyway.

SUSAN: "I'll enjoy a hen's party, meeting women, talking with them - but working together all day and getting together afterwards - I wouldn't like to do it.

Interview Two

DENNIS: "I don't worry about money; I used to, but not now. If I worried about it it would get me. I don't think of myself as a breadwinner, because I'm not out to make money as a commission salesman; I can gauge my own income by the amount of work I've done. If there are pressures, I work harder, and get the $1000 or whatever's needed. I never stay at home; I like coming to work, I enjoy it, and I want to come to work. I started off in an insurance company in Dunedin, Fire-accident, a clerk, straight from school. Year in the company, then went to the Fertiliser Works for four months to get money to go overseas. Eighteen months in the UK, Scotland - I was born there. Three years wandering round then I came back to the insurance company, for 10 years. Then I went to this Company's Fire office for eight years.

SUSAN: "Did you?

DENNIS: "I was in charge of administration.

SUSAN: "Well, I was there the first time round.
DENNIS: "Your problem. I had a disagreement with the General Manager, and decided I would sell Life Insurance. I'm happier selling.

SUSAN: "He's good selling.

DENNIS: "It wasn't a choice I made. I took it because of the circumstances, not deliberately. Because it was an alternative. Find that's so of a lot of guys who do this - half do it because they were forced into it, forced into it by circumstance. Others want big money in a hurry. You can't do anything else after that, never ever anything else. Get money so easily if you're good at it, if you succeed. For the amount of effort you get very well-paid. Get lazy. I couldn't work anywhere else.

SUSAN: "You'd get exhausted if you did eight hours.

DENNIS: "Not mentally - physically: I've been known to do it.

SUSAN: "Goodness me!

DENNIS: "Nasty! It's quite exhausting work. I've spoken to 65 people this week. Face to face is even more exhausting. How they accept you, what sort of image you put across. Stay in charge - don't resort to swearing - keep to the basics though, kid them you know what you're talking about. Project an image of knowledge. I've done a breakdown on the Top Ten, the top salesman on personality traits, the whole deal. What does make them tick - I don't know. Most of them are pretty human type individuals. Understand human nature pretty well, what makes people do things - the good ones, I'm talking about. In the States the real top earners there are quite religious people, very religious people. They attack the thing with a real religious fervour - their mission in life is to make sure that everyone's got great chunks of the stuff.

SUSAN: "Really believe it's for the good of mankind?

DENNIS: "We've got a few of those guys here in New Zealand.
SUSAN: "Anyone I know? I'm getting intrigued.

DENNIS: "Max Beal - he's quite a religious type of bloke. Firm believer, nonsmoker, nondrinker, wrapped up in his family, civic affairs - not for any gain - because it's the right thing to do. He's got his bit out of the community.

SUSAN: "So he puts a bit back.

DENNIS: "Doing their thing.

"Don't even know if God exists. I believe in a code of ethics more than anything. I follow my own little thing: I wouldn't intentionally harm anyone. Very much like to get along on an equal basis with people floating around, people that I come into contact with. Like I don't steal from an individual, don't covet my neighbour's wife - she's ugly. Generally clean living. In that sort of sense. I don't go running people round. Quite a good guy really.

SUSAN: "When you get to know him.

"I was a right regular churchgoer; think I was possibly made to be when I was younger. We were a very poor section of the community. But the biggest scandal were the people who talked about people - and couldn't do anything that would help people; and some people were good in better ways than the people who went to church. My children go to Sunday School. We go to church at Easter and Christmas, or when there's a children's service, we go. We can be good; a bit like Dennis we set our own standards. Perhaps I don't believe in it, I don't know.

Because they (the salesmen) deal with such a variety of people - it's not a thing where you get the same client - if it was a commodity, I suppose you would, and would get to know a lot of people closer; here it's a more varying type of person.

You couldn't really call me a receptionist, that's not solely my job.

DENNIS: "Figure out what you do do!"
SUSAN: "Don't say it like that! I make coffee - horrible. The good thing is that I can't really work out what I do. I wouldn't do clerical work - I came back for a while, got to the stage where I'd absolutely had it, could see the end coming. Suppose it gave me a bit more knowledge in my work - that's about all. "If they have to work, women can do it just as well as men; they're never expected to, perhaps they're not given the opportunity so much. I think from now on you'll find they will.

DENNIS: "They want different things. Don't really know what the female wants, but it's different from what a man wants. Man has a lot of ego! His place in the pack; his standing. Particularly with a couple of the reps, try to be better, make more money than me. If they get close I try that bit harder, just to be better, more successful. Annoying. It's the equivalent of telling them not very good, are you.'

SUSAN: "Don't be horrible.

DENNIS: "That's it, in a very crude way. That's why I do it. Another thing - even though there are guys who make more money -

SUSAN: "You're able to cope with more.

DENNIS: "Just a little gem! Thinking about it, blokes do react in a pack situation. Few leaders, and lots who want to be in. Trouble with the guys that write a lot of business, they have to stay there, pressures are on you to stay there. Not very much love lost for the guys who have been to the top then dropped to the bottom.

SUSAN: "Just like sport. Exactly the same type of thing.

DENNIS: "I stay in the middle.

SUSAN: "Because it's easier. My netball team's at the top. Why, I know what it's like to be at the top. We might start to go off, perhaps chicken off before we get to the bottom. Got an excuse: I'm too old now. I like sport, very much. My husband
plays too - in the middle; rugby and tennis. Kim's not old enough; little Dave plays rugby. We have a fair love of sport. Socially, we go down on a Sunday, play people, knock around together. Kids have a turn on the court. When I can I watch Dave play rugby. Take the kids and the dog - leave the cat and the goldfish at home.

DENNIS: "I play squash, snooker.

SUSAN: "Good at both I've heard, too.

DENNIS: "I used to play soccer, cricket. I don't now. Used to do swimming, just for the exercise. Play for pure enjoyment and play to win, I like winning. Play very hard. You've got to be tough to win at squash. I'm hard too at snooker, if the guy thinks that he's better than I am, and I know he isn't. If the other player's as good, or better, I don't try very hard unless he upsets me. If I know he's better, I don't normally worry if I win or lose - only if he thinks he's better, and I know he isn't.

"My sport's above average - goes for everything I tackle, I hope. I was in the First Eleven at school. I've attained a certain standard in squash and snooker, without going overboard. Certainly want to be above average. My wife plays nothing at all. Never. Don't think she's capable. Doesn't have the build for it to start off with; not mentally attuned to it. Have to think about it for a start. Some people are naturally good at ballgames, for example, and I'm one of them. She isn't.

(Q: Proposed rugby tour of South Africa?)

DENNIS: "Very disappointed if it doesn't go ahead.

SUSAN: "I think it's very hard to keep politics out of sport. I'd like to see it out.

DENNIS: "I don't like anyone forcing their will on anybody else."
SUSAN: "Even though South Africa's wrong in what they're doing - how do we know what's right?

DENNIS: "I think that any information is biased one way or the other. Even someone trying to be impartial is biased. They've got their problem over there; they're the ones who have to live with it. We're 12,000 miles away.

SUSAN: "We'd stand up in arms if they tried to tell us how to run our country.

DENNIS: "Sport's a good healthy thing, enjoy it for what it is; get a bit of nationalistic pride out of it, if you like - don't bring in other issues.

SUSAN: A lot of ones that won't listen to anyone else are putting forward their own idea of right or wrong.

DENNIS: "It's a personal thing. If a guy plays sport, it's because he likes it.

SUSAN: "Not because he wants to get at someone.

DENNIS: "He doesn't have to play, not in New Zealand he doesn't. People should make their own choice in everything, particularly in this sort of deal. It's not affecting anyone else. Strong views on that one. Anyone interfering with what I want to do doesn't excite me one little bit. If I get my own way I'm perfectly happy, another way of putting it.

(Q: Interests?)

SUSAN: "I like knitting, sewing, things like that. Can't think of anything particular.

DENNIS: "Good.

SUSAN: "Good for me. When I do get the time I love going out on picnics; a day over at the beach with the kids is terrific. We go camping, things like that, at Christmas."
DENNIS: "I like doing my own thing. Play round in the garden, golf - just enjoying myself. I'm not terribly family-conscious.

SUSAN: "I am a bit still. I like going out for the day with the family.

DENNIS: "I wouldn't like to. Don't mind doing it, but it's not something I like.

SUSAN: "Quite enjoy a crowd.

DENNIS: "Doesn't appeal to me. I'm a home handyman, not very good at it.

SUSAN: "Dave reckons that too, but they enjoy it.

DENNIS: "When I get some money I'll get myself a precision piece of equipment. Being left-handed, I can't saw a straight line. It's lopsided. Got to have the right material, tools; I've wanted one of those things for a long time, so I'll buy it. Make a good thing to keep the TV, record player and books in, on the wall.

SUSAN: "When you've finished, we need one in the front room. Got some lovely books in boxes under the bed. They should be on show.

DENNIS: "I'm very fond of children, only things that I am fond of. My wife, in a much different way. Reason's the same though - if anything were to happen to my wife, I'd be very upset; to my parents, I'd be very upset. If something happened to the kids - it would tear me to pieces. I could accept my wife, mother, father, quite well within a matter of hours or days - not the kids.

SUSAN: "Could you? I don't know, I mean it would all be equal, husband and children. I think I'd be more upset at Dave's dad rather than my own parents. My mother who died year before last, the shock upset me more than anything; I'd be more upset if Dave's mother died. Different type of person, I think.
DENNIS: "I think I'm too selfish, too self-centred as regards adults. Not very much to other kids, either.

SUSAN: "I like kids, love my own kids and I like others. Ten kids in though, and the feeling's gone slightly by the time they've gone home. I don't find it hard to get on with children, to look after them.

DENNIS: "I can't pin it down - they mean...I'm very fond of them, right from the word go. Become very attached to them. Thing that I find, thing that affects me the most is if they get hurt, or someone's picking on them when they're upset. Feeling I've got that I don't have for anyone else. Like a sick cat - there's no advantage if you see them suffering; they're innocent.

SUSAN: "If they were teenagers, and something happened - I can't think what, would you put your children before your wife?

DENNIS: "I probably would.

SUSAN: "I don't think I would. If something came up. I think essentially - put it this way - you marry someone for the feeling you have had. Have children, fond of them because they're your children - they're equally fond of you, hopefully - but just that they could be someone else; You're not going to be the centre of their life.

DENNIS: "Doesn't bother me; it's not that sort of a deal.

SUSAN: "Put in a situation where you had to choose...

DENNIS: "Me, I'd go for the kids. Well, I wouldn't go for my wife and leave the kids.

SUSAN: "Don't see how that situation would arise. Easy to say these things - then when something happens...

DENNIS: "I get enjoyment out of the kids. Should be left to do their own thing, by and large, without too much interference from me. I don't get enjoyment from picnics. Wouldn't rush home and say, 'We're off for a picnic tomorrow'. If it's organized, I'll go. Occasionally when I'm in the right sort of frame of mind, I'll encourage them.
SUSAN: "Dave helps Dave out.

DENNIS: "I don't get myself actively involved with them.

SUSAN: "Bought a car for me, panelbeat it, and did the woodwork - it's 'the car that Dad and I built for you'. Dave did 90% of the work! Must have driven Dave mad to have him there.

DENNIS: "He must be very patient.

SUSAN: "Must be - he's got me! No, he is a patient guy.

DENNIS: "I don't do much with my wife. Go out to balls, dances, occasionally may visit someone. Not very exciting from her point of view.

SUSAN: "It depends. We do. When Dave was in car rallying - you get to know the people, when you don't know anything; learning something new, finding an interest.

DENNIS: "I'm not very good at dancing. I don't enjoy it.

SUSAN: "I do. I'm not very good, but I enjoy it. I enjoy life full-stop. In dancing you can get away with anything.

(Q: Friends?)

DENNIS: "Very few. Don't think they're very close. Hold my own counsel, most of the time. In fact all of the time; very seldom take advice. Probably only a half-dozen at the most that I would class as friends. Hundreds of acquaintances. I don't get together with clients - a lot do, they've become friends, and it goes from there.

'Some of them are different - I have them for different reasons: same interests, or with others, they're just people that you like. Never mix them either. Not making all my friends friends. Prefer to keep them separate. Some of my best friends - I've never seen them for years. Two people like that.

SUSAN: "With real friends, after five minutes, we're right back where we were before.

"Lots of friends - whether a lot of them are close...

A few are quite close; still tend to keep to our own thing, keep our own disasters amongst the two of us - perhaps it's more that.
DENNIS: "Definition of a friend: If he murdered his own mother you'd find a good excuse for him.
SUSAN: "Couple of friends that I would do it for them.
DENNIS: "Good.
SUSAN: "I know their mothers! Could go to them, in some circumstances, but you shouldn't be a burden.
DENNIS: "No female friends at all. Female acquaintances.
SUSAN: "That puts me in my place - not even a friend!
DENNIS: "Well, to start off with, my wife is very jealous. One possible reason there. If she weren't around - no, I don't think so. I don't think there's anything a woman could offer me, frankly, on a friendship basis. I understand myself pretty well - never really worried me. Don't think I would take any interest anyway to tell a female. Before she understood me I'd have to tell a lot. I wouldn't be prepared to do that.
SUSAN: "I'm trying to think. It depends what it means. Just friends - yes, one of our friends, same with the wife as far as Dave goes - I wouldn't have to be there. Go round for the afternoon, or something. Lots of friends we see only socially, when we invite them over. I don't think it's quite so easy nowadays to have friends dropping in and out - everyone's busy, organized, life is. Everybody goes their own way. Then we're going away at Christmas time, staying at friends'. I'm not over-keen on staying with people like that - because I think there's a difference in being friendly, and coming to live with someone 24 hours a day - a strain.
DENNIS: "I can't tolerate anyone in the house for 24 hours, not even my parents.
SUSAN: "Everybody's ideas are different, about bringing up a family.
DENNIS: "It interferes with the way I want to do things. Purely selfish - it puts me out. Couldn't walk round naked - not that I would. Want to get up when I want to.
SUSAN: "Probably doesn't hurt.
DENNIS: "Probably not. I don't like it."
SUSAN: "I'm always glad when it's just us. Sounds awful; I still enjoy it, company; but I must admit I'm glad when it's gone. Not like my next-door neighbour, she follows me round the back yard. Type of person who'll sit and talk all day long. First to help me if I needed help doing anything. She's a dag.

DENNIS: "Don't know - very seldom have anyone there. Only two people have stayed with us, one friend, and my mother, for 4-5 weeks.

SUSAN: "I think when I was younger, when it was my mother and I, we never had anyone. She was terrifically self-centred. Everything had to go her way - and she wouldn't go halfway. When I was first married, with Dave's family, I was wondering what I'd got into 'Come for tea' - the tension of what to do; now I've gradually adjusted. Perhaps we've struck a happy medium now I've changed.

DENNIS: "I'm selfish.

SUSAN: "You haven't changed.

DENNIS: "At least I know.

SUSAN: "I enjoy having people and that around now.

(Q: Family?)

DENNIS: "One mother and one father; no brothers and sisters, no nothing. They struck perfection first time and stopped.

SUSAN: "Get that down!

"I wasn't an only child. One of four; by a long way the last one - 15 or 16 years difference. I was an afterthought to patch up the marriage, but it didn't work.

(Q: Belong to any Committees?)

SUSAN: "Netball club - I've been secretary for more years than I care. Club Captain. Still do some work except I don't type letters. Thinking of going on the tennis committee if Dave doesn't want to go. He's been on Car Club Committees. I've always gone on class trips, helped on open days, and things like that. Never actually gone on the school committee. Don't know why. One thing I know from experience; leave it to one person, or a couple of people that will do it.

DENNIS: "I get involved, occasionally do my thing for the sake of helping. Only once, as much as for the sake of it - on the
social committee here; and I took a soccer team for a season. Someone's got to do it. Shouldn't have - I don't like committees. Too many fools. Want to do silly things. Get six people all sitting round, raising their fingers. One intelligent person there; the others jaw round a subject for an hour - that really irritates me. Better off going to an expert.

SUSAN: "Then it always falls on one person's shoulders.

DENNIS: "Why go through the rigmarole? From the little experience I've had - it's one thing that irritates me, why I'm never involved. Allocated a particular job to do, go away and do it. Pick someone's brain, and away you go. I will, I fully intend to get on the school committee. Something that I said I'd do.

SUSAN: "At the moment, there's so much, no point in me getting too hard pushed, and affecting those at home. Silly. Do one thing at a time and do it properly. But I will later.

DENNIS: "My wife's willing and quite keen to get involved. Helps a bit with crippled children, or something like that. I think it's crippled children, might be the mentally handicapped. Or both. The worst kind.

SUSAN: "Oh Dennis!

Interview Three

DENNIS: "I take a black bag home every night and bring it back the next day untouched. I never do any work at home. Used to when I was (puts on plummy voice) a Senior Executive. Those days I was keen - I used to start at 8, half an hour for lunch, sometimes none. Work through till 5. Couple of days overtime, and Saturday mornings.

SUSAN: "Very conscientious.

DENNIS: "Didn't do the slightest bit of good. All it did was put me off work forever, so I retired 7 years ago. Never done any since.

SUSAN: "I'll say."
DENNIS: "Most of the blokes go through this. Want to get ahead real hard, someone kicks them in the gut one day - they then reverse their whole thinking. Signed, the cynic of Tawa.

SUSAN: "I've got too much to do at home, I do the most.

DENNIS: "They watch.

SUSAN: "By and large it's me, but they help. They wash dishes before they go to school. Sometimes in the weekend. Make beds, occasionally have a binge and tidy their rooms when I can't get into their rooms. Junior occasionally cuts the lawns for us. Kim does a bit of gardening for us, gets rid of the weeds and all the goodies too! No, she's not that bad.

DENNIS: "I feel Linda does too much for the kids.

SUSAN: "Dave does too, that they should be made to pick up their own clothes, which they do, but it's just as easy to leave them because Mum will eventually pick them up. If Dave's around, he'll help. He can burn water and boil an egg.

DENNIS: "I'm a very good cook.

SUSAN: "Quite often find it in men. He's absolutely hopeless if I'm away, goes and buys fish and chips, hopeless. Yet he's great as a handyman; he helps in other ways.

DENNIS: "I'd have no trouble living by myself - washing, ironing, cooking.

SUSAN: "Did you flat before you were married?

DENNIS: "Yes.

SUSAN: "It makes a difference. His mother was very motherly - a meal on the table no matter what time he came in. She ruined him - well, it doesn't help him be independent.

DENNIS: "I always help with the dishes. Prefer to wash; I'll dry for a change. Garden, cut lawns, do the hedges, build trellises.

SUSAN: "And keep on building them?

DENNIS: "Generally amuse myself. I have a workshop which I play around in, keeps me out of the way. I do the cooking
occasionally, when the mood takes me. No problem. If, as it's sometimes happened, Linda wants to stay in bed on Sunday, it's no big deal.

SUSAN: "Dave brought me breakfast in bed on Mothers' Day - he said a hot breakfast; it was cornflakes with warm milk instead of cold! Toast is his limit.

(Q: Joint Family Home?)

DENNIS: "I wouldn't have it that way, intentionally.

SUSAN: "Ours is the opposite.

DENNIS: "There are good reasons for it, and better reasons for not having it that way. Joint Family home restricts the freedom of the male - this male. If the house is a joint family home, and I want to put on another mortgage, or refinance, I'm prevented from doing it unless I had my wife's signature. Only in the event of death, half of the house would not go into my estate - that can be changed at the drop of a hat - provided you had a couple of hours. No joint cheque account, either.

We have a house, have a car, and we both live in the house. Nothing to decide about - maybe what colour paint, that's all. Both children go to school; trouble with one, he's a bit thick. Do as much as we can for the teacher. Toyed with the idea - if he doesn't improve too much, of sending him off to a private school. Jointly agreed sort of thing. No monumental things - never got to sit down over something. Selling the car was the last one, I needed the money, it was as simple as that. It was the better of the two cars, the one that I used. I always drive. I don't like being driven. I need a car for business. I leave it at home at least one day a week, possibly two, a lot more in the school holidays. It does upset me. Have to get another sometime. I think I'm very fair, very reasonable about the car - if Linda does want it, I'm quite happy. I pay all the bills, pay everything: housekeeping, a couple of charge accounts. I'm very keen that she should go back to work again.

SUSAN: "It makes a difference.

DENNIS: "She's keen. Waiting for the right job."
SUSAN: "We usually work out things together. Have a joint account, haven't had it very long; it's good. I'm the thriftier of the two. It doesn't bother Dave, he knows I wouldn't just write out a cheque. We only keep the one cheque-book. Dave usually has it, unless I want it for something. We make up our minds together, talk it over.

(Q: Husband the head of the household?)

DENNIS: "Not necessarily. With Linda it's easier for me to do the thing because I know what I'm doing. When we sold one house and built another - I built it, before we got married, so I arranged all that by myself.

SUSAN: "Dave actually had a section when we got married, so there was no choice. Both chose the design of the house, not that it bothered me very much.

DENNIS: "Linda put nothing into the house bar £500 for the furniture.

SUSAN: "We had to get a cash deposit - banked every week out of our pays.

"In some ways I think Dave should have the final say. I'm a coward. I wouldn't make a really big decision without consulting him. He has the last word.

DENNIS: "You have spheres of responsibility; food, children, cleaning, new washing machine, they're all in your province.

SUSAN: "That is right.

DENNIS: "Male pays the mortgage off, or raises another, builds a garage.

SUSAN: "We still talk it over, I think. Funny, we'll make decisions that I wouldn't think twice about when he's not around. Silly.

(Q: How met spouse?)

DENNIS: "She worked for the insurance company here. Met her on one trip down this way. Seemed like quite a long time - I think I knew her a couple of years without doing anything at all about it.

SUSAN: "Cautious."
Dennis: She was probably a bit young then anyway. Married when she was 20. She was 16 when I first came across her, and I'd be 24 - eight years difference; she grew up a little bit.

Susan: I met Dave at the Town Hall dance, believe it or not.

Dennis: Much more romantic.

Susan: I suppose before we were married there was 2 1/2 years; engaged six months.

(Q: What makes a working marriage?)

Dennis: Understanding of the other party's peculiarities and putting up with them.

Susan: Also able to communicate. Very important.

Dennis: I think money plays a big part in marriage - or the lack of it.

Susan: Our first five years; we didn't go anywhere. Couldn't afford to. Appreciate things a lot more now that we can afford a few more things.

(Q: Importance of fidelity in marriage?)

Dennis: It's pretty important as far as I'm concerned. Two way deal.

Susan: That's right.

Dennis: If it's good enough for me to play it, equally good enough for her. I'd be vindicative.

Susan: I would too.

Dennis: And I've told her so she knows.

Susan: Sure, I'd probably be the same way.

Dennis: End of the marriage as far as I'm concerned. Not very forgiving along those lines.

Susan: It's hard to say what you'd do.

Dennis: If she stayed her life would be pure hell. I'm not kidding, I mean it.

Susan: Don't know what I'd do. Hard to say till its actually arisen - if he played up all the time I probably wouldn't be forgiving.
(Q: Childless marriage?)

DENNIS: "You can become far too selfish in a childless marriage, I've seen it in several marriages. Husband and wife are very happy, but terribly self-centred and intolerant of other people's children, problems - 'God, why don't they stop those kids running round', or 'they need a good wash'. Different, if you have children of your own.

SUSAN: "It does make you more tolerant and patient - which is good for the marriage.

DENNIS: "Good for my blood pressure.

(Q: Relationship with in-laws?)

DENNIS: "Tolerable; they probably tolerate me, and I go along without antagonising them. Quite a lot in common with them, particularly my father-in-law. Scot. He drinks. I do. Practically same town.

SUSAN: "Really?

DENNIS: "Same religious affiliation; all sort of other things we've got in common. For all that, I don't particularly like the guy.

SUSAN: "I get on well. Don't agree with everything they do. We never have arguments.

DENNIS: "I never do either. Can get on well, a good family couple. Not having had a family situation like that, I could enjoy it.

SUSAN: "My mother-in-law sometimes bothers me. How can I put it? I'm probably annoyed by what she says. Not the type to say 'I told you so', if you do it wrong. Still, she says what she thinks about something; or what you ought to do. Can be a proper dag. I don't think that's interfering. Nice old chook. Do anything for you. Even if you did the exact opposite - and it all really went bad. Still wants to have her say.

DENNIS: "They tread very carefully with me. They're not in any position to give me advice on anything, bar gardening. They're old-wordly, typical, do their own little thing. Not very clued up, miss the bus and lots of other things. Never give them the opportunity, anyhow."
(Q: Relations with family grew up in?)

DENNIS: "Not very close. Not really. I wouldn't imagine they were very strict. Possibly closer to my mother. She was a bit more clued up than my father. I left home when I was 17, overseas. Fairly independent. Learnt that while I was overseas. When I came back, I didn't live at home. No restrictions but - I was used to doing my own thing, when I wanted to, and how I wanted to. Didn't stay long in Dunedin - it had changed. My friends weren't there. I expected them to be there, and they weren't. The few friends I've got now probably I've had for 10 years anyway. From business really, either working with them, or when I was flatting.

SUSAN: "Only Mum and I at home anyway. One brother around, sister. Another brother moved up North, never saw him. Pretty strict, I'd think. I left home just before I was married. With Mum being terribly strict I didn't go out much when I was young. Girlfriends have gone their own way, married into different circles. Most of my friends I got to know when I knew Dave, and they've stuck, the same friends. I just never went anywhere when I was young. Only if it suited her. Things like sport, if I was good at it, only if she could skite about it to everybody. Never came and watched me, nothing like that.

(Q: Responsibilities of the breadwinner?)

DENNIS: "I don't know. Got to make sure that the thing chugs along, that things continue. Like to think I'll have some sort of controlling factor with the children, and also with Linda. Let's just say, she has some deficiencies I'm able to do something about, in a sort of indirect way, just because I'm there. The same would apply to the children, not so much now, but when they're in the position to decide what they want to do, make some sort of decision like that. I'd be in a position to help them with their thinking - give them the benefit of my vast experience! That's really it - more an advisory, conciliatory capacity, apart from being the straight out provider. For example, Linda's thinking about getting a job - I suggest advertising, so she wants me to do the ad - asks what she should do.
SUSAN: "Dave, I think, considers himself responsible for us, I'm sure. Not that he thinks I'm not capable.

(Q: Change in friendships after marriage?)

DENNIS: "Change in the pattern - because of the restrictions. Certain friends I dropped because their personalities clashed with Linda, if you like. I don't like mixing people, prefer to keep them in their own nice little compartments. I like to be with a really deep thinking man; then I can go and pick up a guy who just enjoys himself. Don't mix the two. Wouldn't take Linda along, for example. Think I've only been away from home twice. Linda's terribly possessive, and frightened of being by herself. As a result of that I don't go away.

SUSAN: "I think I was like that when we were first married.

DENNIS: "Find it terribly hard to justify.

SUSAN: "I've mellowed. Dave goes on rugby trips, and at the moment he's on a management course that he doesn't have to take, but which is good for his career. Looking back, I must have been a bit of a drag. Suppose another reason is that I get out as well now, I'm not tied to the house. If anyone was going away, then I would have loved for it to be me. Just to get away from the house, the same surroundings and people.

(Q: Argue with friends?)

SUSAN: "The people next door - it's nice to do that with them, over a few drinks.

DENNIS: "I don't argue with people, unless I respect their opinions. People I don't like, don't respect their thought processes, I just don't argue. Not heated - I discuss, debate it more than anything. If I'm feeling antagonistic I can argue.

Interview Four

(Q: Do you take your friends home?)

DENNIS: "Very seldom take them home. Usually go to the Commercial Travellers Club or the pub. Everyday, working day, I go to lunch at the club; once a week to the pub, after work. Relaxation. I enjoy the company of people of my own picking,
to start off with, and if I can have them without females, suits me all the more. I don't want them at the Club, I'm interested in men's company, not interested in female company, not on a collective basis. One female at a time is plenty. The one to one relationship I quite enjoy. Once you get females into it - they create problems. I'm not interested in getting involved in. I see a lot of guys at the Commercial Travellers Club; if they allowed females in, you'd get wives and girlfriends; a little group, then you're involved - get nothing from most of the people, and you're stuck there drinking with them. With male society, you can wander over, say hullo, wander off.

**SUSAN:** "Should be able to do that regardless.

**DENNIS:** "Don't happen to like them there. Never sort of listen to women's conversation. I don't think many men would. If they're attractive young things, sit and look for a while. Really, that's about it - nothing in common, age difference. We don't have very much in common - or put it another way, they don't have very much in common with men. No reason why they should. All my activities and interests are male, work and sport. I can't see a woman coming along in a casual way. Top flight business executives. If I go drinking I like to talk with them; if they're not there, I go by myself. We meet on a casual basis. I'm not interested in making it a permanent fixture. No females. I've no desire to do it, not now. I used to.

**SUSAN:** "You're more settled.

**DENNIS** "Twisted.

"Bit of a rub-off on insurance. I want to be alone; have no people on the phone. I'm not interested in talking to males or females unless they're of my own choosing.

(Q: Driving?)

**DENNIS:** "Sometimes I feel that I'd like to be driven - when I've had too much to drink. Even then I'm not very keen on it.

**SUSAN:** "Dave even goes to sleep when I drive.

**DENNIS:** "I'm very competent, very fast. I'm not a good passenger with anyone. Much prefer to drive myself. I like to control the situation. I know I'm safe with me. I can go as fast or slow, or whatever, I like. I like driving and I trust myself very much more than anyone else in the driving situation."
(Q: A need to be separate in marriage?)

SUSAN: "Yes. You can do it in various ways. The obvious is sport. Dave has rugby, goes off to the gym; if he didn't have that, it would be other things. Just something you can do separately than the other.

DENNIS: "I'm in complete agreement. Separate interests.

SUSAN: "Goes for me too, not just Dave. It's important for him.

DENNIS: "Togetherness is a dreamworld.

SUSAN: "It's hard.

DENNIS: "It's unnatural to start off with.

SUSAN: "Apart from that, it's completely different going out with someone than actually living with them.

DENNIS: "It's unnatural and unrealistic.

(Q: Any pressure to have/limit children?)

DENNIS: "I think there's beginning to be a bit. We were married two years before Denny came on the scene. Before Linda was pregnant, some people were beginning to start to wonder whether I had what it took.

SUSAN: "We had Dave Junior within the first year - towards the end of the first year. I was surprised it was so easy. I had planned for two years. My mother-in-law was most upset - the age thing, that pressure - 'Don't have them'. By the time I had the second, I was almost pushed into it. Only just got used to married life without a baby, and then I wasn't very ready for the second. Now it's good - the family's growing up with us, couldn't be better. At the time it was a bit of a situation, you know what I mean.

DENNIS: "Yes. No pressures like that for me, anyway.

SUSAN: "It was just the family.

DENNIS: Linda might have had that - it wasn't passed on to me. Gave her the message. We actually tried for quite a while before Denny came on the scene.
SUSAN: "We never even thought about it. Just assumed I'd work for a couple of years. People seemed to get married, work for a couple of years, then have a family. Once you've had one - other than that, the fact of just having two - I wanted a family of four, which no-one ever thinks of any more. Also the pressure of living today - two are enough to cope with, the expense and such.

DENNIS: "I'm quite happy with two. Denny nearly drove me wild. He was awake constantly. I'd hear him, Linda wouldn't, or pretend not to. Up in the middle of the night, feed and change - too much for me; I wouldn't go through it again. Didn't last very long, a couple or three months. Long enough.

(Q: Should a couple get married if there's a baby on the way?)

DENNIS: "I never got married for that reason. Wouldn't. Be sorted out; it would be quite an effort on my part. Contrary feelings.

SUSAN: "Hard on the female.

DENNIS: "I'd probably do it. Does have an adverse effect on me. Feeling really of being forced into something that I don't want; but put in that situation, I would rebel. Again, I'm much more inclined, normally, to do something if I'm not pushed.

SUSAN: "I couldn't get married for that reason at all, even if I was going to. Situation that - 'would you have?'

DENNIS: "That cornered feeling - had it many times.

SUSAN: "Drink up your coffee!

DENNIS: "I think a woman needs a child for self-completion. I don't think men do. Revert there back to the animals. Men are just hunters; satisfy their base desires and move on. Quite easily revert to that situation quite quickly - if circumstances were such that there was a handful of men and females, back to the wild old days; a male would be quite happy moving around without being tied to a particular female, whereas a female would be quite happy to be tied down to a particular male.

SUSAN: "No thoughts; I don't know. That's pretty deep."
DENNIS: "Don't you think that would be it? A man lives with a wife and family because it's the accepted thing; at the same time he'd readily adjust to a floating situation where he could take it or leave it all the way through. Female has another need.

SUSAN: "I don't think she would enjoy this age of 'take or leave'.

DENNIS: "I think she prefers the clinging situation.

SUSAN: "Why get married if you have to slave away?

DENNIS: "You're not angry with me!

SUSAN: "Dennis, it's funny you should think that! So many things accepted for so long, it's hard to know what you'd do in another situation.

DENNIS: "I don't know for certain, but I suspect most men would be rovers. If there were no restrictions.

SUSAN: "All right for men - if there were no restrictions for men.

DENNIS: "Yes, wishful thinking on my part.

"The whole deal now is that both are at liberty to experiment. I don't think anyone, either male or female, expects to be marrying a virgin; I don't see any reason why they should. Much more liberated now. Good lot of girls would go into marriage with a completely wrong idea of what it's all about. Kids now are really clued up - why they're not marrying till much older. They know what the story is, all the way through. I was born 20 years too early.

SUSAN: "I wouldn't have changed. I don't think it has - people certainly don't know everything. Try and put myself in that situation. If it was my daughter. Whether it would work out forever and a day. No-one can sit back smugly and say they're going to be happy ever after. If you decided to make them get married - they're going to go off and do it, this is the thing. Perhaps I'm a bit old-fashioned.

DENNIS: "I don't see anything wrong with casual sex.

SUSAN: "I do. It all becomes casual.

DENNIS: "I can't see necessarily anything wrong with it, if that happens to suit, fair enough. What harm are you doing
to anyone in a casual situation like that? No problems, you're not emotionally involved, simply an animal drive which is satisfied. End of that. What's the problem - it's like going to the movies with someone.

SUSAN: "I don't know. I think men and women - in men it might be just as you say. Many men have the drive without there being some kind of feeling - I don't go for casual sex, personally.

DENNIS: "Males can take sex quite casually, in fact I think most prefer it as there's a lot of excitement.

SUSAN: "And then it's all over and forgotten about.

DENNIS: "Well, it doesn't mean much.

SUSAN: "Don't you - I think it does, a lot.

DENNIS: "Apart from the immediate relief, there's no sense of fulfillment.

SUSAN: "No?

DENNIS: "Something you enjoy, and that's it. Fathomed it out. I expect very little, never expecting anything ultra-fantastic. In the old days, you had a man who by the time he was married knew the score, and a female who didn't - who expected all sorts of wonderful things that never happened. If both were not up in the play, both not terribly intelligent - could very easily get a frigid wife, and quite quickly have a problem that comes out in the future. Lot of luck in that sort of thing - no school that you can go to, isn't really taught by a competent male or female, depending on what sex you are. Most learning is hit and miss. A lot of people are not very happy, not enjoying sex - the reason is that they're not doing it properly, and the reason for that is because they don't know how, because they've never been taught.

SUSAN: "I think you go from good to bad. Only hope I don't go like that. Get more time to worry whether your children are bringing theirs up properly.

DENNIS: "You mellow. They put wisdom on you, you get all mellow - men do.

SUSAN: "I don't think they do.
Arguments with spouse?)

SUSAN: "Sometimes, but not often. Goes both ways. I don't think it hurts. Good to know that you're not to be entirely predictable, but not unpredictable. So dull and boring.

DENNIS: "I occasionally do something to upset Linda - to shake up the scene; normally I'm pretty easy going.

SUSAN: "You can live in a rut - just dull.

DENNIS: "I think a woman takes things very much for granted.

SUSAN: "I reckon men do too.

DENNIS: "What I was sort of meaning - Linda's demands all of a sudden have gone too far, and so then I rebel, not because I am rebelling, but to bring the situation back to what it should be. Forced anger, if you like. Same with kids. Accept things all the time, the more they get the more they want.

SUSAN: "I'm not aware of doing anything like that. I think we have a good understanding. To be too predictable, if life is predictable - got to do something about it. Don't have to start tightrope walking. If you're stuck in the house, or suburban neurosis, whatever they like to call it, get out and do something, even if your husband's not happy.

DENNIS: "Females don't do this. They mope around. Get a pregnant woman, husband gets brassed off - before you know it, they've had it. Goodbye.

SUSAN: "Not particularly her fault, or his fault -

(Q: Most important thing in life?)

SUSAN: "You can't gauge something like that.

DENNIS: "Very important to understand yourself, and then to be able to understand other people.

SUSAN: "Don't know whether I've consciously tried to understand myself.

DENNIS: "I reckon you should - what makes you tick.

SUSAN: "Can honestly say that I do - my heart!
DENNIS: "I think it's important. Whole damn human needs, all the way through. If you don't understand what makes you react, it makes life pretty difficult.

SUSAN: "I don't exactly do something and haven't really known why - because it's myself.

DENNIS: "Good instinct then.

Interview Five

(Q: Is love important in a marriage?)

SUSAN: "Very much so. Reckon it has to be there, for me. Couldn't bear the situation of living with someone for the sake of living with them, married to them.

DENNIS: "I'm not very good at this; picked my weakness. Don't really think I love anyone. I don't think I'm very close to anyone. Really like a lot of people, it frightens me to get close. Hit too cynical for that. I'm too selfish.

SUSAN: "How do you define it?

DENNIS: "I don't know. I'm quite convinced that Linda loves me - I would come first for her. Probably thinks more of me than I do of her. If she went off with someone I'd be upset, because it would upset all my way of life. I'm pretty practical, realistic. I don't know what this loving means; I mean, I love the boys - I know that's selfish, an indulgence, and as far as I'm concerned, we get on quite nicely, not an extreme like Richard Burton and Liz Taylor.

SUSAN: "Real love-hate. I don't think a lot of people do, to be honest.

DENNIS: "I think it's a fallacy almost.

SUSAN: "You don't get married just to get married. Really has got to be something deeper than that, and to stay together a certain amount of time.

(Q: How do you use 'bitch'?)

DENNIS: "Overall a person - or female, I wouldn't use the term 'bitch' for a male - who uses a situation against the other person, really knowing that nothing could be done about it. A bloke with no money and a continually nagging wife because he hasn't a better job - to provide the goods. Other person takes it out on them, it will be blamed on that person as opposed to the situation.
SUSAN: "Just don't like anyone really deliberately hurting people, anyone that goes out of their way. Not just ordinary - hurts, stupid things. Can mar or hurt someone's life or their personality, character.

DENNIS: "The male I'd call a bastard.

SUSAN: "Well I think anyone that intentionally hurts or has disregard for the other person - yes, a bastard. I think women and men go about hurting people differently. Females are catty; I don't know how men do it - they can be a bit more ruthless - how can you explain it?

DENNIS: "I don't know. Female goes about it in a repetitive way, just goes on and on. I think the male-guy - would perhaps be a bit more assertive about it - create a situation, and that's it. Think the female would keep at it. More as a nagging process than as doing a particular thing.

SUSAN: "Depends more on the situation a person's in.

DENNIS: "Trying for an example - I can think where, I can see where a wife or woman is deliberately depriving her ex-husband of the access to her or their children. Doing that, and in a completely different way from a man. They're vindicative.

SUSAN: "I can't see that. Men are just as much.

DENNIS: "For example?

SUSAN: "I think it depends entirely on the people involved; don't think it's females, or vice versa.

DENNIS: "I think males are more practical in being miserable. If I want to be miserable to Linda, if she's about to go shopping, I can take off in the car. If she wants to be nasty to me it's more a continuing sort, you know, sort of a nagging. I think females are a lot more vicious.

SUSAN: "They can be.

DENNIS: "When I conjure up the idea of bitch - it's a real vicious pill; concept of the bastard -

SUSAN: "Ruthless.

DENNIS: "That's mixed - sort of thing - whereas the other is pure, you know - vinegar. The battle of the sexes exists all right. In the home I think there's a battle too. I couldn't allow Linda to get on top of me. Interesting thing - to me - is that the successful marriages are those where the husband is
the dominant factor - he made all the decisions. Success became less and less as degree of wife's authority in this particular field grew. Most of the unsuccessful ones are where the wife made all the decisions. To me it's a battle. I'm older, more mature, able to do a lot more things than Linda. If there's a clash of personalities, I've got to know that I'm in control.

SUSAN: "That might be in you - might be just your character.

DENNIS: "Are you running my character down!

SUSAN: "I like to think that Dave is the dominant character. I don't like a domineering woman - occasionally see them, not very often.

DENNIS: "I don't think it happens straight away. If the husband starts to let go of certain sorts of things because his wife says so - really silly things where she says, 'Before you go and play golf, cut the lawns'. Got to do this or that. On her terms.

SUSAN: "Could go either way.

DENNIS: "I think the way the female operates - if you didn't get out, you couldn't be the dominant party.

SUSAN: "I think you stereotype men and woman. You admit that you don't particularly like women's company - you don't come across different types of women.

DENNIS: "Yes, I would say that - I don't mind.

SUSAN: Very nice people once you get to know them.

(Q: Luck?)

DENNIS: "I reckon - a good theory of mine - you make your own luck. You don't completely - find that haven't put self in situation where a bad thing is probably going to happen. Anything happening to me is classed as lucky. Ask people - I'm lucky. I think it's because you put yourself into a situation where good things can happen to you.

SUSAN: "I don't necessarily agree, because of my life as a whole. A couple of things happened to me - and I couldn't have put myself into the situation where it could happen. No matter how. Big thing, made all the difference to the rest - you know. That's the difference between men and women. Men are more cold, hard, practical.
DENNIS: "Not hard. Practical's right.

SUSAN: "Right for you.

(Q: Disappointments, upsets?)

DENNIS: "Oh yeah. Got upset when I was in the Fire Company. Had to be in charge - there were circumstances where it became necessary for me not to be - I considered it pretty unjust. That upset me. Not the end of the world as it turned out, and to my advantage. But I was more upset with the sort of people around me. How I was going to cope with feeling a comparative failure? Guts of that thing was - I gave it a lot of thought - the then General Manager was a fellow I couldn't tolerate under any circumstances. Not being very good at hiding my feelings didn't make it any easier. Can't argue with the boss. He couldn't even joke. Didn't like him. One of the few people I actively disliked without bothering to get to know the guy.

SUSAN: "Just thinking when I was young - don't think it was crushing. I don't class it a disappointment though it was big. Different for you, your career. I used to be good at sport - how can I put it? An only child; it's a terrible sort of thing. My mum wouldn't let me join an outside club, where I think I could have done really well; she didn't want to be left alone at weekends. I never even questioned it. I think it's mean to deprive someone of something that they could have done better than they did. Never mind.

(Q: Most important thing?)

DENNIS: "I don't know. Choice of job I would think, overall. Picking something as a career. Could have gone lots of other places, end result would have been completely different.

SUSAN: "I think that is important for a man. I'm inclined to think something like health is the most important. I think if someone had an incurable illness it puts a strain on more than just the person. If I get rundown, it affects him in the job and the children. Affects so many results and people. Hate to think that I had something. I think it would worry Dave, make a difference in coping with the situation. Change in the lives of those people, because a person's taken for granted, well, everyday. I know people who've got to accept it.. I think health's the most important thing; I've seen if someone's sick, and you never
know how they're going, whether you'll go home today and they're all right, or down under the weather. My mother was a bit like that. Has a marked effect on people.

DENNIS: "Doesn't really mean that much to me, I think. I think the job, being accepted by my peers. Quite important to me - all those people I'm associated with."
The similarities between Dennis, the insurance broker and Mike, excelling in his hot-rod, are striking. It is almost as if we are now meeting the younger man in his future that might eventuate had he pursued and landed that executive-salesman position. Were they to encounter one another, they would immediately understand the kind of self-assurance which wraps itself around each of them. Their participation in a select circle of peers is pivotal to them both. They share what might be described as kernel principles in the way they carry out their being, the concerns with which they inform their experience, but the nature of that experience is altered almost irrevocably for Dennis, a married man.

If we accord 'meaningful' its common usage as contentment and affirmation, his marriage is not the most meaningful relationship in his life. As he himself notes, it is only with the few men he can esteem as associates that he really feels himself to be at home. What for Susan (and others) is home life within the family, is, for him, a battleground. Why? Mike has decided that he would not be a suitable candidate for marriage: too selfish, he says, I need to go my own way, without having to explain myself to anyone else. Over and again, Dennis too asserts that he is by nature autonomous and thus needs to stay his own master, absolutely. Such a trait and such a need may be assets in the kind of work he performs, and in his companion membership in a specified circle of peers. In marriage, however, they seem only to draw themselves into question. We may well ask, as Susan finally brings herself to do, 'Why marry at all?'. For an understanding, we need to examine that relationship which does give him (most) satisfaction, and to which his marriage seems to be in opposition: his right to take his place in an elite.

The men who comprise this group closely resemble each other. They are the few men who have not only reached a pinnacle of success in their selling of insurance, but who have also made a plateau of it: if they climbed any further, they would only have to come down again. What they recall of each other is less a maximum achievement, which could, after all, be put down in the current market to youth; more decisive in the valuation of a man is whether - having reached a certain level - he can maintain it.
Unlike, for example, salesmen involved in commodities, it is not enough to merely retrace a network once established. Maintenance for the insurance salesman (or rather 'broker', as Dennis has become in respect of his achievement) involves attending to established clients, and further, extending continually the pool of contacts. The elite can do this without over-exerting themselves. Their distinction is marked by annual holidays two months long (compared to the usual two to three weeks), leisurely lunches, or the setting up of their own business - not to replace the selling, but to give it an extra fillip. What they value most, it would seem from Dennis's account of himself, is the mutual recognition and understanding the successful accord each other.

They are not without the respect of those beyond this intimate circle. Within an insurance company, its salesmen ('representatives'), occupy a unique position. After a certain minimum of sales they are largely free to decide what they will do, and how. They set their own standards - not without reference to what their fellows are up to, since these are also their competitors. They stick together, lunch together, drink together, play pool together, as much to keep an eye on each other - to remain 'up with the play' - as to feel at ease in like company. They make more money than the 'indoor' staff, bar those on the very tip of the administrative ladder; they have more autonomy. The only other group in an insurance company to comport itself with equal bonhomic assurance round the pooltable in the staff canteen are the actuaries. Their stiff professional qualifications, wrung from a competitive field, earn them an equal respect from those who make up the indoor staff, and, often enough, a salary high enough to join the salesmen in drinking, if not quite in establishing their own business on the side. Actuaries compute profit margins from vital statistics; it is the sales representative's task to convince another human being that those statistics have a direct bearing on his own particular plans.

On the whole, this is not too onerous a task. People accept that the future, in both its known aspects and the surprises it might care to spring, should be provided for.
The salesman's endeavour is to convince a 'prospect' that the package he is offering is the one best suited to his client's own, unique needs. The client must feel that the insurance representative has all relevant facts at his fingertips— that is, relevant to his or her personal situation; to feel that he or she is the major reference directing the salesman's attention and solicitude. To promote this, and to safeguard himself from refusal, the latter omits from his dealings with a client anything— including other aspects of himself— which has no direct bearing on the proposed transaction. Dennis prides himself on knowing himself well, having self control, not allowing 'emotions to get the best of you' (unlike others, especially women), and on his ability to nail down 'what makes people tick': what overtures they might respond to. With a 'refusal', these twin skills are questioned— and with success, to which he is more accustomed, they are confirmed. It is acumen he basks in, the ability to rustle up another thousand dollars with scant exertion— should he choose to. His sales figures manifest this ability, but do not ensure it. He is similarly casual about other signals of success which others may take more concretely. His car is modest, he doesn't bother to join the country club (having the use of it through a friend, anyway).

It is in his ability to size people up— having first sized up himself— that he knows himself, and in the company of those who earn their living by a similar exercise that he feels most at ease and affirmed. Other insurance salesmen can provide an informed audience for anecdotes of manoeuvre, having come through parallel experiences with which they can respond. Their resemblance becomes closer when Dennis, who was making a survey of the successful ones, notes that most of them (including himself) switched to selling when their original path which was to get them ahead, petered out instead in some superior's backyard. Unjustly halted, not receiving their due recognition, they turn to an alternative free of hierarchy, free of possible obstructions. Often within the same firm, they find a solution in selling. Without the need for capital, it allows them to become their own taskmaster and judge, in the company of like-minded and like-motivated individuals. While they use one another as spurs, and establish their own 'place in the pack',...
their standing gives them no lien over other salesmen. That they can cock a snook at the context they have left behind, the world most people know, of working between two others, adds to their self-esteem, the correctness of their autonomy, and their sense of themselves as a select group.

Without the benefit of degrees or training, the insurance salesmen make as much money as the professionals Dennis describes as uninformed meddlers on the representatives' territory. Their comparative income makes them imperturbable to criticism and the inevitable knockbacks; the way they earn it also puts a gap between them and others (all 'prospects'). Dennis speaks of an 'arrogance', a sense of sure self-sufficiency: An autonomy which nonetheless rests upon a certain abrogation of the self in the sales act, and wrested from 'laziness' by the goals provided by relationships more enduring than that of the members of the select company Dennis prefers to keep unsullied. He notes that there are no unmarried salesmen, that 'you need to work for money, to have a goal, you need to be married to be really successful'.

What, then, are the goals which marriage sets up for him to aim at? The two primary ones are the provision of a house, and providing for children. The first of these was easier to get underway than the second: both were planned to follow on the heels of becoming wedded - unlike Susan, who hoped for time to settle into the relationship with her husband before children arrived who would amplify that into 'family'. A third is currently emerging; a demonstration of his wider acumen by acting as councilor and guide for his wife and sons into the larger world from which he has sheltered them, and in which he has satisfactorily established his own authority. He describes feelings of 'fondness' (he doubts love) as anger or sorrow for the suffering of innocents: a child teased, a cat run over. Those who cannot defend themselves, as he can, and to whom he extends his protection, sure of its covering power.

He regards himself as 'more mature' than his wife, and yet she also looms large in his description of his married life as a threat, a competitor for the money he earns (and thus an arbiter in how much he needs to earn). He has been careful to
retain their house in his own name, avoid a joint cheque account, preferring to assess the 'reasonableness' of his wife's requests for money. For to his mind, the money is definitely his, to set his own income, meet it, and then apportion it. If he could not tolerate working for someone else again, nor can he lightly bear the implication of marriage that another person has a determining influence on what he earns, how he works. Taking on the responsibility of a wife and family is one matter; taking part in a mutual enterprise, such as Susan describes in her own marriage and financial arrangements, beyond the pale.

Little of his time appears to be spent in the company of his wife, or even the two boys who mean so much to him that it is their photograph which sits on top of his filing cabinet, not his wife. He prefers to leave his sons to their own devices, as befits those who will grow up to enter a world in which self-sufficiency is emphasized. Rather than look to his wife for companionship or talk, he values the company of his fellow salesmen, finding the domestic day tired by comparison, ignorant of the kind of dealings with others which vivify his own hours. He hopes to find his wife a job so that she will become less 'self-centred', more attuned perhaps to the way of his world, since he has little regard for hers, or for the concerns of women in general. As far as those goes, he professes himself uninterested: he can see little in common.

In the hours not spent with other men like himself, successful and self assured, his interests are largely solitary. At home he prefers to potter in the tool shed, directing his energy to small projects one man on his own can carry out. Few visitors come to the house; he can name the two who have actually stayed overnight. Occasionally he takes his wife to a dance, but he does not like dancing: he is not good at it. And whatever he does, he likes to be 'above average'. What goads him into activity and sharpens the accuracy of his aim is not the vague ambition to be 'top dog', but to feel those he has judged as lesser men than himself nipping at his heels, questioning his worth, his merited 'place in the pack' — and his assessment. Self knowledge ranks high in Dennis's estimation, and in the accounting of his own success. The self he knows well is surely defined, if not fixed: mapped out in terms of 'needs', abilities and incentives; the rub is that the latter arise from his involve-
ment with others, whether clients, competing salesmen, or wife. In order to ensure that they provoke only the moves he is willing to make, which fit in with his set sense of himself, he guards the autonomy of that self. If he feels free of others' dictates, it is not because his own are any less rigid, or more flexible. Chance is not one of his favourite words - and nor is change.

Change is real in Susan's experience of who she is. Brought up on her mother's cautious containment, the sociability of her husband's family initially unnerves her. She grows to enjoy it, and to accept the company of others in her home, as her mother could not. Perhaps because of the latter's strict observance of her own house as her own domain, and her attempts to restrict her daughter to its confines, and at her side, Susan displays little interest in the house she and her husband build together. She is indifferent to its design; the decorative books remain beneath the bed. Once the two children have gone to school, she finds the house echoing in their absence. And though she stretches tasks to fill in the time, she has not got the kind of identification with the house that would make housekeeping by itself a reward. Returning to work is her own decision, suggested by her own restlessness in a static situation. Rather than stop in the first job she finds, which closely resembles the last one before the arrival of children, she casts further, and finds herself outside Dennis's office in a job neither of them can define tightly, enjoying the diversity of the people it brings her into contact with. She is pleased to find herself more alert, and relaxed; her husband's doubts about her undertaking paid work turned instead into appreciation.

Dennis perceives work and marriage as two separate worlds, opposed to one another. At work he is his own boss, in the company of the men most like himself, the kind of people he prefers to be one of. At home, despite (or because of) his careful watch and exercise of control, he becomes answerable to another person, someone very different from himself. For Susan, the distinction does not cut so deeply. She does not feel less 'herself' in either context. Why is this so?
Her own marriage has a joint and particular character which Dennis's lacks. The division of labour which had her at home with the children while they were little and her husband making his way up from toolmaker to manager of the tools section in his factory, does not preclude pooling their earnings to pay for their house (which is jointly owned), its furnishing, the children's clothing. They operate a joint cheque book. Their interests overlap: they go out picnicking with the children, take them down to the tennis club on a Sunday afternoon, or off to watch her husband play a game of rugby. When her husband becomes keen on car rallying, she joins him as navigator, expanding her own knowledge of both cars and people. They have neighbours over to spend the evening in swapping anecdotes and opinions, and venture to spend their holidays in the same house as another family. Her husband and son 'together' panelbeat and paint the car which is to be hers, and which she is free to use as she pleases, coming into work, bearing the netball team off to another victory.

She gladly spends much of her time amongst her family, or with them in the company of other people who have an interest in common, a family of their own. The most important thing for her is her health. Sapping her own energy, it would put a burden onto others, have unavoidable repercussions on their own lives, their own ability to lead their own lives - as her mother curtailed hers, or attempted to. Where Dennis is concerned to retain his autonomy, Susan perceives her own independence as resting on others', and vice versa. Rather than contain or control, she prefers to encourage. She does not keep her daughter out of the garden because in helping to weed she also pulls up plants. While her next door neighbour can tire her with her constant interest in her life, she does not avoid her or tell her to keep to her own place; instead she notes that she may be annoying, but reliable and free in her help, should it be needed.

Like Dennis, Susan prefers not to need 'help'. She and her husband 'keep our troubles to ourselves', feeling it a burden on others to receive confidences of worry or distress. However, unlike him, her concept of self-sufficiency does not halt at her own personal borders: it includes her husband. That he is different from her refreshes her rather than worries her.
Admittedly, the gap between them is not so wide as that apparent between Dennis and his wife. Indeed, sometimes it seems that he has embarked upon marriage as a condition, not as the relationship between two individuals mutually attracted which Susan describes. When he imagines his wife leaving him— for another man, not on her own — he projects irritation that she would disturb 'the whole setup', not grief at her loss to him. In a disaster, he would turn first to rescue his sons, somewhat to Susan's puzzlement. For her, the marriage partner is someone special, someone chosen (as children are not), someone with whom one's life is shared in a way which it is not with one's offspring. Were Dennis to value sharing, it could be however, only with someone resembling himself, another man. He does not court the company of his sons. What he wants is for them to become as he has, successfully self-sufficient. Susan is sustained by her centrality in the lives of her husband and children, an importance which nonetheless allows her to pursue her own interests, make her own decisions. Dennis chafes at his own, similar position, even as he uses it as spur and bridle to the initiative which brings him into the company he really values, those men like himself, his peers.

This is a select company. Though over time its composition varies, and individuals pass on to be replaced by others, at any one time its numbers are small and limited. There is no such singular group operating to affirm Susan's presence. Her family provide an overall context and purpose for her actions, but not one which is exhaustive. Nor is it definite — unlike Dennis's sure self-knowledge which is for him as explicit as any contract he persuades a client to sign. The predictable life he courts, she shudders at. Where he has a ready opinion on most matters which he makes a stance, listening to another opinion to shrug it off, she avoids generalisations and judgments, continually circling back to an explanation in terms of 'the individual', 'the personality'. Where he describes conditions, classes, institutions, she gives anecdotes of specific people. Noting her mother-in-law's active tongue, which she occasionally resents, she adds that she is also a 'sweet old chook', and very generous. Her descriptions are rarely one-dimensional, as Dennis's so often are, and where he is firm in his identifications, most noticeably with other insurance salesmen and with the male sex, she is quite casual in her memberships, and certainly does not set one sex
up against the other. Where Dennis feels it necessary to prove himself both in work and marriage, thus opposing them, she prefers to 'just enjoy life; full-stop'. Hers is not the fullstop guarding Dennis's sense of himself, of what he is, what he is worth; instead it emphasizes a wish to participate in the variety of interests and people her marriage and work bring to her: to take as she pleases.

Though the ways in which she knows herself, finds herself manifest, reflected back, are wider and different from Dennis's, the sense that they are chosen - that she has chosen for herself - is as crucial to her equilibrium as it is to his. She agrees with him that no-one else has the right to decide a person's life for them. But where this leads him to define, and protect, it leads her into a diversity of involvements and interests, all, bar her husband and family, subject to an alteration that Dennis, set in his defined customs and companions, could not bear.
Chapter 3.  PROGRESSING:

HOWARD
HOWARD - Introduction

I met Howard in the staff cafeteria of the insurance company. He came up to join the two women I was sitting with, both in positions of some authority in the Sales section, which provides the salesman with information and an administrative base. They were quick to congratulate him on winning the regional final of the Jaycee oratory contest he was currently involved in, and he, pleased to receive their recognition. The conversation went on to introduce me, and he had no hesitation in offering some general opinions on the subject of my research. Later that week I decided I would like to talk further with him, and went down to the salesmen's floor. I made my way through a labyrinth of cubicle-like offices to his, but he was out, as he often is, out drumming up business. I left a note with the receptionist.

Our conversations took place in that office, in the early mornings before he had set off on his rounds. On the walls were several dramatic posters with pictures of accidents and mortality statistics, testifying to the prudence of insurance; and one or two exhorting self-confidence and discipline in those who wished to succeed. At the end of our final interview, with the grin of someone about to surprise you, he drew one of his calling cards from his pocket, and indicated that when (not if) I wanted some insurance, he would be happy to look at my particular needs, and sure he could come up with the best deal.
"When I sat University Entrance I missed out by ten marks. Never found time to go back and have another crack at it. Spent four years then in a printing firm, doing a time and motion study, then a year in a large company on their distribution side, then three years in the sales section of a stainless steel firm. Year after that I was buying for light aluminium. I left there fairly rapidly - the secretary and myself had a disagreement over my future. I was an 'internal management trainee' - basically they didn't know what to do with me. So I made the break.

"I had no capital, and selling life assurance was the easiest thing to get into seven years ago. Funny how word gets round - I had approaches from three different companies, and the basic reason I came here was because one of the chaps in Jaycees was here. The personal approach suited me better at that time. A formation stage of thinking as far as a lot of things were concerned. I was seeking something in terms of advice, wanted to get the other side, and I could ask this guy all sorts of personal questions, and that being so made it that much easier.

"The basis of a successful salesman is, in order, probably:
(1) Drive; my own personal view, but not a lot of others,
(2) humanity, and (3) a relation with people, an affinity with people.

"I'll qualify that. Success is a relative term. Many people who sell are not successful, within their own framework. That relates to your outlook on life, whether you are a sort of person that accepts things for what they are, or whether you try to change those things you can - and accepting those you can't. That's my own personal philosophy about life, and relates to my success, which is in my own terms. Selling is a make or break situation.

"Drive is absolutely necessary - to want to do something a little bit beyond yourself; want things you're not necessarily able to afford, or physically or mentally equipped to do. The thing that makes me take on oratory, and financial burdens which would make other sorts of people cringe. Don't get cornered.
If you don't, you're not sinking into some morass of mediocrity. If you have no goal, nothing to aim toward, it fritters your own and others' time away.

"In a sense it's very competitive. Put it this way, a number of times you'll run into a patch of people that no-one deals with, a football club, or workplace: in those circumstances it becomes competitive. First in, first served. It has to be. You've only yourself to blame if you don't make any money. There are 370 odd agents in New Zealand. I know my own limitations. I probably have the ability to be within the top ten. The point is whether I want to be. At the moment the answer is probably no. It's desirable, but I'm not too worried if I don't achieve it. Takes too much time.

"I have three priorities in my own life - (1) work, (2) my family, (3) outside interests, because I would find without outside interests, I would be closed in. I mean it in all its sincerity. My father had only the job and home, and when he came to retire he was at a loss what to do for himself. (1) Prime, he didn't have the money he would have liked, to go to Taupo for the week fishing, for example. (2) No outside interests. After six months at home - I was still at home at the time, with my mother, self and brother - we told him 'For God's sake go back to work!', and he did. It took him ten years to find himself; now at 70 he's still active, can potter round, able to do things in the garden, at his own pace. Something I don't want to spend 10 years at the end of my life doing; having to adjust. Purely and simply that's what he had to do.

"Selling insurance, you're selling three things - (1) Cover for an event that's going to happen, a certainty; (2) Cash funds - it builds up; (3) Return on your money, and here I'm talking of long term or short term savings - that distinction.

"You're completely your own boss. You're directly responsible to a sales manager. But it's not really your responsibility, really his. He has to account for me, not vice versa.
"Most of the time as far as I'm concerned, I know a considerable amount about someone before. I'll then ask a series of specific questions, qualify what I call a prospect in my own mind. Decide the existing circumstances and therefore some of the solutions. Normally, I know their age, or date of birth—all related to their income, and whatever other guys are making in that same field. I would normally know whether a person was single or married. My idea of generally knowing whether they're personally qualified before I would ring them.

"Singles are the better buyers. Well, a matter of dealing in what they call 'the young market'. Far easier and far better to approach a person when they're first out of school. (1), They're getting a large amount of money, very quickly, and they've no idea of long term savings, like money in the bank. (2), a single person generally, once he's got the essentials, probably only himself to look after, spends more than what a married person can. The exception are public servants, very security minded lot, quite common to find 25% of their income going to both superannuation and insurance.

"Normally take a percentage of income. If it's a young bloke of 18, $5 invested a week is 15% of his income. By the time he's 20, 21, he's probably earning $5/$6,000—'Gee whiz, I'm affording $5, I'll add another $3 a week'. Then he relates very quickly to you, if you put it in these terms. Whereas a married person, it's not necessarily a complication, a bloke wants to talk it over with his wife—so you've really got to make two sales, one to the bloke, and the other to the wife. That's 80%, it's both partners of the marriage relationship. Other 20% it's usually the male member of the family. With that sort, I make sure that I'm introduced to the other party in the partnership.

"I didn't have any training when I first came. Since then I have had good rules laid out for when you get someone at home who you think of as a prospect. My prospect success ratio went up. First year, it was 1 in 10, now it's 1 in 2. Part of that is certainly the quality of the information. I have more dealings with people by word of mouth, that's the best advertisement. I maintain a personal relationship with 95% of my clients.
I get a call from one of them, 'Young guy here who'd like you to go and see him'. Under those circumstances you've got a sale before you even like to do something about it. The other side is that I've learnt that there are things that — looking at it cynically, and I don't: to put it purely and simply, perhaps more because of the surer way you speak, that sort of thing. Nobody likes anyone who's trying to sell if (a) they're not sincere, and (b) have no ability to see the other person's point of view, relate to them — have no empathy. With that anybody would be a successful salesman, a success in their own terms.

"First year was very much of a struggle. Everything was completely new to me. Being my own boss was the worst aspect of it, learning to manage my own time. My wife came from a family who were very non-believers in insurance. In the first year, eighteen months, that was most noticeable. Then we went out to dinner and somebody asked about the value of insurance. My wife told him quite straightforwardly: 'I didn't want him getting into it, he went ahead and made up his own mind — and I've never regretted that he did'.

"There comes a time, well, it can vary — two to three times a year, when everybody's on a down, and has doubts about themselves. During this time, blokes are depressed, particularly if they're ringing a lot of people and getting 'No'. When you hear that — when that happens, take off for a week, whether you can afford it or not. I take two holidays a year in any case. Have a day off work, spend time either reading, or something I feel like doing, to relax. I don't come very often in the weekends, once in two months. On a Saturday it would normally be to get rid of paperwork, and to get hold of people I can't normally contact, people referred from out of town. That's shared out. Or there's no other information where the bloke is. If I can't get hold of him at work, I write a letter. Meet them personally if I can't get hold of them on the phone — come in on a Saturday, spend till two pm just visiting people. Interesting thing is that those people who are the hardest to get are the best buyers. Usually because somebody gives up a long time before you did; my experience anyhow.

"Anybody in this business is never away from work. In terms of sheer doing something, 30 hours. Gathering information, the hours increase mainly to about fifty."
Quite often I take work home - usually try not to.

My enjoyment of it though can be summed up into one word - freedom. That wraps it up. Set my own level, without becoming part of the ulcer culture. Able to take time off when I feel like it. Lot of people work extremely hard in the first twenty years, build up quite a lot of capital assets, income bearing ones, and therefore will retire earlier. But you get quite a lot of people who set their own level of working, and continue working till they're 60-65. It's more common these days for an agent to retire earlier than what it would have been ten years ago.

At the moment my money goes into tangible assets - but they're usually enjoyable assets. At the moment just going through a phase. Never having got totally settled down, now I feel the need to update things. Like buying a better stereo system. The extra leftover is spent on something like that.

(Q: Children?)

The two eldest are at school, the youngest spends half the day at kindergarten. My wife would like to go back to work when she goes to school - not because she has to, but psychologically it suits her that way. She finds that she's becoming part of what everybody calls - that very broad phrase - suburban syndrome, and she just as much as I have has a personality. Also knows that she is - or was - good at her job. In that sense she needs fulfillment just as what I do. As far as that's concerned, if she decides to go back to work the money's hers. If she decides to spend it on the family unit, fine: if not, fine.

My own income provides assets for the family unit. We have a joint cheque account to pay the bills, and then I have my own, and hers is her own. We have a joint family home. My wife contributed a monetary amount towards it. When we got married, I had a freehold section, £2,000 in the bank - my wife had a thousand. We moved into the house two months after the first child was born. It would have been when the baby was born, but the builder mucked around a bit - seven months rather than the eleven weeks he had promised.

I met my wife at the first job. She was there about a year, I think, and it was just a thing which grew. She was going round with a bloke, and there was difficulty with that;
she took a six months break, lived and worked in Auckland for a while. I sort of knew her as a person before that, probably knew her as a very good friend. After she came back it seemed even more natural, because I knew a large number of things about her, and she knew a large number of things about me. Personally, we both fitted in, rather than the great blazing love which everybody talks about. I started work when I was 17; when I was about 20 we were first going round together seriously. No ties on anybody - I used to go to dances without her. Both became aware personally that we wanted to get engaged before my twentyfirst. But there were parental difficulties at that time which inhibited that. We were engaged when I was 21, married when I was about 23, she was 22. Her mother was performing, and I had to tell her mother what I thought of her. Funnily enough, after we'd settled that question, she became very friendly indeed. Never really found out why - perhaps she couldn't get used to the idea that her daughter was more than her daughter.

"We, perhaps because we're of the younger generation, have very liberal attitudes towards sex education and those sorts of things. Quite common to get into the bath with our children - they see us quite naturally. In-laws came out to tea at our place, and I was showing slides, which is how the subject came up. 'You expect us to do what you do'. Quite an interference. But yet in her own way, my mother-in-law is extremely good with children. Like three or four weeks ago I had a conference, wife was occupied. No problem with her taking the children - she rang up and asked to take them. She's mellowed an awful lot in some ways. She, unlike my mother, tends to be the dominant role in the marriage. Whereas with my own parents, it's the other way round. With us? Don't think it's either of us, if it comes to that. If there's a major area of disagreement we usually discuss it. Usually doesn't happen to be any. She steers my thinking as much as I try to steer hers.

"I'm the head of the household in the sense that generally my opinions are sought on things. Only in that sense. And generally in a supportive sense rather than being in a dominative sense.
"Our roles are pretty much interchanged. My wife has her own problems, both emotional and physical. Coming to terms with herself at this particular stage. My wife needs to get out to work and achieve things in her own field. In the last four, five years she's quite openly accepted some of those things she wouldn't have traditionally done; it's me that gets up first, makes the children's breakfast on Saturday. She went away one weekend - a do for Jaycee wives. I quite happily did the cooking, ironing and washing and baking. Must admit Beth got quite a shock. My cooking has picked up - offered her shortbread 'Gee whiz', and a cup of coffee. I think that she needed a break and if she'd had to come back to housework, it would have been a compounding factor. Somebody had to do it. No sense in having a break and then coming home to twice the work. Occasionally she says to me - occasionally I have a weekend by myself - 'go up for the weekend skiing with some of your friends'. Regardless of who people are, any marriage where you don't have the chance to sort yourself out both emotionally and mentally - it creates problems. A marriage that people say they've never had a cross word, that's complete and utter nonsense. Especially if you have one partner in the marriage who's in a supplicant role. We're probably more into the partnership category. I can't put a label on it, because it involves so many things. She has a particularly strong personality - so am I. I find that in most of my friends' marriages generally the husband makes all the statements, whether or not it's in terms of monetary matters. The wife is probably a bit of a yes person - 'Yes dear, no dear, 3 bags full, dear'. Most have got that sort of marriage - and we never ever will have.

Interview Two

"Some of the other salesmen are close, others are more acquaintances - it happens in any situation. Friends till you find they're flogging your clients. There's more equality, could even be in a superior sense - if one of the top national reps is earning more than the sales manager, probably more than the sales manager for New Zealand. Money is of course a measure, if you like, of your status.

"A director at one of the leading companies was asked what he attributed his rise to success to; 'Look as far as I'm concerned others make decisions, they're only wrong 50% of the time..."
- I'm only wrong 25% of the time. As far as I'm concerned, the buck stops here. New Zealanders are too prepared to pass the buck on - in any organization, from top to bottom. In a word, just one word, New Zealanders are easy-going. Complacent, 'she'll be right'. Negative, I think, basically. Mr Average is not too much concerned with what happens unless it affects him quite a lot - if they put up the tax on beer, there's an outcry from a large number of people. I think that any society that tends to become closed in terms of social structure tends to become so inward looking that it's not funny. To a certain extent New Zealand travellers are getting a certain sophistication, breaking down of some of those traditions, ideas and prejudices about certain things. Many people who travel come back better people for having their prejudices and social traditions broken down. We're fortunate in not having certain social traditions, but we still have imported some of that. Attitudes are still being conditioned. Classic case is probably South Africa. I mention this because I don't think we have the ability to change too much their attitude in South Africa. Anybody who's realistic about things - if someone says 'You're going to change those attitudes because if you don't we'll stop you being able to get something, a bit of money or other sorts of things', the sanctions a person's operating against, only get his back up to it. His attitude has simply got to become even more in the direction you don't want him to go than what it is now. If two people are prepared to say, 'There are problems here', then that sort of tends to lead to the situation where there is dialogue. If you isolate it, it only changes a person's feelings for negative rather than positive reasons. Doesn't mean that you agree with apartheid at all. I feel that physically cutting off dialogue is a retrograde step.

(Q: Fidelity in marriage?)

"Very, very liberal. Putting it in perspective, I would think there are times when - me personally - I would be attracted in that sense to somebody. That's something which happens in every society. If I repress this at the time, all I'm doing - I like to speak to somebody, have a discussion with somebody, otherwise I'm limiting my outlook. Some women and men are that way in groups, very stiff and starchy, cold - in the sense that they go wild if you dance with another bloke's wife, or talk to
her for any length of time - it amounts to adultery. My wife
dances with a particular man three times I've nothing to do with
it, she's not going to bed with him, it shouldn't be affecting me.

"Tends to be universally in these situations, that the
women get the blame, and not the men. It's a two way thing.
I don't think it has the importance that it did. The structure
of marriage is changing considerably. Fidelity is an attitude
of mind rather than a purely physiological thing because there
are many marriages where one or the other or both partners is
unfaithful in those terms, yet the marriage might be enriched by
that infidelity. May get the person whose husband finds his
wife on certain days doesn't quite like sex, and it brings
pressure on the marriage; he has some release from those
repressions by being unfaithful, and by being unfaithful, he
sees that people will have disagreements and he probably maintains
a much more tender attitude towards his spouse than what he used
to. Quite sure the same thing exists as far as women are
concerned. Having an affair is a twofold thing, no more than
a release of some of the repressions in social terms that you
find. Probably find, when the affair ends, that you got a lot
of bugs out of your own moral hang-ups, no, social hangups.

(Q: Basis of a good marriage)

"Summed up in one word - 'give-and-take' relationship.
Realize that somebody else is a person as much as you are.
I'm sure that with any marriage it's definitely important that
the husband and wife have some time on their own to realize their
own attitudes, get to know each other before moving into the area
of having a family. Quite frankly, I don't think that children
are nearly as important as they once were. The traditional
roles where a woman had the children, man worked, no longer takes
place. Good thing, because (1) encourages the children to
perhaps accept things which are different; they shouldn't always
be demanding; (2) other side of it is - people within that
marriage still can be themselves. For example, a situation where
there's a disagreement or disharmony within a marriage situation
does put some insecurity on the children, to see that happen.
Helps if they realize it's not being caused by them alone.
They're still loved and cared for. A person that bottles up
feelings and fears and that sort of thing becomes very inward
looking. Ends up with no choice. Better to get rid of any
hang-ups they have - the way that I see it, at any rate. If you like, to go far enough on reflection (within certain reasons) our own marriage would have existed far better without children. Something you can never say at the beginning of a marriage. My wife would agree. Our friends wouldn't - you'd get all the traditional garbage, that children are enriching for a marriage - they are, but only up to a point. One particular marriage where in fact the wife is literally a slave to her own children. It has meant a loss of character as far as she's concerned - and they're both nice people. She sublimates herself far more than she should do. That's my impression of her - I think I know them reasonably well, we're fairly close neighbours.

(Q: Most important thing for you?)

"I was about to say straight off, security. It's not quite that, something else. It's perhaps the development of my own capabilities, and the widening of those capabilities. We've all got the ability to do a large number of things, more in fact than what we do. Reason I get myself involved in groups and things in the community - not purely because of being liked and accepted. Major part is psychological. Other part is in fact developing some side of your character, emotional and psychological needs. Like the husband I know that goes tramping for the weekend, and his wife, who likes to do something else for the weekend does that. I would guess if we had no children I'd probably be doing things during the weekend or evening that I don't get physically the time to do at the moment. They would probably be in terms of relaxation.

"I'm vice-President of the Jaycees, active member of a local drama group - haven't produced anything yet - mainly fun time - I'd like to possibly attend one or two drama schools before doing that. I'm on the committee of the local National party. I make no apology - I believe in it: I think people should be involved. No way of believing people's views unless they're involved. I've been on the Plunket and school committees. To the extent that I can do these without upsetting considerably my own family life. Probably vastly more than the majority. My wife will be President when her club meets this year; I encouraged her to do that. Also the Treasurer
for the Jaycee wives group. Has been both Treasurer and Secretary for the local Plunket. Also a member of the rep, same as what I am. We're involved in the next production. She's the props manager for the next play. I'll stand for President of Jaycees which in time terms just means to a certain extent she has to sublimate herself to me. Funny thing is that she encouraged me to take that decision.

"Most people see Jaycees in simple terms as do-gooders in the community. Service sense is only part of the function of Jaycees. Other part is to encourage people to do things other than what they may have done. Self improvement. For example, chairmanship, encouraging people to express self. If other organizations are in agreement, we run courses for them. For example, if the local Plunket society wanted some assistance, it might be monetary - but we're not just purely money raising. Help them organize the fund raising bit, how to go about it, if necessary provide them with manpower - most of the basic push comes from them, themselves; we're prepared to organize. Provide them with experience in club management. It goes right across the social scale, no distance across the social classes - Lions and Rotary have only two people from any social thing, but we've got everybody from a guy who's driving a concrete mixer to barristers and solicitors.

"I belong to the Commercial Travellers Club, too. I use it mainly as a thing for clients. Some of the boys go over every Friday for lunch, I'd go with the boys once in six weeks, but I'm over there more often than that usually. I'll take one of my clients and friends to discuss a deal over lunch, rather than go to a hotel. Very much more of an intimate atmosphere, that's the best way to describe it. It's a social thing, in that sense, a thing in belonging to any club for that matter - it offers certain facilities you wouldn't have in a public bar - a restaurant with reasonable prices, billiards, snooker facilities if you want them, and the bar cost is reasonable compared with a hotel.

"I personally wouldn't object to women, no. I've no doubt that there would be a considerable number of objections. Personally I think it would only add colour. For other men, it's a last refuge, their form of escapism. I don't need that.
I, in fact, read extensively—that's my form of escape. Generally get through six books a week. My form of escape is in my outside interests. Probably the others feel that way because of their own relationship with their partner. They haven't come to terms with themselves as regards their marriage. As far as I'm concerned, I quite often drink with the boys. Very few men that wouldn't. It's not a thing I have to do every week, or on any particular night—I do it because I feel like doing it on that particular day, not because it's my night out and I have to use it to the full. I far prefer, if I'm going down to the hotel, to go with my wife and a couple of our friends, to a lounge bar, something like that.

"Somehow I have the feeling at the back of my mind that to some degree it's degrading for a woman to be in a public bar, not because a public bar is essentially a male domain. Because the need for public bars is becoming less and less. It's the sort of person who uses it—I'm not quite sure, certain category of people who associate in public bars. Women have probably improved the standard of conversation and other things in public bars. I always remember, eight years ago, I used to work for a firm. 6 pm closing then. At five o'clock, they'd bring 4-5 flagons back to work and drink them. They were traditionally smashing glasses—not throwing them, they just got dropped or knocked. I had the bright idea of buying long stems. I was there 18 months—for something like 11 months not one glass was broken. I think it's the same sort of thing, as far as women in a public bar are concerned.

(Q: Women swearing?)

"My own wife does. I don't particularly like it. I think it's part of a process of self-discipline. I probably swear far more than I should. Women in general are probably more vituperative—we're getting down to the nitty-gritty—than what men are. I don't know why. Analogy of the tigress with cubs type of thing. Essentially, that is, most women fight harder and more bitterly than what a man does. See it at wrestling, generally they're wound up far more so that what the man ever does. Perhaps they like the expression of male dominance. It's not unusual for women to get so they scream 'Kill him, kill him'. I think those women that go to wrestling, boxing, think in terms of an aggressive individual, the way
they like him to be, brute force, and, to a certain extent, ignorance. Certain category that does go along to those things.

"In certain areas men are more aggressive. Obviously in the area of work, for one. More aggressive in the sense that they know what they want, and why they want it. A woman may in fact know what she wants; she's far more devious and subversive in getting it.

"You may in fact find two people competing for the same job. Male probably exerts dominance in the sales situation, exerts dominance in that area by proving he's a better salesman than what a woman is. Female exerts her dominance in the area of proving she's a better administrator than what the man is. Competing on two different planes. In simple terms, generally speaking, I think men probably see her not so much as a competitor, but as a better manager than what he is. Makes him feel inadequate because traditionally it's still the man going out to work and the woman staying at home. I think, generally speaking, a woman has a certain set of values and attitudes, different from what a man has, and how they accomplish this, I'm not sure. I think they both end up with the same end result to a given problem - the method of approach makes the difference. If there's a difference in the end result, it's usually something there's not a clear-cut answer to in any case. I think men are aware that they have to fit within a framework. May not necessarily agree that it has to be followed to the nth degree.

Interview Three

"Even friends that I do know through business activities, they would range from virtually the professional end of the scale to the quite low end. I never find any great difficulty in talking to either a guy who's a labourer or some fairly top member of New Zealand society. I tend to maintain a personal relationship with most of my clients, majority, 95% I would classify as friends. If I said who are the ones that would be best, they'd be classified probably amongst professional or semi-professional, self-employed category. Some thing to do with the way in which you can talk to people if they're an educated person, used to good language and able to talk
intelligently. Some people I know, I classify as very close friends - one, if I use a big word, he looks at me blankly. On one occasion he got upset and said 'no need to use big words at me!'. He's a pretty genuine sort of person. Have a large number of friends I met during social activities, Rep, Jaycees, that sort of category. What tends to happen is that people move away; fair few of those I've lost touch with. We go round together, by and large. The majority of our friends are friends that I have made, especially through business activities, also through Jaycees. Just a fact of life, happens that way. Also neighbours. Funny things happen in our particular area in last 3-4 years. Basically women around our way are working mothers now. It's what I would classify as a middle to upper class area. Obviously they feel the need for extra income which makes certain problems for my wife; if she wants a cup of coffee there are very few women that she can in fact do that with.

"A friend is somebody that I have a relation with - a relation in terms of being able to talk to them; affinity. I don't confide in them very much. There are five or six that depending on the situation I could probably say 'Here's a problem. I want some advice'. Tend to pick them because of their ability, not purely because they're close friends.

"Our dinner parties are quite something. End up talking on all range of subjects! I'm involved in a large number of social and political issues, and in talking about things, it helps to define your own attitude to things. The interchange of ideas can bring nothing but good. If you don't, you're set in your ways - inward rather than outward. We have five or six dinners in the course of the year, aside from having people in for barbeques, that sort of thing. Don't tend to generally go for parties. We don't have them; enjoy it if other people have them. My thing in regard to that would be just to go out to the beach with somebody we know, from our own area, spend a nice day, invite them back for a barbeque. My definite preference as far as that's concerned. The enjoyment factor rather than having a large number of people in.
"(Pause) Strictly speaking, I have to say I have no female friends. Large number of single women clients. One particular couple that we know, both my wife and myself probably tend to relate more to the wife than the husband. Probably the age difference and he's a little more set in his ways; comes from very much a working-class background. Very dogmatic in his ideas. Wife's a little more outgoing, much more receptive to change, the free flow of ideas, in that sense.

"My wife's had several male friends. Over five years. One's an old boyfriend; another a guy in Jaycees. She's attracted to men more than I to women. Most women feel that way, they like to feel they're still as attractive as what they were, not because they're not getting attention at home, but it's a fact of life. I'd be the same if I was in much the same situation. For a man, it doesn't have to be an ego thing. Lot to do with my own particular personality, and my wife's makeup, the emotional and psychological aspects.

"I prefer to work with men and women, any day. My experience working with men only, in a group, is that the individualistic person doesn't go down too well. It really is a struggle. The majority get together for the sake of it, whether they're right or wrong on a particular issue. I can't buy that – only under protest. Don't like being told in fairly violent terms what I think. I don't see life in violent terms; I use violence if I have to, not out of choice.

"Here you're your own boss. Stick far more with the guys than what you do with the inside staff. Some of those are sticklers for the lines of communication being observed, see nothing else but well regimented lines of communication. I very much resent that. If I want information, I'll find some other way of getting it instead.

(Q: Sports?)

"I'm very sports conscious. Unfair fact that I don't get enough time to do it. Even in sport I'm very individualistic. At school, it was athletics, running, and swimming. Played rugby—even there in an individualistic situation, prop forward, second fifth winger. Had a bit of speed. Didn't generally impress me
terribly much, the team thing. Don't know why that was. I was good in a particular way. Something that happened rather than my particular concern or attitude towards it. Now my sports are individualistic - in terms of swimming and skiing, 2-3 times in the course of a year. Up till last year I was swimming four times a week, a mile a day. Had shoulder troubles, got worse, to the point where I dropped it. I'd go along during the week at lunchtimes, in winter round to the Boys Institute, and during summer, to Evans Bay, the old flying boat base, twice going across my own wake, and back. Just for laughs.

"I suspect that we quite often use sport in sense of national identity. I don't see anything too much wrong with that: we're dominant in those sorts of areas. Find though it overflows, to the point where you get three hours of sport on Television on a Saturday afternoon or racing results, or everybody's listening to a rugby game. Tends to point to New Zealand being sportsminded, to some extent to the detriment of other things. It does something for any individual, being involved in sport, whether you like it or not. A certain amount of self-discipline is in any sense good for a person. Emergent with something that they're going to have to do, not because 'I have to do it', but because 'I want to do it'. My own father in the sporting field prodded us, and my parents gave me every encouragement. No reason why I shouldn't do it with my own children. Socially and culturally it has a definite place. I suspect though a large number of people to whom sport is a dominant part of their recreational activities. With me it doesn't happen that way.

"In the weekend, it's mostly family things. Only for myself, personally, there are some things I tend to do in order of priority. I tend to make lists of things I've got to get done, and cross them out once they're done. Whether they're my things, or things that have got to be done round the house. I don't spend the whole day with the family; some afternoons if it's fine I'd far rather go to some place, have a walk, then just drive; or just go to the playground.

"When the kids were small and Beth became overworked, if you like, I would take over. Always was that way right from the start. It doesn't particularly matter if it's me or my
wife who changes the nappies - it has to be done - someone has to do it.

"Though I'm pretty sure the mother is necessary, because children seem to have an inbred sense of having her near. To give one example, one of our daughters has certain psychological problems which I suspect go back to when she was very small, about two, and Beth was going out to work for a couple of months, work I don't think she likes, actually. Psychological problems she's got now are to some extent an overflow from that. She would have made an excellent only child - she needs a hell of a lot of our attention, she still gets more than the other two put together. I'm sure that some of the things she does are purely to get recognition. I find myself far more able to cope with her basically than what my wife is - a clash of personalities. I think I would have made a better job in her case than my wife, simply because we don't have a personality clash.

"There are some things my wife is better at than what I am. There isn't any reason; she does have the experience, which is very hard to quantify. I think that, given the option, or if I had to do it, it would be done and not done in a better or worse sense, but just done. The end result in real terms may be slightly different.

(Q: Is love important in marriage?)

"If respect is included in the term; both self respect, and for another person's point of view. People tend to see marriage in terms of just love, and there are other things which are as important. The one I'd pick out is self-respect, the ability to live with someone else, and yourself.

(Q: Use the word 'bitch'?)

"I don't use it. I couldn't quantify my feeling in that area, but I'll give you an example. The feeling of both my wife and myself about a certain person the wife of one of the Jaycee guys. He's a helluva nice guy, in his own way. There are problems in their marriage, and his wife's a very strong person. Says what she thinks, regardless of what the consequences will be. When we first met, she proceeded to tell Beth in no uncertain terms what she thought of her shoes. Yet that same
woman is a very genuine person, just says what she thinks without thinking about it. No more than a front, and something to do with her marriage and her own physical relationship. That same woman was one of the few people to come and congratulate me after winning the semi-final round of the oratory. One of the few people to express themselves. People class this woman as a bitch — maybe because she expresses herself. Because if she's got something to say, she says it. I accept that for what it's worth, not what it might be.

"After a while if you have a particular hate it will consume a person absolutely. If you bite on it for a long time, eventually it will get to you. I can tell I'm cool to people who perhaps have done me a disservice, or wrong in some sense. Given the right circumstances I tell them what I think about them. Sooner or later there comes a time when they have reason to ask me for something, then I would probably have no qualms about telling them how I felt about doing that. If it's necessary at the time, I tell them; if not, and having given some thought to it, I forget about it. But if the opportunity or situation arose where that same person asked me for a favour, I'd have no hesitation telling them why I found a bit of difficulty in granting that favour.

(Q: Driving?)

"Mostly I drive, but that's only a matter of it generally being my car. Quite often, the times when I don't feel like driving, I ask Beth — might be after we've been to a party, or something like that. I can usually tell when I feel like having a rest from driving. My own attitude to driving tends to be that it's a means of getting from point A to point B. I enjoy it, running a machine to the best of its ability, but generally it serves to get to a particular place within a particular time framework. I like to waste as little time as possible doing things, to do something in the most efficient manner. That just happens to be me as a person.

(Q: Religion?)

"Qualify religion in terms of secularism, Roman Catholic, or Protestant. Brought up very deliberately as far as religious concerned; to me what is mainly important is the attitude to
life and people, which I would find more religious than a pure act of God. Something that's greater than myself — it may in fact turn out to be pure humanity, an understanding of other people. May in fact be a superior being; both may be correct. If there is life after death, probably be in terms of a new attitude towards life, and what people loosely call the soul. My wife was brought up a Catholic. Never had problems with that, however she would be a very very liberal Catholic, if anything. I think religion is possibly important as far as children are concerned — does enable them to see that there are some aspects of life and living that are desirable. Once again, I see that in terms of a self-discipline aspect rather than a thing in society that's right or wrong.

"Something we're considering for Sally at the moment is sending her to a Catholic school. For no other reason than that I'm not much in agreement with her going to the local State school — forced to it. Only reason we'd probably send her to a Catholic school would be in order to break the system. Make my wife content. It's by no means a foregone conclusion. One of the most bitter things that happened to me, as far as that's concerned, I was discussing this sending my children to a Catholic school, that it was no more than another form of answer. Got myself into all sorts of arguments. I ended up calling people hypocrites. They could do what they liked about it. When you force somebody because of a particular set of values, convince somebody by using a big stick on them, then that change is probably not for the good of, for the better of, the two parties involved.

"If you believe in success, you'll be successful. Once you have, that makes you feel able to achieve something; you're more able. Why I think it's important that people attempt a thing not because they may fail, rather to attempt something in which they're going to realise their own potential. Hopefully get to the attitude I've got that success is important to the degree that you realise your own capabilities. That's important. That the success is your own ability to achieve."
Their decision to become insurance salesmen is a significant milestone in both Howard's and Dennis's recounting of who they are. The latter's consequent success is something taken pretty well for granted, a due manifestation of the worth his former boss failed to credit. For Howard, it marks a boundary, the crossing into his own territory. He did not find himself instantly at ease in the art of selling; it took trial and patience before he felt himself to be his own boss, simultaneously employee and employer, executioner and planner, capabilities and their challenge. Having proven himself after a tough first year, he has proceeded to use his prowess in the selling arena to set himself other goals, in other areas. In this respect he differs from Dennis, who is content to rest secure in his understanding that should he wish to do well, to show himself 'above average' in a chosen field, a solid experience and acumen are at his command. In fact there are very few areas - other than selling, and being a salesman amongst salesmen - that attract his attention. Howard's interests are by contrast wide-ranging: winner of an oratory competition, vice-President of the local Jaycees, an active member of a drama group, and the National party branch, someone who relishes dinner table talk and barbeque relaxing, whose wife returns from a weekend away to be greeted in a tidy house with a cup of tea and shortbread he himself has baked. He has just given up swimming, a set length, a set number of times, each week; skis in winter, and calls reading six books a week his 'form of escapism'.

Running through all these seemingly disparate activities is a desire to do well, and to know it. Becoming his own boss has given him his foundation, by teaching him how to enlarge his capabilities by offering them a goal in sight of, but just beyond, their current reach. To revert to the old adage, he is both carrot and donkey in his concern to progress. Knowing that he could if he would (do something), as Dennis supports himself, is not enough for Howard. It is through exerting himself in that crucial first year of selling that he has come into himself, and now he feels most 'at home' in the further exercise of his abilities, their expansion either in the original field (from
semi-finalist to winner of the oratory contest) or into another (the shortbread baker). There are similarities with Mike, who gains a sense of himself by using consummate skills and control to transform the vehicles others regard as transport 'from point A to point B' into masterpieces of speed and manoeuvrability. To do so, he must be able to see and size up a car in its potential as well as its actuality. Howard performs a parallel operation. The object of his attention is, however, himself.

To use 'himself' to work on and toward 'himself' may seem a solipsistic contradiction. But this self is not uniform. He has set a dialogue between different constituent aspects of himself by variously conceiving of them as resources, obligations, and desires. Time and the capabilities present through his previous proving of them are his major assets, with which he responds to his most obvious onus, that of providing for his wife and family. In 'taking on a financial burden which would make others cringe', he takes himself beyond a simple match between ability and demand, beyond the implication that he is responding to an external imposition. Enlarging both, he states instead his command.

The new, better stereo system, skiing trips, ability to take a few days off if he feels his confidence slacken, are marks of his prowess. He can point to the steady lowering of his 'refusal rate', to insurance salesmen, the prime gauge of their success; to the numbers of his clients who, satisfied and assured of his worth, refer others to him. In the 'middle to upper income' suburb in which he and his wife had their home built, she finds herself without other women to chat with over coffee: they have gone out to work. If his own wife works, it will be because she wants to, not for the reason Howard ascribes to her neighbours, of having taken on too much, the husbands unable to support their households in the style to which they have become accustomed.

Like Dennis, he supports his ability and confidence on a self-discipline (all the more potent for being self set). Both men can define themselves without forewarning. But while Dennis underwrites who he is by restricting his acumen to a limited sphere, Howard keeps his in shape by directing it along set paths
which mark achievements concretely. He does not talk of spontaneity, or allow himself to give in to the impulse of the moment (not self-set). Even in the weekends, the customary interval for relaxation, pottering about — to one's own tune — he renders activities and tasks into a list, crossing off each item before going on to tackle the next. He works consciously at a division which balances what he accomplishes in his capacity as husband or father or homeowner and 'my own' interests, which provide a more direct satisfaction to his core sense of an evolving, purposeful self.

For his weekday recreation, he doesn't just 'go swimming', but sets a certain distance to match himself against — 'just for laughs'! Before he produces a play for the drama society, a distant goal in the light of others more pressing (for which he is more prepared) he will gain experience through lesser roles, prompt, act, take himself through courses. He does not launch himself headfirst at a goal once conceived, but works his way toward it, patiently honing his ability, filling in its gaps. It has taken him some years to make his way from the rank and file of the Jaycees to become local vice-President; now he is ready, and has the necessary (and by now experienced) support of his wife to aim at the Presidency and, one suspects, eventually to one of the organization's regional, national, or international posts, to which it makes a stepping stone.

He attributes his sales record to having scrutinized the results of his first, tough, year selling, comparing what succeeded with the work he had put in to no avail, and translating his analysis into a checklist of rules. In his proclivity to quickly arrange his thoughts on a matter into a list, 'one...two...three' he stands out from the others who talked to me. His relations with others he casts in a similar objective vein. Most of his wide-ranging network of friends arose from his activity in Jaycees and from his sales. 'I maintain personal relations with 99% of my clients.' Those he asked advice of were chosen for an expertise he felt the need for. He values the conversation of others he considers as intelligent and verbally agile as himself, mentioning that he derives in its course a surer definition of his own opinion on a matter.
Having his own opinions is important. Not just feeling that they are 'his own', that he has arrived at them through his own efforts and interests. He also likes to feel that they differ from what is usually met. After a woman frequently described as a bitch in his circles is one of the few to congratulate him after winning a round in the oratory competition, he revises his own assessment - analyses her actions - to decide that she is simply frank in her opinions, and their expression. Overseas travel will clear New Zealanders' minds of outdated 'social pressures'. With pride he relates his solution to a problem of broken glasses during drinking sessions at one of his workplaces: given them thinstemmed glasses for their beer instead of the usual tumblers.

While he appreciates others recognizing the originality of his thoughts, he is not immune from their misunderstanding or scorn. He describes the incredulous reaction to his announcement that he, a non-churchgoer, was thinking of sending his daughter to a Catholic school, as hypocritical, unwilling to hear out his carefully reasoned purpose. Afterwards he felt bitter. He may say little to a man who refuses him a favour, or does him an injury - a salesman learns not to show disappointment and hurt, since neither foster the confidence which makes a sale. He bides his time, waiting till they acknowledge him as the capable man he knows himself to be (and endeavours in his titles to make manifest) by coming to him for something, which he will refuse.

Dennis and Mike describe themselves as loners; Howard does not. Yet where they derive satisfaction from their participation in a (select) group or team, he chafes, feeling the exercise of his own mind, his own analysis, herded into the majority band. He spreads his involvements over several groups, enjoying the different kind of affirmation he receives from each, but remaining tied to none, alone. He pursues goals in a variety of spheres, but emphasizes that success is self determined, its realizations selected (so, not imposed). He blushes when he tells of his prowess in rugby, because he cannot explain it: it was not the result of his own intention and directed effort, as his other accomplishments have been. 'It just happened'. In this light intuition is no patch of blue in an overcast perception, but the swiftness of a familiar sequence of considerations.
Other people have little say in the goals he sets his 'capabilities', or in the self awareness which makes them apparent, and open to analysis. He resents the 'big stick', approach, preferring to have his own reasons for changing his mind. Involvements with others have little effect on its process either, in his reckoning. He has not felt for his wife 'that great blazing love everybody talks about'; he talks instead of 'maintaining a tender attitude toward'her. Adultery does not connote, as it so often does for others, a flare of passion for a particular person strong enough to possibly jeopardize the security the relationship with a permanent partner lays down for most as a base. Rather, it denotes a reasoned consideration of his own needs - and those of his wife, a solution to their temporary opposition; hence an adhesive factor in their relationship, not some centrifugal force.

What he values in his own marriage is the satisfaction of remaining free to pursue his own goals (and even receive the support necessary for the attainment of some of them). Unlike Susan, but like Dennis, he does not feel himself altered by marriage, changing in the course of responding to another who is different, yet close, with whom one joins in a shared enterprise. The joint activities in which Howard participates are those in which his own part is distinct: a play, an office in a society. He is irregularly 'one of the boys' meeting at the Commercial Travellers Club of a Friday lunchtime. His enjoyment of other people does not reside solely in being with those who resemble himself, but further, in being able to achieve some goal of his own setting, but recognizable to others. In the context their otherness (pursuing their own projects) provides, he makes his own presence distinct.
THE AUTONOMOUS MODE: A Summary

The three men in this section, 'Men Alone', manifest one of the three dominant styles of the individual mode of being in New Zealand society. I have described this as an autonomous form, because for all three (and others interviewed but not used for this thesis) the dialectic between active self and sense of self is described and defined as if separate from the involvement which constitute their being in the world, their experience and situation. The active self also is a 'something', present in their consciousness as if it were a specific thing, as it is not in those who utilise the two other modes of individuality I have identified as manifest in New Zealand.

Their involvements reinforce this separateness, being not ones through which another person is encountered (or encounterable as an individual – unless it be a fellow competitor, a peer: someone already very much like themselves. Their involvements close off encounters with othernesses that are different. Although both Dennis and Howard are married with children, and are thus each part of a complementary relationship, this is subsidiary to the main relationship, which is solipsistic. Howard shows that it is possible to participate in joint activities with others, to become a member of a group which works to produce something, whose members share temporarily a joint focus, e.g. funds, a play, building an amenity, and yet also to retain the involvement of self with self as core, using one's contribution to joint activities as further fuel for that self-concern.

Peers are the most valued kind of otherness. They are those who, like oneself, follow their own goals, in their own way. Goals which refer back to the self as an autonomous, self-sufficient being. Peers provide a yardstick. In Howard's case the peers are also in objects, e.g. in measurements of lengths swum, sales made, books perused. Others who are not peers are treated as objects: to be persuaded, controlled, watched. Love is not something which those using this style have experienced, basically because love is not a peer relationship, a comparison of like with like, but a mutuality between two people who conceive each other as being different or complementary. One cannot love if difference is seen primarily as 'not-me'.
as competitive or inferior, rather than as simply different (in-itself).

The options selected by these three men support their sense of separateness and autonomy. Mike's major involvement is with machines. Dennis and Howard sell something intangible, drawing upon an ability to influence and convince others — clients — that they are sure stems from their own personal attributes and developed skills: their 'own self'. Development of skills is achieved through the discipline of 'self' and through their continual practice: the continual perception of others, unless peers one can 'make a deal' with, as client-like, to be persuaded (if only by a confident tone, a take-it-or-leave-it expression). Mike so far shies away from the option of marriage, wary of its joint nature as he has occasionally seen it. The two older men mitigate its threat of complementarity and intimacy to their sense of autonomy, and self, by taking over its command, Dennis directly, Howard as the 'adviser' on the 'psychological problems' of his wife and children, plus his use of his wife's (necessary) support for his own goals, without returning it in kind to foster her own projects.

Because of its objectified, solipsistic cast, this style is on the whole closed, and despite changing projects, largely static.

1. Derived from the title of one of the most noted and influential New Zealand novels, John Mulgan's Man Alone.
WOMEN ON THEIR OWN
- THE COMPLEMENTARY STYLE
Chapter 4.  

RISING TO THE OCCASION  

CLARE
Clare was one of Howard's clients, and he was pleased that he could pass her on to me. Her office was just off the reception area of the firm of management consultants for whom she acted as office manager. From time to time one of the office girls would come in to request stationery, some piece of light equipment, petty cash, since this was where the supplies were kept. She was a straightforward administrator: a smile ready, but no more chitchat than would clear the air. Her room was tidy, the desk clear of files, pen and paper to hand by the telephone, with a stylish ashtray for the cigarettes she smoked, on and off. She would rather she did not smoke, but she was not going to be embarrassed by her habit. Her appearance was invariably neat: coordinated outfits, light makeup, simple jewellery. A trim figure, and the pleasant face of someone who is at ease with both themselves and their surroundings. Before giving an answer, she would often pause; when she spoke, it was with the measure of someone aware of what must follow the present phrase. Although at the end of our interviews she said she would have liked sometimes to edit her answers, crossing out the unclear parts, rewording those in which her expression had been 'poor', her equanimous tone was rarely ruffled.
"I got here - nobody in the way, and nobody else to do it. I act as office manager in a firm of management consultants. I also do some consulting, keeping clients happy and doing work that is wanted on behalf of other consultants in the company. Then if they happen to be missing from town, it can be attended to. With the days of communication we have now, you can get hold of all or most of the consultants within a few hours, either by telephone or telex. They then decide whether to contact the company from where they may be, or to indicate to the company as to what we could do in their absence. Tend to try to allow the company concerned to have some form of satisfaction, to feel that they're looked after, and individually I step over backwards to do this. And not only just lead them to believe that they're being fixed up. You could term our type of work as like a doctor, to businesses. My particular role can I suppose be looked at like a nurse, coping with whatever may happen to break.

"I'm dealing at the same time with accounts, invoices, courses, promotion - sending out information to people on courses, as to the type of training that we as management consultants can do.

"We do hold a variety of courses, for training people to become better equipped, not only management levels - down to salesmen, lady, the secretarial field and to the most important for a company image - telephone receptionist course. We can also cover a very wide field of consulting in manufacturing companies - for example, with the marketing of their product; their salary scale, is it correct? The reorganisation of a company; how all the things you do do, how to get them across.

" 'Office manager' - I suppose it's a title which I feel honoured to hold. I have grown up in the company, about eight years now. I have covered every field that is possible in these eight years. Must admit I've learnt very quickly sometimes when I've been left to give an answer that perhaps hasn't been one I had met before!"
"I was seventeen years with an insurance company and also did quite a lot in different departments while I was there, including cashier, which only men had done before. Then I left to get married. Family of two, a girl and a boy. My reason for joining this firm? When I was asked if I was interested, I was, because I had to find some way of getting the bread and butter on my own with two children to keep, as a solo parent.

"Parents, they're both dead now. Met each other through tennis. Father was in the Department of Agriculture, Livestock Division, My mother never worked. I had three elder brothers; one in Broadcasting, engineering section; my second in an import firm until war broke out - and then business was suffering because of imports and he enlisted. After being sent to the Pacific, he was hit, went to hospital in Fiji where he had to convalesce, came back to New Zealand and then went over to Italy for the latter part of the war, where he went into action and was killed. Third brother was with a manufacturing firm and then away to the war, to Egypt, Italy; came back and continued with it and then went into insurance.

"My interests: music, piano. For a small while I played the cello in the college orchestra. And singing, both broadcasting and concert; solo and choir. Badminton, tennis. Basketball at college. Served a small term on the Badminton committee. Have done drama work, both wardrobe, sound effects, and on stage. For the different choirs I looked after their libraries. I was with the League of Mothers for quite some time, and provincial organiser for a term of three years in which time I opened - organised two new branches. I was mainly to do with the position of mothers in the home - fellowship. No affiliation to any church but yes, a religious background. Monthly meetings and talks, mostly aimed at the guidance and help for mothers. Understanding, communication - I think that is a problem many mothers have found, that coming from the role of single woman, to one as a mother, has got to be understood by both parties, when married. And the responsibilities of a mother minding the child must be shared and not be solely thought to be her problem, and not the breadwinner's also. No, I couldn't be doing that while I was working full-time, because of the day meetings. Had a meeting at least once a year with
both husbands and wives. Got out a very good cookery book. Started by Lady Fergusson, mother of the Governor-General, and while Sir Bernard was in office in New Zealand one of the branches I started at Faraparaumu, Lady Fergusson, the wife of the Governor General, came and opened it, and felt she'd been honoured to open it, to be opening a branch of something that her husband's mother had personally first started in New Zealand.

"I'm on the Badminton Club Committee and currently on the Parents Council for the school which my daughter is attending.

"I still get men who think they're not getting the full treatment if they are answered by a woman. A lot of companies know me by name, and would in fact be referred to me if the Managing Director was missing from the area, which he can be at any time. They contact me, tell me what they want, because of previous dealings with me. There are the ones who phone and feel they're not being spoken to by anyone other than this junior, and when I try to draw them out to get their requirements the reason of their call, you can hear the change of voice immediately - when I can perhaps give them more information than perhaps they were expecting; just out of context.

"I think a woman has got to know the product and has got to have general knowledge of more than just her product and her company, and certainly to do her homework before she can expect to class herself as equal to the work and training that men may have done as salesmen. My personal view of course is that in schools you expect the girls to be taught to do the cleaner job, go into an office, whereas boys you would expect to be following medicine, perhaps as well engineering, carpentry - you know what I'm meaning, so sometimes girls are not trained in this type of field, but will feel there's a calling for them. After they've got out into the big wide world, they would perhaps not be interested in what they thought they would be happy in. Perhaps many tend to take up a profession when the children are off their hands.

"I do think it's difficult for 14-15-16 year olds to know what they want to do when they leave school, whether it be male or female. Exceptions who perhaps have a father around, and
perhaps find that he tends to have hopes of following in his father's footsteps. Or a farmer's son, automatically taking the lines to follow his career on the land. I get asked by parents to advise on their son or daughter's future - half of our consultants would have a chat if the child feels that they'd like to get advice, and we can perhaps give them some form of assessment to see where their strengths lie.

"There are more women in higher positions now. Could be some who have grown up as I have here and having a general experience are slotted into these positions; maybe that they are in family companies and they are a member of the family. Some companies are still a little bit wary; we find on occasions that if we can say they're very good, men would be happy to take her, and when we can sell them the idea that this is not as unusual as they may think.

"Mainly they're wary because women are sympathetic, and can be more emotionally disturbed under pressure; and not every man is as happy to work equally with - not always very happy to be working with a woman executive - put it that way.

"I would say that women can. - I would repeat that I think they've got to be prepared to make themselves equal by understanding other things that go on around about them. Such as her understanding the financial page of the local newspaper. We've got to make ourselves equal to general knowledge - not that we've got to be brainy, but prepared to work hard and understand. There shouldn't be a problem at all.

"I know that women can be more - as I said before - not softer, under strain, probably, to repeat it, they can be more emotionally disturbed. I think that women can look at things quite differently, at times, and I'm sure men and women should be able to combine their efforts in being able to work together. Bad and good for that one. They're built differently. You can get some men who are equally emotionally disturbed. Men say a woman can be more upset by someone's problem, and be guided by emotional thoughts than business ones - how do I put it? Guided by her emotions rather than by any other approach to the benefit of the company, which a man may look at more. I think a woman's viewpoint can add balance. I always feel that an
architect would do well to ask a woman to design the kitchen - if the architect is a man. Haven't met many architects who know how to plan a bathroom or kitchen yet - combined efforts might make something!

Interview Two

"I met my husband through singing in the Harmonic Society. He sings bass, and I, soprano. I'd previously been with a person for three years - we'd had common musical interests. I had other friends.

"I worked after our marriage for six months; then I left to have the first child five months later. I was only three months on the way then. Had been asked to stay - I had intended leaving at an earlier period, but was asked to do another couple of months.

"I don't know if everyone would say they enjoy being at home. I think the housewife's skills are very unknown; the art necessary to plot what to do, anticipate that you'll get so and so done on a day - things can go wrong; plans altered.

"Sometimes looked as though there was an awful lot of washing; he played cricket and his gear had to be ready for Saturday. I enjoyed getting in the garden when the weather permitted, and I felt very happy. Especially as most of the time we had veges in. Made a difference to be able to go and pick your own. I was very happy to be minding children, doing gardening and the work which was required to make it a home. But obviously it's good for a mother to have some other relaxation.

"We were both in the same choir, he was also in the church choir. Once the family came, I had less and less of the outside, but still sang as a solo singer to help some particular function. I would arrange a babysitter and go to practice; at first it was often his mother, my mother-in-law, and then mainly neighbours - one of their older children."
"I think with all mothers-in-law there are differences of opinion, particularly if it's an only son. And perhaps no matter what you do, you never do as she thinks you should. I can always remember my husband saying that my roasts were much better than Mum's!

"In those days I was also in the local church Fireside group. We worked to meet the needs of the area; have social functions, a speaker, and organise raising funds for the new church hall. Own particular club raised enough money to provide a kitchen, through bring and buys, film evenings, collecting donations. League of Mothers - sanctity of marriage type of things. I went to that, took the children with me. And I'd watch my husband play cricket when it was convenient. I enjoyed cricket. We didn't go out to films, more to people's places, friends. One great friend, a family friend, who came out from Holland, and my mother invited him to our home - the first New Zealand home he'd been into. We remained close friends - no desire for marriage, or anything like that. When I say friends - he met my girlfriend, who I'd known for a long long time from the office where I worked; they became engaged and married - very close dear friends to both of us, great friends still to me. I suppose I look upon her more as a sister. I met boys that he knew and their wives, as they became attached to somebody. It was a particularly big group of young people because of our interests, through cricket, music, and my husband was in the army during the war, so he had his army friends who had fairly strongly tied friendships together.

"It was a friendly area that we lived in - but nobody lived in each other's homes all the time. I'd take over the family, people would come up for coffee or tea. I would go quite regularly in the car to see some friends and then perhaps arrange to pick my husband up from the office afterwards. He would drive, I always let him drive. Nice to hand it over. I would usually more often than not offer and he would pop into the driving seat. I liked driving and used to. When there are children in the car, mother is relieved of driving, and father takes over. On the whole a man prefers to be driving, if he does.
"My husband would do the gardening, lawns. Always ironed his own trousers; did all the family's cleaning of shoes, he liked doing that. Generally helped to do dishes and things. Perhaps he'd help with preparing a meal sometimes, and particularly when we invited people in. He'd organise things with me and help get drink prepared and glasses and things out. If people came and things weren't quite ready, he'd help to clean up. Particularly if the children had been on the floor during the day; there were last minute things to do. I always felt home should be home - at times not as clean as it should be. Toys would be put to one side, but all however left as a home. Not everything moved out of the room.

"When the occasion arose he would help with the children. There were times when he didn't take responsibilities that I felt he could - later on when it started - that I couldn't get out of the house, unless the family helped with babysitting - he was out at choir, cricket practice, 2-3 other nights and then all day Saturday at cricket. Sunday, both morning and evening services. He did look after them - but perhaps he wouldn't say 'I'm not going out - you go'. I was only able to go as well if his mother said, 'I'll babysit', which she did offer regularly - of course she got pleasure out of minding children. We'd come home and she'd made scones or pikelets for supper.

"A solo parent needs a lot more responsibility, not being able to share with anyone else. Have to decide all your own problems, the many problems that crop up, decisions. The correcting of children; can't say, 'Go and see your father'.

"The children did go to see him for a wee while, till my daughter said she didn't want to, and then my son also decided that he preferred not to continue going out. I left the decisions with them, never indicated any feeling at all; if they wanted to go, it was arranged by mutual agreement with my husband.

"There were a lot of people who didn't know that we had separated, and would say, 'and how's your husband'. I didn't embarrass them any more than was unavoidable. Possibly just indicated that I didn't know, and hadn't they heard that we
were separated. Then of course I'd get streams of condolences, - 'Sorry, I didn't know'. Men on whole are probably more sensitive of the fact that you are on your own. I'm not an outgoing woman, perhaps not the type of person to ring the boys up and say, 'I want to go out'.

"Some friends I used to talk to, discuss it with them. It's very difficult for other people to offer suggestions; but to talk it out with someone is sometimes a little bit of a relief.

"You have to plan your day, understand people in work, keep office problems to the office, and children's problems at home - and not get too tired to be able to cope with all of it! I started gradually, a few hours a week for a company, 9-2.30 pm so I was home in time for the children, and then did a bit longer in hours and had a neighbour mind the children when they got home. I had a housekeeper live in so that she was there when they got home. Gave a little bit of money, free house to a solo parent with one child. She did the cooking, cleaning and washing for me, for her accommodation; I kept her and fed her. At one stage had another woman who I paid to do housework and prepare the meals and mind the children for the hours I wasn't home. Doesn't always work, but it's a convenience, and meant I kept occupied and had my mind off my problems. I tend to become completely involved in something. Essentially it's something else to think of other than yourself. Particularly as I was fairly active beforehand.

"When the children were old enough I did away with having somebody else in the house, and had them just get home and then get things done, homework, or they played till I got home.

"I still do most of the housework. They help with the odd job. I had the son boarding for six years; two different schools, in and around Wellington. Whereas the girl was older and I think perhaps that her problems I could cope with. The boy needed more a male's angle and control. I felt that being in a boarding school for boys he would be able to have this set pattern and a more stricter control. Hope that it's for the benefit of the boy; possibly the answer for me anyhow, but it's fairly expensive. There's not really much ready money. Worth
it if it did better results for him. My husband paid a small amount of maintenance for the children and myself. I kept the house after the divorce for three years, till it became a bit too much to be doing some of the children's activities I was called upon to do at the weekend, and keep up the house and a quarter acre section, and go to work. It was a four bedroomed house and took quite a lot to keep tidy on a weekend when that time was tied up with the children's activities. Going home to be a slave of the chores in the house - that's not good for anyone's morale. So I moved to smaller accommodation by investing in an Own Your Own Flat, which had no outside activities, gardening and the like.

"I've wondered what I would do if I was still married, and not working. I think I'd like to have had something that I was involved in, do things that I mightn't feel I had the time for otherwise - I feel that a woman at home can do a lot more for her home and family than just socialising. She can make life more interesting if she cares to - trying dressmaking, if she hasn't had to, able to do more cooking, provide meals at more leisure. It's very wise to do something, not to have time on your hands. Some perhaps go to work for want of anything to do. Others I'm sure would possibly rather have an easier life and be freer, but because of the relationship of the marriage, they have to go out to work. Perhaps because the requirements of today have gone up, some have to go out to work, where normally they'd perhaps just be at home.

"I think working girls benefit from more conversation, gain understanding, but as long as their working is not overdone, to the detriment of everything that perhaps her duties still should be. As long as she didn't neglect them through her struggle to get somewhere without due thought to whether she was able. I wouldn't be at work now if it wasn't that I had to be providing the ways and means of life - I would be quite happy to be minding my family. To neglect a family to go and work, when it's unnecessary, is where the problem lies, in wanting to do something without due consideration as to how it will affect her other responsibilities.

"I think the husband is still always the breadwinner. I would say in most cases the wife's salary is for the things she
requires as extras, the odds and ends, the colour TVs that aren't able to come from his salary. It can also provide an incentive for a woman to go back - to pay for a little car of her own, perhaps a trip overseas. Two salaries makes a tremendous difference to the general worries of 'where's the next thing coming from, how will we buy the next thing?'

"Taken for granted that my husband was head of the house. I think that it was a thing that we didn't discuss. We discussed a lot of things together, worked out our finances, set aside money for all the different known outgoings. That's something we talked about together, or settled together, putting aside each pay for meeting different accounts when they became due. Certainly had differences of opinion, but generally did discuss things - we worked as a team. I didn't look upon him as a boss, it was a partnership.

"If I was able to make the housekeeping work, then I was able to buy the children things, or something extra for myself. When we occasionally found that something was wanted, that came out of our account for needs that were not planned for.
No joint chequing. The house wasn't joint family, more's the pity. I had provided quite a bit of money from the sale of the family home into our home, and my husband met from his salary the mortgage that we had on the home. We helped to build and paint our own place to save costs. Saved us quite a bit. I did a lot of painting before we moved in. Spent as much time, weather permitting, to get some parts done, which I quite enjoyed. Quite a thrill when it was finished and interesting to see what you're able to do yourself. Things are generally lighter if you don't do that type of thing everyday.

"It's hard to say what went wrong. Built up - from what, I don't know. His feeling was that I wanted more co-operation from him. Duties of looking after the family that he felt - he never had one reason. A lack of co-operation, understanding; that flared up, and the grass looked greener over the fence for him..."
"I haven't thought about remarrying - when you've got two children, not married, not that many men who would take on the responsibilities of that as well. I have had quite a few 'friends' really who have felt free to say, 'Come and have a drink', talk, invited to a dance. I haven't said I wouldn't remarry; it's not impossible.

"My friends now come from the job I'm in, business connections, friends I can go to on behalf of the office. I still have Church activities in which I know people who come there. Live in a block of CYC flats, and I know people there - I'm 'Managing director' of the block, which keeps me fairly busy with the requirements of the flats. You can go for days and not see another tenant, but there's only one lift. Go up and down and see them. Some of my friends that work on the board together, perhaps have a drink on a Saturday with us, or we perhaps with them. I do go to orchestra subscription concerts with friends, with husband-and-wife friend. Our men belong to one or two Businessmen's Clubs; so that they do have contacts through that for business. Go to mix, and meet other men in business, as management consultants you're not any help if you don't know what's going on. When people are at a more relaxed stage, it may lead perhaps to something you can do for them as a company.

"I haven't got time to mix and meet like that. I think if a man wants to go to a club and relax at the end of the day, he should be able to; I don't think there should be an opportunity for women to be there as guests. On the odd occasions perhaps could have a 'Ladies Night'. Wives have time at home to talk with them. Men are quite different in the company of men than they are in mixed company. He naturally pays attention, I'm sure, not only to the conversation, jokes, but feels responsible to the attachment of his wife - does she need attention. Have to drink round a table with all the ceremony, to stand up for a woman and break up a conversation if she happened to think 'I'll come over and join that party'. Men mix and meet quite differently. Not to their detriment that they don't want women with them. Same I'm sure if a club were women only - possibly something that would or should be started - if it's not already going somewhere. For women of business it wouldn't be a bad idea, if it was run properly, and not for social gossip."
Say that because I think at times it's a failing with women.

Interview Three

"My father cried at the bereavement and sickness of my mother, mainly through her being a very sick person. Suffering strain himself, that she would be better to actually die because of the reason that my mother had a stroke, paralyzed her right down the left side, and she lost the use of her speech. Having been such an active person, it was a bit much for a fairly elderly man to stand. Took a lot out of him. Noticeable that he aged quite considerably over the fourteen weeks of my mother's hospitalization.

"I have cried, mainly I would say because I got to such a stage where it was probably an outlet. Now I can feel very sad, but I know that I've got to keep my strength and wits about me.

(Q: Love important in a marriage?)

"Yes. There are several forms of love. I would say that a person can be completely in harmony but it may not necessarily be the same strength of love as another person. Two types of classes - one could be more sloppy, an insincere showing of affection. There can be a very much deeper affection and understanding which can probably have a better result than the love that is just on the surface. To understand your partner and feel sympathy for them. I think it's a big thing. I felt on many occasions that I knew the moods of my husband. Prior to his exams he would be a little bit tense, but if I gave him sympathy and understanding, recognized his particular strain at the time, I felt it was one way of being able to be helpful to each other.

"I think that if both husband and wife have a career, it is an arrangement that should be made between them, or else his work and her work would be clashing on many occasions. If that happened, agreed that she is working, has her loyalty to her job, but also there should be loyalty either way for both parties, if she was required to support him at some function or back him up in his work, be prepared to do so, and he perhaps to her if the arrangement is that they're both happy that each of them is working.
"It's not that way-out to think that a husband couldn't manage the home. I don't know how they'd survive - with people who would be very critical! Though men are better chefs than women, generally. He may not be sympathetic enough to whole-heartedly mind the children, as he should. Generally the make-up of a woman is a factor. At the time of birth she pours out more love to a child than a man is able to do. A man's love for a child is quite often shown in a different way. Would be at times that a man minding children may not have the same approach to the requirements of the child as a mother. Have to be quick and able to cope. I think if he's been brought up not to know much about children, I wouldn't think that he could take on the care of a child on his own. If he was brought up to be minding other younger members of the family, he could take to it quite easily. I don't know of any men who are at home. I do know of people who have looked after the family with mother away. They've done a fair enough job, but the woman has left things really - fridge probably full, clothes folded in the cupboard, and she would probably return to a pile of washing. I keep going back to the way of education. I would very much doubt that a 13-15 year old boy would do anything else than laugh if he was told that later on in life he could be the one at home minding the children while his wife was out working.

"I would feel that if after marriage, which should be a partnership, and the children are arranged for, and the family planned, that the wife would be the one that would mind the children. But I don't see at any time that a man shouldn't be able to help his wife - minding the children, taking them out, to leave the mother to get something perhaps done, allow her a break. I don't agree that the husband should be the one to do the outside work and the wife the inside work. I think it should be arranged, by working together. If they're at all interested in their own home, seeing it improve or grow, the ideal setup is Saturday afternoon in the garden together. Should be a benefit to both of them, and nothing wrong with the children either being outside, playing around with them, or the baby in the pram next to them while they work.

"I don't see the harm in the child being left with others with a nice reputation, a known child-minder, or kindly neighbours
one of a group who take turns minding each other's while one goes shopping, etc. The responsibility I feel is on the mother, and the husband supporting her. If it's a child who is at school, I think a benefit, if it's not possible for it to be the mother, for someone to be at home when they come in and look for their drink and biscuit or fruit. And then they can say what they've done during the day.

"I think a child is able to stand on their own feet by being responsibly treated. I think it wants also to be that the child is considered and agrees to being left everyday after school on their own. I would say it goes back to the beginning of family planning. This should be a consideration, of not 'let's just have children', but space them out, not consider them afterwards.

"I think children are more a bond of love and joy that is shared between a husband and wife, whether it be in health or sickness, you share the problems together. If a child's not well, you can discuss with the father, 'what do you think I should do' - make it a joint responsibility. After all, that's just what it really is. Or should be. The family is a unit.

"I can always remember as a child going to my mother 'Can I do so-and-so, go to so-and-so' and being told to go and ask my father, who would say, 'if your mother says you can, you can'. I have on occasions said 'Yes, that's all right' for them to do something, but if I had felt that something needed to be discussed, not quite sure of what he would think of doing it, I would consult my husband before making a decision, and I think he likewise would answer without consulting me when he thought it wasn't necessary. Give a definite answer at the time. I guess that when the children are told, 'No, you can't', parents should discuss the reason for the 'No' in front of the children, and talk it over. In this way I think the children learn to understand the 'No' possibly because of the danger that they could get into, and didn't foresee, or the problem of them doing something that they hadn't thought of doing. This I'm sure enables the child to grow up and know the reasons for and against things. Just to say a definite 'No' to a child, I think is not adding to your own reason for the 'No' - if you don't say why.
"Support and togetherness. It's got to be a joint effort to bring up children, and these days it's harder I'm sure for one person to bring them up. A lot more temptations for the children, there is a lot more sidetracking from the everyday life of the home. Things are busier, and parents make themselves busier in many cases than they perhaps need to be.

"Today a child sees fighting, and danger to lives on TV, where we are children used perhaps to come home to our swot and our music. Study. And I'm sure a quieter, more relaxed home than some homes these days have. I disagree that the first thing a child does when it comes in is to put the TV on, and sit down and watch it. My own rule is that TV doesn't go on till homework is finished, and perhaps any other jobs that are still to be done. But if the news has an item of importance in it, it would go on for the news, as educational more than anything, and then be put off again. Sometimes I weaken and let them see something after the normal time, otherwise it's bed at the appropriate time for them. Just to stay up and watch a Western, or bank robberies - sleep is much more important.

"I think some mothers are better than others; I also think that everybody brings up their own family differently. In the final analysis I would say that nobody can bring up a child in agreement with others, and perhaps even more so with the in-laws. Not with her. I did things that perhaps she didn't agree with. One or two occasions she would say 'Okay', when I knew she didn't agree with me. But after all, I had to learn the hard way.

"No matter how hard you try not to, there can be occasions, where it can perhaps look like favouritism - because a child needs to be treated differently. Here I can say that with my son boarding, I know that on his weekend at home he would perhaps get more time devoted to him and more attention. But I would not think it tended to be spoiling him, rather indicating that he has a home, and home life to be coming home to. Which I think is essential for him to feel that this is his, even though he's at school. The home with the mother as a base is essential to a young child. My mother didn't work. Women didn't work in those days. I'm sure that if it's not necessary for people to go to work they make it some other way. This was what my mother did, in music, sport - she played a lot of tennis, also
helped collect clothing for poor women. Depression days. My father had crops growing in the garden to be able to go out and pick. Dad enjoyed preparing the vegetables. Saturday roast, he'd put it on, never felt it a chore — just his privilege. He enjoyed gardening; he would come in with the first rose and put it in a vase with pleasure. Pleased always to be able to do the few things that he was able to do.

"We had a nanny to start with. Then mother was very ill, and we had responsibilities when we came home from school because of this. One brother and myself would go regularly to a private hospital when it was time to get fresh dressings for my mother to be using the next day. We would help with the necessary requirements of household chores. We had our piano lessons, and regularly people were invited back to share meals with us after church and have music with supper, things like that, or people visiting on their own.

"It was fairly strict. But not as strict as with my mother's day — and her father made them learn their subjects, for example French, and unless they knew to ask for the things on the table in French, they didn't get them. Certainly it was relaxed for those days, but again I think they also had perhaps more father control, the father in control at the table, where he would be the one who did the speaking. Spoke when you were addressed. Now I'm sure sometimes parents have to be quicker than their children and remind them that children should be seen and not heard.

(Q: Permissive society?)

"I think there's a lot of it going on. Here again I would say that there can be times when sex is a very stupid pastime, but there can be times when it is a decided factor in understanding between two people. There again, I think that it depends on the situation. Got to be a bit more thought sometimes to the consequences of it — and the hurtfulness of perhaps one party.

"There should be as much sex education as possible in schools, taught correctly, sensibly — and as a portion of an educational subject. But by somebody who knows what they're talking about, not just a one-eyed view of an individual school-teacher. I think that opportunities could perhaps be made for more visual treatment on behalf of either doctors or hospital
representatives, who have the knowledge of sex education and
the right angle. But I don't think it's something that's just
left to education and not included in family life training.

"I think in marital life it's necessary to have the under-
standing that one party may be requiring sexual love at the time
more than the other, and must never demand the sexual relationship
unless both parties are more tuned into it, and both feel like it,
I suppose. The wife, say, is too tired, and there are reasons
for her to be very tired, cause her psychologically not to be able
to co-operate, and I think this is where there's got to be mutual
understanding of each other's moods in married life. Got to be
a joint effort. The marriage mustn't be that she turns
opportunities of love and affection down; but there are certain
stages of how far it is necessary for them to go each time.

(Q: Women swearing?)

"I don't think it's necessary. I think - well, it's more
degrading to her to swear than a man. Don't need to do it as
much as sometimes you hear. I think it's sometimes done by
people to think they're smart. I don't agree with the way
children these days pick up swearing, parents I've heard while
shopping. Not that you want them to be prudes, but it's not
everyday English. We can express ourselves differently if we
give some thought to it.

(Q: Women in public bars?)

"Never gone into a bar on my own. Have gone in with
people for a drink, usually with an escort, who would be such
that he would take me where I'd be quite happy to go. Some of
the places like that I haven't been in there to see, and have no
wish to. I have a drink in my home and I allow the children to
have a certain amount so that they're aware of what and when they
should have it, and at no time would I object to them trying.
In fact my family do sip something that I may buy so that they
do at least know what it is. But I would regulate what they
would be allowed to have at what age they happened to be. Show
the children in home life, rather than have them experiment to
their detriment perhaps elsewhere.
"Something happened to me on Monday. One of the girls cut her finger on the guillotine. We went to the hospital, asked for a doctor, went there expecting to see a man — and the person who turned up to see us was a woman, the most charming, capable and thorough in communication and explaining what had happened and what was to happen that I've had yet in any dealings with the hospital. I felt proud of our sex that she was a woman. She has got where I reckon women can get — and I'm sure can stand equal with any other doctors in her field. Also looks attractive. Really hit home to me — how nice it was.

"A man never has a child — the woman does; therefore she has the opportunity of going through something that's very realistic to making life. Men are harder, and I think in some cases, more hardhearted, which puts them in the category of being the stronger. Men can be hard and firm, because of their makeup, whatever it is, where women I think are more sympathetic, but there are times for sympathy and times for understanding. Men don't always see both sides of things. Perhaps we'll marry up together to get wiser.

"As a general rule, I suppose men are more ambitious. Men know they've got to fend for themselves and at a boy's school they educate them for the rest of their life. I don't think it's wrong perhaps for some women to feel that one day they hope to marry and be looked after by the man; so perhaps they don't look more than a few years ahead. Where I think in a man it's more essential for him. At the same time I think that a woman should see a future because if she doesn't marry — if she does or doesn't — perhaps she still can help, or find she's in a position of having to work. Can't live without money and generally find, with a good background, that you can go further, if you're a more sensible person, than somebody who hasn't given it very much thought.

(Q: Change after marriage, and children?)

"Well, you miss the general routine, up for breakfast, out, and back at 5; but it doesn't matter what time of day you're in the home, you find something crops up to be done. Your hours
are very varied. You've got to plan more the type of food you can have with your income, planning meals for the evening with your husband coming home. When you're on your own, you might just have a meal in town and look after yourself. Also had to have consideration working as a team, and not as an individual - don't just think of yourself.

"I enjoyed it. I kept up a few other things, outside activities, things that kept me alert. I was interested in his daily activities. Satisfying, yes, because you saw the advancement of the family, you made a home. I think you look at it differently, because you're watching your home life. The children growing up, the requirements they wanted, new clothes; their little ways; the first word, and then talking, all of which I think can be more enjoyed by the mother than the father because he's not there with them in the day, the period when they're up and about. I think it's really nice if it can be planned that the children are ready for bed when father's coming home, but if he has the opportunity for a little play or sing to them, tuck them into bed, I think he should because they're his as well as hers.

"I made most of the children's clothes; did a bit of knitting. I cooked and preserved with my husband. He enjoyed doing the preserving, cases of fruit at a time, put into the Agee; nice to have shelves full of fruit, really a saving for me - just bring out the bottle for a meal. Good standby.

"I didn't always get done what I might want to because of the children's attentions, which were necessarily first. I'd try to get what I wanted done as well when they perhaps were having their little sleep. I've heard a lot of men say when they have had to mind the children that they're 'going back to work for a rest'. Mainly I think because it's a different type of occupation than what they've been used to. Mother can get very tired too, because she has a more unsettled day. Things haven't worked to plan - she's tried to do everything instead of perhaps a few essentials. I used to think 'I'll get up, do the washing, vacuum the house, perhaps do some sewing' - only have to have a child fall off a swing, or not sleep, and be sick - and none of the things perhaps were done. The unexpectedness of a home life.
"The opportunities can be the same for everyone, but there can be obstacles if you depend on other people. No use knocking your head against a brick wall to get into something if nobody will accept you. Women, for example, wanting to do things without prior homework and thought. Men want to get into top positions and do well, not only for salary, but also for status; but if women want to get into positions they're not in at the moment, they have got to work for it. I've had to work damn hard; I've been lucky, had people round who have been knowledgeable, had my eyes and ears open. I've learnt not even yet as much as I'd like to. I started off without being terribly brilliant educationally - lazy perhaps, but to get where I have now has been through people about me having the knowledge, and I have learnt through them, and I've read and asked questions. I think Women's Lib are rousing women to think a bit more than they have done, but they won't get anywhere unless they're sensible about it. I must admit I do feel ashamed with the things women say they want to do, not having given it thought beforehand; can they cope, and have they trained themselves to equal the standard of the person who is perhaps doing that particular job they can see themselves doing? If they have that, then every chance and opportunity should be there. If she's a woman director, she cannot just walk off the street - she's worked just as hard with her experience, study and training. Will continue to learn as the male director next to her has had to do. If women will do that they will have the opportunity, they can and should be capable.

"I could have gone into a company who perhaps didn't have as much knowledge as the people round about me as I have here. This is perhaps why I say 'lucky', that I was lucky to have got this opportunity to have this type of business that gives me a very wide field of knowledge of other people's problems, and knowing other people's work. A company comes to us with problems, between us as a team we help and suggest ways of remedying the problem. A combined effort, and I enjoy listening in on the ways suggested. By this I learn a lot."
"My health, my friends and my family, and having a job where I can keep these things going. You can't live without friends, without a roof over your head, and without food. My responsibilities in my particular position, with the family growing, giving the children an education. I've gone without some things to provide. And the satisfaction of hopefully seeing them advance in a field where they can stand on their own two feet and go to their particular niches in life.

"There's a lot in life to learn. Sometimes we can get too tired to absorb what was said. We can quite often be self-centred, and feel that our problems are worse than somebody else's. But it's astounded me at times to learn what people have had to go through, and have suffered quietly. I know I've had problems that I haven't always felt I could discuss with other people. Some of that may have been that I was too afraid, perhaps felt that I should know, and I didn't, and didn't like to ask, and later on found that others have been just as ignorant. It would have been better if I had opened my mouth and asked for advice and help. A woman, a mother, a solo parent - I think she has to watch that she doesn't get too independent and not be able to adjust to anyone wishing to join her again, to help in making life happy together. I've found this, I've had to cope with things and when someone's come in and they've been happy to help or do things - I haven't thought, I've been thoughtless - I haven't said 'I have a job to do, would you do it for me?' We've all got to feel wanted, and we all need to be loved in some way or another."
A few months before our meeting, Clare was described in a newspaper series entitled 'Women at Work' as one of the few women to have made it into the higher echelons of commerce. She acknowledged this topical interest as to how she had become office manager in a well reputed firm of business consultants, but she was not keen to be regarded solely in the guise of a successful member of an aspiring class. Nor did she talk of herself as a career woman. For - as far as she is concerned - this path, which has amounted in others' eyes to a career, has not been a conscious choice. Rather, it has emerged as a succession of sensible solutions to situations which she herself did not decide. Had her marriage prevailed, the world of business would have had no lure sufficient to assault the satisfactions of home life. For Susan, the home became something to get out of, and work a means of redressing a centre of gravity which was jarred by her children moving on to school. Work, for Clare, has been carried out in order to make the home - which has been lost. Even now, her children reaching adolescence, and herself in a position to shoulder ambition, her prime concern remains that her homemaking provides the firmest launching pad for her children, 'the satisfaction of hopefully seeing them advance in a field where they can stand on their own two feet, and go to their particular niches in life'.

Because she waxes fulsome in her description of homemaking while she married, the casual mention that her marriage was falling apart before the birth of her second child comes as a shock. Other women speak of days in the home as busy, but routine. To Clare, they offered instead a challenge, the attention she could direct to her own interests and impulses as a working girl now split between a variety of considerations. Instead of a snatched meal in town, she has dinner for several to get ready, her husband's taste and her housekeeping budget (with its special fund for 'unplanned contingencies') to bear in mind. Her days were full, and, because her organization of tasks was subject to the interruption of unforeseeable events in the lives of those connected with her, seemed unpredictable - even exciting.
A child stumbling in play, or beset by a tangled dream; a request from the Fireside group for another cake for the next bring and buy; a damp day and her husband's cricket clothes still not dry for the morrow's play: they all called upon her ability to revise plans, scale down expectations, and rise to the new occasion.

Such flexibility brought her into her present work. Not trained as a consultant, she is recognized by those whose expertise takes them around the country as a worthy backstop, someone who can be counted on to find a satisfactory response to a client's query in their absence, while also keeping the office on an even keel. Her satisfaction in finding herself esteemed in their company does not owe itself to an ambition fulfilled, but in finding that the capability fostered by home life, with the addition of other kinds of knowledge and experience, receives its recompense in the working environment as well. The failure of her marriage has taken her away from the four bedroomed house backed by garden that she hoped to see full, but it has not undercut the way in which she knows herself as an effective person.

She cannot be at home to greet her two children with a drink and a ready ear for their recounting of the schoolday, but she can and has made provision for them in her absence. When they were younger, another woman stood in for her; when she judged her son as needing a male lead she felt herself incapable of giving, she took on the bills for his boarding school, and with her daughter gives him a warm welcome in the weekends. Warm, but not impulsive. The television set remains cold until homework or chores are completed, unless the news contains an item of significance, something 'educative'. She gives them a taste of wine and spirits to accustom themselves to it in a familiar - and private - setting, rather than meet it first in a public place, without the experience to assess their own taste and capacity. It should not be her offspring who reel from the effects of the indulgence other adolescents evince as a sign of maturity. When Clare denies a request, she is at pains to make clear to them her reasons, the undesirable consequence they have not foreseen. It is important to her that her decisions have the ring of reason to them, something she can transmit to her children. When they too come to stand on their own two feet, it should be with a
prudence backed by an experience of making choices, without being forced to decide as a result of having landed oneself in an unhappy situation.

Even then, it should not be irretrievable. Contentment, for Clare, is a matter of fit; discontent, the result of over-reaching, of trying to be or do what one is not or cannot. Rather than allow herself to become upset by plans disrupted, she attempts to complete only what is 'necessary' to the day. Tears may relieve a saturated ego, but they do not add to one's strength in dealing with the situations which have aroused them. Women who complain that they cannot breach executive ranks have only themselves to blame: they come unprepared, or aim too high. When she speaks on the phone to men who ask to be handed on to her superior, she replies without resentment, attempting to save their discomfort (as after her separation her concern is to spare enquirers embarrassment rather than to receive their consolation).

Similarly, the failure of her marriage is not something to be held against her husband. To bear a grudge would eclipse the capability and providence supporting present and future, the long shadow of the past catching them in the sticky secretions of emotions which have become too powerful, too autonomous. Clare translates her feelings instead into consideration of others, with an eye to the relationships which connect them. Reflecting that she may have grown so independent that interested men may feel themselves held at spanner's length, her uneasiness is couched as much in feeling that others need — as she does herself—to be active, useful, wanted, as it is in her desire to find herself once again in partnership, the endeavour shared.

In explaining the end of her marriage, her focus is not the actual relations between herself and her husband so much as their individual appropriateness for marriage — as an institution in which she felt at ease, he did not. Its requirements of mutual concern vivified her; they disquieted him. Rather than he letting her down, a more satisfying explanation is provided her in perceiving him to be unwilling to give to marriage all that it demands.
Decisions made by oneself are one thing; to settle upon something with oneself in mind another. Clare has a good job because she responded responsibly to the need to provide for her children, not because she was self-promoting. She ascribes the ambition in the men around her, both colleagues and clients, to a desire to succeed on behalf of their firm, their family (their responsibilities); to perceive it as self-serving, as Howard, her insurance seller does, would be to undercut her work and her capability with an untenable edge of cynicism.

For it is as an individual exercising her strength and knowledge on behalf of a purpose larger than herself, not self-set, that she knows herself, and may extract meaning from circumstance. From an early age she has been accustomed to sharing responsibility. Fetching her mother's dressing from the hospital with her brother remains a clear detail (as, later on, their turn and turn about caring for an ailing father). She accepts positions requiring her attention and skills within each group she joins; serving on committees as an acknowledgement of her membership, rather than the reluctant acceptance others make of duties regarded as onerous. Her satisfaction does not wholly derive from a title bestowed, though she is proud of such recognition, nor from presiding over others. What gives her satisfaction is to be able to join in a joint effort which will bear fruit – provide a new amenity, ease loneliness, or put on a concert. She visualizes the firm she works in as a team, specialists who pool resources, learn from one another, share information in order to provide the fullest solution to a client's problem. Like the men we have so far encountered, appreciation by those she considers as peers is important and sustaining to her. The difference is that the men place themselves against those others who have selected the same area of activity and made a success of it (and hence of themselves). Clare, in contrast, feels that she has found herself amongst colleagues who are drawn together, complementing each other's different talents and experience, attracted to the carrying out of a purpose which is mutual.

It is in this complementary light that marriage retains its attraction, and her ability to talk of the routine of her own the wistfulness which belies its duration. Marriage provides purpose which is as much to be responded to in the present as
in the future, maintained in day to day details as in far reaching ideals. Husband and wife fit together in complement, the former undertaking the responsibility of providing the financial base for the joint enterprise, the latter, that of furnishing a foundation adequate to the success of the children who mark the relationship as they affirm its design.

Indeed, the children continue to underline the pattern of Clare's life. The loss of that relationship which called forth capabilities on so many different levels, often simultaneously, has not led her to renounce its desirability, or possibility. Perhaps because she has found that in her job and on her committees, her ability to provide and respond continues to be in demand.

Her ideal remains a sunny Saturday, out gardening with her husband, the children playing nearby as their parents work together to ensure the productivity of plants (vegetable and flower alike). It is not dispelled by either the more common likelihood in the past of discovering her husband on the cricket pitch nor her present flat's absence of garden, of controlled growth (a garden is too much for a person 'on their own' to maintain). The ideal remains, for she has remained competent throughout, responding to the particularity of each situation, and in so doing, gaining a sense of who she is: for which purpose.
Chapter 5. 

YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP GOING

JOAN
JOAN - Introduction

Between the Beefroom and the Boningroom in the freezingworks lies the Pretrimroom, a small cul de sac in the processing of carcasses to meat. About ten people work there, each inspecting a designated area of the body for any remaining fat and hair, cutting them off as they go. It is a monotonous routine, but one requiring close attention. When I came to talk to the women and men working there, they were uncertain whether I provided a relief or a distraction. Joan told me then that she drifted off into a world of her own to evade boredom; and in contrast to other, larger departments in the freezingworks, this room was largely without the noise of voices raised against the clatter of the chain. But as I asked one woman about her job, the three other women would crane to listen, and then add their own comments. Joan was softly spoken, a rueful grin often tugging at the corners of her mouth. During tea and lunch breaks this group of women remained together, joining a number of other women who worked in the Boningroom. They discussed stories in the newspaper, swapped anecdotes of other people, or of their own, mostly adult or adolescent children, and kidded each other about what they did with their spare time. Joan listened more than spoke, exuding a warmth which made her a sympathetic audience, and commentator for others with more to relate. When I visited her in the off-season, she was privy to the newly discovered diabetes of one of her workmates, and giving advice and moral support to another who had asked her help in landing a temporary job. She valued her privacy; but if someone else valued her attention and time, she did not keep them to herself.

Her house was similarly comfortable: neat, bright, uncluttered. We sat at the kitchen table, the winter sun catching the edges of our coffee cups. Her younger daughter, Maureen, joined us on the first visit, and my notebook stayed in my bag. If she was present on the other occasions I came, she stayed within earshot, occasionally interjecting. Between mother and daughter there was the close, jocular affection of a long friendship, a long sharing of petty adversity.

Since this first meeting was not recorded at the time, and so does not form part of the text for Joan, it merits a description
here. The subjects of conversation were largely Joan's children and her ex-husband.

She had three children, Maureen at fifteen the youngest. Her son Tony lived with them, and she encouraged him to bring home both his mates (to tinker with their cars in the garage) and his girlfriends. When I arrived, he occupied the lounge with his current girl, 'having a bit of a cuddle' as they watched television. That particular affair seemed to be on its last legs, and Joan felt sorry for the girl, had tried to encourage her to develop some interests and activities of her own so that Tony would not fret at her dependence on him. He had toyed with the idea of an apprenticeship to a motor mechanic, but, liking the outdoor life too well, was content to labour for the city council, planning to save some money to set out with a mate on a working holiday of Australia and New Zealand.

Joan's older daughter had married when she was twenty, and had just left her husband for a married man. Maureen, in the light of the breakup of her own parents' marriage, had refused to speak to her sister since. But Joan sighed, saying that her daughter had probably married too young, since outstripping her husband, nice though he was. More to Maureen's point, the man she was now living with had already made up his mind to leave his family before they met: so she had not caused the severing of that marriage. Her daughter was happy; her own marriage without children, without responsibilities; she was over twentyone, free to make her own decisions. Maureen was upset at this, and there followed a significant interchange. Joan reiterated, as much to herself as to her younger daughter, that "We can't get involved. It's really her business. All we can do is state our opinion." Maureen: "And that means accepting everything you see people doing!" Joan halted the discussion, "You wouldn't want people telling you how to live your life, would you?"

Maureen certainly would not. Just turned fifteen, she was eager to leave school, eager to earn her own money and feel herself independent. She was already working part-time in a local hamburger bar (and buying her mother small extravagances years of juggling with a tight budget would not let Joan afford herself). Joan enlisted my aid in warning her to stay at school,
to put up with the restriction of the classroom if she wanted a job more interesting than her mother's, and there was no doubt she did.

Joan wondered whether her concern to do the right thing by her children did not smother them. They had been the main thing for her in her marriage, and were so still. In fact she felt she had remained in an unhappy marriage because of the children, enduring till they were able to stand on their own two feet. She spoke of her ex-husband with impatience; Maureen with some venom. In their recounting of the marriage, it was obvious they had been over its history and collapse many times. It rang as fresh as ever, and would stand further repetitions. Despite its bitter tenor, life after the marriage collapsed had not been easy. Said Joan, it was "a matter of you've got to keep going, and somehow you wonder how you do."
"My parents were Roman Catholic, used to go to church every Sunday. I was baptized RC. Had two brothers. Then my mother ran away when I was five with somebody, and took the youngest brother with her. Left me and the older brother. From there I went to Palmerston North with my father and brother. We were put into foster homes. My father was a greenkeeper at the golf course, then he worked in the flour mills. I went to so many primary schools I can't remember them. Only once stayed in one place for six months. The foster parents were very religious, mostly elderly, mostly Salvation Army. Dad told me my mother had died. My brother started to fret for my mother apparently, and Dad brought him down to Wellington to my mother. Dad said he'd gone to a health camp. Then I went to an aunt in Wanganui who had a farm, I was 10 then, and I boarded with her. Very hard life. Very strict. Had a big family of her own. She was a widow. Presbyterian, very religious. But then I went to Intermediate at Wanganui, and then my father remarried. I finished Intermediate at Palmerston North, and then I went to the Girls High School.

"I couldn't get on with my stepmother. Bloody awful to her I think. Dad and I were very close. Almighty row with her one night - I don't even know what it was about. I was a perfect little bitch when I think of it. Dad said 'If you don't shape up, ship out', and he told me about Mum, that she was still alive. Then I went to stay with a friend of Dad's, RC again, very Irish, and I left college, and was apprenticed to a tailoress. I wanted to stay at school, I didn't want to leave.

"Then this Irish lady told me if I wanted to get in contact with my mother, she'd bring me down to Wellington and let me meet my mother eventually. That's what did happen. I was 15 and then I lived at home with mum. My stepmother and father, they'd had one boy of their own in the meantime; and I don't know, things weren't bloody good there. I was welcomed with open arms by my stepfather, who was an alcoholic, and me being religious and whatever, just seeing everything right and proper; 'just don't drink, smoke, swear' - anything naughty
like that. Strangely enough I never went out with boys. Not interested. Mum tried to encourage me to go out with boys - I wouldn't do that.

"Brother next to me introduced me to my husband. I was still at school and he used to live down the road. He got transferred from his job at Palmerston North to Wellington. When I did go out with him, had another blazing row with my stepfather. Lovely when you talk like that. My cousin and myself went flating together in Wellington; that went on till my husband got engaged, and then he broke off the engagement. In the meanwhile his mother and father had separated, and he was flating at Petone, I think - that many years ago, for goodness sake! I wasn't talking to my mother or stepfather at this stage - talking through my brother. And then I left the flat with my cousin - she got married, and then I came out and lived at the Koburn hostel. We got married when I was 19. No dough. None. Very happy, very much in love - all peaches and cream. We got a flat in Berhampore. My husband was at the Ngauranga Freezing Works; and then we were married six months and I got pregnant with the eldest girl. We got a house in Petone, a rented house. From there everything seemed to go wrong. He left the Freezing Works, and was driving trucks; and he used to go away shooting a lot. He loved the great outdoors, fishing and that sort of thing. What went wrong there, I just don't know. He was mucking round with women from there. What the hell did he do then? I was working - we had no money. I worked when the baby was three months old, and my brother left home, he couldn't get on with my stepfather either, came boarding with us. That helped the family budget no end. Got another boarder in to help the dough. He got in partnership with someone, car sales yards. Never home very much then.

"Period of four years, and then I was pregnant again with the son, and he resented it. He didn't want any more children. I cheated, I wanted a big family. Tony was born, and it seemed to come right a bit. He stayed home a bit more. Lady over the road used to look after them for me while I worked. He wasn't dishing out any dough but the bare essentials. But he was good for the kids, a good father. For about two years it was good. We seemed to be getting ahead a bit as far as money went. Had a nice car.
"He got a travelling job, away two out of four weeks, and it was back to him playing up again. Brother left and got married. He wasn't a very successful marriage. He'd got a girl pregnant. That didn't last. Six months after that baby was born, he came back to live with me, brought the baby back. Caused a few complications, never mind. My mother took the baby and adopted her. Second girl was born - I don't know, she just appeared, something that happened. He was very, very resentful of her. I didn't want her either to start with. Once it was rolling, everything was different. Knew that we didn't have a very happy marriage; so it wasn't very fair bringing more kids into the world.

"We got notice that our house had to be pulled down. Had to find other accommodation, came over here, which I absolutely loathed and detested. It felt like the end of the bloody world. And he was absolutely fantastic for two years, a real beauty. He really played the game. I was still working all through this, mucking round - factories, whatever I could get - to help out. Cleaning at night. We got a few bob together. Bought a second hand shop in Petone. And then, just in 1969, I discovered that he was messing round. I put it to him - Stop, or go on, or - whatnot. He said he couldn't make up his mind to run away or stay. Xmas - New Year, 1970 - he left - a married woman with two children. He came back and went about seven times all bloody charming. Then he didn't give us any dough for ages. I was still working. Got the job at Gear. My brother was a foreman, and he said the money was good. Which it was.

"God, I nearly went bloody crazy. I lost four stone, had to go away for a week. The eldest girl looked after the two kids. If I hadn't gone, I would have gone crazy. Eldest girl got engaged. My husband wouldn't contribute to any part, he didn't want her to get married or to go with this guy, a business man in Petone. In October 1971, I burnt down the bloody garage and landed myself in hospital six weeks, thought I'd need plastic surgery. Managed to pull through. Another kick in the bum. Pam got married in 1972 and he wouldn't sign any papers - I had to do all that.
"Dad was very strict, and the foster homes, well, there's no love there. Home and shelter, food. My mother was very soft, still is, no discipline very much at all. We're great mates, I'd do anything for Mum. Father and I get on well. With my stepmother it's similar with my mother. When I look back to how I treated her, how stupid. She's a really wonderful person. They've got six boys of their own now.

"Pam is very good with cooking and sewing, all that sort of thing. Very reliable kid, very dependent. Maureen, she's more the tomboy, plays with the boys. She's more full of life than the eldest girl, who's very like me - very quiet sort of kid. When she was a teenager she never ever went out, only ever met one guy, the guy she married. She was happy to sit home and knit. Maureen is 'let's go out, go out and do something!'

"My husband was the only man in my life. He'd been out with other women before he met me. Had a fairly social sort of life. He didn't do very much at all. He was very good while they were babies. Flatly refused to wash dishes. But cooking on Sunday nights was his affair. Used to go away camping, all the holidays we could afford. Very good father, I can't fault him as far as that went. Wonderful - when he was home. I think personally he was strict. Had no end of trouble over this. I never hit the kids. Maureen only whined and next you know, she'd get a bloody good crack. You know.

"He didn't help with the ironing, that sort of thing. Nothing domestic at all. Yet the bugger does it for this woman. That's what gets up my nose. He rings up occasionally. I was hurt and bitter at first. Not too much now, it's all gone. Children don't see him that often - they're not very interested. My boy, who I thought would be, hadn't spoken to him for three years, then he was on - three meetings, and he's gone off him again.

"He gave me housekeeping, that's all. I'd clothe the children myself, and buy any extras we needed. He was very tight with money, as far as the house went. Made it quite clear that it was none of my business - he was the gun and I was the housekeeper. I think it should be fifty/fifty. Too much
for one. It's a joint family home. We capitalised on the
two eldest children. He had his cheque account and I had my
Post Office. Since he's gone I've opened up a cheque account
of my own. And it's just the last two years that he's paid
the rent and the rates on the house. I never received any
money before then. Mind you, I was independent - jam it up
his nose. Do it myself. Then I thought, 'No, why should I?'
I saved the housekeeping from the day I married him till the day
he walked out of the house.

"I blamed him. He did all the nasty things. But it
takes two to make an argument. I was cold. No end of
argument as far as sex was concerned, and I know I put the kids
first, always did. Hard to have sex unless you feel very
feminine. A lot of it I think was my fault, but I couldn't see
it. Need own interests in marriage - most definitely. The
kids, that was my whole thing. I had nothing; didn't make
very much effort to do anything. True. I didn't really
have the time.

"Now it's different altogether. I play golf, for fun,
to get out of the house. I like it, love it, I don't know why.
Can march round the golf course, mind can be a complete blank.
Always had the yearning to play golf. Thought it was far too
expensive and only ladies played golf. Anyway, my brother at
the Freezing Works, he plays. When my husband left us, he was
absolutely fantastic, did as much as he could to help. He's
a golfer.

"Got a great deal of pleasure out of getting the house
all painted and papered and whatever. I'm more relaxed, get
more pleasure out of things. It doesn't take much. Don't go
out at all. Pick up my mother, burst up to Levin for the day,
something like that. Maureen and I spend a bit of leisure time
together. The movies, something like that. We both loved
dancing, but I don't go out, always feel stupid. Other women
are saying 'keep your eyes off my man'. Difficult unless you
really know them well. Then you get people looking sideways
as if to say, 'I see'. Not invited out by many couples.

"Most of our friends had lived over here - and they've
dispersed in different directions. They invited me out occasion-
ally. I'd brass them off - I don't mix very well. Made more
friends at Gear, though I don't mix very well round there, haven't got the time as you can imagine. We play golf occasionally, have a day in town - nothing extravagant. Our friends wouldn't have anything to do with my husband after we broke up. Why I don't know. Liked him as a person before. Shouldn't make any difference.

"I don't really know any men - only the guys at work. I'd like to. More especially now, not so much when my husband went. I was too busy getting on with my life with the kids. Now they're grown up, I'd like to meet someone along the line, I'd really like to meet somebody. Just somebody, if I wanted to go to the movies. Wouldn't want to get involved. I'd put up a bit of a barrier. Bit frightened of being hurt again because I was rapped very hard. Not the be all and end all. Most of the jokers that I would meet through work, rush you into bed. That's just not on.

"A friend is somebody that you can pour your heart out to and enjoy a joke. Know that they really care about what's going on and they're interested; somebody who's there if you ever need them. About all, I'd say.

"Not a fan for female company. Bitches, most of them, catty, always snide - 'I've done this, I've got that', trying to make you feel like a bloody peasant. Men don't seem to put you down. They're not particularly interested. I don't know a bitchy man, anyhow. But most men are bloody self-opinionated, love to hear themselves spout. Basically selfish. They want it all their own way. And too much. A woman's got to share if she's married with a family, got to put her family first; be it husband or children. Husband is more likely to say 'I need it, why the hell shouldn't I have it?'. I know between my husband and myself there were differences. Don't know that many men; know my brother, we're very close. I'll jump into something - they would always think it through. If I'm wanting something done, I want it done now, not tomorrow or in a week. They'd sort it through, think it through.

"I think women show their emotions more than a man; wouldn't say they were more emotional. Seems to be men's dues to be aggressive. I think that the opinion of most men is that
women are the weaker sex. Yesterday - I was lifting a big heavy bag of dirty washing, helluva heavy, and this manager said 'Don't ever do that again'. I said 'For god's sake, I lift bags of coal and cement at home'. He laughed, thought I was pulling his leg, seemed to think it was all a lot of wool or something. I don't like aggressive women, they're not very nice to know. I think that the man should be the breadwinner, and woman look after the family, home, and him until the family is no longer dependent on her, and then let her do her own thing. When it could be compatible, a great idea to switch roles. Depends on the individual. Some women are definitely more maternal than others, let's face it, same as some men - it's in you. I wanted to have a baby as soon as I was married, and that was before I'd had any babies. Not all women have it.

"Can't imagine marriage without the kids. I think you'd become very bored with yourselves just two of you, and you have to live together for the rest of your lives. Get a lot of fun from kids. They grow up so different, become individual people. Gives you a great kick when they do something with their lives. You had something to do with it. Great thrill when they're toddling; start to take notice of things. Enjoy them as they are now, get a great thrill out of being a grown up. Not a great deal of pleasure in the middle years - I wasn't here to spend a great deal of time with them.

"If you had a good marriage, you wouldn't need to have any state support. If you wanted extra, surely to goodness the husband could look after the children, while you went out. Most good marriages, the husband can provide for all the extras.

"Shopping was my department. He always bought all the furniture though. I wasn't consulted first, which I resented. I love looking at furniture, all that jazz - even if I don't buy it. I hate groceries. I just write a note, go in - forget the note, and I forget something. It's the sameness, every week. No sort of variation, and you know you've got to buy these things."
"Husband drank. Five out of seven nights he was at the pub. Real man about town. Used to be a terrible gambler too, always on Saturday night. I didn't go into a pub till I was 30 - a good girl! Never smoked till then. Yes, I enjoy it when I do go, enjoy the atmosphere. I love eating out, playing ladies. Go to the Lounge, with escorts, mostly a group, never go with just me and someone else. Then it's for some reason, like a birthday, wedding anniversary. Don't drink with the sheilas at work - only that the ones I like are non-drinkers. Drink in moderation; a spot at home. The other ones are not my cup of tea - besides that work's too bloody hard to be drinking - the way they do, anyway. I don't see any bloody need for women to be in public bars. Men need somewhere, a night out with the boys, without their wives. Whatever they do. Well, they seem to think they can talk to boys, all get together. If they meet at home, women are there, and they want to talk man talk. Seem to think in a pub they can do this, and they can.

"Women should have night out too, a hen party or something. No, I haven't been out with a group of women. Only ever been out with mates of my own, two or three of us. Talk about sex, kids, clothes, knitting and sewing, things that men are not really interested in.

"Those bloody men at work treat me like their mother. They talk about kids' problems, wives - what would I do or say? I don't know. Mostly about work, TV. I don't think men and women have got enough in common; that's why they put one another on different places. If we could talk to one another and communicate better - lack of communication, that's the bloody downfall of everything. If we really listened to what each party had to say, instead of scoffing and laughing...

Interview Two

"As far as Pre-trim goes, the men hate it there. Men don't like doing piddly things like Pre-trim; rather trim something, bit more to get their teeth in. Know women have a different attitude to work altogether. They prefer women in the Pretrim room because they're more particular as regards leaving meat etc. I just stand there and turn off, think of
other things; men, half an hour there, and they've had enough.

"All there for ding. Men working to keep the home together, the breadwinner, or so they like to think they are; women for perk money, a little bit extra in the home. Unless you're a loner and it does for everything.

"Men always reckon that they don't understand us, reckon we're a moody lot, don't they. I don't think we're complicated at all. Don't think they take the time to understand. Well, I think a woman can understand a fellow, a husband, better than a husband understands a wife. I think you get to know their moods, know what they like, what they don't like. I think a woman, a wife, does far more than her husband; wife's doing everything to please her husband - silly bitch. Puts herself out to understand him. Don't think a man puts himself out as much to understand his mate.

"Yes, I think if they put themselves out a bit more to understand the opposite sex - I'm very intolerant of women myself; listening to them talking, what she did, or bought.

"A woman always has the children, doesn't she. Just a thing men seem to think they're entitled to. Really evolved through the ages. Man isn't tolerant enough to stay home and look after children, anyway. Let's face it, you have to be tolerant of the kids, of the whole bloody thing. Can't imagine men taking the place of the wife, can you? Let's face it. He wants to do something different. Well, I think a lot of it's in the nature of the person, when you're old enough to choose. Just going by my own personal experience - knitting, cooking and all that, not what I wanted to do when I was just a little girl. You fall into a niche somehow unless you know what you really want to do.

"Men look at it in an entirely different way than a woman. The arguments when the old man and I would go for a holiday with the kids: He thinks of the ding, anything to do with the car and I would think of food and clothing. An example, really. His department and mine. And all hell broke loose if either one of us was departing from our own old way.
"If you're happy, I'd really say the basis of a good marriage is the children and getting the home together. Should be mutual really. Although in my case the children were my big thing, and I know the job was my husband's. Children at the moment are the main thing in life, but if he were still here with me at this stage, I think he would be the main thing - given their ages now.

"I like a man to be - can't think of a word. Not masterful - very confident, decisive; sort of stand up for himself and family, whatever. But a woman to a lesser degree. I would feel a woman being like that - in a woman it's more like they're bombastic if they get that attitude, I'm afraid.

"Hate to see a weeping man, men that cry at the drop of a hat. My husband was a whopper. Guess he's the only one I've come across, not had much to do with men to be candid. Can't imagine the men at work bursting out into tears! If you stand up there and really say something - I'd cry, wouldn't be with rage, all emotional; then men say, 'Look at her, only emotional'. We're not a bit confident about speaking. The men make you feel as if you're definitely a dingbat. Can stand up with all the confidence in the word, see that sea of faces - 'Cod, what am I doing here'. Never do it again. Unless you're very forceful or very confident, and a good speaker, it's no good standing up at those Union meetings. You're cried down. They can make you so humiliated. Laughing at you.

"He taught me to drive. I couldn't. Things were pretty good until we married, and it all started. He was actually a driving instructor at one stage of the game. Jack of all trades

"I love it - the feeling of 'I can go and do what I want to do'. Love going away on a trip by myself, and putting the old foot down. I don't like being a passenger.

"I would describe a good joker as being thoughtful for a start as regards his family. Would do you a good deed rather than a dirty one - going by my next door neighbour. He's a mighty joker - good to his wife, thinks the world of his family; he's after 25 years of marriage still rapt in his wife - nothing wouldn't do for her. His whole attitude is for the family. If he can help me, does it without wanting to rip me into bed
- that's what I like about him. Very concerned that the family is happy, and does all he can to help. And not only his family.

"Everyone's not completely equal. I think the ones who have money make it known they've got the dough, that they're a little cut above us or the ordinary worker. Make you feel like peasants. If you really worked hard, I think the opportunity's there.

(Q: Family play sports?)

"Maureen does - she goes swimming in summer, and plays tennis in winter, and netball. Tony was very sportsminded at school - since he left, he hasn't bothered. With Dad, he was going every Saturday, you know. If he wants me to, I could be more interested. Maureen used to play soccer, thrown that up, I don't know what happened. I think it's great. Teaches them to join in, meet other people, too. Learn that you can't win all the time - just try your best, and work in with a team.

"I've been Union delegate in the clothing trade - suppose I was there when they started the thing, that's why. Used to play netball, served on the committee there. Boy was in cubs - I was never there. What else. I was on the social committee at work when I worked over here once. I rather enjoy it, yes - something different. Not if it's all organized, what you do and don't do. Trying to help them get ahead mostly. Parents' Association - I don't like it - basically again, all bloody women, bitching about their kids not getting a fair go - yuk! Not a fan for these clubs with a lot of women. Maybe I should have been a man.

"Parents, I don't think they take the time to understand the kids and what they want. Kids need to talk about things. Be a bit more tolerant with them - be their mates, or friends or whatever. There's a lack of communication really with them. They put down their foot and say 'No', won't give them any reason why. Because they don't do it, they think their kids shouldn't do it.

(Q: Should a couple get married if baby on the way?)

"No, because that's not any reason for marriage, merely
because of a baby. Just something that happened, and I don't think a baby should be the reason to get married.

(Q: Abortion?)

"Should be up to the woman's personal self, her decision. Don't think it has anything to do with bloody parliament.

"A man, to my way of thinking, can go with many women, and it means nothing - just a matter of sex as it is, but a woman - couldn't drop their drawers for everyone - put it that way. Got to have some emotional feeling for him, I think. But I think a lot of marriages fall down because of that - one doesn't know what it's all about.

"Love, Cathy, there are all sorts of different loves: loves for children. Well, I love them, my kids, because they're mine - they're my very own. Pride I suppose, as far as kids are concerned. The love you feel for your husband. Fascination admiration, I suppose, and you don't really love nice things, just like them. Being mercenary then, isn't it.

"I believe in fate - how can I explain it. If I wasn't there at this particular time, it wouldn't have happened. You were there, and that's why it happened. If it had been five minutes later or earlier - No, I think that's the way it is."
Neither insurance salesman would be keen to gain Joan as their client. There is scant reward for them in a woman in her forties, supporting herself and providing a home for several of her children through a job which is repetitive and prospectless, in an industry beset by the vagaries of foreign markets. Joan does not expect work to hold its own intrinsic interest; she values it for what it allows her to provide her children, the continuity whose absence she feels has scarred her own growing up. Work is a necessary means to an end which is not herself, but those she has brought into the world. Even her married life has been corroded by having to find a handy job, often the most mundane, in order to supplement her husband's confinement of his provision to what he regarded as the essentials.

The family spelt to her husband (as it did to Clare's) a threat to the pursuit of his own interests. It dug into his time and attention, and more crucially, into the money he earned, frequently by working on his own account. The breakup of Clare's marriage was comparatively clean cut, understood, and happening at a time when her initial working experience, which had taken her into work she found stimulating and respected, was not too far behind her. But in Joan's, the sourness which had replaced the original idyll of 'peaches and cream' etched itself in over a long ten years. In its final eruption she lost four stone, felt as if she were going crazy: had to take off on her own, leaving behind her the children who were, and are, the touchstone of her existence. Well, the weight has once again solidified; her world regained both bottom and horizon, its air of familiarity - but her marriage, and its failure, remain opaque.

Subject as it is to daily experience and practice, a marriage cannot rest solely within the feeling that a couple has for each other, but needs to extend itself in some project which, while shared, demands a different response from each, changing over a period of years. Children furnish such a purpose, and are the expected outcome of, and companion to, most marriages. But in both Clare's and Joan's marriages, this solution to the problem of sustaining a transcendent regard for one another, love,
seems instead to have overturned itself, exposing itself as first threat, and then end to that originating regard. The two husbands, for their own reasons, did not find in their children the enjoyment, purpose and satisfaction which still gratifies their wives: and which, because it is so fundamental to Joan, renders her ex-husband's attitude incomprehensible.

Joan looked forward to an ease in marriage which would support a large family. Her husband was content to stop after the first child. She 'cheated' to obtain another; the third, however, comes unintentionally. Her yearning was not just for the children as an end in themselves, but also for the evidence they could provide - to herself as much as any onlooker - of her having achieved a marriage fruitful and solid enough to support more than the complement of children adhered to by other parents. She was also redressing her own past: the stability of her parents' marriage broken across the back of an extroverted attention, leaving their child to change hands many times, continuity replaced by a lacklustre reduction to physical essentials of care, allowing none of the latitude she likes to give her own children. How ironic, then, that the man she chose as her husband did not share her concern, and in providing for his family only bare means, ensured she must leave her children to work. The monotonous nature of the work she could find, one suspects, inspired a continual reminder that its purpose was the children her husband did not sufficiently provide for - and not the marriage itself. Looking at his penchant for small businesses, her husband may also have had a project which he hoped marriage would bring to fruition, and likely that the arrival of the first child within the first year of marriage relegated his desire to be his own boss, his own man, to the ignominy of a back seat driver.

So the children turned the partners' attention in opposite directions. Also militating against mutuality was a strict subdivision of the work of the marriage into spheres which the other partner entered reluctantly - he with the children - or on sufferance, she into his domain of moneymaker and allocator. But it is less important that these divisions were not shared than that they were not in fact as autonomous as they appeared. Although the children and the house were Joan's to look after,
she had no say in deciding their needs. Her husband took that assessment upon himself. Unlike Clare and her husband, who sat down together to settle their resources amongst the demands of their unit, Joan's voice was not heard until after he had decided, so coming as a complaint, a nagging from outside that what had been done be undone, or redone. Amendments unlikely, she went out to work instead, and endured the furniture he chose without consulting her, who must spend more time with it than he. One of the first things she did after he finally departed was to assert her own choice: she repapered and painted, browsing in furniture stores to see what she could buy when she eventually braved her own strict budget.

When her husband did make an entrance into the sphere to which she devoted her attention, the children, he seemed to her to do it not for their sake, or because he enjoyed their company, so much as to satisfy his own need for recognition. He gave, all right, but in patent order to get for himself. His interest was unsustained; so it came to bear the force of an interruption. In contrast to the tolerance she maintained, he was impatient, would hit rather than endure, leave rather than explain his stands when underwriting, giving reasons is as important to Joan as it is for Clare, and toward much the same end of developing independent thought in their offspring. But for children to be meaningful, a certain level of interaction must be maintained. While their centre was the house, his was outside: in his businesses, his sports, his drinking, his friends - and his other women.

It was only as the marriage wore thin, the women he dallied with solidifying into one, maintained over a period of years - unsuspected - that Joan's patience finally brought her into a showdown. She had persisted with the marriage because of the children who were to bear witness to the strength of the relationship - but as they grew older, the situation did not become more tolerable. Joan had thought that her children should be the main focus for her energy in their early - founding - years. Their dependence lessening, she would gravitate back to her husband. The simultaneous involvements with children and husband engaged in by other married women had become serial,
largely because her husband did not find in the children a purpose to spur his own, as other married men often do. They were instead an obstacle, competitors for his earnings and his wife's ministrations.

When he did act within the family domain, he treated it in the same manner as one of his autonomous, exterior schemes: as if it were an individual rather than joint undertaking. In not consulting Joan, he insulted her, rendering his feeling for her doubtful. When love is felt to be present, permeating activity, individual actions are not up for questioning. If love is drawn into doubt, they become objects of a sceptical judgement, a suspicion which continually bears upon them the shadowy light of what is (now) felt besmirched, lost.

So when he bought and furnished a new house, and appeared to mend his erring ways, she saw his activity as making up for his deficits of time and provision (in the light of her own purpose, the children, as family) - and the latter was even more substantial, undeniable, leaching away her own feeling, her regard, for him. If she attended to him, his wants and needs seemed even more at the (her) children's expense. For both wife and husband, children and spouse came to oppose and vie with one another for attention in a manner which debilitated the significance of those activities which underlined their own sense of self. It may be no accident that her ex-husband now carried out domestic deeds for his new partner; or, formerly insistent on his own business, he now stacks groceries for this woman's father.

But the new house proved only a respite, a novel setting which momentarily aroused interest - only to reemphasize to Joan her husband's lack of regard for her, and hence, her children. For the site, the decoration and fittings had once again been decided upon by her husband, acting on his own. She disliked them all. Instead of diverting suspicion into action, the house supported it. The weight of accumulated evidence snapped the relationship apart, at last.

The children remain: as much hers as ever. In what they do, who they become, she can decipher her own presence: what she has done, who she has become - what the doing has amounted to.
Clare is concerned that her children be successful, aware of where they want to be as adults early enough to bend themselves towards the requisite training. Joan hopes that her children will be happy. She sees childhood and adolescence as realms of experience which are valid in themselves, providing a foundation for adulthood, but not solely accountable to that end. Their ideas, delights and problems are their own. And as someone set to work before she was disenchanted with school, Joan is determined that such decisions will be left up to her children to make in their own time, in their own readiness. In the meantime she will attempt to provide them with a tolerant base. Rather than attempt to delimit their encounters, she encourages them to conduct their affairs at home. So her son and his friends take up half the garage with the cars they tinker with; his girlfriend comes round to hold hands with him in front of the television set, while his mother and sister remain in the kitchen. Her son-in-law, visiting, carried in the rubbish tin as casually as if the chore were regular.

She frets about her children, but grins as she admits it. Shrewdly, she countered Maureen's impatience with school with the suggestion that she use her holidays to find amenable work; her daughter learnt for herself, through her own efforts, that she had been too quick off the mark - unless she wanted the kind of job her mother feels her own lack of training has confined her to. Maureen returned to school. Joan watched her son lose interest in his girlfriend, as she paid increasing attention to him, and she encouraged the girl to develop her own interests, lessen the dependence on him which was stifling their relationship.

What Joan has in mind by 'own interests' is a number of marks by which a person could be distinguished from those he or she is related to, or comes into contact with. They emerge by comparison with other people, and - at least partially - in order to lubricate those relationships. For it is in her direct involvements with others that Joan finds her life meaningful, either enhanced, as with her children; or doubted, as with her husband, or those who see in her 'the woman who works at the meatworks', 'the divorcee'. She would be puzzled, or perhaps feel her own locus of reality threatened by the way in which the others we have so far encountered look upon 'interests' as steps to self-improvement or fulfillment. Inasmuch as Joan discovers
herself in her relationships with others, she is not so predisposed to compose a self-portrait which links together characteristics and goals to create a meaningful existence. She tries to persuade the young to enhance themselves, to consider alternatives, and on the whole she enjoys their changes. But she does not herself want to change, to take on a new lease of life as the nature of her involvement with her children alters, as they move away from the centre she has made for them in the home. She still finds it difficult to buy - to effect a choice amongst - the furniture she ogles in windowshopping. She can now afford to play golf, but she goes out to have a good time, to be with her daughter or a friend more than to develop her own prowess in the game. Ironically, she escapes the vacuity of work in activities which demand nothing of her; the crucial difference perhaps being that the golf and the fast driving are self-chosen.

While Joan does not envisage herself as amenable to change, she does hope to see in her children's growth into adulthood choices made, directions taken: evidence of the secure centre she has striven to provide them, the stability she herself has lacked. Her elder daughter may have opted for another man than her husband, but she has not broken another's marriage, nor split a family in the process. In Maureen's fierce joke about vetting any future husband for her mother, a reminder exists of Joan's own bitterness at her stepmother: not because of the kind of woman she was, at all, but because she was forcing an unwanted transformation in the only stable relationship Joan had, the association with her father.

It is, however, a joke, a recognition of the closeness of mother and daughter. An intrusion is unthinkable for both. In their mutual teasing they serve as each other's foil and reflection. Maureen sees something she wants in the shops: if the money is in her pocket, she will buy it. She kicks up her heels impatiently at the restraint Joan has learnt to practise over the years, and which now appears (at least to her younger daughter) to hold her back from purchase or savouring of nonutilitarian gifts (the voucher for the bouquet, the reclining chair). She judges her sister flatly, but listens to her mother's more complex accounting: it will not be this daughter
who settles down to make her life with the first man to cross her heart. Joan may be unable to redeem her own lack of choice and opportunity, but the monotony of work and marriage has not been entirely without fruit: she will not see herself, her own lacking, redrawn in her progeny.

Content though she is with her children, even in 'worrying' about them (occupying her thoughts), she becomes less serene in her relationships with others, beyond the home. She feels herself flattened in classification: the reality vanishing with the labels: a woman in the works (rough); a divorcee (fair game); a woman who should not be heaving round heavy bags of laundry - as if in the course of her life she has not been forced to bear weightier burdens. Her securing of a steady base for her children does not find a ready, marked expression outside the family unit: and it is this endeavour which has formed her framework for action, her sense of self.

She is irked if people tell her how to do things, as if her own way (of making beds, for example, for so long a daily chore) is not good enough: is lacking. She becomes bored with the company of the women around her, mostly fellow workers. They are too much like herself, and in their retailing of the situations they have met up with (all too familiar to the listening Joan), their handling of them, they seem to her to cast a negative light on what she has managed to achieve. They seem to her 'self-centred'. She finds friendship rare, characterized less by shared interests, aspects of the self, than the common encounter with similar circumstances, and a mutual concern for each other. In an unaccustomed outburst she lamented that such empathy was much too infrequently met. "If only we really listened to what each party had to say, instead of scoffing and laughing": instead of reacting only to that quality required in a certain situation, the companion classifications, instead of missing the individual, the complex whole by seeing each other through a haze produced of our own wants and needs which obscures those of our fellows. In the course of her life, Joan has become only too aware of the difference,
C COUPLES
- THE COMPLEMENTARY STYLE
Chapter 6: MARRIAGE AS THE PURSUIT OF INDIVIDUAL GROWTH

MARJORIE & BILL
MARJORIE & BILL - Introduction

Initially I set out to listen to Marjorie because I sought explanation or further description of some of the patterns of relationship I had observed in my sojourn in the cigarette factory. She responded in a professional vein befitting a personnel officer responsible for the selection and wellbeing of a workforce numbering around 400, mostly women. She also traced the source of her opinions to who she was, bringing in her past, her current activities and interests (including a university psychology course) and comparisons of the factory workforce with herself and her varied circle of friends. Eventually Bill came in from his Saturday golf game, which he had rounded off by picking up their adopted daughter Janet (then nine years old) from her riding lesson, and taking her with him to the public library to change books. He sat down to listen to Marjorie, and not long after joined battle with her in what sounded like a perennial debate on the merits of women working: whose good was really being served? They were not perturbed as I scribbled furiously to keep pace with their discussion. It seemed a natural progression to ask them if I could return for more, in separate interviews.

Marjorie put a temporary halt to the talk with a full lunch. Afterwards they began again when Bill brought in tea, and he showed me a series of photographs he had taken on their last holiday. Wellfed, tucked into a comfortable chair with the sun beating through the large - 'picture' - windows at my back, worn out with the unexpected turn of events, I was tempted to nap. Their house was compact and hospitable, the furnishings bright and cheerful. The lounge was well stocked with easy-chairs, arranged for conversation, and if that was absent, there was a colour television set, a stereo player and a tape deck to respond to. From the window you could see a slightly overgrown garden and lawn sloping down to fruit trees near an invisible creek, bushclad hills filling the horizon.

I visited them on a series of Saturdays, talking to them separately. Bill would sometimes join in at the end of a session with Marjorie - never the other way round. Each time I was
offered lunch or tea; other people phoned, or popped in. For a while they took in the daughter of a friend, who had not been able to get along with the sister she shared a flat with. Marjorie's 'open house' made itself felt.
BILL: "There aren't that many men round in the factory. They handle the leaf, handle crates - that's men's work. There's a male operated department, the primary processing on the cigarette side, mainly because it's fairly heavy equipment. There's no reason why a woman shouldn't or couldn't. Lifting is perhaps better done by men, in the other areas there's no reason why a man shouldn't do the work.

"It's all women in the lab - had one boy recently but I'm not sure why. Technician. He has morning and afternoon tea with the women. He seems to be accepted. The crunch would come with promotion, if it's him who has the best qualifications it could cause problems with the girls who've been there a lot longer. If a woman wants promotion she's got to have the same qualifications as a man. If we divide into subsections, we'll look for a male to head that section rather than a female. Not so much on the basis of qualifications, but the company will get more out of a man. He'll be looking for a career where a female wouldn't. The bulk of the younger women employed in the lab have only just been married. Regardless of whether they wanted a career or not, they'll have a couple of kids in a couple of years - it's a bad risk for the company.

MARJ: "A lot of women don't want kids. We ask them straight out whether they're thinking of leaving us to have kids.

BILL: "I'd say to that 'mind your own business'.

MARJ: "You've got to think of the continuity of the section. I'd ask men whether they were thinking of staying with the company for a length of time. I'm asking it of the women in a different way. It's oldfashioned - 'private life'. You've got to think about the firm, the company.

BILL: "The whole exercise is pointless because you're not likely to get the truth from anyone.

MARJ: "There are ways of asking questions to get the answer you want.

BILL: "There may be many ways of asking the question, but no question has only one answer."
MARJ: "There's not one way of framing it; you find out the person's intention, get them talking.

BILL: "Not so much ambition as ability that counts. I think a lot of men and women would like to be the boss, but that's not the same as having the ability to do it. I think more men than women do have ambition. Women are generally unwilling to take on too much responsibility in comparison with men, because they're tied up with their families. In many cases the standard of living is directly related to the husband's income - I know it's changing, getting joint incomes; but that fosters a feeling of ambition, if not for any other reason, to get more money. I don't necessarily subscribe to the idea that a woman's place is in the home, but if it swings too far the other way, children are not going to get the attention they need from their mother.

MARJ: "We disagree on that.

BILL: "A child needs his mother, needs both parents. It's all very nice farming a child off to the creche, but he can't get the attention -

MARJ: "How do you know? Janet might be happier -

BILL: "I'm not talking about you.

MARJ: If the mother's unhappy the children are the ones that suffer.

BILL: "There are these causes for going to work: 1, boredom. If you'd be such that you'd like to go to work, therefore you're better off working - but the woman, who is more or less forced to go to work to earn more money should stay at home. Those are the children who are going to suffer.

MARJ: "The girls in the office jobs, they've thought of this and sorted it out - compared with the factory girls.

BILL: "But they want it both ways too. They're not prepared to fully commit themselves to the job, they want hours to suit them - not, for instance, having to work overtime.

MARJ: "I think you get levels of this. Those women are not wanted to be committed, and they've not such good child care as more professional women."
BILL: "A more professional woman has more time to spend with her children anyway, for example, doctors. Though they're busy, I'd say they're probably able to spend as much time with their children as some workers in a factory. Take our doctor. Her surgery's in her home, when there's a period, she can play with her kids, have a cup of tea, be with them. Someone in a factory, they're not encouraged to do it. Our creche is a dumping ground for kids. The parents are not to see them unless they're sick.

MARJ: "That's not strictly true.

BILL: "Yes. The mother can't quite walk off the job to see how the baby is.

MARJ: "Yes, there is a distinction from factory work. You've got to keep the machines going all the time. But the office girls, if they've got five minutes free, they can go over to the creche, let them know what's happening.

BILL: "There are two sets of rules for two different people.

MARJ: "It's out of sheer necessity where production's concerned.

BILL: "Out of necessity where the company's concerned.

MARJ: "That's not what I mean.

BILL: "It's bad for the company to have the children looked after by someone else.

MARJ: "It's in a good cause.

BILL: "How do you know that?

MARJ: "It's good that the mother can rest. They're given separate attention.

BILL: "They're not given affection. My office is right next door to the creche - I hear the things that are said - there's not a helluva lot of affection there.

MARJ: "In some cases it's more than they'd get at home.

BILL: "It's still not the affection they need. Ideally there'd be a cottage industry type setup. The mother could work at home, do a bit of typing, or components, jobbing work. The mother could earn some money in the environment where her child was.

MARJ: "Sometimes they want to get out of the home and be with other adults. There's nothing so demoralising to yourself and the others concerned if you're living in four walls with a
child who can't communicate with you.

BILL: "This is a problem the mother has.

MARJ: "It'll affect the mother and eventually the child. If it's looked after the mother comes home at night happy to see her child.

BILL: "In that case the mother is not fit to have them anyway.

MARJ: "You can't say 'I'm going to be a perfect mother'. You can't tell till you've had it. You can't just generalize that all women should stop at home.

BILL: "Perhaps I did not make it clear. What I meant was that women who are prepared to be 100% mothers should stay at home. Those who want to be more occupied than just spending it with 100% children should have some means of working in the home, or even a group of women and their children congregating at someone's house. The kids could play with each other, the mothers chat with one another and do a bit of work.

MARJ: "That's not very efficient. In our industry I can't see it happening.

BILL: "Must keep those machines going! Why are they employed in the first place?

MARJ: "A lot of them are solo parents.

BILL: "If you go back far enough, it's because they're cheap labour. You get the same work as you can out of a man for two-thirds the price.

MARJ: "And if their husbands don't earn enough, they have to supplement their income.

BILL: "What happens in the future in general with the influence of work?

MARJ: "Well look, a woman's liberated when she does what she wants to do - and some will stay at home. Not all will work.

BILL: "Women's libbers are trying to get on a level footing with men and, what shall we say, to have shared responsibilities in areas where it's not physically possible for this to happen. I've got one philosophy, I think if they want to work, if they're without money, and want opportunities of promotion, it's fair enough up to a point; but if it develops to the stage where the
husband should take equal shares in looking after the kids and
house - then there's problems. There's some things a man is
not just equipped mentally to do, and that's looking after
children.

MARJ: "You find male nurses.
BILL: "A child instinctively goes to the mother more often
that not.
MARJ: "True - but then that's the way it's always been -
BILL: "What do you say - son, go to your father today, your
mother tomorrow?
MARJ: "She'd go to the parent that was nearest.
BILL: "A child goes instinctively to the mother.
MARJ: "It's who he sees -
BILL: "I don't agree with that. No child will go to its
father to the same extent as its mother. But if it did, how
competent is a man to see to a child's needs in comparison to
the mother? Most men are incompetent to attend to the child's
problems in comparison with the mother.
MARJ: "Most men are indoctrinated. Mother has to know First
Aid, and you get girls who faint at the sight of blood.
BILL: "They can generally look after a kid, they're generally
not helpless.
MARJ: "It comes down basically to the way you're brought up.
Janet goes to you as much as to me.
BILL: "That's only because I'm an only child, so I learnt how
to do lots of things. I can look after myself, keep the home
clean, do some ironing. I'm not fiddly, but I can probably
look after myself and the house. It's probably a little different
for other men not with my background; they're used to being
waited on hand and foot.
MARJ: "If the mother's at home running round after the kids,
the kids are waited on hand and foot.
BILL: "Agreed.
MARJ: "You're really contradicting your own statement.
BILL: "I'm fairly self sufficient, but I don't have many happy
memories of my childhood. I got very little affection.
Therefore I'm not capable of giving much affection to other people.

MARJ: "That depends on how you measure it. As far as I'm concerned you're more affectionate than a lot of other husbands.

BILL: "Considerate or affectionate?

MARJ:"I still think a child is brought up to be independent. After all they go off to school — and still get affection.

BILL: "I'm talking about preschool. The bulk of the kids in the creche are preschoolers. What would have been the situation with Janet had you gone straight to work? She wouldn't be the same girl today.

MARJ: "I went back to work when she was three. Mum looked after her.

BILL: "A preschool child should be at home with the parents — its mother.

MARJ: "The doctor told me to get out. I was by myself for twelve hours a day. You were working those long hours.

BILL: "That was an answer to a situation that existed then, not an answer generally.

MARJ: "It was better than getting to the stage of belting Janet which is what sometimes happens. We're reasonably intelligent, but for those who haven't the capacity to reason, it's better. Otherwise you get kids getting bashed. It's far better to take them out of their home environment — so that the mother will only have to have it for so many hours.

BILL: "What about schoolkids waiting for their parents to get back home? What's the effect of that couple of hours?

MARJ: "It breaks the law if it's a child under twelve years old. A child should be given good supervision from an adult.

BILL: "Not an adult, a parent.

MARJ: "Not everyone is an ideal parent. Look at Sally next door — she's the ideal. I come nowhere near it. If Sally were looking after Janet I'd be happy. She radiates love.

BILL: "How many women do?

MARJ: "All women don't. That's it. If you gave me seven children I wouldn't be able to handle them. It's all got to be
taken on the person.
BILL: "You've no way of selecting the person.
MARJ: "You can tell if a woman loves children.
BILL: "If a woman comes in for a job, if she's suitable, and there's a vacancy in the creche, would you take her on?
MARJ: "No. Come and see my records sometime.
BILL: "When twelve months ago we were scratching round for people, when you were employing a particular woman did you ask if it was bad for the child?
MARJ: "My first question is 'What about your children?'.
BILL: "Yeah, and what's the answer?
MARJ: "If they answer that they must work, that they're living in a bus in the park, there's just one big room in the bus - got to get a flat, husband brings home $50 a week, it's damp, I help her and the kids to find a proper roof.
BILL: "How many times does that occur as against the number of times you look at the mother and think this woman is good for her kids?
MARJ: "My one concern is - and Gavin my Supervisor knows that - the children, and it always has been. That's why I started the sitter service.
BILL: "If she was ideally suited, would you turn her down if her family was going to suffer?
MARJ: "If there were three children left on their own to fend during the day, I'd turn it down. I take it all into consideration. I feel no woman can work if her children are not well looked after. She'll worry, won't be efficient. You've got to have people with no outside worries. I couldn't work if I knew Janet was roaming the streets; I'd be thinking 'Will she get into bad company'. Even a solo father would be just the same, has the problem of having the children looked after during the day. I'd go through the same process with him.
BILL: "Solo parents are in a different sort of category. A solo woman is in a different category than a married woman.
MARJ: "It's a slightly different kettle of fish.
BILL: "I'm not talking about solo fathers or mothers - solo
people versus married people. They have different problems. Usually the kids are not so well looked after as they might be. There's not much money, best to find solo parents a job.

MARJ: "You're saying that when a woman gets married she for gets her individuality.

BILL: "I'm not. It's the priorities. A solo has a greater need than a married.

MARJ: "A woman's mind still has the same needs the day after she changes Miss for Mrs. It's not a magical thing in that you can cut out mental processes in one day. You don't automatically switch to being a mother. Some people find they just can't make the switch from the mental attitudes of business to the home. The professional people, I'd say. There are two different classes of working women.

BILL: "I'd probably agree.

MARJ: "And both need good child care facilities. They have the same problem: a child who has to be well looked after.

BILL: "I agree, assuming you accept the fact that you're going to employ women with young children. On that premise it follows that you do what you can to look after the children.

MARJ: "Not many firms do.

BILL: "Still the matter of whether it's a good thing.

MARJ: "Yes, it is. With a professional woman, you'd have a broken marriage within six months. She'd walk out, not able to stand the strain. Or the man might walk out. Lack of money, it gets bitter. If work helps the economy and stability of the marriage -

BILL: "You might walk out because the woman is working.

MARJ: "Which example were you thinking of?

BILL: "You talk about a woman's needs when she's single compared to when she's married. All right. But what about a man's rights when he's single compared to when he's married?

MARJ: "What are a man's needs, the difference?

BILL: "Most single men have probably had a pretty good life as far as getting out and about is concerned. He's probably living at home for a while, used to having his washing done, the odd meal cooked. He expects the same thing from his wife.
What a man wants is to come home to a reasonable wife, a wife with the right sort of mental attitude to provide relaxation when he comes home from work. If she has problems, this won't happen.

MARJ: "Question of money enters into it.
BILL: "She'll be there.
MARJ: "But you said, her mental attitude. Will it be right if she's crying about 'how will I feed you on this'? Or better that she knows what it's like, cuts the fish to fry, with some chips, says to the kids 'You can set the table for it'. Which is the best mental attitude?
BILL: "What about the woman who says 'I had a hell of a day at work today'.
MARJ: "She might say too, 'I had a hell of a day at home today'.

"You can't make a generalisation. Everyone is different. They could have a helluva row, but they'd have that if the woman was at home scrimping and saving. The two tensions would be there.
BILL: "And then personalities come into it as well.
MARJ: "It's not as simple as saying 'Men should be at work, women at home, and everyone is like this'. We're all agreed on that.

Marjorie went into kitchen to make lunch.

BILL: "Your opinions are formed by your parents' background. Related to your present success, social standing or status, and experience - the differences come within that part. So anyone who's had a particularly bad experience with women, that's going to cloud his opinion probably the greatest.

"Why people don't get close to one another, one factor is perhaps the smaller number of children within a family. Generally a larger family unit is a happy family unit. Also there just isn't the time these days, the pace is faster all the time. Anyone trying to work at a career has got to spend more and more of his time to keep his head above water. There's no time to think of other things, one of which is contact with women. A woman is becoming less of a - what shall we say - person to share a man's life-problems with. Rather she has become a means of light relief if you like. A man will be
under a certain amount of pressure, he'll decide to break loose, and go for drink and a woman. In that situation you don't have any real relationship with a woman.

"I can't say I was at an age where I was aware of the same things when I left England. I've developed more. I can't really compare. It's a different social structure. I'm far better off here than I was, but there's a price. I like material things, a nice house, car. I'm prepared to put up with extra work frustration - wouldn't say discomfort - less personal happiness. Perhaps in a different situation I would have the time/energy/initiative to explore other things, perhaps walk through the fields one night... If I had no future to consider. But I don't. I'm buggered; I don't want to do anything else. I'm very selective about the things I want to do. I rarely do things on a whim.

"I was working for a large organisation - wasn't really interested in getting on too much. I wanted a fairly secure job, and reasonable pay for it. I wouldn't have reached this work level. I'd have more time, inclination to do other things. I've joined a rat race, and I can't get out now - or I lose the things I've already got. It's like a mouse on a treadmill.

"I'm interested in photography - I'd like to set up a little studio - go round the country photographing scenery, contract to do travel posters, etc. Maybe that I could do this.

"On the other side, if I did this, assuming that it would eventually succeed, it might take 5-10 years to get anywhere. I would have to make a lot of sacrifices which would affect my material situation - to run as good a car, to have as good a house.

"Perhaps it's a matter of guts as much as anything else. And responsibility: regardless of anything else, I'd be more inclined to do this thing if I was single. It's not as easy if you've a family to consider. Where does a person's loyalty lie - to himself or to other people? Should I say 'I've got another 20-25 years of effective working life in front of me - I've got that time, I'll do things the way I want to - and to hell with everyone else?' I think I'm saying I've got so far; along the way I've accumulated certain responsibilities, both from a personal view and as far as the family's concerned."
I can do only the things that allow me to fulfill this obligation. It cuts down the possibilities, some of the things I'd like to do.

"It's very nice for some people. The great attraction of getting out of it altogether, a desert island, no money, fishing, grow a few crops. That's the extreme. Probably have a great peace of mind, a happier position in many ways, though one could get sick of it. On the other side, you get a big business tycoon, lots of money, completely involved in business to the exclusion of his family and his own happiness. Most people try to follow a middle path.

"I'm not against using Marjorie's salary, everything else being equal. I think the other thing that comes into it, comes into everything, is just how much of a risk are you prepared to take. If, say, I went ahead and did this, and was a complete and utter failure, what would happen then? I wouldn't get any happier for having tried it. I know I'm pretty good in my job. I don't know how good I am as a photographer. It's a matter of self confidence. There are people I know who can do almost everything, and how much of that's ability and how much is sheer self confidence?

"In my case it's not so well developed as in other people. I only tackle a job I'm competent at doing. I don't think I'd be too upset if I failed, but I wouldn't be able to get back to where I am now. If I had independent means, pots of money, I'd always come back if I didn't succeed. Probably tied up with self confidence, ambition. Perhaps I'm not very ambitious. Possibly, I am frustrated, possibly I am not really happy doing what I'm doing. But I'm not confident etc, to do something else.

"Put me back to 16 or 17 with hindsight, and I wouldn't do the things I've done now. There are lots of things easier to attempt by virtue of the fact that you're single. I would have let that be determined by what I wanted to do as a career. I wasn't particularly interested in photography at that time. Developed in the last few years. The sort of work I'm doing now, is not what academically at school I was best at - that was
English. If perhaps I'd been in a different situation, I would have been some sort of a journalist/author. Think there are things that I could have done then that I wouldn't consider doing now. Could consider, though I don't particularly want to do this myself, people who've gone round the world, have a pretty good time while they're about it. In many ways marriage is a good thing in a career, in the sense that it does at least force you to have a career, because the responsibility of having a family gives you more determination, more stability. Think it puts a pressure on you to do the best you can. If you've got a rotten job and you've got that family point of view, you might want to try another job, but giving up a job that doesn't seem very pleasant at a particular time, you put your energies into the job if you're married. If you're single you probably chop and change too much.

Interview Two

MARJORIE: "In my family there were three children, brother, sister and baby. Brought up very strictly. Three weeks before I was married I was still expected to be in at 10 pm, so I couldn't go to the midnight Christmas service. Would have had to stay with my fiancé in his house, and my father thought that it was absolutely terrible not to be under the family roof. They were very affectionate parents, gave their children everything possible that they could. Indeed, though they were very strict we knew exactly what we could do and what we couldn't. Had a business atmosphere, my father was a civil engineer. Business was talked over the table.

"In early life my brother played a big part. He was ten years older, and he did keep me under control quite a lot. It's turned out funny with my family. I think a house is a home, not a showpiece. My brother and sister have landed up with showpiece homes. I'm the opposite. Brought up with most of the things that lots of kids like - horses, riding, elocution, ballet lessons. I don't know how to put it - we were brought up to respect what our parents said. My brother is a professional man, a scientist now. He went to University as a doctor of medicine. At the end of that he decided it wasn't what he wanted; went into science - atomic energy. My sister was a chemist, I went nursing after school, all in that kind of field."
We weren't brought up with the idea that we were going to marry and have a family.

"What shaped my career a lot was a remark made by my father to some friends. They didn't know that I overheard. Said that my brother had brains, sister beauty. 'What the heck Marjorie has I've yet to find out'. Ever since: 'Show them', that's been the driving force. I'm going to show my parents, I'm just as good as my brother and sister. We went to the same grammar school. My brother was dux, sister a prefect - I didn't even make a prefect. Take these exams after exams that I'm taking (now).

"I love people. I wanted to work with animals - didn't have the brain to be a vet. Father was very sick when I was 11 years old; operated on on my twelfth birthday. He was never allowed to go back to the engineering firm, only had one lung okay - and if he had to go to the factory, would just be too much.

"I've always been very close with my parents. They kind of picked me more than the other two - my brother was at university, sister a selfish little so-and-so - type of girl, lovely, the beauty; always been able to do that (sweeping gesture) with other people; always got what she wanted. Lucky that she's got that way with her. She couldn't comprehend what happened with mother and father. Never had to think about other people, because she was given these things. I was the baby of the family. Always been close to my mother. She cried on my shoulder literally when I was 16, and my father still in hospital, in and out. Knew they had enough money in the bank to support us, but personally I still had the feeling we should do something to support.

"So I left at 16, instead of taking the equivalent of UE. Worked for the same firm Bill worked for. For six months I was very happy there, but not satisfied with what I was doing, not enough responsibility. Started in a new department, Credit Sales, then went to the accounting side instead. Started as a junior, got into the beginning. In the meantime I taught myself how to type. Brother bought me a typewriter. Wasn't so bad, accountancy. I went to being Chief Clerk in a year - 19 years old. My boss was then transferred to another depart-
ment; another young man was brought in as boss. He lasted six months, made such a mess that they asked him to retire. 'First boss taught me everything he knew about the job - give me a go' I said, so I became Head of Credit Sales when I was 20. I was signing hire purchase agreements - when I couldn't take one. Sending demand letters, and not even of the age of consent.

"Then we came out to the firm out here, both of us. I was in the Accounts Department. Bill was chief chemist. I lasted with the firm for six months - it was not my cup of tea. No responsibility. Saw a job going in the paper for X - temporary job, change the manual accounting to computer. Never handled a computer in my life, so I went after it, brought in a team of girls, and started learning it. They offered me a permanent job, if I wanted one, but in accounting, manual again. I wanted a change. There was a job in the paper, 'specialist in factory', so I went and it was C - . Never been in a factory in my life. Thought, 'it's new'. Stayed there three years, very happy three years. Only left because I was pregnant. Lost that baby, went back, said 'Have you got any jobs'. Mr G, in personnel knew me 'We've got one on Quality Control' 'When can I start': 'Right, up you go, up now'. I did Quality Control four months, then the wages department to change it over to another system.

"Then Child Welfare had a little girl, saw Janet; she was eighteen months at the time. Rang up my boss - 'Just seen this wee one'. 'Don't tell me - you're taking her. I'll get your pay made up'. Took her in the next day and showed her off. We'd gone up to the Wairarapa, because Janet was sickly, onto a farm. Bill was commuting. Just about drove me mad, the doctor told me. Mother-in-law was widowed in England, she came out. Immediately made me go out to work. She could see what was happening to me. She looked after Janet, a very good mother-in-law, guiding light so far as our family's concerned. Bill was away twelve hours a day; I was there with no-one to speak with. Had a family conference, came back here, in Upper Hutt six months while we looked for a house. Got this place. Mum went and married a guy who has a farm near where we were living; what you call complicated! But we've been very
"Lucky in meeting the right guy early on. I was allowed to go out with boys, from when I was 11 years old - not thinking of them as husbands at that stage, stay with the same crowd, safe because we'd known them since we were young. Think I have a lot to thank my parents for. Affection was not something to be stifled. Doesn't matter, if any of my friends are sick, I don't feel guilty about putting my arms around and comfort them. This is how it was done at home. I get funny looks - people tend to put things into words. One guy, his wife had an affair. To hug him was a natural reaction for me.

"I think Bill found it very strange when we first got married; he was brought up entirely the opposite. Came from a broken home. My father had to tell him the facts of life. Bill got on with my father. If I'd fallen pregnant - 'Out both of you go' - no help from him - I didn't fall pregnant. Couldn't have done. Bill used to come and sit there, very shy. We were an open family, facts of life etc, were openly discussed. When I was 10 years old, the dog was having pups. Mother said 'Watch them being born'. Quite appalled to find out Bill's lack of knowledge. I said to Dad one day, Bill doesn't know very much at all. My father said 'Well, what to do about it - Marjorie, I think you better have a talk with him, in a nice way'. Bill had always been the favourite son-in-law at home. Used to be quite funny. I used to have a hot temper. Three or four times we'd argued, he'd beat me home. I walked in, and Bill sat there waiting for me. Quite plain that he was welcomed as a son-in-law.

"If my parents didn't approve of a boy, they'd never stop me going out with him - 'I think I'd watch him if I were you', but they'd never say, 'You're not allowed'. Very noticeable, definite class distinction in England. We were always told if we didn't pass the 11-plus, we wouldn't go to a secondary-modern, but to a private school. Not allowed to do anything else. Same with boy and girl friends. Parents tried to keep them in the same circle. I can see why, in that if I'd married a labourer, and gone home for a party and my husband had brought his friends around, it could have been

lucky, really have.
highly embarrassing. A little bit rubbed off on me, not so strong as if I'd stayed in England. My sister - every meal has sideplates and butterknives. Think in a lot of cases it's a waste of time. I prefer to live a lot simpler.

"Coming out here altered my views on a lot of things. I mix well, a lot better, with a lot more people, than in England. Used to be frightened of going out looking scruffy - for who I'd meet, not for my own reputation but for my parents'. Used to be very careful, not even the corner shop in rollers - makeup, gloves, umbrella; everything had to be just right. Over here I can just be me. No-one to say to Dad, 'I saw your Marjorie, scruffy individual'.

"Think another big difference between Bill and I, my friends tend to be very close friends. If there's any trouble, they ring me. I'm not bigheaded, I don't mean it that way. Get stuck in and see how we can solve the problem. One is getting a divorce. She brought it on herself. Okay, she has; it's not going to help her by saying that. Got to find out and stop what's happening now. Start her on a new life.

"I still get a kick out of someone going out of my office smiling when they've come in in tears. If my wages were half what they are now, I still wouldn't grumble. Job satisfaction, $20,000 slitting sheep's throats - expect it would be okay if you were a single parent. I think if you chase money you get to a certain point where you stop, find the job you want to do, by searching for satisfaction. Consequently, you find you may get on better. Ever unfolding circle.

"People do find it strange - 'How can you manage with someone just coming in and living with you'. We don't find it strange at all. (The boarder's) one of the family. Same with Janet. Forget she's adopted, nothing strange in having her round the house. Lot of the problem today - people are very narrow in their outlook on the proper family: mother, father, and maybe two children. That's it, and no outsiders. Far as I'm concerned, it's more Bill, Janet, anyone who needs help. Bill did at one stage; Mum did at another, she stayed eighteen months. Open house, if you know what I mean. I can't understand the outlook of putting a circle round a number of people, much prefer the extended family. I couldn't go and live on a commune
Think the reason there is that I'd get emotionally involved with them all. Don't mean physically.

"Funny how you kind of gravitate to the same kind of people. Our corner, we're open house; next door has five children of her own, fostering two; wife's mother living with them. Next door but one just brought mother out from England to live. All kind of much the same type of people, also same type of area. Don't live in one another's pockets; if there's any trouble, go to the neighbours for help. Everyone goes back to their homes afterwards, till the next crisis. Might not see one another for weeks in between. Do believe you can tell from a house, 'There's happiness here'. Might not even know the people. A nice atmosphere goes beyond the house to a community as well.

"Find that when you have the nucleus of the family, it doesn't matter who goes in and comes out; there's always someone else. People know the house is like that. They're quite happy just to pop in. Bill couldn't understand it - 'Nutcase!'. He used to be a shell. He's taken a lot of knocks while he was younger. In hospital when he was 12-13, in and out, did his schooling - had to - on his own, no supervision. He's done extremely well. Think if he'd had normal schooling, he would have been a very brilliant person. Think one of the fascinations was to find a family so different, such a close family. Even now I'm very close with my mother-in-law. We look very much alike, virtually the same size, think alike. Go away on holidays together. Many times she sees something in a shop: 'suit Marjorie', sends it down here. Same with me. She's 'Mum' to me. We have contact once a week by phone. Think from what I hear, it's a very strange relationship. Most people don't get on with their mother-in-law, I don't know why. Bill isn't conscious that he's married a woman very much like his mother.

"When he was in hospital, parents couldn't visit their children - it would cause an upset. Bill had a broken life in that respect. Then of course his parents separated out when he was 12 years old, and divorced. She met someone else in England, a fantastic guy, no two ways about it. Bill's father died when he was 20 (six months after we were married) then I
met his mother. If Bill's mother tried to see Bill, he'd hit Bill. Bill had this kind of background where his father was very selfish. His reaction to me wasn't very good.

"Now I'd be about 16-16½, when first met his mother and Harold, Bill's stepfather. Why Bill couldn't have a nice uncomplicated life like that! He took to Bill, taught him how to drive, went to football matches - a terrific Dad to Bill, no two ways about it. I went with him once, and by the time we got back Mum had run me up a new dress. What I call a real family. When we got married we were more close to them. For the wedding, Bill would not allow his mother in the church - she could come, but right at the back of the church. You can see Bill built a shell round himself, and then to come into a family where we were so openly affectionate - complete surprise to me. Dad and Mum, 'come on, let's all have a game of cards', something like that. For a few weeks Bill was just stunned, he'd never been in this situation. Took him a good eleven years to come round into a family way of thinking. Now, he plays Scrabble, switch off the TV; have friends in, sit round, get the cards out, good conversation.

(Q: Friends mostly married couples?)

"A couple have separated. When we have a party, the husband and wife are in different groups. In many cases they've separated as friends. Makes no difference - like Linda and Rob, he makes sure she is all right, she phones up if anything is wrong with the children. They've grown apart, and they're still young enough to make a life of their own. If there's any animosity, we don't split our allegiance to one side. A divorce is something between two people, it doesn't bring in other people.

"Trying to think how many married couples are left - sounds terrible, doesn't it. All the time more people join the group, and we don't lose the old ones, grows like Topsy. It's split fifty-fifty, married couples and separated. Not many singles as such. It's the age group, more than anything else.

"I know a lot of men I've met through business. I treat them no differently than female friends. If I ring up somebody to discuss something and he says 'Come over for dinner', he knows exactly. If anyone sees me, so what. Some of our other
friends, who are separated, go through an emotional stage. I'll say to Bill, 'they could do with going out with someone, a good picture, or to go out'. Know he'll take her out, he's home by 11 O'clock. For example, Towering Inferno, gives me the shivers. Know one of my girlfriends wants to go, can't go by herself, so I'll say to Bill, 'Take her'. Can't see any harm in it. Know a lot of people can, but I can't. Lot of people think I'm strange, but I've got complete trust in Bill and he in me.

"A strange marriage. We've got what marriage should be. If you're possessive, it won't help. Have life here, we're also individuals. We go out individually, but we're still part of a family. Don't think I could live under a very tight rein. I would start kicking against it.

"One thing that does guide me. I'm not very religious. 'don't go to church on Sundays' - don't say it, but I'm a great believer in Spiritualism. I've sat in a circle for about a year. I do believe in it, do use it a lot. You may think it's a lot of nonsense. I'm a great believer in ESP. Get a hell of a lot of guidance from what we call spirits, people who passed over. Notice myself at work. A problem, no solution, and I'll close myself in my office and think about it for ten minutes - if the phone doesn't ring - and it's happened too many times, it couldn't be coincidence. In half an hour, there's a ring on the phone, and the solution's fallen straight into my lap, not solutions which I knew could happen. Lots of the girls have babysitting problems, and not just once or twice, I've had a woman within three streets of them offering to come into our babysitting service.

"Bill and I find we do a lot of things. Sitting there, he gets one of the tapes, may run it half-way through, start at a certain song - 'why did you put it on' - 'I just felt like it', and I've been humming it in my head.

"Going to make a toll call, I take my hand away. Person I was about to ring, rings - 'Just felt I had to ring you'. To me it's too much for coincidence.

"It keeps me going if I have a problem that I can't see a solution to. I'm not a religious fanatic, but very interested in different types of perception. In our own circle, it's not
just housewives for a kick; there's a researcher from DSIR because he believes it hasn't been researched, some girls who are housewives, purchasing officer, salesman, journalist. Group split fifty-fifty male and female.

"Quite funny. Clairvoyance. Never met this girl in my life before - didn't know her from Adam, felt what I was getting from her was a picture, very detailed, the colours etc, everything. Never seen the picture before. She said she didn't know it either, it was probably my imagination. She went over to visit her mother in Australia, and there was a painting in the attic, exactly as I'd described - one of the last her grandfather had done before he died. She said she just about fainted when she saw the darn thing come out. Something you either believe in or you don't. No amount of persuasion can make anyone believe in this. These things do happen to me, and I believe it. Bill thinks it's a lot of hoo-ha. Expects everything to be precise. It can't be. Something that does help me a lot.

"Explain it like this. Our senses are very limited. Certain range of sight, hearing. We're not the limit of what the earth holds - even dogs can hear above our range. I think it's so bigheaded to think there's nothing outside the limited range. When the person - the physical - dies, the life force - they don't know whether its electrical or magnetic, something goes onto a higher level, pitch, vibration, something like this. A medium possesses the ability to raise the level of communication and the life force passed to a different dimension has the ability to lower its vibration to communicate. Everyone has the ability to a certain extent. Mainly in people who love other people. They're more able to receive these kinds of things, they don't block other people - compared with a shell, won't even accept affection from people here. Just a simple thing, a certain range. Lots of things we don't even know about. Think that's why some people see ghosts - they raise vibrations. Now fear can do this. A lot of people see a person just after the person dies. They may never be able to do it again - what do people call it? Hallucination. In some cases, of course, it is. A serious person doesn't just take things at face value. We're always taught, 'Don't you believe until the proof is given to you'.
"Couple of years ago so many things were happening to me - I thought I was just going mad, like the telephone, letters arriving when I thought of that person. I told myself, I was going to find out what was happening. Went along to Mrs Swabey, the head of the Spiritualist church. Even before I sat down she said, 'You're a medium'. 'No, I'm not, it's just strange experiences'. We had a good long chat. 'You still don't believe me. I'll bring you along to the circle'. Sat in circle, and so many things happened it wasn't funny. I would have been finished if I'd been on my own. I've actually been in the state where my whole body was being contorted to a position where one of the guys said, 'You're sitting like my grandfather did before he passed over'. Wasn't a very pleasant position, either, he had arthritis, the hands twisted around. I couldn't do a thing about it. Tried to sit up - as if I'd actually been taken hold of, couldn't do a damn thing about it. You can break it; it takes a great deal of skill. Don't play around unless someone's with you who knows what you're doing.

"Good as gold, thought I'd be tired, and I used to come out feeling very fit and alive.

"I could go on for ages. One of those things you accept or don't. No person with these beliefs can prove them to anyone else. Has to come from within the self. Jehovah's Witnesses - I don't believe in what they do, because no-one has the right to force their beliefs on anyone else.

"Don't know what motivates me. Really can't bear to see anyone hurt either physically or mentally. I'd be a true pacifist in war. Couldn't take up a gun and shoot someone else, not because I'm a coward, but because it's against my whole feeling for people. I won't watch programmes on TV - violence; it upsets me so much that I can't get in there and help them.

"Always wanted, felt it very strongly when I was a child that - how to put it? Brother and sister given gifts, and I weren't - terrible English! Don't know. Always directed my energies to helping other people, felt it necessary. Hate to see people put down. Can remember even as a kid, they drained one of the paddling pools in the park, there were frogs in the middle. Lads throwing stones. I put my waders on, collected the frogs, put them in my gumboots, and took them away so the boys couldn't hurt them. I would fight if I saw some bully
hurting someone else, would get my back up.

"Besides, that's what drew me to Bill, because he was a little lost lamb. He was always quiet, shy; blushed very easily, needed someone to mother him. And yet I don't have any mother instinct, babies and things like that. If a child was left on the doorstep I'd look after it, but I've got no instinct to go out and have half a dozen children. Contradiction, aren't I. If I had half a dozen children, I'd be too tied to one small sector, where to me I'm never happier than being out in the big wide world solving problems. Yet I'm not a do-gooder. Don't try to sort out other people's mistakes - so easy to make them yourself.

"Funny, even at night school, the varsity girls I've teamed up with, one's remarried after a rather traumatic divorce; the other separated. Someone to talk to. We just sat haphazardly. I'm drawn to people who need me. Lot of people there who've been married 10-12-14 years. Why couldn't I sit next to them?

"Janet goes to a church school. Got to have training in what's right or wrong. State schools have no religious training at all, no teaching that there's some greater entity than herself. She knows my views. Christened and married there, Church of England. Got married in Bill's church, because he was a lot stronger in belief than I was. Only one religion, no difference. All doing the same thing in the end.

"Bill won't go near a church, not even the church services for school. If you asked him question 'are you a Christian?', 'No, I'm an atheist'. Believes that when you die, the only thing you leave behind is a memory, and things, after you've lived, and children - and that's the way you survive. We don't discuss this often. He smiles indulgently at me. I say 'That's your belief, but if you go before me, come back and tell me'. We never agree about religion; it's such a personal thing.

"Lot to this thought thing. I try to tell Bill this - he always say 'Marjorie, you're lucky! You always fall on your feet'. Thing is with me, I get myself into some kinds of problems, never think about them - 'Do it', and I'll do it, never think. Don't think, 'I'll fail here'. Do think that if you decide to do something, you go away, do this, and maybe it's an exam - 'I'll pass it', and 99 times out of a hundred, you'll
pass, because you go in in this kind of mood. Not aggressive meaning nasty-aggressive; the question's there, 'I'll do it, I'll beat them', type of thing, and you will. Mind in that state where it will work. Haven't talked yourself into defeat. Not just exams, but the whole of human relationships. If you say to someone, 'I'm not going to get on with someone, not them', you won't because you look for the bad points not the good points.

"As against Bill's kind of line - Bill's on one side, mine on the other side. Don't know whether you find this in most couples.

"Got to be strong to have such different feelings, and so very close a bond, if you want to. Drawn out into the other side; and the marriage wouldn't have lasted - and vice-versa, if I'd dragged him over my way. Would have broken up I think because we're both different. But we're both as strong, so it balances out.

"Well he'd be at home for weeks, everyday life. Wouldn't have gone out. I would have dragged him here, there and everywhere, made life hell for him, doing things he didn't want to do. Got to take this into consideration, how strong personalities are.

Interview Three:

MARJORIE:

(Q: Marriage?)

"Well, two people who care about one another, look after one another when the need arises; keep a check, if sickness arises, mental or physical problems arise, always the other one to add their strength.

"I can't understand people who once they're married, others are a bother, and they completely close off the rest of the world. I'm only going by people's marriages I know. Seem to think that once they're married, each owns the other person - and I don't believe in this. Hear a wife ask her husband 'Is it all right if I go out tonight dear'. Asking permission. Shouldn't have to ask. Matter of courtesy, 'I'm thinking of going out - nothing planned?' If someone asked me out - we've still got the basic things in life, still got our own basic individual freedom. Little bit more consideration for the
other person. Think you've got to communicate with one another. I don't just mean, 'Hallo dear, how did your day go'. Got to be able to tell one another what your dreams are, what hurts you, what upsets you, cover all the relationship. I don't just mean things such as money. Got to touch on every subject.

"A lot of people do break down on the sexual side. I help with Family Planning, couples coming in, to get their individual views, and then get together collectively. Surprising number of people don't know what their partner wants. Some women come in and say 'what my husband wants is perverted'. Can't communicate, can't talk to one another. Very delicate subject. Lot of people have been made to feel it's taboo. Not the older age group, younger too. No use just telling them to read a book, you've got to sit with them, tell people you're not disgusted, it's perfectly natural. Lacking somebody in their family, they can talk to life this. With my background and having worked in this field, it doesn't mean anything to me. Three marriages on the rocks within our own circle on that.

"Where money's concerned, got to have some of your own. We have a joint account for the house. Certain percentage pays that and bills. If we want to buy something, we have a discussion, a joint decision. Get pamphlets and have a look through.

"Still have our own private bank account - what we do is completely up to the individual. If say, I wanted a fur coat, no such thing as dipping into the housekeeping. It's a completely separate item.

"Actually living together, you've got to accept the person's faults. Some of mine just about drive Bill round the bend - my untidiness. Bill gets a look on his face; accepts it as part of me. Bill has some habits that make me rip my hair out. That's part of him. Grow to accept them. Can tell when a marriage is going astray; people are picking on faults, rather than looking for the good things. Where children are concerned in marriage, it has to be a joint thing.

"Last night I had my hair coloured. Didn't tell Bill - a surprise. 'Going to see a friend'. Came in around 8 pm - Bill was doing photography, Janet quite happy doing the washing up. Trained her so that if one's out she helps the one that's
left. Never let her play one off against the other. Can cause a lot of friction between parents.

"As far as I'm concerned, if I had to choose between Bill and Janet, I hate to say it, but I would choose Bill. He's Number 1 as far as I'm concerned. Women tend to marry a man, have children, push the man to one side. Not my way of thinking - that man's always your first responsibility. Got to expect rows in married life. We've had quite a few rows. When we're having a row, tell myself 'gone through all this before, all right tomorrow'; instead of packing my bags and going to Mum, I push it to one side, because I know it will be over and done with.

"At the moment Bill is going through a depressed stage. I'm very careful. Got to stick together. Might say a lot of things he doesn't mean. May hurt at times - I've got to think 'that's not what he really means'. If someone doesn't understand the person, they can start flying off the handle themselves. 'That's it, not going to take any more'. Might take 2-3 weeks to come right.

"What's wrong? He wouldn't accept it from me. I was most annoyed with the doctor - 'Need someone to just talk to - that's your problem. Here's some sleeping pills'. Made me wild. One type of problem you find in anyone who will not turn to the person nearest them. If it's something physical, they immediately run to that person. If a person's depressed, don't think they can see it's a type of illness, not mental, a nervous disorder really. I wanted Bill to go to a psychologist, he needs someone to talk to, he won't talk to me because I'm too close, though as I said, I can virtually pinpoint everything that's wrong with him at the moment. Managed to make him think about his ideas. He's gone after a new job. Got to be crafty. Trouble with an overboss.

"Bill's a real introvert and pessimist, always has been. If anything goes wrong with me, I switch in a different direction. Go back to the way he was brought up, always so closed in a shell of his own, can only see one direction. If you're more outgoing you see a different way to do the thing.

"Here again, it affects the marriage if a partner is having problems like this. Shield them from the rest of the family, and family from them. Very quick to shout. If anyone bangs a
cup - if you're depressed, nerves are so taut, they seem to magnify the noise. Got to keep people apart a little more. Make sure Janet's out of the way, playing.

"Actually got Bill to stand for Parents' Association, which I think will bring him out a little bit. Going out, committee meetings. He's quite happy about it, starting to go out again, so he's coming out of the dark. Does put a strain on marriage. Comes back to the original thing that you've got to be prepared to do this kind of thing, to stand moods.

(Q: Dealing with depression yourself?)

"I have a hate session, cry, go into the bedroom and write it all down. Keep what I've written, three weeks later I read it, have a really good laugh. Bill blames it on himself; it builds up. I think that society teaches you to control your emotions so much. Men aren't supposed to cry. Of course crying is a natural tension outlet. Think society has a lot to answer for the depression cases, and things like that. Maoris have it over us - at funerals they all cry, and afterwards come right far quicker than a pakeha who stood there dry-eyed, holding everything inside. Over here they're a little less inhibited than they are in England, because we lead a more natural life, most of us. In England lots are shut up in tall buildings, kids have to be kept quiet, not to annoy the neighbours. Young couple 'sh' to a child - want to hear them when they really get going round here! Back home, it's a confined area, people married with no kids, if the kids made a noise, they'd be complaining about it. Got to reverse your whole way of thinking round here. Shoes off without being thought poor, noise without being hooligans - taken quite a long time to accept.

"Find that - I'm not speaking for all New Zealand women - they seem to bury their identity once they get married. Whether it's the way they're brought up at school, I don't know. Lot of parties now, the women talking about babies, cooking, bottling - if you bring in world affairs, they look at you as if you've gone mad. I keep away from those kind of parties, I don't enjoy myself one bit. A woman out at work is far more alive, they talk world affairs during the day, read the paper, refer to it. Great gap between the housewives and working wives over here. Think
if you go into a room and just listen to groups of women, you're able to pick out the housewives straight away from the working wives.

"Comes back into own marriage. When I wasn't working. I regard myself as fairly intelligent, I'd listen to the radio, yet had a fairly narrow outlook on these things. When Bill came home at night I'd talk about what I'd heard. Didn't have the scope which I have now. We'd talk for half an hour, then everything would go dead silent, so we'd sit in front of TV. 'Janet done anything interesting today?'. 'Gone through less nappies than usual'. This kind of thing, it was driving me insane - 'I'm going to kill that kid'. Not having stimulus from the job. Bill one of these people who said 'You're not going to work, your place is at home with the children'. Doctor said 'You're not a housewife; back to work'. Took me at least six months to get my brain working again - I'd by dead tired by 3 pm. Even Bill said after six months he could see a difference. I was far more alive, talked about outside things, able to get far more done. I had been in a very depressed state. People say 'When you're at home, get an outside interest'.

Well, I was on the Plunket committee, Countrywomen's Institute, ambulance - one week in four on call. All the time, I'd go and give lectures on First Aid in the home. I'd say I kept fairly busy, but something was missing - really and truly it was the independence.

"Some people think being independent is being a housewife. My independence is being able to enjoy doing what I want to do, and if I have luck, being paid for it. Went back to work, still doing social work - kept St John's up, and things like that. Think there are some women who aren't built to be housewives. A large number. More opportunities now to get out to work. Think a woman can get where she wants to, - she's got to prove herself, got to work harder than a man. If you're prepared to do this, there's no stopping a woman doing what she wants. It's annoying when people say 'you're lucky - everything must have gone easy'. Well, it's not. Jolly hard work sometimes.

"I have a reasonably high sex drive, not one who says 'Not tonight'. Talking to one of the girls at work, she thinks I'm queer because I have a high sex drive. Thinks its only normal if you want children. I find her attitude unnatural.
BILL: "So long as you can both live with what you think.

MARJ: "Tend to judge a woman by her sexual standards. If you're talking in company and the subject crops up, if you say you're highly sexed, men start following you round."

BILL: "Not disputing it.

MARJ: "All men think they're onto a good thing, but why should they? It annoys me. I don't admit to it now. It's a little embarrassing. Otherwise I used to get asked out.

BILL: "If a married woman goes out with another man it's an even greater justification for the man. Thinks he's on for a good things.

MARJ: "I disagree. Why should a married woman be regarded differently from a single?

BILL: "As far as a man's concerned, if he takes out a single girl, he's not sure how things will work out; if he takes out a married woman things are a bit more certain.

MARJ: "Once Mrs in front of her name - more fair game?

BILL: "If she puts herself in situation as single - soft lights, music, dinner at the restaurant - he probably thinks he's on to a better thing than a single girl.

MARJ: "I disagree. Not different. She still wants to be treated the same way.

BILL: "Surely a married woman does not want to go out with anyone else.

MARJ: "I disagree.

BILL: "Disagree all you like. It's a fact, the social environment. A woman once she's married devotes her life to her husband and family - therefore, if she goes out with a man, she's not happy at home, she's looking for a bit of fun.'

MARJ: "So if married man go out with a single girl, they're after one thing.


MARJ: "You're a married man. If Bill did...I'd know. Nothing worse than hearing from someone else.

BILL: "I don't know that I feel the same way. Don't feel any
better about it one way or the other.

MARJ: "Have to know. Woman can be a little so-and-so. If she does come and tell me - if I can say, 'So what', it deflates her.

BILL: "Men wouldn't make a point of coming to tell me. It may crop up in conversation. Agree with Marjorie with this here. Women probably look for more scandal in life than men.

(Marjorie answers the phone)

BILL: "I think marriage is basically not a very good institution in many ways. Most people get married when they're relatively young. At a later period of time, mature more as individuals. Maturity takes diverging paths, takes people apart more. Can't be helped. Personal development changes a person a little. Both people change. Things you thought you had in common, you don't have in common any more. To be bound by law for the rest of your lives is wrong. If those two people decide that things are not as good, it's between the people - break up without any stigma or trouble attached to it.

"Don't really see the need for marriage as an institution. If two people love each other and want to spend lives together they will do it anyway.

"The two instincts are compatible, in that largely a woman needs to give affection and I think men like a little babying, fuss. Two sexes are compatible, so they're going to get together anyway. Marriage is an institution of tribal ritual. Think it's now unnecessary. Lot's of married people are miserable, can't get out. Social stigma attached to separation and divorce.

MARJ: "Could be a difference - if there are children, some agreement to safeguard the children, if there's a separation, property division in a certain way.

BILL: "Oh, yeah, I agree.

MARJ: "I think a lot of people when they get married - no fault; they grow apart, growing process. Shouldn't have to drag one another down to get a divorce. Might like each other a great deal - just that you've grown.

BILL: "If there is such a thing as love, love makes a marriage work. Not many love - beyond the bells ringing - I think
 compatibility is the next biggest area, if you're married or not, you have to be compatible. Love doesn't really come into it - love is a bonus. I'm very cynical.

MARJ: "Love for me is wanting the best for my partner. Something that must be in a marriage. The whole basis of it. If you want the best, the rest follows on.

BILL: "Got to mean that's the best for you as well. People generally are not that unselfish to devote their lives to someone else - and be miserable themselves.

MARJ: "They wouldn't be married. To me that's the growing apart stage. If you are miserable to make the other one happy, if you've got to the stage where you worry about what you say, the marriage is finished.

(Marjorie looks at her watch, and offers lunch; goes out to prepare it.)

BILL: "Friendship is not at all consuming. You can be friends with someone and if you don't see them for a couple of months, it doesn't worry you unduly. No, I don't think it's as close as marriage because you never get to know a friend to the same extent as someone you're living with everyday.

"Incompatibility is probably the cause of breakup. Reason for it may be the man behaving cruelly, or adultery, but they're only symptoms. The problem stems from incompatibility.

"You have a responsibility to the marriage and to yourself. Tendency for society at large to think that once you're married, perhaps if it turns out a mistake, you're responsible to the marriage, and you owe yourself no responsibility to make yourself happier. Wrong way round. Person owes it to himself, and is entitled to look for his own happiness, not to subjugate. Most reasonable people strike a balance, get the things you want personally but are still very conscious of your responsibilities to other people.

"Whether a man is as capable looking after children is a different question. Theoretically it's thought to be joint care and joint responsibility, not just a matter of training. Perhaps the woman has the same innate qualities that fit her for looking after children. Shouldn't be used as an excuse for a man to forget about his children.
Probably the same as everybody else, whether it's a child or a car, it's a damn nuisance for it breaking down. Can be very rewarding also to have children. There are times when perhaps you wish you didn't have them. I don't think marriage is centred round children. Children are a part of marriage, but marriage is not a justification for children.

"Talking to people is a matter of striking a common ground, areas of interest, doesn't matter whether it's all male or mixed. Think probably right off, a man doesn't normally become too friendly with women, more friendly with a man. Certain men, particularly certain married men, are probably quite reserved with women, wouldn't get very close because the friendship is inhibited because they're married. I couldn't envisage a situation where I could hold any sort of conversation with things like knitting, sewing, cooking. With a man, bound to be more in common. Might take a bit of getting used to, if a woman shared these interests. It wouldn't worry me once I was over the initial reaction. Most men find it hard to accept advice from a woman in that sort of area - the car, golf; very reluctant to accept it. At senior management level where problems can be quite complicated, you often appreciate advice from anybody; on the shopfloor if women are training men for routine job, the man is probably more resentful. Not particularly worried if a woman was my boss, provided she demonstrated that she knew more than I did, I would go along with her. If I could admit to myself that this person was doing a better job than I could do, whether it was a man or woman, I would accept it.

(Q: Abortion?)

MARJ: "On psychological grounds. Just about knocks you mentally. I've seen several girls virtually commit suicide. They should have been allowed abortion. The mental trauma is less than having children - in five years they'll be thinking, 'Wonder where that child is?' Think there are reasons for and against, and in some cases a definite case for. See youngsters who have got themselves into problems like this, try and put myself in their shoes - 'What would I be thinking now?'. Likely be climbing up the wall.

BILL: "Some relaxation. Not complete abortion on demand. I tend to go more in that direction rather than no abortion at all."
A little bit too dangerous, if it's just a whim. Easier, then there's not the same social stigma attached to it. Not quite the same if you go the whole hog. Haven't thought that out too much.

"Censorship for adults, homosexuals, is completely oppressive. Even the distinction between men and women is completely ridiculous. Wouldn't mind betting as many if not more lesbians than there are homosexuals. Think a good woman is a much better lover, taken as a cross-section, generally a woman is a better lover than a man, even though men like to think they're virile etc, women are more tender and gentle. Two women have got a great thing going for them if they're that way inclined. I'm easy going. But I've got some strong views on some things.

MARJ: "Especially those frowned on by society.

BILL: "Like a lot of people, I have strong views, but I don't do anything about them. Pity, because there must be a lot of people like that.

MARJ: "If you felt especially strongminded, you would do something about it.

BILL: "I don't think anyone does anything until it affects them personally. Or a close friend. Read something in the paper, say it's injustice. Because you don't know the people involved, it doesn't directly affect you.

MARJ: "Start a petition to stop censorship. Except violence.

BILL: "Need influence in politics, bill or something.

MARJ: "Couple of cousins came with Mum. Never known a chap like this. Get him to take a photo, 'no time'. We were there from 2.30 to 7.30 — serious portrait work.

BILL: "Time it took, ought to be worth it.

MARJ: "Pity you can't get a job.

BILL: "Yes, there's a creative satisfaction in the composition of shots and the processing. Way things turn out.

MARJ: "Fun.

BILL: "Something comes out good, you get a lot more satisfaction than if you'd just sent it to the chemist.

MARJ: "He's the professional photographer for the firm.
BILL: "I'd like to use live models - just haven't got the contacts.

MARJ: "I'm not very photogenic.

BILL: "Most people have something about their body or face which you can use. If it's only one area, you're limited in the poses you can do, compared with a model who's good-looking, has a good figure.

"I belong to the Hutt Camera Club, stayed for club night - the Miss New Zealand entrants were modelling.

MARJ: "Portraits, interesting faces.

BILL: "Bodies as well, let's face it. Only so many angles of faces you can do.

Interview Four

BILL: "I was born November 1939. Father worked on the Railways, mother didn't do anything special. In 1946 my father got a transfer, and my mother started work as a spinner in a cotton mill. I spent a lot of time in hospital up till 11, I suppose, 5-6 months every year. Made it difficult for my parents for a start. At seven I left primary school, got a scholarship to a grammar school, till I was eleven. In 1952 my parents separated; I lived with my father, which was a bit tough - he was on three 8-hour shifts in rotation. Only child; not really much family activity. Well, I left school 1956 at sixteen. Met Marjorie 1957. My father died when we got married when I was about nineteen; my father died soon after that. Marjorie and I left England 1962, came over here, adopted Janet about 1966, living in rented houses in various places, finally settled down, bought this place 1971-72. That's a brief background.

"At grammar school I specialised in science. Stream where you have English, maths, chemistry, physics, geography, history, French, some sort of art or woodwork.

"Only had three jobs. 1956 as a lab assistant for company making lead acid batteries for industrial forklift vehicles; they also made missile systems - power sources - radar specialised in radio, etc. 1,000 people employed. I studied part-time, got the National Certificate in Chemistry. Three
years on and started to sit the Higher National, passed the first year, left England before I could complete the whole of the course. Came to work at the New Zealand subsidiary of the same firm, as the Works Chemist. Couple of hundred employed. Job expanded to technical manager. Studied part-time for New Zealand Certificate of Scientists, one year toward Institute of Management Certificate. Stayed with them from 1962 to 1972, then started current job with C - as Quality Control officer. That's since developed a little bit more. Now I'm Quality Control Manager; have supervision and ten female assistants.

"Not much family life. When they separated I didn't see much of my mother, and not a hell of a lot of my father, because of the hours he was working. Fairly solitary existence. Preparing own meals, a fair amount of housework. Didn't have many holidays that I can think of as particularly memorable. Norfolk Broads a couple of years, very pleasant, before my parents broke up. Didn't mean much to me. My mother's sisters-aunties, two of them in particular, who were very good. One or the other came over just to do a few odd jobs when my mother left, very good because there was no blood relationship. Father had a brother who had a wife and a boy my age - that didn't really help very much as far as I could see. I had virtually no friends really. Perhaps that accounts for my introverted character. I don't make friends, long-standing friendships, easily. Even now I've no friends I would say were long-standing friends. Perhaps it's a reflection or a result of my childhood. Very sheltered life as far as girls concerned - largely - there were probably two reasons: I was very much overweight in those days, not very attractive to girls, also I was very shy, and of course the times weren't always convenient, made it awkward. After I met Marjorie she used to come home, used to be able to stay at home. My father wouldn't agree to that with other girls. She helped round the house, cleaning. Marjorie's parents were very nice, I used to go to see them quite often.

"Probably the impetus for immigrating came from a visit of Marjorie's aunt, who lived in Napier. She started selling the place. At that time I began to realise that perhaps my job prospects, chance of getting a reasonable standard and house
were fairly remote. Had no money - £10 in the bank after our
honeymoon. Renting a house. My mother had arranged to have the
lounge decorated for us. Did the painting etc, ourselves.
At the time we were getting £7-10 a week. My first wage was
£3-£7, which really didn't leave very much for spending for
pleasure.

"I managed to get a contract through the firm to the
subsidiary over here - they offered me a job. Had a sponsored
PASSAGE for £50, or some nominal amount. The firm put us up in
a hotel for a month till we found somewhere in Naenae; shortly
after we got Janet we decided we would move. The lease came up
for renewal - added £10 on the rent, we couldn't really afford it.
No future in renting - but we did not have enough to buy one.
Went up to Carterton, looking for a place of our own. There was
an auction for sections, we put the deposit down for one. Moved
over to live there, partly to be near the section, and the rent
was cheaper. Had two places - lived first in a house converted
into two flats, pretty hopeless, the neighbours were bloody
awful. Rackety music, largely in the night. Got chance of an
old farmhouse - primitive to say the least.

"I was commuting each day. Stuck it out eighteen months.
Bit tough, I'd leave home at quarter to seven in the morning,
not really getting home till seven fifteen at night, also over-
time on Saturdays. Got a concession to work my own hours, 9-5,
though it was no fewer hours - it just left Saturday free. Did
enable us to save a bit of money. Mother can to stay with us.
Both she and Marjorie got a bit cheesed off with their boredom.
Only themselves to talk to. Moved back to the Valley, got
another rented place at Upper Hutt. Stayed there six months,
looking round for a house to buy. By this time we had a
reasonable deposit. Finally came to this place - since when
we've had no money at all. Accumulated quite a few material
possessions, but very little money. I think I'd like to have a
little bit more. It doesn't worry me that I'm not a millionnaire,
I'm a bit of a cautious type. Thought of a little bit of money,
a buffer against emergencies. I'd like a little more than I've
got.
"Early experiences have really given me the strengths and weaknesses I've got now. I'm a very tidy person, basically. I like the house looking neat; like to bring things to a conclusion, like money, things sort of sorted out - the interest per month, now where does this affect our standard and so on. Probably a result of the need to do this sort of thing when I was younger. Perhaps also from the unhappiness of my personal life. I'm tending to ask more and more questions about things that perhaps I would have known about if perhaps I'd had a closer family life. It's beginning to cause doubts and frustrations now. I'm looking for answers I probably would have got under different circumstances when younger.

"Well, I'm gradually more sort of itchy as far as women are concerned, not having had much more experience when I was younger. Would I be happier now, more stable or mature if you like, had I sown a few wild oats when I was younger? Not having done so to the extent of most boys, I wonder what I missed, whatever you call it, experience, those things I know I should have experienced when younger. Probably immoral, with a wife and family, and having those sorts of thoughts. That's the way it is, I'm afraid.

"Also the matter of finding it difficult to make or form friendships stems from childhood as well. Being on my own such a lot I became to some extent self-sufficient. Just as happy, if not happier, by myself, providing I've got something to do, than I am with other people. If I've got my various jobs done, I'll happily curl up with a pile of books. Made it difficult on Marjorie sometimes - she's rather different, gets edgy if she doesn't go out. In that respect our natures are perhaps a little incompatible. I don't like people particularly. Can get on with them. If I was invited out by a bunch of guys for a few drinks, I probably wouldn't go - not from the point of view that I don't like them, but it doesn't interest me to go into the pub 3-4 hours a night and just drink.

"Another thing which keeps rearing its ugly head. The feeling of running out of time. In view of the male family medical history - I feel I haven't got all that long to live. Just increases the frustration, as if I haven't really done
things I've expected to do, and if I'm going to do them, I'm
going to have to start now, or die without any rewarding
experiences at all - or not as many as are available to me.
Perhaps I'm a little morbid. Last three generations died
between the ages of 44-47, of the same thing - can't be too
sure. My father struck cancer, died of stomach cancer. Others
were wasting diseases of some sort. Even five years ago, I
started having stomach problems - put it all together - leads
to the impression of running out of time. Don't want to run
out of time before I've done something - done something else.

"Partly the feeling that I'm not doing the right job at
the moment. It's a job that I'm not completely happy in, and
I'm reasonably ambitious, I want to be able to look back and say
'I've accomplished something in my career'.

"Apart from the things like money, status, etc, job has
got to be varied, got to have a wide enough scope so that the job
is interesting, not too repetitive. Got to be stimulating and
challenging for me. Things, mental problems which stimulate me
more than physical ones. Probably why I'm not much of a handyman
such as laying a concrete drive - leaves me cold. Not much of an
achievement or satisfaction. A certain amount obviously.

"I think to some extent most New Zealanders as a group
are handymen. As a group. Both New Zealand and England are
similar in that they're practical men, which does put me apart.
Gives me a complex, e.g. adding a room onto the house, because
I don't think I can do it. The part that's the most rewarding
is the planning - how big, if the ground's got to be landscaped -
the background's more of interest than the actual doing of it.
I'd hand the drawings over and let someone else build it. The
building of the garage wasn't that much for me. If I were an
apprentice it might be a little more interesting. The actual
physical work involved didn't offer much satisfaction when it
was finished. I did build it.

"The thing that does give me a lot of satisfaction
recently - Marjorie doesn't know, she'll kill me if she finds
out- I managed to persuade a young girl to pose for me in studio
surroundings, played with studio lighting in a proper studio setting. Did the lot myself - makeup, clothes, set, processed the film myself, and made enlargements, put them in a frame. Got a lot of satisfaction out of that. Took about eighteen shots, got six that I liked, and two that really stood out to me. One of them I think is very good. Lot of satisfaction because this was - artistic creativity, rather than hammering nails into wood. To some extent it was with my hands, largely with my brain. Lot of hard work in it. Down at the studio for over two hours, to shoot off twenty exposures; 6-8 hours work developing, ended up with one print that I thought was really very good, another five pretty reasonable. Gave me a lot of satisfaction. Even more so when I gave some prints to the girl - after all she'd been good enough to model for me; she was quite enthused. Just added to the whole satisfaction and pleasure of it. Think probably one reason - it was black and white rather than colour. I never find too much difficulty in colour as far as composition's concerned. Haven't always been perfect. If it's shots of people, doesn't give the same satisfaction. With black and white you have a greater opportunity to do the whole thing yourself. Can ruin the whole lot at any stage; to see something come out after a fair amount of work is very rewarding. Studio was murderous; the girl a bit cheesed off. I was a bit fussy. Sweat pouring off me. Damned hard work for both of us.

"This is where money rears its ugly head. If I had independent means, I could afford to just concentrate on photos from the point of view of satisfaction. If I had to make a living from sessions like that last lot, I'd starve. Can't ever see myself getting to the stage of combining interest with livelihood. Probably it will always be a hobby. I've done odd work for the company. The money I've made has just covered my expenses.

"Think I'm reaching, or I've reached the stage now where I'm asking myself what do I do? The various obligations I've got at the moment - do I have to go along with those obligations at the expense of more personal things I want to do, or do I say, 'To hell with it' and do what I want to do? Or what? Don't think I could really say I've been very happy for very long. Think several times I have been; I don't feel I've
been as contented or as happy as I should be, or certainly as I want to be.

"I've improved my status if you like. I think the way things have worked out, I've done very well for myself, comparatively speaking. Coming to New Zealand was probably the turning point. Coupled with a certain amount of luck and more hard work. We've got material things which if we had stayed in England we wouldn't have. 'Departmental Manager' carries a certain amount of status. I don't think I can go very much higher. I haven't the necessary attributes to become a really successful top-line businessman. I wish I had more drive and ruthlessness. I'm a fairly soft person basically. Hard when I have to be: I give the benefit of the doubt probably more than I should. Give some people the impression of weakness. They may be right, I don't know. Certainly haven't got the ruthlessness necessary for top manager - basically they're not very nice people really. I don't see how you can display one type of character in business life and another in home life - I think it carries over. If you're not very nice as a businessman, and many I know are not, you're not a very nice person at home. Don't think I could be as nasty as that.

"Think partly because I'm a very sensitive person really. Can often walk into a room and sense an atmosphere, that people have been arguing, for instance. I'm a fairly emotional person really underneath, on the outside I appear rather cold and distant, it's probably just a veneer put on over the years. Can be hurt very badly, and have been, emotionally. You know in situations where other people in similar situations have shrugged it off, 'so what' - but it gets me down. So I don't give out as much. Situation recently, I really let loose with my emotions. It didn't really work out in fact I really got harmed there. Emotionally reinforced the feeling that I can't give all of myself in many instances, because if it's something that doesn't work out, it just hurts too much. Always got to hold something back.

"I don't find it hard to talk to anyone where there's some area of common interest. I'm more comfortable in the work situation talking to other managers and higher senior managers
than I am with my own staff. I'd be the first one to admit there's a certain amount of snobbishness, a feeling of superiority, because I haven't really got much common ground, apart from the job, even were they men. The main interests of the working people at that level are not things that interest me, so it's hard to find some common ground to talk to them about.

"I split women up into two arbitrary categories. I'm comfortable with an intelligent woman who can carry out a conversation on a topic that interests me. If not, if they talk on babies, knitting, I get bored very quickly. Hazy areas in between. Two extremes of the real dopey, narrow-interested sort of woman, and the intelligent woman with a wide span of interests. In between there's a problem group, women who you find very attractive physically, but who are also a bit thick if you like, bit of a scatterbrain. In a situation like that I spend some time with that woman, mainly my interest would be her appearance, her physical attraction to me. That interest would go if we weren't talking about anything.

"A man is more ruthless by nature, if you like. Woman is generally softer, though there are exceptions to this. In many ways Marjorie is more ruthless, more determined than I am - probably the exception rather than the rule. I know another woman, she's independent, but too independent for her own good. She likes to feel that she ought to and can solve all her own problems without help from anyone else - it gets her back up, you're offering her 'charity'. If you push her harder she'll do it. There's a certain resistance. If you say, 'to hell I'll do it', or 'we will', she'll usually end up doing it.

"Probably to a large extent the traditional functions of men and women. Woman is basically the housewife, the support system if you like. She keeps house, looks after children, provides physical and emotional support to the man, who is essentially the dominant personality of the family. Women are brainwashed to accept it, if you like. Apart from that, there is also a fundamental emotional difference with women in that they are definitely much closer to and have greater sympathy with children, for instance, than a man would have. Women would do or make great sacrifices for their children than a man
would in that area. That perhaps is not too important. Well, a mother perhaps would go without buying herself a new coat, if it meant the kids could have new clothes. Chances are her husband wouldn't go without his couple of nights down at the pub for the sake of his children.

"Suppose there is a slight - a definite - contradiction. Women do have greater strength than a man - in their resistance to pain. I know a couple of women who have very hard periods from time to time, who have had difficult childbirths, but who don't make a big deal out of it. They live with it, prepared to have more children despite their experiences. Greater tolerance or acceptance of pain, in that respect. Think men are basically soft. If he comes down with something - 'Bugger it, I'll have a day off'. I think women are also - again as a group - more inhibited. When it comes to areas like smoking, swearing, that sort of social behaviour, women are more inhibited than a man. I don't know whether their natural discipline is greater or whether it's ingrained. Women don't swear, drink - it's a social restriction. From first hand information, I can't say very much. I would think that emotionally they're less inhibited. Have a good cry to have something out of their system - that a man would keep bottled up inside. I think perhaps a woman, although perhaps initially inhibited, could very easily go the other way - with a man - I think walking down the street, for example holding hands, is much more typical of women.

"Would say a man - (are you thinking of relationships between sexes?) - ought to be basically considerate, not taking a woman for granted, make a fuss of her. Need to feel special, not taken for granted. Man ought to be reasonably aware of his appearance, his hair, suit, shoes. Attentive when with a woman, not the same as being considerate, by opening doors, help her into seat, yet then can ignore her for the rest of the evening. Got to show you're interested. Think you've got to show she can depend on you, that you're someone she can lean on if she's having problems. Consideration is the phrase that covers most of the way a man should be. I think a woman is more attracted to a man's character than his physical appearance - probably not the case in the other direction. Character a man should have - attentive, considerate, reliable.
"What do I look for in a woman? She would have to be intelligent, have to be able to carry out or conduct conversations with me, have something we could talk about. Have to be reasonably well dressed, smart, but not immaculate. A lot of women get dolled up like a chocolate box cover, too good to be true, almost inviolate, don't know what to do with them. I think she would have to be attractive; again, not necessarily beautiful. Women's attractiveness goes with personality, to some extent. If she's got a bright, effervescent personality, it somehow gets transmitted to her whole appearance, glows, lifts her up a little bit. Great beauty is not essential. Should be reasonably attractive. Of course - every man's dream - great in bed. Think she should be someone who can work with a man to build a home, to look after a home, to provide emotional support. If it turns out that this woman is perhaps a housewife, when her husband came home looking for some word of comfort, gesture of affection, she'd sense when he needs it, and when he doesn't, when he wants to be on his own. Probably just about covers it. Quite a tall order, but we're talking about ideal people.

"Relationship should not be considered a battle, not the marriage relationship. Whoever considers the relationship between the sexes to be a battle shouldn't be married anyway. I think the ideal sort of partnership is one where the strengths and weaknesses of one partner complement the strengths and weaknesses of the other. Got to be a strong empathy between them, knowing what the other person is thinking or wants to do without talking about it. Just that sense. I think it's just a matter of compatibility, got to be compatible, and I think the empathy is part of what people call love.

"I think I've recently realised what love is. Question I've asked myself a lot over the years, never really sure what is love, or not - never able to define it. As such, I've been very wary of using the word. Beginning to realise that it's a total commitment to someone - 'I need to be with this person - I need' - recognition that this person is needed to achieve things together that couldn't be achieved independently. Sacrifices that you would make for this person that you wouldn't make under other circumstances: I think that's what love is about. Complete sort of merging of two completely compatible
people into a relationship which through their joint efforts will achieve far more happiness and achievement, whatever objectives you set yourself, working as a team if you like, than could ever be achieved individually.

"I don't know whether everyone wants a relationship with someone else. People have certain goals or aims in life, and perhaps some people think they can achieve these aims completely by their own effort. Perhaps some people can't give part of themselves to someone else so therefore they can't arrive at a relationship of love, can't give enough of themselves to have this fusion if you like. I don't think as a blanket statement that everyone is looking for someone else. I think everyone is looking for something, some goals they want to achieve, some purely self-centred personal achievements. Could be accomplished by the self, or a woman might be an achievement towards achieving those goals. There are some people who can't receive.

"I think I'm in a peculiar situation at the moment - where I can't give all that I'm capable of giving, and where I for some reason can't receive all that's being offered. Perhaps a matter of compatibility. I envisage a situation of complete two-way transfusion. I'm not in that situation at the moment. Some of the frustrations I'm beginning to realise come from what's needed for my own personal satisfaction or fulfilment something is not quite there, you know?

"Trigger. One book, or one short story, or one poem, that would be magnificent if I could get the trigger to start the thing off. Can't just sit down and write about a romantic thing if you're not in a romantic mood. Have to have someone to think about deeply enough. I think Shakespeare was a remarkable sort of a guy. I think poets are more romantic than authors, because I can't see how you can sustain a valid emotion for any length of time. Why I say that I think a short story or a poem would be the extent of my capacity, if you like. Couldn't sit down over a period of months and maintain that feeling.

"Nice to think that you're attractive to women. I would not ply someone I was taking out with drinks. Drunken women aren't nice to anyone. Probably try to get what I want through
charm. More due to personality than should we say natural charms, because when I've taken a girl out, it's always been with the aim of a longer term relationship. There will automatically have been a sexual aim at work at some stage or another, but as far as I'm concerned it's not a one night stand thing. If it was it would conform to the Kiwi pattern - go out with a couple of guys to the boozer and pick up a couple of girls - a pick-up rather than an invitational relationship. If you invite someone out, it's because you feel some interest over and above straightforward sex - interest because you expect something more than a one-night stand, if you like. Don't know if it's an influence on the way I would go about seducing the woman, shall we say, or my particular nature. I do like to make a fuss of a woman. I do like dinner, wine, dancing, those sorts of things. My romanticism comes out occasionally. One of the nicest experiences I had was taking a woman to dinner, we ended up driving around, ending up on the beach - just wandered up and down in the moonlight, very nice. Something to do with my personality. I can't imagine very many people being interested in walking up and down the beach by moonlight.

"I suggest a lot of men don't think - I've thought about this occasionally - shall we say about technique - 'is this what women really want?' See, I've known some very attractive women whom my approach leaves cold - almost as though there's something peculiar about me - some women who don't want that approach. Obviously there's differences between women as well. It takes all sorts. To some extent you can arrive at some assessment of a person you're taking or going out with. What would throw me off balance would be a complete Women's Libber who insisted on perhaps sharing, that would throw me a little bit. I'd probably look for some manoeuvring space - to pay next time as well - I would feel inhibited. If I could accept a woman paying for me, I wouldn't order meat or wine, would probably try to make it a cheap evening if I knew she was paying.

"Things you don't notice too. First night, we even went out, the girl I've been seeing, the standard was casual. I was reasonably dressed, shirt and tie, not a suit. She had slacks, very smart, but casual, and part way through the evening having dinner, after a couple of drinks - only then said that
she felt a little bit uncomfortable, because she wasn't dressed. Yet it didn't register with me at all. As far as I was concerned she was smartly dressed - it didn't dawn that she felt inappropriately dressed. Shook me because I realised I hadn't been not attentive, but not as aware as I might have been.

"Other question I've been asking myself, if two people - I saw a little poster some time ago - it seemed to sum it up. Something about 'You're not in this world to live up to my expectations - if we meet it's beautiful'. Probably sums it up.

"The institution of marriage in many ways is bad, repressive. Tries to force people to get married when at the time you feel it's the right thing to do. Subsequently you develop yourselves as individuals, find that what you thought you had, you no longer have, and you're in a trap. You either keep living together because society says that's what must be done or you separate, or you arrive at a compromise, stay married but virtually lead separate lives. Lots to be said for the Arabs - 'I divorce you' said three times - that signifies the end of the marriage. Don't think people should have to get married if they don't want to. If they do, and find there's only one basic reason why marriages break up - incompatibility. Reasons for an ultimate divorce - like separation, cruelty, adultery, just the symptoms of the basic cause which is incompatibility. If they find they are wrong, it's wrong that society should force them to live together - where under other circumstances they'd both go separate lives and perhaps find greater happiness with someone else. Perhaps that's rather radical for you.

"Individual goes through several stages - if he's got a mother-image, if it's a man in that situation, he'll probably want one woman to lean on as a mother, if you like. But I think as in many other spheres of development, a person's needs change as he matures. I think people are maturing all the way through in terms of defining and realising more what they want from life, and because their attitudes change, it changes in respect of the person they happen to be living with at the time just as much as in respect to their career, hobbies, anything else that you might happen to think of - religion, even."
Love and Marriage,
Love and Marriage,
Go together like a horse and carriage:
You can't have one,
No, you can't have one
Without the other.

Evident in their text is Marjorie and Bill's concern with the relationship of love to marriage, the assessment of what they know of the latter in the light of what they sense as the former. Others who use a complementary style of the individual mode of being also talk of the two as connected. Yet they are not for those we have met as autonomous individuals. So before we examine the constituents of Marjorie and Bill's individuality, we shall look back along this axis to the autonomous style.

Mike cannot reconcile what he knows of companionship, with male peers like himself, with the object of marital loving: a woman, someone other. He doubts that love was the moving force of his friends' entrance into marriage: a more apparent cause, to him, is that marriage was the next endeavour in sight once other goals have been attained, so losing their savour. But marriage for him would amount to the loss of what is dearest to him, his self-sufficiency, his ability to 'come and go': the same focus which indeed prevents him from allowing himself to enter into that transcendent regard for each other which is present in love.

Dennis similarly discards love. Apart from his sons, it remains a concept unattached to substantial evidence and practice in his own experience, and in his observation of others' marriages. Mutual respect maintains the elite group of colleagues whom he recognizes as peers, the context which is of most import in situating himself in self-esteem. Marriage acts as a precondition to entry into that small circle of equals, promoting ambition through an assumption of overall responsibility for the wellbeing of wife and family. His wife cannot act as his peer because of this - and because she is different. Others are excited into loving by differences: Dennis finds them suspicious, hinting of aims which are divergent - competitive, and not in his own way.
Howard utilises the differences between his wife's context and character in setting about his self-defined challenges: receiving her support, he feels no need to mistrust it. He does not ascribe her consideration as arising from one larger still, 'love'. Far more tangible to him, and more a matter for self-congratulation, is that this unitary aspect of their relationship arises from an interlocking of personalities and division of tasks according to that. The 'compatibility' can be described analytically as it sustains them side by side, day in, day out - unlike love which he conceives of, at this distance, as an overwhelming gust of passion, unfit to offer the coexistence over years which is his marriage.

None of these three men have experienced, or desired, love as precedent to marriage, then in partnership with it. But marriage provides for none of them the central constituent relationship, context in which their acts become meaningful, themselves situated. It may provide a basis for entrance into the preferred sphere, one which is largely unquestioned, although complaints may be laid. But it is not the focus of their emergy, not the relationship which in blooming most invigorates, in waning tears apart, the sense of self they have constructed and use to render the world meaningful, themselves substantial within it.

Marriage is, however, the touchstone for the women we have so far encountered. In this context, love assumes a palpable presence in their experience and the direction they have given their lives. Its absence is noted, its disappearance resists attempts at explanation. Marriage without it, even if it cannot endure, is unthinkable without its underwriting. (Just as the satisfaction drawn from the control of cars, or the manipulation of people in selling is undercut in the absence of the mutual regard of peers: a sense of return in which the reality of an act, an exertion, is affirmed).

The focus of the feeling which led up to marriage may alter, the products (children) replacing originator (husband), as expectations clash. 'Historically', the marriages of Clare and Joan have come to an end, but they continue to centre their lives around the children (as their husbands do not, or cannot). In doing so, they retain a continuity which carries them past the
rupture. It was, after all, the children with whom they were most concerned while the marriage remained active. Susan has succeeded in balancing the simultaneous attention to and recognition from both husband and children — in large part because the children are regarded as a shared responsibility (and delight). In doing so, she is able to shrug off the hollow fortress which her own parents, and then mother alone, made of the enterprise.

Whether it operates as a base (amongst others) or as a core relationship (engendering others which come to have their own autonomy and importance), whether love is present or absent, (temporarily or permanently), the marriages of these people operate on a division of the joint undertaking which assigns responsibilities, tasks, attention according to skills and interests which are largely seen to follow the sexual division. In marrying each other, wife and husband do not establish their presence by inwardly facing one another in an assumption of the other's qualities which sets up a homogeneity. The unit which is set up reiterates itself, compounds its presence by the exchange between partners. Other married couples affirm this reciprocity by utilising a division which is largely similar, varying in details. Such variation enhances the uniqueness of each marriage, as a distinct agreement and arrangement made between two particular people. Others may resemble it, but not reproduce it exactly. It is something which a couple alone makes and maintains. As with love, careers, children, marriage and its companion projects is an achievement 'of our own'; within which both husband and wife can distinguish something 'of my own'. The sense of self which is crucial to becoming a social person is not abnegated in conjugal union, but concretely ramified and made apparent.

Marjorie and Bill have not anchored their marriage within this framework of recognitions which simultaneously affirms both commonality and particularity. Often it happens that a woman will make some kind of apology for the state of her house (in terms of cleanliness, tidiness) as she ushers the visitor in. It is not so much a statement of failure however as an acknowledgement that standards are a personal matter. She has one set, her visitor is likely to hold another. If her house-
keeping is to be assessed, it is on her own terms. In this initial comment, she also draws attention to the domain of married life for which she is largely responsible. When Marjorie greeted me with such a comment, it was succeeded by a disclaimer: she wasn't interested in housework, so she didn't go to much bother. Beyond a functional cleaning and order, the house does not claim much of her attention. She was relieved that the next-door neighbours enjoyed a garden which took little of her own time. Bill was similarly disinclined to put much effort into the house and garden once they had furnished it, added a garage for their late model car. They are not interested in the perennial elaboration of their environment, also an embodiment of the unit - 'our own' set up by marriage, which intrigues other couples.

Instead, their energy is drawn into individual 'interests' - few of which are conceived as contributions to a mutual project, the marriage unit. Their underlying concern - which they do share - is the 'growth of the individual', the goal for which marriage is enlisted as a support. Often enough it also seems to oppose this extension into fullness. A large proportion of their circle of friends, itself ever on the increase, consists of the divorced and separated. Both Bill and Marjorie perceive the state of these friends as resulting from an unevenness in the personal development of partners, one outstripping the other until eventually they are no longer 'compatible'. Marriage is kept alive by the mutual interaction of two individuals; it is not embedded in joint projects which are seen to require complementary action and planning. In loose terms it is a matter between two people, rather than a phenomenon which draws two partners into an enterprise larger than them both and endowed with a seeming autonomy, a life of its own.

Love is a real presence in these relationships, their prerequisite in fact, but no guarantee in itself that its reciprocal regard can continue between two individuals on the change. What might have been an appropriate decision at one stage may, ironically, encourage it into doubt at a later, the interests needs and characteristics which amount to 'personality' having meanwhile shifted. While the past is seen as leading up to the present, it does not amount to the same thing: they are
different states. Marjorie backs her spiritualist beliefs with the image of a butterfly transforming through cocoon and caterpillar. And Bill wonders where he would be, who he could be now if he had made other decisions as he assumed adulthood, took on a job, and wife. For he is no longer content in either.

Their past history is important to both of them, as contrast to what they have achieved, as experience rendered into material for speculation, even interrogation (for Bill): a means for understanding themselves as personalities which can be described and explained. Others we have encountered have not framed their past so finely; in fact the salesmen dismiss childhood and adolescence within a few routine sentences: it is their continuing success they wish to articulate, their ability the landmark against their inner horizons.

Bill has no affection for his childhood and adolescence. Marjorie's fond recollections are muddied with a resentment whose strength is confined to memory largely because she has striven to make a life which she can call her own, free of apparently more gifted siblings, parental standards and watchful neighbours. This need to repudiate much of the formative past, its surroundings and relationships in order to forge a sense of self must have played its part in their attraction to one another. Neither has sought to do without relationships so much as to replace those which became hollow with one which in its intimacy promises fullness. But what is rich for one has begun to look spare to the other now that they have both arrived at a kind of plateau in their lives which inspires them to look back, trace their progress - and then look ahead to discern the nature of the route. At least, that is Bill's preoccupation. Marjorie is confident that whatever the class of terrain, her persistence and openness will carry her through.

These two qualities owe much to the 'professional' emphasis laid by both her parents and her teachers. Marjorie's concern has been to render this 'way of thought engendering a way of life - you became involved in searching, exploration, mastering something in order to expand' into a shape which fits her (and so discovers her own contours, her own presence). By translating the family ethos into her own terms, she not only makes herself distinct, but also draws attention to her independ-
ence. She eschews or does not last out the conventional training undergone by her brother the atomic scientist, her sister, the pharmacist, her husband the industrial chemist. Instead, she has transformed the very lack of a specific ability which led her father to wonder aloud to his friends what would become of her into a recognized skill: helping others to solve the problems which disfigure their contentment by holding herself open to hear them out.

Her position as Personnel Officer pays her well to come up with solutions, even to add to the variegated range of questions brought before her, setting up a babysitting service, emphasizing family planning in the medical services the factory offers its workers. It is in the interests of those overseeing the smooth running of the production lines that the people who man them remain fully attentive, undistracted from the routine in pondering the worries of their own, outside lives. Marjorie sees herself as also offering the men and women who approach her an expertise beyond the reach of their own resources, financial and personal. They are comparatively ignorant, lacking not just knowledge (information and a comprehension), but control as well. The ability to change, to make fresh choices - which she cherishes in herself - is largely absent, dismissed in a fear of alteration of what has become the known situation. She remarks on their jealousy, their apprehension that partners are too easily lost to another member of their own sex. They appear to mistrust each other because they do not know how to communicate one to another if things begin to look askew: they do not, as Marjorie and Bill do, separate themselves out from the relationships which situate and sustain their sense of being. Hence they are loath to say 'I hurt' and its equivalents, lest the other understand them to mean that their relationship has let them down. Instead they come to Marjorie.

She has less to do with those in the workforce whose arrangements and relationships maintain their shape: these she may not help. Her ability to solve or at least illuminate the dilemmas of the people who seek her aid and advice is repeatedly thrown into relief by the very nature of her job, and the very different nature of her clientele. They affirm her openmindedness, her willingness to break down what seems insoluble and
reshape it into an answer of one sort or another. She separates problem and context as she distinguishes the partners to a marriage as individuals, more or less autonomous.

To do so (successfully) requires a certain distance, that of not being involved in someone else's life to the extent that one shares too identically his or her particular aims and concerns. Marjorie prides herself on her warm availability to other people, the 'open house' she maintains for friends, a sympathy for others' stories which makes her gregarious in a variety which stretches from the bar of a local country club alongside a girlfriend, to a night class in psychology and settings of the spiritualist circle. She has a range of companions to choose from - or to pass on to her husband. Some of these relationships are close. But it is not so much in them as through them (all) that her self awareness is sustained. Talking of marriage, she mentions 'support', 'individual needs' where others may blush, or mention children, comfort, companionship. Similarly she talks of her friends' problems (changing situations), that they come to her for support or relief. Her mother-in-law appears to be the only person who has reversed the direction of this solicitude for the well-being of others. And she is very like Marjorie, not just in a taste in clothes which can result in the exchange of two garments of the same model, and size, between them, each having decided it was just the right thing to buy the other. It was with a wry grin that Marjorie observed 'Bill may not realize it, but he's married a woman very much like his mother'.

Her relationships with other people enable her to offer understanding and to recharge their energy and spirits with her own zest; and it is in this activity that she knows herself best. As with the two salesmen, the hotrod expert, and the office manager, her sense of self is overt and distinguished from a matrix of the relationships which place her amongst other people to the extent where it could be called self-awareness. Not the hard-edged self description of the men, nor Clare's satisfaction at having met a set of standards. What Marjorie grasps in herself is an abundant capability to make sense of whatever comes her way, and so handle it, in large part because of a flexibility which engrosses her in the diversity of others'
preoccupations, moving continually across their surface, horizon-
ed by no one in particular. She has rejected (having tried) remaining at home to see to house and daughter: she felt cut off from the stimulus of a stream of differing people, restrained in her contacts, and subjected to a labelling - 'housewife and mother', which caught only one of the many facets and perspectives that she comprises. (For much the same reason she rails against Bill's suggestion that a man who took her out would automatically harbour expectations of intercourse because she is a married woman). The childhood in which she was so-and-so's daughter or sister has been determinedly left behind, and she has no intention of harking back to it in becoming 'Bill's wife'. Her gloves remain in England, along with the trim lawn, designed flowerbeds and the butterknives of her sister and brother. In her own, amiable house, a marriage designed to suit her interests and capabilities rather than the other way round, and a job which emphasizes those, she can smile as she states 'here I can just be me'.

Because she has, to her own satisfaction, established a sense of self in the same vein as the family she is proud of, but distinct and autonomous, her childhood is recast as formative rather than restrictive. Contemporary events are similarly channelled into due proportion. When Marjorie feels hemmed in with anger or wrong she expels it not by a direct confrontation with the person who has motivated the emotions - that could stoke them further, give the other a manipulative power (by, for example, bringing up the matter at a later date). Instead she writes her feelings down in a private diary which she keeps not to shake her head over but to laugh at the self which responded so earnestly to a situation which, with time and hindsight, proved to have no sting. In giving her whole-hearted attention to a 'problem', when it arises, she defuses its potentiality to engender further (distractive) troubles which would sap the sense of capability which is the touchstone of her sense of self. To feed the past, keep it burning is to circumvent the future. Reminding a friend that her divorce was unnecessary will not help her form that active present which figures so largely in Marjorie's own living. She is not opting for protection, however. She seems less perturbed at the thought of Bill sleeping with another woman than that an uncharitable outsider might surprise her with news of this event, disturbing the
equanimity of her autonomy - if only momentarily. For someone always 'on the go', moving amongst different involvements and interests, situations are rarely irredeemable, constraining only if one allows them (instead of demonstrating one's control in reshaping them).

Bill is less convinced that one has a choice in the effects of the events and relationships which constitute the person. Dissatisfied with his current position he analyses his experience, breaking it down into who he was, how he changed to this point where his needs are no longer being answered - just as in his solitary childhood and adolescence. He sees himself standing almost paralyzed before the irony, split by uncertainty. Part of him yearns to move even further in establishing an autonomous self; another warns him not to leave behind too lightly the job and marriage which mark his progress. Trying to assess the feasibility of establishing his own business as photographer, the probability of finding a love which would go beyond mutual support to a kind of transfusion between two individuals, he underlines instead the ways in which he does know himself, and they weigh him down even more.

He has come a long way from the scholarship boy whose father worked shifts on the railway. He has his own department, the status of the trained professional. He maintains a standard of comfort in his house, car, membership of the Country Club, golf games and photographic equipment which would have been largely beyond his reach had he remained in England. But the next move up the promotional ladder would take him into administration, demanding more than he is prepared to give in its emphasis on decision-making, the smooth operating of machines the lens through which people are considered. Bill wishes to burst through his childhood legacy of wariness, separation - not ramify it further.

Marriage to Marjorie was a route out. She - and her family - were warm, open, and professionals, people with a framework and ways of evaluating to which he, with nothing comparable to build on from his own family, aspires. Now he perceives these same qualities which could once attract him as drawbacks to the very style of life they seem concerned with. The open house has too wide an entrance; the warmth once
so welcoming in her family, too general, the constant exploration which is professionalism to Marjorie, too mobile, too much like impatience, whim. And the helping hand, too ample.

Bill may have been grateful for Marjorie's encouragement, her confidence where he would be anxious, her optimism where he would first test the water (as in his work he first proves a description before it can be stated). But he no longer feels in need of her aid, her wise and forgiving gaze. They only remind him of the shy boy who did require them if he was to move up to her level. Now that he is there, their relationship should assume a mutual cast, the imbalance of constant giving have become inappropriate, an obstructive heritage from selves long thought transcended.

That the helping continues, that he receives insufficient satisfaction from his job, yet seems tied to its material benefits, revivifies that past self, sets it up for the interrogation of speculation. Would he be capable now of turning his back on this easeful security had he been less callow when he embarked upon his career? Since his best subject at school was English, and he had vaguely entertained hopes of writing, would he have had the courage to pursue that instead of the more certain remuneration of industrial chemistry, if he had had parental support and interest, more experience of the world. Was it lack of the latter which made him turn to Marjorie, and marriage at such an early age?

He seems beholden to the decisions made by this earlier, inexperienced self. His marriage and his career seem to impede a development of a sense of autonomy; they once promoted it. The source of this now resides not in personal relationships and professional capabilities as in a personal 'interest' - photography. Marjorie jokes about the fuss he takes in making a portrait of relatives; he guards from her his satisfaction, near fulfillment, in his craft, when what he would like to do most is share it. For him it has gone beyond a hobby, a way for others of recording and preserving incidents of life to display in the home in the company of other items which in expressing individual taste and history, repeat personal experience to make it echo in meaning. But since it is relatively common, it has been possible for Bill to pick up a
camera far more casually than to embark upon the poem he wonders whether he hasn't lost in letting go English for the professional rewards of science.

His successful photographs result from his own mastery and effort - no-one else can do it for him. He is confident enough to take on the risk that 'I can ruin the whole lot at any stage' again and again, a mounting affirmation of his own control and creativity, even if he feels it must remain private. It is the first major venture he has undertaken without anyone's support or suggestion. It originates in and for himself. Perversely, since he cannot share its delight with his wife, it is a culmination of the investment in the growth of personality, individuality which has characterized their marriage in contrast to the more customary and more concrete projects which have sustained other marriages. Even those lacking that absorbing concern for another, and for oneself made manifest in the other which Bill would call love. Unable to participate in many of Marjorie's interests, and she in the photography which has come to assume such import in his life, he begins to doubt their feeling for one another. Is it love - or 'consideration'?

She knew him as someone deprived, unable to achieve full potential by his own unguided effort: the gap attracted her. Bill chafes at this element in their original coming together: in his mind he carries a picture of another woman, a woman attracted to him because of his special virtues, his consideration towards her (showing his appreciation), his interests. A woman whose support he can welcome because it is not in answer to 'needs', but in response to the self he has achieved, a self whose independence he would mark by setting up his own business and, perhaps, replacing his marriage with another intimacy.

So far the sense of needing remains with him, against him. He yearns to finally turn his back on wariness, (pre)caution. To feel that he doesn't have to have those extra dollars in the bank as a buffer against uncertainty, nor cloak his sensitivity beneath a flippan, cynical veneer, take family snapshots and hiding the studio portraits he is proud of. This self he knows too well, too defined in its 'strengths and weaknesses' (particularly in contrast to his wife's). His self-awareness links past with present as a cause, and looms in defeat,
restraining action from within, through and in which he could discover himself as a whole man, undivided between these past and present states, between the objective coolness seemingly required of a professional responsible for the activity of the people under his administration and the warm, revelatory 'transfusion' he seeks in loving. A trust which would mark his liberation from childhood, and that childhood transcended, finally.

He yearns to throw over his job, pursue a career as a professional photographer, his own master; to give up his marriage and win the other woman who seems to have touched him more profoundly - whom he, and not his lacking, attracts. Instead his sense of himself - which he has worked over the years to consolidate - continues to dominate the inner horizon, rendering whimsical and problematic the spontaneous stroll together through fields balmy under moonlight he dreams of, and which we have too often watched in films.
Chapter 7: MARRIAGE AS TOUCHSTONE
(This is the House that Jack Built)

BARRY & SANDRA
BARRY & SANDRA - Introduction

Barry was foreman of the prestigious Beefroom at the Freezing Works; he allowed me in to meet some of the men working under him (no women, at his request) and showed me over the line. He started to talk about himself as we stood watching the killing, or 'stunning' as it is known. Not the most obvious place to hear him chuckle over anecdotes involving his two young daughters, but quieter than any other spot in the Beefhouse. He told me that he got on well with his wife; they quarrelled, but always made it up. Nobody walked out, or anything dramatic like that. At the beginning it had been hard, his wife like a millstone round his neck - would not let him go down to the pub when he wanted, and it was not as if he was out every night of the week: only once or twice. She kept asking him why he would not stay home with her. But marriage was a joint 'give-and-take', and his worked well.

He had also worked hard to get where he was. They all but owned their own house - and he had started off as a mere labourer. For a couple of years he worked all the overtime they could find him, and saved mercilessly, allowing himself only a couple of dollars a week to spend. Others in the works were jealous of him, but if they were as willing to work as he had, they could have his security. But his envy did not worry him. "Only one thing matters, and that's me. That's how I work. I worry about Number One". A Number One which did not stop with the physical boundaries of himself, but extended to his wife and family.

When I rang him in the offseason to arrange an interview, he hesitated. First I should check it out with his wife. Sandra was interested, and they both enjoyed recounting their progress. I visited them three times. The first time Barry showed me the garage he had built last year, using a Post Office loan. The second time we inspected the foundations for the swimming pool. The third time I came for tea, in daylight, so that I could be shown over the whole house. When I left Barry would escort me to the gate and stand there as we passed a few parting words, Sandra watching from the window. Their house was recent and solid. Their appliances were new,
the house well maintained: very clean, tidy, and somewhat spare, even in the children's room.

The front room was spacious, too large in the absence of wallpaper and curtains; the suite of chairs and sofa was huddled up to the television set in one corner. Barry was repapering it himself, with some help from Sandra, who had insisted that she wanted it changed. He had thought the kids would mess new paper; she had countered that instead they would be growing up in nice surroundings, and learn from the start to respect them. 'Nice' was a frequent word with her; she applied it to her own background, and then to mine, which struck her as similar (in that both families were churchgoers, and close enough for me to be using my parents' car). She was relieved when she had assimilated me into a familiar framework.

The children were hushed when I was present, but not hustled off to bed. Sandra would often ask Barry to check them out once they had toddled off, and sighing, he would. After dinner she hid a chocolate bar outside the back door for Jocelyn, the two and a half year old to discover; since she'd been good. She told her that it was the fairies who left it there, something they do quite often. She was dismayed when one of the little girls she looks after on weekdays said she had never heard of such creatures. Childhood was a time for fantasy, and tales. She played Walt Disney renderings of fairy tales for her daughters, and twice told Jocelyn The Three Little Pigs with an emphasis on planning and protection: a sturdy rather than a wily pig.

She did not wait for Barry's absence to express her restlessness, which she ascribed to the unfinished state of the lounge (at one stage even the light fittings were in the process of being replaced, leaving areas of giant shadows); he, however, did not mention his own irritation at not being allowed to go out when he felt like it again. He told me straightforwardly at the beginning of the third interview that he was becoming impatient, 'I'm getting tired of this mate, honest. No offence'. He was less polite about the next door neighbour, whose house we looked out onto from the kitchen window as I helped him with the dishes. He and his wife both
All they thought about was money. The kids had to look after themselves when they got home from school. They were always quarrelling. The father was 'an ignorant bugger'. He always thinks he knows it all, he doesn't listen. 'He'd do you out of a bob if he could'. He joked about the women swearing at the works, the women he is determined to keep his department free of; there were no grins when he shook his head over a man who was a next-door neighbour in proximity alone. They – in contrast – are both pleasant people intent on maintaining an amiability between themselves and others.

They were affectionate with one another in a joshing manner; a sarcastic comment on the other's behaviour would be accompanied by a mock kick, a nudge, a wink, or said intently at the TV set, which played on as they talked back and forth in portrayal of who they had become: what they had achieved, and how.
SANDRA: "I was born in Lower Hutt, brought up in the same house Mum and Dad bought when they were married. Father was a plumber, mother a housewife. One sister by adoption, older than I am. Mum was married eight years and never fell, and actually, somewhere just after the war, wasn't it Barry? - I don't know how, she got in contact with a person, a young girl who was pregnant. She came to live at my Mum's. Her boyfriend was overseas - it must have been still the war. Her boyfriend overseas was killed - never knew she was pregnant. Mum and Dad took her over to the hospital and kept her child. Christine's mother is happily married and has got four children of her own now. I was born three years later, the one and only.

"I went to primary school and secondary at Iona - (private Presbyterian girls' school). My sister went to Queen Mary's in Wellington. Year that I was to go to Queen Mary's, Iona opened, a sister college for QM - so I went there as a foundation pupil to save me travelling on the train. Mum and Dad wanted me to go to a single sex school.

"My father died the first year I was there, so Mum kept me there. She didn't go to work till I had finished school, and she went part-time, a drycleaning shop the first job. Failed School Cert wholly through lack of - I was fifteen and a big girl, and I didn't have to do anything I was told to! Just because it was homework, it didn't have to be done.

"I went hairdressing - another girl who was going to be a hairdresser got me a position. I did hairdressing for a year, then I got dermatitis on my hands so I gave it up. As Juniors we only got two pounds a week. Quite cheap labour for them. I didn't like handling everybody's greasy hair.

"Then Mum put me through Radford's, a business college, and then my mother got me a job through a man on the Board of Governors who's a solicitor. She knew him through school. I didn't even stay at Radfords for the three terms, - did shorthand in two terms, then went to work part-time for the third term. I
must have worked two years, then there was a job at Lower Hutt, Arthur Yates, a solicitor's office. I was with him for five years.

"My girlfriend who worked with me was actually going out with a boy she wasn't allowed to go out with. Elaine used to ask me to go out with her. This chap knew Barry. She'd had a baby, and her parents had said she wasn't allowed to see him again. She had a car, and she used to pick me up, then we'd go round to this chap's place and see him. I really met you before -

BARRY: "No, we met at the Levin car races.

SANDRA: "I started going with this boy, then we went to the races, and this other boy was behind us, said he was going to a party, hoped to see me there. Naturally, Barry was there. I went on working at Arthur Yates. Barry and I started going out with this couple, then in Barry's crowd, and still with this girl and Neal.

"Then I suppose we decided we were a bit serious, so Barry decided to buy a section. Fact that we were going round together for a couple of years, thought we'd do something about the section before it rose another $2000."

BARRY: "You pushed me dear, I'm happy to -

SANDRA: "He used to pay his section off with his money, then used to gas the car up. I used to pay for us going out and things like that out of my wages. Two years, then we'd paid that off. We blew a couple of months' wages - his; mine wasn't worth blowing at that stage, but it got us through. We saw this ad, something about this section, a man who had only bought it as a pure speculation. All the house plans were drawn up.

"Barry came down to see my mother to ask if we could get engaged. My mother said 'No', Barry wasn't the right person. She felt he wasn't the right person for her daughter, mainly because a lawyer - not Barry from Naenae - is every mother's dream. Anyway, Barry was a bit upset, but I was over 18. My mother was upset, but she wouldn't stop us, and once we were engaged, Mum shouted twelve couples out for dinner. Once she'd had her say she never mentioned it again.

BARRY: "No."
SANDRA: "Mum says something, and when she's had her say, she forgets about it. We went out for dinner, Mum paid for that, and we had a few people at home who were close friends of Mum or old neighbours. Mum sold the house when I was about 18, when I was engaged.

"I stopped biting my nails, so I'd be allowed to wear an engagement ring, and I got that. Still bite them now, because I haven't got an eternity ring!

"We got quotes; and built our own house, finished it the weekend before we were married. Moved in when it was not quite completed.

"Beautiful wedding, even though I say it myself. We didn't have to pay for anything, Mum paid. Barry's parents paid for dinner, 120 people, it wasn't a big one. We went on our honeymoon and the car broke down. We pushed it through Dannevirke, had to catch a Newmans bus - we were stoney-broke. A one week trip and the car broke down - we had a house: quite ironic. We moved straight into the house. I went on working. Barry went on working. We bought all the furniture that we own now.

BARRY: "Carpeted the house.

SANDRA: "Yes, and bought drapes. The cars -

BARRY: "We made money on them though.

SANDRA: "We were there for two years and four months, that's right exactly. Then we had Jocelyn, and moved out of the other house.

BARRY: "Decided on the spur of the moment when we bought this one.

SANDRA: "We doubled the price on the house we built. Then we came into this house, and I had Jocelyn. We've lived here two and a half years and since then we've had Alison, she's six months. That's the whole story of my life.

BARRY: "That was quick.

SANDRA: "I'm going to listen to yours now!"
BARRY: "I was born in Wellington. I've got an elder sister, 35 isn't she dear? I had a brother, I've never seen him, he died when he was six of leukemia. Moved out to Lower Hutt 20 years ago when I was 10, to Naenae. I finished primary school at Naenae. Stayed at Naenae College for two years, then I went for an apprenticeship. Lasted two months. It was in carpentry. I just didn't like it. I was crazy on go-carts. My friends were getting big money for easy work, I wasn't getting much, so I started working in factories. I think I had fourteen jobs in a single year of work. Played rugby all the time for Naenae.

"Going from job to job then, trying to save for a tour with the team. Still played rugby after that, and had jobs left, right and centre. One job - me and this other guy were there - had a bet that we wouldn't leave. I said, 'If I go, he goes' - one way of getting out of a job you don't like. Silly things. I was fired. My father was at the Freezing Works, so I went to get a job down there. I liked the work, and it was good money. A couple of years earlier, five of us went to Aussie, had a mighty time over there.

SANDRA: "You came back for your Twenty-first.

BARRY: "We just bummed round; it was good, too. We worked for three months, had to, because we only got off the boat with seven quid. Blew all our dough on the first meal. Four guys, and one Australian. We toured round Aussie, fruit picking for two and a half months, then we came back to Sydney, spent altogether nine months there. I came home for my Twenty-first. Then I went back to Gear. I must have been there ten years now.

"For two and a half to three years that I was there, I was just knocking round. I went steady with Sandra while I was labouring. Went to Martin Peterson the Production Manager, and asked him for my future in the company. He said, 'Stop causing trouble with the Union and having hose-fights, and we'll see what we can do'. After twelve months he walked in and offered me a job, and I've steadily worked to what I've got: I'm now on salary. It's my third year out of the Union. I'm a company man, paid wages, but not a member of the Union. Worked up to what I am now. Thoroughly enjoy doing it, with all the guys and that. It's still a novelty.

SANDRA: "I've been there once, one Saturday when we were engaged."
They had an emergency slaughter. I didn't like it very much - the smell. I'd like a good look from end to end, but I'd go with the crowd, not on my own, so I can hide behind everyone else.

(Q: Sandra's girlfriend?)

SANDRA: "That relationship ended. Elaine stopped to talk to another chap who she knew and Neal took her across to the car, and slapped her across the face. Never seen it ever before in my life - and never again. Barry was his mate, so Barry told him what he thought of him, took him home, dropped him off. I don't think she saw him much after that.

"Then Barry started playing for Hutt Old Boys - Naenae only went as far as Senior B, so he asked permission to leave, he'd been asked to join the HVOB A team. It wasn't his fault that Naenae didn't have an A - though they've since got one. Shame, isn't it dear. Elaine and Mum came every Saturday with me to see Barry play.

BARRY: "After we were married, and Sandra's mother sold the home and put that money into houses, she was never happy - I don't know why. Happy finally.

SANDRA: "She's a good sort. When her fear diminishes, she's quite a normal person. If Mum was here she'd be quite happy to talk to you too, also very happy for him and for me.

"To get back to Elaine. We had the Hutt Old Boys Ball coming up, and so Barry suggested for Elaine to go with Norm, a friend of Barry's from Naenae. They wound up with us and the crowd, and after a period of time they were engaged and married. Her mother and father were very unhappy - separated.

BARRY: "Cathy doesn't need to know all that.

SANDRA: "I'm not trying to dig out skeletons.

"We're still happily married, trying to settle down with two young children. At that stage.

BARRY: "We have our differences, arguments -

SANDRA: "We fight -

BARRY: "Not longer than two hours, still.

SANDRA: "I pack a sad.

BARRY: "I never take any notice anyhow. Something always
happens. One kid screams, somebody whines— it's back into the routine, no time to argue.

SANDRA: "We talk about everything to ourselves.

BARRY: "I've worked, cooking, for five years at the Crackerjack Thursday and Friday nights. $15, no tax. From 5 pm, or when I get there, and I'm usually home at 11 pm. 10.30, often. Though we down a few drinks. We really finish at 10 pm.

SANDRA: "If you didn't stop and fluff around, you could be home by 10.

BARRY: "We live off that $30 a week in the off-season. Rest goes into the house, girls and that. First week we had $117 to pay in bills—like that telegram.

SANDRA: "Couple of doctors' bills, flowers—my sister's in hospital in Masterton; we sent her a lovely bouquet. Don't see Christine much now.

BARRY: "Not lately, not the last two years.

SANDRA: "Not since we've had the children.

BARRY: "Every opportunity we'd go out for a drive, just to see them.

SANDRA: "I couldn't live with Christine and Jim for a week.

BARRY: "Nice just to go and visit, four to five hours. All day, and that's enough.

SANDRA: "They're totally different people to us. We get on very well, but enough's enough. My sister, she's married to a guy that's very difficult to get to like.

BARRY: "I feel—

SANDRA: "Christine and Jim live differently, and their standards are different to what we were brought up to.

BARRY: "He's a guy like me, I suppose. I've been educated since I've been married to Sandra.

SANDRA: "Yes.

BARRY: "Didn't have anything, but now I've got a section, a house.

SANDRA: "Didn't have a car.

BARRY: "Yes, I would have had a car. I wouldn't have a thing if it wasn't for her, having her behind me."
SANDRA: "We're not out of the woods yet. Christine and Jim, we get on very well when we see them, but why they can't come down and see us, when they didn't have two babies.

BARRY: "It was only us to see them.

SANDRA: "Not the way we go to Masterton to see them specifically. Make a point of going over. If they come over here, it's to see everybody.

BARRY: "Twice a year.

SANDRA: "We go over six times a year, every two months.

BARRY: "You think so?

SANDRA: "Say five times a year.

BARRY: "It's not very much.

SANDRA: "Not that we see a lot of Barry's mother and father.

BARRY: "He works at Phillips, he's left Gear, Mum's been working for Lever.

SANDRA: "The difference between my and your mother, my mother wasn't working, had the children. When my father died he had bought some shops in Taita, which Mum leased out. Over the last year, two years really, Mum's been transferring the deeds to Christine and I, not Barry and I, they're to go to our children, not to the boys. They're allowed to have money if they need it, from the dividends, but they're not allowed to take any capital. That's left to the children and grandchildren from Mum and Dad, then if they don't sell, they're allowed to do what they want. They're not allowed to buy a new house and pay $60,000. Put it back into something for the children. It was in the will of my father. He was a hard worker.

"Barry's mother and father are very fond of Jocelyn and Alison. They come over very often.

BARRY: "Wastes your whole bloody day.

SANDRA: "Barry's mother talks more than what I do. Even I get fed up with the effort! If she's wearing a new dress, she tells you how much she paid for it, where she got it and so on. But she goes eventually.

BARRY: "Only because I chase them."
SANDRA: "No you don't. She carries on, he argues with me, we both get upset.

BARRY: "Driving me out of house and home.

SANDRA: "Your father says, It's not your fault. We've never had an argument, not to the point of not speaking for a week, or anything like that. His mother and father don't come up.

"My mother comes up every Thursday and Friday night to sit with me, and help me with the children when Barry's cooking, and in the weekend. If I want to set her hair, I do that. Because Mum's on her own, she's got nothing to stop her coming up, no obligations, doesn't have to fit into anybody else's time schedule. It's easier for us, and Mum actually is no bother; she's happy to go home. That's quite truthful.

BARRY: "I wouldn't take advice from her.

SANDRA: "I ask Mum a lot. I think it's normal for a girl to ask Mum rather than her mother-in-law. Very rare, I'm quite sure, the other way round. I'm not odd that way.

BARRY: "I ask my father, well, now I do, not in my younger days. I used to argue with Dad.

SANDRA: "Barry's father is a delightful person. Mum and Dad get on very well when they're together. They don't go out socially apart from when it's with us, but if Barry's Dad is sick, Mum goes round to see. They worked together, but not in the same office. Separate compartments, departments - in their own little boxes.

(Q: Lived at home before marriage?)

BARRY: "Only time was when I went to Aussie, that was the only time away from home, wasn't it dear?

SANDRA: "I also stayed at home. I flatted in a house one week when Mum went to Auckland, girlfriends and I stayed in a house that was like a chocolate box. Really a waste of money.

BARRY: "Did you?

SANDRA: "That finished us. I never wanted to go flatting, I never left home. Wasn't on my own because I got married, and I just couldn't, wouldn't have left Mum.

BARRY: "I can go and talk to my father about rugby, that sort of thing. Never talk problems."
SANDRA: "Your mother – you don't talk to her, you listen to her. But she's a decent person. She'll help anybody out - you've only got to ask for $10, and you'll get $10, but you must pay her back. Whereas Mum gives you $10, and says, 'Forget about it'. But she does remember it if something happens. If it came to the crunch, she'd remember that she helped you.

BARRY: "Yes.

SANDRA: "Don't you think she would, if she turned nasty? We've had a lot of help from my mother in monetary ways since we've been married. She's also given money to my sister and her husband.

BARRY: "We're equal with them.

SANDRA: "If Mum buys something, she buys it for both, she doesn't buy for one and not for the other.

(Q; Sandra's father?)

SANDRA: "We were very close. I remember when Dad died of cancer. First they were operating for an ulcer in hospital, (private one). Father was operated upon, well, they opened him up and found it, and they closed him. That was it. They didn't even operate. When he came to he knew he hadn't been operated upon. He knew straight away. Mum also knew. The doctor said he'd ring, and Mum was at home waiting for a phone call, when he knocked on the door, and she knew straight away. He had not much longer than a year.

"Dad and I were very close. Christine was very difficult to get to know, very deep. My sister's adopted. Her own possessions, something of her own, was very important to her. I don't know if she was spoilt or not. I think Dad was very fair, and so was my mother. Christine was difficult as a child, and perhaps I wasn't quite as uneasy. I was an easy person, and Christine was not quite so easy. It was easier for me to get on. She was perhaps reserved, perhaps going through a difficult period. Not that she was more spoilt, but that I wanted to do what Dad did, and I helped him. Christine was quite happy to play.

"When Dad died, it was just in December, and I didn't go back to school that year. No, I did go back for a couple of days or something, and I can remember saying at school that it was the dog who had died, and not my father. My way of realising
that it was Dad, and not somebody else that had died.
It wasn’t very nice, but I was only 12.

"I could twist Mum. Could say that 'so-and-so was
going, why couldn't I?' There was always enough money, we
never went short of a bob.

"No, it wasn't lucky. Dad had worked very hard. He
died at 49, very young. He left Mum comfortably off. Mum
coped till Dad died, and he left it to us to keep her happy.
I'd worry that she'd miss us. We both felt very sorry for
Mum. But once again it's turned out. She's a very kind person.
Very kind to me.

"I met Barry and we were having a party at home, at
Mum's house. I told her this boy was a Maori, could he come,
and it was all right. But if I brought home a dark boy, I
was not allowed to go out with him; and she said I couldn't
ask this one back. She meant it, didn't she.

"Yes, I would feel the same way about my daughter.
Well, I just don't think it's fair on their children, not fair.
I think that it's okay if they wanted to adopt, but I don't
think I would like it. Wouldn't like it, because there are
enough half-castes in the world that know they're not one, not
the other. I don't think it's fair on the children. If
Barry had a tiny drop of Maori, never knew it, and I had a very
dark baby, I don't know how I'd feel towards that baby.
Couldn't say whether I would love it.

BARRY: "I don't know - when the kids are older, by the way
things are changing. Jocelyn, if she wanted to go out with a
Maori, I couldn't stop her. They'd go out behind your back,
most kids will.

SANDRA: "I hope they could be brought up to try not to get
involved. I never had any contacts with Maoris. Only one guy
that I ever met seriously.

BARRY: "What can I do about it? Teenagers like that, you get
them on the pill at fourteen years. They'll give them the
pill at school, it's got to come.

SANDRA: "I wouldn't object to them sleeping together if I'd
known the boy for a fair while. We slept together before we
were married yet we never had any children till we were married.
BARRY: "Take my father, he couldn't do the things I could do, and I did a lot. Even in my own day, we didn't know protests and everything else. Now you can express your feelings and not get picked up. I was up in Auckland, there was a nude woman on an ad for Shell gas, a couple courting in Queen Street, kids roaming the streets, police don't bother them. Really crazy up in Auckland. Never heard about homosexuality, drugs, when I was knocking about the streets.

SANDRA: "Never ever heard of drugs - I never had. I never knew what queers were.

BARRY: "They're more educated than what we were. They know the same at age fourteen that we knew at age eighteen. Films, etcetera, they try to bring in blue movies now, they've got everything in.

SANDRA: "Homosexuals don't bother me.

BARRY: "As long as they don't come near me.

SANDRA: "I feel they've dipped out somewhere in something: see something totally different than we do. I wouldn't want to be one.

BARRY: "I took Sandra to a strip show when we were engaged. We went out to the pictures, after that we took them to the Purple Onion. Told her we went there after stag parties. I went to sleep, the girls were goggle-eyed, so I was quite happy.

SANDRA: "I'd never been. I must have led a sheltered life; had different things to go to. Mum didn't object when we told her we'd been. That was a long night - we had to wait for the driver to sober up. There were six of us, and I was the last to get dropped off, I was quite happy to come home to my own house.

(Q: Males only activity?)

SANDRA: "I wouldn't object, only reason is that I'd be missing out. Only reason that I don't go with him on weekends is that I don't like playing golf or squash - not that I don't want him to go, not that; only that I can't go.

"I used to like basketball when I was at school, and I was in the top team. Then when I left school and was hairdressing, I had an operation on my feet, and I was told not to play sport for six months. Through not playing, I stopped."
I should get back.

"I used to go and watch football. I don't understand it. I sit and yell, watch Barry play. Just used to go and see football to see him. I can't go to football now because of the children. Feeding the baby and everything else. Barry goes to football.

"My own school started an Old Girls Association: I'm quite involved with that, always have been since it started, and I still go to everything that I can, everything possible.

"Stalemate at home with the children, feel that I can't do things. Even with night school. I can't play tennis during the day, I've still got to take the children, and then it isn't worth it if I'm going on my own. I'm not being nasty.

"I was secretary or committee member of the Old Girls Association before I had children, and when Jocelyn was very little. I was secretary because I'm a typist, and have a typewriter. Since I've had the two, and when Jocelyn was a bit older, I couldn't do it. I became a committee member. I'm not on the committee this year because I was pregnant with Alison. I certainly don't miss out. I still go; and girls call me and give me typing to do, I still do what I can. We have balls and coffee mornings or afternoons, that sort of thing. Five of them are very good friends, all married with children. We go together, and thoroughly enjoy it. We go out like two year olds and gossip, talk about our children. We have speakers occasionally.

(Q: Barry's interests?)

BARRY: "Rugby. I go every Saturday to the Hutt side.

SANDRA: "Except when you're terribly sick.

BARRY: "I'm interested in rugby. Eighteen years I've played. Thirteen with Naenae, five with Hutt. Not now, I'm just a supporter. I like any sport, any game. I pick it up and enjoy it.

SANDRA: "Only reason I'd go out is for a good giggle.

BARRY: "I play a lot of golf. I like fishing, any sort, deep sea, I enjoy it all. I like the outdoor life.

SANDRA: "Just Barry."
BARRY: "I like whitebaiting. Always good to pick the net up and see half a pound of whitebait. I like to get out. And I like squash, I play a lot really. If I do play any game, I play for enjoyment - the satisfaction of having given it a go.

SANDRA: "He's a good sportsman. Excludes violence.

BARRY: "I try to do my best.

"I usually leave very early morning to play golf and I'm back by 10-11 am. Golf's usually an all-day game.

SANDRA: "And I don't growl at an all day game. I like to have my husband home with his family. It's not my family, it's his too, and if he wasn't prepared to do it - well, I wouldn't have married a guy who didn't.

BARRY: "I don't go to the pub ever. You're lucky.

SANDRA: "First time -

BARRY: "When I dropped that guy off five or six weeks ago, that was the first time.

"Thursday and Friday at the restaurant, that's my night out. I work and have a few drinks and that, I can drink from the top shelf there.

"If I play golf, I leave when the children are in bed.

SANDRA: "And if he wasn't prepared to do that, we wouldn't have any more children. Barry wouldn't be living here. I'm very strong about that. I'm lucky that Barry does respect my thoughts, and how I feel about being at home with the children.

"We spend Sunday with our daughters; not every Sunday. If we have people arrive, it makes no difference. If we're not doing anything, Barry takes the children and myself out for a ride - we try to go out every Sunday, not without the children. I don't really like going anywhere without the children. My mother babysits always. We very rarely go out unless we're asked; it's a lot of trouble.

"I feel that with children, they grow up so fast that if you would have wanted to go out socially, then you should never have had children. If Barry wanted to go out here, there and everywhere, we never would have stayed together. You've got to help. I don't mean change dirty nappies, clean the babies, I don't expect that. When I'm trying to do something, he looks after them too, and more so when there's two. I don't see
why it should be just domestic help round the house. I'm not a gadabout - if I wanted that, then I would never have got married.

"I don't know anybody in women's Lib, purely what I know from TV. I feel half of them get married and their marriages have since worked out to be what they didn't expect. I feel as though I'm the same, as if I'm a slavey round the house and that sometimes, and a sex object, but I don't agree with all they say. Half aren't happy because their husbands are never home. They should never have had kids and tied themselves down. Anyway, if you don't want children these days, you don't have to have them, let's face it. And I don't agree with 'your money', 'my money' - I just feel whatever Barry earns is ours anyway, and if I earn money, it's ours.

BARRY: "I never begrudge, never hide any money from her. We spend it on something we both need.

SANDRA: "If I go to work at elections, I earn $20, which is purely mine, but I never spend it on myself. I buy something for the house or kids; or we go out for a meal. I look after two kids for $5 a week after school. I buy something for myself out of my wages, something I want, yes, but it's something for us.

"Barry gave me $100 after I had Alison to buy something for clothing. I was down on clothes. I went to Upper Hutt and Lower Hutt. I really didn't know what I wanted. I wanted to buy other things than clothes, but even I knew I had to buy some clothes. It took a lot to spend it on buying clothes for myself.

BARRY: "No cheque account, it's too easy. We just have POSB account.

(Q: Shopping?)

SANDRA: "We got into a warehouse through the friend of a friend. Highly illegal. But we went down there and the guy said 'Get stuck in', so we did.

BARRY: "Bought $67 worth - it would be about $90 in the shops.

SANDRA: "More than that Barry, if I had bought exactly the same in the supermarket - $120.

BARRY: "He topped me off, the storekeeper down the road. The
guy who put that niche in for us. He doesn't know that we know. We'd never hold it against him.

SANDRA: "You went out and played golf with him.

BARRY: "It really rankles with me.

SANDRA: "We might be able to get in again. If we see him there again, it's too bad. Go down when he's playing golf - you know what I mean, so he doesn't see us going, so there's no trouble.

"Barry comes home, and then I'll shoot out and get it, with Jocelyn. We all go out and get it on a Friday night.

BARRY: "We bank a certain amount, $40 a week and up, doing it that way. Covers my wages in the offseason. It never accumulates, we buy something with it. Never had $1000 in the bank, most we've had was $989 - all drawn out.

"We buy one thing at a time on hire purchase, for example the new fridge, and the washing-machine. We built the garage with a $500 loan from the Post Office, $125 to pay off on that. That's all we've had on hock. Fridge was paid off when Jocelyn was eighteen months old, paid it off out of family benefit.

"It took five years to pay off the house. I put $2000 on the section. When we were married we had a house and that was all. Now we've got a house worth $36,000, two cars, furniture, and $8000 mortgage to pay off in five years. If we sold this it would work out at about $28,000 cash.

SANDRA: "That's just through working together and saving. It can be done if a person wants to. Barry's wage is not overlarge, it's the average working man's - but look at what we've got. Anybody can do it. Just put yourself in debt to do so. We had a $7000 loan first, we saved, and paid that off, and then $2000, and the plumbing was $1000, and house $10,000, plus extras and the garden.

BARRY: "Put it this way; if a bill comes in for $24 and you haven't got it, you pay off a certain amount; or like the electricity, that's due next week. They give you three reminders before they cut you off, so another bill due sooner gets priority. No worries about it.
Interview Two
(Q: Clubs belonged to?)

BARRY: "Mitchell Park Squash Club; HOB Rugby club, Stokes Valley Rugby club - just sports. $2 a year for honorary member, $5 down the Hutt if I want to vote. I play a lot of squash, costs a lot, $30 a year now for squash.

SANDRA: "The Fishermen's club.

BARRY: "Oh yes. They have competitions and that.

SANDRA: "I don't belong to any club. Only the Old Girls. Plunket Mothers clashes with Barry's Thursday nights. Mothers club, I go to the dos they put on, fundraising.

BARRY: "I'm on the finance committee at Gear, for the ball. Fundraising.

SANDRA: "That's the reason I'm on the Old Girls committee.

BARRY: "I don't mind if everybody works in together, but not when they rely on one person to do all the work.

SANDRA: "I'm quite happy being on a committee.

(Q: Friends?)

BARRY: "Boy, we've got a lot of friends, haven't we!

SANDRA: "Well, shall we start with school friends, and then when we were married, and how we met them? Do you want me to go first -

BARRY: "Gavin Dawes, I used to knock round with him. I'm one of Gavin's best friends, we've knocked around ever since primary school. If I went round to Naenae, there's a lot of friends there. Colin Smith, we went to school together. I used to see him till the last couple of years. I can pop in and see him at any time, it's the same sort of relationship, but not as strong as Gavin and myself.

SANDRA: "And all your football friends from Naenae.

BARRY: "I played thirteen years for Naenae, and lived near there. Now I'm most welcome every time I go down there. And all my friends down at HRC - I played there five years.

SANDRA: "And they're sort of my friends too, their wives and girlfriends.

BARRY: "I'm the type of guy that talks to everybody. I make
a lot of friends that way. Mark and Sue, I go and see them quite a bit. We give a hand to one another, building and that. He's a good friend. I can always count on him, and he on me. And all the squash people, I know quite a few now.

SANDRA: "And a couple of labourers at work.

BARRY: "Yes. I've met a lot of people. I help a lot of guys.

SANDRA: "Reg, and people like that. They're good friends. Really, he knows people from all over. He's like that though, we were down South one year, went with a married couple on a week's camping. Everywhere we went, without fail, we'd be walking down the road, and nearly trip over someone who knew Barry. Quite funny really.

BARRY: "That guy on boat, who'd been to England.

SANDRA: "And friends from Aussie.

BARRY: "They come over anyway, yeah.

SANDRA: "And my friends. Starting from childhood. I had friends in the street where we lived. One girl who's six months older, we were playmates. In fact that's the same girl who cuts my hair, and Barry's; she does it in the house. We lived opposite one another, and I called her mother Auntie - that type of relationship. The guy who lived opposite, he's exactly my age, I still see him. We all went to the same primary school from the street. I still see old school friends from Iona, they're all in the Old Girls.

"Since we've been married, I've met all of Barry's friends from football, and friends that we met when we were courting. We always went with Barry's crowd. You never notice when you're going out with a boy that you don't see your friends, you see his. There were fifteen boys with their girlfriends, always six carloads. If we went to the beach, we all took somebody who didn't have a car. There was never just the two of you. Once we went to Rotorua, seven of us in a Zephyr! Most of the crowd got married before we did; we got married in the end. We still see a couple of that crowd. Most of them have moved out of the valley anyhow.

"We got married, built our own house, made friends in that street. I still go round regularly to see a couple round there, have a cup of coffee with them.

"Since we've been here, we know a couple here. Nobody's
had a party. We've never been asked. They're involved with school and plunket now like everyone else. Most of the families in the street are older than our's.

"Barry's quite happy to come to an Old Girls do with me, he knows three or four of the boys that go. If he wants to go to a squash do, we go. I'm quite happy.

"Friends from work, I still see my girlfriends from work.

"I haven't done anything else. My boyfriend's Arthur Yates, who was my boss. He's like a big brother, he almost takes the place of Dad in lots of ways for me. I call him Uncle Artie. Now who's your girlfriend, Barry? Who do you see of the opposite sex?

BARRY: "Only office girls, when I go down to the office.

SANDRA: "He played squash for the first time recently with a girl and got beaten.

BARRY: "Must tell you there, she was the Wellington Junior champion.

SANDRA: "No wonder she beat you.

"We've got lots of friends of the opposite sex - Barry knows them all. He's just as good a friend as I am with them. We get asked out for dinner. Six weeks ago, we went out for dinner for the first time in two years. Only because of the children. We can't ask Mum up to babysit just for the sake of dinner. We really can't afford to pay a babysitter to go out socially. But if Mum couldn't we'd try and get someone, wouldn't we.

BARRY: "Last Saturday morning, we got two local girls in, and Alison woke up after half an hour.

SANDRA: "Yes, we had to come over - well, I did.

"We go out every Sunday. If it's not a drive, we go out and visit someone. I don't think we should go out every Saturday night and anything like that. Barry doesn't get a lot of hotel time like a lot of the boys do.

(Q: Swearing?)

SANDRA: "Some of our friends, I don't agree with their ways of treating their children. Some say 'fart', instead of
'blow-off' - we don't make a feature of things like that. I just groan, let it go, because they're friends - but I don't approve of their way of expressing things like that.

BARRY: "Mark and Sue are very fond of it. He swears a lot.

SANDRA: 'Eff off this, eff off that', if he's had a lot of drink.

BARRY: "I'd be one of the bigger swearers down at Gear. Amongst the guys.

SANDRA: "I don't really know - only two or three times in the morning that I've heard you.

BARRY: "Every second word's a swearword at the hotel, or golf - where there's no women around.

SANDRA: "And I don't approve of other people swearing if there are other women round.

BARRY: "Seems funny. All of our friends do and it doesn't seem to worry us, we never did stop seeing them because of it. Everybody has their own little ways.

SANDRA: "Well, I do swear. I certainly don't say 'eff off', do I? Never approved of that. 'Damn, blast, bloody', that's about it. And the situation; if I drop something, that's all. Only a way of expressing myself. I've called Joselyn 'a little bugger' sometimes, 'little brat' occasionally. I try not to. I hope when they start copying me I'll be able to try not to do it myself any more, and stop her from looking funny. She's not too bad now. They get it from school, and they think it's funny. Hope to get over that as it crops up.

BARRY: "A dirty joke doesn't worry me if it's funny. I don't crack many, not like I used to.

SANDRA: "He used to be a great party swinger, used to be able to remember lots. I'm forgetful. If I hear one now, well I don't hear any now, only funny ones.

(Q: Women in public bars?)

SANDRA: "I would go in with Barry.

BARRY: "I wouldn't let you go in.

SANDRA: "Well, not round here.
BARRY: "I used to go into the public bar when I played pool. That's why all the Horis like it.

SANDRA: "Dingy, dirty atmosphere. See how the other half lives. I wouldn't go in. I really don't like that. If Barry asked me to fill a flagon, I wouldn't know what to do."

(Q: Any unmarried friends?)

SANDRA: "Most of our friends have got children. We were the ones that didn't before. Ours are the youngest ones. We still used to see them even when we didn't have children. We used to make a point of going out and visiting. When I was working, people used to say, 'When are you going to start a family?' I used to say, 'After I've worked two years'."

BARRY: "We planned our children.

SANDRA: "Don't know about the third one. Still we wanted another.

BARRY: "Decided to have the house finished completely inside before we had any children, have the carpet down, and no big bills or things to buy. No make do with lino.

SANDRA: "We wouldn't have got what we've got now if we'd had children before that.

SANDRA: "We take people at face value.

BARRY: "We're pretty easy to get on with.

SANDRA: "Really, it's accepting them for what they are.

BARRY: "If I like someone and I know them, I don't mind going over to help them, even if they don't expect it.

SANDRA: "If people let me know, I join in.

BARRY: "Like on Tony's place, two or three of us get stuck in. When we're knocking off, we stay a couple of hours, have a beer, and then go home. I'm not grizzling because I had to do the work; it doesn't worry me. Got a guy to give me a hand. Then he said he needed help, pouring a patio. Next morning I arrive at 8am, take Jocelyn, rang Sandra because they were having a barbeque lunch. There were around six of us; free beer. Quite good, wasn't it dear.

SANDRA: "Some of the guys leave their wives and children out. Normally I expect to be asked; I arrive anyhow — know what I
mean? I don't expect to go over at eight in the morning with the children. I toddle over, spend a couple of hours, then come home and leave him, if he's still working.

(Q: Confide in friends?)

SANDRA: "To a point. Mainly about children; problems we've had, Barry and I — well, we don't have any.

BARRY: "No, we don't. We talk a lot.

SANDRA: "If he won't it slacks me off, because then I don't know. But I have a good howl once every three months, just to get rid of any things which are building up and up. See a lot of women do that, it gets all on top of you, and you have a good howl. Don't want anyone around so long as you're doing that. Right as rain five minutes later, and you don't know what you're crying for. One of the best ways of getting rid of it. It's a shame that boys can't do it.

"I had a Tupperware evening here one night. I asked Elaine to come; she said Yes. Never came, and she rang the next morning, said she didn't get home till nine. I know perfectly well that's false. She's got a baby 20 months old, I know she doesn't get home that late with two children.

BARRY: "You brushed it aside. It was a bit rude of her.

SANDRA: "I don't mind too much. I know that's not really the reason; so I don't care. Certainly don't hold it against her. If somebody asked me, and I didn't want to go, I'd tell them why.

"We don't really care what other people think. Take us as we are — you can't do anything about it.

"We wouldn't be the ones to brush them off, would we?

(Q: Friendship at work?)

BARRY: "Every boss is a bastard down there. Same as a policeman, nobody like a policeman. It doesn't worry me. If I'm a bastard, I'm a good boss. If I'm weak, I'm a bad boss. I treat people the same, even the ones I don't like, same as the guys as what I like down there. That's one thing nobody can say about me. I've still got friends.

SANDRA: "Favouritism."
BARRY: "Well, there's a certain amount in friendship. If a
guy is slacking it's the men who might worry not me, I say
'Do it right now'. Otherwise it blows up if I don't do it
then. But sometimes I don't go mad for the whole week when a
guy does something, if I know him. But I personally have good
understanding with the delegates and the guys.

SANDRA: "In the daytime I go and visit friends, or stop off on
my way home and call in.

BARRY: "Visit for about half an hour.

SANDRA: "On average; I pop round and see Mrs P - she's got
nine children and a husband at home. Barry will come when he's
free. If Sue knows that Barry's off work, and he'll be here,
then she doesn't come. A lot of friends don't come and visit
me when we let them know Barry's home. Ridiculous. I'd go and
see anybody when their husband was home; it wouldn't worry me.

BARRY: "Same for everybody.

SANDRA: "More than likely he'll turn the TV on. Maybe they
feel they can't talk women's talk.

BARRY: "I'll take off on the weekend, pop off and see someone
just for half an hour.

"If a girl came round and I'm here, then what wouldn't
you talk about - what do you talk about?

SANDRA: "I find really - not very much. I don't seem able -
anything more than children, the garden, where you've been, who
you've seen, and that's it, and children again. Very boring
sometimes when children are the conversation. Changing.
Before we had children it was what was happening at work. I
went out a lot more, I find that my talk with people seems to
centre mainly round children, what they've done. It was mainly
football before.

BARRY: "Yeah (laughs).

SANDRA: "The boys tended to. At parties after Saturday football.
They sat round arguing, flagons between their legs; didn't move.
The girls sat in the lounge and chattered. But now, with
children, most parties we've been to most of them have been
married. Tend to mix a bit more - but people don't get out the
same."
BARRY: "I talk football to a degree. Not in fine detail, not from the beginning to the end of the game. A lot of the boys do - they replay the whole game.

SANDRA: "We talk just who's wearing what, and how much things cost, clothes and food; kids then, too. You know. Really pretty boring, why, I don't know. Since I left work my brain's just nothing. I'm quite a vegetable really, I know. Barry's different. He gets to talk at work. He meets so many people, and I'm on my own. He must talk to a lot of people. There's a lot of difference once you're married and have children. You're pretty restricted.

BARRY: "Rugby and jokes for the men, dirty (he looks at Sandra) just dirty jokes.

SANDRA: "Sex jokes mainly.

BARRY: "Sex jokes.

SANDRA: "Not really dirty. Just tell them when women are there - rather mild.

BARRY: "Rugby, beer.

SANDRA: "You talk about the prices of houses and all that.

BARRY: "Yes, someone buys something, and there's a general discussion.

SANDRA: "Just the same as the girls.

"I think girls get more - I get more emotionally involved. One of my girlfriends is separated now. That sometimes worries me. Another girl-friend shot through with a guy, left her husband and baby. I talk about it, things like that. Silly, but I worry.

BARRY: "It's their lives, what they've done. Let them live it.

SANDRA: "But then she's not overly happy again, about where they're moving at the moment.

BARRY: "Might be different now, moving down South with him.

SANDRA: "I think guys expect more of friendships than girls do. Barry's pouring concrete - 'How about a hand', and he expects them to say Yes. He doesn't expect to be turned down. Mind you, if someone was having a Tupperware, I'd go to theirs too. I'd look after anyone's children if they were going to the doctor, for example. I expect people to do the same for me, just ask once."
(Q: Barry's mother work?)

BARRY: "Not when she was bringing the kids up. When we were at college she did, 9-3, I think it was, a bookshop in the Hutt.

SANDRA: "That's right.

BARRY: "Dad was a carpenter by trade. He'd mow the lawns. Mum does the garden. Normally the man's work round the house. He washed dishes, like I do now, cooking.

SANDRA: "Yes, he gets his own meals if he wants something.

BARRY: "Very seldom helped with the kids. I put my own kids to bed. Jocelyn hops in the shower with me, she loves it.

SANDRA: "He does everything except the garden and changing nappies and doing the washing. He will hang the clothes out.

BARRY: "And bring them in.

SANDRA: "He won't vacuum or dust.

BARRY: "I sweep the kitchen; shake the mats.

SANDRA: "Not ordinarily. If we're going away somewhere, or if we're on holiday he will. No, he wouldn't do the ironing I'd be sitting on my chuff if you did all that!

"I hate ironing though. I save up $3 so I can pay a kid to do it. Not undies and things. Do our own personal stuff. I do a lot. Even mowed the lawns once.

BARRY: "Sandra sized this room for me. It was good. I could afford to play golf. I'd have done the same, depending on how I can help.

SANDRA: "He is my help. Shakes the Venetian blinds out on the line; cleans the inside of the kitchen, don't you dear. He does the task a couple of times, and gets the message. He thinks I'm too fussy - I tell him my home is my whole life now and the children. If I went to work, then part of it - not my, it would be our house then.

"I do the flowers. Barry does the vege garden when he can. He plants four rows, probably half a bucketfull, that sort of garden. Enough silverbeet to keep young Alison in greens.

"Both were breastfed, and I actually weaned Alison on purpose so that when Barry was on holiday he could feed her."
(Q: Sandra's family?)

SANDRA: "Dad was a plumber. Dad used to garden and mow the lawns. He always had someone in to paint the house and paper it, only because he was in a position to do that. Mum and Dad always if they were going out, came and sang and danced in our bedroom together, all those nice old songs like 'I love the sunshine when you smile'. They used to waltz around our bedroom. I can remember that. I can't remember being bathed by either Mum or Dad. We never sat down to a meal till Dad was home. My father hardly ever had a drink unless it was a very hot day; then we'd all be in the sun, and have a drink together. Daddy always took me when he could on jobs and that. Friday nights we went down to the Hutt. We always went out for a drive on Sunday, didn't ever miss Sunday. Dad was an orphan. He always picked up a boy from the Home. We always had one with us. In the school holidays we'd have a homeboy for two weeks at a beach bach, and another with us in Lower Hutt for another two weeks, and for the last two weeks, another. Dad was very good with any charity organisation. He gave a lot really. He belonged to the Lodge too. Quite high up in the Lodge. Lions as well.

BARRY: "I could belong to Lions; I'd rather play more sport.

(Q: Basis of a good marriage?)

SANDRA: "They really should go out with one another for a bit longer than they do. They really should get to know a person.

BARRY: "I think once you're married - we talk about things. If Sandra's back is up, and I've done something wrong, I can tell. I ask 'What have I done wrong' and she tells me.

SANDRA: "It might take me a while to get round to it, but it comes out in the end.

BARRY: "I try to take a stand.

SANDRA: "He loses!

"I think sex before marriage is right.

BARRY: "Try before you buy.

SANDRA: "I do. Certainly I don't know how it will be for Jocelyn."
BARRY: "The rate they're going now...

SANDRA: "You've got to be courting, to know a guy. You know, you love a guy because he's rich, and he drives a sportscar, has flashy clothes and plenty of dough. Means a lot at that age to a girl. I really don't agree with going into a flat unless there's something definite, and you're forced to do it. It's a pure waste of money, you're paying somebody else.

"Really, it's a lack of communication when a marriage doesn't work."

BARRY: "That's it."

SANDRA: "If a man's going out and spending money on booze, horses, gambling — anything like that and if the wife's going to put up with it, says nothing — everything will boil and boil till the bubble bursts. To me that's ridiculous. Got an example of that next door. He's off to golf all the time, and she sits back and grizzles. Well, to me that's silly.

BARRY: "That marriage is on the rocks."

SANDRA: "You've got to be financially secure too. If Barry and I had married before the house was built; two years younger even, I wouldn't like to say what may have happened.

BARRY: "There are guys at work with plenty of money — they waste it. Take any girl out, whether they're married or not. If they're not happy and secure they're the first to jump. They don't know what they like. Hell of a lot get married to the first woman who comes along.

"Lots of people we know are divorced. (He counts off couples on his fingers). There's nine, without giving it much thought. They're not really close, but they're ordinary friends.

SANDRA: "We've got more than those if we counted everyone including old friends. Have trouble with yours, and you feel for all you know ours could go on the rocks. There's no guarantee.

"There's a certain stigma for a woman. Marianne says she goes into a hotel and a guy sits down beside her. Or, she went up to the bar to get a drink, said what she was having, and the barman said the drinks were paid for. Marianne said 'What do you mean?', 'Gentleman told me that they were'; and 'What gentleman?', 'That man down there'. 'Thanks very much, but we'll pay for our own'. He just knew they were two girls"
in a bar, not that they were separated. Marianne says if she goes out with a guy and he knows she's separated, he certainly tries it, and it gets bad sometimes. Even if they're intelligent they think because you're separated you're in for a good time. Lot of them are like that way - just so happens she's not, eh Barry.

(Q: Driving?)

BARRY: "Yes, I do if we're both in the car. Not that I don't like Sandra's driving.

SANDRA: "If I pick you up from work, I do.

BARRY: "If we go out on Sunday very far, I'll drive most of the trip.

SANDRA: "I wouldn't like to drive.

BARRY: "it would feel funny.

SANDRA: "I hold onto Jocelyn and yell 'look out for that dog!'

BARRY: "You see some funny sights on the road.

SANDRA: "You get funny position in people driving cars sometimes - no telling whether they're just steering with one finger. Maybe they're comfortable driving like that. We go past people and we go silly.

BARRY: "On a trip, we wave out to everybody to brighten it up.

SANDRA: "Silly little things. We waved at everybody like this (waves exuberantly) so they'd wonder if they knew us. And we had dark sun glasses on! All good fun. Can always tell when Barry's the driver - that's the somebody going past you in a fast car.

BARRY: "There were these blokes on pushbikes. At Palmerston North, weren't they - push-bikes! And I burst out laughing, they were really wearing the gear! Got to laugh at something, let's face it.

(Q: Importance of fidelity in marriage?)

BARRY: "I don't know. I've never played around. Know a lot of guys that have, on rugby trips.

SANDRA: "I think it's really hard on wives.

BARRY: "If I did ever consider -
SANDRA: "I couldn't do it for a start off. At the moment I've got enough to cope with of my own. I don't agree with it at all - I really hate the thought.

BARRY: "Put it this way - if I found out -

SANDRA: "Would you take me back?

BARRY: "Bloody sure I wouldn't.

SANDRA: "Lovely being a ball and chain! Anyhow, you know, 'the more the merrier'.

BARRY: "I get quite hot - thinking about it.

SANDRA: "I'd think perhaps it was my fault, something wrong with me if he was unfaithful. I don't care about past experience.

BARRY: "That's something you can't do anything about.

SANDRA: "They don't worry me. I've asked all the questions I can think of, but it doesn't really worry me. I'm just thinking of that party - Yvonne, that Barry used to go out with, and the girlfriend that married Gavin - Elaine, she and I are good friends - well, this girl Yvonne arrived, and we both knew that Barry used to go out with her. She got up to dance, and Elaine and I did it exactly the same. Bit bloody of us.

BARRY: "You were only 17.

SANDRA: "It was one way of showing her.

BARRY: "Quite funny really.

(Q: Decisions?)

BARRY: "We make them together, the majority. Except Sandra rushes down to the supermarket; then tells me she's bought this and that. One day you did.

SANDRA: "That's right, on the way back home.

BARRY: "We had a bit of a row.

SANDRA: "I can't think now.

BARRY: "It was only two weeks ago, dear. I think you took off with Jocelyn.

SANDRA: "Said I was going to the shops, didn't I. Shot out - I wanted to get rid of it, to get away from the house, get away from the house and kids, from being tied.

BARRY: "Jocelyn's not a tie, she comes along with you."
SANDRA: "Have to get out and do something or see someone or have a cup of coffee in town. I bought a frock. I told Barry. It was $100. He looked at me, and I said 'Guess who's paying for it!' Now I can't get anything else till it's paid off.

BARRY: "She can spend what she wants to — no grizzles from me.

SANDRA: "The kids not so bad. But Jocelyn when she was a kid, for nights on end it was such a problem trying to get her to sleep. We had to go out in the car to get her to go to sleep and we couldn't go out for the evening. Used to wonder if people thought we were keeping her up!

"I think that next door married too young, and having children, that's half their problem.

(Q: Is the husband the head of the household?)

SANDRA: "No, not really.

BARRY: "No, we talk about everything, if something's to be bought. I would never go and buy a car without Sandra.

SANDRA: "I'll go and buy furniture, ask Barry to come with me if he didn't mind. Ask him anyhow. Not like Lyn and John. She went out and bought a bedroom suite for themselves, he didn't like it, but she'd bought it, so it was too bad. We buy things together.

"In certain areas I sort of feel he is. What sort of things? — When Barry puts his foot down, and says No.

BARRY: "I said No about the dining-room, the hall and lounge — the wall-papering.

SANDRA: "You had good reason.

BARRY: "I get a bit stuffy — say 'No, definitely not till next year'.

SANDRA: "Oh, shut up!

BARRY: "I don't know; it had to be done.

SANDRA: "The Old Girls Ball came up; we'd been to the one the year before, and I said to Barry would he go. He didn't enjoy the last one so he said no. I rung up all the girls, said we weren't going, so nobody went.

BARRY: "Didn't anybody go?

SANDRA: "One of our friends went."
BARRY: "I came home tonight with my paypacket. I kept $5 for a golf tournament and threw the rest on the bench – that's there for the housekeeping and the bills.

SANDRA: "I can go and pay them.

BARRY: "We've got $2 in a jar, we put that in this jar every week.

SANDRA: "Really it stems from when we started going out together.

BARRY: "When I was getting $100 a week labouring, thought it was about time we did something with it, buy a section instead of spending it.

SANDRA: "I rang up round Lower Hutt, had a look round. I took Arthur with me, showed him where it was, then – I suppose I'm stronger, not in character, I suppose it's temperamental. More strong-minded than Barry.

BARRY: "Yeah, but it's the same thing. I think you go too far.

SANDRA: "He'll talk, tell a joke, and I can't see –

BARRY: "I let you down, don't I –

SANDRA: "And I just shut up, don't I –

"I tend to say things exactly as I think. Like 'I want that'. He takes it in a different way. I most probably say it a lot stronger than I mean to happen. He thinks I'm being really ruffled – I'm not really. I'm trying to get rid of it for me, and it comes out worse than it is. He thinks I'm being really mad.

BARRY: "I can still play golf, if I'm feeling upset.

SANDRA: "Bloody stupid. Should go out and enjoy it. I don't agree with him going some times. I get up when he does.

BARRY: "I go to golf early so I can get home at 10.30. Once golf's finished that's it.

SANDRA: "I think the wife needs to get away from the children definitely, don't you? You think it's fair? You know, the odd lunch. I wouldn't leave the house unless I'd done the dishes and done the kitchen floor.

BARRY: "We only had 20 minutes to do that one day, and we did it."
SANDRA: "Yes, there wasn't a lot that we missed. Once a week I take them with me. I can't remember when we last went into Wellington without you. We go for lunch, a movie, then have tea.

(Q: Barry ever cried?)
BARRY: "Only once, when I was knocked down, and I was full of booze. An argument, wasn't it?
SANDRA: "I don't know.
BARRY: "A few years ago now, over something small, pretty silly. Only time otherwise was at a funeral - young Barry's funeral.
SANDRA: "He was only 12 or 13. Everybody cried at that. There was supposed to be a party that night, but we put everything off to go to the funeral.

(Q: Love important in a marriage?)
SANDRA: "Yes, definitely.
BARRY: "Mm.
SANDRA: "A certain feeling for one another. I could never see Barry hurt and not feel hurt myself. If Barry crashed his car, and he was all right, he'd be upset about his van, and so would I. Silly little things like that.
"You can understand one another. I can anticipate him. And when he has to go off early in the morning, I try to wake up for it, and I sit awake if you're being late, don't I dear.
BARRY: "Same sort of style of thing. Certain feeling you have to live with one another. Love when you first come together. Then a different sort of love when children are born to you. You've got responsibilities.
SANDRA: "I don't think children make a marriage. More likely to break than to make so many.
BARRY: "I come home after a hard day at work, the kids are screaming, I've had enough, had a bad day.
SANDRA: "Barry wants to sit down for five minutes, relax with a smoke, and read the paper. All I want to do is to sit down and have a smoke so I can unwind. We clash. The kids are in full swing. We have arguments - really over nothing, and things not going right. Not very often.
(Q: Mother or father for law and order?)

SANDRA: "If he gets out the W-C-O-D-E-N-S-P-O-O-N, gets it out twice, there's really law and order, but if I do, there's a reaction, but it's not quite the same. I think this is because I threaten them all day, but he comes home, and that's it. And I think it's because he's not there all day, you know. "There's always more fun, a lot of fun when he arrives home. Mostly Mum's too busy. Barry might take them out - likes to go to the tip, the dump, don't you?

BARRY: "We do a lot together, don't we. Majority of it is done together.

SANDRA: "Not much that you couldn't do, is there dear.

BARRY: "If we have to get up to the kids in the night, you go.

SANDRA: "I go, I get out of bed to put her down, he doesn't put her down. Really it's lack of confidence, isn't it Barry. I wake you up anyhow.

BARRY: "It's not my job. I don't really consider doing it. I'm too bloody tired. Like I've never had to change nappies, I'm prepared to do it if I have to.

(Q: Pressure to have or limit children?)

SANDRA: "No.

BARRY: "No.

SANDRA: "No, nobody said we should only have two - but if Alison was a boy -

BARRY: "We would have only had two.

SANDRA: "Don't know if I want to have a third one, in the sense that I feel two are enough to cope with without going insane every so often.

(Q: Should a couple marry if baby on the way?)

SANDRA: "No, I don't think so - it depends on how old they are, and what they're like as people.

BARRY: "They shouldn't be forced if they don't love one another. It won't last anyway, so it makes no difference. There'd be no money between two kids living in a flat - how you'd get on...

SANDRA: "I couldn't make love comfortably with a baby in the room, could we."
BARRY: "No.

SANDRA: "Even now, I like to know they're all asleep. If I'm still listening and we're cuddling I get told off.

BARRY: "Jesus do you ever. You take no chances.

(Q: Use a creche?)

SANDRA: "I wouldn't use it. If I wanted to work, I wouldn't have had a family. There are plenty around if you're not prepared to stay at home.

BARRY: "We've planned the marriage, the children, and the house. Thing is, Sandra doesn't have to go to work.

SANDRA: "I thought that I would be really maternal with my children - but I'm afraid I'm not, really. Heard screaming in the car, Jocelyn had her finger jammed. I flew out there - dropped my cigarette on the ground to get out to her. I was really so pleased that she was all right. I dropped Alison the other day.

BARRY: "Last night.

SANDRA: "That's it. I shook her so hard, slapped her - it's a wonder she's alive still, I forgot I had her in my arms in shooing Jocelyn out of the garage.

BARRY: "What's the point in getting married if you didn't want kids?

SANDRA: "I think it's more sad when they only have one than none. Only a oncer, and to me that seems very cruel. I think they should have none.

BARRY: "Most people are getting married, for love, to make a family, have a couple of your own.

SANDRA: "What if we couldn't have?

BARRY: "Then we'd adopt.

SANDRA: "Then if we had adopted we wouldn't be fulfilled because we couldn't have had them.

BARRY: "You're right, they are different.

SANDRA: "You get your own, you want them. That's it, isn't it? Barry only had to say boo when I was pregnant and I cried. Very proud when I was getting bigger though - I'd go anywhere with my tummy sticking out in front of me - even now I do.
The childbirth was nothing to write home about. I was awake all the time, they don't give you an anaesthetic unless it's a caesarian. A bit of oxygen, that's odd - being full of air while you're doing nothing. Just a balloon. That's all. And the pain gets so bad after that that you don't think it's working anyhow.

BARRY: "I was there. I thoroughly enjoyed it, didn't I dear.
SANDRA: "More so than I did, I think. You feel so stupid, screaming on and on before you get picked up and taken.

Interview Three
(Q: Abortion?)

SANDRA: "If I had three children and found I was expecting again, I wouldn't want it. Whether I'd go to the actual point of having an abortion - I don't think I would. Would you Barry?
BARRY: "If it was legitimate, and a woman didn't want another.
SANDRA: "I don't think I'd like anyone else to know I was pregnant, and had an abortion - I'd be a bit embarrassed about it. Now that I've got children, I wouldn't want to have a baby at 17 or 18. Definitely would have been hard on them if I had have.
BARRY: "Know a friend who has a 15 year old daughter and she's pregnant. She's under the age to marry, so he's wondering about abortion.
SANDRA: "I don't know whether I'd want Jocelyn to have an abortion. You look differently when you get older. I think if I was 17 or 18 and found I was pregnant, I would try to have one, definitely have one. If I had four children and I found out I was pregnant again, then I'd definitely have an abortion. Still, I'd keep it very quiet, or try to.

"Personally, there's a lot more to sex than you realise when you're younger, and I think you should really know a little bit about it, have been with a few people. Know three different ways - something, not necessarily ways - yes, ways, when you go about it. Kiss and cuddle and that beforehand with other boys.

"I think it's really quite important that you're not a virgin, otherwise you'd wonder - you read so much in books -
that you see stars, things flashing before your eyes - it doesn't happen that way. If a girl read a lot of books like that, she'd be very disappointed for a long time. It takes a good few years before you can really enjoy sex.

BARRY: "We sort of work it out between the two of us - well put it this way: we enjoy our sex.

SANDRA: "Some nights we kiss and cuddle; on others we make love thoroughly, and for hours.

BARRY: "We do now, anyway.

SANDRA: "When I'm feeding the kids, I don't have a loop or the pill, because of the milk supply. I'm scared of falling pregnant. I would have gone without it for 3 months - I did it purely for Barry's benefit so he could get rid of his urge. Don't know quite what it is with you - sometimes, if you haven't had it for a wee while, you've got to have it, let's face it.

BARRY: "Sometimes she does too.

SANDRA: "Not as much as Barry.

BARRY: "No.

SANDRA: "I could go without it a lot longer than Barry.

BARRY: "If she kept putting me off, I wouldn't hang round, I'd go for a bit of stray, something like that.

SANDRA: "He'd have to, he's that type of person. He never has. Only talked to a girl at a do, that's nothing.

BARRY: "I've never taken a girl out, never had an affair with any girl since I was married; that's five years.

SANDRA: "Always time to go.

BARRY: "Could go another 50 - that's because I'm quite happy - if things were different - but I am happy.

SANDRA: "I feel I know Barry. I couldn't say no very often - because you do need it, don't you. I only say No when I'm shitty - 'Get the hell out of here'.

BARRY: "Only time I never slept in my own bed was when Jocelyn woke up and had to be comforted, and I needed my sleep.

SANDRA: "We had some marvellous advice from the minister before we were married. 'One thing I can tell you: before you go to
bed at night, tell your wife once during the day that you love
her, and vice versa. And if you ever have an argument, don't
ever go to bed holding a grudge.' We've always tried not to.

BARRY: "We've done pretty well.

SANDRA: "It's turned out. I think he was joking, but it was
good advice actually. Dear old Moodie.

(Q: Different roles for men and women?)

SANDRA: "I do think there are really. As for a girl being
a mechanic, to me that's a bit ridiculous. I just think a
lady, a feminine person, let's face it - surely she doesn't
get that much enjoyment out of being greasy. It's just to be
a little bit different. People point their finger and say
'She's a mechanic'. I don't know how Barry feels. I don't
believe in this Women's Lib and this stuff. Certain things
about Women's Lib that perhaps I agree with - but they don't
apply to me.

BARRY: "Ones in public bar grate on me. Women sitting round
swearing gets on your goat.

SANDRA: "I agree.

BARRY: "There's equal pay and that at work. The women don't
work as hard as the men. They still won't lift a 50-60 lb box.

SANDRA: "They gossip more, cause more arguments, let's face it.
We do. I think we do. I think men should take notice of their
kids, not go to the pub so often. That's the sort of thing
they complain about. Many husbands booze and gamble, but it's
no other fault but their own.

"I think women should be in Parliament to have a say,
but with a half and half majority. The men have always ruled
up till now. Don't see why it should be 50/50 really. I don't
know why. Don't feel as though it's right somehow. Don't
think I'd like to know that New Zealand was run by a Parliament
of women.

BARRY: "Not by them, not totally by them.

(Q: Go to a woman doctor?)

BARRY: "Yeah.

SANDRA: "Yes, I've been to a woman doctor, and a man - and a
Chinese.

BARRY: "We've got a Chinese doctor."
SANDRA: "Jocelyn won't go to anyone but Nankee, we see!"

(Q: Woman lawyer?)

BARRY: "Yes, if she's good enough.

SANDRA: "We've got one for the shops. Father employed her, so she must have been pretty good. A women's libber.

(Q: Female boss?)

BARRY: "If the job was right and I liked the job. I'd work anywhere if the money was right and I liked the job.

SANDRA: "If you needed money anyway, you'd work for a lady.

(Q: Woman soldier?)

SANDRA: "I think that's going a bit too far. Surely a woman wouldn't like to carry a gun and have to shoot somebody. Men don't like it, but they seem to have to do those things. I can't see women - a lot of men crack up under it. I'd do anything to have Barry not go off to war - well, chop a toe off, do things like that so he didn't have to go. I don't blame people who do that at all.

BARRY: "I agree wholeheartedly.

SANDRA: "You haven't got a thought of your own tonight.

BARRY: "Well, it's the same answer I would have given, dear.

SANDRA: "I'd hate to have to see Jocelyn going off to war with a loaded gun.

"Perhaps I'm funny. Men look nicer reading the news and men in uniform - there's nothing smarter. Let's face it, they look super. You see sailors downtown, even now, they can look smart, nice. Got the physique, haven't they. Girls haven't, not to wear uniform. Men look nicer somehow in a uniform.

"Well, I think a man goes out to work. The women's stuck at home with the kids. You do get penned up, children are so exhausting. Take them out for a walk.

BARRY: "I don't like looking after kids all day.

SANDRA: "Mind you, you can please yourself if you want to go, or when to do something.

BARRY: "In her part of the job, Sandra is equal to me."
I do the hard yakker outside.

SANDRA: "I do the inside.

BARRY: "Sandra and I do the dishes. I sweep the back yard to help you, don't I. You don't normally find a very spotless house and a filthy drive. If you have a tidy garden and lawns, the inside of the house is normally the same. They mostly seem to work that way.

SANDRA: "I sort of look upon it that I keep house, and I like a tidy house. I can't help it: I like chairs to be where they should be, not where they're left; the pillow to sit this way, not anywhere, placed at the right level - not just pulled up. If it's not done my way, don't bother doing it. It's easier to go round once than to go round a second time, if Barry helps with the housework.

BARRY: "I get ratty if I can't find clothes in their drawer. It doesn't happen very often.

SANDRA: "I feel that I spend all my day in the house, so I don't see why he should come home on Sunday bringing dirt into the house.

BARRY: "I make all the children take their shoes off, don't I - I tell Jocelyn to take off her shoes before she comes inside.

"Must have some things that a woman can't do, and some things a man can't.

SANDRA: "Half and half about. The guy brings the money in, you keep a good house, and that. I wouldn't be very proud of the fact that I could earn more than Barry, and therefore Barry was at home with the children.

BARRY: "Not to me. Have to be a real lazy bugger to do that.

SANDRA: "If Barry had an accident and he couldn't work - say his arm was broken, then we'd have to. If I went out to work, he'd manage the children; I'd come home, do the dishes and the housework in the weekends. I wouldn't expect him to do that while he was sick. As long as he looked after the children, I'd go to work to earn money. Fair enough, and I'm sure he could do that. I wouldn't like to think that I did it because he didn't want to go to work.
(Q: Difference in way men and women make decisions?)

SANDRA: "Mmm. I think I tend to think about things a bit longer than Barry does.

BARRY: "Yes or no, that's it.

SANDRA: "I think if I say 'no', it means maybe, because of such-and-such. Know what I mean? I sort of look on the larger range, I don't think like you.

BARRY: "Yes or no', and that's it. If I make up my mind, that's it. I see a car in a shop, that's it, isn't it dear? If I like it I like it; if I don't, I don't; and that's it.

(Q: What wouldn't you like to see in a man or woman?)

SANDRA: "I think a lot of men that I like I could never ever live with them. The things that they do, how they speak. I like people for different reasons, but I'd hate to marry them. Take Arthur, he's just a woman's man. He's a very good speaker and he can really make you enjoy things. Give me him for a week, and I'd die. Very hard, that one.

"I don't know. Well, I like a man to pay, have enough money to pay, and I like a man driving a car. Not to pick up a boyfriend and take him out for the night. I like a woman in feminine clothes, not knickerbockers and things like that.

BARRY: "These Harekrishna, loincloths and things; they're bloody nuts with their heads shaved and that. I like girls in jeans and shirts, at the right time. At a dinner party, somebody in pants and shirt spoils it. They could have had sacks on the floor for all the time that's gone into it. There's a lot of labour in the preparation for a meal. I like a snappy dresser. I like a girl - Sandra doesn't wear makeup. I don't like makeup.

SANDRA: "I wear a bit of eye mascara. But not that sort of person to put cold cream on at night time, and wear rollers. It's Okay to look glamorous, but it's funny when you're very close. When I see my girlfriend, she looks like a million dollars. I met her in the Hutt the next day and she looked as if she'd never been to bloody bed. To me it's pointless. I think it looks sad. Just to look different for a day. They use too much, and look like a hag.

"I love men who dress smoothly. I love Barry in
a good pair of trousers, a good shirt, and a tie. Like to think that Barry wears deodorants now, which he didn't use to.

BARRY: "I like smelling nice. Drench the old arms in the roll-on stuff. Don't feel clean unless I do, and I have a good shower before I come home. Everybody notices it now.

SANDRA: "I had the boys who'd been working on the patio - they were peeing all over the toilet. You get funny at the end of the day - can't aim at it. Might as well go outside. I like a clean man. I don't mind long hair. It's got to be clean, dirty hair looks ghastly.

"When coloured shirts came out they looked so 'beautiful', but I got used to them. I couldn't see Barry in a white shirt now; but then I much preferred white. Nothing nicer than to go to a ball and see a man in a suit. You don't nowadays, they wear casual clothes to balls. I can remember when we always had orchids for balls, didn't I dear, you always used to buy me an orchid. I like being looked after. Hate to think that nobody opens doors, and I think if you were pregnant, and nobody stood up - well, I like being a woman. I'll come back as a man next time, will have had enough being at home with the kids. That's the only reason, really, being a housewife.

"If I wanted to be really equal, I wouldn't like a man to stand up for me - I don't want to be equal to that point. Being a woman and having a man stand up for me if I'm pregnant, I think that's nice. I hate to see - I hate to walk into a room and see a man sitting down. I like a man to do things for me, to offer me a seat.

BARRY: The next-door neighbour, I call him a bastard - he's ignorant, and everything, everything he says - he's only interested in himself. He'd do anybody out of a bob if he could, and that's it. Looks after himself completely - he couldn't give a damn about everyone else.

SANDRA: "I'd hate to think that everyone thought I was a bitch. I only use it on the spur of the moment - I couldn't really define a bitch - it means so many things. It depends on what they're doing, and how they're doing it, but it doesn't really mean a female dog, does it.

(Q: Ms?)

BARRY: "I've never heard of 'Ms'.

SANDRA: "I prefer to be Mrs. I'm quite proud of it."
If someone rings up and says 'Can I speak to your mother?' I feel even prouder.

BARRY: "Yes - who was that - the squash club wasn't it."

(Q: Effect of period?)

SANDRA: "Irritable, usually just before I get it. This time it's carried on.

BARRY: "Yes, you're better tonight than you were the other night.

SANDRA: "Last night I didn't want anyone or anything. I let Jocelyn stay up, that's most unusual.

BARRY: "I had a bad day, hard work concreting. Going out on Sunday night - got a 'dear yourself' and 'your children'.

SANDRA: "I feel I'm more upsettable than Barry on a bad day. Normally he comes home, he's quite nappy, but if I have a bad day, I let everyone know how I feel. I tell Barry that I'm not happy, and he knows then to get cracking and help. There's the odd time that he doesn't.

BARRY: "I can pick on her and she can pick on me, too.

SANDRA: "I know when he's had enough, when I've said too much. I've growled, been much worse than I've been before. Even said to Barry to ring you and tell you not to come, I couldn't be bothered. Being grumpy. He said to ring you tomorrow, that I most probably needed to get out of the home, away from the kids. House gets me down like this, topsy-turvey, and looking like second hand furniture. Doesn't it dear.

BARRY: "Mm.

(Q: Rugby, racing and beer - image of New Zealand?)

BARRY: "Yeah.

SANDRA: "Oh no, I don't think so. I think that 'Pukemanu' on TV, that's not really typical New Zealand. This 'Close to Home' I think that's more typically New Zealand. Not the hotel, racing and rugby and beer. I don't go to the hotel; we don't - can't afford a drink now, if you drank. Barry's never gone to a hotel.

BARRY: "Used to before I met you.

SANDRA: "You were younger then, Barry. You didn't have anything to go home to, did you. And I used to go to a hotel after
work with Arthur when I could afford to.

(Q: New Zealand egalitarian?)
SANDRA: "A lot of our friends are a lot more wealthier than us, and in totally different positions from Barry's position. They don't hold it against us. Arthur, the lawyer, whom else do we know, John is a partner in an office and all that, runs his own business. All the same, they accept you as you are.

(Q: Religion?)
SANDRA: "I'm more religious than Barry is. Well, I was born Anglican, went to a Presbyterian school, and I'm really Presbyterian.

BARRY: "No religion.

SANDRA: "I'd like to give the girls a lovely wedding in a church, and I'd hate to think that they'll change to Catholic. I wouldn't mind sending Jocelyn to a Catholic church, because I feel that they do talk to the little ones. But you have to give so much, you as parents. I don't see that the Church should lay it down - give what you want to give, not what you have to give. I used to go to church. Barry used to drop in, and I'd go out in my sunfrock, with my stockings on. Used to stuff my coat and stockings in the boot to go to the beach. I went the odd time with Mum. Once Jocelyn is old enough to go and wants to, she can. She'll definitely go to Sunday school, and so will Alison.

(Q: God exists?)
BARRY: "Yes.

SANDRA: "Yes. Never really thought about it. I was brought up to believe in God. I've no reason not to believe. I've never given it any thought. Life after death -

BARRY: "Peaceful.

SANDRA: "Don't know. Have to think. Very hard to believe.

BARRY: "Luck and fate is life.

SANDRA: "I sort of feel that if I lost Jocelyn - I don't know if I'd believe in God. Or if I lost Alison, or Barry. Not so much Mum, she's older, had a useful life - if she was taken there'd be no regrets. That's life, isn't it."
(Q: What's most important in life?)

SANDRA: "I think to have somebody to love. That's the only thing that keeps me going. If I didn't think that Barry loved me, I'd have nothing else to live for. Same for the children. Had a lovely incident the other day, when some kids came home and one of them came in in their shoes, and Jocelyn said 'You're not allowed to do that'. Really does something for me; she does understand, really. And she protects the younger one if the play gets too rough.

BARRY: "My wife and family - come last. Because if I was sick and had to give up work, well - health has to come before they do.

SANDRA: "I know they do dear.

"There's a lot of men that I like as friends but I would never marry them - they do things that I don't approve of; one who goes for bars, or who swears, I don't think that's very good, I don't like that. I can't understand if people are not happy in their marriage and have children - that's pointless. And I certainly hope that if I have a son he doesn't see girls as sex objects as he grows up. Hope he respects the girls. Hate to see any son of mine go to war. I couldn't go away to Aussie for two weeks and leave the kids at home, not like a couple of our friends have.

BARRY: "It's easier when you go fishing to take the children. It might not be much of a holiday for me - but I wouldn't be grumpy about that. I still enjoy it; we've still got them even if we don't get out at nights. I suppose we're stuck-in-the-muds when you come to think about it."
Sandra's mother neither understood nor approved her attraction to Barry. The outlook appeared unsettled for a marriage between an unskilled labourer from the Freezing Works and the daughter she has seen through a private schooling, put through secretarial college, and found for her a good position in a professional office. So why has Sandra chosen 'Barry from Naenae' in preference to the kind of man she could be meeting in her work, that lawyer who is 'every mother's dream of what she wants for her daughter'?

Her upbringing has left her appreciative of a comfortable, secure standard of living (and manners). But just as prominent in her prideful recollection of her father's success is that he made it himself. As an orphan, he began with nothing; when he died he left behind him his own business, assets respectable enough to continue supporting his family at the level they were accustomed to, and the respect due to a good family man who also took on community involvements. Rather than begrudge his origins, he makes a point of sharing the good life he has consolidated with a new generation of orphans, children without the family life he is now in a position to share - temporarily - with them.

With Barry, Sandra can participate in a similar development, as she could not had she departed her mother's house sporting the ring guaranteeing her safe passage into the fine snugness of a lawyer's house instead. Having had no part in the past which has set him up, she would also have less lien on their future together. The more readymade the success, the less satisfactory it is for Sandra.

Marriage to Barry makes her a partner in a joint venture to which they bring little other than their shared determination to make it a success. Ensnconced in their second home in the welcome company of their two daughters, and looking beyond this evidence within their own domain, they catch sight of the failed or strained marriages of friends and neighbours, couples at a similar stage, and congratulate each other. What they are keenest to relate to a visitor is the story of their progress, as it has been accomplished, and as it is continued.
Once he feels that this has been made evident, Barry responds restlessly to further questions: as far as he is concerned, there is little else to tell. Sandra offers more description of herself, but comes nowhere near the listing of characteristics, interests, motivations and self-set intentions which concern those others whose acquaintance we have made, with the exception of Joan. For her too, marriage is the central constituent relationship forming her life, attracting her energy (even in its reduction to worried memories and the care of her children in the absence of her erstwhile partner).

When they relate their beginning, it appears that Sandra inspired Barry to renounce a round of activity which was pleasurable, and if not profligate, not obviously bearing fruit. At that time, in his late teens and early twenties, he seems to have been careless with regard to the future (as a progression). He chucks in the carpentry apprenticeship; its promise of better money than his friends were currently earning in factory jobs, is five years distant (and sets him apart from them as well). His job record afterwards is slap-happy on paper, but in fact it was never thoughtless. His goals may not be those preferred by employers, or professionals who have invested time and energy at a similar age in training and forethought. Nonetheless, he has always worked for a purpose, participated with his friends in some joint activity: year upon year of turning out for a club team, saving up to tour the country with it; taking off with a small group to travel round Australia. Within this company of other young men like himself, Barry enjoys himself, but senses its limits. He makes no attempt to leave home and go flatting with them. In a circle such as this, with its membership subject to alteration, its amiability underwrites temporary projects such as the overseas sortie, but cannot sustain the accumulation of objects which mark a person's active presence in the world far more immediately than enjoyment, or 'good times'.

With the down-payment on the section, he does not become an entirely new man. Marriage for him is another form of close participation with someone else towards an end which stems from their interaction rather than arising from the attempt to support the personal aims of each party. And just as his former stress on being 'one of the boys' influenced
the kind of jobs he took, how he passed his time, so this relationship engrosses his time into a set routine, including the when and how of his relaxation. He does not resent this. Marriage provides for him, as much as for his wife, a context and purpose in which they may discern themselves, a lens giving to disparate events and characters a focus which makes them meaningful.

One of Jocelyn's favourite stories was 'The Three Little Pigs': small wonder, considering the gusto with which I heard Sandra relate it, twice in a row. It was a condensed version of the fairytale which they found so appealing. Three pigs who are brothers build themselves houses to shelter them from the wolf who considers them his natural prey. Two of them fashion structures which merely resemble shelter: the grass and wood which they have used provide no resistance to the wolf's appetite. Sandra emphasized the care and attention to detail with which the third brother constructed his house. He chooses the sturdiest material, stones, and of these he selects the finest. His mortar sticks like glue. The wolf's ferocity is no match for this planning: the pig calmly watches him (he has even thought to furnish himself with a window) skulk off, head down, tail tucked between his legs.

Barry and Sandra have shown a similar concern to plan, to proceed with care, one step at a time. They do not marry until they have built a house to move into, the first evidence of their prowess as a couple (much as, earlier on, they have used Barry's savings, result of his application to make a career, to buy the section which marks the engagement it has also promoted). Until they consider the house fit for a child to come home to, they defer the birth of their first. In fact, they go further, marking her arrival - their readiness for her - by selling their first house, the one they built and furnished themselves at much profit, to take on a larger, in a better neighbourhood. To them, the simultaneous occurrences of birth and move is largely coincidence, a decision made on the spur of the moment, unpremeditated. They were just driving round as usual, having a look round at what other couples have done as evidenced in their houses, their gardens. It is concrete signs such as these which manifest meaning for Sandra and Barry,
through which they trace themselves and their success. To seek explanation in the inner workings of personality or motivation rarely occurs to them. Their accomplishments are not seen as due to individual qualities, who they are, so much as to application, determination: what they have done, together.

The second house invites additions: a second garage (for a second car), a patio, the swimming pool that Barry and his friends were working on, and a second child who would have rounded off the family in two complementary couples - had their planning abilities extended to gender selection. Barry's period of 'knocking about' with other men stands him in good stead to mobilize a loose network of friends and acquaintances who have various skills and experiences for the realization of these projects. While they are their own, stemming from the marriage, to secure and embellish it in these visible representations, assets also, they have not spurned the help of others, nor hoarded their energy to use for themselves alone.

In contrast to Marjorie and Bill, whose marriage is somewhat shakily supported by a concept of evolving personality, Barry and Sandra balance theirs on a complementary division of labour and expertise which allows them to differentiate themselves within their marriage in very concrete terms. This separation with its consequent exchange between the partners is apparent in domains, rather than temperaments or interests. They come together not so much to talk about themselves but about the projects at hand which provide a common goal - requiring separate action from each. Through their exchange, the planning, discussions, arguments and even sulking, a sense of themselves emerges which is definite, although not subject to further exploration. Marriages do not come unstuck as two individuals pursue their own growth and find they are taking incompatible directions. In their eyes, they break apart in the lack of a mutual purpose, a reluctance to fill a role which is complementary to that purpose. Men drift away to the pub, and their wives fail to keep them where they should be content; at home, with the family.

Without children, marriage loses its sense. They provide that mutual purpose, and the ongoing responsibilities
which maintain and evidence it in daily practice (including small sacrifices of spontaneity with regard to personal interest). Both house and children are in themselves recognizable achievements of a partnership which is unique, one which can look a lot like others similarly involved, but not be duplicated by them. This involvement stretches well beyond its beginnings in purchase and birth. It maps out a path into the future, milestone with projects completed, birthdays celebrated, bringing it within their grasp, the scope of their planning and execution. And so it also extends the import of the present: it is the base with which the future builds itself. Children, and the house which marks and affords their presence, endow the parents' action with a sense of necessity and worth.

In the absence of children 'of our own' (not adopted - those are not the offspring of Barry and Sandra's union), marriage would become an empty shell, actions amiable and amorphous, connections between events casual rather than the causality they have established. Because they do not know themselves as distinct individuals exemplified in certain interests or characteristics, the marriage of mutual support for one another's projects which Marjorie and Bill pursue eludes them. Love came very early and easily to them, but it was more a recognition of their own aims and similar means in the other, less an attraction to blossoming into delight in that which makes the other distinct, and different which lends momentum to another kind of marriage, perhaps less smoothly.

Sandra's love for Barry approaches an identification with him. Similarly the state of her house seems to her to provide her with a reflection of herself, the kind of person she is, how she is. Coming home with Alison, she finds the wallpaper drab and messy: she persuades Barry to repaper, although it hadn't been part of the plan. He can only work on it bit by bit, and in the interim the stripped walls depress her, the lounge feels bare and empty. The house is her responsibility in the partnership, her domain. In its neatness she finds satisfaction; distress in its disorder or mistreatment (Barry's helpers aiming too wide of the toilet bowl, visitors bringing in the outside on the soles of their shoes, Barry content to let the cushions flop against the chairs, when
they should sit straight). While she likes to see it matching her own design, she does not regard other people as intruders: indeed, their presence underlines its solidity. She does not like to be left by herself, alone. Even when she feels so beset upon that she rushes out of the house which is her 'pride and joy' without giving it the customary wipedown and straightening out, she takes a child with her. In pregnancy she bears her swollen stomach high before her, like a ship's figurehead, and after Alison's emergence wistfully regards her flatter front, minus its obvious evidence of motherhood. In public she rarely goes by herself, unaccompanied by children or shopping; at 'social functions' by her husband. When she goes out to lunch with an old friend who is still working, and keeps her late, she feels herself reckless and cavorting in a way she describes as 'like a schoolgirl': the sole period in her life when she has had only herself to consider. When actions could be impetuous rather than considered with a goal to bear in mind.

Motherhood anchors her actions, gives her a substantial sense of self. In the home she complements Barry; the people she sees outside are women like herself, their prime involvement their own families, their partners men like Barry, lending each other a hand in the realization of the projects which will serve to further distinguish that family from others with similar pursuits - who form this pool of exchanged aid, skills, tools - and confirmation. Sandra will moan to Barry about the careless and loose language of the friends who have come round to help him, but she would not jeopardise the links of exchange by complaining to their faces. After all, though they dream, and plan together, the execution of their undertakings belongs in his sphere, and he is the one who can marshal the labour of others for his own end. By working on the projects of other householders, bringing them in to work on his, Barry ensures a source of energy when more is required at one time than he by himself could supply. The men who come in provide his project with recognition and value in the very help they provide, making it apparent at the same time that it is his own plan, that he, and no-one else could, and has, manoeuvred its realization.
Barry seeks others' advice only on specific matters - such as the best way to construct a patio, dig a swimming pool's foundations. His friendships turn on such exchanges, or a shared past over which anecdotes can be swapped. He retains a privacy, as loath to comment on others' affairs as he would be to hear their remarks about his. Fascinated as Sandra is by the confusion in the lives of two close, long known friends, it seems that she reserves her criticisms for Barry's attention. She does not grow irate with a friend's patently false excuse for not turning up to her Tupperware party, it is her husband who hears her disappointment. They are annoyed that the grocer down the road (who put a plaster niche to display precious objects into their lounge wall) has halted their use of a wholesale supplier: but they continue to pass the time of day and Barry plays him at golf, as before. They understand that he protects his own interests - as they will theirs by slipping back when he is not around to be affronted.

They are proud of what they have gained in their marriage, but regard it as due to decision, perseverance, and good management rather than any especial attributes in themselves (unlike the salesmen whose self-esteem rests upon membership of what they consider to be an elite, unordinary group of peers). Barry's wage is only slightly above average, and supplemented by part-time work. They have moved forward by working on one project at a time: the house ensured before the first child's arrival, debts arranged into a hierarchy of insistence, one item only on hire purchase, credit no threat to independence, instead confirming it as they juggle it to their own ends and timing. Even their sexual relationship has been one of expansion, quiet and patient expectation.

It seems to them that 'anyone could do as we have done': those who choose not to both puzzle and offend them: Sandra's (adopted) sister and her husband, the man next door whose family seem to go their separate ways in irritation. If Barry would willingly lend a neighbour a hand, why doesn't he want it, or offer his own? If Sandra would decline an invitation honestly, expressing her lack of interest, why doesn't her friend? If a girl harbours ambitions to become a mechanic it must be because she wants to stand out, attract attention -
because it would never occur to Sandra to deliberately select an occupation pursued by people (men) unlike herself. All that grease:

In building something of their own in and through their marriage, their aim has not been to become different from others they know, family, friends, neighbours, but to become distinct within a circle of others embarked on similar enterprises, in parallel ways. Up to this point, they may be said to resemble others whose prime goals are more personal, even though they involve relationships with others, such as marriage. But these latter are not so ill at ease with the variety of ways in which people match ends and means in giving their lives shape, purpose: meaning, perhaps because marriage does not provide them with the sense of self requisite to continued operation within this society. Perhaps it is the ubiquitousness of marriage which misleads Barry and Sandra into perceiving it as always undertaken in the same light that has guided their own.

This understanding can only be reinforced by the centrality of marriage and the family in their own lives as it orders time, contains social interaction and the pursuit of separate interests. Even grudges and quarrels are subject to a rule: they must be hammered into an agreement before the couple climb into bed together, impotent to upset the next day's work. Barry and Sandra know themselves through daily partnership in a venture which has grown from their joint efforts to become larger than either of them alone, to provide them with a context for action which forms a meaning, concretely (hence seeming objectively) evidenced in the house and land which surround them, the children they spend time with.

One of Sandra's cherished memories is an image of her parents about to go out, the day's work completed. Before they leave, they mark their departure by waltzing, as much as one can, between the beds of their two daughters, singing to each other, as well as to them, 'You are the sunshine in my smile'. Well, balls are more occasional, orchids and white shirts vanished, subject to memory's recall. Barry and Sandra make
that family past resound by bringing it into their own enterprise: they too reserve Sundays to take their daughters on a drive around other people's houses, their own in mobile display.
Chapter 8: (MARRIAGE CAN BE) FREE & EASY

GAVIN & SUE
Sue was sitting a little apart from the other Playcentre mothers who were watching their children bound around in the thin spring sun when I first met her. Later on she told me that she did not feel at her ease there: they were different, further educated, and she felt that they looked down their noses at her; a tradesman's wife, when they were married to professional men. It was all right if there were just a few of them helping out at the Playcentre, but if more came, they tended to bunch together, leaving her aside. She kept her mouth shut, in contrast to the lively stream of talk that comes when she feels at home.

Brief replies, short (businesslike) descriptions were not Gavin and Sue's style. One incident would lead to another, the recounting swapped back and forth between them: the memories shared along with the illustrative use they made of them. We would sit for quite a while after I had exhausted my writing hand, continuing to swallow the drinks Gavin brought us (beer for him, bacardi and cokes or iced sherry for his wife and me), munching the crisps and biscuits Sue brought in, the TV set flickering and mumbling as background to the anecdotes they spun out of the happenings and relationships which constituted their lives, happy to have an audience.

On the first occasion I came to talk to Sue, I found Gavin in the kitchen, washing the lunch dishes. In a few hours they were off to a musical: Sue had her hair up in rollers, and in a different colour from the one evident in the wedding photographs grouped on a wall in the lounge. My noticing these brought forth a colourful stream of the related events...though she had sworn she was not going to use her skills as a hairdresser to fashion her own hair for her own wedding, she ended up doing everyone else's hair as well. She had also made the bridesmaid's gowns, the frilly little umbrellas they held, and the heart carried by the flowerboy, whom they kept quiet for the duration of the ceremony with lollies, until he gave them light relief by saying, "When's this going to end?" The flowergirl, "three years old and you know what they're like at that age" would not come to be photographed. Now, "of course", she wished she had. The
photographer had arrived while she was "still flapping round in my underwear", and had jokingly suggested a before and after. Dresses had to be altered at the last minute as one bridesmaid, her own sister, could not come; her daughter had come down sick. Gavin's sister had stepped in as replacement. Sue had enjoyed herself; and she enjoyed telling me about the ins and outs of their wedding, the stories behind the groupings. Gavin joined us then, and stayed. It was - obviously - to be a joint interview.

In between our first and second interviews, they went on holiday, back up to Auckland, back to their family and friends. I heard how they had been so 'booked-up' by their friends the second week they were there that Sue's brother had had to settle for having them to lunch instead (a very merry day, that one). And how Gavin had swallowed the five hundred miles up there in slightly less than eight hours, stopping only for petrol and a traffic cop who booked them for speeding through a small country town. He did not like to stop when he was on his way somewhere. The dog and cat with them, as usual. Like their children, their animals have grown accustomed to accompanying Gavin and Sue, who feel it is wrong to completely alter your way of life once children arrived: they arrived to share it. They shook their heads over one couple they had rung to check if they would be home in the weekend so they could call in, and the woman had said, of course, they were home all the time because of the new baby. "You've got to put yourself first", Gavin concluded.

He came to a similar assessment when they were talking of Sue's mother, who had suffered some kind of nervous breakdown. They had seen it coming before they moved from Auckland: she had seen them go, one child a toddler, the other on its way, only with reluctance. "But you can't hold up your life for your parents", said Gavin. Maybe 'going through the change', menopause had harshened the separation from the children and grandchildren who filled her life. They talked also of her lack of initiative, her desire to please, with some uneasiness. She would ask Sue to choose her dress patterns, material; get her to do her hair, pluck her eyebrows and make her up before she went out. When she and her husband were purchasing a new car, she had said that they should buy the car the young couple thought best. Perhaps she was somewhat afraid of them. She did not approve of women smoking, swearing or drinking, but she would say nothing
on this account to Sue, "because she knows what I'd say to her: 'None of your business!'"

Sue's father enjoys going down to the pub with his son-in-law; they leave their wives at home. There was one story Gavin and Sue found hilarious, and, as usual, it had a moral twist. One time when they were living in the country, Sue had gone down to the pub to see what had happened to her long overdue father and husband. They were both drunk; neither could drive, and her father kept disappearing back into the bar under the wig of a Maori woman who worked there. Finally they made it home. During the night, her father, not wanting to wake up the household, had gone out into the garden to throw up - and out had shot his false teeth. In the morning his wife had found them in the washbasin, covered in dirt. Often, they said disapprovingly, she would scold her husband for staying out late, coming home merry, drunk. But for once she had not said anything. A guy feels sorry for himself the day after, anyhow, commented Gavin and Sue. He does not need someone else to rub it in.

Before his marriage, Sue's sister's husband had also been a heavy drinker and smoker. At the stag party the night before his wedding he had put away so much whisky, smoking a continuous cigar, that they had had to take him to a doctor for some pills to carry him through the nuptials. His stepfather had been cross with Gavin, the bestman, but the latter had riposted that if the man was old enough to wed, he was old enough to know when he had had enough. It was not Gavin's responsibility. Nor was it his when, staying with Sue's sister and her reformed husband, he had made a point of taking him out to the pub, buying a dozen beer to take home - knowing his brother-in-law would offer to go halves, an offer he would refuse, and end up cradling another dozen bottles, and then sitting up with him into the small hours, making a determined hole in the first dozen, and savouring Sue's sister's disapproval. Since she had put a halt to her husband's drinking, Gavin would make it clear to her that she had no right to trespass on another's predilections.

There were further anecdotes of family and friends, most of them concluding with a moral of a similar kind: people standing up for themselves, yet at the same time not taking themselves
too seriously, not getting upset. There was always another beer to open, a tale to tell. A tale the couple shared from their own lives, and in sharing it again in their recounting, made even more their own.
SUE: "My dad was in the power station. He did shift work; my mother was on the telephone exchange. Most of the time there was normally somebody home. If there were a couple of hours when there wasn't somebody there, Mum was on the exchange, so she used to ring every few minutes. We lived in the village, and Dad would walk up to the station.

"I went to primary school in the village; then high school in Fukekohe. It was eighteen miles to school and all the kids from the village were on the bus. I grew up with most of them, went to school with them. We were probably closer than if we'd lived in town. In town children tend to go to different schools, and in the country there's only one school to go to. Had a lot of fun in the bus, as you can imagine.

"There's four. I've got an older brother, an older sister and a younger brother. Brother is at Papatoetoe, bulldozing. Sister is in Taihape, her husband's another 'bright spark' — at one time we had Dad, my elder brother, Gavin and him working in power stations. Dad and my brother aren't any longer. My younger brother lives at home. He's a kettle operator at some chemicals place. He quite likes it, I think.

"I took the 'modern' course at school, between the commercial and the academic. We both took science; we didn't do typing. I think I would rather have taken typing, it would be handy now; but you couldn't do both. I only did two years at High School. Had a lot of trouble with the head mistress — she used to mistake me for another girl, and I would get blamed for all sorts of things that I hadn't done, which wasn't much fun. And I wanted to be a hairdresser. I was fourteen when I left because there were holidays, and I was fifteen by the time school started again. I went to the Post Office for a couple of weeks till I could go to hairdressing college in town. I wanted to do hairdressing for as long as I can remember. I used to get asthma, couldn't have been a hairdresser, so then I wanted to be a kindergarten teacher — till I found out how many degrees you had to have if you wanted to. A drag.

I did a six months course in hairdressing. I used to
board in Auckland. Then my parents shifted to Auckland, so I went home. Then they shifted to Whangarei, so I went and worked in Whangarei. Got into a little salon in Whangarei, there was only me. Someone else owned it, I managed it. I really like that. People are easier to please in one way, but if you work in a small place what you do outside, people know about it. So you've got to do all the right things, when you're at work, and when you're at home. It makes a difference to the business otherwise. I don't like to drop someone's business really.

"Got married - he lived at the hostel in the village. He lived opposite us.

GAVIN: "Had sort of a youth club at the village; it would come and go. If the keen ones leave it died down.

SUE: "Had badminton, bowls. Got slack at times when people shifted. Then it opened up again. Used to play indoor bowls, and on Thursday night -

GAVIN: "Friday wasn't it - I worked late on Thursdays.

SUE: "Had table tennis, different things. Once a month we had a social in the hall, most of the time we had a band.

GAVIN: "Until there was trouble that time.

SUE: "We couldn't get a band back because of the fighting. Broke one of the windows in their car.

GAVIN: "Most of the others knew us in Meremere and Otahu.

SUE: "We were pretty close. I think Otahu was the best.

GAVIN: "Yes.

SUE: "You wouldn't expect it to be it was right in the middle of town, you could walk to the shops. Here you have to have a car to go everywhere. It was good there because everybody mixed. There was a so-called social club there, and we used to go shopping together and things like that. It was a younger village. We're the youngest couple here, and there aren't many kids - there are no other kids of their age, this sort of thing. There were more young up there. In one street there were 24 kids in 12 houses. One of the neighbours had a girl and we babysat for each other when we wanted to go out. She'd look after my kids, that sort of thing. I'd take Mason over to play or we'd go to the beach."
it was very good.

GAVIN: "Dad's an insurance broker. I didn't intend coming to work for the Electricity Department. I didn't want to go back to school, so I put in for two jobs— and this is the one I got, the one I took. I'm a fitter and turner in trade, I served a five year apprenticeship to start with, working on machine maintenance. Similar job to a mechanic. Now I'm a shift operator. I inspect the plant, make sure it's running okay, do the loading generation as required— see that the plant's safe to work on for the maintenance staff. Operator and fitter, it's a combination of the two jobs. I'm pretty well my own boss, on my own— there's nobody else with me.

"Night shift, it's lonely. The substation here is in two parts. Two guys up the top, I'm down below. I ring up and we chat and that. Day shift it's okay, the maintenance staff are in.

"Shift work has its advantages and disadvantages. You have plenty of time during the day, but you can't go out. It starts at 4, goes till 12 pm. It upsets your social life quite a bit. I've been 12-6 the last week, off during the morning, but I have to have my sleep— it does disrupt family life. I get four days off at the end of that so it's worthwhile.

"We were engaged for a year; we've been married three years now.

SUE: "I was only seventeen when we got engaged; eighteen when we got married.

GAVIN: "I was twenty, twenty-one.

"My mother thought we were too young to get married, but she never said anything. You could tell she did really disapprove— in a roundabout way.

SUE: "Once we got married, it was all right. By that time they'd come around.

GAVIN: "Then they were silly when we had Mason— 'too young to start a family'. As soon as he arrived—

SUE: "They forgot about that bit.

GAVIN: "My parents got quite a shock when we were engaged.

SUE: The engagement party was a family affair— but I've got a big family.
GAVIN: "It was just at my parents' house. I suppose 40-50 people.

SUE: "My mother was one of twelve. Couldn't have invited them all.

GAVIN: "Probably had twenty friends there. The rest were all relations that we had to ask.

SUE: "100 at the wedding; not many friends.

GAVIN: "My father is one of six - although we didn't invite all of those, two thirds of them.

SUE: "I couldn't have invited all mine.

GAVIN: "Quite a number that I don't get on with.

SUE: "On my side, couldn't afford it - didn't matter, in any case.

"My parents happened to wind up in Auckland. Gavin's parents were in Hamilton, we saw them once a week. My mother's family gets very involved, they're a very close family. They argue quite a bit. We'd have nothing to do with it, but we'd have to sort it out with Mum, tell her that things were okay.

"I miss it a lot up there. We've got a lot of friends up there. We've got two relatives down here - the aunt at Porirua, the other a friend of the family, that I call an aunt.

GAVIN: "You have to plan a lot more - before, we raced off and dropped him somewhere on the way out.

SUE: "You have to decide a lot sooner, and see if Auntie Pam isn't doing anything, if she can babysit. Ruth Sim's the only woman I really talk to - the only one who's been over here.

GAVIN: "At Otahu they did - people came to see you when you first arrived. Then it was up to you, who you saw out of those who'd come to see you.

SUE: "We had a housewarming party here. Only three couples and a man from the village came, and some wouldn't come because they thought -

GAVIN: "Others wouldn't come here. All this sort of carrying on! At Otahu they all came, never missed. Might decide to have a party that night, make a couple of phone calls, and there'd be twelve people. Quite often jokers would just come around, and there'd be half a dozen of you sitting round."
Just a sort of social get together. Everybody sat around, drank, talked, played records, told jokes. We used to have barbeque parties in summer. Used just to ring around, bring your own sausage and beer. We went to a fairly big party one Christmas, with a band on the back of the lawn - one of my mates played in it. That sort of went on - a combined Christmas party rather than a lot of separate ones.

SUE: "The village used to have a soccer team. It wasn't a proper team, it just used to play somebody else who wanted to play. Problem was to get enough fellows. Otahuh was right in the middle of town, so most people play for teams in the city sort of thing. At Meremere we had our own team, badminton.

GAVIN: "Had a rugby team.

"When I started work, I was supposed to move every six months. I didn't, but we were meant to. So I couldn't really afford to join a team - and leave half way through the season all the time. Now I'm on shift work and only have one Saturday off a month. That's not really much use for team sports. I had thought of taking up some other sport. I prefer rugby. I'm too unfit now.

SUE: "I gave up, no use. In Auckland it's very hard to get into a team. When we were at Otahuh I thought of it - badminton, something like that. I couldn't get into a team. I'd like to play now, but the thing is I'm so far out of it.

GAVIN: "I prefer watching kids play. It's more exciting than watching adults play, not so serious, more enjoyable. I watch it on telly and that.

"It's a good sport to let your emotions go. Could come from being a contact sport. I suppose you could say it's a bit violent in a way. There's someone on the field, got nothing to do with you; you take out your frustrations (on him) and feel very good about it. It's great for that. I don't like playing for teams where you have to win at all costs. I'd much rather enjoy the game than the end results.

SUE: It's just nice to play; it's something to do. I would like to play now, to mix with some more people. I like watching little kids playing - they're funny. I watch football on TV but I don't understand everything that's going on. Gavin tries to tell me. We both like motor-racing. Like it in all
its forms, drag, saloon. Used to go to the lot. They haven't got as much down here. At Otahu there were stockcars, track; Onehunga had saloon cars; Meremere drag. Only took an hour to get to Meremere for the Sunday — and quite often we'd been to the stock cars on the Saturday night.

GAVIN: "Just to see the drivers' skill, plus knowledge. What they can do with a car - the performance they can get out of it.

SUE: "Drag is great fun and stock cars are quite funny.

GAVIN: "Any race, makes a great day. We go with friends, sit out on the grass.

SUE: "Mason goes to sleep under an umbrella.

GAVIN: "It's a good way to relax. There are no proper seats, you can sit down where you like, how you like.

SUE: "Boys play with toys, or fall asleep. No problems of having to sit them up.

GAVIN: "Friday nights we'd wind down. Two of us had a session after work in the pub. They don't seem to have that here. Quite often on a Saturday afternoon as well.

SUE: "You didn't always do that.

GAVIN: "Quite often. I'd stay for half an hour, an hour.

SUE: "Sometimes had to get someone to go with you. We used to have social club meetings for the women. Someone could do macrame, so we'd all go to her place one night to learn it. We'd all tell jokes, have coffee, give a 20 cent donation to the social club. Or they'd knock on your door at 8.30 am - 'come as you are' - and you had too. If you were in your dressing gown and you changed, it cost you 50 cents. Only be about 10-12 turn up at a time. You can't always go.

GAVIN: "They put on quite a few things. The social club went on a tour of the vineyards.

SUE: "Sad - I never went. Wish I had, it was quite a success.

GAVIN: "Not everybody worked at Otahu, there were workshops in town, had the office, linesmen, staff operators - the lot. It meant that you didn't necessarily work with your next door neighbour. More like a normal community."
SUE: "Meremere wasn't too bad. Used to be a lot of talk, and stuff.

GAVIN: "Meremere was more segregated then. The men used to go to the pub every night, and that wasn't really a fit place for women. It's been done up a lot more since then. I was 16, but everyone was down there, all the men. They used to take you home for tea, to try and get themselves out of trouble.

SUE: "The wives missed out, and if they weren't used to it, it was pretty tough.

GAVIN: "We played football; the guys in the age group 15-20s, all young men. Thirty of us and when we got together it was a bit of a madhouse!

"No I don't think a mixed hostel would work - it would create problems. We had a lot of fun.

SUE: "You wouldn't be so happy to walk up and down the passage in your undies.

GAVIN: "You didn't have any privacy. The whole hostel was like your own private room. Everyone used to borrow - you couldn't save anything there, like beer. You never loaned - if you wanted a beer, you'd grab a bottle. Nobody worried who'd pinched their beer.

SUE: "You were only seventeen.

GAVIN: "We'd join some of the married men. They'd take their wives down, leave them in the lounge bar on housie night. The men went into the public bar and played pool.

"Friday night was my night. Saturday night, we'd both go.

SUE: "Friday night if Gavin was on night shift, was stag night. He'd need to go out with the boys. Well, women go shopping together. I sat at home, watched the telly, have a bit of talk, do a bit of sewing. A couple of my aunties would be there to.

GAVIN: "You can let yourself go more just with the boys.

SUE: "They need it. Women need to go out by themselves, and men too.

GAVIN: "You don't have to get all dressed up, you can really relax. When I was an apprentice, I used to work 12 hours a day, except Friday: 7am till 8 pm."
SUE: "You needed to let your hair down or you'd go round the bend.

GAVIN: "Women shouldn't go into public bars. No harm in having places where all the family can go.

SUE: "Where you can take the children. If you want to go out for dinner, you can't when you're on holiday with the kids. When you go out, somebody has to stay at home. At one motor camp, there was a pub there with a garden bar. They allowed children there, and Mason was quite happy. Shouldn't be allowed in every hotel though.

GAVIN: "It's not just the evening out, it's everything that goes with it, like babysitting.

SUE: "We were lucky in Auckland, we knew one another, could arrange to go out with them.

GAVIN: "When Mason was small, about 3 months old, we used to take him with us. There was a do back in Hamilton, all our friends and relatives were going to it, so we took him to the dance with us, in a carrycot. They had a band; there was a lot of noise, but he went off, no trouble. We looked in the car every ten minutes. Like at Otara if there was a party, we'd leave the kids and take turns checking them. There'd probably be no-one at home, so you'd check everyone's kids. Worked in a lot more together there. Here there are less children.

"I came here to get another promotion.

SUE: "It's the sort of job you've got to move around in to get promotions.

GAVIN: "I try to go up as quick as I can. If I don't apply for jobs, they won't give them. I start applying well before I'm due for promotion – theory is that if you get your name in all the time, they get sick of you. I'd like to get as high as I can as soon as I can, and then relax a bit. Another three promotions from what I am now. By that time you're pretty specialised in what you're doing.

(Q: Division of labour?)

GAVIN: "Both of us do the dishes, washing.

SUE: "You probably do it more than me. With a seven weeks old son, Gavin does the most, especially if we want to go out somewhere."
GAVIN: "I do the lawns.

SUE: "In summer.

GAVIN: "Nobody does the gardening.

SUE: "Rubbish! I've started digging round in the garden now and again. It got dry, and there was nothing to put in it.

GAVIN: "I don't touch the ironing.

SUE: "I don't touch it much. I do it at nights, with the radio on. It's too hot and tiring to do it with the kids around, and there are cords, they pull at the iron. It takes a long time to do a little bit.

GAVIN: "If there's anything we want to do, or if we want to go out, it's quicker if I give her a hand. I don't sit round if there's work to be done. I won't sit and watch Sue do it.

SUE: "In the same way, I start most of the meals. If Jay wakes up, Gavin finishes off. Or I come back and find that tea's made.

(Q: Gavin help with the boys?)

SUE: "Well Jay is very tiny.

GAVIN: "With Mason it took three weeks, and then it was no trouble. I could feed and change him.

SUE: "If Gavin's asleep, I naturally do everything - I don't go leaving things.

GAVIN: "When I'm on afternoon shift, get everything cleared up in the morning, then we can go out or the day, something like that.

SUE: "There are always times when you'd rather be doing something else - I don't know what.

GAVIN: "I don't love it. Get it out of the road, fashion. Housework's like work. Wouldn't say I hated that either - It's got to be done. Cleaning, and having a tidy house - I lived for seven years in a hostel, know it's not the doing, it's the starting.

SUE: "I often sit here having a drink, have another cup of coffee or a smoke, and then 'Well, I guess I better do some work'. I don't make a job of it. You can do it in a couple of hours. Some people take a day to do the housework
- like my sister.

Gavin: "Your sister does too much.

Sue: "Because it takes all day, things are getting untidy as she's going.

Interview Two

Sue: "Both my parents were working. When we came home from school, we couldn't play at other kids' houses. Mum didn't like us to wander away, because she wasn't at home. And we had quite a bit of housework. People, kids, were allowed to come to our place but we couldn't even go next door. They were just parents - not terribly strict, just on things that they had to be. Like I used to have to do quite a bit of housework - I wasn't allowed to go anywhere unless that was done.

"My younger brother didn't have much to do. My sister used to get out of a lot. We all had jobs, like keeping our room tidy and doing the dishes, and things like that. It was very hard when my mother was working. Mum was on shift work. Very hard. I don't think kids should have to keep their rooms tidy, or girls have to make tea. I don't think we should have to.

Gavin: "My parents weren't strict, only so far as discipline. Think you expect that from your elders. I never made a bed at my parents' place. Even when I was living there just before we were married, Mum made me breakfast, that was on the table. When I came back from work, the room was vacuumed, the bed made.

Sue: "Gavin's mother is a wonder for housework - you never see her do it, but she's done it.

Gavin: "I never had to mow the lawns, but I did.

Sue: "I never did.

Gavin: "Dad had the theory that he'd gone to war so that his wife and kids didn't have to work. That's a bit of a misnomer - you'd want to go into town, and you'd think about catching the bus - and he'd want you to take the car, I didn't want it, so they'd have to come to take me!

Sue: "Method in madness. Dad's a bit like that.

Gavin: "My father's blimming terrible - I had the car more than him!
SUE: "We had two cars. I got my licence the day after I turned fifteen. Mum and Dad would stay home if I wanted a car.

GAVIN: "I used to go to Auckland when Sue was there, and take her father's car back to work at Meremere - I'd start off hitching - 'No', so I'd stay, and take the car. 'I don't want the car this week', he'd say. 'You can have it'.

SUE: "Mum had the better car, she had to travel to work. Dad was on the job, so he'd have a car like a Mini.

GAVIN: "Once I was adjusting the tuning. He told me, he reckoned that there was no need to do it, he'd do it himself.

SUE: "He got really upset, furious.

GAVIN: "After he'd offered the loan of the car, next thing he'd disappear - he'd go and put gas in, so I couldn't pay for the petrol. Even after a weekend when we'd had the use of the big car, and we would sometimes swap cars - he couldn't use ours till he's washed it - I never did it.

"We bought the car for selling - one Zephyr at a time, but it's so big that it's just a nuisance. Sold it when we came down from Auckland, it didn't go so well.

"I just enjoy driving. I wouldn't put it down to any one reason. I don't enjoy driving in Wellington, compared to Auckland.

SUE: "The traffic moves badly.

GAVIN: "In Auckland we seem to go faster. Probably seem more reckless in Auckland.

SUE: "In Auckland it's drive to kill or be killed. After all, you all drive by the same method. In Auckland, people don't use public transport - there isn't any proper service. In Wellington you've got to scream and scream so they don't go off without your pushchair - but they help you if you're struggling to get onto a bus in Auckland. They're not used to driving in Wellington. They do it in the weekends.

GAVIN: "They're all Sunday drivers, and when they're driving to work, they still think they're Sunday driving. Doodling around.

SUE: "I've never seen as much smashed cars on the road. Fines are a lot higher up there. I think it's less in
Wellington. I don't know. Corners are narrow, cars parked too close, people in the wrong lanes. People wouldn't let you in in Auckland.

GAVIN: "I prefer driving on the open road than in town.

(Q: What did Gavin's father do in the house?)

GAVIN: "Not much in the house himself.

SUE: "He cooks meals sometimes.

GAVIN: "Dad cooks - like when Mum's sick, he does the housework and that - he possibly would have done more only Mum doesn't like other people doing housework.

SUE: "She's never worked. That's sort of her job.

GAVIN: "Dad works fairly long hours. He doesn't get home till 7 pm or later most nights, and then he has a lot of people to phone or call on and that.

SUE: "Your Dad helped when you were babies.

GAVIN: "He had more to do with us as babies than Mum did. With her own kids - Mum wouldn't hold us till we were three months old.

SUE: "Your Dad was all the more used to children.

GAVIN: "I was very sick when I was born, Mum too. I was quite old by the time she really got me.

"My father did a lot outside, he was quite a keen gardener. The house is pretty old; old scrim linings. He modernized all that with gib-board stuff and all the wall-papering and painting he did himself.

SUE: "It was a big job - he knocked the fireplace out.

GAVIN: "He's quite handy with his hands - quite funny really, because he's an office worker. You don't expect him to be so handy with his hands as what he is. Probably he's a bit slower. He takes his time. He doesn't know exactly what he's doing, but he has a pretty good idea. He looks after the outside of the house, and Mum the inside. She doesn't do much in the garden. He does the flowers and veges.

SUE: "Your mother picks the flowers.

"My parents both do. They both work, so they both cook meals, and do the housework."
GAVIN: "Even more with them being shiftworkers - who's ever home does the housework.

SUE: "Mum isn't working now. She worked all the time once I was at school, took my younger brother with her. She used to work in the exchange when my brother was at school.

"Did it for money. They don't own their own house. She spends so much on rubbish. Thinks she needs to work for money, but she doesn't. Dad can keep them.

GAVIN: "The more you earn, the more you spend. She likes to buy things for everyone really.

SUE: "Only got to mention something, and there it is. When we lived a few miles away. Like a sunhat. There were lots of sunbonnets for girls, not too many sunhats. I was telling her one day on the phone, and the next day she comes out with a sunhat.

GAVIN: "As it is with all grandmothers at birthdays and Christmas - only she's the bits and pieces inbetween too.

SUE: "Used to send us kids to an aunt to look after - she'd buy us a whole new wardrobe to go in. I think she gets depressed now that she's not working. She sort of tells you. She's trying to buy their love, impress the grandchildren; she buys them lollies or a toy when she takes them shopping.

"We weren't extremely affectionate - but we're not the opposite. We're quite close. Had arguments - but don't we all. I think it was very hard because Mum was working, made it very hard.

GAVIN: "Fairly affectionate. My sister's still the same. Every time I see her, a big kiss as soon as I see her. Always been like it really. Woke up in the morning, get a kiss from my parents, and as I'd go out to school, I'd kiss my mother goodbye. Same when I came home and went to bed, always.

SUE: "Bit like that with Dad.

GAVIN: "Always with Mum. We praised anything she'd done. Never got away from the table without saying sort of 'Lovely tea', something like that. Something we were used to. Didn't really think about it.

SUE: "I really noticed it when I first started to go to your parents' place.
GAVIN: "Didn't know I was saying it half the time - the thing was done.

"We have family gatherings. Usually when there's sort of - well, like a kid's twentyfirst.

SUE: "Wedding anniversary.

GAVIN: "Silver wedding. The family always has a lunch at my grandfather's house so he can be there.

SUE: "Family get togethers on a child's birthday, like last year - but we couldn't go.

GAVIN: "At Christmas we got together with my grandfather - once he'd gone, we didn't get together any more.

SUE: "There's still your grandmother - but not so often, she's not the same.

GAVIN: "My mother has a thing with her brother; they have very little to do with each other. They just don't bother to see each other. Grandfather lived with us, he wouldn't have gone to her brother's place. Never got on best with them.

SUE: "It wasn't for very long.

GAVIN: "If Mum and Dad wanted to go on holiday, he wouldn't go down to my uncle's house. Like her mother, she was crippled with polio - she refused to go anywhere. Because she wouldn't, he wouldn't, and things got worse and worse.

SUE: "We go to my parents one year for Christmas, Gavin's the next.

GAVIN: "Not now, what will we do this year? We're further away. We don't get together very much.

"In some ways I don't think women could do a lot of jobs. If they could do it all the same as a man does, there's no reason why they couldn't do it. If they're going to be on equal pay, equal grading, they should do everything the same, no privileges at all. Most of what I do, there's no reason at all why a woman shouldn't do it. Probably do it better than what I can.

SUE: "They're more patient, their make-up's quieter.

GAVIN: "I can sit there for hours and not do a thing; just sit there. Damn bell rings and it takes five to ten minutes
before I get mobile. Think a woman would be into it in less time — it's a female's natural instincts for trouble. The baby's crying, they're awake and ready, can do things at once.

SUE: "Like having one the first time, you don't really know anything about them. Surprising what you can figure out for yourself fairly quickly. Matter of having to rely on other people. I think most of it's common sense.

GAVIN: "We really knew more than we thought we knew. When they cry — you seem to know what to do.

SUE: "You learn it. Especially rooming-in in the hospital. Feel what the baby's like, you being there right beside them for a whole week — unless they cry so much that they take it out. You can pick your baby's cry from a whole crowd of 30 in the dayroom where you'd go for meals. In antenatal classes now they teach you quite a bit of those — the five reasons for the baby to cry, wet, dirty, wind, hungry, that sort of thing.

GAVIN: "When we had Mason we both went to the classes. They have one for men and women at nights. Both learnt a lot from that. I didn't think it was necessary for me to go again with Jay. It's reasonably fresh. For any new father, it's good advice to go to them.

SUE: "It's really necessary for the first.

GAVIN: "Helps to understand moods and what the baby's going to be like when it comes home. I thought it was good value.

SUE: "We saw about six births on film.

GAVIN: "It wasn't for me. They wanted me to be there and I was there when she went into labour, and when they gave her the first injection, that was all. I wandered out then. Not one to put on a gown and stay with her. It was too quick, in any case.

SUE: "I thought it was damn horrible. In a way it's terrific, but at the actual moment it isn't — 'I'll have it or die'. As soon as the baby's born, everything's over, it's really fabulous, a terrific feeling! I can't really explain it. It's really fabulous — the best thing that ever happened. Not the main thing — my husband is. Second maybe.
They take up most of your time. It's an equal thing probably.

Gavin: "My wife and kids come first, but the main thing really is still the job. You depend on it to support your wife and family, so you can give them and do for them what you want to do. I intend to retire at 55 - if I stay with the government, I will have done 40 years service then. At the moment I've every intention of doing that. Possibly why I want to get to the top as soon as I can so that I can afford to retire at that age.

Sue: "It's silly working when you don't have to.

Gavin: "Actually, I'd like to retire at 35-40, for ten years, and then go back to work till I died. Go to work for 15 years, save a certain amount of money, then retire while you're still young enough to really enjoy it.

"Ten years might not be enough. But you can't do at 60 what you want to do at 20; money's never enough, so have ten years while you're younger.

Sue: "A lot of people when they do retire at 60-65, are too old to enjoy much. Most say they'd like to go on trips, don't they.

Gavin: "They're too settled in their ways by then. They've done the same thing for 40 years.

Sue: "They'd like to do something different, but not really.

Gavin: "Still, might quite look forward to retiring. May be scared of it when the time comes up.

Sue: "As long as you've got interests, you're all right. My mother hasn't, she's only got her children and relatives, she was okay while she was working - now she doesn't know what to do with herself.

Gavin: "My father would like to live at the beach, but Mum doesn't want to - so.

(Q: Interests?)

Sue: "Sleeping. I suppose car racing a bit.

Gavin: "I like car races. I like the beach and the country, that sort of thing, especially when I'm on dayshift, finish at 4 pm, shoot out to the beach.

Sue: "There's still heat in the sun, sunbathe till 5-6 pm, swim."
GAVIN: "Get a few pipis, eat those for tea.
   "When I go for a swim, I don't like to exert myself in any way - I don't like to actually swim. Prefer to lie on the beach, or float.

SUE: "Lazy sort of life.

GAVIN: "I don't like sunbathing very much. Lazing at the beach on the sand is all right if there's a couple of bottles of beer, if you're having a drink, not just lying there doing nothing at all.

SUE: "I like it, but I don't get the chance anymore. Specially now that Mason's walking, that's sure trouble. He was scared of the water, but he mightn't be now.

GAVIN: "I'd like our own boat, a small runabout. Have to be motor-powered. Yacht is a kind of boat I couldn't stand. I like to get in it and go from A to B, no fiddling round trying to catch wind, and mucking round with sails.

SUE: "I'm much the same. I love fresh air, country, sea. I love going out on boats, fishing excursions. I prefer to sunbathe - don't get the chance once there's kids.

GAVIN: "I like pets.

SUE: "And birds.

GAVIN: "Never had them as kids. I always wanted a dog. Mum didn't like them, so we couldn't have one. When Mason was in the back seat of the car -

SUE: "Gavin's mother would have a fit, she'd be scared that the dog might land on him when we let him into the car.

GAVIN: "He went right over. Didn't hurt him.

"We used to have ducks. Had ducklings. Sue's Dad was over; and he helped with the chopping when we killed them. We did nine in half an hour. Trying to catch the damn things. They were as drunk as anything from the beer left in the bottom of our glasses after lunch. Trying to tackle Slippery! She used to wander round the section. Bit of a nuisance, she dirtied all the football clothes once. Built a pen for it. One was a household pet - we couldn't eat her, couldn't. Gave her to a friend. Refused to name her, otherwise we would have been attached. The next door neighbour had ducks and sheep, 30 ducks, 2 cats, 4 sheep and one dog.

SUE: "Like a miniature zoo - a 'junior farm'. We knew a farming cadet - he had a calf, and it used to sit in the
back seat of the car. Mason went out and said 'There's a cow' and I said 'Don't be stupid, you don't see cows in the middle of the street' - but it was. He was tending his calf on the village green. One of Gavin's mates wanted a pig - that was a big secret!

GAVIN: "He could have got away with it - no-one complained. He reckoned it was like a household pet. But then his neighbours objected.

(Q: Friends?)

SUE: "Couples, mostly.

GAVIN: "That guy was single. Got married. We took turns in getting married. They all live in Otahuhu. There's a couple of friends that don't live there.

SUE: "But they've been in the department though.

GAVIN: "All jokers who worked together at Meremere. I was the first of the bunch to get married. The boys used to bring their girlfriends, they would spend the day with Sue then we would come home and everyone would have tea, and go for drives after tea. We lived in three houses in the same village. The second had no shed and lawns four foot hire.

"I was working seven days a week, had no chance to get the lawns mowed. Sunday was the only day I knocked off early and then the boys used to come round for a few beers and toss the empty cartons out the back.

SUE: "There was nowhere to put the stuff, so we threw it on the lawn. Made a mess. / One of the neighbours put in a complaint about the mess. I didn't do anything because I couldn't do it, I was working all the time.

"Dog got drunk - a funny thing. One of the boys had a glass beside him, heard a slurping noise - it was the dog. He hiccupped all over the lawn - and wouldn't drink beer after that.

SUE: "Kids are like that too. Saw me liking it, so one of the little fellows put his finger into the beer and put it into his mouth. Reckoned it was good! Gavin's nephew used to really love it - now he doesn't want it. Older nephew likes it.

"It was like that in Auckland. I'd go out with
friends. Would walk to the shops, and take the kids down, especially if it was a day like today. Take them out for a walk. Can't do it here. Last couple of days I've taken Mason and Jay up to the station - the only place to walk is round the village and they must think you're mad going round and round. Probably think you're a bit nuts - or you feel it, in any case. When I was pregnant I often felt like going for a walk. I could walk down the hill - but I couldn't take Mason down the hill, or carry him back.

"Most electricity department villages got a little shop. You can go for a walk up there, it was a small post office - a lot don't get mail delivered, they pick it up from the Post Office. It would be somewhere to go, your walk ends up at the shop. They get sick of sitting round, but here you have to have a car to go anywhere, there's no little shop only ten minutes away.

"I still know some of my school friends. Mainly because I've seen them since schooldays, through being in the power stations. And only the people I've met in power stations. NZED, it's been my life really.

GAVIN: "I'm much the same. Lived in Hamilton as a kid, till I started work. Moved up to Auckland for my first year. In a hostel, all males, and I think at that time I was earning $32 a fortnight. $21 a fortnight board, costing me about $5 for travel, $3 for a carton of smokes, couple of bottles of apple cider, and my money was spent. Never went out to meet anyone. And then my parents moved up to Auckland - and I moved to Meremere, and into a hostel, and that, and then came down here for three months, in a hostel again, and back to Meremere, eventually back to Auckland. Engaged by that stage. All our friends are just jokers that I've worked with. I really haven't seen school friends and that. Only one. If I see the others, I can talk to them and that. Not that much in common, drifted away.

SUE: "People shifting round and that. If you see them you talk to them. You say 'hullo', that's about all.

GAVIN: "Probably the friends up in Auckland, we'll probably stick close to them. I write to them, but I don't bother with my schoolfriends.

"With shiftwork, and working long hours, you never have a chance to play sport - don't meet other people, I suppose."
SUE: "You have to keep in touch with people.

GAVIN: "The fitting staff, there were only six of us and the boss. Two old guys and three young guys, we all worked together. Quite a good set-up. Even with them we had stages where we drifted apart a little bit. When we got married, and the others were still single, we didn't see that much of each other for a while. Ones who had got engaged and married, we saw more of them. We were the only ones with a kid; we'd still see them, but generally not as much. Then one of the others had a son, and we started seeing more of them.

SUE: "When people have got children, it makes a difference.

GAVIN: "One couple's separated, just a year ago. We saw quite a bit of them, then her, but it wasn't the same.

SUE: "Very hard.

GAVIN: "He was quite embarrassed about it all.

SUE: "We were away when they actually separated. Didn't know much about it beforehand - they didn't argue, have fights. They just weren't interested. We went round to another couple's - saw him and said 'where's your wife?'. I didn't know they were separated. I felt that big, to say that, when someone's feeling sorry for themselves.

GAVIN: "And then after we left, not long after that, another couple of this group who didn't have children started to split. It was nothing really. They came back into the Otahuhu group a bit more; kept a bit to themselves.

SUE: "A couple without children have different interests. They can go out at two minutes notice. If you've someone to look after, they have to let me know in time, so I can ring up my parents or someone else to see if they can babysit.

GAVIN: "Until you've got kids, you can't understand what it's all about.

SUE: "You think you do, but you don't. A couple who had a little baby who's ten months old now - they said themselves that they didn't realize. Like Jay's just started to make noises. Big excitement! Makes a noise, a smile - 'so what', you know. You get that from people without children. Jay sits up - 'so what'.

GAVIN: "They don't realise it's a big thing - because everyone can see it.
SUE: "This couple liked to come and see us, or we see them, because we know what they were talking about.

GAVIN: "Colin changed quite a bit. He always thought it wasn't going to make much difference to the way he lived. And then he used to ring me up on shift - Reece can do this or that! He wanted to tell someone who knew what he was talking about. When the first couple broke up, felt even less like talking about kids, with her depressed about everything.

SUE: "It's not so important when you're out, but when you're locked in the house, there's not much more to talk about. At Otahu, I went to the shops; and I could find something to talk about there.

GAVIN: "We have friends who don't have kids, and they're good mates.

SUE: "There's not the same understanding.

GAVIN: "If you take the kids to someone's house - and Mason knocks something over -

SUE: "Or they're grizzly -

GAVIN: "Other people with kids understand. It's all kids to them. Other people think, 'Bugger'. They don't say it, they don't say anything, but they think it. As parents you feel that's what they're thinking.

SUE: "If Jay is all sicky, if he was sick on the floor, I'd feel really embarrassed, take them home so there's not a mess in someone's house. Wouldn't clean everything spick and span here. Only Mason's toys, might slip over them. People think its messy - but it's not dirty, it's just toys. Two seconds to clear them up.

GAVIN: "They're all good with Mason, they'd look after him any time. If we could, we preferred to take him to things where we could take kids to. He fitted in all right in a carrycot in the bedroom. We ask if they don't mind our bringing him. I suppose it's our own feelings more than theirs. Trying to think for them. Big difference between couples who instead of having children are saving for the next few years, and those who are planning for them.

SUE: "More interested, aren't they.

GAVIN: "Others don't really know what to do about them, like the couple who broke up. Though she got on the floor and
played with Mason when there was no-one looking. Jim's a bit like that. He's got everything and he's a little scared of marriage, it might be the only thing left for him to do. Probably wants the perfect person. He's got to figure things out. He had his Jaguar apart to see how it worked. Pulls it apart to see why it goes! He's a real fads man.

SUE: "Nothing wrong with that.

GAVIN: "Everything must be spot on with him - none of that 'it'll do', attitude.

"What I'd like to do - I'll have to move another 2-3 times - get a job on the last promotion back to Auckland, then settle down there. Hopefully that will all happen. Mason would have started school, by that time getting into the important years of his schooling, would have settled down. Very upsetting for a kid to change schools all the time. Fortunate that I never had to.

"Bad enough when it's older children. They have so many little friends; no matter how often you explain they don't understand that they're not around. Mason asks for Sam or my mother. Says he can't see her because it's a long way to walk to Nana's - he doesn't know what he's talking about.

"For a while he kept asking for Nara, his Nana - especially after she'd come down to ohelp Sue with Jay.

SUE: "We often go out in the car - and he wants to see Nana. Saw a car like hers and he yelled, 'Nana'.

GAVIN: "I think grandparents are very important for kids.

SUE: "Especially in the younger years. My grandmother died when I was only 12. I still think a lot of her.

GAVIN: "I had all four grandparents till five years ago, was it?

SUE: "Yes.

GAVIN: "Both Dad's parents are still alive. When we were in Hamilton, they lived half a mile away, and it was half a mile to the other, so we had a lot to do with them.

SUE: "Even now, you have a lot to do with your father's parents.

GAVIN: "I think that's good, because it helps you to understand the older generation more if you can have quite a
lot to do with them. Stops the so-called generation gap. If you see them a lot, you learn how things are totally different. My grandfather served his apprenticeship as a bullock driver.

SUE: "Must have seen a lot, in fifty years, seen a lot.

GAVIN: "Often tells us about the journey from Auckland—something like he took a boat to New Plymouth, by horse and cart to somewhere else, boat to Wellington.

SUE: "It took two days from Auckland to Hamilton.

GAVIN: "He tells you as it happened—he's got a terrific memory, doesn't he Sue, he knows it all. At the same time he's very interested in modern developments, modern gas and that. He sees a plant, and wants to know how we get gas—how it's pumped under its own pressure. He wants to know all about that. He asks everyone everything he can—ends up by finding out a lot more than most young people know. He's never worn glasses; digs his own garden till he was 90. Now he goes out to inspect if everything's done. People tell him off. In his eighties he could climb up higher than I could. No way I could go way up there myself! Their way of life was so much healthier.

SUE: "I can't see us living till we're 94.

GAVIN: "Have super trips to see them. Had a birthday party—the first of the Wilkinsons, and the little grandchild, the new generation. There's exactly a week's difference so they had a birthday party together, got on quite well. Lots of things common to both ages—walking, and grandpa getting so he can't be left to feed himself, the common bits, apart from the knowledge that Grandpop had. Kids shout a lot more when they talk, which old people like—they can hear a lot easier.

SUE: "My greatgrandmother was 98 when she died—Dad's mother's mother. I can still remember her. I'm soft, everyone tells me to speak up; she was the same. Not like grandpop—he doesn't mumble! Gavin's grandfather is the same age as my other greatgrandmother.

GAVIN: "She's quite funny. Poor old biddy has had her fun.

SUE: "She married twice. She still has perfect eyesight, and if you go there—when I was there last, I tried to help nan—'Get out of this kitchen' she said 'it's mine'. We had
pies - she makes her own pastry. She used to live with her son, but the son died; now she lives with her daughter-in-law and family. Does all her own cooking, things like that. She was on a farm by herself, milking cows when she was in her seventies. So we weren't allowed to help.

GAVIN: "Thing you notice with older people, there's always food ready. Give them no warning, get there at 11.30, and by 12 there's a bloody great meal on the table - just there, no fuss. Anyone who turns up, there's a place set.

SUE: "Cooked meals, pies and that, those are always there."

GAVIN: "I think the funniest experience I had with food, was when I was down here, living in hostels. One of my mates had an uncle who was a retired colonel in the army. He asked us round for a 'scratch meal'. Their house was so flash it was unbelievable - even had a pink pile carpet in the toilet. I was dead scared to go - might drip on the carpet. They said stay for tea. Fine, after hostel meals all the time. Colonel said 'it's a bit of a scratch tonight - the cook's off'. Great bit of scratch! Steak, bacon, two veges, potato, eggs, a great dessert; soup for entree - biggest meal I'd had for bloody ages. Hate to think what their normal standard of living was like during the week. In two years I hardly tasted a home cooked meal. At Meremere, the fare was edible, but it wasn't good. Trouble with hostel food - they start off with baked beans. I went without breakfast, never had breakfast for five years - when I woke up, I couldn't face baked beans - it just wasn't on.

"I still think that every man should live in a hostel. You've got to look after yourself. Meals are put on, just clean your room up now and then, do your own washing and ironing, as good as you could. (I used to wash everything together). You're on your own and you've got to do something about it.

SUE: "There are different ways of washing different things. I don't wash much by hand."

GAVIN: "Used to in the hostels."

SUE: "You don't have to. Got an old agitator, can put them in, and no clothes are any the worse."

GAVIN: "But in a hostel; and at Meremere there was coal
about, everything gets painted black. Poor old washing machine gets quite black. Put on a black shirt - it was once a nice white one. Sue used to do my washing.

SUE: "It was a matter of having things right.

GAVIN: "I don't know. I managed, but I never done it right.

SUE: "It's the way you hang it - lots of different things get out of shape.

GAVIN: "The hostel was quite a shock. Mum did everything. My first wash, there was no washing machine. Used to be an all day job to do the washing. This was in the immigration hostels at Otahu - we had nowhere else to go.

SUE: "Quite a shock to go into something like that - a lot would be shocked.

GAVIN: "Had another block for the workers and had this old guy, Squeaky. He used to chop wood, and we'd pinch it while someone distracted him, pinch his powder.

SUE: "Didn't you have any?

GAVIN: "Once we played the radio very loud - he hated that. Hostel life's done me a lot of good: I'm used to fending for myself.

**Interview Three**

SUE: "I prefer working with men- mainly because in the Whangarei salon I was the boss! Female bosses, they're quite good in a way, but they have too many of their own problems. It's more relaxing with a male boss. The first one I had wasn't there all the time, an older fellow. I didn't enjoy that. He was old-fashioned, and funny. The second was Selwyn, he was younger than me, a bit weird, a bit of a queer.

GAVIN: "Super weird.

SUE: "It's more relaxing with males.

GAVIN: "They make their own decisions more, don't worry you with the business side of it.

SUE: "For example, 'should we order this or that' - well, you're not employed to run the business for them. Selwyn came out of college. His parents bought the salon for him. I had more experience. He ran the business side."
He'd ask me for example, what colour to use. That made me a bit cross - he was the boss. They think the male is best, so he got all the women - then he'd come up the back and ask me what to do about their hair.

"It's more relaxing. They don't worry about money the same. They don't show their worries. If you've got a slack day, it doesn't worry them. With a woman - it's 'I wonder what's happened?', if someone doesn't turn up. They don't think of the fact that they couldn't make it. Men don't care if a woman is late. Women have more worries. Only time I ever saw the woman who owned the salon in Whangarei, she had problems. She had all grown up sons, and a three year old daughter. It was the kids, the farm, or something.

"At another place I worked in, the manageress was quite good. She was quite relaxed, but there was a senior next to her, who used to work in the salon before. She went away and the other woman took over. One was meant to be manageress, the other did the orders. They were always fighting over bits and pieces, instead of just leaving it. If the boss came over the manageress was much better. She was a hard case if ever there was - married and divorced with a child. Used to look a bit like a clown, used to carry on.

GAVIN: "The owner tried to make everyone boss, and no-one in charge, that was the trouble.

SUE: "When I managed at Whangarei, it was always about more money. It was down, just about at the ground, and I built it up, but she still worried about money, or kids, that was Belle.

GAVIN: "I couldn't work for a woman (blush).

SUE: "You work for me (laugh).

GAVIN: "I'd probably be sacked in the first five months. A man doesn't take things so personally.

SUE: "You often come home and say something you said to the boss - I say 'Good grief, you can't say that to the boss!'

GAVIN: "You can to a male boss - say 'it's not fair', and have an argument. It's all over and forgotten. A woman takes it more to heart.

SUE: "I think they do."
GAVIN: "In the main, once it's over it's forgotten about. There are some men bosses who hold a grudge too. I can't work for them. One of them I only stuck because of my apprenticeship.

SUE: "I think that the women I've worked for - you can't say what you please. You accept it, and go home and moan. With the men you can just tell them; the argument's over, but women bring it up later.

"Only thing that makes me cross in some ways - when you work for a man. Selwyn, he was quite a good stylist. Women used to come back to him because he was a man. I'd set their hair well, and they didn't come back - no matter what I did, it didn't please.

GAVIN: "I think in most cases the man's the better boss. In some professions women would be. Senior nursing staff. You're better off with a woman than a man. Women have a bit more patience and feeling towards people that are there, than a man, who's there to do a job, wouldn't have quite so much consideration for patients I would think.

SUE: "Only in a way I enjoyed working for Selwyn because he was younger than myself. We had some good times, could just talk about anything you wanted to. He was a bit kinky at times.

"But if you're suffering with your period, a bit miserable, they don't really understand. Where if you went into work and it was all women, and said 'I feel rotten', they'd understand, and help you out more for the day. If I said that to Selwyn, he'd say, 'okay, so what'. Though the other guy, who was due to retire, he was okay. He would ask you if you'd got your period, and were you miserable and sometimes send you home if you weren't going to have a busy day.

GAVIN: "In lots of cases it's a matter of individuals, rather than put it down to the individuals being male or female. I personally much prefer to work for a male boss.

SUE: "In my case it depended on the girls you had with you. Bit different if it was you and another girl. You could talk together. Not the same if it was just you and a man. When it was just Selwyn - he was just so way out that you couldn't communicate with him. Anyway it depends on the person, doesn't it."
GAVIN: "I think especially any job with a fair amount of mental stress in it, a man would stand up better than a woman does. Even though he's got problems at home, and a mortgage above his head, he seems to forget about that more when he's at work, and concentrate on work problems. Women concentrate on problems at home.

SUE: "Bring them with you.

GAVIN: "Men have home problems at home, work problems at work.

SUE: "In a salon, the basis is competitive. A lot of girls get really shitty over it. Where a man doesn't show it. Normally because he's the busiest, anyhow.

GAVIN: "I think a man will go out and prove he can get the clients, and will put in extra effort. Woman as you say goes a bit depressed, and gets out rather than put in the extra effort.

SUE: "Like Laurel and Bev. Laurel beat her all the time that a client came and Bev would get in a shitty. Women carry it further. If you have an argument today - tomorrow it's still there. With men, it's over.

GAVIN: "When I was fitting up at Otahu, I had a flaming row with the boss, and half an hour later, we had a beer in the pub, that's it - it was all over.

SUE: "He picked you up for being late to work.

GAVIN: "And then knocking off early that night. He tears into me the next day, and that's it. Couple of days I'm late again, he doesn't turn around - 'That's the second day this week'. 'Right. Okay; forget both of them', and that's it. I think he probably solved it. A lot more jumping up and down, yelling abuse at each other, and it's all forgotten - especially if a higher boss doesn't know. Women would take it to him, and you'd be in big trouble. Men have it out on the spot, and that's it. I made a mistake at Otahu, and dripped 4000 gallons of diesel on the ground. The immediate boss knew - big boss never knew - he never reported it to him.

SUE: "When was that?

GAVIN: "That time, in the weekend - had fun, to get it together by Monday before he came in. He knew it was spilt, but he never knew who'd done it.
(Q: Women more emotional?)

GAVIN: "Definitely.

SUE: "In some ways I think it's good, in some ways I think it's bad. Not any more emotional, but let them out a lot more. That's better for you than not to let them out, isn't it. I'll break down and cry a lot easier than Gavin will - though he's just as upset.

GAVIN: "A man has a different way of letting his emotions out. If I'm upset, I'll go down to the pub for a couple of drinks, sometimes with a mate, sometimes with myself.

SUE: "When we go together, and we've had an argument, he jumps into the car, and takes off. I sit there and cry.

GAVIN: "A man likes to get on his own, sort the thing out in his own mind normally, rather than tell somebody else about it.

SUE: "A woman likes to talk to somebody; then they feel better about it.

GAVIN: "See, like when our friends separated. I never saw Linda, I don't know what she's done. Stuart went pretty quiet for a while, got himself sorted out, and then he was back to being his normal self. Never involved anyone else, or asked for advice, help. Most men like to think they're pretty independent.

"Well, I'm fairly fiery by character. I jump up and down a bit. I think a bit more about what I'm going to say before I say it. I think a woman speaks first and thinks after, whereas a man thinks first and then speaks.

"Like these arguments we have at work. Had a pretty good row with the boss; use a bit of logic, so as not to step over the mark - and you can step over the mark. Watch a person's reaction when they talk; know when to call it off. A woman gets wound up and there's no stopping her in midstream. A man has a bit of sense. Okay, you've made the point, you don't have to go any further. It's not drummed into them since childhood. Boys are told, 'big boys don't cry, they're tough'; girls are given comfort a bit more. It's branded into them. It's a thing you grow up with and tell to your kids.

SUE: "When we had those ante-natal classes, the girls and boys looked alike. Couldn't tell the difference without those coloured tags. It's just what you bring them up to be.
GAVIN: "Boys are told they're strong, don't get emotional.

SUE: "Naturally expect boys to get up to mischief, to be noisy. If they're little girls, you say 'little girls don't get noisy'. Toys you buy, too.

GAVIN: "It's not a thing you're born with, it's the way they're brought up. See some funny boyish types of women - Sue's sister is a bit like that, has less emotion, less feeling than what most males would have, really.

SUE: "A real tomboy. I don't think she's very feminine. No interest in keeping herself nice. Doesn't dress nicely. No interest in keeping her house clean and tidy. We talked them into going out for tea. She had no hairdo, or anything like that. Gavin will wear clothes for years and years. Leslie's the same; got the clothes she had when she was 15. Tatters and torn, it doesn't bother them.

GAVIN: "Nothing wrong with old clothes.

SUE: "See what I mean!

GAVIN: "But not to wear to go out.

SUE: "Gavin wears something which I would tend to throw out. I wouldn't wear anything like that - I couldn't. But my sister will.

GAVIN: "You've got to have something for five years before its comfortable, then it becomes part of you. Those shorts, with no backside.

SUE: "When Gavin was in the hostel - I did his washing for him. He'd had this thing for ages. I threw it out. Had a big argument over that.

GAVIN: "They felt like part of me. I was quite attached to them. Had another old jersey that was part of me, it went down the road.

SUE: "My sister has no real feeling.

GAVIN: "They had a baby, it only lived six hours. A Caesarian birth.

SUE: "I think Mark was more upset than Leslie, I think I was. She cried at the funeral; it was the only time she cried about anything, and not till the grave. And yet if it was me - and Mason was hurt - I don't just cry!"
GAVIN: "I've come racing inside - Mason's bleeding and howling, and so's Sue.

SUE: "Yes, Mason was away with Ruth Sim. Only supposed to be ten minutes and it was half an hour. I was petrified. Terrible fear of accidents. She'd stopped to talk to the chemist.

GAVIN: "That developed because we had a number of serious accidents - three in as many months.

SUE: "One when I was pregnant - made me terribly nervous. I'm always expecting it, and it's worse when it's just me, when Gavin goes out.

GAVIN: "That's because I was driving before. The first one - there's this corner in Otahu, have two lanes to turn right; everyone cuts across the side. I was rammed by this idiot.

SUE: "We had a Mark 11 Zephyr, luckily.

GAVIN: "I didn't mean to! - he went right into us.

SUE: "An accident.

GAVIN: "Wasn't an accident. He was a stupid fool - he shouldn't have been there.

SUE: "The guy said he couldn't see us because he had the radio on. Proves that there's some radio you shouldn't have on in the car. Music in the background is okay, you're not listening - but this guy was listening to his radio in his car.

GAVIN: "I turn it on as I start the car, but only music. I don't try to hear the news, - have to concentrate too much on that. He was probably doing that - race results. That one shook us around. Luckily we had a car seat for Mason. Sue was just going to hold him, and I said, No, better to have him in the car seat.

SUE: "He probably otherwise would have gone through the windscreen. We had seatbelts, and we still shot forward.

GAVIN: "Put fan through the radiator in the next one.

SUE: Lucky it was two Zephyrs, and lucky it was the back, not the front, or we would have rolled him, and for a change we were only doing 30 mph or less.

GAVIN: "Stopped as I hit him, still managed to spin him round, 120°. Could have bowled him up in the air. Quite upset. It was his fault, because we hit him when he was parked.
I said to ring the traffic department. This guy didn't want me to do it, wanted me to pay for his damage. Then a police car came along, they stopped; I talk to them. They radioed to make sure the traffic cops were coming. This guy swapped insurance companies, then he jumped in his car and took off. Eventually the traffic department came, took a statement, said they'd let me know. Got a letter — they wanted a written statement. I sent that. Then I got a letter saying they wouldn't prosecute me, but to observe the laws in future! Really brassed me off. Learnt — if had another accident — to get out of the car, limp round. Make the other guy wait till the traffic department comes. Fake a bit of an injury.

First accident, the guy wouldn't stay because he was a night watchman, had to get to work, someone had seen somebody doing something wrong. I was cursing him about this, followed him about one and a half miles. Really mad with him...

SUE: "I was jumping up and down.

GAVIN: "I'm telling her to shut up, to let me handle him. I showed him. The other guy reckoned he was in the right — that's what really upset me. He knew he was in the wrong. I didn't make every dent in his car. Cost him $800 — he sent the bill to me — I sent it back to him! No, I wouldn't; No, they wouldn't. Said he'd take me to court. I said, 'Help yourself, I wouldn't pay'. Three weeks later they sent this letter, had I been involved in an accident with this guy. I rang up and told them the story, was rather different from his statement.

SUE: "I think this guy had had them before.

GAVIN: "'Oh yes', they said. He'd got the day wrong, I'd gone to the pub with the boys, wouldn't have done that on a Sunday. Got that sorted out.

"Had a bad run. I don't really approve of having a personal panelbeater.

SUE: "Really horrible, wasn't it.

GAVIN: "Bad to be without a car when you're used to it.

SUE: "Amazing how isolated you are in the middle of the city. Had no bus timetable; had no money, no telephone.
GAVIN: "I was off work - you can be really isolated. Lucky though because a joker I worked with, I didn't know him that well really, he came around, fixed up the tyres and that, charged the batteries up for me, so we still had a car.

"I always drive.

SUE: "Except when you're boozed.

GAVIN: "I'm a terrible passenger. Not just with Sue. I'm a terrible passenger with everyone.

SUE: "I used to drive occasionally, take out the kids and that.

GAVIN: "I drive most times, even when we're going out with Sue's parents, or mine. I usually drive them too.

SUE: "When we went to Auckland, I was going to drive halfway, but you did it.

GAVIN: "Only time Sue drives is if I'm drunk or very tired.

SUE: "It's a fight for the keys.

GAVIN: "I reckon I see as much as you do when I'm driving.

SUE: "Not like Mum - 'look at that there', waving her arm round.

GAVIN: "She's probably a good driver, but she forgets she's driving sometimes.

SUE: "It's better to shut up.

GAVIN: "She turns round, and lets the wheel go.

SUE: "Once we had to go thirty miles from Russell to Whangarei; they had a Triumph 2000, it can do 70 mph comfortably on the open road, and it's straight. She would keep pulling over to the side of the road to let other people past, she didn't go over 50. She's a terror. She doesn't enjoy driving. I'm sure that's why.

GAVIN: "Like my mother; though she's good. Never forget teaching my mother to drive - she had her licence years ago. Had to stop at the corner. 'I don't want to stop'. Had the problem of getting her to. By this time she'd got the car at the corner. 'Got to stop'. She was going to go straight through this intersection; she should have just ripped on the handbrake. I was a bit of a nervous wreck by this time. I'd crush her feet if I put my bloody great feet on hers - so I did it with my hands, pushed the brake in with my hands."
It was quite solid. Gave her only the one lesson.
"I was taught by my father. He had patience. He never
ever screamed. He'd stop us, then say to us - 'what happened
then, and why?'

SUE: "Before we drove, my father taught us about the car.
We listened to the motor, and changed the tyre before he even
gave us a lesson. Mum worked seven miles away, when I was
learning to drive. We had to drive there to teach us to
drive at night.

GAVIN: "Visibility's nothing like as good.

SUE: "I prefer long distance.

(Q: Change in time with kids?)

SUE: "I haven't got the same time now because I've got two
kids. When Gavin's on day shift I do the housework, get it
all done for the day sort of thing. Might dust and sweep, or
do something else - gardening, or something.

GAVIN: "You find time drags more on the evening shift. When
Mason plays up more with his tea. Knows I'm not at home to
clobber him.

SUE: "Teatime till bed is a really busy time. With Mason
in the whole day, and Gavin's not home, to a certain extent
you're all tired and grizzly. I often don't get tea till 8,
and then I'm so exhausted that I pick at what they've got on
their plates, or what's been sitting in the pot for two to
three hours.

"Night-shift, from 12-8, that really upsets the house,
because I can't get the bedroom done. We get up before he
gets home. After I've fed the kids, I can't do the housework.
The house gets really upset; I don't catch up. He's up to
lunch, finishes it, and then back to bed for another four
hours. And I like to air it, so the bed hardly gets made.

GAVIN: "Have lots more sleep - or time in bed - than I normally
do. Eight hours isn't enough. Probably because I actually
get only two to three hours sleep.

SUE: "When it's broken it's never enough. You could have
12 hours, but if it was broken, it's still not really enough.
GAVIN: "Afternoon shift though it's at night, it doesn't really disrupt the household. I can get up dinner if you really need a hand.

SUE: "Afternoon shift, with Gavin home most of the time; I do the basic housework, not much dusting. We spend more time together, go out or do gardening. He's not at home at night to spend time, but the day's the best, when the kids are least upset.

GAVIN: "It's the worst shift at work.

SUE: "You tell me you wish you were at work.

GAVIN: "Then I get there and wish I wasn't.

SUE: "Once Gavin's gone to work at 8, I've fed Mason, and Jay's had his, I can get into the housework and have it all done by 11 o'clock. Jay's more into a routine now. Then it's really time to get lunch, normally just a cup of coffee, with the kids about.

GAVIN: "And then it's time for the kids to go to bed again.

SUE: "1.30 by the time they're changed. Mason plays most of the time with Gavin Sim. I feel a bit rotten if all the time he's over there.

GAVIN: "They have a bit of a funny attitude with kids.

SUE: "Gavin likes him over there, like her, she spends most of her time with kids, but they don't seem to like their kids going to other people's places. It's a bit unfair on the kids - other kids will say, 'Blow you. You never come to my house', and stop going. A bit like that when we were kids, when Mum and Dad were away, and we weren't allowed to go - and kids are like that. I feel I'm using her. Never had to depend on other people to look after them before. Had Mum and Dad.

GAVIN: "Family.

SUE: "I had a couple of girlfriends. Marie had one four and a half, one ten days older than Mason. We'd swap afternoons, to go out, or if she wasn't well, give her a break. Meant that you do as much as they do for you. Ruth seems to be looking after him all the time.

GAVIN: "Looking after him, or we're using their phone."
**SUE:** "When Jay was in hospital, they looked after Mason a couple of times. I had an appointment at 4, had to leave at 3.30, and Gavin wasn't home till 4. They minded the kids for half an hour.

**GAVIN:** "Then I went over to pick him up - and he tells me, 'bye bye Daddy, I'll stay'. She says, 'No, he's all right', and I feel rotten.

**SUE:** "I'm out every few seconds to see if he's all right, being good. Do feel as if they're in the road. Thing is, he just pops over the fence if they go somewhere.

**GAVIN:** "Odd time when they've come here. If they (Gavin and Ruth) can't see the kids, they yell for them.

**SUE:** "Mason gets into their toybox in the lounge.

**GAVIN:** "They don't seem to let their kids at other people's places. Probably a lot stricter than when they're on their own.

**SUE:** "Generally when they're two years old, you say 'No, you can't have it'. Kids always want lollies. He just keeps asking no matter what, no matter if I sent him to the bedroom. I give up - 'bugger you' and he has a lolly.

**GAVIN:** "Whereas I don't think they will give into their kids as much as we do. Perhaps we let them get away with too much.

**SUE:** "The other day when all the kids were here -

**GAVIN:** "Up on the shed roof.

**SUE:** "We're very lenient with kids - they're only kids.

**GAVIN:** "They weren't running round - just sitting.

**SUE:** "I said, 'don't think you should be there', but didn't tell them off.

**GAVIN:** "I'd lifted one up. Then Gavin Sim bellows - whole village can hear him.

**SUE:** "I don't growl. Not as if they're naughty, or about to break anything that's there. I just suggest that they don't do that. They're all right, they won't fall.

**GAVIN:** "Their son spends half the time on their garage roof - he's often up there.

**SUE:** "We had all the kids round here the other weekend, all running round like madmen, kicking the ball. We kick it
every time we do the gardening! Lots of kids come over. We're much younger.

GAVIN: "We get out and play more, we go outside and play with them more rather than send them out to play.

SUE: "Don't know what they think - I used to walk round, now I jump over the fence. Not very lady-like! And what they thought of Mason and I rolling on the front lawn today!

GAVIN: "They're quite good neighbours, good to us. Not very popular in the village, but they're good to us. Especially times like last week, when Jay was in hospital, and the deep-freeze packed up. When he came up from Benmore, he instituted a few changes - they didn't like it. It's a very sleepy hollow.

GAVIN: "Really good to us. They came over the day we came in. He doesn't talk about people in the village or anything like that. They'd do anything for you.

GAVIN: "As I said Gavin made changes in a very stationary environment. Changes that were really needed. A year ago guys would have never gone for regrading here. It wasn't done.

SUE: "It really strikes me, if we'd been at Otahuh or Meremere - have everybody going right in.

GAVIN: "I'm trying hard, though it's a very sleepy place.

(Q: Politics?)

GAVIN: "Oh, I'm not all that interested in politics. I don't support either of the two major parties. Values party, I suppose. Only voted once before. Voted for Values, I'll stick with them again this year. I don't like the Labour party. Supposed to be for the working man's good - they've done nothing for me.

SUE: "Yes, they've cost you more money.

GAVIN: "Working class people have got nothing out of them.

"Quite funny, when we voted last time. After we'd voted, we went back to my parents' place. Mate came back with me. Father, brothers got talking - 'voted for Values', 'So did I' - and my father did too. Listening to the elections, and there were only four that had voted that way - us three and him! Dad changed - told my mother not to vote, and then he votes the opposite. I'm not interested in politics -
they're all pretty much the same, a dead loss.

SUE: I don't know, I haven't really taken much notice.

GAVIN: "The way I see it, it doesn't matter who you vote for. It won't be a major party for me. Next election, well, one of these minor parties might get a seat. At that time I'll go into their politics a bit more, and see which one of those I really think is the best, because they could have a chance. At the moment I can't see a chance at all - no difference which way you vote.

"I think the Government's dead soft on Maoris, I think they've got no right at all to be protesting about their land. All this land that's supposedly taken off them, it was paid for in the currency of the time. They took it off others thousands of years ago.

SUE: "They don't want any more taken off.

GAVIN: "Why should they be any different? As far as I'm concerned, there's no Maori land, it's all New Zealand; everything is sold to the highest bidder.

SUE: "They were allowed to walk the harbour bridge and the motorway - they should have gone the long way round.

GAVIN: "As for camping outside Parliament...

SUE: "They should move off. I've got nothing against Maoris in general - but -

GAVIN: "Separatism is rapidly developing.

SUE: "What was that bit in Truth - someone rang up the Police about the Maoris on the motorway - their brother had got charged for walking on the motorway - why not them? Get the public to lay complaints if they walk on it.

GAVIN: "I think they should have. If I did, well, I'd end up in jail for a couple of days, there'd be a court case and that. Media's to blame - they had no publicity before they got to Auckland.

SUE: "They walked too fast - they were told to slow down - riding too fast in the bus would be about all!

GAVIN: "I don't think their method of protest is necessary. If they want to present a petition, go through the normal channels, they're good enough.

SUE: "Like if your grandfather asked for all his land back.
GAVIN: "As I see it - they don't want all their land back. They got Mount Egmont to be called Taranaki - what's the point?"

SUE: "One point - they don't want any more taken off."

GAVIN: "The want their own equal rights, own special rights, equality to the Europeans. Having special benefits - it's not on as far as I'm concerned. One of the good things Muldoon's got going for him. Labour is pretty soft on Maoris; as far as Islanders go, have to have a stop on immigration."

SUE: "You have to live with them to know."

GAVIN: "I'm prejudiced against Islanders. The country supports them, so they're coming in in their thousands."

SUE: "I wasn't prejudiced till I went to live in Otara."

GAVIN: "Does it ever -

SUE: "Where we lived in Otara, you could see the way they lived, and the dogs used to go mad - they'd been kicked by one. And so dirty."

GAVIN: "I don't blame them, I feel sorry for them. It's not what they're used to."

SUE: "The school at Otara, the school that Mason and Jay would have gone to, that school was full of nits, and one girl at school had to take three months off because of that."

GAVIN: "Living conditions are terrible. That's all they know. They're not educated to our ways."

SUE: "Mum had a part-time job till they got a girl who hadn't washed dishes before, and put her on the machine. Wasn't qualified, but they took her."

GAVIN: "It shouldn't be allowed, but it is."

SUE: "If you need somebody to work it, why get someone from a different country to work it?"

GAVIN: "Islanders take all kinds of jobs. There are plenty of people to do it really."

SUE: "The unemployed."

GAVIN: "Really, there are so many unemployed because of them. Now they're taking all the skilled positions off us as well, like the English in administration."

SUE: "Yes, the English - Dad said that's all he heard when he went for a job."
GAVIN: "English and Scots there - and Islanders for the unskilled jobs, and that doesn't really leave a lot. Opportunities have got to be controlled. The English come out here because their country's run down. I think people should stay in their own country.

SUE: "Travelling's all right.

GAVIN: "No woman has an equal job - turn around and ask someone to lift something for you. If you had people trapped in a house, and if you're not capable of lifting a person, you shouldn't be in the job. If they can't do it, they shouldn't do it - and if they could put up with some of the horrible sights that they must see.

SUE: "Same as a policewoman. Think they're used to it - but -

GAVIN: "I was talking to a traffic cop, he was issuing a summons to a guy at work.

SUE: "Who?

GAVIN: "A guy who hasn't changed the ownership of the car that he'd sold. Talking all about accidents. Turns your stomach up. He reckoned that after a while you get used to smashups; things that get in your wick are silly things. Like chasing this guy down. He'd sold his car, wouldn't change the ownership - the guy should do it. He never does anything. So he has to go and see him. Stupid little things like that get to you more than what the average person would think.

SUE: "There were two women working at Pacific Steel in Otahu, same as the men. Reckoned they were good workers.

"I know a real tomboy, she used to go round with a knife. She's an A-grade mechanic - I can't imagine her. Her father was sick, her mother dead - and she failed School Cert through working on cars after school. She got married - but she's really only a woman by sex. But she's really great with cars - those Zephyrs she did up.

GAVIN: "I don't really think I'd like to work with a woman, in my line of work.

SUE: "Still, you work with me.

GAVIN: "I'd be frustrated. You can say what you like if a guy's new, and that's it. Most men know what to expect when
they come into a new job.

"I wouldn't say I disapproved of women swearing.

SUE: "Thing is, you're brought up to be girls, the thing is drummed into you as a child - 'girls don't swear'. That's changed now. It doesn't bother me if someone sits here and swears, doesn't offend me at all. I do. I think the older women do mind. It does your mother; not Mum - Mum notices. Dad's brother, every second word is a swear word. With my older brother or sister, it doesn't bother Mum. She swears if something's wrong, if she drops something, she swears just as I swear. The language mightn't be the same. 'Effing thing'. If I drop something, I swear about it - especially if it's a bottle.

GAVIN: "I curse and swear a lot at work. At home I'm a lot milder. If I've picked up anything at work - but I try not to, especially when it's filthy. It's part of your language - can describe so much with just one swear word.

SUE: "If the boss hears you swear -

GAVIN: "He knows exactly what you mean. It's so much easier, clears it up just like that. In fitting you could put it down as a technical term.

SUE: "Women swear, but it's more mild - they don't curse.

GAVIN: "I don't like to hear it in public. If it's social, in your own home, with friends and family, there's nothing wrong with it.

SUE: "Women mostly swear in frustration. I try not to swear round the kids, I don't like that.

GAVIN: "I notice at work, there's an old guy that doesn't swear, he stands out. I'm not comfortable with that guy, he doesn't speak the same language sort of thing. We used to have a guy at Otahuhu, sort of a pretty religious guy, or he professed to be. He was easy going, but he never swore. Always used to say the 'flipping' this, 'flipping' that. Might as well come out and say what he really meant. Everyone knew what he really meant.

SUE: "Ruth Sim swears, when she's cross. She makes it into 'crumbs'. Just that she saw me at that moment, saw me at the door, and didn't say what she was going to say."
GAVIN: "That to me is more offensive.
SUE: "Like some of these songs, they miss out a word, you know exactly what they mean.
GAVIN: "Exactly. If they put something like a pip in, it stands out more, I think, anyhow.

Interview Four
(Q: Finances?)
GAVIN: "My wages go straight to the bank, have a cheque account. Certain amount in savings and a certain amount gets written out in cheques. We don't have a strict budget - if needed it's used, if not, it's not.
SUE: "It's always used.
GAVIN: "Sometimes it's not. Then it's used the next fortnight."
SUE: "No set money for groceries.

(Q: Good marriage?)
SUE: "Working together at it.
GAVIN: "Actually I think the money side, that's where the problems come, if you divide it into 'your' or 'my' money.
SUE: "It's all our money.
GAVIN: "Money for this, money for that. It works a lot easier the way we do it - it's all our money. When we both used to work and we were both paid in cash, we'd throw it in a heap on the table.
SUE: "We did that also when we were engaged, buying things.
GAVIN: "Mainly the thing is, to work as a unit, share all the responsibilities and don't have set things like 'your job'. It's whoever does it. Some things the other is not so good at. We don't lay it down. Accept that it's Sue's job to hear the alarm clock - only because I don't.

(Q: Gavin punishes?)
SUE: "Don't believe in this 'wait till Dad gets home'. You've got to punish them at the time.
GAVIN: "A lot of women say - 'when Daddy gets home he'll belt you for that', and the kid gets an image of his father as a thrasher, and normally he sees less of his father anyway. But I'm home so much during the day.
SUE: "If Mason was to turn round and put the cat in the paint, I'd go and punish him.

GAVIN: "Do something when he knows why you're doing it. Depends on what they've done, doesn't it. When they get older it might be all right to say 'when your Dad comes home he'll have something to say about that', because at that time they still know what they're getting punished for - but Mason, five minutes later and he doesn't know what he's done anyway.

SUE: "If we're shopping, and he's naughty, I give him a smack. If I waited till we get home, then what's the use of it?

GAVIN: "If you wait they don't know what it's for really.

(Q: Marriage?)

GAVIN: "Really, the whole sharing, listening, reasoning out problems - when the other wants to discuss it. Judge each other's moods. If they don't want to talk about it, you leave them alone. I think you can probably have a marriage without love, if you're still prepared to share and that. Wouldn't have, you wouldn't be quite so happy so long as there were only two. Could never have children in a situation like that. Children need the love that comes from yours, and you shouldn't have children if there isn't love between the two of you. Personally I don't think a childless marriage is the same. Would tend to live more of a single type life, and you'd be going your own ways a bit, I mean going out to do what you want to do, and you drift apart. I think that's part of the reason why our friends broke up. They started doing their own separate things. Stems from the kids, if they're not there, that allowed them to do that. Each one had their own set of friends, and they drifted apart too. Other friends who haven't got children, their big strife is that they've got to have a house, material things. They're far more interested in them than anything else. Got their house now, and got used to a particular life-style. Having children might be harder for them, being used to that lifestyle. We'd only been married a year when we had Mason. We more or less started with him. We planned for Mason and Jay, as close as we could; we wanted two years between them - which we got. Don't think you can offer much if you have more. We decided that when we got married."
SUE: "I think it's very important. I couldn't see a marriage without love.

GAVIN: "On 'Pop the Question' you wouldn't score very highly.

SUE: "I can't imagine a marriage without children.

GAVIN: "A lot of older people don't expect to have love.

SUE: "I'm sure there are people with no love in their marriage. Don't know what love is.

GAVIN: "Don't think you can describe it.

SUE: "Something that just happens.

GAVIN: "You know when it happens. You can sometimes be a bit stupid. But you know when it's the real thing and that's all you do.

SUE: "Don't know how.

GAVIN: "Sort of - couldn't describe it.

SUE: "You're both happy, and sometimes unhappy - you just sort of know, don't you.

"For some people I think it depends on the person - some people, I don't think it would bother them not having children.

GAVIN: "I think it's terrible in a lot of cases where they don't have children - and one partner wants them while the other doesn't.

"Jeff does, and Pam doesn't. I think they'll change around.

SUE: "I think they will

GAVIN: "They both love travel. They eventually got around to having their own house. Had to have their own house. Not married two years and they went to-

SUE: "Niue, Aussie, and got the house.

GAVIN: "They're going to Aussie after Christmas. The other couple, it's a bit hard to tell.

SUE: "Her own house is enough for her.

GAVIN: "She's happy and prepared to settle down. Think they want a better house than the one they've got.

SUE: "Some people are quite happy not to have children."
GAVIN: "Jeff's the type of guy who'd get by with or without them. Pretty easy to please.

SUE: "When they really miss them, is the grandchildren - when your children leave home, that's when people miss them.

GAVIN: "When they get old.

SUE: "And they want company, and there are no children to come and visit them. When I was in the salon, people said the children were what they missed most. It's okay when you're young, and you go out all the time.

GAVIN: "My father notices it now, with me and my sister anyway, and not seeing the grandchildren and us.

SUE: "My mother often says she wishes we could go North.

GAVIN: "We used to live really close. Didn't see much of them, but they knew we were there. If they wanted to see the kids, they could just pop out.

GAVIN: "The children are important to me; probably not to everybody. I feel quite -

SUE: "Strongly about having children. Thing we agreed on right from when we got engaged. Two in two years apart, and we stuck by that. I think it's good having them young. Mason will be eleven by the time I'm thirty, twentyone by the time I'm 40. We can still enjoy ourselves. It's easier on the kids, you're interested in them more, more lenient with them. See older people, the women at playgroup who are knocking the thirties, they growl at the kids more. They're not naughty, only kids.

GAVIN: "You don't have the same patience when you're older. You can enjoy your kids more at our age.

SUE: "Grow up with them.

GAVIN: "Eventually, everyone ends up in the same state.

SUE: "Can either go out and have a good time, or have a good time and then have kids.

GAVIN: "Or have a kid, then go out, and have a good time. Though we have a good time with them anyhow.

SUE: "It doesn't bother you, as long as they're warm and comfortable, it doesn't worry you.

GAVIN: Lots of people use them as an excuse to stay home.
SUE: "They sleep in another room at parties – only the first couple of nights bothers them. I think if you stay at home with them when they're tiny, it's what they get to expect, and it upsets them to go out.

GAVIN: "I have a twelve year old cousin, she'd always been with her parents, couldn't stand to be away. They never go on holidays, and they never went out when she was younger – so now they can't. Mason goes everywhere. We throw him over the fence, and he's quite happy.

(Q: Fidelity in marriage?)
GAVIN: "Very important.
SUE: "Yeah. I don't know –
GAVIN: "I don't think the marriage could ever be the same again.
SUE: "I think it would always be –
GAVIN: "Always be that worry that it will happen again. Be a bit of mistrust between you after that.
SUE: "Face it when it comes, if it came. I haven't really thought about it much.

(Q: Decisions?)
GAVIN: "We work it out between us.
SUE: "Discuss it.
GAVIN: "Discuss whatever it is, measures to be taken, decide on what we both said, think on it and decide from there. If one knows more about something than the other –
SUE: "You have your say –
GAVIN: "Can explain any doubts you have about it, what you know about it, on either side.

(Q: Husband head of household?)
GAVIN: "No, not really.
SUE: "No, well it just depends. Sometimes he is – but not really. In some cases. I don't really think so.
GAVIN: "Only time I feel like being boss for the day, is when I'm grouchy, and want things to go my way – like when I get up in the morning and reckon I'm Oscar Grouch."
"I think it's become quite necessary for Sue to work; we can't manage things on one person's wage.

SUE: "We don't go out. Since we've been here. Gavin's had a pay rise, but though we're hardly paying a thing out for them, we hardly go out, we can't afford to. We're not saving any more.

GAVIN: "No better off.

SUE: "Things are costing more.

GAVIN: "On one wage you can't get a house or section really. A lot of people don't have kids - they'd rather get more money together. I'd rather do it the way we've done it, but it makes it a pretty hard slog.

SUE: "In three years we've got no further there.

(Q: Sex...youth?)

SUE: "Pretty hard on a kid to be pregnant before sixteen.

GAVIN: "Yeah, I think so.

SUE: "Maybe they should get pills with breakfast - like having a halibut orange tablet before you go to school.

GAVIN: "I think it's a good idea really; should be free to all girls our age. Far better really - saves a lot of problems. Abortions to start with; lots of unhappy marriages are caused when you have to get married - you shouldn't really.

SUE: "Free to those over sixteen; could get it on request if you were under sixteen.

(Q: Double standard?)

GAVIN: "That to me is stupid. If it's okay for a guy to sleep round a bit, obviously got to be okay for the girl too, or the guy can't! Stupid, really.

SUE: "Depends on the girl, doesn't it. As long as she's not sixteen, if she's a sort of woman of the world, not just left school and gone that way.

GAVIN: "If it's just one night stands, that's different from a serious relationship that's broken up later.

"Most guys keep pretty much to themselves what's happened. The ones who make a big noise about it are the ones where nothing's happened anyway. I think they've got to
consider themselves as men of the world, so they yell and scream how great they are - really I don't think they've probably been around at all.

SUE: "I don't think there's much different. I think men talk about it, probably think about it more.

GAVIN: "Probably men have got a stronger desire to have sex more often than what women have, I think. I don't know if they talk about it more than men. I don't know how much women talk about it.

SUE: "Depends on the men and the women. At the Otara get-togethers, the women used to come out with jokes, say something when we were having a demonstration on make-up - 'you're right for your husband' - compared with here, there was nothing taken the wrong way. Sometimes a couple would.

GAVIN: "Only up to a point, 'look at him go' if he left early.

SUE: "Though with you, you never left early!

GAVIN: "It wasn't discussed, not as much as the hostel really.

SUE: "I think young kids at high school talk.

GAVIN: "That's what I said before - the ones who aren't having any sex life are the ones who talk about it the most.

(Q: Homosexuals?)

SUE: "If people are genuinely like that, they can't help it. I feel sorry for them.

GAVIN: "I think a lot of it is an illness, it's not natural to me. They need help. But I think society's a bit tough, cruel to them really. Some of it's a bit put on. The genuine one's a pretty harmless person, only interested in his own type, and he sticks to himself. Only a few that cause trouble and give the others a bad name. Much like a few years ago, all people that rode bikes were labelled as bad. Same as this. The fake ones make it hard for them. They're not genuine homos, they've made themselves that way, for the thrill of doing something that's not legal, for the kicks. They're the ones who go before the courts, attack young kids. Genuine ones, who are really that way, are more or less born that way, stick to themselves and are more or less harmless."
(Q: Difficulties for solo parent compared with a couple?)

SUE: "Haven't got the same time with the children. Got more worries, and no-one to share their worries with. If mothers normally work full-time, it's a bit hard on the kids. More work for the mother to do too.

GAVIN: "Also you need different opinions on things as well. With kids, you could tend to have very fixed ideas. Always just one person's view on things told to them.

SUE: "A boy needs a father and a girl needs a mother. If there's only a mother or a father, and they're big boys or girls - well.

GAVIN: "A position I wouldn't like to be in that's for sure. There's a joker up the road - whether you could really call him a solo parent - his wife's in England, he's been over here three or four years on his own. Rather strange set-up. With shift work, you see his kids, one's four or five, the other's six, out playing on the road at nine, ten at night.

SUE: "One of them came here - their house was locked up and he came here crying. But the father had had to go to take someone to hospital. You wouldn't worry too much if there are two of you. One can stay and wait for the kids. It's pretty hard on the kids, and not an easy life for the parent. Makes it hard for the kids, and hard for the parent because he's by himself.

(Q: Woman doctor?)

SUE: "I prefer females for some things. They're more understanding for a woman. I feel they've probably been through the same thing, and know what you're talking about. Men just sit there and say, Yes. Haven't experienced the same thing, they don't understand, especially if it's women and children. Like I just about to die with Mason being ill once and she said 'give him this', and there's nothing wrong with him now. A man doesn't understand that, when there's nothing obviously wrong, and he won't check. A woman does check anything, and goes over personal problems. I think they're more interested.

GAVIN: "No more than to consult a man. I don't like doctors. Don't go unless I have to; waste of money if you're well."
SUE: "Most men, they don't have the same problems as women, and by the time they go, they don't really care who it is!"

GAVIN: "Men have common old complaints, they don't have the same personal problems to the extent that women do. When they do, they don't go to the doctor anyway; hope it goes away. I had a bad rash. Sue used to try to get me to the doctor took her a year.

SUE: "Five of his mates had the same problem. He kept asking, 'What do you do for it?', and I'd say, 'Don't moan around me'. Finally one of them went and got a prescription, and they all bought it, and it worked. He was itching all night.

GAVIN: "Most men are not all that keen on doctors anyway. Only if you want time off work.

"At primary school they have male teachers, all right, but I prefer women, because at that age women are more understanding for kids, and kids feel better with a woman. Not so different from Mum looking after them. Though boys probably prefer a man.

"I would help out at playcentre if it was Sue's turn, and she at the last minute couldn't make it, but I wouldn't get on the roster intentionally, get tied up with it.

"If Sue and I did the same work she'd have sort of too much the same interests. Very boring.

SUE: "Monotonous.

GAVIN: "You'd be living work all the time.

"Women are probably a bit more hasty than men in making a decision - but it's on the individual really. Lot depends what the decision's on. Some things I think over; other things are on the spur of the moment. When we went up to Auckland for our holiday, we planned a week ahead what time to leave - and then came Friday, 'Come on, let's go tonight'. Other things I think about so long that by the time my mind's made up, it's too late!"
(Q: Role switching?)

GAVIN: "Not abnormal, but not normal to me. Wouldn't suit me, but -

SUE: "I prefer it the other way.

GAVIN: "Providing they both agree.

SUE: "I wouldn't hold it against anybody if that's what they wanted to do.

GAVIN: "Don't think it would really worry me if Sue earnt more money, because of the fact that we don't have 'Sue's' and 'my' money, it's all 'ours' anyway. A cousin of mine, she was earning more than her husband when they got married. Quite a sore point with him - he virtually talked her into giving up work, and then he took on a secondary job, because he wants to be the breadwinner. Doesn't really bother me.

SUE: "Only thing we do that way is - that's his chair, and I'm not allowed to sit in it. If he comes in and someone's in it, he wanders round like a lost sheep.

GAVIN: "I've always sat in this corner.

SUE: "It doesn't really matter - I'm up and down more than what he is.

GAVIN: "I've my chair, and my side of the bed.

"It does you good just to get out, with all the men together and all the women together.

SUE: "You let your hair down, no worries about offending anyone.

GAVIN: "Need a tie for the lounge bar. If we're at work and we decide to go out to the hotel, don't have one. And in the lounge bar, you get women around trying to pick up and men are not, they're out to drink. Only thing, there you can sit at a table and people don't bother you.

SUE: "Just to be with all women, I don't think you talk about anything different. Mainly just things that have happened. Different feeling when there's all women around. Usually it's mostly kids and husband you talk about, and something else. Just a way of getting out by yourself.

GAVIN: "Relaxation. Everyone needs a change from day to day things."
(Q: Women's Lib?)

SUE: "Women fighting for their rights.

GAVIN: "Women's Lib stands out as quite a good organization. Probably something that was needed. They want to be equal to the males, but now I think they've gone too far - they want to be better than the males, that's the way I see it anyhow.

SUE: "I think they're a bit confused. They want equal rights.

GAVIN: "Equal rights, plus special privileges - like the Maori land marchers. It isn't on. Either you're equal or you're not. Personally I don't think women get as rough a deal as Women's Lib movement would have you believe.

(Q: 'Special privileges'?)

GAVIN: "They want the same jobs as men, but they want the right to have more time off, for example, having a child, looking after children if they become sick and can't go to day-care centre. If they want to be in the same position they should be entitled to three weeks leave a year, and so much sick leave - same as the guys. One place, I can't think where it is, in a factory where women weren't paid quite as high as the men - they got their equal pay, and they still wanted their half day a month for shopping day that they got as a privilege. Have to give those up when you get equal pay. For doing the same job you should have equal pay, but the conditions of employment should be the same as well.

(Q: 'Rugby, racing, beer' New Zealand image?)

GAVIN: "No, I wouldn't think so.

SUE: "Forgot the car racing!

GAVIN: "The beer part, that's pretty true.

SUE: "I don't know.

GAVIN: "I think the Kiwi really is - most Kiwis enjoy their sport and that, relaxation. Pretty easy-going. Getting more ambitious now. At one stage, well get others into top position in a lot of firms and government departments, still doing it, so-called experts, English and American. Kiwi wasn't worried. Happy to be the boy, no responsibility. Not really content with that any more; gets to the top himself and wants to
enjoy life while he's getting there as well.

SUE: "It's still basically rugby, racing and beer, but people, too.

GAVIN: "It's sport, social life, rather than tacking it down to two sports and one drink.

SUE: "People are more ambitious. That's just a saying.

GAVIN: "Soccer, wine and -

SUE: "Gokarts'.

(Q: Religion?)

GAVIN: "I believe in religion as preached and that, but I'm not really a strong believer in going to church.

SUE: "You don't have to go to church to believe.

GAVIN: "That's not what religions like to think.

SUE: "No they don't. They like to see you at church.

GAVIN: "Definitely must be something. Basically there is a God. I can't believe everything in the Bible, it doesn't tie it all up. Maybe I don't understand it as it's meant to be understood.

SUE: "Yeah, I think there's a God - I feel much the same as Gavin. Don't know if there's life after death. I sometimes think about it. Well, a few people that we know have died - my grandmother was unconscious for days, came around, told Dad she was going home on Sunday, as if she'd been somewhere, and come back to tell us she'd be all right.

GAVIN: "My grandmother and grandfather were much the same too.

SUE: "They could be really unsettled, then at the last they were really relaxed, peaceful - as though they come back and tell you they're going.

GAVIN: "As if they'd finally been allocated a State house. All settled, they'd found somewhere to go.

SUE: "Funny feeling.

GAVIN: "Uncanny. My grandmother was in hospital in Hamilton, we would go down every weekend to see her - 'You won't have to bother next weekend; I'm going soon' - and on the Tuesday, I think it was, she died.
SUE: "My grandmother was the same.

GAVIN: "My grandfather made some comment. Asked how many storeys up he was in hospital, told him, and he said 'shortens the distance to travel', and he died a few days after that statement.

SUE: "It's a weird thing - what to think about it? Most people die of natural causes. Nana was unconscious for weeks, came to for a few seconds and then she died a couple of days later. Didn't gain conscience again.

GAVIN: "Can't really say there is or there isn't. There could well be - have to discover yourself."
GAVIN & SUE - Commentary

Had Barry and Sandra caught sight of the high grass of Gavin and Sue's second house in Otahu, they would have surmised a house in matching disorder: a marriage in disarray. Their diagnosis would have confirmed itself had they also been able to see Gavin and his mates stretched over the back porch, tossing beer into themselves, the bottles into the grass. But that conclusion would have been faulty. Marriage provides a context for action, a confirmation of particularity for this couple as much as it does for the other. However, Sue and Gavin have not made their relationship into a project marked and supported by accumulative undertakings such as own house, second car, patio. House and garden do not serve to reflect the state (and status) of their marriage back to them, simultaneously signalling it also to others outside the family unit.

Their house is not their own; it belongs to Gavin's employer, the Electricity Department. It suits them to use it: the rent is low, work is only a stroll up the hill, and they envisage several more shifts before they finally settle down (hopefully, once more in Otahu). Still, several of their friends have saved and laboured to make their own homes despite the job's provision of accommodation. Gavin and Sue perceive this pursuit as a dangerous course of action. Children are put off until their appearance on the scene entails major rearrangements of the style and order of the life that has been built up - and then some couples they know decide against them. Others have had little else to draw them together as a couple other than the material ease which has allowed them to follow private interests and friends towards what seems a logical culmination, separation.

Their own path sometimes strikes Gavin and Sue as more arduous, but they would have it no other way. Right from the beginning of their engagement, they were sure that they both wanted children as soon after the wedding as they cared to come, and agreed on the number they could comfortably provide for (another couple). But although they find it hard to conceive that a marriage lacking children could be as shared and content as they find their own, it is not because their offspring set them a series of goals which makes mutual their
separate efforts (as with Barry and Sandra). They operate on the whole without dividing domestic labour into domains. Nor are they used as a grappling-hook onto the future, rendering the present purposeful in the face of failure (as they are for Helen and Clare). Nonetheless, their children provide them with a reflecting surface in which they can discern themselves and their activity in a shape which is also recognizable to others.

What matters most to Gavin and Sue is the sharing of their time and activities with other people, concretely present: the partner they furnish for each other, their children, their families, and their friends. Most of the individuals we have encountered so far make a 'sense of self', make themselves distinct by extending themselves in projects enacted in chosen contexts, whether they are internally constituted, or not; call upon the effort of another (who must be attached in some form of sharing), or not. Gavin and Sue recover this 'sense of self', a particular presence which must underlie meaningful action within a society which insists that ultimately each person 'stands on their own two feet' (customarily appropriating another in marriage), less mediately. Their context and concern rest in their being with others, others similar to themselves (friends), or holding something in common (family).

Their experience of people beyond this circle is slight, a nodding acquaintance. Once Sue has asserted an independence by boarding rather than commuting while she trains as a hairdresser, she is quite content to return home to live while she works, and until she is married. Gavin settles happily enough for his second choice of a trade, to leave home for the give and take tumble of the department's hostel during the five years of his apprenticeship which he caps by marrying Sue, daughter of a fellow worker, and if not the girl-next-door not far off across the road. At one stage her father, husband elder brother and brother-in-law all work for the Department. Of the men closest to her, this omits only her younger brother. Their circle of friends arises from the group of 'guys' that went through training with Gavin, pinching one another's beer, playing at rugby together, launching jokes upon Squeaky, an
older hostel inhabitant with mores alien to their own. Added to these are neighbours, residents of the same 'village', people who are, therefore, members of the same Department.

The latter characteristic, however, does not guarantee compatibility. Their new village is too small to provide Gavin with a drinking mate at the week's end, and too split and suspicious to show their faces at the new couple's housewarming. They cannot help comparing it with the familiar setting they have left behind, the friends and family without whom they find themselves lonely, and somewhat at a loss. Now there is a dearth of companions, no other couples their own age, and at a similar stage. The wives Sue meets watching and helping one another's children at Playcentre seem to her to inhabit another world, use another tongue. They seem to favour 'opera', where Gavin and Sue would cheerfully settle for a neighbourhood pub (and now the nearest one is five miles up the road). These wives of professionals cosset their children, guard against scrapes and falls; they themselves believe in the strength of experience, the kids finding out for themselves. After all, it's not so far between a rocking horse and the carpet.

Friendly and helpful though the couple next door have shown themselves, they seem unwilling to allow the younger couple to reciprocate their care of the venturesome Mason by trusting them with their own. Sue looks wistfully back to her previous nextdoor neighbour, a girl who also had two children, one close in age to Mason. Recognizing how much they had in common, they underlined it by taking in turns the looking after of one another's children, or jointly shepherded them shopping. Nor was Sue solely dependent upon her ability to substitute or companion. The village was large enough, and working hours variant sufficiently to provide someone else to natter with, drink with, pick a car apart or shop with. If one friend could not be present, another could.

Being with other people, in company, is important to Gavin and Sue. Even when they make a spur of the moment decision to spend the Easter break out of town they phone around till they uncover another couple amongst their friends who are willing to share their holiday with them. The trips
they take end up at someone's place, visits, or celebrations of events which link people together: marriages, birthdays. In their daily routine they prefer to do things together, accomplishments attributable to their joint and largely inseparable efforts. Together they tidy the house, put out and fetch in the washing, add vegetables to the stew the other started, and most important, share the play of their two sons. Indeed, if their children bear a future significance, it is less in making purposeful present activities in other spheres (tidy house, wagepacket), than in providing companionship against the risk they perceive of an old age which is lonely if carried alone. Similarly, they shake their heads over solo parents who must care for their children in the absence of someone who shares that responsibility (and joy): in the absence of another's perspective on a matter, which may differ, but in being proffered affirms the significance of one's concern (here, children). Sue and Gavin value this kind of difference. Unlike others who have constituted such sounding-boards within themselves, through the challenge of a goal, the meeting of a standard, the exercise of control and skill in manoeuvring an object, gaining and maintaining the esteem of those selected as peers, or an objectified self, the couple rely on their (own) experience of (being with) other people to situate themselves.

It is in this realm that they know themselves best, feel most at home, and from it draw their anecdotes, narratives of people's quirks whose moral they assume self-evident to their audience. A story is tossed back and forth between them; it may have happened to one of them, but afterwards they both know it to relate, to contribute to the congeniality of company. This commonality is echoed elsewhere in the practice of their marriage: they emphasize that money is 'ours' (not his and hers), that 'there are no set tasks'. They do not use separate projects, the division of labour and order used by Barry and Sandra, or the pursuit of personality made by Marjorie and Bill, to render themselves distinct within their relationship. It seems sufficient that Gavin has a major responsibility working to bring home enough money to live on, which matches Sue's being based with the children in the house. He suspects that work like his own would make his wife too much like himself (and therefore, like his mates). Apart from this,
little remains that they do not share, and, just as importantly, experience as a sharing. Neither Gavin's handiness in fixing up cars, or Sue's sewing and baking skills have been developed into a consuming interest. She continues to set the hair of one or two women primarily to earn money, less because she misses her working life, the daily exercise of her trade. Earlier she had dismissed kindergarten teaching, an ambition which would be too much of a 'drag' to realize. Gavin does not spend weekends tuning up cars - instead he goes on a picnic with his own family and friends to watch the results of others' fiddling about and transformations on the machines. Nor does he make his work his central focus. It is something that he does to earn money, something that on the whole he enjoys, but also something that he could make do without, could even imagine (as none of the other men could, bar Bill), breaking his career halfway through, to take the time off to make the most of being young.

We allow ourselves while young a certain impetuosity, a certain shrug of the shoulders to consideration, accumulation, consequences (of which not everyone takes advantage). If Gavin and Sue have a pursuit, it is of something closely resembling this youth that they count themselves fortunate to be young enough to share without forethought with their sons. It is a sense of enjoyment, of feeling free and easy which returns to them that necessary sense of self. Their feeling that the life they are living is indeed their own. It does not preclude Gavin from actively seeking promotion; it perhaps fixes his ambition three steps ahead from where he now stands on the ladder. If promotion has shifted them away from their home base, family and friends, so that to see them now they must plan and save, he intends using it to return them at the appropriate time - before Mason's own friendships have become too embedded where those of his parents were not. Amiable and alert to fellowship though they are, they feel themselves anchored in specific friendships, those which came earliest in their life together.

Playing with the kids in the back garden, lying with a beer on the beach in the late afternoon sun, tooling up to Auckland in their own (speedy) time, the casual atmosphere
demanding nothing different of them offered by the car-racing, parties and public bars; this is the good life. The children's presence does not alter it much; they join the participants, rather than opposing in a manner demanding the choice between parenthood and socialising which others see themselves as having to make. Avoiding a progression of such decisions, this style of life, which I have described as 'free and easy' has nonetheless its own regulations.

Their standards of conduct, the lens through which they sight others and their actions, are primarily concerned with the relationships of people with one another, vis-a-vis each other which form the context within which they have their being. Because it is a relatively homogeneous situation, the principles are relatively uniform, based on an assumption of resemblance (which largely does hold true for the circle of workmates, friends and family within which they operate). If we are like one another, varying in the incidentals which allow us to provide each other company, tales and the occasional puzzle, then if everyone abides by the same set of rules, everyone can do their own thing.

So Gavin berates those who don't drive as straightforwardly as he feels himself to, Islanders in Auckland, and Wellingtonians, who seem to take their driving casually. He sees little purpose in the Maori Landmarch, nor to Feminists; both groups seem to him to be asking not only to be treated equally, but differently, which for him spells 'special privileges'. He dislikes swearing in public; he himself does confine his cussing to domains which are his own, work, parties, home. Discourtesies and demands such as these pose a threat to his own, easy existence: he cannot take company at face value: the anecdotes have to be annotated. By not adhering to the rules he follows drivers, for example, cause his accidents, get in his way, don't allow him to do what he wants to do — force him, and the word might not be overstrong, to consider them (their difference) where he would be quite content to leave them aside to their own devices, as he himself would like to be left.

Similarly, Sue becomes uneasy when her employers bring their problems to her. Their solution is not what
she is being paid for, and in taking up the conversation, they shunt aside her work, her skills. When she is urged to sell more Tupperware than the level it suits her best to maintain, she is annoyed, but not inspired. Though she is irritated that she never quite attains the status of being the week’s top seller, the narrowness of the gap is not enough to spur her on to further effort either. In fact, both of them have avoided or bemoan competitive situations (such as the hair-dressing salons). The peers whose company they actively enjoy do not form a select group as do those wherein the insurance salesmen and Mike draw their self-esteem. The quality of resemblance which maintains their circle of friendships is not augmented either by the contribution of labour toward one another’s projects which Barry, as a married man, utilises. It is embedded in doing things together, being with one another, swapping stories of other shared occasions. Rarely do Gavin and Sue talk of something they have done alone, without the presence of another, without the reaction which turns it into something recountable, something which can be shared once again.

The line between such a participation by others in their life, by them in the events of their fellows, and a need for the presence of others in order to find oneself affirmed may seem fine, but they make it. Respect arises from choices which are freely made, autonomously, by oneself. Sue’s sister comes in for criticism on two counts. She does not comport herself as a woman—as Sue—does, reining in tears so that they appear lacking, not making herself up before going out in public. Worse still, she wants to make her husband’s habits up for him (instead); to put a clamp on his smoking and drinking. Gavin takes much delight in inducing his brother-in-law to get drunk with him, to demonstrate to her that she has no rights in his decisions. Obversely, he takes no responsibility for not halting him in his rush to a stupour on his wedding eve. If he was old enough to decide to get married, he was old enough to do what pleased him with liquor. Sue’s mother, stranded by the departure of job, children and grandchildren receives some sympathy, but little patience for her predicament. She should not need the reassurance others can give, nor feel curtailed in making up her mind, and insisting that it is her husband who obstructs her exercise
of choice when, to her daughter and her husband, it is her own fear and anxiety about the way others will receive it that undercuts her autonomy.

No-one should tell a person what to do; each one is responsible for the fashioning of their own lives, the avoidance of becoming burdensome to others. Judging their own actions as if they stood on the outside, or the receiving end, Gavin and Sue hesitate to visit childless friends with theirs, lest they make a mess, to recount their excitement at first teeth, steps, words, lest they elicit only a bored 'So what?', and Sue to take herself and her children out for a walk around the village, lest, in retracing her path, she is thought 'mad': different. They do not like to bring their differences to the surface, spoiling an equanimitable amiability, nor favour those who seem to them to derive their sense of self by making such distinctions in the face of the other party. Sue is wary of the women competing for clients in the hairdressing salons. They do not forget hurts, turning them into wrongs. An easeful forgetting, or the kind of joint explosion which clears the air for Gavin and his workmates becomes impossible. One seems forced to adopt the same policy, to become wary, cautious where they prefer to feel free, open: at home (which is not the planned enterprise of, say, Barry and Sandra, but a spontaneous giggle at the dog's games, the kids' frolics).

Choices must be made, selfhood practised, but the kind of decisions they favour are those which put an end to themselves, entailing no further demands or involvements. They avoid the family quarrels of both their mothers, preferring to maintain amiability rather than define a stance. Their next door neighbours' unwillingness to let them reciprocate in the same fashion as they have given to Gavin and Sue, to allow them to keep an eye on their children too, hangs heavy. They cannot of their own volition cancel what they feel to be a mounting debt. If Sue admits that she likes to tell people when something's up, a troublesome period, say, those she chooses are women like herself, women who know what she is talking about without introduction, because they too have come through similar experiences. They recognize her story,
by replying with one of their own, and thus she is not beholden to them. Through the recounting of anecdotes, the situation becomes shared, mutual. She cannot trust the Playcentre mothers, since she perceives their situation to differ markedly from her own. Gavin approves of his friend's keeping to himself until he has accustomed himself to separation from his wife, a single man once again. They are uneasy about their parents' indulgence in what from anyone else would be a dangerous overgiving, so keen to make their cars available to the young couple, or be chauffeured around by them. In this case they effect a reciprocation of another kind, making themselves and their children available: present. By offering themselves and the offspring unique to their union, they respond affirmatively both to their parents and to Gavin's conclusion that 'You have to lead your own life, you can't 'cad your parents' for them'.

Someone whose family has become of small significance would not feel bound to pass such an observation. Differences within the family are more apparent and acute; the relationship cannot be quietly dissolved by substituting others, as one can with friendships whose basis skews in a non-reciprocity, a diverging of involvements (remaining unmarried, or childless, for example, as a couple, this couple grows). Their relatives allow a rich context for Gavin and Sue: there are many of them, spread over a variety of ages. It may well be that in a situation which allows their elder son, the first grandchild, to share the birthday celebrations of his greatgrandfather, they have little need to launch their own enterprise out to encompass the future (since that is actively before them), nor redeem the past, (since that is obtainable from the generations who preceded; are still present). With their children, they belong, have their own presence, and the balance is struck.

Similarly, ideally, friendships maintain the equilibrium and resemblance of their participants. To be oneself (distinct) with those like one (whom one prefers to be amongst), one cannot carry debts to them - or from them. Sue delights in recounting several times, the mutual exchange she carried on with her
neighbour, each woman giving the other what the other could, would also give, time. Just as valued were the parties in which everyone brought their own food and drink, in order to be together, culminating in the giant Christmas 'Do', which replaced thirteen or so minor festivities with a band which no-one could have supplied on their own. Gavin was pleased to discover that he, his mate, Sue's father and Sue's brother, had all voted the same way - not because they constituted the sum total of one candidate's votes, made a select group apart from others. To have arrived at the same decision, each on his own, making his own considerations: that was what he savoured, sharing it once again with present company.
Chapter 9: MARRIAGE THE UNIT

DUNCAN & LINDA
The farmhouse is old, solid, and attracts admiration. Surrounding it on three sides are beds of marigolds, roses and other bright blooms, protected from the curiosity of sheep and cattle by a fence. Beyond that, the land slopes down on one side to a tidal inlet, in front of the house to the 'flats' dotted with Angus cattle grazing, eventually meeting the town's golf course. Slopes studded with sheep and the odd pine or macrocarpa tree lead away from the back and side of the house, and a rough road winds round past the neighbour's land to the main road. At night the town lights seem close: the farm is set apart, but not isolated, though it can seem so to Linda.

'We've got nothing in our past to be ashamed of', replied Linda, in affirmation of my request to come and see them. Duncan ushered me in through the gate, the three children came out to see who I was, and then vanished back into their bedrooms to continue playing. After the interview we continued talking over a cup of tea; once started, they were keen to fill me in on the details of country life. Visits from city children, and their difficulties in getting a bank loan have brought home to them the differences, if not misunderstandings between the town and country.

When the assessor first came, it was raining, and all he did was peer through the window at the flats they wanted to add to their hundred acres (what could they have done with that by itself?), didn't bother to have a walk round - and their loan was refused. Duncan went down to Whangarei to see the bank manager, and 'had a barney with him'; but he remained unmoved. And the original assessor was off to England that night 'so he wasn't concerned what happened to us'. Duncan didn't let it rest there, decided by these two. He contacted the local National Party organizer, who contacted the candidate who in turn got in touch with various government departments until eventually the Chief Valuer from Hamilton came up - and said that the loan should not have been refused in the first place. So the flatlands were added.
They told me later of Duncan's father, who had also built up his own farm; his tussle with the fastgrowing bush and gorse rather than the bank. Now 79, he cannot maintain what he has carved out. The bush is creeping back on top of him, but he refuses to sell it, or hand it over to his sons. He has not made a will for thirty years, and though diabetic, will not listen to his sons talk of death duties. In fact he disappears for the day, slabs of jam sandwiches tucked into his pocket, and his wife ignorant of where he is heading. He has already blacked out once. "You's think two old people would be really close", concluded Duncan, "and they love each other, but they don't really communicate." He and Linda contrast this with their own marriage; and Duncan castigates his father for his carelessness - such a waste to build a place up, and then to let it slip out between your fingers.

Throughout our interviews, an outing to the local Scottish society's dance, the Ingleside, and a visit to a farm to watch him shear Duncan's own enterprise was very much in evidence. The phone rang intermittently. Duncan answered queries from farmers whose sheep he was to shear, both trying to gauge the weather and thus the next day's possibilities of shearing. He spoke to his stock and station agent, who was arranging a small flock of sheep for him to buy. He came back from that phone call chuckling. The agent was very shrewd, a good man to have on your side. He was only twentynine, young for his job, and the most eligible bachelor in the district. (The stock and station agent is employed by a large company, buying stock, selling his clients feed and stock, advancing them credit or mortgage money, marketing farming products.) Our last interview was interrupted when the flock of sheep actually arrived, and Duncan went out immediately to drench them, change their paddock, and sort out lambs to be returned to their mothers.

When the phone calls were for Linda, they were usually concerned with groups and committees. She tried to explain to the secretary of the Hospital Auxiliary that she could not go on to the roster because she never knew when the car would be available, and came back somewhat cross. If they were short of members now, it was their own fault. A few years ago she had gone along, but the 'old biddies' had made it clear that they did not appreciate children at their meetings, held during
the day, so 'blow them'. It was nearing Christmas, and the
days humming with various 'functions'. Linda found it embarrassing
to have to ask people for lifts, even though they did not mind.
It was, they said, a good community. People rallied round if
something went wrong, or the usual pattern altered. When Linda
went away to a Guiding event for a week the family only ate
dinner at home once, and that was because Duncan had to attend
a meeting of Federated Farmers. Everyone knew each other's
business, but did not interfere. And going on the fact that
everyone had enough to eat, Duncan continued, there was no
real poverty. A chronic unemployment problem in the area was
alleviated by the County Council or the unemployment benefit,
which, remarked Linda with an ironic smile, was the same sum the
Government had expected them to live off - with three children-
while they were applying for their (low-interest) loan. They
did not have much time for the man up the road from them who
takes odd jobs with long periods at home in between, while his
wife works. Busy people themselves, they did not know how he
occupied himself all day, nor how he could bear not to be
active, not to work.

While Duncan was out seeing to the sheep, I came to the end
of my questions with Linda. She talked then of her difficulties
with other women in the community, some of which I had heard
about from other informants; and of her best friend who was not
the woman who thought she was. She showed me the felt wallhanging
she had made for the Institute's decorated table, which had won
the local show, and told me of the kerfuffle there had been
over selecting items for the table, how some of the members
had gone away afterwards dissatisfied. One woman who had been at
the centre of the trouble was married to a local teacher, and
that led Linda to express her general impatience with people,
like teachers and the former district Plunket nurse, who thought
because they were trained that they knew better than anyone else.
The nurse - childless herself - had told her that since she was
not breastfeeding, she would have to boil her utensils every
time they were used. Ridiculous! As if she did not have enough
on her plate. She much preferred the current nurse, who has her
own family, and says vaguely, "Well, you know what to do!"
"Women who haven't had children aren't in a position to give
advice to those who have" Linda concluded.
Linda did not tell me, but I had heard that she had had a rough time with other mothers at the Playcentre, mothers who were either teachers or ex-teachers. A group of them had mooted the idea of a special four-year old class, for which Linda's son Michael was eligible; they then cited their training to disparage his intelligence and suggest he was not up to joining the special class. One of the Playcentre supervisors, who regards herself as Linda's best friend had taken her side, and in the end, largely because of this power play, the idea of the special class had been abandoned. Linda did not seem to hold any grudge against the women personally: in a small community there is no point, when the same people meet each other time and again on the same committee and at the same functions.

Instead her feelings coalesced round 'teachers', and since her friend Sally was one herself, it added a slight edge to their relation. She told me an anecdote. Once she and Sally were in the provincial centre, and had time to shop after some meeting they had attended, to look for small treasures to take home to their children. Linda had been happy to find a Matchbox car; Sally had kept them hunting round for an 'educational'toy, in Linda's eyes, an unnecessary fuss. Kids did not need special toys to help them learn certain skills. Why, they had given Michael some cord, and off his own bat he had ended up making a miniature imitation of his father's electric fence all round the house. He carried round with him a tin full of precious tools and objects, and once, fascinated with screws and screwdrivers, had managed to lift off the toilet seat! Linda and Duncan are proud of their son, and he receives much of their attention, and much of his sisters'.

Linda's best friend turned out to be a girl that she had met on a Country Girls exchange visit. They had almost lost touch, but both married around the same time, and had paid each other visits since. Their lives seemed to run in parallel: They had each had two girls and hoped for a boy, falling pregnant at the same time. However, the friend's child, a girl, had died shortly after birth. Duncan (who gets on very well with her husband) and Linda were the only ones to encourage them to try again. Everyone else, including their families, had hoped that they would stop with the two girls. Now, however, they have added two boys to their own family. Linda and her friend exchange
fortnightly letters. She sees other more often, including the many members of Duncan's large 'clan', but feels closer to this woman.

After we finished the last interview, Linda and I went out to the kitchen to make a cup of tea. I asked her about the bacon slicer on the bench, something not often seen in domestic kitchens. Well, her mother had always had one. "You know, like you buy Choya tea because your mother had it." Duncan's family had thought she was mad, but she noticed with some triumph that they had all acquired one now too! There was a cartoon pinned on the wall by the sink, with the caption: 'Love is better than riches'.

Duncan took me home. On the way he talked about the stock and station agent, obviously intrigued by the man. He worked seven days a week. His ability to pick good stock was "almost uncanny", so shrewd that even when it was to your advantage, it made you wonder. A man like that should have his own farm. But there it was, said Duncan, a smile playing round his mouth, there was no way you could make a go of a farm, even if you were as astute a man as the agent and traded on your own account—unless you had a wife to share it with.
DUNCAN & LINDA - Text

DUNCAN: "There's a lack of understanding between country and city people.
LINDA: "Really it's ignorance. The country person's never been to the city.
DUNCAN: "That's one part of it.
LINDA: "You haven't lived in both, you only know your side of the story, and you stick to that, don't you.
DUNCAN: "The city person wouldn't read the Rural report in a paper. I think it's lack of understanding. They never stop to think of where their bread and butter comes from - don't really want to know. Those kids that came from that school wouldn't know where milk came from.
LINDA: "We billeted some kids from Otahu twice; two lovely kids both times. They went to a farm, saw the milking, rolled in the grass - they'd never known grass. Our kids getting on the bus - it would be just as odd to them wouldn't it.
DUNCAN: "I don't know. Average city person doesn't come into contact with animals, doesn't leave the city, revolves within the city. We've had kids, children, stay from the city and their reaction: 'We've come to a paradise'. Free to breathe, as I see it.

"When you get the news media saying that farmers net $9000 a year, the township person immediately says the farmer's getting $9000 a year, but forgets that of that $9000 you've got to live out of that, pay interest and outgoings. We often live out of $3000. We lived on $1800 for a year once, had no choice.
LINDA: "When we were assessed for a government loan, his expenses weren't to exceed $2600. Actually when they went through our chequebook, ours came to $1600. That's what we actually lived on.
DUNCAN: "Scrimped and scraped.
LINDA: "Had to jolly well scrimp - so as not to exceed it.
DUNCAN: "We do support ourselves with meat.
LINDA: "We still had everything we needed, clothes, etc, any-
thing personal.

DUNCAN: "The figure gives a false impression. They don't say that the farmer has to pay for gas, living expenses and tax out of that.

LINDA: "It's not profit.

DUNCAN: "It's not profit, no. Another thing with farming - you might increase the stock, on the books, the stock value. Doesn't mean anything in terms of cash. So I don't think you really make money.

(Q: Farming background?)

LINDA: "I'm not.

DUNCAN: "Her father's a caretaker.

LINDA: "He had a farm, but not in my memory.

DUNCAN: "In the depression, wasn't it. My own family has a farm - Dad's father used to work on a farm in Scotland. Dad worked there, and then joined the Navy, came out to New Zealand; worked for two farmers before he married Mum. She had land.

LINDA: "Left to her.

DUNCAN: "We've been farming, and lived in this area all our lives. I'm 39, there's an older brother that's 43, Dad's 79.

LINDA: "But not all of you farmed.

DUNCAN: "All had a go at farming; now it's mainly one or two.

LINDA: "There's one girl and three boys out of a family of eight farming.

DUNCAN: "Six boys and two girls in our family. Well, there's one-two-three-four here still farming; a brother that's a bus driver in Whangarei - the brother that used to farm; one older that's a motor mechanic in Hamilton.

LINDA: "The driver never was a farmer. He shouldn't have -

DUNCAN: "He married a city girl. They really scrimped and saved and the chunk he was farming - well, it got worse and worse.

LINDA: "It was mostly lack of money to be able to develop the land, and the family land couldn't be easily bought individually. One brother also worked for the blacksmith.
DUNCAN: "One sister married a bank clerk, the other -

LINDA: "a Post Office clerk. (Laughs)
The younger daughter has no family. The other girl brings her family up here. They just throw all their old duds in the van, football jerseys, and away they go.

DUNCAN: "It's so necessary, the freedom we get on a piece of land. So much more interesting to them.

LINDA: "They go fishing, shooting. There are five of us. Elder sister died at eighteen, cancer. I can't ever remember Mum and Dad on the farm. Had a small grocer's shop, then it was back to nothing. Then my father worked in a bakehouse, and Mum did when we were smaller, but her father lived with us, so there was someone there in the days to look after us.

"My father's retired, but he's never home. He likes bowls.

DUNCAN: "Might live a lot longer than people like me.

LINDA: "Yet I think they enjoyed their farming, the life that they talk about. When they come here he brings his gumboots, away he goes, and he doesn't miss much.

DUNCAN: "Your mother as well.

LINDA: "One in a hundred.

"I get on well with Duncan's clan on the whole. I think the men are inclined to think that they don't care very much. The next sister down from me, she's an unmarried mother with two children. When she had the second one I said to her best friend down there, if she talked more about it with my Mum, their relations would be better. This woman said 'Don't you believe it'. She'd never told Mum, never expressed it to her.

DUNCAN: "They don't communicate things much, they should discuss them really.

LINDA: "If she'd said so, my mother would go down and see what she can do, but instead she goes to bed worrying about it.

"My father does nothing - wouldn't it be true to say that?

DUNCAN: "Same with Mum and Dad. Mum's always done the housework.

LINDA: "But my Mum's father lived with them. He always did
the dishes, and then we took turns each night with them, so Dad never needed to. No doubt when the girls are older they'll do the same. I don't chop, carve meat, and dig - three things I won't and can't learn.

DUNCAN: "I won't change nappies. There's nothing I can't do around here. When Linda was in hospital for a week, I looked after the kids; I can cook a meal without much trouble. If we both do the dishes we can get out quicker; and if we want to sit down, we can both sit down. I like gardening, flowers mostly because when you work hard at least when you come home, a bit down in the dumps, there are bright colours round the house and garden. Tends to lift you up when you feel depressed and you do get depressed, often. Got to be really thickskinned to be a farmer nowadays.

(Q: How they got together?)

LINDA: "Now you're asking us a funny question. There was this girl I was always friendly with; she wasn't even in the same class as me, and her family wasn't friendly with mine. She had other friends, so did I; she was allowed more freedom than I. She met this boy from here, they were going quite steady, and he got a bit chuffed off because I was hanging around - 'Have to find me somebody'; and they did - Duncan. They split up - she married someone else, and so did he!

DUNCAN: "Courting 12 months, engaged -

LINDA: "Fifteen months, and then we married; December to December, then March, that's the way that went.

DUNCAN: "I do a fair bit of shearing round the bay.

LINDA: "Duncan used to say if he turned the car in direction of T--, it would go by itself, he went that often.

DUNCAN: "Once a week.

LINDA: "On a metal road.

DUNCAN: "I'd just bought the place twelve months before, 160-odd acres then. Did the house up, with what I could afford to do it up. Most of my time was spent shearing. Money was used mainly to pay the farm off, very little development of it then. In 1970 I bought more land, the flat."
LINDA: "Suppose I learnt my biggest lesson when his parents came here. Very rarely had anyone staying, so I went into a panic. Duncan's mother - Duncan could take you and ten others over there, and there'd be a meal on the table.

DUNCAN: "Or a beer -

LINDA: "It worries no-one, a big family like that.

DUNCAN: "Your uncle's like that - can find you a bed.

LINDA: "Mum says, I don't know why they always like people there!

LINDA: "We got married in '63; thirteen years in March. Three kids - Wendy's nearly twelve.

DUNCAN: "No, eleven.

LINDA: "Eleven. Robin's ten, and Michael's four.

DUNCAN: "No more kids.

LINDA: "No.

DUNCAN: "My own family is spread over 23 years - eight in our family.

"I had ten weeks army training. It was okay. I liked it, it didn't worry me at all. If you can give orders and take them you can get anywhere in this world. I've worked well, 22 years now for farmers, shearing. At some stages I would have 25-30 different clients each year, some of those the same guys that I started shearing for in 1954. I've done a lot of moving around and living with farmers. I used to stay with them all the time. They're very mixed people really, they vary a lot. But the thing is their meals never vary. Each family has a different way of preparing their meals - I say to Linda what I'm going to get at so-and-so's, it's much the same breakfast one year as the next.

LINDA: "And I found I was the same when we were haymaking - 'Got to stop doing this!'

DUNCAN: "If I went to Y-'s, they serve chops and eggs and sausages for breakfast, it never seems to change; another place it will be two Weetbix in a plate.

LINDA: "And P-'s, grated carrot, they have odd things for breakfast, never a lot of meat. At B-'s you get a big plate of porridge."
DUNCAN: "Chap I was just talking to on the phone, always has buttered toast, and smoked fish for breakfast - since 1952.

LINDA: "Doesn't mean to say that they have it all year - just at shearing time you have smoked fish.

DUNCAN: "On the whole with farmers you're always pretty well fed, and you always get a good bed if you stay at a farmer's place.

"Living with individual farmers and working with them, I could write a book on them. I've kept a diary since '54, up to date on everything I've done, all my movements, time I got up in the morning, what the weather's like, what I've done during the day.

LINDA: Talk about country, the day we got married. Duncan's diary is a real winner. What today was like then.

DUNCAN: "I'd tell anyone. I don't know what made me want to keep records.

LINDA: "Your father never did.

DUNCAN: "Very few people will. Whether it's just my nature, to keep a record like that.

LINDA: "Other young - for want of a better word - do.

DUNCAN: "Yes, Pete does, a farm diary. I consider these books very valuable to me, a complete record of shearing for me and chaps, what they've shorn. Apart from that I've often looked back. Had occasion to look back to '65 for some record, to do with the local body.

LINDA: "And that difference with neighbours over the fence.

DUNCAN: Yes, I had a record of that. With my keeping of a diary I find that if I don't write it in, I haven't done something to finish the dy really. They're very valuable. This particular October, we had five years ago, not quite as wet, 22 wet days - this year I was only able to do one shearing. That's the difference. Really part of me. So important to me.

LINDA: "No, I don't keep one. I never do anything important enough.

DUNCAN: "I'm sort of a very independent person. I do all my own farm work as well. Linda does very little. The other day she was drafting fleeces.
LINDA: "Old lady down at the pensioners' flats, she still farms.

DUNCAN: "Linda wouldn't have a clue as far as shifting stock goes.

LINDA: "Thank you - that's all I need!

DUNCAN: "I have my own system, I don't employ much labour.

LINDA: "I don't think farmers make as good fathers as town people.

DUNCAN: "Probably not.

LINDA: "Don't think you spend as much time at home. It doesn't matter to Duncan that it's Saturday. Duncan's brother spends a terrible lot of time with his kids. All he's got's that quarter acre section.

DUNCAN: "He's different. Doesn't go to the pub or club.

LINDA: "Other fathers that I could think of that do go to pubs. I'd say that he was a very devoted father, spends a lot of time.

DUNCAN: "We go a lot together as a family.

LINDA: "Very rarely that the kids have gone on their own. Most things they do are done together.

DUNCAN: "Linda, it's very rare that we go as individuals.

LINDA: "Social things you mean.

DUNCAN: "Could go out every week if we wanted to.

LINDA: "Could, but we don't.

DUNCAN: "Generally go to Ingleside.

LINDA: "That's Scottish Society dances.

DUNCAN: "Scottish dances and country.

LINDA: "They have ballroom dancing too.

DUNCAN: "The whole family goes as a rule. They teach the young.

LINDA: "Marvellous time as you can imagine. Mostly families.

DUNCAN: "Mixture of town and county; very good really. Wouldn't have seen so many kids together for a long time. Had a function for 350 people, children, everything from two years young, to grandparents."
(Q: Clubs?)

LINDA: "Country Women's Institute; what else?"

DUNCAN: "Playcentre.

LINDA: "Brownies."

DUNCAN: "I go to Federated Farmers; I'm on the Northland Angus Association. On the Scottish Society. And I'm a member of the Masonic Lodge. Have meetings with other Lodges."

LINDA: "They visit."

DUNCAN: "They actually do a lot for the aged and charity. Not so much here because we're more isolated. In the cities."

LINDA: "People think it's all secret, but it isn't."

DUNCAN: "Sort of helps to build a person, how would you put it—certain things that you can build life up round."

LINDA: "Goes back to religion."

DUNCAN: "Religious base. Build big buildings and the Masonic Lodges, they get a lot of money left to them by rich people that are Masons. They don't only help Masons, they help educate children and help the family too if the husband dies."

LINDA: "Charity mostly."

DUNCAN: "Can call it charity. Supposed to set an example to the community. Anybody can join."

LINDA: "Have to be approved of."

DUNCAN: "If you're willing to take the oaths, anyone can join. Men only, yes, but they do have women in for supper. Unless the wife believes in it you could never be a Mason."

LINDA: "What you mean, if it was a married couple and the husband wanted to be a Mason, and the wife wasn't agreeable sort of thing."

DUNCAN: "You couldn't be a Mason. Have to have your clothes ready —"

LINDA: "Shirt ironed."

DUNCAN: "At the installation, we have a big how-de-do and supper. If the wife didn't pull her part there, there'd be no evening there."
LINDA: "I get an awful lot of pleasure from the Institute. Other things I belong to are because of the children, therefore you get other people that are mostly your age. At C.W.I. there are only two to three, probably roped into joining. All mostly grandmothers. I quite enjoy going to it, with the older women; it's a break away from the small lot that I do everything else with.

DUNCAN: "The whole idea of Institute is to bring people together socially.

LINDA: "In a way.

DUNCAN: "Now it brings women's things to the fore - like a women's lobby.

LINDA: "At their conference there was a lot to do with family things, that men wouldn't put into a remit in the groups they belong to. Drugs, road rules to do with children - I can't think of the things off hand. Mostly I think I enjoy the speakers that they have and competitions, I like that - plants and handwork and things like that.

DUNCAN: "Craftwork.

LINDA: "I think it is to build leadership, anything like that.

DUNCAN: "It could - what else, getting, making - bringing women into leadership, bring them to the fore, not having them sitting in the background.

LINDA: "Through belonging to C.W.I. and being round the Country Girls Club, I see someone running a meeting, and I often see faults in procedure - but unless you've got the book there, you've got nothing to stand by.

DUNCAN: "I can mix with everyone, professional or otherwise.

LINDA: "Going round like you do.

DUNCAN: "I can also work on my own, and not be worried about it. I never go to the pub to get that company, as some do, they'll do anything to mix with the boys.

LINDA: "Duncan always said the money was too hard come by to take to the pub. So people think Duncan doesn't drink.

DUNCAN: "Yet I'm one of the few people to provide beer for the haymakers. I prefer to mix with my own family in this house in preference to going to a pub."
"Really a man's job, shearing, no question about it. Physically, and mentally too. Got to be fairly plain with animals, got to be able to control your temper in shearing. Another - the physical determination to keep going.

LINDA: "Sometimes you think the end of the day will never come. Have to be prepared for that, don't you.

DUNCAN: "Yes, prepare yourself mentally. That's the thing with shearing. My experience with one chap working for me, he got tired, he was too busy thinking about other jobs, what he was going to do at the end of the day. Not concerned with shearing mentally. You don't have to be big or strong.

LINDA: "Lot of town people again; the female gains an impression, thinks they're rough.

DUNCAN: "Shearers living in gangs can be. What I call hard living - they shear eight hours, booze six hours, three hours sleep and the same again. Often the whole of a shearer's wage is cut out on booze in a lot of places, and it's a job for a person who doesn't like being too long in a job, so they move around among people a bit more. A new face to see every second week or day, something like that. But you've got to be physically in good health. I'd be just about the longest shearing shearer in this area. Very few that would have done 22 years consecutive.

LINDA: "Other cases, their health's caused them to pack up. Sam Jennings was one. He was always weak from his back.

DUNCAN: "I've been fairly fortunate, I do get those sorts of things, it's fairly strenuous work. Hasn't really worried me. I enjoy shearing. It gives me a break from the farm - can become very bored with the farm. If you do a certain amount of shearing, you're able to meet different people, hear different ideas, that sort of thing.

"Mentally it's no good if they can't get on with the farmer - start to argue or fight, can't control their tempers. Can be brutal to sheep.

LINDA: "In a lot of cases the men stay away.

DUNCAN: "I never have since I was married. The odd night, maybe. Before I was sometimes away six weeks, when I used to live at home and was single.
LINDA: "Go from one place to another without going home.
DUNCAN: "From one shed to another.

(Q: On garden?)
LINDA: "Duncan does the pruning.
DUNCAN: "The picking as well.
LINDA: "Well bully for me!
DUNCAN: "I choose the plants generally - dahlias, marigolds, roses; I don't know why I chose that rather than a vege garden. The colour round the house, well you walk into a place and it has a nice garden - total thing has that feeling that a person cares. One thing I like to see is anything nice and neat. Thing is that you can go into a house, can smell if its clean. Mum was doing quite an extra bit of farm work, and everything was always untidy.
LINDA: "She'd beat you if she knew.
DUNCAN: "I like to see things pretty neat, and Linda's pretty well the same. Things have to be neat, clean.
LINDA: "Duncan always milks the cow.
DUNCAN: "I feed the dogs.
LINDA: "The more outdoorish chores.
DUNCAN: "I mainly choose the meats for tea.
LINDA: "Getting down to tin tacks!
DUNCAN: "I like a lot of variety. I wouldn't like to do the same old thing, day after day. With shearing too, I'm getting around.

(Q: Division in looking after the children?)
LINDA: "Well, I think there would be - I don't say in all cases there would be. Duncan's never the comforter. That goes back to him being away.
DUNCAN: "I don't beat the kids as much as Linda. If I do, they know it.
LINDA: "I threaten on and off.
DUNCAN: "Linda wouldn't punish the kids for something I consider they don't need punishing for. I don't comfort the kid that 's
being punished.

LINDA: "We don't get the strap out and lay around, we don't have that.

DUNCAN: "Like Michael pulling a rosebud off a bush and an orange off a tree - one whack and the chances of him doing that again are pretty slim as a rule. Very seldom.

LINDA: "Haven't had any call for a jolly good hiding.

DUNCAN: "Linda does a lot with the children; a lot of cooking and sewing, that sort of thing. Able to do things with kids.

LINDA: "Do it all day with Michael. Idea is to make him happy.

DUNCAN: "I still do a bit, even if it's only to read him a story first thing in the morning when he comes in.

LINDA: "I'm here in the house. If I'm not looking after them, they mostly go outside. I follow the things they do, if they're outside, up into the pine trees, and the fresh air. The two older girls have helped with shearing, and that sort of thing. I've said often that I hope they don't marry a farmer; if the crunch came, and it was some wealthy farmer, I'd change my mind!

DUNCAN: "They did a survey in a rural district down South. 80% of the farmers' wives down there are city women. Made pretty good sorts of wives, apparently, because they were prepared to adjust as well as do the books.

LINDA: "Well, that's great for the farmers. Town people have this image of the farmer's wife, don't they.

DUNCAN: "Fat and sloppy - they tend to be.

LINDA: "Never known any difference, always in gumboots and jeans.

DUNCAN: "The wife who comes out of the city isn't, even if they're farmer's wives.

LINDA: "They like their homes, not what farm houses used to be like. Duncan's mother has ducks and turkeys all round the back door, umpteen cats on the table; sees no need for any trimmings. A chair is to sit in, so a wooden one will do. Don't like comfy ones.

DUNCAN: "The woman who comes out of the city or town has a
bit more pride in her house.

LINDA: "You really see some pretty flash farmhouses now.

(Q: This lack of money why Linda doesn't want her daughters marrying farmers?)

LINDA: "Part of it, I suppose.

DUNCAN: "Within the house?

LINDA: "You don't want them to go without money as well.

DUNCAN: "As far as Michael's concerned, he will decide for himself. I wouldn't force him to stay on the farm like we've been forced.

LINDA: "And you see it around, a lot.

DUNCAN: "My brother was always keen on it, and I feel he was wasted; should have had the family farm at the beginning. I feel as though boys should have looked around before settling on a farm. By the time Michael's eligible to do farming, the inflated value of land will make it nigh impossible for him to buy the place. If I die tomorrow, Linda would have to find $35,000 in death duties. She wouldn't have any choice. Biggest fear with a farmer nowadays is he doesn't know when he's going, and what he's going to get for his hard work out of his land. I sometimes wonder whether I've been wasting my time here, whether to sell out, invest the money and go into something else; butchery, I looked at that at one stage. Also I think I could adjust to anything pretty well, except I need to do an outdoor life, or have a fairly active job. Don't think I could sit down and be a clerk.

LINDA: "Bit late now.

DUNCAN: "If I ever had surplus money, I'd channel it back into industry of some sort, but at the moment, the best off chap is a one man farm, that does all his own work himself. Wages are so high.

LINDA: "Never quite sure the people you get in are going to do it.

DUNCAN: "You can't get equal value for money in terms of people hours for the return. I think that's the biggest problem facing farmers, the knowledge that what he's producing, he's not getting value for it.
Interview Two

(Q: Wife working?)

DUNCAN: "Well, I'm against her working while the family's small. Had the opportunity the other day, Linda was offered a job in the county office down here. I would have had to give up shearing to look after Michael while Linda went to work. Then we thought if she went to work, she'd have to have more clothes, then she wouldn't have time to make the kids' clothes. Well, we thought about it. Gain some money, but lose it in other ways. Do you want to add any more?

LINDA: "No, not really.

DUNCAN: "Anyhow, my sister said 'Linda, why get a job? You've already got a job, as a housewife'.

LINDA: "As a mother. I thought that put it in a nutshell, pretty well.

DUNCAN: "Thing is, Linda would lose her independence too. She wouldn't be able to travel with me when we go out during the day or when we go to kaikohe, that sort of thing. Actually I can't see much point in her working and me paying a lot of tax on the farm. Not a great deal though I suppose.

LINDA: "Moneywise, okay probably. But I don't think, after say a hot day, when you come home tired and haven't done a thing in the morning, I couldn't have stood the housework building up and building up till I had to get stuck in. If Duncan was willing and we both came home, and both did the job - but really he's not able to. If it was part-time it would be different, but full-time I wouldn't.

DUNCAN: "Think your children would suffer.

LINDA: "Never be any knitting, sewing, cooking - when would you do all those things?

DUNCAN: "You're working with the children as they grow up; that's fairly important.

LINDA: "People throwing it in your face, that housewives don't work. Three cases of beetroot, that took me till 3 am. Can't have money and beetroot bottled too. So often when you ask for help with people for Brownies - 'Can't, I'm working that day'. Always ends up, the ones who aren't working taking the town's kids somewhere.

DUNCAN: "Linda doesn't put in any manual farm work. Mostly
within the house, or doing messages, attending the children, mostly.

(Q: Linda helping Duncan in his work?)

DUNCAN: "Not at the expense of keeping the house clean.

LINDA: "The things that are possible to do, I do now.

DUNCAN: "Helps me with the odd job.

LINDA: "But not regularly.

DUNCAN: "I do shearing with an old chap - his wife helps us and does all the housework.

LINDA: "Do you think she needs to?

DUNCAN: "I don't know why they work together those two, but they do. Also it's an equal partnership.

LINDA: "Don't get ideas - if you make me a partner, I won't work harder!

DUNCAN: "If you want to lead onto the budget: I do all the paying. I have all the control over the money. I think really if a wife, a farm-wife does work on a farm, she should be paid for all the work she does really. That other couple are a company - but she's the sort of person that would work, have herself organised so at quarter to twelve she'd go and get lunch, and it was on the table by 12, when we came to lunch. Then everything tidied up by quarter to one, and smoko ready quarter to three - then she'd come back to the woolshed to start again. But I don't think Linda would be like that.

LINDA: "I don't either. That sort of farm wife, all systematic.

DUNCAN: Yes, very methodical woman, this particular woman.

(Q: To Linda re working?)

DUNCAN: "You like to get out of the house.

LINDA: "I would like to get out of the house.

DUNCAN: "At haymaking, - got to take the meals out to the paddock.

LINDA: "There's enough to do here, it keeps me busy.

DUNCAN: "She makes clothes for the children, does work, things with the children. As important as the farm, their upbringing
DUNCAN: "I've worked where the women wear the pants.

LINDA: "Where?

DUNCAN: "Quite a few places really. But most of the places where I've worked, the husband always paid the cheques. Very few places where there's been a joint account. Those sort of places are changing. Now you get joint partnerships, where the wife has interests in the farm financially.

LINDA: "Most of the farmers you work for are the older type. Older people thought if the wife had a cheque, she'd write their life away. It's awkward; I've got to rush over the yard for groceries. Your father won't allow Mum to sign his cheques.

DUNCAN: "He refuses.

LINDA: "Yet she's got a cheque account of her own. Think a wife if she's got an interest in the farm, she can get more of a grip on how the farm runs too if she's doing more of the work. I showed him how to put his accounts in order, not all the details. When he tries them out he doesn't know why he doesn't do what I showed him to do a long time ago.

DUNCAN: "A husband getting a divorce and getting everything, those days are gone. I know a chap who sold his farm for $298,000. Hadn't been sold twelve months and they split up. His wife got $80,000 out of him.

LINDA: "Why didn't she get half?

DUNCAN: "Wasn't a partnership at that stage.

(Q: Re Marriage breakups?)

DUNCAN: "I would say it was fairly stable. How many marriages have gone on the rocks round here? He used to booze a lot - the drink, that was his downfall.

LINDA: "That's the only one round here, and we didn't even really know them.

DUNCAN: "I would say most farm marriages are pretty stable. Could get into trouble if there was a lack of finances and too many children.

LINDA: "I think that's something you can do something about, too many children, but if there's not enough money - that's it.

DUNCAN: "Tendency with a husband and wife on a farm, they're
closer to each other than other people. You can have your differences all the same.

LINDA: "Like when you go and buy a bull for $3,000 and we haven't got it.

DUNCAN: "That wasn't close to divorce.

LINDA: "It wasn't close to divorce, because nobody said anything.

DUNCAN: "That bull's paying for himself six times over.

LINDA: "And still fetch $3,000? Even that's debatable.

DUNCAN: "I said to Linda at the time that it was a gamble, but it was a gamble in the right way.

LINDA: "As it turned out.

(Q: Luck?)

DUNCAN: "Yes, I think a person has a fair bit of luck, and I think some people are more lucky than others. They seem to - I find, myself, that I very seldom buy anything and lose on it, in that respect I seem to be. I do judge.

LINDA: "You don't buy anything and it will be luck it turns out.

DUNCAN: "Oh no.

LINDA: "You put thought into it - only with objective of coming out on top - that's what farming is all about.

DUNCAN: "I like to spend $1 and make $2.

LINDA: "If not three.

DUNCAN: "That's the proverb.

(Q: Good marriage?)

DUNCAN: "What I consider a good marriage - for a start, got to listen to the other's point of view, that's the first thing.

LINDA: "But don't you think if you start well, with a bit behind you - what a difference it makes? Couples that struggle at the start, it takes them a long time to get anywhere.

DUNCAN: "Yeah; I think too there's got to be restraint on both sides at the time. Also got to do things together. Linda and I very seldom go to anything by ourselves, anything that's social
"Only things that would be on our own: Linda goes to the women's meetings, things that involve her; I go to the meetings that involve myself. But I never just up and say I'm off to the pub, I never do that sort of thing. We don't go to the pub - in fact I've been down there once in the past three years, so I've never really gone. I like a beer and that, but I don't go just to drink with the boys, that sort of thing - I think that is - (shrug of shoulders).

LINDA: "From what I've heard other wives say to me, and what other marriages fall down on - you'd think that the husband goes out with the boys, that the girls could go out with the girls - well they go out, but it's with the kids into town, take them off to school... yet the husband considers that he needs to go out with the boys because he's worked all day. Some of the harassing days I've had!

DUNCAN: "A man might do a job, but a wife also's got a job at home. I think a good marriage is doing things within the family, and with your family. Helps to make a marriage more stable too. I think a husband doesn't want to be too selfish.

LINDA: "Possibly. I've seen marriages too where wives have worked - how selfish they can get with two working. They sort of think, 'That's my money. I'll buy this with it'; and he does the same. It does split them down the middle. I've seen it quite a few times, the longer they work, the harder it is to break to start their family.

DUNCAN: "If they've got a family, children become second. They very seldom do things with children.

LINDA: "Don't do as much as they could.

DUNCAN: "Don't do as much as they could. Plenty of love, too.

LINDA: "I'll remember that!

(Q: Love?)

DUNCAN: "Well, the first thing in the morning I get Linda a cup of tea and a piece of toast, and give her a kiss.

LINDA: "Sounds like a bird you're offering it to.

DUNCAN: "If she doesn't get it, things don't go very well for the rest of the day - I've done that since we were married.

LINDA: "Some marriages think that's terrible, Duncan getting up first."
DUNCAN: "A lot of people do it vice versa.
LINDA: "Love is really respect and consideration - can't tell young people that.
DUNCAN: "Also too - a wife doesn't want to look too frowsy.
LINDA: "Always have this thing between me and Duncan, about how farming wives go cabbage. You don't see it so much now.
DUNCAN: "Not with the women coming out of the city. You don't see it the same.
LINDA: "Duncan's Mum sees no point in buying a dress. If there's even one in the wardrobe, that would do the job. I think those days are really gone.
DUNCAN: "If I make a decision, it's fairly final - but I also do give in occasionally.
LINDA: "Not major decisions though. On Sundays, partially because Duncan works too hard, if I don't nag, he'd work on Sunday, and then we don't see him. If he does work maybe I'll ask him if it's worth working on, if he says No, that's it.
DUNCAN: "Usually make decisions at short notice, like one day came in at 2.30 and just decided to go to Kerikeri and get oranges.
LINDA: "And it was raining.
DUNCAN: "Decisions like that are made fairly quickly.
LINDA: "We had a car, and we were lucky if it ever got us anywhere. Duncan took it to the wreckers in Kaikohe; and when he came home, he had another car. 'Didn't you want to be there to pick it?' other people said. They thought it odd, I was so thrilled, at last, something that would go, never considered being cross not to have had a part in picking it.
DUNCAN: "I myself didn't know I was going to buy a car that morning. If it's anything to do with the house or with the children, we often talk about it to one another. Linda and I often talk about things, seem able to communicate better than most people. If we've got something, we bring it out, don't bottle up.
LINDA: "I can't keep quiet for a start!
DUNCAN: "If I go to work at a person's place, I usually come home and talk.
LINDA: "Couple of couples I know, it's always 'Didn't I tell you?"
DUNCAN: "We usually talk about things that happen on the day they happen.

"Outside the house I usually make the decisions. Where money's concerned within the house we usually talk about it. If I was to want to buy something for the farm that's absolutely essential I usually make the decisions. I find I'm fairly cautious as a rule on what I buy - and I very seldom spend on luxuries.

LINDA: "Nowadays what do you call luxuries?

DUNCAN: "Flash boats.

LINDA: "How many do - not many round here.

DUNCAN: "They do.

(Q: Husband head of the house?)

LINDA: "I would consider he was because he makes most of the major decisions probably - because he handles the money.

DUNCAN: "Yes, but there was that insurance money you had.

LINDA: "Bought a washing-machine.

DUNCAN: "It was quite a bit. Linda tended to put it into things she needed, not things she didn't need.

(Q: Relationship with in-laws?)

DUNCAN: "Yeah. Own relationship with in-laws is very good really, I would say it was better than most; to my knowledge we've never had a domestic difference at all.

(Phone rings)

LINDA: "Away we go again. (But its for her this time)

DUNCAN: "I think often too, with your in-laws. - I courted Linda for twelve months, then we were engaged fifteen months, and I think if we had a difference would have had it then. I think the lead-up to the marriage probably has a lot to do with how you get on with your in-laws. I think also in the case of me with my in-laws, they tend to mind their own business and I tend to mine mine, even if perhaps they don't agree with some of the things I do and vice versa.

"I would say our courting - that was pretty cautious I suppose. Most couples wouldn't court as long; then we had no family till nineteen months after we were married. Often
people are both working. With a marriage, if you can adjust for twelve months living together, I think it's got a lot to do with it. Often with a marriage people don't get to know each other well enough before they decide to get married - often get the breakdown there.

(Q: Planning children?)

DUNCAN: "Wendy, we decided on Wendy, but then Robin we didn't decide to have her as quick as we did, but it happened that way. Having Wendy and Robin close together, 12-13 months difference in those two, was good company for both as they grew older. And then we had a lull, a five year lull - and then decided we could have a boy, and then, when Michael arrived, to have no more children. Also we felt as though modern pressures didn't lead to having big families. Could well afford to have four or five children, but we felt as though - we don't know what they're going to be like when they grow up in today's society. So we decided that three children were enough, three healthy children. You don't know how they're going to turn out in society, whether they're going to become wasters - bums, as I call them. I think providing for them too. There was a limit that we could provide well. Felt as though if we had a big family, couldn't give them what they'd need in this society.

(Q: Michael as heir?)

DUNCAN: "No; that does go through my mind, had gone through my mind. Not necessarily. Just wanted a boy to complete the family. If we'd had three girls, we would have had three girls - possibly if we'd had that, we would have tried for another, had a fourth child. Because in our own family, had six boys and two girls, and I think Mum had four boys before she had a girl. Then two more boys and another girl.

"For the family, as I see it, for the girls, I'd like to see them get a good education and I think a job. I feel as though they want to waste too much of their time. Most girls get married within six years of leaving school, a big percentage of them would. But with Michael, he's got to decide what he wants to do. If he wants to come back on the farm, I'll make provisions for that; or if he wants to go into any other business - which if he has any brains, he will. But this is
one thing for sure, that I won't be round unless he's prepared to be successful. Then I'll back him to the limit. So that's why we do as much as we can do, to encourage them. Only to have to look at the library, a reaction to the days when we were their age. No books in the house, very few books, and we had to walk three miles to school at the time. And Mum and them just couldn't afford books - we didn't get books of interest as these girls do. The girls are bright at school - don't know that we can do much more at this stage for the kids. Encouraged them to read; also about the environment, and that sort of things, native bush and birds - we've been able to ensure that that's a bit better.

(Q: Sex education?)

DUNCAN: "Great I think on a farm. The children see a bull service a cow -

LINDA: "At lamb docking time, they come up with some good questions then - 'what are you cutting those off for'.

DUNCAN: "I said nothing.

LINDA: "To the effect that you don't want a lot of fathers, one's enough; can't make any more babies.

DUNCAN: "Then bought this book.

LINDA: "But they haven't looked at that much.

DUNCAN: "When questions arise we generally answer.

LINDA: "I don't add any frills, all right. They ask as a kid, but at eight or nine, back to square one - they've forgotten clean about it.

DUNCAN: "But I think on the farm where they see animals and nature - certain advantage to the person that lives in the city, that doesn't see nature in process.

I think they should have sex education in schools.

LINDA: "I've never minded - always thought they knew enough. Must be a shock to kids that know nothing and they start yarning

DUNCAN: "I think it should be done by specialists. People moan round about some-one's teacher that's teaching them drivel. Often school teachers are not capable of doing it. I think it's absolutely essential for nowadays.

LINDA: "Ideas they get from TV are more than they used to be.
DUNCAN: "Lower in school age, they talk about it—lots of ten year olds—

LINDA: "And 12 year olds, talk about their experiences.

DUNCAN: "I don't know that it's a thing that's easily overcome. I think, I don't know. Going to be a real problem in schools. No moral standards. Really the things between a man and a woman are really private. Children under sixteen don't understand the full meaning, and don't value the relationship at all. No moral value in the relationship—it's 'Just do it'.

LINDA: "No. As I see it, to me sex is a very personal thing between a man and a woman.

DUNCAN: "If you tell people now, that before you never had it, they're horrified.

LINDA: "Even if you tell people now, that before you never had it, they're horrified.

DUNCAN: "People just don't understand that we were courting twelve months and engaged fifteen—

LINDA: "Shouldn't say this in front of Duncan: if it hadn't been drilled into me —

DUNCAN: "It was Linda that really stood ground, made the decision to get married and keep going.

(Q: Double standard?)

LINDA: "I don't think it's so much now. But I wouldn't like my daughters—

DUNCAN: "I'd like to think that our daughters settled with a man that she would live with for rest of their lives. You don't know these things.

LINDA: "Mothers say they hope their daughters don't sleep round before marriage.

DUNCAN: "I often went to a dance, never bothered to take liquor. I'd have a good time, dance with two or three girls, often never take her out.
LINDA: "Boy, the girl must have been brassed off.
DUNCAN: "I was happy just to go and have a good time.
LINDA: "A lot more did, didn't they.
DUNCAN: "I worked very hard from about 1959 to 1967 I think, the period that I worked hardest in my life, and would have been what ages - 26 and 32. Had bought this small rough place eighteen months before we got married, and this house was in very bad shape when we went into it. Painted and papered and sanded the floors. All we did for ten years, the money was going into stock and valuables.

(Q: Solo parents?)

LINDA: "I think it's a shame for the kid.
DUNCAN: "Unfortunate for the child.
LINDA: "My sister has two illegitimate boys. One of them thinks Duncan is the greatest thing, because there's no other man in his life. I think a child wants a father - or mother - in life; there is a definite connection.
DUNCAN: "She definitely wouldn't part with them.
LINDA: "When Ben was born ten weeks, she came up here. She was still breastfeeding, had till September to go back to work, so she was due to go back to work in a week. This girl they were staying with rang, she couldn't have them any longer, she'd been having epileptic fits, she thought she couldn't look after a ten week old baby. We said she knew jolly well she could learn. She moved in with someone else. That's how it's done for her, she'll never give in. I do admire her for that. Never known what she'd missed. It's made her so independent that I don't think she'll every marry now.

(Q: Men crying?)

LINDA: "No, Dad never, and Mum said when my sister died, it may have been better if he had.
DUNCAN: "I think Dad would go to pieces at times, wouldn't he.
LINDA: "Never been put in the position, in a sad enough occasion, I don't think.
DUNCAN: "But he would have very deep feelings.
LINDA: "He nearly cried at Peggy's wedding."
DUNCAN: "He sat down.

LINDA: "When he made the speech. The last one's gone - and did someone say they thought he might of?

DUNCAN: "I think tears run out of my eyes pretty feely at different times. I've never been around very sad funerals, where it can upset you, I'd rather stay home than go to a funeral with people becoming very emotionally upset. Does upset me. Yet it would probably do me good. Try to keep, tend to keep my feelings to myself as a rule.

LINDA: "In that regard.

DUNCAN: "One thing with Linda, she can have a good bawl.

LINDA: "Ta, that's what I always wanted.

DUNCAN: "Think it does it good when she does.

LINDA: "You may leave the room, you've said enough.

DUNCAN: "She does it out of frustration.

LINDA: "Sometimes.

DUNCAN: "When they can't get their own way.

LINDA: "Go on, I do not!

"You take times of worry, I think a woman will cry, and probably not gain not much by it, or may:just worry.

DUNCAN: "A man may worry till he's got ulcers.

LINDA: "You're hurting there then.

DUNCAN: "No, I've got past that stage. But worry has never affected my sleep. Doesn't matter how much I've had, I've always been able to sleep.

"Had an old cow ran once - a character that cow - till I was almost exhausted when I got her. To me to be defeated like that, it's just not in my nature to be put in that position. As far as ambition's concerned, one ambition is to see all the family comfortable and reasonably well educated - I don't believe in a person being so well educated that he gets to the stage where he doesn't want to do physical along with his theory - that's the biggest mistake. See that happen with farmers being educated. Can't put theory into practice unless you're prepared to work physically along with your theory then you'll never gain anything. Can't get the balance; mentally you
n't stand the pressure. I think that's going to be the biggest problem in the country to come - people aren't going to be able to work physically.

LINDA: "Then what will happen. Nobody to work, and everybody to know how - then what will people do?

DUNCAN: "I think you've got a fair balance if you're able to work your hands as well as your brain.

LINDA: "And your jaw.

DUNCAN: "Can see it the other way too. Dad is physically one of the hardest working people in this area, but in theory and looking after the business, he's hopeless.

(Q: Marriage without children?)

DUNCAN: "Married people without children they can get on. Know of chap that lived all his life - fifty years married with no children.

LINDA: "Think what it's like when one of them goes - I think that's sad.

DUNCAN: "I think a family in marriage does make a big difference. Children often find a gap, bridge a gap in a marriage often. Quite often if things are not going all well financially, the father might say, 'I've got two kids, I'll go and do something for them.'

LINDA: "How to do that if he doesn't have any money?

DUNCAN: "Play football or basketball outside, but I don't know - in some marriages too children are probably a hindrance, that could be a breakdown in the relationship.

LINDA: "But later on in those families with children, they're a hindrance when they're little, still bridge the same gap when they're bigger.

DUNCAN: "Don't know, a thing I wouldn't know much about, I think some marriages will come to grief anyway; others will tend to be even more devoted, closely related for the rest of their lives.

(Q: Feel sorry for unmarried people?)

LINDA: "Yes I do.

DUNCAN: "Yes, I do."
LINDA: "At the time you might think it's a jolly bore.
DUNCAN: "Naturally I think it's most women's ambition to bear a child at some stage during their life.
LINDA: "I think a father thinks about his son, why I don't know.
DUNCAN: "I don't know - just human nature, wants his family, his blood carried on. Handed down from the days of kings, a son to carry on the tradition. I think to carry on a name, because a woman changes her name if she gets married. But when it all boils down, daughters can be just as comforting as sons really. I think we can't choose on how they're born anyhow.
LINDA: "I'm glad my family's finished. Hate to be put in position where they told you you had a daughter, and you already had ten - what do you do!

(Q: Showing affection in public?)
LINDA: "We're more likely to put an arm round each other, not kiss.
DUNCAN: "We don't express our personal feelings in a public place.
LINDA: "Some people can kiss one another, it's okay; other people carry on and on - some people you know are only showing off.

(Q: Linda, a loss of independence with marriage?)
LINDA: "Well - I often say to people when I got married, if I thought that I would have less ten years later than now, I think that having a good time might be better. I probably had a good time anyhow. It doesn't really matter to me now, because if I want to do something, I do it.
DUNCAN: "In fact, you've gained more independence, I'd say.
LINDA: "Right up till we were married, I never lived away from home. They might think if I did what was I up to?
DUNCAN: "And had to be home at a certain hour. Going back to a woman losing her independence, I think that she's enjoyed more since she was married. She can take off in the car, take it anywhere if she wants to.
LINDA: "Do what you want in your time.
DUNCAN: "In your own time. Go visiting, things like that.

(Q: Swap roles?)
DUNCAN: "No, not really.
LINDA: "I say Boy, you can stay home with the kids tomorrow! But probably not — I couldn't do what he's able to and he really couldn't do as well as I do anyhow (laugh).
DUNCAN: "Think it would depend on the love relationship.
LINDA: "I don't think the male could do it as completely as the female does now. Could do most of the heavy housework and looking after family — wouldn't do the sewing and knitting.
DUNCAN: "She'd probably tend to do that when she came home.
LINDA: "You do a lot of things in the house which you don't enjoy while you're doing them. But I do enjoy it if I'm in the mood. Mightn't bake for weeks, then get a cooler day and I go ahead. Another day Michael's in the way half the time and I certainly couldn't say I enjoyed it. I enjoy to knit or sew if all is going right.

(Q: Ironing?)
LINDA: "I don't really like it, but it's got to be done — very irregularly.
DUNCAN: "You do a fair bit. Have your cupboard pretty tidy.
LINDA: "When I do it, it amazes people the way I do it — so fussy and slow.
DUNCAN: "Wendy can do it now, and she can do the washing.
LINDA: "Yes she was having a go the other day — for a thrill.
DUNCAN: "Linda has taught the girls to be independent themselves.
LINDA: "Mainly because I was never taught.
I don't teach the girls to take over, but the girls won't get married and leave without ever having done anything. If he's interested I think I will teach Michael.
DUNCAN: "I think it's essential that he learns. I spent eight months batch cooking on my own. Made to cook for myself.
LINDA: "Did you know how before that?
DUNCAN: "I could cook fish or boil potatoes."
(Q: Importance of fidelity?)

DUNCAN: "Absolutely fundamental, absolutely essential.

LINDA: "Must be something wrong somewhere, I always think, if someone's not faithful.

DUNCAN: "Really hard I think to detect if a person's being unfaithful at times. If you're faithful, I don't think there's ever any problem.

LINDA: "Don't think it ever enters into things.

DUNCAN: "Unfaithfulness, means a breakdown in sexual relationship in marriage. That's what it all stems from.

LINDA: "Well I think so.

DUNCAN: "You'd need to be faced with a situation, then you can assess what to do really.

LINDA: "I did know a girl living here, who married really young, and had no other boyfriend when she was married, and she asked another married girl what it was like to have different men. The experienced one said that she thinks she would have easily been unfaithful from pure inquisitiveness. She'd only ever known the one person, and there are problems in areas when you are married very young, and don't have much life before marriage. That's all right. But it's also a breakdown in the marriage.

Interview Three

(Q: Enjoyment?)

DUNCAN: "One thing I like about farming, there's a lot of variety in the type of work. If you're tired of one, you can go and do another. Independent too. You're working with stock. If you show kindness to animals, they respond in a similar way. It has some of its own drawbacks. Irregular hours, and long hours. You've got very little reward for your long hours often. This may change as time goes on, farming becomes more profitable. But it's a good way, type of life for bringing up children.

LINDA: "For the family, farming's the ideal family life. Mostly being your own boss that's the best. If Duncan had an 8-5 job, you can't say in the morning, 'Well, we'll go somewhere today'; that's left to the weekend. Don't have to depend on when you're given your holidays. Mostly it's just being your
own boss, independent; and for the family - I haven't brought up a family in the city, wouldn't fancy it much.

DUNCAN: "Also you've got a cleaner type of environment around here compared with the city.

(Q: Feminine/Masculine?)

DUNCAN: "Well, one would be not cleanliness - if they're not clean.

LINDA: "General sloppiness more than clean.

DUNCAN: "I don't like to see it in a man either.

LINDA: "You're a good example; you don't get changed.

DUNCAN: "I think often a woman, if she becomes depressed, probably a lot of it is her own doing. If she's not prepared to do a bit more physical work to occupy herself. If she doesn't occupy herself, she starts to brood over things, probably trivial, in her marriage. But also, another think I don't like in a woman is extravagance. I think they're more prone to it than men.

LINDA: "Not all the time.

DUNCAN: "Inclined to be.

LINDA: "As a general statement you would say that more are.

(Q: Unmasculine?)

DUNCAN: "I don't like men that drink.

LINDA: "Excessive drinking.

DUNCAN: "Also don't like men that deny the woman something because they're too selfish. I suppose selfishness is a man's biggest downfall. He wants everything for himself. Like if the family wanted to go somewhere and he didn't want to go because -

LINDA: "He wanted to go to golf.

DUNCAN: "Or do something quite selfish at the time.

LINDA: "Women would be much the same probably. What's struck me often, men that brag about their sex life, if you're out.

DUNCAN: "Yes, that's one thing I don't like. So often see it, a couple talking like that in public, yet they probably fight like cats and dogs. Breakdown somewhere in their sex life when they talk like that.
DUNCAN: "I think it's a very bad thing if a woman continually swears all the time. I even find myself, I prefer to refrain from swearing where possible.

LINDA: "But you do.

DUNCAN: "It looks bad, but still everybody does. If a woman's swearing in public, judge her character by that, her performance in a public place. I think it's bad even for a man to be swearing somewhere public because they think it's smart to.

LINDA: "Excessively it really grates, I suppose. It does show up their character a lot - but I can't talk. I drop one every now and again anyway. Some people definitely do and are renowned for it, and I think that's bad. But I definitely don't like to hear kids swear. Like a lot of things kids say, it's coming from home. They're not responsible.

DUNCAN: "Can come from school too.

LINDA: "You get them at Playcentre, and that's not from school and it's no bugger and blasts, either.

(Q: Dirty jokes?)

DUNCAN: "Put up with them. Mainly in one ear and out the other; never absorb them like Linda does. They told half a dozen at the Lodge the other night - I couldn't tell you what they were. At supper time - not in the Lodge room. I couldn't remember them. Thing is there's plenty to talk about without having to talk about that sort of thing.

LINDA: "I wouldn't tell you any now. I think you've got to have a sense of humour. There's a time and a place. All depends where it is - if you're with a group much the same age and something comes up which reminds a person of a joke - if it comes up, I don't turn away, and say, 'I don't listen'. When they go on and on, it gets rather too much, I suppose.

(Q: Women in public bars?)

DUNCAN: "I think it depends on the person herself; if she likes to go to a public bar. If a couple go, husband and wife for an evening out - I can't see anything wrong with that. For the wife to go out on her own, sit in a public bar till she had a skinfull - I don't think much of that sort of thing. There's
something lacking in the home, especially when they go and leave the children, which they so often do, and go drinking.

(Q: Men and women need to be separate?)

DUNCAN: "I don't think so. They should be able to go together to most things. Think a woman likes something exclusive, and men too. Often just is that they like to identify themselves.

LINDA: "I enjoy both. I like to go where it's mixed, and I like to go just as well where there's women. Don't like the idea that there are clubs that women are excluded from or vice versa. Should be more free choice, than a set rule."

"Always annoys me a bit that men think if women get together and talk, it's trivial - classed as matter. But when they talk, it's very important.

DUNCAN: "And often it's not.

LINDA: "Probably just as trivial. Often hear men in a mixed group talking drivel anyway.

DUNCAN: "Often men will divide themselves into several parts. Talk about football, farming, politics. They don't talk much about their families as a rule.

LINDA: "If you go to something - the Angus Association say, very few talk about anything but that, that particular topic. Whereas if two wives got together they'd probably talk about their families.

DUNCAN: "I talk about shearing and farming.

LINDA: "Women have to start on the same subject. How many children you've got, and you start that way. Straight away you're on common ground. If there are two or three couples there's rarely variety of talk in that group, unless you know each other very well, unless you know each other as a group.

DUNCAN: "I often do talk about my own family. I think I will talk more about the family because we do things together. I don't go to the pub, I'm more likely to do something with the family, and if you do that, the family's sort of around you anyway."
DUNCAN: "I'm very keen on sport, even though I don't play much, I used to play a lot of football, athletics. Follow football, most sports pretty closely through the news media. When the All Blacks were in South African, I used to get up at 1 am to listen to the games. During the winter I like to see children play a lot of sport. Think it develops them mentally as well as physically. Think it tends to help their brains - allows them to be able to think clearly if they're doing a lot of physical exercise.

LINDA: "I was a flop at any sport - terrible. I had a lot of trouble when I was at school, scared I'd get my glasses broken, that put me off. Like to see our girls play, more than I did anyway. Always enjoyed marching, probably because I was better at it, and never had been any good at anything else!

DUNCAN: "Discipline.

LINDA: "I think probably competing and meeting others, as you do in all of these things.

DUNCAN: "I think we've got classes all right in New Zealand. Definitely got certain people in some quarters, cities mostly. Think you find in country areas, people can generally get on together all right; where you've got small groups of people.

LINDA: "Tend to clique.

DUNCAN: "'Cliquey' as we call it.

LINDA: "Even got it here, where the people of the same age, our age, like each other's company and get together because they like mixing. Only because they get on together. I don't see why you should be forced onto others if you don't get on.

DUNCAN: "The women set the pace; they set the groups.

LINDA: "Occasionally you get all the wives there, and only a couple of men. School-do's mean something in the country, attract everyone - did the other night at the concert, a real mixture, don't they."
(Q: Changes?)

DUNCAN: "I think one of the biggest changes - people tend to have more leisure time.

LINDA: "I think living standards.

DUNCAN: "Living standards in wage-earning class often become higher than middle-class people for living.

LINDA: "Really it's more money that's lifted it.

DUNCAN: "Also think it could be fairly disastrous in one sense. Middle class person has often worked harder, built up a small business or a business of his own, yet the person who works for him is taking home more pay and has more freedom and time for himself and more luxuries. Really haven't got the same gap we used to have.

LINDA: "I often wonder how different it will be for our family when they marry. Don't know really what differences they'll find. Then if you grow up with it gradually, you don't know either really.

DUNCAN: "Tendency to think that if you bring a couple of children up in society, that's enough. Often hear people say they don't know what will happen when they grow up - so you're better with less children.

LINDA: "Often that's because they're selfish. Not for any other reason.

(Q: Women playing rugby?)

DUNCAN: "I think rugby as men play it, not a women's game. If you want to have a laugh or something different at a gala day, an attraction; full-time rugby as men play it is not for women. I think that women are not built to take body contact by force - no, they're not built physically to take the bumps.

LINDA: "I wouldn't like to. I'd get too tired, too much for me. If someone else wants to, they can go to it, but it's not for me. Got an idea that men are keen on rugby full-stop; so they can have it.

DUNCAN: "I think the New Zealander is very independent. He is very capable of adapting himself to everyday life when he can do things for himself. Not like Americans. Even their packaging
is all disposable; if they want cream, they get artificial stuff from a shop. I think the New Zealander tends to be more down to earth. I don't know about the city.

LINDA: "Some people don't like to be labelled the typical Kiwi.

DUNCAN: "Though that's changing. Get children with no knowledge of where milk comes from, they've never seen live sheep before, let alone shearing. Don't know how they would tell you about the New Zealand way of life. The New Zealander can have his way of life still because we're not over-populated. Then we tend to like to see our feet on the grass.

LINDA: "I don't think we are different. Might be different from other places because of the environment, the climate. Probably used to lower in other places. I still think every other country's got something that makes them typical of that country. Can't think what we've got that makes us a typical Kiwi is anything to be ashamed of.

(Here the truck arrives with sheep, and Duncan departs the scene for the next hour or so.)

(Q: Childbirth?)

LINDA: "I never had a great thing that it was marvellous like some do. Probably more so with Michael because he was a boy, and I knew how much it meant to Duncan and other people. 'It must be a boy this time' - how they would rag me if I had a girl. Certainly I never raved on, anyhow. Often envy people with their first baby, rather like to think that people fuss over me too. How nice it was that you could have a baby! As a second, and a third one comes, that wears off. A little bit remains. I often look at people having a first, and I know exactly how they feel.

"Duncan wouldn't come anywhere near the place - yet I could never understand why, with his love for animals. Must have delivered all sorts of animals, babies, yet he believed it was never a place for a man.

"I didn't try to breastfeed them. I think I'd been put off by other people type of thing. I always understood that breastfeeding was something that you did quietly and on your own, but others in the family, Duncan's sister thought any time was good enough, no matter who was there, and it was free for all. Really did put me off. Doctor at the time said it
was 'completely up to you', and I was already put off, and that was that. Don't think I'd like to be tied to a baby like that, not that when they were little I parcellled them off on others. Don't think I'd like to be tied down to anybody like that.

(Q: Ever get bored/unhappy?)

LINDA: "No, I think you're less likely to in an area like this than in the city. Generally you get more involved with things here. Really no need. Two or three things you get interested in and with your ordinary work and a few things at home. I see no need for person to get bored. It's lack of looking for something if they do.

(Q: Changes in her life?)

LINDA: "Never noticed any great changes. I think that's just because you seem to drift, nothing's thrust on you all in one great - you're not married one day, three children the next day - divorced the next! It's all very gradual. I wouldn't say there's been a great change to notice. I would have thought if someone asked me before, in coming onto a farm, and yet I haven't really found it a big change. I didn't take much interest in it for a while. I think because I didn't understand what Duncan was talking about a lot of the time. Just a gradual thing too - just became a part of the day.

(Q: Duncan's family?)

LINDA: "Not very close really. Close in the sense that they all come home. Some go away, and they're very rarely all there. Duncan's family all come home often, but they're not living close, I don't think. For those two boys, they don't sit down and talk together over a beer. If it was my family they would have.

"His brother married a girl who was Roman Catholic. Her parents didn't want them to marry; she was pregnant so something had to happen. She was only 18, he 19. They married, much to her parents disgust. They cut her off at ground level, though daughter and mother are living only miles apart and she had to pass her place to go anywhere. Only three years ago that they made it up. Then she swung completely to her side; fighting all the time when Duncan's mother and family had helped her so much; her mother who earlier couldn't stand the sight of any of us. All odd - I can't make it out. She's
very highly strung. I think she always felt her eldest, 11 months older than Wendy - she's quite dense, for want of a better word, she always felt that I was pushing Wendy to better her, but I never did, because she didn't need it. Sent her to boarding school so she'd be away from the family. At one time there were three from the families in one class. Probably isn't good, but you can't do anything about it. When it all boils down it does sound silly. I have heard back from her neighbours that she moved away because the family fought. Any fighting that was done was brought on by herself. If you write all that down you've really got a dose.

(Q: Friends?)

LINDA: "Mostly met them through Playcentre probably. Those are mostly all of the same age - others probably through social things that I've been to. I don't like to have only a small group of friends my age. Then some elderly people who I really like. Might not see them so often; see them down the road, catch up with what they've been doing. CWI and Playcentre, the friends that I've got. Duncan wouldn't consider he's got friends like that, he's been too busy. Likes to go out, never has any trouble getting on with people but I wouldn't call them friends in that sense.

"A friend is somebody you get on with, and probably get on with them because they've got the same interests you have. True friends always show through when you're in need of somebody, like when I was away and Duncan and the children went out to tea every night. Unless they're your friends, I don't think they'd do that sort of thing. I think they help when you need it. I think you do it because they're your friends. Maybe you don't really want to do it. If it happens, and it has, and I think 'the last thing I want today is to do something extra', I always think 'well, the time might come when I will be glad of it and I know they'll be the first ones to offer'.

"People that I'm probably friendliest with I would confide in - people you would call your friends; others you still call friends but they're a bit wider out. I would confide probably in the close circle. Always remember when I came home - my sister was there with her second baby. Always thought I was closest to her but she not the least bit confiding. At last I said 'you poor thing' - she never said anything - just changed
the subject. I was disappointed.

"Of course, my friends changed from the friends I had known. Say I had lived in one place and got married, then probably would have changed too. Generally I think your whole conversation changes as you grow. Again, you often find — going shopping with someone with no children — they go past all the shops you might shop in because of your interest in the family. Your whole conversation changes because of the family, or your interests at the time.

(Q: Men too?)
LINDA: "Not so much I wouldn't think. If a couple are engaged, I don't think the boy often talks to another, unless it's a very close friend — not like probably two girls talk about it. I may be wrong. Two girls can be far closer.

(Q: Invitations?)
LINDA: "All the wives do it. I think it's probably the wife's idea in the beginning. She's got to ring round and find a babysitter. Even if it's Duncan's mother babysitting, it's always me that has to ring.

"He's never been a going-out person — yet he likes to go out. He works too hard, he deserves to go out, but he often feels that if it's something expensive, don't go. I said we'll make an effort, go without something else, but he doesn't look at it that way.

(Q: Noticed difference in children, male/female?)
LINDA: "Well, I think what any family does depends on what the parents do. I don't know. For example, when we were teenagers Mum and Dad didn't really encourage us to play sport or anything, not because they weren't interested, I don't think.

"They do go for different things — girls squeak, why I don't know, and boys brmb. First thing he does when gets a truck — yet why doesn't a girl do that? I don't know why, what it is that makes them different. I know when Wendy was little she always had a dummy. We thought she'd go to school with the cursed thing. At two and a half, Dad said 'I'll bring you something in bed if you throw it into the fire'. Lit the fire for Dad to heave the thing into; and he came in
with a big Buddy L. It worked. Never entered my head to buy her a truck till then. We've still got the truck.

(Q: Favourite child?)

LINDA: "No, I don't think so. Someone outside the situation might be able to see that I do; but I think they each do something that makes them different. If they were all stamped with the same stamp, you'd just have one, and that would be it. But there are those little things that shine through, and you can't favour really. Even Michael can be so good - and so terrible - oh! Never stops talking. And at two and a half he couldn't say a word.

"I've heard others say that you never quite give somebody else's what you give your own. Strange; if say you adopted a baby, you've got it, it's yours for ever and so tiny when you got it that you could give it exactly as to your own. Could never quite feel they belonged. Not because you don't like them, but that they're not yours.

(Q: Religion?)

LINDA: "I'm not a great churchgoer as you might say. I think it's certainly got a place in life. I always felt I'd hate to go down the road, and have the kids say, 'What's that place for?' The children go on and off to Sunday School, when they have it here. We've never looked upon it as something strange for everybody else.

(Q: God?)

LINDA: "Yes, I think so.

(Q: Life after death?)

LINDA: "Mm. Must be getting to the bottom of the barrel with questions like that. I don't know. I really haven't - I wouldn't like to think that when you die it's just black, and finish - but I don't really know. Probably what it amounts to.

(Q: Most important things in life?)

LINDA: "Probably, even though I'm tempted to say money, or something like that - good health. I have a fear of lying in hospital even though I know I'll go home feeling much better. Hate to think that I was lying in hospital and thinking 'this is
So I think good health would probably be quite high up. Probably the family would be important, them and Duncan would be first probably; I'd be equally concerned for Duncan's family and my family.

(Q: Fate?)

LINDA: "No, just life, the way life goes. Don't really think people are fated to die when they're young or a bulldozer go over them, or something like that.

(Q: Politics?)

LINDA: "No, haven't voted for the same party. I can't see how some people are really hung up on one party, even though they say you shouldn't vote for the person. Often I think the person can do more than the party as a whole. Not a leader, I'm not talking about Muldoon. Duncan would disagree with me - he can have his say.

(Q: Talk before an election together?)

LINDA: "Well, I know who he's going to vote for. Sort of say, 'Well, who will I vote for?' He would say 'That's entirely up to you'. Possibly he thought that I'd vote the same way as him, though he didn't ask. I was sure he knew who I voted for, I just waited to see if he asked - and he never did.

He voted National this time - purely because of when he bought the flats, he got the money in the end through their help. I still say to him that he shouldn't be tied by that - that's what I consider to be their job, if they can help.

(Duncan returns).

(Q: Friendship?)

DUNCAN: "I think my definition of friendship would be respecting each others' views and rights.

LINDA: "Beliefs do you mean?

DUNCAN: "Belief, no that's not quite right. A person that you can trust, just trust them generally. I don't believe in being so friendly that you're living on each other all the time. See couples that do live on each other.

LINDA: "Couples or friends?
DUNCAN: "Friends - and you find that they become bitter friends if they fall out because of being so close to each other. 

"Friends among people that I come into contact with who know Linda and I; people that I grew up with, friends that I went to boarding school with; some friends I've never lost contact with. I don't think it really changed that much after I got married, and before I got married, in the way of friends; in fact probably only in the last 12 months that we've even got to evenings at people's places, mainly mostly because of the children being small, I think. Haven't really changed my way of life much.

(Q: Childbirth?)

DUNCAN: "Not my place to be up there. Never interested me to be there. Human nature. You never watch a bull go and watch a cow.

LINDA: "Probably because it's been put in another paddock.

DUNCAN: "They usually go off in quiet places and have their babies; would relate the same to me.

(Q: Difference in children's play?)

DUNCAN: "Girls tend to play with female things. Take Michael, he likes to play with bolts and nuts, whereas the girls never played with those sorts of things. Just depends what the family gives them to play with. Girls tend to play with dolls, read more; Michael with tractors - he's trying to copy his father.

LINDA: "Girls are only copying their mother. What makes the difference? Michael's seen me do things that the girls do, but he doesn't want to do them.

DUNCAN: "I couldn't answer that question. Then everyone's rather different, right from the beginning. I think one sex is complementary to the other sort of. I don't think a man should try to dominate a woman when he doesn't understand how a woman really feels.

LINDA: "Have the same make-up. Some men make really good nurses, and some women really good carpenters. Depends on their make-up. The division tends to be breaking down. Depends more on what the person's like.
DUNCAN: "Think a woman should have children when they're young, and grow up with them, so that she doesn't waste her life away, she can go back to work after if she wants to. I think it's just mother's instinct, woman's ability to do that sort of thing. Don't think a man ever has the patience.

LINDA: "But circumstances have got to fit. For example, cases in Auckland where they're both on shift work, and he looks after the kids in the evening.

DUNCAN: "Solo parents too, when a husband's a solo parent, got to adapt himself - but I don't think you can replace the mother. Always a woman's role to look after the house and bring children up. I can't see that ever becoming a man's job in New Zealand, unless they're forced to do it.

(Q: Duncan, life after death?)

DUNCAN: "I don't know. Bit in the paper today about a chap. You can't discount spiritual feelings. I don't think so, though I have sometimes wondered. But you know, I think mostly you've got to experience something spiritually to convince you, very much so. But I believe there's a Supreme Being. Wouldn't write a Bible otherwise, don't see how they could have written it.

(Q: Fate?)

DUNCAN: "No; well, up to a point. Just like trying to predict the weather. Can't do that so you can't really predict the fate of anything. I think some people can predict certain things that are going to happen, but I certainly couldn't. A person does have certain instincts that tend to make him do things. Like yesterday I thought I was tired, didn't want to go down to the heifers. Thought I better - and their water trough was broken. Why I went, I don't know. And the other time at home, I went out and came across a cow in a hole - whether that's why you do these things.

(Q: Most important things in life?)

LINDA: "Better say me or I'll knock you on the head!

DUNCAN: "My family and my health.

LINDA: "We're doing well, aren't we!"
DUNCAN: "I don't think money is important to me. I think an important thing that I've cultivated is the love and understanding of animals. I think that's about all that would be important to me, as I see it.

(Q: Difference male and female approaches?)

DUNCAN: "Yes, I suppose so, on decisions that they make, what they make a decision on. I can quote you an example – one chap comes to the Lodge, comes with an idea, and by the time we've discussed it, he's completely changed it.

LINDA: "That often happens.

DUNCAN: "There's only one solution to a problem in the first place anyway, so they might start slightly differently, but still finish up with the same solution.

LINDA: "If you find the right one.

DUNCAN: "If you can, yes.

LINDA: "A lot of the questions you ask depend on people, don't they? Duncan's approach to a lot of things has to do with he's the breadwinner, and that's the most important thing.

DUNCAN: "When I think of the problem I think more on the financial side.

LINDA: "Another example, we've only got a few Brownies and a few Cubs, so they want to join those two groups together, and in both they had to get permission of the heads of the organization. All the heads of Scouts are men, and the Guides women. All the men have just said, 'Right, give it a go'; but the women – 'It says in the rule book, have to get permission for this before you go ahead with it'. All the men think we're daft. Why go to that trouble? See if it works out. Well, sort of often been my experience with women, they will go far more to the rules than take a short cut.

"Depends entirely on the person. Your father's a good example – if it means getting a new piece of equipment – 'she'll be right'. He'll monkey with it for ten years, and it's all blued up because he didn't do it properly in the beginning. Women who fumble on like that too."
(Q: Men and women equal?)
DUNCAN: "In one sense, they probably are, but I think when it comes to decisions, or the pressure of those decisions, a man can stand it better than a woman because a woman is more emotional than a man.

LINDA: "I would think that - but you can also get a weak man, that's an exception, and a stronger woman. But generally I think men were meant to be stronger.

(Q: Women's Lib?)
DUNCAN: "Burning your bras.

LINDA: "I'm not against that - I like to think that I can express what I want to say - whether I'm right or wrong - without somebody saying 'that's just a woman's idea'.

DUNCAN: "Women's Lib have really got the wrong idea. Women are trying to identify themselves that's what it amounts to.

(Q: Politics?)
DUNCAN: "Last time was a vote of protest; but I do think this time I've become more aware of certain things in politics that do concern me.

LINDA: "Like what?

DUNCAN: "Future of where we're going, or death duties on the land or being able to hold on to what we've built up.

"Have strong feelings about central government. Socialization - feel as though we don't need socialization in this country - we need firm leadership. We need it in good times, but bad times also; we need politicians that will give us the proper answers that we need - whether things are good or bad, bitter or sour. To me this country lacks leaders. Very few such as businessmen that can lead the country. I think a person who's got to be successful in a business would be successful in running a country.

"The majority of teachers don't get past the four walls of the classroom they teach in, and so never - they never have that knowledge. Average school teacher is dealing with kids 5 - 15 years old. A person does more between the ages of 18 and 35 than he does at any other stage of his life.

LINDA: "Up that by three years to take us in."
DUNCAN: "Also got definite views on apartheid. We should mind our own business as far as other countries go. Look after ourselves before we tell other countries what to do. I think New Zealand can live as a multiracial nation without too much trouble. Also have strong feelings about immigration, it should be limited. More inclined to go along the lines of bigger families and less immigration.

LINDA: "People aren't that easily convinced.

DUNCAN: "Should breed for our own society."
DUNCAN & LINDA - Commentary

Duncan, Linda and their three children all anticipated warmly and afterwards gleefully recalled their participation in the Christmas dance mounted by the local Scottish Society. Coming into an Ingleside would disconcert a wide number who look upon dances as occasions in which adult partnerships may be displayed, or pursued. Children mimic the steps voraciously, interrupt or listen to the chatter of their parents catching their breath at the sides of the hall. The steps are intricate, inviting both concentration and hilarity in alternation. Very seldom is their weaving into complex patterns left to the ministrations of a couple on their own. It is, clearly, not the place to seek respite from family routine. In fact, it highlights for Duncan and Linda the involvements which accrue to give their activities purpose and significance. The family - their family - is what matters most to them.

As we have previously seen, a marriage which extends itself and evinces its vitality in producing children provides a context - a limited field, in which the actions of an individual have weight, can be seen apart from those of others. Husband and wife take on a joint enterprise which stems solely from their choice of one another as partners in an endeavour which stretches out across time to contain the future as a function of the present. But within the unit's bounds, they are not interchangeable: through a division of tasks, responsibilities they carve out domains which make manifest in an apparent objectivity, that each is distinct. The practice of other marriages echoes their own, thus providing a link, something in common, with others outside the family unit, as well as criteria for their assessment. For those whose lives focus around and within this involvement, personal 'interests' are also decided with regard to its maintenance, whether that means that they remain inchoate, casual, such as Gavin's feeling for cars, or because of what they can contribute become highly developed, such as Barry's workmanship and amiability, Linda's homecrafts, which win her a prize at the local agricultural show. As their children grow into adulthood, pursuing their own interests as they discover what these might be, parents then find time to take up activities which require separate involvement without any obvious reference back to the complementary role each
has assumed to form the family unit. However, Duncan and Linda do not chafe at what are to others, who primary involvement is focussed in another relationship, burdensome restrictions. They do not separate themselves out from the pattern of skills, concerns, and considerations which maintain the family, it has established. For it is in their practice, day in, day out, in the company of each other and their children, that they recover that sense of self which renders action and context purposeful, endowed with meaning. The diary Duncan has kept since he first went shearing for himself records the circumstances of his work without contemplative comment. It does not trace a personal development for some future self to recall and muse upon: it is the chronicle of a farmer.

Shaking his head over the sorry lot of the farmer in current markets, Duncan will maintain that it is like other 'small businesses'. Much as he would like to see his son follow him as his heir, he would not attempt to persuade him to take up an unprofitable cause, if such is the farm's fate. If it is, however, it will not be because of Duncan's neglect or carelessness. He derives a considerable satisfaction from noting the results of his own vigilance and effort, animals rescued (from an end premature to that in the mind of their owner), kept free from disease or blemish through preventative measures, the loan to buy the flats, which stretch out tantalizingly below the house, secured despite repeated rebuff, and then turned to good account, cropped by a herd of prime Angus. To his eye, other, less successful farmers in the district have been more slipshod, less persistent - these are the parents of failure, not the land, nor the inclement seasons they themselves might blame. He cannot understand his father's stubborn clinging to a farm which he is allowing to recede back into the bush from which it had been wrestled, nor his refusal to heed the death duties which haunt the plans of more meticulous farmers like himself. To his pride, he has acquired and developed his own land, so it is not mere impatience to inherit that underlies his criticism. But since he could not dream of not making the best of his own land, his father's procrastination nags at him, as does the diabetic old man's proclivity to thick jam sandwiches.
It makes no more sense to him than to have more children than you can provide for (putting a burden onto others), to want or actually to have more leisure time than you can fill, productively, to lose your patience during shearing, multiplying the job’s frustrations, irritating enough – or to send a citybred and focussed clerk to assess his property. A job should be smoothly executed, without excursions or frills, and not taken on by the ignorant, the unwilling: the unsuited. If their enterprises fail, they have only themselves to censure for having made an inappropriate choice. As a corollary, those whose undertakings are healthy, as his is, have themselves or, as he would see it, their own effort to thank. Indeed, he is almost suspicious of achievements which seem to arise without exertion, finding 'uncanny' the stock and station agent's astute selections predicting a fall ahead for his daughter shining at school.

For the shearing which allowed purchase of his own farm and now underwrites him as he expands in a poor market calls upon skilled, strenuous exertion, and he has sustained this for twenty years, far longer than the usual run. By sticking at it, he knows himself as a determined man; by adapting himself to what he may sometimes whistle at as whims, a resourceful man, seldom at a loss (only two customers in all those years). 'To be defeated like that', he ruminates on the episode of the runaway cow, 'it just isn't in my nature to be put in that position'. Even though his farm as with many others faces queasy prices in what must be bought, what sold, to perceive himself as flexible and persevering eases his resolution to remain on the land, lets it smack of choice, rather than the unavoidable or inevitable: someone else's decision.

He also enjoys the exercise of choice which he sees made possible in the variety of work offered by a farm, coupled with a still active shearing practice. It is not a question of to do, or not to do, but what to do, now. It is through his activity, his seasoned response to stock and crops that they flourish; in their wellbeing, contentment (not taking to their heels all of a sudden) that he therefore finds his.

Within his own farm, he is beholden to no-one else, it's decisions his. Hills rise between him (his land) and his
neighbour's paddocks. Unlike his childhood in a large family, and his adolescence spelt out at boarding-school, he has the choice also of who to join, and when. He prefers to run his place without employing others, who would need regular wages and some attention to the vicissitudes of their lives. The men he used to take shearing with him were younger, learners not established in their own right - or style, men who would be grateful to watch and be watched, less apt to criticize from the basis of their own practice. Somewhat surprising to the citybred outsider, and considering the lack of liquidity in the running of a farm, seldom do farmers and contractors interchange their machines or labour, however friendly or fraternal their 'personal' relationship. For a farm, unlike the city worker's house extension or patio, is an individual enterprise, a means of making a living, a means of establishing what might be assessed as one's credentials in one's own mind's eye as also in the response they elicit from others. Barry values a helping hand - but not if it were offered to help him run the Beefhouse. And just as a trade or job is no longer passed from father to son, although it may well influence his choice of occupation, so a farm has become less an inheritor's right than something which must be earned by the individual. Duncan had no expectations of eventually expanding onto his father's land; other sons in the district use the wages their fathers pay them to buy their farms, or portion of the family land. The change is not solely due to rising death duties and hesitancy to assume that sons will follow on without question. Equally considerable is the need for each individual to feel in himself (or herself) the exercise of choice in the making of one's own life, path, the exercise of effort or personal quality. The medium selected may closely resemble that of parents, or peers, but in setting up a unit of one's own, notably marriage, the person becomes distinct.

Of one's own, but not on one's own. Even a farm, another long term proposition, is believed a dubious venture for a singleton. (To the extent that the gifted stock and station agent, a bachelor, turning a tidy profit on related dealings, shies from this undertaking.) It is not solely a matter of another pair of hands and feet. Duncan does not receive Linda's help on a regular basis with the farmwork. No doubt it is a
relief to come home to a meal on the table, to find a clean pair of socks to step out in to the new day (the cows waiting to be milked); but marriage brings other rewards, as well. Prime amongst them is companionship, the running dialogue with another who shares one's enterprise without taking it over, making it their own, instead. Someone who is close because of their joint participation in responsibilities, tasks, hopes and offspring, someone more dissimilar than similar, and thus, in this context, distinct, bearing characteristics which can be seen as their own, also. When it works, marriage combines two perspectives, collaboration rather than a competition between twin viewpoints and practices which would blur response and thus render problematic each person's sense of self, that caught echo which reaffirms purpose and reinforces activity.

It is, however, looking in the one direction that distinguishes; without separating, each partner; not the sardonic interpretation of love, if not marriage, as a refined narcissism in which each gazes into the other's eyes to find his or her own reflection, as in a mirror. Children commonly provide this focus. Marriages proved by their presence therefore cannot comprehend the working or success of couples without children, whether by choice or coincidence. As with others with children that we have encountered, Duncan and Linda do not find them a positive glue in a marriage. Lying between a couple (at times, literally), they can turn, and be turned to plant a common ground, or churn it up. Once again, effort and will (or persistence) are required of the individuals who have chosen to be concerned. If children were believed able without guidance or care to achieve their own autonomy, or sense of it, the care conceived as nurture would lose momentum; purpose, and a sense of necessity, faded; and marriage, conjunction of complements, become doubtful. In the growth of one's children (not every and any: Duncan and Linda hesitate before adoption) is one's investment of attention, time, energy and assorted skills made manifest, objectified even, since what they develop into are other adults, with interests and pursuits: constitutive involvements of their own. Children are not valued by their parents for being or becoming part of themselves, though it may happen, but for validating their autonomy in the practice of their own. If they were all stamped with the same 'stamp', said Linda,
'You'd just have one (child), and that would be it'. Children do more than populate the marriage unit in duplication, they people it, enlarge and enliven the field of Duncan and Linda's self-regard.

While Duncan would happily describe himself as a 'family man', we would be somewhat surprised to hear Linda tick herself off as a 'family woman'; in much the same way that the phrase 'career man' (if we have ever heard it) strikes us, yet 'career woman' tells us something about a woman, fitting her into a particular category somewhat aslant from the customary concerns. Duncan judges 'selfish' other husbands who pass their spare time on the golf course or at the pub, in the company of those outside the family: in his own marriage, personal interests follow and reflect the role within. He perceives this reproduction as a consolidation of the family. Passing beyond a relationship between two people, invested into long term concerns such as land and children, marriage seems to have its own demands, its own structure, independent of the two whose choice of one another set it up. And so, what works best for him, should be the preferred pattern for others involved, if not embedded, in marriage - family.

But even in his devotion to these people and activities associated there is room for the clash of simultaneous demands. Linda has not the weekly game to bemoan, as Sandra does, but she does regret his time spent away from home shearing, or, on the farm, making one last round, baling one more paddock. Time spent on the farm and shearing: providing for the family but on his own; competes with time passed with the family, participating in conversation, dances, drives in their company. The dilemma is all the harder to grasp, to resolve or dissolve, since one concern one focus is the source of each alternative. Duncan opposes family and self just as seldom and fleetingly as Linda for whom, however, the unit's requirements are less likely to tangle. She has only one primary responsibility to his two. The children give her her own domain - a sphere in which the kinds of skills she possesses, patience, attention, nimble fingers, ordering hands, can be exercised, and marked.

More so than Duncan, this responsibility takes her beyond the family unit: chauffeuring the children to school and
to their various tennis games, school functions, Brownies, Playcentre, participating in the committees which organize such activities, or support them. The people she has most to do with are other married women whose children approximate the ages of hers: women whose position resembles her own, but coming together in a neutral meeting ground furnished by the purpose of providing for their children facilities, learning and interaction. Even so, in a small, stable community such groupings can be subject to politic manoeuvrings from women whose sense of self comes to them to seem crowded in by the very similarities which originate and maintain their intercourse. The move to exclude Michael from the advanced Playcentre group resulted from such discomfort.

Linda is mindful of the danger of overidentification — the loss of distinction — for herself and other women, who do not have the land, machines, or work which can engross their husbands, clear statements of their individuality. Rather than bear grudges (as well she might), or intensify involvement, factionalize, she spreads her relationships. One of the few 'young mothers' active in the Country Women's Institute, she is also on more than nodding terms with older residents. The Scottish dances bring her into contact with women, couples, families from the town, without belittlement of her country concerns. Her nearest friendship in the community is marked with a slight restraint, a touch of judgements suspended. It may be a need to retain a sense of choice that she has made her closest friend one who does not reside in the same community, someone removed from everyday dealings. There is much that she and Sally exchange, or share: time, news, hints and childcare. The ties between them are reliable. However, the differences between them are such that they preclude, at least on Linda's part, a nicer intimacy. Deeply felt matters are more likely to be aired in the fortnightly letters to her friend than made explicit in the course of routine-everyday-rounds.

Sally is equally preoccupied with her family. Her earnings go towards her husband's purchase of his section of his father's farm, not on more personal desires. The style of her marriage puzzles Linda: different from their own wholehearted concentration, it nonetheless works, and brings contentment.
Linda makes suggestions to Duncan about drawing up his accounts, the factual display of the farm's health, but she would not work them out entirely as Sally has done. Similarly, she decides against a job whose money would be welcomed, if it could be earned by her husband. Taking it on would rock the equilibrium derived from their recognition of each other as skilled practitioners of different, complementary sets of knowledge and proficiency. Money is a potent symbol, and its rearrangement across two sources raises the spectre of a division into 'his' and 'hers': to the detriment of 'ours' (a concern they share with the last two couples, who couch it in much the same phrases). Marriage for these couples is not a yoke imposed on feeling or more meaningful relationships, not a base for those involvements, but the focus for their attention and energy from which they derive purposeful presence.

Linda sees her son 'developing' with Matchbox toys and a tool set made up by his father, so she laughs when she describes Sally's hunt for an 'educational' toy for her sons, but in that selection she does not care to have what could be read as a covert criticism of her own. She does not like to feel that she can be told by someone how to do something, not left to make her own decision. The joke is less that she recognizes the utility of her mother's bacon slicer and purchases one for her own use, than that others who greeted it with laughter have subsequently followed her example - of their own assessment and accord. Linda herself has had to devise her own system to run a farm household, lacking experience, and having, in Duncan's mother, an invalid model. She brings home to her daughter-in-law the rural art of hospitality (a favourable presentation of the fruits of country life), which Duncan and Linda amplify by bringing in the-to-them deprived-children of town-dwellers. But her home appearance and concerns - or unconcern, has little to recommend it to the younger couple. Far from emulation, they invite use as a warning beacon: a polar standard (against which to take pride in one's own) and thus are 'cabbages'.

Linda allows her orientation to family and children to develop (rather than enclose) skill in handicrafts, fashioning a variety of clothes for herself and the girls and also the pieces which won her, as a member of the Country Women's Institute.
prizes at the town fair. She does not content herself with the same old dress, day in, day out, the same old furniture, its function more important than its attraction. But then it is her husband who has planted bright flowers around his house, a finishing touch which initially awakens surprise in its originator. Beyond any aesthetic satisfaction, a comfortably furnished room, a bed of colourful blooms, a woman in a neat dress tell him that 'someone cares'. Choice has been exercised, to an end he understands, uses to make his own world sensible. The wife he has chosen, along with the land he has bought, the flowers he has tended mark his enterprise as his own, not some reproduction of his father's.

His parents leave their physical proximity to one another to speak for them: and to Duncan and Linda, it does, bleakly. It throws a warm glow upon their own daily running over what they have done, seen, heard in each other's absence, a recounting that in bringing events and impressions into the shared context, the embrace of the unit, makes them count. Duncan and Linda draw from this joint endeavour daily practised, including the future by going into it, providing for it a coherence, a sense of self which others may use their internal field, a separateness to consolidate. But though the style is different, the perceived needs emanating from different sources, and arousing differing responses, all have in common the urge to feel themselves distinct, fashioning something 'of their own' in which this presence is exemplified, apparent to others, drawing their response, thus reified, 'living' outside a person's hopes, determination, memory, but caught in them, it confirms that presence which we catch as 'individuality'.

Duncan recognizes himself through his farm, and in the company of his family, their worth confirmed by the acknowledgement of those similarly engaged, but outside his particular unit the interaction he shares with Linda. Their activities pick out horizons, a landscape, manifest in stock, children, shearing customers and fair prizes, a layette which wins a rosette at the Institute Christmas function. Markers others read (and judge) as in these activities they also decipher themselves, especially in a small setting. Not created ex nihilo, we select from a set of alternatives which we look around us at others to perceive, and so, discern ourselves.
Chapter 10: THE FAMILY NAME

MAVIS & PAT
MAVIS & PAT - Introduction

When I came into one of the departments of the insurance company, and was given some nominal work to do and a seat amongst the clerks, it was Mavis who sat opposite, joked about the work, showed me what to do, introduced me round - and wanted to find out more about me than was contained in the usual civilities. In the department she aroused both affection and caution; though she avoided the 'gossip' circles formed by the women over morning and afternoon tea, her interest in other people was apparent. She knew, observed far more than most office workers do their fellows, mostly in sympathy, at times with displeasure, or sorrow. After I had departed the office, she kept me up with the play, inviting me to speculate with her on the meaning of various manoeuvres and stances. Neighbours, past and present similarly entered the conversation in anecdotes or observations. Where her husband would answer in terms of rules and their exceptions, she would turn to these, incidents in others' lives which she had taken into her own comprehension as illustrations of or conundrums to the 'moral' principles which frame her own life. As with others, the conclusion was not always clearly set out, but often enough she would say to me 'what do you think of that?'.

The question was also common when she talked, as she often did, about her daughter, who was about my own age, also a 'student'. She wrote to her regularly, waited, sometimes impatiently, for the letters back, keeping them propped up beside photos of Beth, and her son Paul, his wife and their two small children. She would fret about her daughter (thus making her part of the daily routine, as if she were still present), but because she trusted and was proud of her. One afternoon I came round to find Beth home for the holidays, mixing short-bread, then joining us over a cup of tea while it baked. The evening before they had talked far into the night, and the debate which had enraged Pat to stomp off to bed, saying they were irrational, was still continuing in the affectionate, teasing manner of two people who know through their argument about the details that the 'spirit' of the matter is dear to them both.
The house they lived in had been built by Pat at the front of a much larger dwelling, the former family home, which they rented out. Their new home had been carefully planned to suit them: it was comfortable, gave the feeling of more space than it actually occupied, an impressive array of useful machines in the bathroom - laundry and the kitchen, and two kinds of heating (foreseeing possible emergencies). I would arrive to find Pat working on the garage, or concreting the drive.

They often invited me for a meal beforehand; once it was a tasty potted meat that is one of Pat's specialities. More so than others, they would press for my view on events, news, politics, trends. Once or twice Mavis would warn me 'He's having you on. He loves a good argument, does this all the time Beth's here'. Later, in her daughter's presence, she said 'We can talk and argue till one, two am. If there's a third person, then he turns on me just like a snarking dog. A flash, and it's over, if I don't agree. I don't think I have to back him up'.

Pat and Mavis had met when he was busdriving, and she had handed in a 10/- note she had found on the floor of the bus. 'Came in very handy', grinned Pat. On their honeymoon they had gone to Christchurch for the races, on their way up to Wellington and Pat had lost the Fifty pounds that was their wedding money. When they got to his boarding house he had brought out a sugar-bag filled with socks that needed darning, and handed it to a seething Mavis. Well. They had both accustomed themselves since to 'biting their tongues', during the more than thirty years of a full married life.
"Two brothers, 13 and 15 years older than me. One's in his seventies; the other had an operation two years ago - a stroke, and lost his power of speech. Parents gave my older brother a trade in Greymouth, mechanical engineer, at 7/6d a week. Parents paid for him to learn at great sacrifice. My father was a rebel, of course, a militant rebel; fought for tucker time - they had no time off to eat lunch then, they had to eat that as they went. A victim of lockouts and strikes.

"My father used to say to my mother, 'If she's gone off, you're out and she's out'. I was going to secondary school, my brothers all going off, he was involved in mining affairs. Rather turbulent time - time of the S,C,A,B. At Blackball, 20 miles to High School by train, and there was one carriage for the scabs, the other for non-scabs. Years when you couldn't get a job. They had better lunches than you had. It's so easy but it's dynamite really, so terrifying. I was young enough to sit back and witness the mob violence. My father was involved. Incited. My mother and I were the pacifists at home. Pat's parents were hotel owners at that time; they weren't involved.

"She knew, and I know, and your mother knows, that if you give twelve inches, there's always 13 inches taken. Got to allow for that. Every individual, no matter who they are, you have so much of your own. No matter how much you confide in someone. I never worried her with any of my worries, because she'd always been ill.

"My father, Lots of funny things he could do. I was in awe of him till I was well grown. He was a Presbyterian who'd had objections to the religion of his wife, anti. When I was in Wellington, I came home, said 'I'd like to get married, will you go to church and give me away'. And he said 'Of course'. A great thrill I didn't think he would. Those things were never discussed.

"I was never christened - so I was never a convert to the Church. Strongly object to being one. I came to accept it in my own free will. I was baptized one month before Paul was born, five years after we were married."
I smoked round the back of garages when I was 15 with other girls. That's not new. These things, you get more now because people have multiplied. I smoked till Paul was in the fourth form. I was well in my forties when I stopped smoking, I felt I couldn't tell my children to stop smoking if I couldn't stop myself. I used to go round the back and have half a one. Nobody cared - it just became deceitful to myself - playing games for myself.

My father did nothing at all while my mother was well. Then he did look after her, nursed her. Unemployment at that time. He cared for her - washed her, carried her bed into the sun. These things of respect, hardships and privations. The life they led was one thing - the bond between the two, another thing. She always prided herself that she knew where he was (the pub). He wasn't in somebody else's bed. Some things you can accept, and some you cannot. Young people today don't hold the same values on that, that loyalty to the person.

My father used to leave us alone, we had no evening home life. Typical of the mining townships; with the hotel, allowed late at night in those days, they always were on the Coast. We only had long conversations about politics. Many meetings after tea at night. I was trying to do my homework, my mother was knitting - and the men were talking. No other room with any heating where I could go. Possibly the reason you bend over backwards to make things possible for your own.

I used to go to the Kelly's every Friday night, when I was fourteen - square dances and Scottish dances and things. My father was a character! I was allowed to go out with boyfriend but there was an electric light post outside and right there was my father, watching me. I was never allowed to be alone. Eighteen years of age before I went to a ball or dance. He'd go to the hotel, fraternize with all the people, and come up after the third or fourth dance to see if I was there. Dad stalked you all the time. 'Don't go out that door!' And yet the Glengarry dances - hold and swing were probably far more intimate! Don't think ever missed film night - Tuesday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday - in those small townships.
"Well, it's divided up by the fact that the man is doing his job all day long. The woman lets the man have a sleep all night, not getting him up to get the baby the bottle. Pat has always helped with the dishes. I could go away for three months, did after we were married, and it was nothing for Pat. What they call 'batching', looking after himself. His father couldn't do a thing. Strange contrast. Don't know if his father ever washed a dish or cooked, he had a surplus of female labour.

"Always work to be done on a farm, for children. Help Dad collect eggs, take off the duckies - always jobs to do. Then we had my father there, he helped with the dishes at night while Pat was away, and I was busy with the children. The chores went well into the night. The old man as he grew older - (remarkable to look back on) - he was the most wonderful old grandfather to the children. He never ever growled at them, never pimped or complained about them - never caused all this friction people talk about. So they never checked him, answered him back. Never talked harshly or brutally. What he drew out or what was expected. He'd say to me 'Leave him alone', if I got a bit cross with Pat.

"Previous generation males had the lot - well under their thumbs. We save - put money in a common fund. Legal and logical joint ownership - we were unable to get those things, because the farm was our means of living so we couldn't have it as a joint family home.

(Q: Decisions?)

"Always taken for granted, accepted unanimously. Only battle was when he wanted to send Paul to boarding school - I was very much against it, and I was broken hearted because my little boy went to it - but there was no-one else, no other school to go to. The house we planned together. Argued out points for days and weeks - to be told I was a 'bloody fool' because I didn't see a straight forward plan upside down. Those things we battled out together; all I did next was make the cups of tea and things and pay the accounts. Pat did all the hammering.
"He was very good, active on the PTA - not me, I'd be the back-up. When he was President of St Anne's. There's always got to be back-up on those occasions - answer telephones, thousands of things. The back-up number is hard to do. Didn't do a great deal in Makara. Not very active outside the school. It was a closed community, felt very inbred and inmarried, and there wasn't a great deal that you could have in common unless you played badminton, or indoor bowls, and drank great gallons of beer on Sunday morning.

"Type of work we had kept us very busy. Until we went to karori I didn't drive. Never had any transport, landlocked out there. Grand-dad was an invalid. I'd go to University Extension courses, anything going out of the house, to get me going again. Red Cross work, I was active in that before I was married. Plunket, Karitane Hospital Board, things like that. Not a committee person. A lot in New Zealand, they get the reputation don't they. Then I used to go to Wellington High school - do embroidery, floral art for several years, Japanese. - First time I took art classes up. I'm still active in the Red Cross; Plunket not so much - in the centre city area. There are Maoris and Islanders, Indians and Chinese, it's very impoverished that one. We can't get our quota, so it's gone into recess.

(Q: Sport?)

"Had to play it. But not since I was married. We're not sporty people, not competitive. I don't like sport for its competitiveness. Sport for leisure, pleasure, yes. If it was possible to discourage that going all out to beat the opposition. New Zealanders would tear your eyes out to win.

(Q: Children and morals)

"Never been a problem. Private affairs. Feel by 21 they're old enough to co-habit, anything like that. If that's right for them, right as far as I'm concerned. Has got to be a responsibility on two parts, not just on one.

"I've got mixed thoughts on censorship. Depends on the age, intelligence. If everyone's obsessed with bad literature, films - what do you do with them? Take the thing away from them? It's awfully difficult. I myself personally don't like the
squalid side of life. I don't look at it for pleasure. Some people think if you don't look you're escaping. Dirty film is not my pleasure. Equally I don't think you get enlightened that way, get no pleasure that way. Don't say that everyone is forbidden this or that, but it does depend on their age and their intelligence, etc. I don't know the answer to it. Takes all your time to look after yourself. Keeping out of those things, isn't that the same? Don't encourage wife or husband swapping or anything like that. Do think that by tampering, experimenting with it, people get into bad habits. Very hard to break bad sex habits. That's what I think a lot of homosexuals are, they've become contaminated. Just my feelings on that.

Must lead a very insulated life, mustn't we? Getting old aren't I!

"Life is one long battle with him. 31 years we've been married. You've got to work at it, it doesn't come. It's not on getting cups of tea, nor 'darling' in public - and saying something else in private, I'm always suspicious of those people. Got to work at these things. Give and take. Sometimes in the early years, you're young and bitchy, husband has to do a lot of understanding - even if he doesn't understand. He could cut out if he was that way inclined. Do you think you mellow as you get older? Wife has to be tolerant too. Hold your tongue a lot. I suppose both parties do, at the right time. Swallow it.

"I suppose ours has been a working marriage, rather than me being the wife of a white collar worker who's going away to work, back at night, and when the husband's retired, he doesn't know what to do. I had two men, two kids and the grandfather all at home or about it. Spoilt. Everybody's got to learn to live with one another, don't they - or should. Have them in for breakfast at 8.30, 10.30 morning tea, 12.30 lunch. 12-14 years on the farm. You've got to be considerate for one another. Extravagance in money causes a lot of trouble in marriages. First year I was married, making home preserves, it was the war. Couldn't throw the stones out, and trying to make jelly without pectin; it was like golden syrup. Kids may bring people home at unexpected moments for meals - you live with those things. Can't do anything about it. Got to be able to whip up a meal without grizzling."
(Q: Breastfeeding?)

"Yes, I did - till they were eight months old. That's a very important part of your life - the feeding, the breastfeeding. No-one discussed that. You were conquering something. Doing something that was natural, but to be able to do it - nine out of ten can't or don't or won't, won't persevere, or won't learn, or won't be told, or something.

"Childbirth was fulfillment. Having children possibly the most re-creational, to me. As far as we were concerned, marriage would be based on that, that you earn respect for one another. Some people can have them like shelling peas; other people have the greatest difficulty having them. Take it as it came. Can't do anything about it. We couldn't.

"Childless marriages could work. Provided those people were - many people who are childless aren't happily married. Two people on this street, and they haven't gone to the divorce courts. They're less tolerant, far less tolerant of the younger generation - because they're not understanding if they're cut off from young people. If you congregate only with people at the same level, you can't have the same problems as the young, so you can't understand. Worst stage is an eleven year old boy - all elbows!

"Years that most predominate in my mind are the childrearing years. They're the ones that carry the most memories. The ones before that are more negative. Happy enough, but less to remember. Went for holidays, but been for holidays since, shared them with the children since. Got more pleasure out of the holiday when we took the children from one end of New Zealand to the other - more pleasure out of that than any that went before, or afterwards.

Interview Two

"Would say that my mother and I suffered. I suppose she talked to me and I'd come over to her common sense rather than his policy making. She would say things like 'the workers were over the worst anyway'. Lots of little phrases like that - 'never squealed till their belly rumbles, when they've got a full belly they're not interested'. Never anything achieved
by it very much. They ended up worse off than they started. My father was a wonderful man for the workers — the 'labour workers'; he couldn't see that anything was required at home — that's what we used to fight for. He'd strike for meal times for the miners, and all those sorts of things — and wouldn't come home for a meal on time. Very symptomatic of those days. The man fighting for the man, didn't see very much of his woman.

"When I was working and when I went to school I tried to preserve my neutrality. I didn't ever consider it sitting on the fence. If you sat on the outside you could see things more clearly than you could in the middle. Jumping up and down, you can only hear your own rabble. Mob violence terrified me, still does. English absentee owners said the mines had to be closed for economic reasons. Closed, and then they opened for a limited number. Biggest bulk of men were out of work. — my father was not allowed back because the manager reckoned he was a troublemaker. Union members would wait for Jim or Joe to go to work with his tucker bag, march behind him all the way — there were songs — 'Nearer my God to me'. All it needed was a larrikan to pick up a stone, and all hell would be let loose. No street lights, lamps. Chanted all sort of death songs, They'd stand outside, wouldn't give them any sleep all night. Only took one fool to get things going. Quite horrible. There was a big march all round the town — I can understand it, how these things can start — big march on the scabs, and stoning their houses.

(Beth comes in.)

"Go on and bat your head about attitudes, but you'll never achieve anything if you don't get something that you can give out with some lead and some brains behind it. Her brother gets into policy-making higher than Parliament. You can't do much on a soapbox on that level. That's where my father failed — He couldn't see the end of his nose. There isn't much to fight for today in comparison to days gone by. Affluence is the trouble with the present generation. We've all contributed to it.

Beth: "I remember having this argument at school. Parents always wanting to do better for their children.

Mavis: "Only natural."
BETH: "Yeah, Big Brother syndrome.

MAVIS: "Get!

"My father was never handy with his hands. I never ever learnt to milk the cow - then think who would be doing it - me!

BETH: "Man's basically lazy.

MAVIS: "Maybe I encourage the masculine man. I don't like doing dirty jobs. As long as a woman's happy working in the house, she's got it easy. If there's no economic pressure, and she's happy working with the kids.

"So many things I couldn't get round to doing. If I'd had to go back to work, and couldn't face catching the bus at 5pm when the workers are coming home, especially having been out of work for so many years. Hate getting into lifts. The first time I went to see our dentist after he'd moved to the seventh floor, there was no-one in the lobby to come up with me. Oh well, waited ten minutes, then took a deep breath, went quietly up the stairs - the damn door was locked! I couldn't get in from the stairwell - had to go down again. Someone else was in the lobby then. The dentist laughed like mad. Claustrophobic. That gets you. At work there's a telephone and if the power goes off, you dial so and so - but if they're in the dark, how do you tell what to do? There are some people that I wouldn't like to be locked in a lift with!

BETH: "Can't do things because of your sex. Bloody annoying - you can't be nice to people on the street - get into awful tangles. You would smile, and a guy thinks you're picking him up.

MAVIS: "There was a grey haired woman in her sixties by the Dominion Life arcade - I said, 'Gosh it's cold.' She looked at me and said, 'I don't talk to strangers'. Well. I looked at the ground and the sky and the floor - never had such an experience. Really don't know what to do. If it had been a man, I'd have understood it. Awful knockback to anyone who can't shut up.

I've just thought - one of Pat's expressions - if I complain, or someone's doing Beth an injustice, the classical answer is 'Go and tell them to go and crap in their hats' (giggle) I couldn't do that no more than the man in the moon.

BETH: "My mother's nice - she wouldn't say anything like that
"My father didn't swear; my mother did. Only when it was C,R,A,P. Couldn't stand it. Pat floored me when he used it to complain about something. Got more used to it. If she wanted to say that anyone was low, of poor character, she'd just say C,R,A,P. house. That's as much as she'd say. If he just wasn't a nice man. Mother only swore when I was around, never when the men were round. Me - only 'bloody' and 'bugger', that's the extent of mine. None of those funny ugly ones. Two plain straight ones.

(Q: Why go to work?)

"Money. Not really. I don't know. Stupid question. Work isn't a challenge to me, not by any manner of means. Just proving something to myself, that's all. Someone gets too tired, or someone says, do something else if my little job runs out. I'm not a senior clerk, but it's not a very junior clerk job. Not this or that nor the other. My job is an insecure sort of thing. Mainly proving something to myself that's all.

"I enjoy the company - all ages. Got away with doing some of own work in the accounts office when I first started work. I'd write letters for the Red Cross - can't get away with anything of this in a big office. It would be quite dishonest. There, there wasn't the moral thing sitting on your shoulders. My position is quite a jack of trades. Not what you'd call a good job by any manner of means. They're busy; I could help and fill in a need. It's monotonous - well, someone has to do it.

"Did I tell you about Howard and the left hand? They gave him a hell of a time - wouldn't let him alone. He was looking at a Medical certificate - 'what's a left right hand?'. He said the doctor said, mumble. Someone grabbed it from him - 'polio left right hand incapacitated'. I feel very sorry for poor Howard. They dog him terribly. He is a pigheaded boy, badly brought up. But I don't see any need to make his life a misery the way they do. White collar persecution, I'd say. Don't know whether he's aware of it. At the meatworks they'd turn the hoses on him. Only a more subtle way of telling him he's stupid at every second sentence.

"And I might - if I get enough money, might see my grand-daughter in England."
"When I was sixteen, I had a woman boss. Classic example of it. Depression days, no work. My father said, 'Get you a job down at the pub if you want to leave school'. Scrubbing floors! I used to look at the poor girl doing it and cringe. Woman in the draper's shop wanted a girl in the office, asked me. I went as a young raw recruit. Went to ask her something one day - 'Go to buggery; I'm too busy.' Didn't ever go back again, I cleared right out. That was a long time ago. Only tell me once to do that and I'm gone. Don't need telling a second time. She was just too impatient to explain and too busy, but she wasn't very nice about it.

"Depends on the job; how efficient you were; depends on the woman - depends on too many things. Mind you, women tend to be more catty towards women. Yet many many women work in stores and shops under others. She'd have to know a hell of a lot more than me for me to take the backlash. She'd have to be able to tell me without my feeling that she was downgrading me. You know - I couldn't work in that kind of atmosphere, or environment. I had a row with the boss - he baits you. Not long after I'd arrived. I was never told you couldn't eat in the office. Came back at 1 - thought I'd hold the fort; there aren't many in between one and two - so I took my lunch, cucumber sandwiches and banana. Arrived in on time very virtuously. Didn't talk to anyone. Having my cucumber sandwiches on the side. I didn't take any notice of him walking past. Couple of days later, Roger Daly said Mr B told him to warn me that I wasn't to eat in the office. I said, 'Nobody ever said that - Personnel should have told us!'. I couldn't see any reason. Others were eating apples, sweets and biscuits all day long. The ticking off I got. Saw Bliss on his own - told him I didn't think much of the fact that he'd sent a boy younger than my own son to tell me not to eat my lunch. He blinked and squirted and squirmed. I was quite cross on that. I told him that if I'd known I wouldn't, and why didn't he have the guts, why not tell me there and then? 'You could have thrown a banana skin and I'd have slipped on it' - came out involuntarily. I thought it was so mean - the kind of thing that he does. I said, sweets, peppermints, these things are freely allowed - why me and my little lunch? - and when I thought that I was being very dedicated! If he had said it himself, I would have been sorry and apologetic - said I wouldn't have done it again.
Interview Three

"An age of babysitting, Nursery schools. I never had to resort to them, so how can I make a decision. Not good if they want to shirk the responsibility and cut off being a mother. But if they're not good mothers, the kids are probably better off elsewhere. Young mothers who are for getting on little societies and voluntary associations, their kids drive all the other people mad. They don't see or take any notice, say 'Jimmy get down' fifty times; well Jimmy shouldn't have got up, or known not to try to get up. shouldn't need telling more than once. Can see how the kids wear them out, but if you tell the kid if they tell a lie you'll find it out very quickly, and not go to them, they very soon learn not to do anything further. These things have altered so much in recent years. Whole pattern of living has altered, hasn't it. Mothers have got to have a break away from the kids. Why is it? The way they're rearing kids, that they're getting on their nerves. Lot easier to let a child do what it wants to do rather than train them.

"There again, times are difficult, aren't they. There are part-time jobs - there weren't when I was rearing children. So I didn't think about it. Thoughts on people's minds that weren't there before - the great affluence, isn't it. Reason why they want to go back or to make ends meet. Old ideal was that a man earnt enough in a forty hour week to keep his family and that rental shouldn't cost more than a day's work - so if he wanted to have a big expensive house and a big income it was because he could afford to spend the day on it.

"That saying 'from clogs to clogs in three generations' fascinates me. Apparently a lot of people seem to have met up with it in life, some members of a family drawing you down again. Yours odds - your lot. Beth says 'inheritance versus environment, you know'. But I've never been able to make this decision. Each time I would make it, it falls down. Slammed the door on it. Jolly old genes must be in it somewhere - well, that comes into inheritance - I've made up my mind so many times - so it's open, free.

"Why is it too - (digging up the dirt, it's my way of talking back) coming back to things when Beth comes home. Pat and I always talk, not the things we talked about today, don't differ as much as we do about the things we talked about today, unions, conscious of them - the damn dams weren't around - all
of a sudden there are all these things - controversial. Cause friction and trouble - like birth control. All have come to the fore in recent times. Possibly before that it was only politics - and religion, they were the only contentious things. People I don't think are so biased and bigoted on any religious side as they were twenty years ago. You wonder why it was then.

(Q: Ideal job?)

"Ideal. I don't know. Hadn't thought of that. Done so many things in my life. No great hankerings. I've had a satisfying life, put it that way. You never live long enough, or have enough health and strength to do all the things you'd like to do. I reared children, made a good job of it. Finished the job as far as Paul's concerned; stand as a prop till Beth's finished, whatever she wants to do. As a prop somewhere. If wanted help in welfare sort of work, I'd be ready, boots and all. Possibly that's something I could be of use in. Not just pander myself to a job that was - to be the head clerk at some insurance office - not my ideal at all.

"I have thrown myself inside out for welfare and elderly people. Could get nowhere. There are limits - I can't drive a car, so I'm limited. Amazing, everything depends on four pieces of rubber these days. Never had a car. First vehicle we had was a truck, which I wasn't inclined to drive, nor encouraged to. Only thing I was told to do anything about was 'pump this'. Pumping up the tyres on the bike was all I knew. Could never stand him being the teacher and I his pupil - personalities would clash! 'Why not take lessons in town?' I had no money of my own, I wouldn't take it out of the community money, wouldn't take it out of that for lessons - and how to get into town if I couldn't drive?

"Had a lot of sly digs from friends and people. Why didn't I? Lack of courage - I'm not a very courageous person. Somebody always did it, too. I didn't learn that then, and now there are enough old fools on the road without me. Far too many learn to drive motor cars who shouldn't. Temible. I know a lot of people in Karori - two car families, but they don't take them past the garden. Why not catch the bus from here, anyway? Like at the Art class - women come and go in cars, four pieces of rubber - they don't drive on the highway, or in the city, or here there and everywhere - if they haven't got the nerve to be on
those places I don't think they should be on the road.

"I encouraged Beth to drive. Only thing I did behind Pat's back. He didn't have time. Paul took her on one run, she nearly rolled it down the corner - he got a helluva fright. Such a little car. I made an appointment with the driving school, had my father stopping with me, and he gave me money for food and lodging, so I used that. Never told Dad till she got her license then she put it in front of him. I used to bite my nails down to the quick - she'd be out at 5.30 in winter, the after work traffic. As the man said, well, fathers haven't got the time to teach them, and not in that kind of traffic, the kind of traffic that they have to learn to live with. I think children should learn swimming, those balancing things.

"Trying to go and make me learn to play bridge - trying's the word. I'm no good at all - anything like that, when I look at someone with a serious face, makes me laugh. They get cross - well, when they get cross at the pleasure of the pastime, it's time to stop. Back to competitive sport, aren't we. There's enough seriousness and sadness in life without life and death over a pleasurable thing. If I play the wrong card I giggle and laugh, they abuse me, and I get upset.

"Father taught Paul how to drive. It was hell. What that boy put up with - nobody else would have. Father - the abuse he gave that boy - he took it and took it. Difference in people's nature. He took it because he wanted to. She couldn't have taken it. Possibly like me, let it slip and drop, the easiest way out. The coward's way, take the line of least resistance? There are things I could see in it, father very reluctant to let power slip from him, think this also with Beth. The old male pride. Wouldn't dare say so - couldn't make those accusations could you. The row you'd cause never worth it, I wouldn't think. Far better to do it subtly and quickly. Paul has quite a streak of tenacity to be able to carry on, to do what he wanted to do.

"Know it's like my father - anything he did was right. Whatever Dad's decision was - he would be right. They were cliquey, his family, a clan all on its own. I don't know what my son's going to be like. Beth said 'Not everybody has got a husband like Paul.' He does do and help. Their family planning
control is done by - not rhythm, temperature. It's her plan. Means that Paul always has to get up first in the mornings. To me it's sad because I feel if he's got to go to work and has big decisions to make - but it's a two way thing. He wouldn't do it if he didn't want to. I heard this from her mother, I haven't discussed it with them. She proved that she could work it. Use charts. Beth says not everybody has someone like him who is so considerate or good. Got to live with a man before you know what men are. People who 'dear' and 'darling' and cut one another off behind their backs are far more prevalent. I'm always suspicious of displays of affection - is this just British stock that I feel this way, or what?

"Always when Pat's going out of the house, regardless of who's in the house, we kiss goodbye. It's not a sex kiss at all. Our family has always done it. If Paul came in now, he'd come and give me a kiss. Family thing. When we left Beth at the boat, we kissed - swapped a kiss. Always a good night kiss. Never any embarrassment about it. I don't like seeing young people standing on streets kissing, and not just affectionately, when you're walking along. That's leading up to sex. I do get embarrassed.

(Q: Women more emotional than men?)

"I suppose - I think on average they are. Lots of things control that too. Have a stream of tears, and the release afterwards. Those are things that cause a lot of comment. Or in a barney, you say things you don't mean and you're sorry afterwards.

"As far as my own father and husband are concerned - when he gets cross, he's not logical. My father wasn't either, my brothers weren't either, if they think they're losing an argument they become very illogical. Always say your guilt makes you like that. Comes in with a thing called honesty or conscience. I'm not a good person to ask on this because I've a bit of a thing on it - not that other people haven't. But to be honest. Taught the kids to be and think honestly and act honestly. Can be a stumbling block, and get you into trouble, at times. Poor old Beth does sometimes, and I'm very conscience stricken, been my example perhaps that caused her to be that way."
"I don't go with this lie stint. Lying is one of the biggest sins to me. A person who lies can cause so much trouble. No-one can trust a liar, I don't think. I'm a bit fanatical about it. If I ferret it out, if I'm suspicious of it. I don't think it is possible to have a white lie. Can tell an incomplete truth. I once lied, or possibly it's an example of my 'incomplete truth'. Pat has two married brothers, one we're particularly close and friendly with - when I was in their town I didn't stop with either or let them know we were in town till just before I left, rang from the airport, her young daughter answered - 'Tell Mum,' I said hullo on our way through'. Didn't tell any lies but I didn't tell a false truth. I'd planned all that morning what to say. Couldn't be misconstrued at any point of time - well, it gets legal. Always worked those things out like that.

(Q: Friends?)

"Helen's a schoolgirl friend. I can always ring her up and go to her. I think old friends are best. Not necessarily school. Adolescent. When you get an attachment to a man you tend to drop your girlfriends - that's a very sad fact. Some of your girlfriends take you back again, and I've realised they were pretty good to do that, when you've broken engagements and girls take you back into the swing. But when you've cut ties, when you marry and move away and go to another place, you have different types of friends. Possibly we have gone more into our own little circle. Don't make serious acquaintances because people have had their lives - you know what I mean - and you're not going to share it with them. You've had yours too. Not like those you share lives with as you go through.

"We're not very outgoing on friends, possibly isolated ourselves when we went to live in Makara. Two sorts of friends that carry on. Laughed at Beth once 'what are we going to do with you when we get to Christchurch?'. I said I didn't know - and she said, 'That's not like you at all, you're worrying all the time what to do'. Well, that's when I had two kids and a husband - when it's only myself, it's not going to worry me - if there's money in my pocket, I can find a pub. Possibly reverting back to when I was younger. I can look after me - she hadn't seen that. All her life, me looking after me. Got on all right before the kids were born, can get on all right now. With children you have responsibilities, have to have a different plan of action."
"Pat won't go places by himself whereas I will. He won't go for a holiday by himself – he won't go unless I go with him. I will go but not because the marriage is on the rocks – you know how some people used to think, that people run away because they've had a row, don't they.

(Q: Male friends?)

"One rang me just recently. His mother died, rang to tell me. Very close friends. Never any involvement, but a good close friend, you know. When I was younger a close male friend, you could go and see things but nobody expected any return. Today when he comes and goes through with his wife and children, they always call here, get a feed and a bed from us. His father was manager of the mine – and my father, – those two men were bitter enemies. Peculiar set of relationships. This one started way back. We had totally different feelings on standards, politics, things like that. Great respect for one another's opinions, and sympathy. But as I say, no entanglement. He came to work at the factory of fifty men where I worked, the only office girl there. The general office hand-typist-cashier-wage clerk. Nine years there at Five pounds two and six a week, then I left to get married. If ever I was in trouble I knew I could go to Duff.

"Friends have a common understanding of one another. A person you can trust. If you can't trust anybody, you can't trust friends who tell tales, or tell some one else a confidence – they're not good friends. I think women are worse, though men are pretty bad. When they take a woman's reputation at the drop of a hat, tells these things about her, not a good thing – and the person doesn't know they've been talked about. Can take her reputation away. Old men are just as bad. Reputation is very important. Once it's lost it's very hard to recover.

(Q: Virginity before marriage?)

"No, things have changed so much. As Beth says, 'Do these things matter?' To some men they do. Younger people today don't think it matters so much. When I look at it – how paltry it is. Nobody asks men how many places they've lain round. They don't expect that. Do you think it's necessary to have the ideal sexual relationship to have an ideal marriage? I don't think it is (swinging the stockings she is darning)."
Too much emphasis on sex today - but they have done in the past, too. Kindness, consideration, things like that are more important than that. Appreciation of one another. If you're a bit hung up on sex - she's doomed. If you don't have an appreciation of one another's values and understand one another - then. Sex is a habit more than a necessity of life. So dirty old men expect to have the same ability as when they were young. Chap in the factory used to go home for lunch, expecting it - every day during his 1/2-hour break. The boys all talked about it. I suppose I had a tough or rough youth. I wasn't hidden from the facts of life by working among fifty men. Another man I know, never get breakfast unless had intercourse - imagine that, every day - I wouldn't like to wake up to that. Not a good basis for a marriage - this habit.

"Men have got a different sexual pattern than women, totally different. Well, a man can turn it on any time - a woman not genuinely at that time. I don't think a woman makes it a habit. Men are inclined to be boastful, he's got his ego. There are some girls - though, what Pat calls hotbums.

"Fidelity's very important. As far as I'm concerned I couldn't have the bugger back if I thought he'd laid away. I've never discussed it with him; he's probably the same.

"I can't imagine a man staying home, making frilly curtains for the windows, or ironing the children's frilly dresses for a function. No reason why he couldn't; I can't imagine a man getting interested in the frilly little things that women have around the house. If you challenged him, he'd set to work and make cushions. Wouldn't of his own free will. I don't think he'd see that you needed new cushions until you drew his attention to them. Pat thinks a man's a bloody fool if he can't look after himself. And you don't blame the wife because the house is dirty. If a man sees it's dirty and his wife is sick, he doesn't turn round and blame the wife for it. If there's dirt on the floor, mop it up. I think if a woman is dirty the man is just as dirty as she is, or he would do something about it.

"Tidiness is - you can't be taught it. Some clean people come out of dirty homes. Their own personal thing. Battle royal when we were first married. I wasn't going to have a man say 'Where is my shirt'. I've washed and ironed and put it
on top of the tallboy - if you put it away then you wouldn't have to ask me! Stubborn cuss! Went on and on for years. I'd put them in one place, never moved, if they're not there, they're either dirty or in the wash. If they're not there, they're not there - that's all there is about it. If there are no underpants, they're not in any other place. Then there was a big battle when the children came along. I adopted the same thing with them. I'd iron a thing and put it on the bed - they could put it away in a drawer - with a leg or an arm inside out, I didn't fold their pyjamas. Way they put them in was the way they got them back. Same with Pat's. If that's the way they want them, that's the way they'll get them. Horrified one lady, she put them under the pillow till they were big enough to make the bed, and I didn't every night fold them up and put them religiously under the pillow. Paul grew up neat - Beth didn't. She'd iron and put on a shirt, and it would look as if it had been picked up out of the bush. Her drawers going in and out like that looking for things. I'd do a great old giggle - sadist. Have to do something to make your life amusing. Even now I get great giggles and laughter when I hear someone pulling a drawer out.

"I discourage talk. Always feel that it will land on your own back door before very long. My thought is that if you point a finger, then you get it pointed back. If anyone's in trouble I'm sorry for them. Might be everyone else's trouble tomorrow. Just in theory. If I do see a group standing talking you'll find me somewhere else. I wouldn't berate them for doing that. I'm not the judge, wouldn't tick them off - but I don't want to hear it. Had enough to keep my own life in order without gloating over other people's misfortunes, which is what they do.

"Something Pat and I don't agree with, even discussing a person inside your own home. Beth is so puritanical regarding that. Paul's the same - whether it's bred in some way. The years they went to Makara school, they never came home with tales about the teacher. Have to hear from a friend down the road whose family brought everything home. 'Why have I got to hear that house is being sold, who's got mumps - why don't you tell me?' 'I didn't think it was necessary'. Heard things from
this friend of mine and I'd be horrified, and Beth'd be up in arms that I'd learnt it through the kids. Just normal procedure - nothing wrong with that. I didn't have any interests of my own - nothing to report, and everyone else did.

"Must go through the family. I go through hoops to pry anything out of her. Never get any gossip from Paul. The security people can rest - he'd never pass anything on! If he said something it was 'it was all right, nothing'.

"I don't stop round listening to where gossip is. The typists at work have little group huddles. When I first went there I didn't know. I didn't give them any. I suppose if you don't give any, they don't part with any. I don't encourage dirty yarns, either. Simple - they go in one ear, out the other - I don't remember. I get embarrassed if it's a dirty thing, wander round, same as when there's political arguments. Stay away from them. No guts. I don't think it helps to get blood pressures raised.

(Q: Hairdresser?)

"I go about once a fortnight, same when I'm not working. Going to this woman since before Paul was born - he's 27 in November. She works in town. I don't like small local hairdressers, they're dirty, try to economise on linen, don't observe health regulations. Before they wrap you they're supposed to put a tissue round the neck. Not many salons that will do it - but there's a regulation - they're supposed to.

"I've got silly fine hair that if I had to do it would be in a terrible mess. I don't very often hear gossip - not where I go to, we've known one another gradually over many years. Lots of little bits in common. She comes from Collingwood, knows about our family, have a general interchange. Her daughter went to school with Beth, common ground there. Can't stand quiet silence. Nothing drives you up the wall quicker than to have someone just sit. Have to know what they want. And when they're flat out, it helps them to know what they want.

"Other male friend, had him for dinner the other night. He's not divorced from his first wife. Always a most erratic woman. He tells me she's gling madder and madder every time we meet. He's very lucky, got a second chance. He has a young
He's dead to his first family. Woman, and two children, 7, 4. Terrible not to know your kids, and nobody can tell him how they are. Lost ties. The girl changed her name by deed poll - what do they tell those children? I don't know what happens to the children of these relationships. Must be regretting it now - he's too old. He's got grandchildren older than them. I don't say this to him. Their prerogative. What I mean is, he can't retract it. Now he's possibly wishing back his youth or something. Lucky if you rear them anyway, lucky if he lives long enough - he's 52 or 54 now. How old he's going to be when the little ones are 20, and he doesn't believe in marriage at all, because he was bitten. They married young, had a family young, he was headstrong, terribly headstrong. She was very retiring. God knows why they mated together in the first place.

"Whole train of events. Not gossip - I wouldn't discuss it with anybody. I know him personally, we know one another well enough so that we can ask very blunt questions of one another and expect blunt answers. Never fell out over things. They've gone way out into the country - he's a great conservationist, etc. Why ever did you come back to live in this suburban company', I told him 'One reason is the thing that I can't drive - 10 or 11 years that I couldn't get out of the place; children weren't getting an education; felt I was on the outside. Life of own - there was no life of my own'.

"Hell, I had a bad day on Thursday, sitting in bed with a cup of tea, phone rings, and here they were coming for tea. Get up and go, make scones. Other one came in and there was a scatter. Difference between the two lots of people, some well, very decent; others who are not so decent; but I can't see any reason why I can't be friends with both lots as long as they don't hurt me. The other man hasn't got any charity. Never saw his mother or father before they died - father and mother were split too. Goes down in families to split. Lost his only son very tragically in a car accident a month ago - and very bitter. He objected to his mother interfering with his life, but he interfered with his children's life so much. Discouraged his daughter from marrying her boyfriend. Poor girl aborted, and he said 'Never come in the front door if you start on politics and abortion'. Me that got the brunt of it - he's getting more and more bitter, not getting any mellower in his old age. He'd love to get hold of you, talk for hours. He pulls Beth too - he'd have a go at her and she'll go. Funny, intelligent man.
Only take the best of what he has - some of it isn't the best.

"I had a bit of a nasty experience. We're a couple of softies. I'm always getting caught on my judgement of people, give them a lot and they let you down. Again and again. You know two years ago I took a girl in out of hospital on the priest's suggestion. From the psychiatric ward, a manic depressive, tried to take her life with a knife. Had twelve months here. I was like a mother to her and she became possessive of me. Left because couldn't stand the thought of Beth coming home, couldn't be around. 'Don't want to be in the road while you're together'. I think she couldn't stand not possessing me sort of thing. She rang some weeks ago - could I put her up for six weeks. I said, 'Okay, as long as you understand Beth's taken the only bedroom'. So we worked it out, she said she'd get a place in a private boarding house. Didn't worry. She'll know that if she ever wants sanctuary, she can come here. She rang last Thursday and said could she come and stop with me - 'I've had a terrible experience'. I said 'Yes, come as soon as you like. Come today'. I scurried round, made the bed. She arrived with a whole car load, all her possessions. The room full of junk. She stayed from Thursday till Monday night. She had been stopping at a particular hotel in town, and said one lesbian had been making sexual advances on her. Really drained me out, pummelled the whole weekend.

"She's gone again - got the huff with me. We don't smoke. I'd open up the windows, ask her to put the ashtray outside and not in the bedroom. She got the pip and went away. Don't know where she is, either. Came home Thursday night, keys were on the sink. On top of that she had to have an electric blanket. Pat said, 'What! This house is so well insulated and warm - you don't need a hot water bottle here!'

"I can't help worrying about her. She was in a traffic accident, in hospital nine weeks, $35 a day for each patient, something colossal. Saved her life at all sorts of expense. An interesting observation on what they call the 'beastring' - Miss New Zealand-Beth calls it that. The parade around. Marie's a product of the bullring. Miss never got any further, but it affected her entire life. Identifies herself with her body - there's nothing else to her."
"It took me a long, long time not to be afraid. She was the one doing damage to herself, not to me. Took a long time before I got that fixed in my head.

"This girl was subject very much to premenstrual depression. One of the best ways to treat her would be to have a hysterectomy. If she was given one, a lot of her problems would ease; they do say that she would still go through all the other symptoms. But then it violates the person. I'm a bit hot on the violation of the privacy of the person too.

"Two sides on that. I don't think people have the right of access to information you do not want to divulge. For about fifty cents you can go down and see who your father was - any person can do that - yet they pick a helluva hullabaloo about that dictabank they're talking about. Say you had a son-in-law, and you had reason to believe that his mother-in-law had children out of wedlock, you don't need anybody's permission to find out there. Possibly its competitor will make things safer - 'Old Mum pinpricking', Beth would say.

"When doctors are examining people - elderly people, person, very scared; they get blase about it and forget the privacy of the person. Prude maybe I am. I think a person's body is a person's own, and those who don't care who sees their body - that's their prerogative, but if you have the right of privacy, you should be given the consideration of it, whoever you are, whether you're young or old.

(Q: Relation with in-laws?)

"Very well. You just had to take what was coming or going if you were a member of the family. No matter what my mother-in-law thought, she didn't interfere - like would say, 'That child should have their coat on', and I wouldn't take any offence at that - but my daughter-in-law would possibly think it was a little bit of interference. This family had ten or so daughters - never need other members of the family.

"When we were married, there was a lot of feeling - mixed marriages and things. Well I was never made uncomfortable by way they thought or said behind my back. I was never made to feel like that. It never made any difference with me, that was never an issue, never a cause for interference.
"Didn't understand the Trinity terribly well. Able to take my religion as it came to me. Made my own little silent world. I remember Beth putting me through the Third Degree - 'What do you go to church for on Sundays?' I said mainly out of respect, and to thank God's blessing given through the week, and looking after me and mine during the week. Makes me a better person - not necessarily a better Christian or Roman Catholic. She approved of that! Might ask Pat why he does - and he says he has an obligation to go because it's Sunday. Different answer from me. I don't ask him. I wasn't baptized. My father had a very strict Presbyterian upbringing, said it chased him away from the Church for the rest of his life, but he'd never said anything in his lifetime to turn me off religion.

"People that I met in life possibly influenced me, but there are some people I would call hypocrites, some I called wassers. Possibly type of people who influenced me along the way - offered peace and calm. A couple of nuns that I know had something that attracted me. When I was in trouble, I went to them, when my mother was ill, and I was really worried, I went to them. I'd met them through the place I was boarding. Their peace and tranquillity - the way they approached things was probably attractive to me more than anything.

"I don't think there is a life after death. I think that there is a spirit - something intangible that I can't work out. Think religion was instituted to give man a moral code to live by. Take away moral codes in life - and things go a wee bit haywire - even animals have their codes of behaviour. Even Islamic and Mahommededans, they have their codes of behaviour and life.

"There is a female pride in that you think rearing children, - have you done a good or a bad job, whereas I think a man has pride in what he can achieve. Some women have pride in what they can achieve in professions, the ordinary woman just rears her family, has pride in her family.

"I'm not a very proud person. Pride makes people envious, and I think it's a sin - to me it is. Pride of the person is. Don't confuse that with privacy of the person - a totally different matter. Women in older age groups, 70 year olds, some of them dwell on their families. Much better to feel proud in that sense, that type of pride. In fact it would be
terrible to have no feeling at all.

"I've only known two men - husband, father, and son - three. My father was very proud of his name, and possibly his name meant more to my father than his home environment. Mother was very proud that everything was clean, and also the name - mustn't besmirch the name.

"Pat is very proud of a lot of things. Driving is very obvious. I wouldn't tell him that; that's unmentionable. Got a terrible lot of pride. His family are very proud and I'm not. I try not to be. I can see a lot of errors that can fall, errors of judgement because of this pride. Like Pat's father, he'd never go out without boots, wouldn't dirty his hands, or carry a parcel - all this sort of pride, that's all stupid.

"Slowly getting tempered down, getting him tempered down. Not a man for being a died in the wool Catholic; not that sort of person. He's very tolerant of people of other religions; got friends, people of other denominations. It's all a whole - whether they're Presbyterian or Methodist - all the same. Different methods. I hate to see people categorized, put into little boxes. Old bugger aren't I. Nothing really concrete in me - gossiping, circles, get out of political arguments - I do all those kinds of things.

"How we got onto the bloody farm. Must have been so preoccupied with the house and children, not the business or money making, because I had a small child. Decided to buy this farm out at Makara - just going out of the top of our heads. Had this new house in Wadestown. While I was pregnant I was isolated from outside things, and when breastfeeding, from outside worries. All of a sudden we were moving. I'd been at home, hadn't even seen the house. One Sunday night did go out - dreadful. Didn't think it was good - anything but. Absolutely broke my heart - here I had electricity, septic tank, water system, telephone, electric stove. There, no compensations when I was a young girl, lowest of the low if you came to a place like that; here I was. At least I could flush the toilet and other things.

"Chickens - I had to help, when I could, and how I could. I didn't ever have anything to do with the larger animals, the calves. Help with the chickens when it was necessary, when they were breeding. Then there was a lot of sorting of eggs,
and keeping a tally, records of the birds. Quite a lot of work involved in poultry breeding. Have a number of pens; the number of birds in each. A lot of work to be done on the breaks in fertility - if they go down, have to find out the reason why. I did all the telephone work, which you would expect on a place like that. Not a 5am farm, with cows to be milked like a dairy farm. If you worked late, you slept late. Collect the eggs, help the feed-out. I had to try to arrange to get a boy. Pretty good at finding a boy, a schoolboy, to help. Still had to watch very carefully the record - keeping and the breeding shed. Get the boy to do the other things.

"I thought it was a good place to rear children. A lot of things that they could do, and had to do - like they had to share, collect eggs. Then again put them in this little school with such different people. I don't know how right it is - start to doubt. Can only do what is right at the time. You can worry about what you could have done, what you should have done. I reckoned if I didn't make myself get down and like it, I would be a very unhappy person. I matured at that point, at that point where I made that decision on my own. Made a lot of others before and after that. Think that was possibly around when I stopped smoking. The same sort of decision. Couldn't have done too badly. Paul wants to go back and raise his kids there too. One thing that wasn't too bad; and Beth wants to go back to the ten acre block, so can't have been too wrong.

"But Beth was limited in friends. Well, she would have been an odd one out anyway. Own particular makeup, isn't it. Seems as though you have to have a larger circle to get a satisfactory circle for your friends.

"One I know, family of five boys and one girl. Mrs L said, B- is not going to be the slave of five boys; great household that was - the boys had to pull their weight in the house same as her. She took up midwifery and nursing then she was married in her twenties, to a very very fine chap. Had no children, so they adopted a little boy. Had to go up to Wanganui to get him, and in two years they had a little girl - and she's deaf and dumb. Terrible because the little boy is intellectually handicapped. Wasn't that sad, to adopt a child, so sad - and with two crosses to bear, I think, 'that poor girl'.
But they sold up the farm on the coast, went to live beside the deaf school. When the girl was 18 or 19, doctors said she had reached her fullest potential - she lip-reads, been overseas, been away, living a full life. Wonderful isn't it - to see something that's rarely done. You hear about it, don't see it. Wonderful for the mother to let her go, and not be over protective. Boy's in a sheltered workshop in Nelson. Some people do amazing things for their family. They sold everything up in Christchurch to go to Nelson so the boy could get better treatment up there.

"The mother's amazing, a wonderful person to know. Large family; mother and father, and might be three or four of them, and someone home for dinner, table was very large and crowded; she was a wonderful manager, example for people to try and attain. Everyone swore - but no-one swore before their mother; and they'd never rush out when the meal was finished - no getting up and running away - everything was organised. Wagon on either side of her. Father always carved. No jumping up from the table to get someone something - none of that. She was so well organized, so many meals. Sitting down with the family to eat is something a bit lacking today. Adults tend to dine out more, and have people to dine in - but children are rarely included. I think children learn how to conduct themselves better by being up to the table with everyone else. Should know how Dad earns his living; if Dad's going to talk at least the children could be there, and know what sort of day he had. Something I've always tried to attain - everyone at the table at the end of the day, when everyone gets to know one another, everyone gets to tell their day. I've never been a fanatic for 'Got to do the dishes now'. Always more pleasant for a meal to linger on and everyone to be pleasant, happy, tell stories and jokes, let the budgie out of its cage - all that sort of nonsense. Beth had a budgie - Arnold - would sit on grandfather's hair, peck him on the ear - gramps didn't like it at all!

Interview Five

"We had welfare boys in Makara. Soft heart - a mug. Might have put an ad in the paper for a boy, got contacted by a welfare man. It was never welfare - more getting them out of towns. Used to worry if I had affected the children's lives by having them. When they came they ate everything cooked and put
before them - what was good for my family was good for them. My family eats what's put in front of them. 'If you don't like it' I'd say, 'have a small portion'.

"I never encouraged anybody to say that 'I don't like': I still do. Two words that are not in my vocabulary. I don't like and I don't hate. Love must come first, mustn't it. Put hate on the other side. This one that came to live in, when Paul went away. His mother and father came - and how many children they'd got, between them - ten or sixteen! Him from his first wife, her two previous husbands and other men. His and hers and ours - a real tangle, absolutely. Multiply like hell, they sure do. He's still sponging round. Every time he comes out of jail, 'Could Pat give him a job again'. Pat is a mug again - he can't refuse any more than I can Marie.

"We paid wages for their work. They'd been warned out - get out of the city, get a job in the country, or else. They'd be good for five or six months, then gradually deteriorate till the time the tenth month was up, you couldn't hold them - they were gone. By the time the twelve months were up - they've gone. We had a little cottage at the back - they ate with us, and slept over in the other. I could have kept that secret.

(Q: Husband head of the household?)

"Oh Yes. We work things out together; but if it's financial business I could have a say, chip in. He'd usually win, and most probably say I think I rule the roost. I'd say he was; it's a good fifty/fifty.

"Some are weak and don't want it - his father wasn't; my father was. I think there should be someone in control, but I don't like to see a man being a mouse. A hen-pecked man is to be pitied, I think. But it's a difference between two people seeing things, and a man being hen-pecked - just as sad to see a woman hen-pecked as it is a man. One is always more dominant. If they're both the same, there'd be a terrible conflict, I would think. Both as strong as each other, and pulling in opposite directions is no harmony, I don't think.

"Some people get out of control, get into trouble and mischief, because they need a more dominant person. I think it's entirely individual. Hell, when you work together and have to live together - farm people all do it, have to work and
live together, so. I always laugh with great glee when I hear city people, with a husband in the government service, the women get into a terrible tizzy - 'Jim's home - I can't stand him round the house' - you know how they go on. If he comes home, he goes out to work. I feel no sympathy for them; very unsympathetic. How would those people get on on a farm? Got to make cups of tea, afternoon and morning tea - part of life. If marriage is going to break up, making morning and afternoon teas and having the man round the house - how good was that marriage? Can't be much communication between them at all, except for money.

"If I can't make ends meet, I don't growl at him. Consequently, I've never been extravagant. Do know people who've gotten into financial difficulties. Hate to think I was responsible for the bank balance being in the red. I'd hate to see a whole lot of bills that I'd run up - that would be dreadful. Some men with wives that can't be trusted, and they have to take control of it. Some wives whose husbands are spendthrifts, gamble it so that they can seldom get hold of it.

(Q: Solo parents?)

"I think one good parent is better than two bad ones. If it's a source of too much conflict, then they're better reared by one, rather than brought up under conflict. Women who are widowed - it's not impossible. Depends on the individual, how strong are they. I have a friend who reared five boys - the husband died when the youngest was under two. She's never been married again - and people say two kids, they couldn't stand to have any more, and this girl got on with five of her own! Hardest thing is not having somebody to talk to, another adult. Not impossible.

"Nothing can take the place of your own home; well, it shouldn't. I don't have fussy morals, at nursery school, Plunket, different mothers help to look after, and some of them couldn't be bothered. In your own house you can influence the children according to your own code of behaviour. There again, it's individual, isn't it.

"May be better cared for in a day care centre where people are qualified than with a bad, nervous, upset mother. She could do more harm. That's the idea, isn't it? And those people multiply fast."
"Father can look after the child if he's the type of person that can do it - not everyone can. Mrs S-, across the road had a tidy-up operation, baby would be only three weeks old. Mr S- cared for that baby for a week, and the other two kids - bathed and fed that little wee tiny baby. Not every father would have, could have. I don't think Pat could - I suppose you never know what you can do, if you have to. Depends whether you want to, I think - if you don't want to, you won't.

(Q: Lost independence with marriage?)

"No, not really. But I've often felt that women should have independence, monetary - should have a bit of money that you can call your own. Security, I think. I suppose security, self respect. I think that women should have a couple of bob in the bank - to pay for a taxi fare home. In the extreme if you know what I mean. So many people on low incomes can't afford to have anything left over, any money goes to the marriage and family.

"I thought those boys could still be saved. Find out very much to my sorrow that not; back to the inheritance or environment thing.

"Learnt something about myself during those times - could not become too involved in a thing like that. Allowed myself to become personally involved, I couldn't be too detached. God - I would think 'at your age, you should know better, shouldn't you'.

"I have pride in my family. With Pat, it's Paul this, that and the other - he has love for Beth too, but he will bait her terribly when she's home, and when I stick up for her, he gets cross; mightn't get truthful answers and blathers on. Had he not tried to bait her - whether he baits her because he feels something strongly or whether he thinks that he can still control her or not - I don't know. At that time of life young people have got to make their own decisions - which as parents you don't want them to. I think if they stay at home, something's wrong with them."
"My life has been wonderfully varied due to being a victim of the Depression in the Thirties. In the early years there was no work other than farmwork. My parents had a country hotel - quite substantial; on the rough ground around it we had a few cows. From 14-16 I was just running this farm, milk the cows, take the cream to the factory. Absolutely no work obtainable after that. Little bit of sawmilling work which led to truckdriving, that was the only method of transporting timber to the rail heads. At that stage I endeavoured, at age 17, to get an apprenticeship to a carpenter. Lasted for two years - then he went bankrupt. That finished the carpentry business. I found little odd jobs; one in particular - my people at that stage had shifted to Kumara, a goldmining area, one of the first places on the West Coast, and I was boring plants, - started investigating for the gold dredgers. Kumara was the headquarters I spent eighteen months on this boring. Very interesting, although not a particularly nice type of job, to see that the results of the dredging lasted for many many years afterwards. Quite an experience.

"My experience I had gained in the sawmilling and timber trucks was quite a help to me then, in the middle thirties when the government of the day purchased all the road services, Many openings there for skilled workers at the time. I went with the RRS to South Westland, 1935-36, spent the next four years there, and saw the opening up of South Westland by way of roads and bridge building. Ross down to Bruce Bay; till the sudden jolt of '39 when the war started.

"I wasn't accepted for overseas service - manpowered to Wellington. Counted on my early building experience and they put me into coachbuilding, various types of radar units, that type of thing, till the end of the war. I got the hell out of it as soon as possible; I was married about that stage. I didn't enjoy it, but I was pressurized and that was it. You couldn't do what you wanted to do at all, you were working under a lot of pressure, under severe direction. Discipline - that type of work. I didn't like that. Up till then I'd had no such thing as objections to the type of work I was doing - had no options. I made the best of it. Working life had been very happy till then. I'd gained a tremendous amount of
experience in every field, from the farming area to covering every form of road with heavy road transport, cartage; stock of every type, and overseas tourists and the people, passenger, side of it. Gave you a really complete knowledge of what New Zealand was really made up of. No such thing as being unhappy in your work — only really think that when you look back. But not during the war effort, when you were directed to do something.

"After the war was over, got to do something for yourself, couldn't just stand still. So at the first opportunity I just up and left the firm that I was working with, because I had managed to get hold of small premises suitable for a workshop, jobbing carpentry on my own. When I left I'd added a little retail shop, done for two reasons: to obtain an outlet of materials on a wholesale basis, and second, to benefit from the sale of hardware. Both parts of the business developed. The hardware led to a larger undertaking on Lambton Quay; the cabinetmaking I sold out to the people that I was employing. The hardware continued till the demolition of the building in Lambton Quay to make room for a new one. Left me unemployed, would have for three years, waiting for the new building to be built, so I decided to buy a farm at Makara to occupy the time till the place was available again.

"At the end of the three years I had established quite a sizeable poultry concern at Makara, plus sheep, some cattle, which was far too sizeable to leave, and too expensive to sell, too much capital put into it, to go back to take up the hardware shop again. We opened another hardware shop in the new building. Turned out to be a complete failure, due to several facts. Others nearby were bigger, and the space in there was so confined it wasn't an economical venture. Turned it into a food takeaway, lunch bar, and that was a tremendous success, a complete reverse to the other. Reasoned that was because it was the first in Wellington to sell this takeaway soup. In the early stages of doing this, we were selling 600 of those a day. The hardware shop had developed within a few years to a much bigger thing; and we were asked to take on the catering of the ICI cafeteria, to do the catering for the building, and a take away shop on the ground floor.
"I was still running the farm, and supplying a lot of produce to three different food ventures. They were run by one manager and mostly girls. Up to the manager, a Greek person. Mostly carrying half Greek and half local. Wonderful staff - two English girls who worked with us for many years were particularly loyal. Only problem you have with the whole food venture is concerned with staff. You're going to lose staff from time to time.

"That venture continued with both the farm and the shops till I sold, subdivided, the farm in Makara in 1967 into three different blocks. All the work - no, the majority of the intensive work was in the ten acre poultry farm block that I built a new house on, and sold as one unit. Leaving the hill country, and the lighter work which I could tend to in my own good time.

"About that period, 1968, I lost the manager of the food bars. He was going to Greece for a twelve months break, and had the object of getting a business of his own when he got back. Being free of the farmwork, I could go and take over the management of the shops myself. This way I continued till approximately 1970, when I sold the three different businesses, and then did nothing for about two years - which I think was absolutely the most frustrating period of my life. Well, the fact of waking up in the morning and not having anything to do, a specific job. I had always worked, been self employed from 1946-7/1970. I didn't know what my own capabilities were; but I wasn't employing them.

"As a consequence I felt motivated to go and get a job. Still I wanted to be free of responsibility; and the fear of having to go to somebody cap in hand and ask for a job, not knowing whether I was able to take my place among a team of men - that was the frustrating and worrying thing about it. However, just by chance, I was told by a friend of mine to make an application to the Dairy Board. Never dreamed I was capable of doing a routine office job - had not occurred to me anyhow.

"I was told yes, I could start next Monday - and the only thing that I could say that I had any confidence in my ability to do was to name the various farming products that were manufactured by the Dairy Board! But as far as office work went, that was completely foreign. With the help and the assurance of
the guy that I went with, my ability was estimated by the staff man. I was put into a section, only one of the butter sales, part of the whole dairy board on the milking side.

Exceptionally helpful at showing you what to do and bring you up to their requirements. Consequently, given a month or so, there were any amount of jobs I was quite confident I could do with a degree of efficiency. May feel that it wasn't quite as demanding as I thought. Only concerned after the first twelve months when I'd reached the stage when time did appear to be dragging on your hands, because the work that I was doing at that stage wasn't particularly - wasn't assuming any great responsibility. But that was another false assumption because - as they realised, well, they'd got somebody capable, I sought other work to do, then got slowly loaded with a bit more - if I was willing to do it, well. But the time eventually comes when you get some form of responsible job which you're capable of doing and things go along really very smoothly.

"Great eye-opener to me to go into a place as big as the Dairy Board, and to learn their routine, to work with such a big team. A team of men that I think deserve a considerable amount of credit that they don't get. Men that work as a team - and sell over one million dollars of our dairy products a day, and that's increased considerably in the last year or two with good seasons of record production. Many farmers think that it sells itself.

"I was just hoping that something would come along. Didn't know what to do - didn't like to go back to the building trade, wanted something better than doing store work or manual work, and I met a friend of mine after some months painting the house and the roof - and the fence posts, everything you can do. I joined him with his brokerage firm, spent a few months off and on in their office with them - disliked that violently. Nothing wrong with it, very necessary and important job that someone's got to do. Particularly to sell something that's so intangible, use a lot of what you could call unethical methods to be able to push something. Not in my nature to do it. Gained enough insight into office routine and that possibly gave enough confidence to the Dairy Board to employ me. Not quite two years, be from the time I did a lot of maintenance work I had to do and this house here, that did occupy a long
time, but it was a very, very hard two years.

"I had the knowledge all the things that made it possible for one to work for oneself. My big worry was that I could never tell anybody else what to do, didn't think I was capable. Didn't make any progress on my own, just developing the little shop and that developed to the stage where so many people coming off the street meant that then I couldn't do any work. First thing I employed a woman to do the accounts, the shop and take orders, and then the hardware shop led to employing somebody part-time to do the odd job. Before one realised it, had two-three-four on your carpentry staff; you're employing someone. Shortly after that I got the farm - one, possibly two employed out there, and when this developed into food bars as well, I must have employed roughly twelve in three different places. All in a matter of a few years. I was concerned that I was not able to employ anyone, and I finish up with twelve - a dozen!

"When we employed women in the shop it was because we had to have people who were skilled in food handling - in those days, did think that really was the role for many women, but those that were so loyal, working in the food shops would they, had they had the opportunity to go and work in clerical positions? Like many on the Dairy Board, males' field of occupation, females doing more menial work, fishing up records to highly qualified marketing officers, have convinced me that women can match the men in any form of - in most parts, of the working field.

"Harder manual thing, I don't think that's the place for a woman. I might be quite wrong there. That's back to my earlier years, farming. Had sisters working on the farm who could throw milk cans round as good as a man could - ten gallons. This is something you don't think of, because they're part of the family, they have to do it. Person proves that they can equal a man, haymaking and working in the sheds, and when I said couldn't take their places I meant more that I have always regarded women as deserving something better than hard physical work. Type of work for lesser skilled, the hard work occupations. But on the other hand, if they want to, and I've seen women do to some extent, on farms. But I still don't think it's their place to be doing that kind of work.
"Today I was on a small office meeting with Rank Xerox. A woman who also conducts a course for other young people was there - and she was so knowledgeable in her description of how it ran. She was just an office typist, disliked that violently, thought that she would like to go much deeper into working a Xerox machine. Almost I would say as good as any of the technicians working for them - when she's called to go to give the Army a course. I maintain that if the machine did break down, she's got enough knowledge to get it going. Like a Post Office switchboard - the most complicated thing I've ever seen. I know girls, several of them, including my own daughter, will never stop pulling out a spanner to pull something to pieces to make it work - proves again that they can either be taught, or will make themselves do it if the occasion arises.

(Q: Difference in men's and women's driving style?)

"No. But I'm only referring to women who can drive. Ones that I've seen drive and that I've driven with are not the nervous types. Own daughter Beth is a good driver. I started to teach her, as I taught Paul, always thought of myself as being a good driver - but she wouldn't be taught by me. In a way our natures are so similar. When I'm too cross, she says 'Go to hell'. Well, she went to the driving school. Fairly expensive. Good confident driver.

(Q: Woman boss?)

"No. Could give a reason. I don't know - possibly it's a question of my own nature that I would feel that I couldn't be dictated to by a woman. I'm too short off the mark if she gave me reason to say things that I'm not supposed to say. I wouldn't be upset, I'd just feel that we couldn't get on together. Don't know why that should be, because I do have great admiration for women, and what they can do. I just think I couldn't be told what to do by a woman, as near as I can get. Never given orders by any woman - only my mother, and she gave us the cuts, plenty.

"She was an exceptional woman. We were a very closely knit family. Our upbringing was strict, but only to a point. That was in the form of discipline. When we were told to do something, we were expected to do it. I don't ever remember
anyone demanding that we go to Mass, it was expected. Never questioned it and everyone did go to help. This I think because my mother whenever she was in a position to do it, did go. She went to Mass every day of her life, when she was close enough and in a place with a church. The example that she made us. But on the other hand, none of us were ever quite so devout as what our mother was.

"Ten in the family—five girls and five boys. We've separated and gone our own ways. Still, everyone's living in New Zealand, I think possibly why we're close now in our old age, maybe closer than we were in our young days. Still, we were always very close.

"Eldest sister married, raised a very successful family. I was the second, you've got the lowdown on me. Third, a girl, married, again a successful family. Next one was a school teacher, married relatively late, raised five, back schoolteaching as a headmistress—at a fairly big school. Very bright girl. Next girl—has been 10-20-30 years in Calvary Hospital, a nun. Has only this week been transferred from Wellington down to Christchurch, as principal, Reverend Mother, or whatever they call them now. Next two boys both married, six in each family; one's just retired from the Railways, the other has two years to go before he retires from the Railways. Third one, last one, also labouring in the Railways. The retired one has just left to go to Tonga, found a position as caretaker or supervisor of the holiday block they've got at Tonga.

"My father was a most remarkable man. Intelligent, by virtue of the fact that he was a terrific reader. Had he had any earlier education and overcome his shyness, he might have been a leader in politics—mainly due to his very deep reading and thinking, particularly in his leaning towards the socialistic policy in New Zealand that was developing in his early years. Few that could match him in a debate on the advantages of socialism compared to the old capitalistic world that was common to those days.

"Most of his energies were spent in reading and talking. So many stories of the old chief. He used to love to talk—not every night, whenever the opportunity would come. There were many people who, if they were in town, on a holiday
or weekend, it was always up to Williams' to have a yarn with old Tim. Knew they could get a really good discussion - he could lay down the law! You'd learn something, and it also made for a most entertaining evening. A man that had the gift for oratory, and he made himself very clear in expressing himself. When he couldn't find the word to fit, it was always 'the bloody' - could be counted like the fingers on your hand - terrific man. I have his expressions. If anyone interrupted him - they'd bait him many times, as soon as they interrupted - 'why bloody not!' Great expression of the old Chief's.

"She would have done 99% of the housework; he would have done 1% of it - possibly bring in the coal or the wood to keep the fire going if there were no kids to do it. No, Dad, even though everybody admired him, was one of those old died-in-the-wool types. I don't suppose he ever had to do any of the housework, would have been completely useless cooking a meal. Even with a large family he did nothing by way of cooking a meal. As far as housework went, or even any maintenance around the place, he'd do nothing like that. One thing he was quite expert at, with children, and a lot of sons, he was quite expert at soling shoes and bots. And he was quite energetic when it came to gardening. He'd always have his little bit of garden. He would never see the place short of wood and coal, the normal things for heating in those days. He had those responsibilities, he worked on that assumption that he was the breadwinner, earning for eight to nine hours a day, and that was that.

"But maybe - I could be unjust, but when I look back on it now, I'm referring to the days when he had left the railways. He was thirty years a driver, and they decided to go into the hotel business. Possibly a bad choice as it turned out. The Depression hit not long after they made that decision. I can't remember what they were like prior to that stage. So from the time they went into the hotel business, most of his day was occupied looking after the hotel side of the thing. And my grandmother, my mother's mother, she lived with us for the rest of her working life; she was possibly responsible for bringing up a large family, to rear it - which possibly made it unnecessary for him to be required to do anything other than the things I've mentioned. On the other hand, mother was just very capable. Whatever had to be done, she could do it. Even what they call a humpty dumpty, extra seating - nothing at all that she couldn't turn round to with a hammer and saw or whatever was required.
She could do it.

(Q: Religion?)

"Never was as devout as my mother, or my father, but still I never miss Mass, through my own fault, I haven't varied a great deal this outlook. I know it's much broader than what it used to be, but I still couldn't get away from the old Roman Catholicism - just Catholic beliefs, because I feel that they're right. Once we start to get away from these beliefs we start to go downhill. Unfortunately the word is going downhill, and very fast. I don't think you have to be a wowser, don't have to be drumming religion down other people's throats, and you don't have to be a Catholic to be a good Christian. Don't have to be anything to live like a good Christian - but when people do fall away from the basic teaching of Christianity, I think a lot is going to be lost.

"Respect for one another - just to be able to see another person's point of view. To be able to live as closely as possibly to the Ten Commandments - I think everyone would be a lot better for it. I feel that just about covers the field, that if one could stick by those ten rules you wouldn't go far wrong.

"I think that there is a case for birth control. Although personally we never practised it, I feel this is something for the person's own conscience. I'm fairly open-minded as far as birth-control is concerned, because I feel that if people are intelligent enough to know how to control, they're intelligent enough to know whether they want to or not. Those people that aren't sufficiently intelligent, they will keep on having children whether they want to or not - which is not altogether for the good of themselves. This is a matter for the individuals.

"I can't help but feel strongly opposed to abortion. First of all I'd say that it's the doing of two people themselves. Entirely up to themselves as to whether the woman becomes pregnant. She's got the first and final say. If a woman knew that her life was severely endangered by a complicated birth, that would be the only reason that I could ever agree that there could, there might be a case. Very extreme cases. But in
every other case of a woman wanting to abort herself either through selfish motives, or her own, you can stop it there.

"Abortion is a thing which repulses me totally. To think that people can be so selfish as to want to do this. I can't help thinking of it as murdering the foetus inside one's own body - most repulsive to me. The homosexual business - that again is highly repulsive to me. But I don't know anything about it - the forms it takes. I don't know what they do. Haven't heard anybody say what they do. I only assume that they have the same sexual contact as men and women - whatever, it repulses me.

"I think there is a fear of too much corruption through lack of censorship. Don't get me wrong there, this censorship can be defined in so many ways. Things are censored politically because you don't want everybody to know what you're doing. A tremendous lot of things that are not brought out in the open for that reason. On the other hand, pornography and things which I feel do corrupt the young minds, are highly immoral. Many of these photographic things you get here and round about. I personally don't think it's necessary. I don't see that anybody can get any good out of it. I can only feel that it must be corrupting a lot of minds; that if they don't see it - well, they wouldn't face the same chance of being corrupted. Not the type of films and not the type of violence that should be allowed to be shown to the public in general.

"One of the greatest advantages of children living on the farm is that they learn naturally. I know their mother taught them - I didn't. Never had the opportunity, and I didn't think it was necessary. From the time that they were old enough to be able to go round and collect eggs, they saw poultry having their chicks; calves; lambs; without ever discussing these things. The children knew at an early age, were properly educated as far as sex is concerned. City children only learn second hand at school. Very vital and necessary subject this, and so many parents that are not able to bring this matter to their own children's attention. A lot fall by the wayside possibly because of the inadequacy of their parents. If they had been taught by qualified people, it could be an advantage."
"Mavis is such a devoted mother. I did what was necessary, and I loved doing it. Because she was a devoted mother, there wasn't much to do after she'd finished it. No question of my not being able to do it, or minding whenever it was necessary to do it.

"We share the housework equally. I even make potted meat. I've always been able to look after myself. Cooking is something I get a lot of pleasure out of. Never any question of having to do it. Sharing it, a matter of wanting to do it. We wanted to, and being able to, we do it.

"Now, I've lost all interest in both horseracing and football - from the time that we went to Makara on the farm due possibly to the fact that we were improving things there in the early days, tied to the farm and an extensive building programme that weekends were often the only time I got to help with the building. Went to the odd one or two, take Paul to the odd Test match, then lost complete track of it and interest in those sports. Nothing in its place, never attached to golf, bowls, or those type of things, they never appealed to me at all.

"It seems my interests are occupying myself with aims, goals, call them what you like. Trying to achieve an aim. My main interest is work. People say 'you're working all the time'. I regard that as hobbies. Building this house, a great sense of satisfaction. To me, the Dairy Board is resting more than working. To get some hold in physical things I felt is necessary to achieving something. Some people say 'a challenge' - I don't know really what that means. More wanting to do something, work of this kind, satisfaction in seeing it growing, completed. When that was done I still had another twelve months, well, getting on two years in June, of finishing such things as the garage, carport. And the drive's got to be done. Which are in themselves major jobs. Hope by this weekend the drive will be completed.

"If I don't do these things I set out to do - where the hell would I be? Something that I have had to accomplish. If one fell down in the job what one helluva mess one would have. Given another month or two, I'll look for something else I know I can do at a leisurely pace. For example, paint the back house. Doing a little bit for yourself or somebody else, keeping yourself fully occupied in something that's worthwhile.
Interview Two

"From my very early age I was always ambitious and had the flair I think for wanting to do something constructive, but my own family had a total absence of business knowledge. Parents had no business background at all. Had I had the guidance as well as the thought, I'd have done it much sooner than what I did. Can't say I ever had the desire to be higher educated - and didn't have the family push and guidance necessary to help you in that field. Also I was the second eldest in the family of ten, expected to help with the family costs rather than be another cost and expense on the family. It wasn't possible at that time. Had the desire to get out to work, even in those days, for myself. Had no idea what field.

"Had no desire whatsoever to go overseas. Reason may have been listening to the type of people that my parents were, and coming from that socialistic background, they weren't pacifists by any manner of means, thought that these wars were created by the moneyed powers - and win, lose, or draw, the workers would never benefit by it regardless of the fight for freedom, King and God - the workers suffered, got nothing else out of it. Possibly why I had no reason to go - and no reason why me as a white man should kill another white man. Hell, really a lot of other people who deserve it more than people I don't know! Warfare didn't do anything for anybody. Destruction, that's the word - destroyed everything, consumed everything, produced - and produced nothing in return.

(Q: Manager on the farm?)

"Never ever had a manager on the farm. Lived on it, never away apart from one period of 4-5 months. The employees were confined to young fellows. In most cases - they weren't delinquents, not welfare people, but known to officials in and round the city, had been told to get out and get a job in the country, and were directed to us at Makara. In every case they were quite good kids, but twelve months was the limit of time they could settle down and work steadily in the country.

"One thing I did find; they were particularly loyal to us, but one in particular was the most loyal of all. Very sad family background - mother died and she was a divorcee; he was living with relatives, then with older brothers and sisters, and
very much associated with jail associates. Well, Max was sent to us, and for the first six months he was excellent — like one of the family, he even used to get jealous of some of the things he thought our own kids used to get from us. He was a very good boy until almost ten months were up, when he was very hard to hold. He wanted to get into town more frequently, more than once a week, and when he did he was just dodging work. He was gone almost to the day when twelve months was up, and within a couple of weeks he was found breaking a meter in half by a policeman; when the policeman approached, he threw a pie at the policeman's face and finished up in quad, in borstal. He wasn't out very long. Came out to the farm, told us about his episode. He was broke. I gave him money. Didn't see him again for quite a long time. Then he told us he'd just done a stretch. Very comical episode; 'Where've you been, Max', 'I just got out'. Three of them stole a car from Wellington, wanted to go to Palmerston North. Returning next night in the stolen car, they ran out of petrol at 1 am in Levin — went to the police station, said that they urgently had to be in Wellington to go to work next day. The policeman got petrol for the car, and accommodation in a hotel. They left for Wellington without paying for their board. Got all the help they could from the Levin police. Just a very, very naughty boy. Came back later and said he was on drugs. Not much salvation for him. Never saw him again. The other two, they were quite responsible boys.

"I was there in the morning to tell them what to do, and back in the afternoon to assist during the hard work. Mavis was there during the day to assist, tell them what to do. She bore the brunt of the labour, the hard work.

"Always kept our own books. Mavis did that, because of her knowledge of book-keeping and her early office work, quite skilled at that. An accountant of course looked after most of the business, accounting gets so complicated that it takes more than what the average person uneducated in accounting can do, when one takes the complex accounts as far as what's deductible and what's not — the wages, taxation — reconciliation; the changes also in the wage rates — far more than what the average hard working person can keep up with. I think the main reason why people employ an accountant; accounts presented by a qualified accountant — very rarely have I ever known them to be questioned by the Income Tax Department when they're presented.
"Always have been a believer in life insurance. From my early days. Never enough to pay the insurance that I would like to have done. A small one, one that my mother started when I first started - probably wouldn't have had she not forced it on us. At later stages increased these policies to what you could afford.

"Never took a policy on Mavis' life - she herself agreed. As one, as the housewife and not the breadwinner, not enough to pay for us both, and second, not the income tax concessions that there were, and third, not the income today to pay for it.

"Our thoughts of it being such that we took one out on both Paul and Beth, maturing at 21 years of age, for them to increase or do as they wished with it at that stage. Also another at I think the age of 16 or 17 when the premiums were as low as what they could possibly be, for them to take over. When they became earners, they could increase it as necessary. A compulsory saving and a life cover which after marriage must be a tremendous help to the other party if anything does happen.

"Men are generally the breadwinners, working to support their families, pay for a home - all the various things that we know people work for; the women nowadays because of the excessive costs, the opportunities created to assist payments, to do that very same thing, and largely for money. So necessary to have money that they've just got to do this. In the main because when they start to have a family, they can't work, and they're reliant on the breadwinner's income. So they work as long as they can to be able to make money, reduce debts as much as they can. But I feel that the majority of women feel that it is their place to raise a family at some period in their life.

"It's a woman's role in life - and possibly one of the highest roles that a person could be put in. A woman is the producer of the human race; it's a woman's role to be able to continue the human race. Woman's role to mother, raise, and assist their education, and without a mother's help, devotion, in this particular field I can't for the life of me think how we could progress to the stage where we are. Must go backwards. I think a woman's role as a mother is possibly the most important role of the human being.
"Natural mother's love and care that a male doesn't have, even if he's the father - assuming always that he is the father - but his job, to my way of thinking, is to provide. The father certainly can, but the father doesn't, unless he takes over the child completely, I can't see that the father can have the same love and devotion for the child that the mother has got, when she's feeding the children, breastfeeding. Must be a closeness between mother and child that just doesn't exist with a father. He's only someone hanging around and bringing in the crumbs.

"Time when kindergartens and preschool places were necessary to help mothers with large families - but they didn't ask. Nowadays they're there because of the pressures of life, such as having no car to do all the shopping. Before, it was delivered. Or because of her - not necessity - desire, in many cases, to work; or her social obligations. To be able to get the child off her hands is necessary to fit into this new society that didn't exist before. So I see it as nothing more than the changing pattern in our society that has demanded this particular thing.

"I don't think it's a change for the better. One thing to be said for it, it does take the child away from the mother for a short time on the odd day in the week to allow her to do things she wants to do.

"I'm very much in favour of the wife working after their children are completely off their hands, or, maybe, in the later stages of higher education, when the children are virtually off their hands. Supplement income, plus the fact that when they do go back to work, they're a big asset to the labour force. Many had a profession in the way of school teaching, and I'm sure these people after rearing a family and having taught their classes in their day, have far more to offer in the way of teaching than modern young ones today would have. In most fields they're more willing to take more and produce more than the average young ones. Then there's their peace of mind to know their family is off their hands. As much as good for the income, it must be very much to the advantage of their health. (Q: Fidelity?)

"Well, if they weren't married in the first place, it would be a good reason why they didn't get married. And far
far better to be unmarried than to be unhappily married, if there was any possibility of it being a complete dud.

"Virginity before marriage was of course the accepted theory in my day and before then; but I feel it to be a very strong willed - and, for want of a better word, good person who could possibly remain a virgin before marriage, and more so today than ever it was in my day. This I feel would be a strictness of upbringing by parents, a constant fear of what might happen to them which was drilled into them by their parents and also their employers. I can vividly remember young bank officers who were forced to get married before a certain age were sacked. So society asked that you not get pregnant. But today things have changed so much that the principle of morals just doesn't seem to exist as it did years ago. Fact with the introduction of the pill that people are no longer scared, with the protection from becoming pregnant. And I feel that has lowered the moral standard from the level I feel it was at two or three decades ago. I don't think human nature has changed feelings - only the teaching, the alternative teaching of parents and in society that has changed the actions of people today.

"Some women I know are highly sexed, and they're not few and far between, either. I would think this applies to the majority of the average healthy men, they're also highly sexed. But I would think generally with the average person, they do treat this with a certain amount of restraint and tact.

"I feel quite definitely that a healthy man has a greater desire for sex than the average woman. The average woman has got to be persuaded along to be introduced to it, got to be petted, in other words. The average man needs no petting at all - he has to be held back.

(Q: Women swearing?)

"I dislike it very much - it annoys me violently. I'm sure that most people look up to a woman as a person with more dignity, feeling more of the finer things that human nature has got to offer than what a man has got. For a woman to swear is lowering herself, degrading herself. I don't mean that she can't come out with 'bloody', to me that's not swearing; in front of her husband or family or in the house, simply within the home walls. For a woman to swear, blaspheming, is lowering herself to a state of degradation - the only way I can put it -
and a woman should be above all of those things.

"Principally I think because she is a mother - born to be the producer of mankind - born for far greater things than a man, I feel.

"I don't think a man could stop at being the breadwinner. A man's role is possibly more important than the mother's at a later stage of development and education and example. I feel that his role is to do his very very best by his children both in the fields of education and example.

"A mother's energies, example and ambition often times is much more than the father's, but with all the combined effort between mother and father, you couldn't stipulate whether one or the other was more important than the other in the rearing or development of the kids. One thing I'm very certain of, that there has got to be a complete harmony between husband and wife, complete understanding that both take their turn, their part in assistance of rearing the children together.

"When it came to close problems, they went to their mother far more than they did to me. I wasn't stricter - their mother was always administering the punishment - I don't remember ever, unless it was a blast - possibly that's worse than physical punishment.

"When we were first married, we couldn't have children. It was necessary for Mavis to have a minor operation before this could take place. We were prepared to have them just when they came along.

"I don't think one parent is enough. Not possible for the mother, for example. It would be possible, but without some other assistance, very difficult to give those children the same benefits of education as others get, the ones that never wanted for anything. Never be well off, never have learnt enough to be able to do those things: I can't for the life of me see that it's possible for one person. I don't think children get the same advantages by being reared by one parent.

"I think the satisfaction of rearing a family is the same for male and female. It would be a man's - a husband's and wife's desire to have children. The satisfaction part of it
would be determined in many cases by the success or failure of their children. I can't help but think it's a large reflection on themselves; not entirely.

"No, I can't say that I changed in my outlook, desires, ambitions, with marriage. Possibly one that more or less took things as they came. A lot of satisfaction in succeeding in any particular project that I started. From the time I got married I was far, far too busy to really stop and think of any change. Knew what was going on for that moment, one hurdle after another. No, I can't say I changed at all.

(Q: The basis of a good marriage?)

"A firm understanding of one another's problems. Next to that a large degree of tolerance by both parties. "Natural desire to people to want to live together, people of all different sorts. Giving to one another, and with one another, and enjoying the fruits of married life - raising children - just to enjoy living.

"I feel that there must be a form of compulsion, as there is for law and order. Got to conform to certain laws, principles. Possibly more importantly - stems from my Roman Catholic background, marriage is a sacrament. Combine those two facts - the religious plus the secular - it demands that people, two people, should be married to live with one another. Pose that against people living in a married state without being married - it gives either one the right at any time to walk away from what would be their legal obligations if they were married - and their moral obligation. This must be very much to the detriment of either one of the parties, and generally speaking I mean all in all, a very dangerous situation for people to live in - and that says nothing much for it really.

"Broken hearts. Do hear of de facto relationships that are successful. Personally, I haven't known of any that I could comment on to any degree. I think it's highly dangerous from the woman's point of view, terribly risky, in that it gives both parties the right to dishonour their moral obligations, makes it easy for them to do. The result and effect it could have on children of that association. They haven't the same benefits or advantages as those reared in perfect harmony inside marriage, the normal legal arrangement that we know.
"If people definitely cannot live with one another - yes, there is a possible reason for divorce. Again, from my religious beliefs, I am bound to the marriage law - 'What God joined together let no man put asunder', therefore I'm opposed to divorce from that point of view. Another reason, that if there are children by the marriage, then it must be very detrimental to the future welfare and benefit of those children to know that their parents were not compatible. Do think it's no good as far as being future citizens of mankind is concerned.

"Must be so many people who can't have children, and for personal reasons don't want children. No question of it that those people who go through married life without children possibly miss out on the greatest pleasures people can possibly encounter, with all the drawbacks and frustrations. All the pleasure you get out of it.

"I feel that fidelity is very, very important. It must lead to a certain amount of distrust. If one has never encountered it, it's hard to say how one would react - certainly distrust, I would find it very difficult to forget.

"Generally we make our decisions jointly, but I feel that she's relied on me to a large degree, possibly because in the earlier stages I made the business decisions on my own, and at a time when she was under terrible strain with her mother who was very sick. Fact that after I had made a decision, she threw all her weight behind when it was made that it had the success it did have. Jointly after that. Any proposal that she came forward with I was only too happy to go along with. I think she was a restraining influence. I'm a little on the rash side. She's on the conservative side, and I think I respected that.

"Concerning the rearing of the children, assisting with their education, the dressing of them, cooking for them, doing everything for them - in that respect she was definitely the head of the house. If you mentioned as provider, then I'm head of the house. In that respect only. To all intents and purposes it's a fifty-fifty venture.

"I can be affectionate in private, but I was never an emotional type, if that's the word. I can see no good reason of
doing that in public, even walking along holding hands as did
maybe in younger days. No benefit in people using endearing
names, 'darling', etc - those were terms I never used, maybe
because I had seen it done so many times. Knew it was hypocrisy
of the lower type, because they would call each other two ends
of anything when they were together alone. Outward face only.
Outward signs of great love and devotion toward one another.

"Certainly when people first decide to get married,
they're quite certain love makes the desert sands grow roses,
but they change very quickly with the trials and tribulations
that marriage brings. And with those new personalities develop
in these people, it's not all as rosy as it seemed to be, then
they find that they can't be fulfilled with one another's company
like they thought they could. If a man loved football, it
would be very wrong for the wife to deny him or for him to
overdo it. Mavis for many years past has been interested in
Plunket and Red Cross. I know at one stage when there were
many things to occupy her mind, she was very tired - thing that
you have to sort out yourselves, and understand one another.

"Very rarely take things home to Mavis. I think I
could qualify that. Not any flowers. To me maybe it's a sort
of waste of money - if she wanted flowers, they should have been
in the garden. If, on the other hand, she wanted flowers, she
has the cheque book there - she could go and buy them herself.
No restrictions on what she should buy. Possibly it's not in my
nature to do little things that are so necessary. In my case
it's done no harm that I know of. Either that, or she's so
tolerant that she's never shown any displeasure in me not doing
these things.

"I don't think there's such a thing as love. I might
meet you and we hit it off very well together, say we love one
another, and we get married. Stroke of fate that we would meet
another and feel the same about them. I can't help thinking
that this term love is a very very wrongly used word. Respect
I think possibly is far more fitting in my book.

"I'm a great crier. Emotional that way. I have been
known to cry at a very sad movie - well, tears come to my eyes.
When my daughter was to be married, and suddenly came out of the
blue on the night of announcing that she was going to get
married, that it was to be out of church, this broke me up
completely. Took a long time to overcome - something I've never quite overcome. Personally, my faith is so dear to me - I'm not the ideal Catholic, but it's something I've tried to live up to. She was reared along the same lines, convent educated, and the boy she was marrying was raised a Catholic, educated at a Catholic school. They were both Catholic - and then for no reason suddenly decided to get married outside the Church. I think that was the biggest blow I've ever taken in my life, and it completely broke me up.

Interview Three

"I haven't belonged to clubs like bowling, sports, that sort of thing. Not since we've been married. Only football clubs, playing and supporting. Never followed it for some time before I was married mainly because of my occupation and the places where I lived. In South Westland, the opportunities were limited to a few, and not being particularly good at sports, I didn't pursue it from that stage on. I wasn't good at football - I liked it and took a part; I never aspired to be an All Black - not in that category.

"When the children were of school age I took a very active part in school committees, and their education right till the time they were finished, in actual fact for years after Beth was finished. I was on the school committee from the point of view of assisting the school, teachers, children with fund raising; not only that but also with the various activities that would be associated with the children. I was on the school committee at Makara for quite some time. President for some years. A rural district had an agricultural day. The children would bring an animal of their choice that they had trained. Many different animals that they would bring. Possibly the two most popular things, the poultry club and the calf, when they would all bring their showcases along - different breeds and sizes. The duties for the committee were to organize this event, arrange transport, having them judged, getting them home. All in all very good and popular. Interesting event that only rural schools can hold.

"After that, followed very much the same lines on the college committees in that I wasn't long on St Bride's Committee before I was President there. Held that position for quite a number of years, even though the rules allow for a parent to be
on the committee only one year after their daughter had finished school. I was there for actually three years, due only to the project that we were involved in - building the gym. I had some knowledge - or the foundation of knowledge - from the start, and it was very much of interest to the college and other people that those people with the knowledge were kept on to see the job completed. Very, very satisfying part of my career, being on the college committee and dealing with so many people of a high intelligent nature, as well as professionals - architects, solicitors for the college that you were involved with - other professional people and interested parties that threw all their weight behind the college and got these things done. In itself it was an education, and very, very satisfying.

"Wouldn't say that you would make close friends, not from middle age on. You make very good friends, but they don't seem to be like your very close school friends that last a lifetime. Not the type of friend that, when they come to the city you expect to stop with you for the night.

"Some people grow up with a close friendship that doesn't die - something like family relationships. As you grow older it seems to be much harder to be accepted. But all of this is entirely dependent on the person's own nature. Some people can make friends with every Tom, Dick and Harry - how deep those are, I wonder. I have friends, business associates, not close friends, people I'm pleased to know. Good people, people who invite you to their homes, and back. Know you're welcome. People you like very much - still, you don't regard them as close friends.

"I think a real friend is the person when you are - when one is really down and out, they will come along and help you both financially and every other way. Things I've never had to encounter, but I do know that there are people, earlier friends, who would do that for me, and I for them, too. Just don't exactly know how to describe friends, friendship.

"I've always been a loner. Only one person I really confide in, the people in own family, wife and kids. To a large degree we don't take that confidence outside the family.

"Wouldn't say that I was one for arguing at all. I do discuss things, yes, I like to discuss problems, politics, and many other things - not to the extent that I would call it an
argument. Only time would be a person with no regard for - a person who upset me. I'd have no hesitation in telling that person what I thought. Whether you call that an argument, I don't know. Discussion would be the better word.

"More friends came into being after we married. None that dropped off. Lots more came into being, over the years, of course, and among what you would call the closest friends after marriage were our immediate neighbours in the same age bracket in the flats. There were seven families. Three of those have remained to this day very, very close friends; the others were more or less moving, floating people, didn't really get to know them. We were there six or seven years and have remained very, very close friends.

"Generally they're good people and hold the same values as we hold. I'd think there would be an emphasis on values. In most cases there are political opinions which could be entirely different.

"Family life, the desire for a better life for children than they had, the education for their children, their standard of living, their desire or ambition to get to the top of their job, that they were doing that very well, to raise their standard of living to a much higher degree, own their own home, probably a living standard much higher than the previous generation had lived.

"One's now a publican, one other is now a widow, and she had to battle very hard, works full-time, responsibly and comfortably, other a Post Office executive. In those days he was on the bottom rungs of the ladder - now he's three or four years away from retiring and almost at the top of the ladder. That's the three of them.

"I do enjoy a joke - I'm not one for telling them myself. When it comes to very very smutty jokes I draw the line at that. Dependent on the company you keep. Seems to be more common among the lesser educated, and for want of a better word, the football type of entertainment that one sometimes gets involved in, you find the smutty joke more prominent there. In fact it's so long now that I've listened to that type of conversation, I'd almost forgotten that it exists. The Dairy Board with no less than 100 or so, who have regular functions and get-togethers - I can't say that I have in the past five years
heard one joke that I would regard as smutty or that I'd object to. Only thing that I can assume is that they're better educated — (wouldn't be right to say a better type of person) — that can hold a conversation and discuss matters, have jokes without resorting to filth that I would regard as smutty jokes.

"So many people are ambitious, others are so arrogant, demanding, untrusting. They walk over the top of everybody to get what they want, and where they want to go. That type of thing satisfies some type of people, walking over other people without a thought in the world. Then again, for a person who does care for his fellow men, possibly the greatest happiness for that person is to help someone, getting what he wants by helping someone else and helping himself as well. It's a person's makeup. I can't see that it's any different in whatever sex you mentioned, particularly now with women and men working on equal pay. With equality they're working for one specific reason, to make money to get the things they want, to make themselves that much more independent, and happier. And when it comes to the married state, they're both striving — if they're not working completely with one another, they're not going to advance, succeed, nor will they be happy. I can't for the life of me see any difference in what men and women want.

"In my experience of women they're not 100% logical and rational, though I think because of their makeup. For the average woman in the married stage of life, gets that bloody cranky, don't know whether they're seeing yes or no half the time. Only for brief period. Could be the cause of a lot of upsets in marriage. Generally speaking the man concedes this failing, and tolerates it to a certain extent. He is because of his tolerance to this failing in women more rational on the whole.

"I recall when I was quite young, my older sister, who is what one might say a good, average sensible type of person, and even then had all the responsibility that one would wish, through the thoughtlessness of myself and several others, when we were in the 18-21 old age group, in the Christmas period, expected that she would come along. Just because she wasn't asked, she was terribly upset and put up quite an emotional story about her being too old and left out of the party. One example of what women are like at that age. She expected to come, fact
was that she wasn't asked to come - and she was terribly upset. Follows right through life with women - unless they're toadied to, played up to - they feel that they're not getting shown, not regarded with, the respect that they deserve. If they want to be equal, which most of them think they are, should be without this toadying. In many cases their emotions could appeal to some men. I don't know, I'm only saying my experience of women.

"Woman's not equal to a man in doing physical work - the women I know are not; but a woman is far more capable in the role of housewife, looking after children, ironing clothes, food - far outstrips men in the things she's used to. It's a big job, a most time-consuming job - she can do exceptionally well. Yet you wouldn't expect her to go outside and do physical work. In their own role they are equal, as capable as men.

"In the case of a man who married a professional woman, and she wanted to go and follow her profession - quite all right. She'd still be doing a most important and very big job.

"A man should be a very good father. Then he should have respect for his wife, tolerant to all her faults, and do his very best to uphold the standard of living that they would both want. For women, almost exactly the same thing - that she would be prepared to look after his interests and his family and rear his kids to the very best of her ability.

"One does like to see a woman dress to conform with a standard. I don't like to see women too scantily dressed in that they make a spectacle of themselves. Even in beachwear or some of the more modern miniskirt type of thing that we've seen recently. I feel that women would be much more respected generally if they conformed to a nice neat type of dress that will not bring adverse comment from larrikans looking for this type of thing. She normally looks for the type of criticism - she would want that type of criticism that she would get from that type of person. I don't think a person is respected who doesn't conform with a decent type of dress. Only the indecent type of dress I object to, in both sexes.

(Q: Use term 'bitch'?)

"I've often said it. Only an expression. Somebody who has said things that are very catty things, nasty things that I don't approve of. Germaine Greer, to my way of thinking, was the essence of bitch.
"I didn't read her book, but I have a general knowledge, and one doesn't have to hear about her very long or her statements too much to realise everything that I would regard a decent woman to be, she isn't. She condemned men in most of their forms, for anything they did; she advocated abortion for any excuse whatsoever - every selfish reason that one could think of, she advocated. Reforms for women that were ridiculous to the extreme. I felt that she changed the role of a woman from a dignified lady, from one of, to my way of thinking, God's greatest creatures, to something that would please herself as to what she does to her own body, without conforming to decent standards lived by and expressed over the years. I can't express it as much as I feel - I feel that she completely destroyed the good things that most men feel about women - reduced her. One time I could use it - to the level of a bitch.

"I feel she was an extremist, I don't know many but those I do who regard themselves as feminists, very few like her.

"I can't for the life of me see that it's going to improve their lot other than what the common sense ones have got now. I refer only to those on the level of society that I'm living on, and higher than that. All around us we can see happily married people in age groups 35 upwards; many we know have reared their families - 2, 3, 4 children - to the stage where they can go and do a part-time job, in some cases a full-time job - with the co-operation of their husbands. This, I think, is the keynote to all the questions asked on women, feminists, the lot. With the co-operation of the husband, women can go out and take their place in society, earn as much as their husbands, fulfill their role in society same as their husbands - their feminine role - and get out of life every possible bit of happiness that there is to get out of it.

"What I'm really trying to say: I can't for the life of me see what more those women would want out of life, or if they had followed Germaine Greer's Women's Lib attitude, I can't for the life of me see that would lead to anything other than unhappiness. Would have been a difference of opinion with their family and husband for most of their life.

"I think the average New Zealander is a special identity. He's a person who has inherited a great sense of loyalty. He's not very puffed up with his own importance. It's on record that
he's a do-it-yourself type of man, better than most other people. He's got quite a dislike of other nationalities, and all in all, most important, he feels most important - what's the word, it won't come - a most important fellow.

"Probably a bit too brash in most cases. Most of the things, the better things would think about him are correct - he's a hard worker, great do it yourself; generally a good sport. Regarding him as far as comparisons go, I feel I could put him in a class well ahead of other nationalities that I've met.

"I think that the average New Zealander realises that he has opportunities, and if he's willing to take them, he is quite capable of doing it.

"I think the greatest change in the New Zealander in my lifetime is his own standard of education, and his desire for higher education. Wants to uplift himself to the highest possible level. Can only go back to my parents and people in their age group, completely uneducated, some to the extent that they were illiterate. Among the working class, a very low standard of education. Vast majority of those people, their descendants have raised themselves to a standard of living equal to the middle classes. The idea of the Kiwi being lazy - and 'she'll be right' doesn't apply - or to so few - that they can be confined to - call it the labouring classes, poorer types, unable and with no desire to lift themselves above that level. And exactly the same applies to women, particularly those that went through a tough period in young life. Their one desire to lift themselves to a higher level, which the vast majority have done.

"I think there is a genuine desire for most people after they get married, to get yourself ahead - own your own home, car, provide for your family - and the hardest thing in this is to get the start, enough capital to start. This seems to be the great worry of all young people. In my case I was faced with exactly the same problem. Found that really the way to do this was to work, and the extra efforts that you put into your leisure time with the view of earning money. So I was prepared to work on the wharf, if need be. I worked for a builder part-time for quite a number of years and did gardening, bookselling. Anything at all that I could see was an easy way of getting a few extra bob. Even in the case of bookselling,
practically never worried me. Doing nothing wrong—a service to people who wanted it. I eventually did get a start big enough to make a start on my own. This unfortunately is the problem that young people today do find very, very hard to overcome. How do people get their start, where's this extra bit, this capital to come from? Very hard to say.
In some elemental comprehension, each one of us could be deemed 'self-made' inasmuch as the mainspring of our actions in and upon that world which surrounds us is not set on some predetermined vector, but depends upon our developing some sense of self, a presence within our involvement with others, objects and activities. In New Zealand society it is important that we each know ourselves thus, an individual distinct from others but sufficiently resembling them, to enable a mutual recognition. Deriving from the outside, its source someone other than ourself, it can confirm the particular style we have practised into our own mould. We make ourselves apparent in various modes; through our activity, a busyness; the products of action; our relationships with other people; able to recount ourselves as a narrative, or battle; describe ourselves as a composite of characteristics; or, less willing to separate ourselves out from the effects of our presence, point to these: children, gardens, houses, titles, stock. Whatever its derivation, the touchstone, or the concern which colours activity and heightens purpose, is not usually paid conscious attention (the construction of our mean/unveiled). This 'sense of self' accompanies us as a familiar.

In common usage, the epithet 'self-made' is reserved for those, men more than women, who have gained entrance to a social echelon more advantaged in terms of comfort, possessions and opportunities for the oncoming generation than the one they have left behind. They have bettered themselves by parlaying personal capabilities, skills and desires made imperative as 'ambition' to fabricate some enterprise, a success more assessable in monetary terms, more accessible to others. Hence the significance of Barry's house resplendent in its additions and alterations or Duncan's prized Angus herd marking out the flatlands he won only through his own persistence. The insurance salesmen see their ability manifest in the demeanour of their luncheon partners, and rutter underline it by investing in real estate and companies dealing in rather more concrete products than the hedge against uncertainty that they themselves promote. Their ability is nonetheless less tangibly evidence than, say, Duncan's prime stock, Barry's bodycount at the Beefroom, and both Dennis and Howard are more conscious of themselves as the end to which it is exercised, Howard in the objective he makes of himself, Dennis the object
he guards against the resistance of its support, marriage.

Pat shares the sales representatives' ambition and determination to work for himself, make it on his own, but he lacks the description of themselves to which both have continual recourse. As Duncan finds himself evident in the health of his farm, the blooms girdling his neat house, the content development of his children and the chronicling of his efforts in his diary, so Pat might think himself palpable in the success of the farm, and shops, the thought evident in the house and furnishings, much of which he has chosen and put up himself, and, as he himself wards off retirement, the professional pursuits of his two well-endowed children. 'Making it' for himself alone would be insufficient incentive. The satisfaction of succeeding in his own terms through his own effort is heightened by enabling him to provide them opportunities beyond his own ken as an adolescent. He and Mavis cannot return to become 'educated' and enter what appear to them the superiority of professionals, but they can rear children who find their metier in those ranks.

Far from resenting the circumstances they grew up in, the confinement of the Depression, they have little hesitation in recapitulating a time they turned to advantage in accordance with the strongly inculcated principles of both sets of parents. Pat gradually assembles a raft of assorted skills and experience with machines, men and beasts; Mavis upholds her own and her family's 'Name', walking out of the shop whose proprioress rewards her efforts to do a job well with impatient, badmouthed inconsideration, not to end up scrubbing the pub floors but to enjoy a much better position in the factory office. Turning their backs on Westland, and then a secure job, they adhere to the standards their own parents sought to provide — in their own way. Their parents remain present, formed into telling anecdotes (by comparison, those of the insurance men, and others, like Barry receive scant mention, too much a part of what must remain behind in crossing their personal Rubicons). Pat can recall no such crucial decisions, and Mavis, only those which strengthened her resolve to do her job well: to reconcile herself to the poultry farm instead of perceiving what it lacked for the present; to give up smoking to set her children a
worthy example; and when they had gone on, not to dwell on their absence, and undermine what support they still welcomed, but to brave the lifts and bus queues of the workaday world.

They could not readily understand Dennis taking on responsibilities, marriage and family, to sharpen the edge of his own ambition, to further his own sense of self. For Mavis and Pat, it is only in the light of the purpose which is furnished by marriage and family - both the one they have emerged from and the one their conjunction has created - that there is any substance or import in their personal endeavours, their self-awareness. Those whose actions indicate 'selfishness', whose end seems to Pat and Mavis to reside solely in their own pleasures, inconsiderate of any repercussions, deserve her headshaking and his vehemence.

Neither of them has ever been in - or made - opportunities offering such unilateral temptations. Mavis' father was waiting outside the dancehall; then she was wed, and dividing her attention between her ill mother on the Coast, her husband in Wellington, and waiting on the children, who took up the next part of her life (along with the hens and the boys sent out into the country to evade the city's autonomous lures). Pat began to 'pull his weight' at an early age, assisting his parents in their hotel and out the back, when he left home to find work, part of his earnings went to replace his physical presence. After they were married, Mavis stopped work in the hope of the children's imminent arrival: he has never had only himself to consider, only himself to work for.

In setting himself up in the small joinery, his main concern was to be his own boss. He did not envisage it as the first step of a continual business expansion: he does not talk of planning or crucial junctions in which he had the acumen to take the right move. Indeed, he speaks of the failure of the revived hardware shop as matter of factly as he rings through the course of successes: events rather than ventures. Unlike the insurance men who prefer to spend as little time in 'bringing home the bacon' as they can, working to make leisure (free time) the majority shareholder in their lives, Pat works to feel himself occupied, more at ease with a steady (continual) increment than a quick (coup) return. He does not chance
the speculation in real estate he is offered.

What counts with Pat is to feel himself productive, his actions causal. The golf games and tours which engage other men on retirement fail to attract him. He is not interested in developing a skill so that it may be exercised, travelling to feel movement. Like Duncan, he has no hobbies, no personal 'interests' less the author of his own success, he is decently proud of having done well in accordance with standards which in deriving from an institution, the Roman Catholic Church, seem to him all the more solid, objective.

His membership of the Church is as regular and continual as the attention he pays to his work, and his children — and as little questionable. It is no accident that the sole anguish of his life has occurred in the friction between two of these core supports: Beth's decision, made jointly with her fiance, to wed in ceremony, but spurning the sacrament of their Church. He can see no sense to this: he himself has no difficulty with its admonitions and structure (they have underwritten the conduct of his whole life), and he thought his daughter similarly embedded. His trust is temporarily shaken, not in the Church, not in his daughter, but in the fatherhood and upbringing she should properly reflect.

The formative influence — or was it determination? — of families, of parents, frequently entered their conversation, their speculations about other people, and their involvements with strangers on behalf of their welfare. The boys who came to the farm, Maria trapped in her beauty-queen past, the inter-marrying neighbours in the country who seem to shut them out through their introversion, bear this emphasis out; their course set for life by parents incapable of steering them by either their own example or precepts. Rearing (producing) children to become decent adults in their turn is a weighty business, requiring diligence and support: marriage a joint responsibility proven by its fruits. (Pat and Mavis, like the other couples whose acquaintance we have made, decipher from a tidy or clean house and grounds a working partnership, a good marriage; in their disarray, its disease). Their children focus their lives, giving them demands to meet, skills to practise and teach,
grandchildren to talk and dream about. The line that brought them from the past (generations) into the present continuing on to domesticate the future.

Perhaps because the contours of this line have been less uniform, less uninterrupted for her than her husband, her daughter's decision does not perturb Mavis. The trust she has in her children (in her nurturing) is not that the same bulwarks by which she and Pat situate themselves amidst others will guide them in their turn, but that they have (she has inculcated) the capacity to choose considerately, as she has done. Each parent catches in their daughter an echo of what they have achieved themselves, how nicely they have conducted their own lives. Mavis' recounting of herself is marked out in moments of decision, the need to choose: walking out of her first job despite the insecure times, becoming a member of the Church, deciding to be content at the farm (which she had not seen before their removal there), giving up smoking, taking in Marie, and taking on a job. Pat exemplifies more a smooth unbroken flow of one circumstance into the next. Beth's resolution does not readily fit into this paradigm, whereas it does make sense to her mother, who can decipher in the rebellion her father sees the leaven of the same principles which have guided them both, in their own fashion.

These Fundamentals are not derived from inductive experience, nor from the pull of aims, ambitions: they are not 'self-made'. If they did seem original, their strength, for Mavis, would diminish in her, suspecting them to be also selfish, self-absorbed. Successful parenthood owes itself not to a firm control over children, the imposition of regulations, but to implanting a sense of consideration, of 'right and wrong', exemplifying it oneself. 'If you don't want to, you won't', observed Mavis musing over their failure to redeem others' children (whatever their age) into responsible adulthood. We have no means of ensuring correct - considerate - conduct independently existent of the individual although means of assessing it and success seem to have an objective presence, arising primarily from response to responsibilities. Recognition of the existence of personal autonomy by her, results instead in attempts to instil that precondition of action, 'want'.
What worries Mavis in her daughter is that the want may be too deep, too (head)strong, giving rise to plenty of activity, as with her own father, but to little, noticeable achievement. Or worse, undermine the productivity of her parents by confusing standards with appearances, spurning their comfort for a less materialized front. But if she does go 'from clogs to clogs' in three generations', as Mavis was fond of shaking her head in quote, it will not be in ignorance, defiance, or lack of ability, the parenting failed; it will be the result of a conscious and careful consideration, such as her mother values.

Indeed, a similar strength of character has landed Mavis herself in difficulty, taking her beyond the family unit, and its success, into the service of others who are less easily assured. Her involvement is personal; her's anchored on the neutral territory of fundraising, planning and building amenities for the betterment of other parents' children as much as his own (if not more in the case of the convent gym, complete three years after Beth has departed the school precincts). Taking his place alongside professionals, experts, as the peer so valued that the membership rules are waived to keep his services, he feels his efforts recognized, assessed as worthy by those he respects. His peers, those relationships he has earnt, accept him as a fellow; his children, embodying efforts closer to home, less noticeably reflect his success by their own, and, what is more, choosing to become professionals themselves, the diplomat and doctor, steering their education to the benefit of others. It is others, family, friends, people needing their help, or spurning it, who give Mavis and Pat their purpose, a reference independent of themselves, not of their own making. In their response to their efforts they provide the couple with a reflecting surface in which they can discern their own presence. The activities they engage in and which mean the most are of the kind which must be carried out by the person themself - breastfeeding, listening, setting up one's own business, working for another, but they become meaningful, and may be assessed, by being enacted in the company of and collaboration of another, for others. Less abnegation than the 'proving yourself' of Mavis, meeting (what seem like) already proven standards of behaviour, and thus exerting oneself
recovering from involvement an integrity which makes satisfactory one's situation and further action. A sense of self: a sense of purpose, in that its cohesiveness appears not self-assessed, even if 'self-made'.
Chapter 11. THE DEVELOPING SELF:

MARY
Those discussed in the last two sections, 'Women on their Own' and 'Couples' have in common their use of a complementary style of the individual mode of being. That is, the dialogue between active self and sense of self concentrates on a relationship with an other who is different in ways such that common goals, utilising these differences, can be aimed for. They have taken up the core options of marriage, family, own house-and-garden, making these the prime constituents of their own lives. In doing so, they emphasize themselves as being 'male' or 'female', 'man' or 'woman': part of a whole, but not the whole itself. Other complementarities exist in options, e.g. worker/boss, as touched on by Mavis in her description of her father, and Depression days in the mines. But most of these others are largely specialized or antagonistic; the complementarity of marriage, family and house is a positive one, setting out many possible projects.

The joint unit this style sets up tends to be a relatively closed circuit, but not so firmly defined and shut as the activities of those using an autonomous style. Responsibilities within the unit promote skills and interests which carry its members outside it to encounter others: usually others like themselves, partners in similar units. Mothers join committees to run the groups to which their children belong; fathers exchange labour with other homeowners, or sit on school committees to raise funds. Skills such as sewing, knitting, enjoying life in the home become the basis for membership in women's groups or less formal circles through which women (as housewives and mothers) can exchange their experience and knowledge with others in similar situations, so affirming both. Interests which take a unit partner beyond the involvements of the core options are infrequent - interests which refer to the person as an individual on his or her own, such as reading fiction, collecting, playing an instrument, going for walks alone, interests which do not necessarily lead to relationships with others. Most utilising the complementary style stressed activities such as family outings, picnics, drives, dinners: events which could be shared.
Most of a couple's relationships with others occur through this sighting of self as complementary, as a part of matters. Social encounters take place with other couples or relatives, people who also value the marriage and family unit as most fundamental: those who know themselves to be distinct - individual - because they are also (or have been) complementary participants in such a unit. These units further emphasize individuality because they stop at the originating couple and the projects (including children) which stem from their relationship. Others need not be the threat or competition they become for those using the autonomous mode: they are 'they' rather than 'not-me'. At the same time, comprehension is largely confined to those who are like oneself, not in particulars (indeed not!) but in their commitment to complementary participation in a unit analogous to one's own.

The reflective surface of this style is largely composed of actual particulars, people, objects (cars, furnishings, houses, garments etc). Employment is mostly in areas producing tangible goods, mostly with other people, and in structured situations. Duncan is perhaps the exception. But the difference between him and those evincing an autonomous style is that it is his farm which enhances his family (not vice versa), and it is the family which gives him his bearings and substantiality.

Most couples aim to own their own house, or at least to be paying off a mortgage rather than pay out a rent. Their units set out to be longterm and accumulative (rather than changing). Essentially a spouse is found, house found, children originated: a stance is made, and then consolidated. The growth of the children ensure that it is not entirely a repetitive one. Children are also valued for mitigating the selfishness that those involved in the complementary style see in couples who have chosen not to have children. Partners should not turn away (as it seems) towards interests of their own, undertaken separately, but endeavour to remain in orbit round the common focus (of their own originating, and with reference to themselves). If they have their own interests, they should be moderate in their pursuit: yet also free to take it up. As Pat says, "If a man loved football, it would be very wrong for the wife to deny him, or for him to overdo it." In other words, the person, as individual, should be able to take responsibility for his
or her own actions.

Freedom of option remains in principle, though curtailed by the responsibilities of the fundamental involvement in the unit. Children are brought up in the light of this principle, brought up so that when they come into their own as adults, they are capable of selecting their own options, or their options within an option (eg of spouse, house car, job). Though the centrality of the unit does circumscribe options (further options) and experiences of othernesses, it does give room for many different emphases - compare Marjorie and Jim's stress on personality with Barry and Sandra's on the division of labour. Room too to redirect attention from one domain, such as work, to another, such as house and garden, should one find one's projects elsewhere frustrated, or the structure of an option like one's job paradoxical. This is a flexibility and relief not available to those who put all their eggs in one basket as autonomous individuals. Should the complementary unit collapse, at least the experience of being part of something (even though it causes distress in its loss) stands those who know themselves as individuals through complementarity in good stead to reach out to others, to be aware of other options within the core.
CONVERSATIONALISTS

- THE PARTICIPANT STYLE
I heard of Mary from a personnel officer living in the same street, who admired her greatly for tackling children, job and playcentre involvements simultaneously, to the diminishment of none, and first met her as she came to the playcentre to drop her children off for the morning, managing conversations in an enthusiastic voice as she hurried in and out. Our conversations were liable to be interrupted by other children turning up to play, neighbouring women popping in, the phone ringing on playcentre business, or the needs of her own two children, then near three and five years old. Paul, the elder, she said, didn't like my visits 'because then we can't talk and play with you', but she hoped that maybe they would show them their mother in a different light, 'a person in her own right, not subject always to their demands'.

The house was small, a state house (her husband Chris works for the government as an engineer) amongst others, all alike, from the outside, and benefiting from long gardens running behind. There was a tyre swing, an old wooden box which served as playhouse, a paddling pool to run a hose into and float toys on. It was a welcoming, comfortable place.

The children wandered in and out of the kitchen where we sat at the table to pick up food, ask advice, seek stimulus, and they threaded through the conversations too. She would tell me anecdotes, as others do, but go on to interpret behaviour, or wonder about it; once when I had supper with Mary and Chris after a Playcentre meeting, they discussed at some length Sharon's seeming inability to distinguish the living and the dead, which had emerged in a visit to the Museum, during which they had seen stuffed seals, followed by a walk along the coast to a small seal colony. Mary would speculate, for example, that the reason why the children seemed to feel embarrassed at the sight of nakedness their own or others, despite their parents taking a relaxed attitude to it, might be 'peer group' pressure.

She preferred casual situations, liked going out with other people, sharing meals, but didn't enjoy hostessing: 'You're too busy filling plates and glasses to really talk'.
It was not the talk she thrived on. Housework was largely a
chore, though not a focus of resentment. She tried to double
up on activities, planning a day or thinking about a lecture
while she washed the dishes or ironed: thus making the time
productive.

Once she laughingly said that her greatest aspiration was to
have a filing-cabinet: mental as well as physical. Her memory
was indeed far reaching, and she browsed in it often, comparing
past and present events to see what they 'meant'. Other times,
other people, other modes: as they had occurred in her past
self as well as in other people, attracted her attention, a
curiosity which only sometimes concluded in a moral judgement.
And even then she could find a mitigating reason for someone's
bad behaviour. Inveighing against the wolf-whistle familiar to
every female passerby of a construction site, she added that if
the workers had more job satisfaction, they would probably not
need to have such 'wandering eyes'. She categorized the people
she met in the streets, over a market-research questionnaire,
her friends and relatives, herself and her husband, less to
dismiss them or use them, than to work out who they were, how
different people fitted together, or how different traits came
together in the one person. Our interviews gave her a grand
opportunity to rove round her experience, to juggle particulars
with abstracts, to follow up thoughts in different domains of
life, connecting them over the weeks. It might sound egotistical,
she grinned at the end of our last conversation, but she had
really enjoyed herself.
"My father was managing a sheep station when I was born. He'd run away from home, virtually broken the ties. I was the first child, and he worked on this farm for one or two years, then he went back to the family tradition - that happens. Could see this maturity, he'd formed his own identity. He went back and helped on the family farm. His family was very conservative, religious, very old fashioned really. Five of them, three boys, two girls, all worked on the farm. A big family concern. His parents died within a year. The death duties were formidable - so it was very difficulty. They had to struggle to keep it.

"At the beginning of my life we lived in a fairly old house on the farm. My father used to take me over to my grandparents' place, I spent a lot of time with them. They were very conservative, very loving, straight-laced Scottish people. Gradually one of my uncles took over this farm, and my father bought the one which he's only recently sold. Both my parents worked very hard, I realise now. Had a family of four, and their economic success is something they made through sheer hard work - but not only that. My father is very cunning. He's quite a creative man in his own way - not the conventional idea of creativity.

"My sister arrived three and a half years after me; brother three years after that, and another brother 20 months after that. Quite well spaced. Not really playmates - fought a hell of a lot. I was only really bosom pals with my sister after I'd left home.

"You'll want to know how I met Chris. We grew up together. Sounds dreadful. I always laughed at people in the home area who grew up and married the boy or girl next door - see that I'm really no better - and anyway there's nothing wrong with it. Just seems very narrow. During our courtship years I went out with lots of other people. I suppose it sounds peculiar - I had a revelation. I don't go in for psychic phenomena or anything like that, but I've had several quite strong things, revelations - I suppose. They've been quite a strong influence on my life in the past. Bit busy now to dwell on them. It was a most peculiar thing. I saw this
fellow, and I knew I was going to marry him. I was only about eight at the time. And so it turned out. I met him in later years. My parents had me down for a boarding school and right at the very last minute I said No, I'd go to the local school. It wasn't because I was afraid to untie the apron strings.

"Just looking back, that revelation must have been an influence. Didn't really hit me, seemed much more natural. I let things develop as they did. It didn't prevent me from going out with other people, pursuing my own activities. Had to choose between two people to go steady with - it was so hectic! Had a great long list of disadvantages and advantages - I was determined that the revelation wasn't going to influence my right to choose - my freedom. Chris won by a small margin. I've been tremendously happy ever since. Sounds like something from a penny dreadful! Strange thing, coincidence.

"We wanted a boy and a girl in our early thirties, fell into the usual trap. Had a boy and a girl - in our early twenties. I guess we're going to do the things we would have done later, and share it with them. We had no really definite plans. Quite career oriented. Didn't want the financial burden of children, and to be able to enjoy things like camping, if the weekend weather seemed suitable - those sorts of things. I suppose we would have gone overseas, all our friends would have done. Fell through.

"I did Fine Arts for one year, found it wasn't my scene, and transferred - mainly for economic reasons - to Teachers' College. I was a bit upset, wasn't sure where it was going at the time, but I made the decision to go, and went ahead with it and chose art as my selected study. It was really tremendous. Seemed to make up for what I thought I'd left behind at Fine Arts School. I was very disillusioned there by the fact that there was an 'in' and an 'out' group; those who were 'in' had a different standard from me. They really ate slept, socialised with the lecturer that they felt they had to get good marks from - very competitive. Had to be. Badly financed.

"Chris did civil engineering. He's a very convergent thinker and tremendous exam ability - straight A's all the way."
Doing a doctorate seemed very important to him. Very influenced by one of his lecturers, a gun in roading design, but there was n't the potential. There wouldn't be work substantial enough for him. Remember walking round in the snow after seeing this guy, weighing up the pros and cons. Might as well, nothing to lose. Fact was, it was a lot for him to shoulder the responsibility. By then we had one and were expecting another, so they'd be good playmates, (something I realised I'd missed out on). Besides, if I was going to have napkins, and getting up in the night, I'd get it over with at one go. I feel he had to mature very quickly. He had a bit of a depression, not ill, not as happy as usual, I suppose he was tired. So I tried to give him lots of support when I was feeling tired. He needed as much love and support as we could give him, as a family. Then it was a natural progression to Head Office, nowhere else to go.

"I had terrible difficulty adjusting to being at home with my own child, too. Even though in theory - I thought I was geared, because I had this background, done education. I had all this theory about teaching children, so it was probably the wisest thing to do, to put it into practice. At an early age I was very conscious of children learning through their five senses. Tried to give Paul this. Remember crawling amongst the leaves in the Park. Of course I was also restricted by lack of finance, and improvised with tools and equipment.

"Chris was keen to show friends that having a child didn't tie down the old male ego. Important to be seen out. Paul lived in a carrycot much more so than Sharon.

"I don't really get lonely, because of my upbringing in the country - you had to make a conscious effort to socialize, it was nothing to cycle five or ten miles to a friend's place. Here I was in a furnished house, one child and pregnant. Felt a bit cut off for the first time, and yet I enjoyed it. Some of the people we socialised a lot with, friends whose wives were working during the day, made me very conscious of the fact that if I wasn't careful, I was relegated in their minds to the housewife stereotype. Also, we didn't have the strength to be entirely ourselves. When we came here we were thrust among families for the very first time - and accepted as a family. The children were thought of as human beings for the first time, enjoyed for their selves, their own qualities - before it had been as extensions of you."
"I've learnt to relax more - and there's an inherent danger in that, too. Before, I was very conscious of dressing smartly, of not becoming a slobby housewife. I made a special effort - put on eye makeup and pantyhose first thing in the morning. When we came here, I found everyone similar - a very homogeneous group. Became aware of people for their own personal qualities. It's a comfortable feeling, non-competitive - you're valued for other qualities you have to contribute. Dressing smartly doesn't seem to come into it. Wear what you like, and be damned, no-one worries. Too polite to say so till you know them really well - and then they don't worry! Certainly I haven't bought any clothes, or made any for a long time. A change in priorities, I guess, though it's a long way further down the list.

"Funny, because five years ago we weren't going to damn well scrimping and save to buy a house. You do get more materialistic. We've fallen into the trap. I suppose that's strengthened by the fact that we're getting jolly cheap rent and it's immoral to stay here just because of the cheap rent. And we've been influenced by friends who are buying or saving. So we've modified our attitude very largely here, and grown into the expected family syndrome. So far we could afford Austin - too far out, though interesting, and Maroo - which doesn't appeal. If we could get financing on an old house we could afford something that we could play around with. I would be prepared to go into a new house. Chris isn't prepared to spend weekends putting in concrete piles, wall-papering, and all the dreadful things that people seem to do - and then not afford to go out. I would find alternatives - get bricks that have been washed up on the beach. Would enjoy doing that rather than having to buy them, or get boring concrete. I'd like lots of trees, before I cared about other things.

"He's funny really. He says there are two alternatives, 'either this or that'. Very much cut and dried. Often fails to see other alternatives or potential or he's too nice to take advantage of things. I suppose it presents a balance. I tend to be a bit idealistic, he a bit too realistic. Between us we manage! When I graduated I was 7 months pregnant. Silly really. You think it's not going to happen to you if you're reasonably careful. I didn't realize how damn lucky I was with my doctor. His whole attitude to women and child-birth was so tremendous. I didn't really want the child. I wanted an
abortion initially. We'd discussed it; he felt I was too well-balanced, he couldn't morally recommend it, but he had a colleague in Australia - if I wanted to, and I was really sure. I went over there - and it was an enormous cost to us at that stage, didn't have much money. I went alone. Chris was a bit scared of the whole deal. (He's a bit more conservative than me). Fear of the unknown wasn't so great for me. The doctor refused - too difficult. He was not prepared to risk his profession. Made some phone calls - others answered, and hung up again - just such a hassle. Put you off completely. He had friends in jail, who'd never be able to have a practice in Australia again. I was so sad - I thought 'what have I got to lose?'. We wanted a child eventually; and here were people losing their careers. Chris met me at the airport, looked so tense. I said 'sorry, I couldn't do anything'. I started thinking positively about it, and we managed all right. Seven months pregnant before Chris really looked at it too. Looking back, I couldn't have been that desperate - I would have hunted up those doctors, and put much more pleading of my case. I wasn't prepared to sacrifice my life. The doctor was really supportive, gave me books to read, one a glossy one with a woman going through birth, and laughing. He explained everything so carefully. Chris had the same doctor because he showed such an interest in our pregnancy - a family thing. For my very first child, I felt supported and confident. At the same time all the hairy old wives' tales really came to the fore - childless friends were the first to say 'Did you read about this person who dropped their child in the toilet while passing water'. Really, very frightening.

"I don't believe in drugs of any kind, had Paul completely naturally. Most orgasmic experience I've ever had. Peculiar - most significant and creative thing I've ever done, and afterwards I was so silly I couldn't sleep.

"There was a tremendous spiritual feeling about the placenta. I felt it was all over; had to work a bit harder to get the placenta out. Doctor picked it up lovingly - in very bloody hands.

"We weren't married when I actually got pregnant, they were really upset about it. I didn't anticipate this, because we had such a good relationship that it didn't seem important. My mother was the first one to come up and stay,
bought all these goodies and was so loving and excited about it herself. Mum put her own feelings that their friends might find out aside by the thought of the grandchild she was going to have. On Chris's side, they're extremely conservative and wouldn't express those feelings, but nevertheless, they would come out in an undercurrent. Expect they prayed a lot for us, if I can put it that way.

"The second birth was a bit of an anticlimax - not trying to be punning. No sense of bearing anything. Take any medication they offer and a bit more difficult though quicker. Chris was there, just the same team effort. Biggest thrill was having a girl. I desperately wanted to have a daughter - because there were only to be two, we'd planned that. How sad if you didn't have one of each. You say you don't mind - realise that subconsciously you did really mind. People weren't really so excited. Friends didn't come, no out of their way to bestow gifts on the child, not nearly so much with the second one. I was in a little room with a woman who wouldn't stop talking - like me now. A bit of a bore.

"The stay at hospital was a good rest. I'd been breastfeeding for 14 months, six months before Sharon was born that I stopped. Quite down, and a bit worn out. Still had this thing about me being a tired housewife, so we'd have friends round who'd stay till 2 am, I'd be just about falling asleep. I liked to think I could cope with that, the improvisation of hospitality. Very wearying!

"Decided even if we couldn't afford nice things, I'd make things as nice as possible - and there was a trail of dirty feet and nappies from one end of the house to another. Realised I would have to change those priorities if I wasn't to get exhausted. Over the years they've gotten lower. Now they're creeping a bit higher. Think I've developed management skills and recognized that if I feel it's important to tidy up children after their activities it disrupts their natural progression of play so they're not encouraged to put away.

"After you've had the second it gets better. You're confident, formed your own attitudes. Still subject to change - still have an open mind, basically. You need to take a standard and not worry too much about what the so-called experts say - so many that you can't afford to be chopping and changing all the time."
"I was reading the newspaper one night with Chris, jokingly talking about work. I saw this job for a survey researcher. Didn't sound too bad, so I rang up. One job where I would get to know on foot the sort of people living in this area and how they live. I don't do it so much now, there are things I enjoy more in the weekends. It adds to your concept of people, how they are. Tend to be very cut off down here, we're homogeneous couples. Tend to forget old people, people of wildly differing opinions - just by talking, asking about a product, so much more comes through. Can be very stimulating. Open the door and I pop them into a category, by the end of the interview I might have modified that. Still it's basically people and how they function.

"I got involved in Playcentre mainly because I think you should give back what you're given, and it wouldn't function unless parents co-operate in the truest sense of the word. I used to get hot about the supervision, having just one person each session (along with the parent-helpers). I'd hate to be the only one responsible, not because I couldn't do it, or don't like responsibility, but because it tends to defeat the philosophy of Playcentre, to put up the authority figure Playcentre is trying to get away from, and the child-teacher ratios are affected.

"I'm taking a refresher course - feel a bit of a fraud in a way. It's for all preschool teachers. As I'm not trained, I thought it would be quite useful to keep a finger in the educational pie. It all helps for later job qualifications. It said in last night's paper that people with preschool children should get a benefit equal to the one for those with handicapped preschool children. There are too many women who wastefully fill in six hours, once the children are at school - after all they can have lunch at school. Too many say 'my children need me'. Perhaps you do need to be there when they come home from school, get them off to school. But I don't really see how those women could lay claim to a wage when they've got six hours to maintain the place, shop. Those things can be done more efficiently. A lot of women do voluntary work, which isn't regarded as highly as it should be. But there's a lot who spend all day playing bridge, drinking coffee. I get very cross when I think of women who expect to sponge off their husbands, get ambitious for their husbands, look up to them,
drive them hard in their careers so they die early, and then living another ten or twenty years because she hasn't had the same stress. So inhuman for women to feel that they can sponge off the state and their husbands for the rest of their lives.

"Do hear them saying that if they went back to work outside the home when the last child went to school, they'd be expected to do the same housework as before on top of a forty hour week. Perhaps it's their own fault, haven't left the communication lines open enough when they did have to adjust to staying at home with the children. Their expectation of themselves has changed or dropped. They haven't realised there's a choice. Haven't considered the alternatives like part-time jobs or the husband having a couple of years off, maybe to pursue his own interests, maybe to maintain the house and property. Something you notice in middle class, the husband's job is more demanding of the intellect, and their communication drops off, and he ends up regarding her as a housewife, and the gap just widens. For the people who pander to their husbands, have tea on the table at the dot, warm slippers, for those people marriage and their self-esteem is the same as it was in the past. Things are changing slowly. I wish they would change more rapidly, I think it would produce a healthier society.

"I lived with one family where the woman was like that. Her friends used to spend all afternoon and evening watching TV - I couldn't believe it, and drinking and telling dirty jokes, gossiping, and sitting in the right position so that their girl-friends would be impressed with their legs. I found myself being influenced too - they used to lend me their clothes, and I can remember wearing this very sexy jumpsuit (they were all the rage) to our engagement party. They didn't come, they didn't know how to get on with Fine Arts and Engineering student types, because they were roleplaying so much. Wouldn't have known what roles to play, hadn't been shown how, so I guess it was easier for them not to go. Too confusing.

"Gossip from women hits me in the solar plexus, for some reason. I really hate it. If I know them well enough to be able to say, when a person picks someone to bits, whether I know them or not, feel I have to say something in their favour - 'had you considered their age, or that they need support rather than condemnation?' I just can't stand it. Chris is very anti-gossip too. People trying to show others in a worse light than
themselves. It's just a reflection of their own insecurity or uncertainty as to how you see them, and they drag someone else down in order to put themselves up.

"Chris and I see our role as a sharing one - fact that he's paid and I'm not is immaterial. I see Chris as earning my half of the salary, he sees me as looking after his half of the childminding. Which is just as well really! And I suppose it's no different from everyone else but it makes me feel more comfortable to know it's a shared attitude. He's quite strong about that - that the money he earns isn't his. Equally, he believes I should be paid for minding - don't think many men do. Not the family benefit, but a wage, payment made to a parent. Might be encouraged more to do a better job of looking after children - have to be accompanied by courses and things. I think it's idealistic. I think it wouldn't necessarily help the majority of people to be better child minders, and ensure a better future for the children, learning as fast as they do in those early years. It may help a small proportion of people, a very large proportion wouldn't see it in relation to childminding, and squander it. Wouldn't appreciate the value of it. And why shouldn't they be allowed to squander it.

(Q: Mother the best person to look after children?)

"Not necessarily at all. Where the child is breastfed, certainly a very obvious bond is established very early - the mother is the main provider of its needs. As far as that goes, it's difficult for the other partner to have an equal share, if you like, in the emotional development of the child. Can't see that shouldn't change when the child is weaned. Know of cases where the bond is just as strong with the father as with the mother - and it need not necessarily be the father or mother.

"I think the important thing is a warm, loving, continuous relationship, consistent so that attachment is made, so that they care about each other; I guess in most day care centres even if it is made, they can't give the attention necessary. It could be from the father. In fact the only reason Chris hasn't tried to get a half or three quarter time job, is that we're saving for a house. He could earn more full-time than both of us could working part-time. And the MOW is not very receptive to ideas like that. Someone we know asked for six months leave to be with his children. They refused - if he had
asked for those six months to go overseas or gain more experience they would have given it without question, seen themselves as getting the benefit of his experience. So he left, works in a job for slightly less pay, works from 9-3, has school holidays off. Took the job on his own terms, and a private firm happily accepted, because he had the qualifications they wanted. No, it's not really important enough for us to make radical changes — quite happy as we are — suppose we're quite complacent — I'm quite happy; he is. If that changed, I think we would explore that.

"He's so good about helping with the chores; he sees me as someone who ought to be available to the kids, interacting as much as possible. Decision made when Paul came along. I decided I had all this training in childhood education, it was a chance to put some into practice. See it as part of a continuum, good experience for later career — not being relegated to the rubbish bin in the meantime. I enjoy it, though you learn a lot of things you don't bargain for — the noise level for a start, and the constant interruption. I anticipated the lack of physical privacy, but not the lack of mental privacy. Usually battles around five o'clock. It's not all bread and roses — more beer and skittles! I suppose I do try to do what other things I can while I have the chance. I think because Chris expects I work as hard equally if not harder, than he does. I think it's good having that sort of support; so many men seem to feel that their spouse, if she's a mother, just sort of goes out to the shops all day, this sort of thing. So there's an incentive. I'm morally bound to meet the expectation of the spouse, in this case!

"I used to get very frustrated trying to write and do other things during the day. I just do those at night, there's no reason to get frustrated and annoyed about it. They're relegated to a different slot. Never go to bed before midnight. There's much less time than there was two years ago, but I can cope much more easily.

"I probably will go back teaching. Chris reckons I deserve a year off, a plan that we talk over frequently as the time approaches. I've a year to think and sort of find myself — such a silly phrase. You know what I mean. Time to do the things I've wanted to do, and if found I wanted to do something else, say goodbye to the teaching idea. Rely on self-discipline.
I get ideas from time to time, write them in a notebook; things to make, possibly even what there's a market for - I'd like to be self-sufficient, do something I could earn quite a lot off on my own - almost freelancing in a way - have a go at that.

"Could be so many areas - who knows what it might bring? Hate to think that I just went back to the classroom and so on, that I didn't have the time to explore all this beforehand. That's the predictable thing to do. I don't want to rush back into it, if you see what I mean.

"Just after we just got married, I still felt very much tied - trapped more - hadn't any new clothes, couldn't make any decisions financially. Wasn't because Chris could make any - just that we didn't have any money. The repercussions of going from two salaries to one.

"I saw this job selling lottery tickets. Could work your own hours. I was working for a promoter-fellow was a snark. But I earned good money. I could go where I liked, didn't have to put up with the atmosphere in his office. And I met a helluva lot of interesting variety of people - a huge cross-section of people. Refusal rate was so low as to be non-existent - and for the first time in ages, I had some money that I felt I could call my own. Chris feels ashamed when I say that. Not his fault, that I didn't have money. I had no freedom, in so many ways.

"Paul cried when I left him, and cried when I picked him up from the day care centre. I was breastfeeding him, but he didn't seem cuddly, which he normally felt. He took his first step there - and I felt guilty. It was all so distant. It was six weeks, just before Christmas one year, sort of temporary thing, the chance to make money quickly. When I saw the Robinsons' film, on childhood deprivation, I could react so easily.

"What they say has a lot of significance - but they've seen so much deprivation, and problems caused by the separation from mother before a child's three. But you know, when Margaret Mead said that children should have a lot of contact with different life styles and people I feel I agree with her. I don't think that undermines the findings of the others. I don't think the Robinsons approve of relations between the parent and child that are so tight they suffocate - and Margaret Mead wouldn't"
advocate dumping a child in hospital before the age of three and giving no thought to the consequences. A happy medium. Can draw on what the experts have found, in the light of my own experience. There's a lot of sense to both views, I don't think they're in conflict at all. People seem to think they are, by being fanatically on one side or the other.

Interview Three

"The conference was just fantastic. Very relaxing, being able to establish relations with other adults in a situation without demands. I could have done with another week - such a relaxed and comfortable feeling. Yet it was very intensive. Not as stressful as having children around. I felt free: I couldn't help feeling at the back of my mind that I could walk out right by myself. In my spare time, if I didn't linger over breakfast I had the best part of an hour to walk, and I got up much earlier without the trepidation of the home situation to have a brisk walk in the fresh air by myself. Others who enjoyed that would be out walking too, and we'd talk, extend the discussions from the conference.

"I met a lot of people. Something I appreciated was being able to establish relations and be with people without those looks from Chris that he was bored or restless. Came to realize that we don't establish friendships very easily, we're not prepared to get past the niceties. I'd sooner get down to the more important issues - there's so much to find out about one another. There seemed to me to be a division between those who chatted, who could never quite manage to get past the funny incident at the teatable last night: perhaps I'm being a little unjust; a chitchat person, and those who managed to participate a fair amount in information through discussion of the course.

"Had an interesting dilemma on the last day. The course finished after lunch, and I had free time till the train left at night. I met another girl, much older, with a grown up family, who was also going in the train, and it became apparent that she wanted to tag along, that she needed me. I didn't want to put her off - the friendship was rather nice and
very valuable. Felt myself having to solve problems I hadn't anticipated. I felt a bit mean, but I very much wanted this time for myself, I didn't want it to be marred by this person, another incessant demand.

"The children were so happy and relaxed when I came back; and Chris was full of praise that I'd been doing this for so many years. I could see that he really did appreciate what I do. I don't always feel that appreciation is warranted, unfortunately. When I went, Sharon came out to the gate to wave me goodbye as she does when Chris goes off to work, and I turned at the corner for one last wave as he does, and I felt happy because I equated my role with Chris's I suppose. A little bit.

"Last time I was away for a week was when we walked the Milford Track two Christmases ago. I was staying with my parents, there was a last minute vacancy. I was still breastfeeding Sharon. It seemed like a good opportunity to break the ties, though I didn't consider it really necessary. I suppose it was an extended family situation in the true sense - I had younger siblings at home, others were coming and going, Chris was working with my father on the farm, thoroughly enjoying himself. I delegated most of the parental responsibilities to my mother. When I came back Sharon regarded me with nonchalance - she remembered me, but not as her mother. I was a trifle hurt, though I'm very wary of feeling that children are your possessions, yours alone the privilege to bear and bring them up. They've got their own spirit, they're people in their own right. After we went home, gradually the bond was strengthened - which was to be expected, my mother disappearing from the scene, memory traces revived when we got back to this place. Suddenly she wanted to suck my breast again. I thought, Oh no; though I didn't really mind. Under pressures from outside, that it wasn't quite nice after a certain age. Even now if she feels upset or insecure, she puts her arm inside my jersey, feels around - quite spontaneous, a slight association, a last remnant of long ago comfort feelings.

"No, the pressure's not here. More common from members of my parents' generation, and even though it's far from interfering, they still say things which indicate that they
disagree entirely. Get tired of justifying your actions, after a while even feel a bit smug in fact that you've got a justification, indication from their comments. Something passed down from generation to generation. If I launch off into a discussion, I don't seem to get anywhere; so I assume an air of tolerance - I like to think I do! - and stand for what I firmly believe in.

"For example - when we were staying with my parents at one stage - Paul was 2-2½, and for comfort, he'd hold his penis quite often. My mother's friends were quite shocked, said they wouldn't let him do that sort of thing; and I said it was quite natural, that most children do it at some stage when they're feeling insecure, and you don't see many adults clutching themselves, I had no fears. But her fears weren't allayed at all. Terrible mistake I was making by not chastising him.

"You like to feel that you're right, that things are changing with better communication and less reluctance to talk about things regarded as taboo subjects a few years ago, more social services, parents centre, communication - mobility generally, too. So much more support in the community through very many factors so that everybody is mildly interested.

"Very few people are isolated from all the influences - slogans in buses - danger signs for VD and for pregnancy, for breast cancer on buses and lavatory walls, so I do feel information is getting to those who need it, if slowly at the very bottom.

(Q: Father and mother have different responsibilities, roles?)

"Except for breastfeeding - feminist radicals even, I think, go so far as to promote bottle feeding to encourage men to get up in the night just as frequently - I think that's rather sad. Because why should you take drugs to prevent something occurring when all the research shows that the composition of mother's milk is more suitable for feeding infants than cows' milk is - seems a shame to think less of the child, and more of one another's roles. Let's face it, we all do different things, don't master skills to the same degree. Seems silly not to make use of one person's skills in one area, and another in another. Reason why I don't fix the car unless there's a puncture; laughed at if I didn't then. Chris really, and most men, expects to
stop for a female in distress, help change her tyre; to me it's the way we're inclined - probably not less difficult to accomplish than making a good batch of scones. To say that we're not prepared to take the initiative - I see it comes from the days where women had long sweeping skirts, couldn't crouch very easily. No reason why women shouldn't change a tyre. Not to say that men shouldn't stop to assist any more than they would stop for another man who had a mechanical failure or a puncture. Boys are taught how to mend a puncture or tie a knot - those sorts of things, for women it's baking scones. I'd like to see the options reduced so that girls were forced - so that if they didn't know at that stage how to change a tyre, for example, they'd have to find out, couldn't take an easy option.

(Q: Homosexuals?)

"I don't think in the plan of things that they are natural, but I don't see that they shouldn't be accepted without putting them down. I personally feel that I wouldn't like to be one, but if my children were homosexual, I don't think it would worry me, providing they were happy. That's the important thing, not whether they're homosexual or not.

"If you removed the laws, made it open and acceptable, it would seem a bit smart, like smoking marijuana illegally and underage sex, and might mushroom. Don't think it would have a very long term effect, as public attitudes change. But it might not help maturation if you remain identified with your own sex, which you do in adolescence anyway, and if you moved in those circles, you'd have no chance of heterosexual relations. I don't know how strongly they identify with that group, how much time they spend with it; other cults, like Saved-by-Christ, seems to me the members hopped from one group to another, almost wonder what they're going to find next.

"I flattered with one a long time before I realised what she was. Met her again at a conference. She used to wear frilly nightgowns, and now she dresses like a man. I was able to chat with her once we'd established initial contact, only I felt sad. She just looked a bit down-and-out, and I had admired her before for so many things. She hadn't grown as a person. She used to be very interesting to talk to - and yet, even then, a bit self-conscious."
"Chris is President of Playcentre, rather enjoys it, used to be Treasurer and present little charts to demonstrate the financial situation. The elections were a process of elimination - great arguments as to whether people were in fact prepared to stand - if they wouldn't, push them in. It's a time thing - given enough pushing, people submit. Had one short at the top. All sorts of positions that people like to take on, but they get a negative approach: 'I know I can't do it'. They asked Chris, and he agreed.

"Not many male parents helping, though it's increased since we've been here. Those that don't have time aren't going to feel enthusiastic about it from the beginning. It can be a matter not of being praised into a situation as that it's nasty to be seen not to be effective.

"Playcentre is grassroots - I know that's a bit of a dreadful cliche. It's parents co-operating, working for their own children. I wouldn't like to see us as some kind of benevolent society, a philanthropic voluntary organization. The Federation is so stagnant; there's so much potential in the centres which isn't being tapped; they require quite a lot of consciousness raising, a few blasts to get them into action. Perhaps I should be more involved at the centre than at the other levels - but the subcommittee on publicity that I'm on hasn't met since I was elected to it, a laughable situation really. Very tricky, it's an in-group, which makes for uncomfortable situations that I'd prefer not to deal with, but I don't think you can afford to have feelings of authority - or embarrassment, when it's been set up for the benefit of others. Got to be prepared to be seen as vocal, not to feel self-conscious about it. Once I was on a motor club committee, and I enjoyed that. The Playcentre ones I can't afford to put enjoyment first: there are needs, and it's your responsibility to see those needs are met. I do enjoy it, but that's not your reason.

(Q: Cars?)

"Primarily I see cars as a means of getting from Point A to Point B - transport, but I think I identify with cars more than a lot of women. Not the imagey thing, though that's part
of it. I enjoy driving. Very much a visual experience. Chris went off for a motoring weekend recently, and his friend left me his car - I thought that was really nice, since the only clue to my behaviour in his car was his impression of Chris. It was a Mini. So low, you have to get down into it. You seem to have to try harder to get anywhere, maybe that's something to do with the window design, has no border. I felt as though I might fly, haven't had that experience for a very long time. And a oneness with Nature. Possibly a matter of not having the children with me, so I had time and thought to think about how I was feeling. They ask questions and have arguments in the back seat.

"When I first stayed home I didn't want to drive. Now I drive during the week, clock up many more miles than him. In the weekends Chris drives of right. He loves it. Wouldn't leave me transportless with young children though. I initially felt resentment that he stopped asking me, 'Do you want to drive?' in the weekends. It looked as though there were no question. I thought, 'typical kiwi male'. But I can see that he does enjoy it a lot, and does think it's his right. And I also enjoy being able to sit back, see things I hadn't really noticed before, by being able to share situations with the children in a way that I can't when I am driving.

(Q: Sports?)

"Big laugh now; I'm really ashamed of myself. I used to be sporty at school. At primary school I wasn't content unless I'd won all the races. Awfully competitive! Have a suitcase under the bed with a whole lot of prize cards from athletics, the gym team. I was in A grade basketball for three years, then refereed it. I used to enjoy being in a team, but I didn't get any great thrill out of it. You don't take the responsibility in bad games, though it gets to you if you're in first place. If you're Goalie, it would be different. I was Goal Defence - they reckoned I was tall and good at jumping; it was only relative to the stage of growth of the others. Part of my boredom with basketball was that I wasn't taking any responsibility for getting the ball to me. It wasn't my function. It was a good solid workout, and it gave you a good sense of satisfaction if the team won. But the game wasn't interesting enough, there wasn't much design to it. Refereeing was more challenging.
"Chris took part in a gymkhana - timed runs. Boy, I thought it the most laughable thing out. He had a job to convince me that there was something to be gained from people haring round a paddock in cars. Very useful in emergency situations, or when you see someone else careering towards you.

"Young children do have a lot of energy, do go a lot for participation in a team. You learn how to function as part or a group, do your bit, co-operate, share, make group decisions, things like that. Guess at my age my concern is more to do something to improve my body, and rather than take half a day off to play sport, I can mow the lawns in an hour, and both of us are better off. Probably if I lived in the county, I'd still feel that basketball was still very much my scene, because there would be fewer opportunities for me to participate in a group there.

"Last year I took a pottery class, best thing I ever did. Nextdoor neighbour looked after the kids for half an hour; Chris came home a bit earlier and cooked dinner, and I came home at half past seven, when they'd gone to bed. Really spiritually refreshing doing that, being able to create a thing of my own in a medium that I quite enjoy. I wasn't very good because I didn't persevere. I need a lot more basic knowledge. I was too impatient to wait for the things to be fired. I like to get things done, I need the reinforcement, to be able to go on immediately from something that's worked out.

"This year I went to a course on Advanced Child Study. I didn't need to go, but there was a solo parent going, she needed company, and if I'd do the Supervisors course, this would be nice to have out of the way. I felt the need too for some independent information - I'm not sure that I got it. Prompted me to do more reading. I often have Association Playcentre executive on all day or most of the evening. Take the children to those. Other Playcentres invite you to evenings, lectures, films, discussions over coffee.

"Last year I went to a University Extension course on 'moral and religious development'. That to me was very worthwhile. Chris's father's an Anglican vicar, fairly narrow in his approach, and I think they see us as sadly gone astray. Why, I don't know.
"I felt I needed a broader understanding, and it's easy to neglect things for yourself, but when there are children have to ask what are you doing for the children's spiritual development. I'm a bit more conservative than Chris; we have different concepts of God. He believes that you do need something to believe in, it might be engineering, flying, your job - that's too radical for me. I do believe in some external power which is greater than man, after having gone through a stage when I didn't. I don't pray; feel strongly that I am neglecting my spiritual growth a bit. I do believe there's a lot of power in prayer, I've seen this so many times. A friend of my father's was extremely badly smashed up in a car accident; Surgeon said 'he won't be with us tomorrow', and one of his friends, a Roman Catholic priest at a seminary organized a full scale prayer thing for him - and he pulled through. Just incredible.

"If I've learnt anything from having children, it's tolerance. And children offer a new horizon, even if it wasn't news to you that they learn through their five senses. So much that opens to you - not if you confine yourself to being a housewife, not if you're too busy chatting to other adults, not getting to the child's level. A matter too of helping the child cope with the way he or she is in certain situations - if Paul's uncomfortable, he'll get extroverted, get the other children to laugh at him. So many people are tormented with thoughts of 'Have I done the wrong thing?' It makes people so self-conscious, and takes away all the pleasure of living.

"I'm sure it helped that I had models - didn't have them till I came here. I could see other mothers and fathers reacting in certain ways with their children, and was able to select the things I liked about the way they interacted with their kids and discard others. All part of the learning process. Helps you think about what you feel is important and the sorts of things that you might be doing - you can be very closed, and forget about alternatives. Looking at other people, taking them as models can only broaden your horizon.

(Q: Friends?)

"Always go back and start at the beginning. I have a few friends left from primary school, not so many from secondary almost without exception girls. More in touch with those from university and training college days; quite a few men who have got married - it sounds so final! gone away, gone overseas.
"A friend is someone you enjoy being with, mainly. Chris is my best friend - we're one another's best friend. They have fresh things to offer, and you feel you have fresh things to offer them. I guess it has to be a constructive relationship. By being together you come to better things. Sounds like a load of old nonsense!

"Best friends are the ones you can confide in; it's a scale, stratification thing. When you look at a person's qualities there are things that appeal and things that don't appeal, not so much. I don't find myself looking for those, but they may stand out and you can't help noticing. For example, a lack of integrity. Three or four that you find develop into someone special that you really enjoy being with, don't have to invite to your place, know they'll come. Supportive. Have different sorts of friendships, different sorts of qualities. If you had all the people you call friends all together in one room, it would be a really weird bunch, really heterogeneous mixture.

"I've got one friend who's got so much creative talent— and yet no initiative. She wouldn't get on the train to come and see me. Hasn't got her own house - the responsibility is too much for her. She's a freelance designer, recently won an award. Give her a medium, and she will produce something, something that will make you laugh, which can engender creations in other people. I'll pop up to her place after I've gone to a lecture in town, when I'm by myself, and we'll gas till one in the morning. Late, but you feel refreshed after being in her company.

"I don't usually take the kids to people's places who have no kids of their own. It's a practical thing, not that the other friends don't like or understand them, but that they're probably not interested in their needs, haven't got things to provide, just don't think that a child couldn't sit and listen: they need to do. They learn by exploring - and don't discriminate with precious objects the way adults do!

"Chris is beginning to bring groups from the motor club home - they have all these subcommittees. The room was full of people the other night discussing some rally organization. Pretty noisy. Quite often there'll be shouts after work, any excuse: someone's passed an exam, had a baby, going overseas, got a promotion. The motor club's like Playcentre, whether
it's good or bad, there's so much scope for doing different sorts of things, using different skills. Sideways expansion, though they lump it together as 'motor club'.

"I think Chris has an advantage, he can go out at lunchtime, pop round the galleries (something he didn't use to do), maybe work later if he feels like it. I never know when he's coming home. We usually ring each other up once a day, though.

"It's easier for me to get to know the women. Might go to a class with them, very seldom go out for an evening's entertainment with just the male. Easier to analyse friendship with the woman. Though one weekend a friend of ours had two tickets to a chamber music concert, offered them to us because his wife was going to be away. Chris was off too, and he suggested that we go together. The two families are very close - I feel that I love their children, even though I used to think you couldn't love any but your own. So we had dinner with all the kids at his place, left them with a friend, went to the concert and afterwards had a very enjoyable conversation - a bit self-conscious. I got to know him much better.

"When I went off for a week's tramp, I got on very well with someone; it wasn't a threat to the marriage relationship, nothing sexual in it, though the theorists would argue that there is, related to your entire response to someone. Might be so. I invited him to stay - when he rang up from the station I got cold feet, so I put Chris in the situation of meeting him, and they went round the golf course together, got to know one another, and I had time to get over my initial shock, or reaction - whatever it was. Opportunities are limited, getting to know men, maybe because we're afraid to explore further. I don't think there is any threat to marriages; maybe the reason is that people are reluctant to break out of the normal patterns.

"I used to think that fidelity was really important, then I went through a stage where not being faithful wasn't too threatening to cope with. Hard to say unless the situation arose. Like to feel that your sexual relationship is the icing on the cake. If you've got a good cake, the total relationship, then really, being able to communicate well in bed is the icing. That's the way I see it. I thought for a while the sexual part
became less important; it's certainly less dramatic or intense, but I find it a much richer experience, just as valuable. It's at a higher spiritual level, slightly less physical. There was a transitional period when I thought it wasn't as important. Now I see the spiritual thing as equally important, if not more. Used to feel really sorry when I read in a book that the older you get you generally just like very close physical contact rather than doing a bit more. I can see now that that is probably as enriching for those people as a more intense physical contact would be for younger people.

"I can't imagine me going out and sleeping with someone else. Maybe if I had a weekend alone, and maybe too much to drink, so my freedom to choose was affected quite greatly - then I can conceive of a situation where I might. I don't think that would threaten the relationship at all. The danger would be when you may have an affair, because that indicates some need that is not being met in your partnership. You're relying on this other person for a more meaningful communication, it's that rather than the sexual act that's dangerous. If you think of a marriage relationship graphically, there's a warming up period, a plateau, climax, and tapering off; in that tapering off period it's most important for communication. If couples roll over and go to sleep, especially if one or the other is not satisfied or something, that's probably as much a threat to them as anything.

"I wouldn't like to fiddle around outside our relationship. Don't really know about the sexual need, how strong it is. Maybe if Chris was paralyzed from the waist down, perhaps I would feel a sexual drive stronger than I could cope with. But I wouldn't be the same person. I don't know what would happen. I don't like to feel that it's cut and dried. I've no desire to be unfaithful at the moment. Suppose you'll ask me how I'd feel if he had an affair with someone - be a bit of a shock, I guess.

(Q: Argue with friends?)

"Yes, it's good, to the extent that violent disagreements don't threaten a relationship. What bothers me is that my mother can't see the place for a good violent debate. If we start arguing, it makes her feel uncomfortable, even now. She
has subtle techniques of smoothing things over that I notice at home. I don't think my parents ever learnt to argue constructively - most of their arguing is destructive. They were consistent, firm, and I'd say, fairly loving. I feel though that if I'd known a lot more about behaviour and stages of development, we would have got along more easily, with less stress and strain. I was lucky; I was the first, though that's often not a virtue. I can see all sorts of problems my youngest brother has. A much harder adolescence. All sorts of situations that if handled differently might have been improved. My mother was looking for a present for Chris, and I suggested this book, which for some reason she read, and a lot of things fell into place, things in relation to my brother. Their subsequent handling of him has changed quite markedly, and they're happier all round. A matter of understanding the phase he was at.

"You can be too aware though of categories, or too self-conscious about relating to people. Got to relax and be yourself; if you're too tied up, who are you - that whole thing of identity, open but not always wondering when you meet someone whether their values are better. No absolutes in behaviour are there. If your child was living in a different situation, they'd be a little different, in different ways.

(Q: Whether the men she knows have cried?)

"Once saw my father-in-law cry, in church. As if he has very strong emotions and can't express them. I feel as though there's this beaut little man inside desperately trying to get out. When I realize that, I'm really able to love him. Other times he's such a damn cold fish. I think he's someone you have to get to know really well before you can appreciate him. I have seen my own father cry. I felt so empathetic, really fantastic. It was in a conflict situation with my mother. It was really very sad, I had tried very hard not to let my emotions be overcome, I was brought up to be brave, to hide my feelings. Also very tired at the time, I'd been working very hard, so I guess I was very vulnerable. Situation I don't think I'll ever forget.

"I've seen Chris - not cry, but have tears of happiness, just after Paul was born, and sorrow when something happened to the new car that he'd worked and saved so hard for.
I tell Paul not to cry, not to be a big sook – perhaps I'm taking the wrong course.

"I used to cry a lot between 16 and 22 comparatively. I might feel that it was the end of the world; I was also able to experience a much greater joy, had a lot more perceptual awareness. I could be turned on to a lot more beauty in the world than I now can, and I guess those two extremes did cause crying.

"Very infrequently if I get depressed – I don't remember being depressed for ages – or just very briefly – don't think I ever get to the stage where I do cry. Things where I do are touching things, I hesitate to say sentimental. Saw this film about parents in different cultures, this mother with an enormous smile, seeing this symbol of maternity, with this beautiful little baby; an experience I should never have again – felt eyes welling up, sorrow in a way, and in another, more strongly, empathy with that situation. I think that's what it was – something that I found very beautiful at the time.

"Another, last Christmas, when Chris gave me a book about Maria Montessori's methods, and I suddenly felt really tired as well as quite depressed. Felt as though I needed a good overhaul. 'My God – I've done it all wrong', burst into tears and had a good old sob.

Interview Five
(Q: Basis of a good marriage?)

"To be good friends for a start. All those cliches about communication. To have someone that accepts you as you are, warts and all. And a mutual thing. Such an individual thing, but you must be able to separate out some of the components though. Part of the communication thing, to be able to really speak your mind without the other person feeling threatened, in any way personally got at. We have friends who are so very, very close – do everything together, absolutely everything and it's a tremendous relationship. But I feel it would be threatened by additions, the intrusion of other people. Although it's tremendous for them, that's not the sort of relationship I would care to have.
"I suppose all those things - tolerance, something that's very important; working out your respective responsibilities, come to some kind of compromise. Things you don't like, things you do, and willing to reassess as you go - but not being prepared to throw in the sponge when it doesn't work after five minutes. Expectations of one another are fairly reasonable in whose terms I'm not sure! I think you've got to have a fair chunk of basic respect and admiration for one another - and I suppose better throw the love bit in somewhere - that to me encompasses all of those things. Suppose it does for Chris too.

"Different sorts of love. Parents' love for kids is a much more protective thing, and because of the age difference, you can't expect the mutuality bit.

"Have a Chinese friend who, when he was 30, went back to China and married a person; didn't say whose arrangement it was. Brought her back home. It seems to be working quite well. I'm sure you could get along with vast numbers of people with varying degrees of success.

"What a marriage means - looking at a relationship; not too self-consciously. Hate to think that everything we did was carefully weighed and analyzed. Freely spontaneous and enjoyable - from the ability to understand one another's needs.

"Children have enriched our relationship in some ways - in other ways, they've threatened it. Vagely enriched when we work as a unit. Egotistical thing, really - see somebody that you have created. I'm not sure that I like that term. See the product of your reproduction - too negative! One sounds too pompous, the other hard. Somehow you marvel in what it is to be a human being, ability to reproduce some elements of both in one person. Must be more than an egotistical thing. Enjoying the ability to generate - and I'm not sure - feels more complete than what? Your relationship's growing anyway; you can't compare what might have been with what is.

"I think it's made us more tolerant. Made me less selfish, things like getting up in the night out of your warm bed - having to give so much more of yourself. Something if people realised, they wouldn't enter into it! The annoyance of being unable to finish a conversation because of interruptions. Makes the time spent together more precious because it's less frequent. Number of relationships increases disproportionately
to the number of people - something you just don't bargain for: two have two relationships; four must have - I'll draw a diagram - six, only six; five in the family makes 10 relationships, six in the family makes 15, going up by adding one every time - so if you had seven children in the family, 21 relationships - bit frightening! Sure it's the crowding that's a bit frightening sometimes with only four people - the intensity of relationships, all trying to operate all at once. Bit too much for me to cope with sometimes. When the children stayed away all Saturday night and Sunday, we were able to talk at quite a moderate level - without having to shout.

"That's not something I bargained for. I have to ask Chris mostly every night not to use his 'office voice' when he gets home. I just can't hear what he's saying. I'm sure it's not my hearing - just so much more noise - and after three 'Beg your pardons', the conversation's gone west.

"Something about not having children, the freedom to just get up and go anywhere you like. Know a lot of people who don't make full use of that.

"People without children say 'What do you do all day?' Then you say, 'Well, I have to tidy up', with them that lasts an hour, with us it's quite likely to be half the day. Have to reassess your priorities, otherwise go mad. Have to sacrifice quite a few standards, in fairly arbitrary things.

"I remember when I was a child, maybe the influence of my parents, aware of 'so-and-so's living with a boy', it was hush hush, whisper, not quite right. Someone I admired greatly, showed respect and friendship - then it wasn't acceptable, that they just 'lived differently'. My parents themselves have seen tremendous changes, partly the way society's changing. People who I would have thought fairly conservative - middle of the road perhaps, now seem to me to be fairly liberal, much more concerned with individual freedom. People are so much more aware of choices, even if it doesn't quite extend to their own lives, even if they're not using freedom to the extent that they might. Still think they will concede that the differences are real and that they're okay, and everyone has the right to live their own lives - provided that they're not infringing on the right of others. I'm sure that that's more and more taken as the maxim or something.
"First and second children, their development of speech can be quite different. It's such an individual thing. With the first child, the person's probably just changed from a situation where they're in contact with lots of people, plenty of conversation - then alone for the greater part of the day. It made me talk a lot more to our own first child. Paul had a good vocabulary at two, spoke clearly. By the time of the second - perhaps it's a graphical thing, noise is such a part of everyday life, it's the last thing you want. I neglect to say the same things to Sharon. I shouldn't put it out of perspective, but I think her speech is slower and not as clear because of that factor. The noise level.

"Maria Montessori says it's a privilege to be with children, because of their love and trust. Pretty philosophical approach. Nevertheless, if you stop and think about it, it's not love in the sense we have for them, I suppose it's trust and need for them. Thinking of that makes it more meaningful perhaps.

"Danger of taking on too many bits and pieces, and neglecting the priorities. Rationalise that if I have to prove to myself that I'm not just a housewife, not just a mother. I like to think it's more. That I've made the choice. Sometimes find myself carried away, there's not time - and then there's not time to do the things I'd really like to do, things that I feel are more important in the long run. Almost feel resentful of people. Yet I know the choice is mine - if I reassess my situation - change a few decisions, have the same lifestyle if I wanted it. Bit of a dilemma.

"Activities have dropped off. Playcentre's funny - like a disease - so many areas you can get into that aren't hierarchical. For example, go to a series of lectures given by someone good, and the next night she or he comes to learn something from you - a bit humbling. It's really a grassroots thing - not competitive compared with other organizations. Get the chance to be a leader or follower or participate alongside people whose roles change according to what they have to do on a particular day. The leaders aren't pompous, or aware of any need for this stratification and reverence. Easy to get yourself into lots of different slots. Made it so interesting."
"If Chris decides to go on a motor event, and takes $3, he says it really costs $6 - he gives me $3 too. I'm more likely to put those $3 going to a course - so much to learn in life, not here forever. I enjoy doing that more, and I get the same social enjoyment as he gets. Tend to see the same people there, a clubiness anyhow. He puts that in a different class. I could spend those $3, maybe a book for the children. Quite seldom that I would think of spending $3 on myself. Sometimes I put it aside, and take him to a film - otherwise he may not have wanted to see it. As a sort of bonus. I feel his is a generous attitude - he doesn't consider he's being generous.

(Q: Children, clothes?)

"I probably think more about what they're going to wear. Chris is a dag, he puts anything on them. If we're going to a really good friend's place, I don't mind; but if it's guys from work, it's a reflection on me if they're really badly dressed - for example, wearing a pair of pants put away because they've grown out of them to give to someone else. If it's a situation where I feel some pride, if it's some of his work colleagues, where the roles are more clearly defined, they see the woman as responsible for dressing the children - I feel responsible for their appearance.

(Q: Husband head of the household?)

"Oh no - cross it out on the form, or I put myself, or I put both of us; hard to get over things like insurance agents, people with these standard forms. If you argue or complain, they're sympathetic because they want to clinch the deal, but you have no control over this though you think surely if you complain you get through to someone, in time.

(Q: Need to be separate in marriage?)

"Changes a bit, I think it would be dreadful if you did everything together. Okay for some couples, they thrive on it; feel I don't know if I could manage working in partnership. Know a couple, she teaches, he's a part-time postman. Two children. They buy an old house, do it up, use their skills and talent, make a beautiful lovely attractive place, and sell it - no bother at all. Then they buy another 'handyman's paradise', so they're together most of the time apart from a few hours a
day. Had to pull themselves up by their bootlaces. Lovely creative relationship, pretty good friends. I see that as a tremendous marriage. But I don't think I could take that. I need time to myself, reflection. Way I was bought up, or the person I am. I need time to think things through. And if I'm with Chris too much of the time, I've got to be seen to be doing useful things. It's absurd, because he doesn't feel that way. If I'm all by myself, I don't have to justify myself. I don't have to be seen doing useful things. Useful thoughts going on in my head anyhow, or plain relaxing. If my parents had relaxed more, I might be more relaxed, also his own parents are quite similar in that respect. They spend most of their evenings together, as a family whole. Men are allowed to sit, ponder idly, smoke a pipe, women busy with their hands - a jersey for the man to wear as he sat with his hands in his pockets staring at the fire. Okay if it's what they want to do; if the men could employ their own skills to make things for the betterment of the family, would have seemed fair to me. He's started to make a few things like bag-handles. I never ever do any maintenance on the car - Chris prides himself. His grandfather was a stone mason, had a special workshop, made his own tools. Chris used him largely as a model; he got quite a few tools bequeathed to Chris and his younger brother, because grandmother would never have used them.

"Chris's much more interested in Playcentre. He thought it was deadly boring - bit limited. Now he's involved in Playcentre to a similar degree to me. Communication about those sorts of things is more meaningful. You can be interested in other person. Listening politely, not really understanding. It's more reciprocal now, we're suddenly enjoying very much being able to be on the same instant wavelength. Made me think that perhaps it wouldn't be too bad if we had the same job. Couldn't be too similar - maybe different schools.

"I couldn't imagine myself being an engineer. Know several couples, both engineers, one's chemical and her husband is civil; the others, he's electrical and the girl's civil. One's quite feminine, the other more masculine, but not in a self-conscious way. Very tall woman - to me a lot of very tall women are naturally more boyish. Of the more masculine engineer, her husband is not the good fairdinkum. He does things like mending as much as she does, but they're both working fulltime,
and they do share their roles equally. He likes going to the theatre, music and plays. Sort of person, the way he talks as much as anything, and the way he puts his arm around you, who really appreciates people - not the masculine stereotype at all. He has a delightful laugh. In fact I found myself doing it, must have caught it from him. Didn't realise it till I was in his company. How much are we ourselves - and how much to we take from around us, modify to suit ourselves? I do a lot of things subconsciously that I notice in other people - maybe might be plagiarising it all.

(Q: Women more emotional?)

"Yes; I think that's quite learned - especially in early childhood. Women's range of emotional behaviour is richer than men's, more open about expressing extremes of sorrow, happiness, and I suppose - don't know about -- reactions to fear, probably all the emotions. Men tend to be more reserved about it - more secretive about their feelings.

"I would see being logical as a separate thing all together. Yes, it's different. I think men are probably more logical. Then again, it stems from the time when girls are encouraged to follow Mummy round the house cleaning up. Only boys given meccano sets and number games, and encouraged not to play with dolls, their paternal bit is not nourished or rewarded - for girls it is. Also parents' expectations, identifying boys with occupations. Can see that the situation, the learning environment is much more conducive to being more logical in thought than the average girl's. That's changing - Playcentre, etc, is helping quite a lot to change these attitudes.

"Maybe men are more overtly aggressive; in general I think probably they are. Once again, a learnt thing. Boys are encouraged to play with guns, role-play so many aggressive situations, cops and robbers, policemen, those situations. Boys are told to be men - stand up for themselves, fight back rather than run away; girls are told 'Never mind dear, come to mother, I'll cuddle you better'.

(Q: Use 'bitch' and 'bastard'?)

"Yes, in thought sometimes; not really to people I know. If on the radio or TV I saw somebody being horrible - 'What a bastard of a person'. I don't know if I'd call a man
a bitch. I'm not sure - and yet I'd say that they were bitchy. I tend to use bastard for both but limit the word bitch to the adjective, not the noun. Bloody nuisance - someone who's been unsympathetic, excessively dominant, or greedy or chauvinistic-put that first (!); insensitive, not very perceptive; physically violent. With thieves and murderers, it doesn't come in, it's part of the story. It's the day to day behaviour that you identify with more, which is more upsetting because you relate to it.

(Q: Believe in fate, luck?)

"Quite a lot earlier on, I had so much intuition, I used to know lots of things would come true; like I knew I'd marry Chris when I saw him, really peculiar. Yet I know we have the right of choice, yet I do believe there's some sort of master plan, it doesn't lessen our freedom of choice - they're not in conflict. Some people argue that they are - I don't see it that way at all. I think the two are complementary. Something that you can consciously develop. Having children hits it in the teeth a bit. You have less time to reflect. Maybe it's tied up with perception too. I wonder if people with a lot of young children and influenced by a husband who isn't very perceptive, wonder whether that decreases that intuition a lot, till they become more - I hesitate to say logical, more down to earth perhaps in their aspirations. Also must have happened at a time when the mother I suppose is experiencing more emotional heights and depths, the range of emotional feelings is much greater; not sure, don't understand this. Tempted on a few occasions to join one of those crazy groups - just to see if there is something in it.

"I used to pray that I would be safe in the car, a safe journey - so aware of people I knew having road accidents, and a few deaths; I remember one foggy road, I was driving quite rapidly, fairly used to travelling on it. Heard a voice, yet I was unsure, saying to stop the car. I did, looked out to a whole herd of cows - I can't explain that. One of my experiences.

"I used to have intuitions about Chris and they came out true - yet he just laughed at anything like that. Guess I tried not to cultivate that, whatever it was or is. Once went
out with a guy who had similar experiences. This was so great that in a way — and in another — I felt threatened, my identity hazy, not able to get away from this hungry man — his needs for that sort of communication were greater than mine. Hit suffocating in the end.

(Q: Most important or meaningful things in life?)

"In what sort of terms? An atmosphere of warmth — I hate being cold. I love the country, but I couldn't bear to live in it all the time, I love cities.

"I suppose in terms of relationships, it's important to have at least the people you live with to be on your side — which encompasses a lot of things: to be accepted for what you are, warts and all; and yet to be able to reciprocate those things that you're given.

"Have hope for the future of a bit more freedom; freedom to be able to make choices about things that might affect me more than a lot I make now, that affect me now; and freedom to pursue interests — that's rather limited now; question of time and priorities which will disappear or be reshuffled.

"Important to live in a community like this — and if it wasn't so good, then who knows, we might have found enough mortgage money. Cheap rent's very important at the moment — maybe not, maybe if it was higher, we'd be less complacent about taking up a house that somebody more deserving could use; not really sure about that.

"Variety's quite important — people and places to go, and things to see. Why I wouldn't like living in the country all the time, yet I love the beauty of the country. Hills are important, I'd feel a bit insecure living in the middle of a vast plain.

"I think it's important to me that I can give my kids a good chance in life — a good start to life, and give them the sort of freedom that will enable them to develop as individuals in the way they want to. Every time I read people like A.S. Neill, I think, 'hell, really it's too late, I've made too many mistakes!'

"I'd like lots of money too — and I'd like to be able to operate an expensive camera so I could record all the happy day-to-day experiences that we have as a family, so that I could
use it for food in senility. I'd like to be able to look at the past when I'm very old, and remember all these times, not only in my mind, to have something like good photos to look at. If our house burnt down today, things I'd rush out with first are the records of my children - their drawings and our photo albums, things that could never be replaced - and anything else almost could be, supposing the people could get out too!"
MARY - Commentary

The sixteen individuals so far depicted and discussed exemplify two of the three primary modes in which the 'sense of self' vital to meaningful action and interaction in a Western society may be consolidated. Whether this 'reflecting surface' includes other individuals as a kind of means, as it does for those characterized as 'Men Alone', or as the relationships which focus those described as 'Women on their Own' and 'Couples', most of these 'others' resemble each other. This similarity is not necessarily a mirror reflection - indeed, such an occurrence would be thoroughly disconcerting, and pockets of difference formulated between a pair who felt themselves drawn to one another. Satisfactory resemblances derive from people who share certain concerns. Children, for example, bring together a man and woman whose interests and skills are often dissimilar, but complementary; their friends are made amongst a circle of couples similarly preoccupied with family. Most of a person's significant, customary relationships reside in those who share in an enterprise such as family or the practice of a skill, and those, a somewhat less fixed group, who can affirm one's interests and the way in which these are balanced because the purpose is one they themselves cleave to. For the men whose prime aim may be said to be themselves, such peers constitute an elite, necessarily few in number. The pool is wider for those who situate themselves primarily through marriage and its concomitant, family. But for both it has limits, wary of those whose pursuits differ, who therefore cannot provide a mutual recognition which amounts to an affirmation all the more convincing because it comes from another, from outside.

In contrast, differences in mode or means provokes curiosity and an open interest in the three individuals who illustrate the third style of this 'sense of self'. They are more concerned to understand otherness in its own terms than to assimilate or ignore it. The variety of persons encompassed in the reflective surface which sustains them would seem irreconcilable, or undesirable to those, the majority, who are more at home in a coherency which is less diverse, and, largely as a consequence of a certain uniformity, largely inert by comparison
What sustains this receptiveness without undermining it is a reflective surface which is less a reference point than, to put it figuratively, a presence which answers back, querying, explorative, pained, irritated, and occasionally making a connective Eureka. Otherness is well received and continually present, in changing forms, arousing a changing response. As a result, although they are engaged in specific relationships and endeavours, to enumerate these offers an incomplete description, satisfactorily though this contains practitioners of the other two modes. In the effort to render this mode into a sensible form, I have termed it 'Conversationalists'. To develop its comprehension, we turn first to Mary.

At a distance, the pattern of Mary's life recalls those of the wives-and-mothers discussed under the heading 'Couples'. While her husband leaves home every weekday to work, she remains with her two preschool children. Her heavy involvement in Playcentre seems an extension of a focus on them and on family life. However, other elements jar this categorization. Unlike other mothers of preschool children, she has a regular job - not one consuming a great many hours, but not one taken to supply or augment family finances which would otherwise prove insufficient. She also has a regular day off, another woman in a similar situation caring for her children in return for Mary having hers another day of the week. She may use this day to carry out her survey work, catch up on her reading for the adult education classes she takes every year, or, perhaps, to prepare a new publicity bulletin for Playcentre. Many other mothers are content to confine themselves to helping the Supervisor of the local group attended by their children when their rostered turn comes up, selling raffle tickets to raise money, collecting and renovating equipment. Mary is elected onto regional committees, attends courses which equip her to supervise or extend her awareness of childhood development to suggest ways in which it might be fostered. She is more mobile than others in her position; she has the use of the family car during the week-day, but beyond this access, often used to combine with another mother-and-children to take an outing to a nearby park, she is frequently engaged at night in activities other than those attributable primarily to family matters. Probably her closest friend is the one she takes the opportunity to visit.
after evening classes on her own: a single, and to Mary's eye, delightfully unpragmatic woman whose situation is quite different from her own surrounded life. The friendships of the women we have previously encountered have resided chiefly in similarity or proximity; often paralleled by a link between the two husbands which allows the friendships to be enacted by couples together.

Housework holds little interest or reward for Mary. She keeps up the routine cleaning and clearing, and would apologise, as others do, for the 'untidy' state of the kitchen table we sat at, or the toilet. Books, notes, lists become entwined with remnants of children's puzzles and paintings along shelves or in piles which are orderly enough to the visitor. There are few overt pointers to her underlying lack of concern. Others use their practice and prowess in this field to develop interests 'of their own', such as handicrafts, few of which would bear much relation to the large abstract canvas from her student days hanging over the bookcase in the lounge, or the kitchen curtain knotting together odd shapes of wood and grass. Because their interests derive from household skills, most women discover the conflict in their position to lie between the often antithetic demands of children, their disordering activity, and a desired need to keep the house in which this activity takes place clean and ordered, capable of catering also for those who are no longer children. For Mary, the principal clash is experienced between being with her family, and a felt need to be by herself to pursue her own interests, and to 'reflect'.

However, this does not mean that she regards her present position with distaste or anger. Other women who join her to encourage the learning play of their children together at the local Playcentre find her comfortable company, not someone who would rather be elsewhere, a preference which would affront their own sense of self, anchored as that is in the very activities rejected.

Nevertheless the transition from wife into mother proved more troublesome than most women report (or remember), and accompanied by a 'pressure' to have a family which, when suggested to other women, only met with vagueness or a more
defined dismissal. To them, becoming a mother has not involved any radical change or decision: it was a gradual, 'natural' progress. Perhaps Mary's hesitations owe themselves to the swiftness with which motherhood overtook marriage; rather more I suspect to the kind of person she has been before, a 'professional' amongst others to whom housewives were an enclosed order beyond their habitual ken. For a while she attempted an amalgamation, lipstick and nylons alongside breastfeeding and diapers, long days which began in the early morning attending to the children and ended in yawns to keep up with the late night conversation of childless friends. Within her social circle, or peers, she was almost unique: the only fulltime mother. In this respect she differed from the majority of women who find their position reflected (and thus affirmed) by neighbours, friends, supported by parents and relatives living in the vicinity. Mary also felt a loss of independence, symbolised for her by having no money she could call her own, money that she had earnt through her own skills and efforts rather than money to spend on herself. Shifting to another city, into a small suburb burgeoning with children helped her relax her attempt to live two possibly incompatible routines simultaneously. Here children do not shut her away from the company of others, but lead her into it instead.

Still, staying at home to look after two young children seems to call upon a different view of the world from that of the professional, with its emphasis on training and expertise, lack of which has never been a bar to motherhood. Mary's acceptance of her position lies fundamentally in making it seem part of a continuum (rather than an abrupt switch), reframing 'looking after the children' as yet another learning situation, a pattern with which she is most familiar. A recurring concern in her conversation is the development of her children, of others and of herself. What she wishes to do for her children is to enable them to grow into an adulthood subject to further expansion, an adulthood much like her own.

The ambition of other parents for their children resides more in desires that they do well, do what they want to do: thought of in such terms as pursue a desired career, marry the person preferred - definite involvements. Like Mary, they hope
that their progeny's mature life will resemble their own - if that is content. Should their children differ radically or fail, they will feel a shortcoming in themselves. Certainly Mary would look at herself askance if her children became unhappy - but not if they chose a divergent path. She is almost alone in saying that she would not mind if one of her offspring became homosexual - providing he or she were happy. (I suspect that the dislike and disquietitude aroused in the majority stems from knowing little about it, knowing no-one in that situation, and a feeling that it opposes itself to marriage and family, the endeavour in which most anchor their energy and thus derive a meaningful coherence). Mary's conception of adulthood, however, places more stress on an underlying process of choice between alternatives than on the more concrete manifestations of an individual presence with which others situate themselves.

It is the alternatives she emphasises. Development is less a matter of making the right decision in the absence of temptation or a sheaf of other possibilities than of making real through practice, the ability to stand calmly in the face of several paths and arrive through a due consideration at a choice. If it turns out to be faulty or mistaken, it can be made again; there is no sense of the copybook being irredeemably marred. Asked about infidelity Mary, unlike others, does not retort that it would pose a threat to her marriage likely to be fatal. She is more interested in speculating as to situations in which it might - improbably - occur. (All she can come up with is the possibility of having her 'freedom of choice' curtailed by alcohol, a temporary lapse which would arouse more remorse than the sexual act itself).

Such speculations played a large part in making the length of her collected interviews twice that of the next most loquacious. Others, in recounting their lives and opinions tend to cull them of loose ends, other possibilities, roads not taken. What remains are significant landmarks. Mary's markers, in contrast, derive from the comparison of what is with what might have been: a chart of choices. Exploring her life with Mary is not the straightforward progression from A to B others offer (and expect), but a ramble brought arbitrarily to a halt. She is curious about what makes her herself; unlike other women we have met, her children, house and marriage do not manifest
her presence sufficiently, or allow her to take herself 'for granted'. More weighty is the reassurance that speculation and remembrance, reflection on books read, people met, events occurring, connections made between them may bring: that she has indeed exercised a choice, and thoughtfully.

When it seems that her 'intuition' was correct in foretelling Chris as her husband, she scrupulously draws up a list of qualities by which to compare him with his rival (of whom one may reach the point of deciding that he was cultivated to provide an alternative to provoke choice). Intuition must not preempt the necessary practice of decision based on reflection translated out into a list, a graph, or later, a stage of development, all of which offer objectivity in their seeming autonomy - an objectivity which others discover, less abstractly, in such things as house and furniture, wage packet, people surrounding them.

She becomes pregnant despite precaution, and makes it a matter for her own decision by deciding on an abortion - and then against it. Her attempts to reconcile professional routines with those of her children show a similar concern to feel that her position is not something foisted upon her, not a necessary entailment of motherhood. Although she and Chris carry out a division of labour largely like that of many others, she is content that it is something they have weighed up and chosen rather than something they have accepted as a decision already made before them. Where others whose sense of self is constituted by one of the two other modes previously discussed share a desire to feel that their lives are indeed their own, that they have chosen, it is not such a preoccupation, nor at the same level. For example, the complementary division of labour does not strike them as requiring choice - where exactly lie the boundaries and areas of overlap does. And whereas the majority make use of this division to distinguish their own presence through the practice of skills and knowledge the other lacks, or does not carry out as a matter of routine, Chris and Mary feel that practically as well as theoretically, with regards to the house and family, they are interchangeable. Chris joins Mary in taking office at the local Playcentre their children attend, even if his job prevents him from actually joining in
with their supervision, and feels few qualms about looking after them for a week while his wife is away on a course. What distinguishes them more, at least to Mary's mind, is the way they think and their interests, which tend to involve them in separate activities more than joint. For others this would be unfortunate; for this couple it is a preference. Few others describe their spouses as their 'best friend'.

The antithesis to a good, working marriage, is repeatedly summed up by the picture of a parent whiling away in the pub hours that should be spent in the home, or with the family. Mary's interests, though they separate her temporarily from home and family - or, as she would put it, give her a few hours to herself, produce fruits which may be shared, knowledge to inform her time with her children. Above all, they bring her in touch with other people leading different lives, bearing other concerns. Even the job she chooses offers a varied routine; and although it seems that she is constantly attending a course, it is a different one each time, offering progression rather than repetition (as one might find more with membership of a club or team). At the residential course she is eager to take part in 'discursive discussions', impatient of those who underline the previous day by translating its events into breakfast anecdotes. 'Small talk' irritates her; she would prefer to arrive at the centre of another by a more direct route (and yet none of this shows in her dealings with other mothers as they come to pick up a straying child or talk over Playcentre matters). She likes to feel herself on the move, absorbing novelty, connecting it with the diversity already stored in her memory through reflection. Her openness to 'otherness' is counter-poised by this more solitary activity; time with others necessitating a related amount of time with herself. The interchange reinforces the feeling of mobility, of the 'development' which figures largely in her self-esteem.

It is not a builder's understanding of development, nor the goal-oriented self-assessment of those depicted as 'Men Alone'. Although one interest leads on into another, it is an expansion without consummation; what matters is that the process enable itself to continue in different fields, that in these, alternatives can be sited, and the freedom to choose exercised
yet again. Despite a wide ranging tolerance, and a desire to accept people as they were (in their own light) rather than judge their efforts (in others' eyes) which leads her to utilise broad classifications deriving from researchers in education and sociology, seemingly more objective than the sum of her own impressions, there is one group she does characterise and inveigh against. These are mothers whose children are at school, leaving them, she thinks, with precious little tasks to accomplish around the home in their six hour absence. While their husbands toil in jobs they exchange gossip over coffee before settling down to a game of bridge or golf, a soap opera on the television. They have children because 'it was the done thing', not because they really want them, and therefore pay their development scant attention. Unlikely to weep over a learning programme such as A.S. Neill's or Maria Montessori's that one seemed to have done it wrong after all, as Mary does. In her understanding of adulthood as the exercise of choice, children become an awesome responsibility which should only be undertaken in awareness - a decision informed by one's own abilities and desires, a reflection which is introspective as well as educated about what motherhood entails. And rather than go to work to allow their husbands time off from their job (to reflect upon it!), as Chris has given her a year to decide her next direction after her own children have entered school, these women enjoy themselves at their spouses' expense. It is, declares Mary, 'inhumane' that they should then continue to enjoy themselves for a decade after the earner himself had worked himself into an unnecessarily early grave. This inhumanity derives from their abdication from the ability to choose for themselves, sticking to a familiar route, and because of that, denying their husbands, also in an impoverished and self-centred repetition.

This is not a group that others have singled out for criticism; but those they have, have been selected on a similar basis of the affront they offer to the manner in which they carry out their own lives, relationships they choose to concentrate on. A concern shared by practitioners of all three modes is that their lives are indeed their own, that no-one else can - unsolicited - tell them what to do. Gavin gave us a striking example of intervening to uphold this principle in egging on his brother-in-law to drink and smoke despite his wife's pursed lips; Mary shows another of its facets, that by resting on laurels one
can in fact, perhaps more passively, squash another's autonomy.

Making up her own mind is a process to which she is well accustomed, and ensures she is by a continual open-ness to diversity. It is notable that her friends are not enumerated, as others do theirs, and do not form a relatively homogeneous circle. They are her peers not because they are like herself, pursue similar endeavours, but because they have 'fresh things to offer'. And where others with children find them a constant source of conversation with one another, Mary avoids the topic — where feasible. She has retained her friendship with a single woman, and it is intimacy rather than the amiability which maintains so many of the friendships between peers operating within narrower, more reflective, circles.

It is because her sense of self is not confined to a set number of actual relationships, actual possessions, nor bound to a self-set and solipsistic goal that her interests can change, her reflective mind remain on the move, stimulated into activity. Her openness to diversity is prevented from effacing her own presence by its being selected (not necessarily consciously) in the pursuit of 'development', and subject to the questioning of reflection itself. Her sense of self is this rhythmic interplay, or conversation, animating itself through specific encounters and efforts, incapable through its own momentum — of becoming defined by one set which, as it acts for the other two modes, expresses, at the cost of embedding.
Chapter 12

THE RESPONSIVE SELF:

PETER
Peter worked in the research section of a government department, an amiable figure in the office, promoting both standing jokes and discussions about topical matters which at times lengthened into debates, but never intransigently. At this time he was 30, and had been in the Public Service twelve years, beginning as a radio technician apprentice. Once when we made use of a room vacated by a promoted senior, he laughed and said that at last he was going to sit in the boss's chair - but in fact we chose a smaller table to talk over. Throughout the period of our interviews he was having difficulty with his seniors, who seemed somewhat unsure what they wanted him to do, how deep they wanted him to probe. He did not talk of this in the course of everyday office conversation, but would take it home to solve or reconcile by himself. At our first interview he asked me how personal the questions would be, that he had talked the matter of privacy over with his wife. This concern to respect personal space ran through our conversations, evinced not in a reticence on his part, but in their wide range, a desire to portray different facets of a matter, to 'step into the other person's shoes', as well as walk in his own.
"I'm an only child - I think that's influenced my approach to life quite a bit; I'm basically fairly lonely - still a loner - when it comes down to it.

"I'm a Catholic; that must influence it quite a bit. Paradoxes there - I tend towards being a socialist. Well, nothing as strong as that. I tend to the left rather than the right, but I have got 'right-wing' views e.g. on abortion, things like this. It's a fairly major influence.

"I left home straight after I finished school, came down here, had to fend for myself from the start.

"In the radio-technician's job I was not happy with the people around me; only friends with one out of twenty. I found quite a few differences of opinion between me and them. Went into a fairly withdrawn state, a religious conversion of a type - very keen to enter such extreme things as Trappists. That's influenced me; I relate back to it quite often. I joined a fantastic group of young people - CYM (Catholic Youth Movement). Their emphasis was not on religion, it was more the experience of young people who'd come away from home, didn't basically know anyone apart from their workmates. Had a strong streak of picking out people with potential and developing them. I became a group leader. Had lots of discussions on relationships; initially it was single sex, had a tremendous amount of discussion on the opposite sex, parents. In the boys' group, only one out of twenty ever got on with their father. That level of discussion. Good cross-section: university students, tradesmen, unskilled labourers, clerical of various types. Apart from my family, that has been one of the major influences on who I am.

"We were the first team to have boys and girls together - we came to the conclusion that it was no use discussing these matters in isolation. Now and again we needed to separate. It was quite extraordinary. I've never come across it since. Had about 150 potential members, of whom 50 would come along at any one meeting, varying each week. It was an odd sort of thing, rising and falling depending on the quality of the leadership. The church virtually ignored us; now and again a priest would come round and sit in on a discussion for ten minutes. It was more a fact of simply reading and finding out for ourselves,
ostensibly the translation of Christian theory into practice, making resolutions and reporting on them the week afterwards. Practically oriented.

"I'm the product of a mixed marriage. Father was Anglican - my grandfather was a canon of the Anglican Church; on the other side my grandfather's cousin was a bishop. It's a lot easier because of a mixed marriage to be open to other religions. In my group were many of mixed religion - we had all sorts. In fact I met my wife through this group - she wasn't a Catholic.

"Her family are interesting - they've influenced me. Her father was an avowed atheist at one stage; her mother was an Anglican, she left and became a Humanist. Her father is mellowing toward religion. Had a policy of not teaching their kids any religious ethics or morals, but a general one, so Yvonne had no leanings one way or the other. She went nursing, wanted something to make sense of such things as an infant dying in her third month and had nothing to fall back on. So she went to the hospital chaplain.

"I've got a rather fortunate relationship with my in-laws. I admire them very much. Yes, I think it is unusual to get in-laws who have the ideas and who'll not offer them unless asked for, who won't intervene. My mother-in-law is a marriage guidance councillor; she'd never intervene unless asked.

"We had a strong, stormy courtship, which attracted us - neither of us wanted to marry a push-around person.

"My mother-in-law, if it's some insurmountable problem, will intervene in an unbiased fashion - my parents are more biased, even to the extent of the wife rather than me. Also lucky to have two parents-in-law you admire very much because of their general activities; intellectually, they're both M.A.'s; when I was initially courting Von I was just thru radio, had the psychological effect of looking up to them a bit, but it's remained since I got my degree.

"On my parents side, my father has an M.A.; and my mother was a physiotherapist; she could have got a degree without much trouble if she'd had the opportunity. Both are very strong characters. My father was a teacher. I wasn't an only child thru choice; they both wanted more children.
"My mother was a strong Catholic, the Catholic influence came from my mother. My father was fairly difficult to communicate with very difficult. Anything on a personal plane, he'd shy away from - he still does. Anglo-saxon background - stiff upper lip type of thing. Sort of explains it. Very masculine - you know, he used to coach the First Fifteen. Came thru the depression, worked in a timber mill, has terrific physical strength - he's 60 and he can still beat most of the schoolboys thru physical fitness. Any personal problems I discussed with my mother - all my sex education came from mum. Even chaps of 18 in the CYM group didn't know much about the physical side of the menstrual cycle and basic psychological differences in approach between girls and chaps - the light compared with the iron (latter is slow to warm, but hot once aroused). Didn't realise the difference because of single-sex Catholic church schools. Father supported me going to a single sex Catholic school though he didn't agree with it. There was no fuss with my mother about paying school fees; the only thing that got him annoyed was the quality of the teaching - but it was sometimes better, he admitted that. He tried not to be biased.

"Felt inferior to my mother and father and only last Easter pinned it down when Von and I were talking about it. Especially mum, mostly mum, she'd talk about professional people as model examples, they were put on a level up: if a guy and I were playing as boys, we were equal - if the guy went to med school we weren't. I put it down to mum not doing a degree, though she came top of physiotherapy. It led me to shying away from any intellectual academic based discussions. But in the group I found when I knew a subject I could hold my own.

"When I finished radio I decided I would never be a radio technician; couldn't do very well on the theoretical side, the practical was moderate. When I handed in my transfer the supervising technician told me I was frankly 'a good-to-average technician' - not regarded as one of the top. I'd made a fairly accurate assessment. Went onto the commercial side. I've been with the government all the time.

"In my fourth year of training I was going out with this group, particularly my wife's best friend. I didn't know my wife at that stage. We got talking about how we got on with
others - she said why didn't I leave - I'd never thought of it; I could double my salary - which I did, in 9 months I had three promotions and doubled my salary. Thought that was obviously more like it! Thought I needed qualification - so I went to Polytech, thought I could never get to university - that was too much. I failed fairly dismally law and accountancy; it was the first time I'd done book-keeping. Someone said however to do accountancy professional exam, done by university. I was horrified at this for a start - if I'd failed at Polytech - but I did go and did fairly well - the year when they chopped out two-thirds of the class. That gave me the confidence to do economics, and I was fantastically interested from then on by it. I went part-time.

"My ideas have changed now. I made a fairly rapid rise on the clerical side initially - mainly because I took the initiative I'd been working four years, a bit more mature than my competition. Went to Fisheries Research as an assistant administrator; started mixing with PhD's and so on. Fairly high-powered, great little group of 30, self-contained, away from Head Office. I decided to stay on the administrative side, looked on the research jealously, thought 'I'd love to do that'.

"A job in the Commission came up. My father-in-law used to be in the Commission, he didn't like it. I thought I'd put in for it, and I got it, in the most high-powered section of the Commission - love to write a PhD about it. So odd, a complete ritual, detailed - e.g. always wear your jacket when you go out. If you break the rule you're ostracised, your career's in jeopardy if you did it too often. Fantastically male oriented. Valued a sharp incisive mind; 'Thinking on his feet' to defend your position. The top boys were fast thinking accountants, not my type. The second best boss I had, walked on a tightrope - he was honest enough to reappraise yet he also fitted into the mould so well; the others thought well of him. Remember him coming back from battle with a bloke from Child Welfare - said he'd argued beautifully logically, but the 'whole trouble with him is that he's right but I can never agree with it!' The situation that exists there is incredible.
"I was on the inspectorate level. They were happy with me but it worried me because the pressure was so tremendous. I had nine departments, the only one with the whole knowledge of what was going on anywhere. Couldn't do any long-term stuff - you were fire-fighting. 'Policy' just sort of grew. The logical ability of those masculine people grated with me after a while. Job came up in Advisory Section. I knew my English wasn't very hot, had to report, investigate, work like that.

"I was developing before the Inspectorate; I really flourished in Advisory. I don't want to get to the top. I think I have the ability of a Permanent Head, but I'm not interested now. I look at the family life of the Commission - those guys are there till seven p.m. and then they take work home. I couldn't live with my conscience, either. Making strokes with a pen - they're people's lives, people you don't know properly. Who could know all the people in nine departments? You have to go by what's said about them. I couldn't live with the knowledge that someone as good as Bruce here was refused promotion when he so obviously deserves it. Sure I'd get more money by getting to the top, but more money means more trouble, as far as I'm concerned.

"My move here was fairly unprecedented. I was told it was an 'absolutely foolish thing', that I'd be getting out of the mainstream. They're really power oriented. When I came across here, the Commission didn't have to let me go, and they fought around it. The Chairman of the Commission - I'd only met him three times, said 'Don't take Matthews, he's not worth it'. I don't think they're impartial - I was absolutely shocked when I heard that.

"I came here because I wanted to do research, and I was promised a full-time study award - I've got more fire fighting instead. I'd had a year off at university, carrying a fairly fantastic load of nine stage threes. Von was just about due when they found the baby dead, two days before my seventh exam, which I failed. They refused me an agregrotat pass, though I'd had A's and B1's for essays. I broke the rules, went to see the Chairman of the Department - but no. They really socked it to me. I came back to work at the Commission, they'd put me through. Encouraged to make use of their computer - they had all these
statistics on 52,000 members of the Public Service, marriage, age, qualifications - infinite number of possibilities. But the Secretary wasn't interested, because I was an administrator. They were interested here, wanted me to do a study paper on some aspect of the Commission's work - that was turned down. So I thought I'd come here, they promised study leave. So I came across.

"After only six months it felt as if I'd left the frying pan for the fire. I got so annoyed with my immediate boss. He'd support me when we had a meeting, then he'd march into the Section Head's office and turncoat completely, 'Well, I must agree with Charlie'. The situation now is that you can't trust anything they say, they doublethink completely. The emphasis now is on getting stuff out, no matter what it's like. I had the draft for one report, really got stuck into it, developing my own math ability and progressing in the process, found some fairly important relationships. I was very keen to publish it - very keen to get it around. Nothing came out of it. Bruce sat on it for a while, eventually took it to Charlie, 'great stuff. We'll get Bruce to tidy the grammar, then it'll go out'. Bruce decided to rewrite the whole 60 pages - a page a day. I choked at the mouth after thirty days. Charlie was worried about stuff not coming out, said that this one could be lengthy - the others had to come out once a week. That paper still hasn't come out, and if it does it will be in reduced form. I just about howled. Back to firefighting.

"And last year I asked Charlie several times about study leave; it was 'in the air... of course, you're Senior Research Officer material'. That sounded good; I thought they were prepared to put me in. Then they said, 'We must decline it - you haven't produced any work since you've been here'. Well - that's not my fault, I haven't been supported with the three draft papers I wrote. Perhaps I'll have a better chance next year. That's one of my frustrations.

"There've been two charismatic characters in my life. One of them was Patrick Sloane in the Advisory Board. He was a particularly dynamic sort of guy, fantastically logical, and got me interested in research as a career. There were three of us, working in an open plan office - they used to call us the Three Musketeers because we horsed round a lot. After Helen
left, there was really only me, because Simon was more interested in drama things, and Patrick had the opposite effect on him. He demanded an interest, that you work unaided, work to a plan, and develop an interest. All the time he was assessing us: 'How many jobs on the desk have you got to do?' Gave you a push. Socially we didn't agree, though we're both towards the left; he was very anti-Catholic, and we'd have all these pro-anti debates. Mind you, we get on, and we had some fantastic times.

"He demanded the commitment; he looked at weaknesses, and one of mine was English, so he developed it. Not just prescribed books, but jobs to develop it. Similarly with the maths side. He had a concrete mind, and he'd gone from administration to research - I got from him a cynical viewpoint of the administrator, that he's just a processor. It's the power not the content of the job which matters to him, not like research, which is an interesting job. Lance downstairs will probably get a grade three promotion very shortly. He spends his time on phone calls, letters, playing one person off against another - I've seen both sides now. In research you might get a fantastic idea, that it's possible to connect two variables, perhaps, and that's good. I end up feeling just as happy as Lance.

"The other charismatic figure in my life was Tim Diamond at school - especially with sexual relationships. Because I went to a single-sex school I was very shy of girls, and any relationship was a fantasy in my own mind. Two, three, four girls were chasing me; I didn't like them, and one of the more remote girls swore at my mother on the phone, so that clinched that fantasy pretty fast.

"I failed School Cert the first time. My parents were very disappointed, my mother more so than my father, maybe on his behalf. I loved science, but ours consisted of counting the number of worms in a square foot in the backyard. The only time my father and I ever got on was when we'd go out in the weekends and do a pond study together, something he was doing for the school he taught at. This time I got really involved in it - got 75 in the exam, that was really great for me.

"Then this guy, Tim, appeared from Dunedin, living just round the corner. There were twelve of us in the sixth form, and here was this guy accredited, doing even higher things. His
lowest mark in School Cert had been 78, he got 98 for Maths - and he knew the mistake he had made. But he wasn't boastful. He was full of paradoxes: brilliant, Captain of the First Eleven - it's so unusual to get academics who are also sports-inclined. He became the school hero. He was Head Prefect, Housecaptain, in the First Fifteen - I was too. I was glad I had swimming, because he wasn't good at that!

"He was also a fantastic guy with the girls - in Dunedin they must have had a different way of dealing with the girls that we did not have in Hamilton. I guess all he really had was the confidence we didn't have. I'd look at a nice-looking girl on the street, and be too scared to speak. We never had the occasion like the co-eds to talk. And I didn't have the confidence to stop a girl who was a complete stranger and talk with her, which he had: I think the girl often was so taken aback that they would talk back! They'd just started having dances - 'Teenorama' (terrible, isn't it). He was a good dancer, and I managed to borrow the car, and we'd get the girls on the way. I believe he was basically honest, managed to control himself. I picked up quite a few things - he provided encouragement. Mum and Dad never really blessed the relationship; Dad stayed aloof, because Tim was helping me with my schoolwork, but he forbade me to have girlfriends - he'd seen his own students go west. Mum was a bit more encouraging, quietly. I went out with a girl for three months without them knowing, though they suspected.

"Things weren't the best at the time. Tim's father was an alcoholic - I didn't know at the time, though Mum did. The girl next down was mentally retarded. The younger boy was even more brilliant than Tim. His mother was holding the family together. Tim assumed Hamilton importance, they had a meeting of Head Prefects in the Waikato, and he was the Chief Head Boy. He had the right manner of public speaking - he was fantastic.

"Halfway through the year he left school. No-one knew, not even his parents, where he had gone. Someone told my mother that I'd persuaded him to leave home. Even police on the fringe I was the first to receive a letter, before his parents - that was very awkward. I confided in my parents, I thought they knew what to do. They showed the letter to the School Principal, etc
Tim had taken off and gone to a holding home for criminals in Auckland run by Father Connors - I guess you've heard of him. He came round the schools as an inspector at that time. It was the first time for me that Christianity was translated into something really practical. Tim just faded out of my life then, but he left quite a mark, something to aspire to. My parents hadn't really blessed the relationship - and they were authority. Patrick left the Commission in disgrace - there again, authority had frowned upon him.

Interview Two

"Abortion is an unfortunate expedient. Much prefer the contraception angle. Ideally intercourse is in terms of marriage than in anything else. This is where the whole argument starts to get a bit awkward. I try not to moralise - it's very easy. By judging that it's a person's fault if they become pregnant, you're moralising in the popular sense. Quite unChristian for a start. I see intercourse as being more than a physical thing; I see it as really being an expression of love. I know that practically it's not on lots of occasions. It's the way I think it should occur, and the sanction - even that's not correct - how can I put it? The consequences of intercourse which follow are okay if intercourse follows naturally, if intercourse is carried out in the proper context; love; you intend to stay with each other and accept the consequences. If it's only to satisfy the desire of one or both sides and they're not prepared to accept the consequences of intercourse, it should not have occurred. That's idealistic. Put in the context of my own behaviour - if I was perfect, that's what should happen. It's a goal - that starts me to start working out when this hasn't happened, if you see what I mean.

"This is where society generally does start to fall down by proposing abortion as a solution to a situation that has occurred like this. I see abortion as being an imperfect solution to an imperfect situation, but I can understand how people not of my persuasion/creed think otherwise. I hope to try and understand why they choose abortion as an outlet because of the way society at present does not offer any viable alternative - or the alternatives offered are too difficult. Perhaps we need a wider family than the nuclear - tending towards the tribal regard for children that result from intercourse between two people who
are not willing to take the consequences of that act. It remains a burden on one more than the other - in terms of women - the onehanded mother. I don't think that's for the best for the child. I see the abortion debate as symptomatic of people looking for a fairly instant or quick solution to a long-term problem. But because it's a long-term problem it needs a more long-term solution. It will take time, mean a lot of human suffering. That's my way out. I haven't started with the rights of the unborn, that life starting with conception has the right to life as far as possible; I'm trying to judge it on the social side as regards the two parents in this situation.

"Part of my attitude towards abortion is reinforced by associating with a fairly large group of nurses. Would have been ten nurses in the circle - only three for; the majority of them were revolted by the contact they'd had with abortion - just the physical side. That's had some influence.

"Think on the whole the abortion question has got to be tackled fairly carefully. If you're of a particular religious persuasion - Christian - you can't hope to legislate for everyone. A problem I've thought out but haven't got near a solution. What is a Christian to do when he's living in a world where we are really a minority, and therefore how can we legislate? Very great problem. On the other hand I still believe that abortion is basically wrong. Part of an unsolved problem that may explain my somewhat ambivalent attitude as far as it affects me personally. Everyone who's prepared to fight personally should take one foster child into their family. My wife and I think this; we're bearing it in mind, that opposition by Christians must be combined with practical Christianity in this respect.

"People that I've discussed abortion with - if they don't accept the fact that life begins with conception, there's no common ground, and it's generally quite fruitless. I had to learn that, learn to agree to disagree with good friends. The old advisory group, we have a counter lunch every fortnight. We're fairly good friends, had a couple of arguments - in the end we agreed to disagree - we couldn't find much common ground.

"I'm not a very good sufferer as far as physical pain's concerned, so consequently I hate suffering. I believe however that when I have suffered it has given me chances - not always taken - to prove myself in terms of accepting things more readily
accepting the inevitable. I sometimes get migraines, and I can't do anything else, all I can do is lie down in a dark room no matter where, or what's planned. The fact is that I'm not master of my own destiny. So I see it does have its usefulness - but I still hate it.

"When I said I was trying to clarify my own attitudes on it, I'm very anxious about suffering in general in the world, it really worries me. There's suffering all around our place - in our own street. My wife comes across it a lot. The woman across the road has 5 kids; both parents are mentally limited. Two bedrooms for 5 children, house is only 900 square feet. The suffering that must go on there. The elder boys are turning to rough ways, the police have been up a couple of times. It gets into the religious plane a bit - I can't divorce it. I was discussing it with a person in the pub last week. If you believe in Christianity, the New Testament, to develop (your) Christianity, get close to life, you must alleviate suffering among other men. Will never completely get rid of it, but you must minister to it to some extent, yet with no moral attitudes. I'm becoming more aware of it, but I've only got to that stage. I'm thinking very seriously of joining an organization, St Vincent de Paul Society. Basically it's a society designed to get out amongst people, put you in contact with people who are suffering, give of your company and physical goods as much as you can.

"It's a funny situation. I don't want to be pushed into it - haven't made up my mind, but I know I probably will. In my own life I can't help thinking that suffering will play more of a part - a foreboding that there could be something. Sort of thing I think's horrifying about suffering: a case Von ran across, it's the similarities, of course, parents 2-3 years older than we were, with two kids, husband died of stomach cancer at 32. Sort of thing that really gets me. I'm trying to think around it at the moment, the books I'm reading - Teilhard de Chardin approach, the sort of thing I want to try and delve into and find out, think out for myself. Also I'm very concerned about my - our family, and the suffering they're going through. My mother never gets a complete night's sleep - the way she's able to face and deal with it - three times she's been close to death, impresses me tremendously at the moment.
"Funny situation. I was talking to Mike a bit about marriage. He's a single chap, 26, with strong reservations. I was just thinking the other day, the trouble is that the answer's not nice and neat. So many theories, so much emphasis on choosing the right partner, it's all rather frightening. I've been lucky. I could have married three or four persons I knew at the time; after I'd cooled off about them I could see there would have been fairly difficult times ahead. Marriage in generalities and talking of the marriage of two specific people are quite different. Frightened off by the first, having to choose the 'right' partner, when the kids come - which is how Mike's trying to face it, but when you view it in terms of marrying a person - if there's enough agreement and enough common sense in the partner, then I think you can adapt to most of the problems which can arise.

"We've been married seven years, and never foresaw a lot of the challenges and difficulties you have to go through. As it happened I made a good decision in my partner. I thought it was largely luck. Thinking back, more the fact that you choose a person who generally had certain attributes, not necessarily specific ones, for specific problems. Both of us were able to change and adapt to problems as they came up. Realise I had a lot of worries Mike has, and a lot of that disappeared when I had a single individual in mind, when I was actually going out with a girl.

"I think the single most important lesson in living with another person constantly, you have to work at it. I slip back, 'Blast it, I won't make any effort this time'. Have these lapses, then suddenly, not necessarily by the person, it's brought home to me that I could do something to improve it, do something to make it work. Reinforced by Christianity, that you have to work at a relationship. I think what's been a great help to me in the relationship is always trying to put yourself in the other person's shoes, think out the role of the other person; what's it like to be stuck at home all day with kids, a husband who doesn't talk very much when he gets home... Goes back to being a lonely child. If I joined it, I had to make myself acceptable to a group, so I developed the facility of putting myself in their shoes - what do they want/not want? That's managed to stay with me into marriage. It's got its drawbacks of course, I could seem to be a fencesitter, malleable,
not having any views of my own. Bit of a paradox with me! I do have definite views - abortion's a good example. My approach to any difference of opinion - I state my own view, if it doesn't get across, I put myself in their shoes. Depending on how important the thing is, have a show down, or try to compromise a bit more. We've chosen someone of a similar persuasion; it's important in the basic issues we've had to decide on. Had much the same background. Minor ones, but no basic disagreements on the education of the children and things like this.

"Actually, it's rather interesting, funny. Crisis point of the relationship with my wife came before we were engaged. Boy next door sort of thing, and me. I'd make plans to go out, she'd get offered a better time than I was offering. Well, it got to me after a while. Her brother-in-law had done psychology and was doing law. I respected him. Got to the stage of discussing the matter with him and he clarified the matter nicely: 'If you feel it's important, take strong action.' I said 'What happens if I lose her?' He said, 'If it's important enough and you've lost standing then give up the relationship.' Decided it was important, and made a stand. Von kind of compromised, didn't go out with either of us! That was the turning point. She was pushing me round before - now she'd got respect for me. Made a bit of a family joke. Sort of point where I had to give up this adapting to the other side.

"The responsibilities again are rather frightening. Think there's something to be said for the fact that not all people should be responsible - the possibility of childless families should be more widely accepted. Again I find myself schizophrenic! The childless couple next door, has biased me to some extent - there should be a definite case. Not all people who get married should - and this conflicts - I haven't thought about it neatly yet - that children are the result, the natural result of intercourse. Can see it if you like in the Church's teaching that children are a natural consequence of marriage - and I do not accept that fully. I can't reconcile these two differences yet. Could come up with a pat solution - but have to be honest and say I can't.

"Looking at other couples we have a bit of contact with, I couldn't agree with people who wanted to get to the top, it's disgusting that children should be handed over to a nanny to be
brought up. Those parents are not accepting their responsibility if you're going to have children you've got to commit a certain amount of time and effort. Shame that there is a social pressure on couples to have children - there definitely is - we waited 2½-3 years, and there was real pressure. Mainly from our peers, but it seemed to come from everyone. Our parents were probably trying to hide it. Though they both love grandchildren they were determined not to influence it - but the joy when we told them we were expecting number one! I try consciously not to exert pressure. We've got friends who are single, profess to love kids and play with ours. Don't have any kids of their own and they find the same pressures. Christian marriage has been a bit of help. It offers a traditionally established tradition to draw on, and thinking on it - on my own marriage, thinking of what I learnt - I sort of assumed details such as self-sacrifice because of my religious upbringing. Though I never accepted them wholly. Finding myself in the context of marriage, I found there was quite a bit of truth in these traditions, some of which probably I follow - we follow - now that we haven't really thought about, come to an independent decision on how necessary are they. People have to think a lot of these out. They're more of a general nature, sort of a whole approach: duties towards children responsibilities toward children, partner. In the Christian tradition you've got to sacrifice yourself for your partner. Without that tradition you'd see that possibly more neutrally. It's a bit hard for me. I'm assuming this by putting myself into the shoes of a non-Christian marriage, which may be more a mutual benefit group. Love must come into it.

"On the practical side I find it useful to have an independent person to go to now and again, a priest to discuss these things with. You could have a friend of the family, but you may not be sure if it's really crucial things of how independent he is. We go to a fortnightly prayer-group, a discussion group, church sponsored to a degree, but not churchy. Priest on the sidelines, but no formal organisation. We discuss literature and reading. Odd sermon or two we can draw upon when needed. That's less available to a non-Christian couple.

"De facto relationship is okay. If they're living as if married, they're married - no skin off our noses. Marriage has a more permanent nature. If there's a chance of baling out, it's not
so easy. If I knew I could withdraw fairly easily I'd be less inclined to try hard. I wouldn't judge how other people do things. I haven't thought about divorce too much — only because I haven't had to, I think. There's a situation in our family where my mother's sister married a divorced person and left the Church. That's the only thing that concerns me, that she's not at one with herself. She feels she should return, but also that she's made a stand and she's not giving in.

"Ideally, if two people are trying to live according to their consciences and if Christian, in accordance with Christian guidelines — that's that as far as I'm concerned. For example, this couple we know. She an unmarried mother, not quite with it completely — not insane — more fairly restricted. She's deaf, which has retarded her education. They were married, had three kids since the marriage, on a fantastically small budget. Eventually they got a house. They're committed up to the hilt. She brought a child into the marriage; their first's okay, second's retarded, third is spastic. To me the way they've coped with this — compared with other people in the district, she's a saint. But she's not going to Sunday mass, wanted to have her tubes tied. My wife thinks the same way as do many of our friends — and the odd priest we've spoken to.

"I think the female has a role of motherhood — I'll be specific as that. There's a male role of fatherhood. One of the bones of contention I have with the women's movement. So does my wife, she gets infuriated when people say 'You're only a housewife'. 'Mother' is one of the most important roles in our society, and one of the least recognized. Not that that excludes different roles. We discussed it here at work the other day, and there was widespread agreement that we'd be quite happy if work let me take off one or two days a week, for me to stay at home and let my wife get out of the family. It's too much to load onto one person. For the development of the children I believe one parent should be close by in the first five — first seven years. I'm keen for my children to go to kindergarten — not so my wife can go out to work, but so they can get used to being away from home. I'm very pleased that my wife is taking on the development of our children full-time, till they get to some sort of institution, and because she thinks the same way I do. I'm dead against putting kids in a creche for any
length of time. It's conditional here.

"My wife is six months off registering, off her hospital exam by two marks. If she went back to finish, I'd sort of ask von that it was for some gain for the family as a whole - not financially - bit of security, bit of wanting to finish nursing. I'd be game for the children going into a creche for six months, but no more.

"There are some people with children that don't have a long-term approach to children. Suppose they're yelling, they'll remove the screaming child, but they're removing the stimulus, not the cause of it. Others who would give it a lolly, try to find out why, and change that. Takes a little effort to find it out. Applying that more generally, some people establish a relationship with a child, can have a more macro approach to children than others, who become tired, can't be bothered going any further. It's not distinguishable on a sex basis, could be the husband or wife, or both. I found this reinforced in a TV programme about teaching children how to count, a mother - a bit like my wife - who could teach the children without any tension, but challenging them the whole time. It doesn't follow as a consequence that women are better able to look after than men. But one thing that women can give - there are exceptions - is warmth and comfort, a mothering quality. Pretty hard for a chap to give that sort of thing. If my son bangs his head I'll tend to rub it, not much more. My wife provides a little more security and comfort. Just the initial three to four months, a mother can generally cope with a baby better than a man can, can love it without it responding back, things like this. Very hard to pin it down. Definite set of traits a mother has that a non-mother doesn't have. Something I can't easily describe. I really believe it's there. Something I'd be unhappy if my wife didn't have, I think.

Interview Three

"I don't know if it's any use talking to me. We had a discussion group, about marriage. My ex-boss used to say that opinions were most directed by most recent discussions, that idea change depending on what you discussed last. Usually develop ideas in the heat of the discussion or argument.

"Really interest, or funny - a priest initiated all this. Fairly young guy, been to a course at a pastoral centre, come back with theory and it's out the window again! Very interesting because there were people there with many different ideas on
marriage, and one of the central things we debated in the end was in the epistles, Paul has a passage there, implies that the husband has authority over wife. That bit upset most people. Ten to fifteen there, not all couples. I was really struck by the fact that most people were very keen on the idea that marriage was a partnership, not one person in domination over the other. Generally agreed in the end - as I said last time - that each partner had a role to play, division of male and female, who has the ability in certain areas, and who doesn't.

"As to reacting to a crisis or an argument, a difference between the two, here the male has the psychological benefit - I think he can withdraw from the arena because he's male, not because of anything else. Thinking here of the example of my wife. If we have an argument, if I make conciliation, trying to alter the ground rules so that we can discuss the thing less heatedly in the future, I try to come up with some policy. She makes it more in terms of herself. May be more physical. I wish to change her or my behaviour - more in terms that I see the situation arising again if we don't. Generalising from myself to the majority, I realise - but there is a psychological difference I've become convinced that long-term view is more predominant in male than female.

"Noticed similar situation in driving a car - that a woman appears to go more by intuition. I was once in charge of government vehicles, and there'd be accidents. We'd discuss why, they'd report to me. Most women drive as long as intuitively it feels safe. Women have better safety records because they won't drive into a situation they don't feel is intuitively safe. A man has a more calculated approach; he's probably miscalculated the problems. Generalise from that example to marriage or the roles of male and female. Male takes a more detached viewpoint - as a consequence there must always be a reason for a man's actions. Female can't describe why - if a man can't explain why he did something, I think he feels very unsettled.

"Our division if labour is rather unfortunate, follows a certain pattern established when I was going to university part-time. Going through a period of change and reassessment on both parts now of what role I should be playing. It meant that she handled most of the domestic matter - dishes, housekeeping, shopping; I did section maintenance, building (concrete
walls) - a lot of the house side of it, fixing up lights, etc, and managed the finances overall. She worked within the frame of housekeeping, the children. Usual pattern was I'd get home from work at 5.30, eat tea, shoot straight off to swot till 10pm. The weekend - swotting one and a half days every weekend. There wasn't much time to do anything - time constraint. When I was going full-time I did the dishes more frequently, specially in the early part of the year, and had more time in the weekends with my family. Things reverted back last year to the part-time pattern; this year it's now changed - changing right now. She still does the shopping, still does a large amount of the housekeeping, but I'm starting to come into that now - for example, putting out the rubbish, doing the dishes more; starting to put the boy - he's three, to bed, read him a story.

"In the weekends we spend a lot more time together, tend to both take the children out. That's also moving in the direction of more time with the children.

(Q: Did you help look after the children?)

"Not the first three months. She breastfed both for at least a year - so there was no bottle work; she changed nappies. Partly because both children were young when I was doing part-time varsity and the swot limited me. And I had a preference not to deal with the children for three months - obviously got more interested as they started to respond to me.

"The other very important thing I've missed out - Von put a lot of time into helping on the construction side, painting, wallpapering, and construction up on the roof with me.

"I started university the year we got married - possibly set the pattern that year. Had a flat at Kilbirnie, she had six more months of training to go, on various duties - we could spend two or three days without seeing each other. We both felt the marriage was going down the hill at that stage. It wasn't growing at all, we were becoming strangers to each other. Against pressure from her family she stopped nursing. I tried not to influence her decision, and I don't think I did. Then Von started working at a chemist, got home before I did, and would leave for work after I did. I had my first final exam coming up.
"Cooking - I haven't cooked for ages; when we were first married, she came from the nurse's home, I from a flat - I said I could cook easier. At the start fairly equal in cooking, university studies took less time. Period in the second year when I'd generally cook one meal say in the weekend - that went off - I haven't cooked anything for ages except on holidays, camping for two weeks, I do a fair bit of cooking, back to equal time - beyond, I'd do more - now just starting barbeques etc - thinking the other day - change.

"Funnily enough - she enjoys cooking meals. Hates biscuits, etc; enjoys doing the washing, and housecleaning, she enjoys that. Give her another year, it may change - wishes/spend more time managing both children at present. More the fact that she's with the children eight hours a day she finds onerous than the housework.

(Q: Interests?)

"Renaissance at the moment - you've caught me in a period of change. When I was swotting, I'd try and read a little bit outside work stuff, bit of university reading as leisure. Only reading I was able to do was on the train, and apart from a textbook, it was not much more. I'd always walk and think, always walked to work; walking was one of the few things I could enjoy each day. Pretty austere.

"Friday night I went to the pub, a non-work group. Still do. Drink and talk. Basically a kernel from the Young Christian Movement group. About three of us that still meet and drink together. We're all different, self-contained. Friday night after two or three hours may have tea in town. Von often comes into the pub as well.

"Saturday I'd work round the section or be swotting, mostly that. Sunday afternoon I'd have off - go for a drive and walk in the country, go swimming, or up to her parents' place, possibly do something with them, for example, walk in the Botanical Garden or sit and discuss something. TV had a minor role - watched the news only, one or two programmes a week, that was all the leisure I had.

"Von read a lot while I was swotting, watched TV - fairly selective, four to five programmes a week. She used to go out
quite a bit - St Vincent de Paul, Sunday school teaching. We both enjoyed a bit of gardening. She read a lot, listened to the radio, visited friends quite a bit. Often went to the art gallery; go with her parents out to a film or play.

"Now with two children, the millstone's a bit more round her neck. Still enjoys visiting. Changed her charitable work, does meals on wheels with another married mother once a fortnight. Playgroup. Getting interested in sport, very keen to take badminton - she's on the waiting list. Goes to Keep Fit. I forgot - she always had a night school - varied from University Extension to Keep Fit, that's the most practical she's ever done. Others were psychology and local history.

"She's coming along to photography evenings with me. We do it together, though I'm the more interested of the two at the moment. Both go to the discussion group. Still reads whenever she can, quite a lot. Her film evenings dropped well away since I've stopped swotting. She became more interested in gardening - insists on getting out for at least an hour, doing something round the section.

"We go out mostly every weekend, see her family, go for a trip, for example to the Wairarapa - pick apples, or to the museum or the zoo or to the wharves, something here in Wellington. I do a bit of dark-room work on a wet night or a day - not very often, two or three times this year. My child often comes down with me.

"I'm doing a lot more construction work round the section - fences, the garden. Von joins in when she can, and she wanted to take up woodwork. See how the rolls are next term. I do more reading, a lot more at nights, my TV watching has hardly increased.

"Ideally, I want to get into some charitable work again. Not 100% certain what form it will take. Interested in Youthline. In some ways I wouldn't mind getting back into that - probably be one night a week taken up. Teetering on the edge of getting more involved in community things coming up.

"I want to do a lot more reading, get into the Classics. Philosophical classics. Love to take an Extension course in philosophy, logic, ethics. Also dead keen, and I missed out, to do that environmental study of Belmont - the geology, botany. Try to get into that next term. Ideally I'd do photography one
night a week. Might come to nought in the second half of the year if Von goes nursing.

"All I hear from Mike is 'rugby, racing, beer'. I get so fed up with it. I argue of course that I don't do this or that, and he replies, 'Of course, you're an exceptional New Zealander!'

"Often I think there's a wide gulf between husband and wife they have dissimilar interests, tolerate each other's rather than sharing them. Though there has been a change in roles in recent years. Used to believe it was sissy for chaps to do a lot of childrearing duties, for example reading stories, bathing, taking them out - except to football games - changing nappies. I think there's still a strong emphasis on masculinity in boys, physical strength, contact sport, not showing emotions, staying away from anything feminine. Males try to inculcate that in their male offspring, and you see the same with the female and her offspring, trying to keep the same attitudes as before. Communication is lacking, I'd go to the extent that male and female are not communicating possibly with each other as they would with their best friends, of the same sex.

"Definitely there's a great suspicion of friends of the opposite sex. The only time it would be allowed is at work, and even that's suspiciously regarded. Von and I do have slight reservations till we've met the person ourselves. I go home talking about Maureen, we often confide in each other to a greater degree than we do to other members of the office. That seems to be a funny trait of mine, to have someone - a woman - that I'm close to at work. Von met Maureen, thinks she's good; she's coming to tea, passes on clothes, that kind of thing. I think suspicion is much stronger in the average New Zealand couple than perhaps in ours.

"Communication; that sums up a lot of things. I'm just trying to think of our neighbourhood. Other couples are different from us, less self-contained. They don't communicate as husband and wife, couples. The husbands always stick together, find them all working at one person's place - can't pick up a spade without four or five coming to help me. My neighbour thinks that's good. I think it's bad. On the wives' side, there's a lot of unhappiness, there's no privacy - everything you do with the children is seen by five to seven others. I see that as being awful, a typical New Zealand situation. As far as role goes, the wife
definitely has a far more child predominant one; I think our marriage is now less child-oriented than the average, and hope it is a lot less as we settle, change.

Interview Four

"Women don't have the same logic as a man. Their's is different, not better or worse. Purchases on toys for the children, she chooses something I wouldn't. When I give my reasons, they mean absolutely nothing: her's don't make sense to me: she feels 'it's good for the children'. Driving: she doesn't go through the mental checkpoints when she takes off, drives off when she feels it's right to do so. No more accident prone. Could well imagine many people saying the females' way is wrong - I see many cases where intuition made a far better decision in view of later events than mine - I can't think of anything at the moment. Some of the ways she's dealt with the kids, specially in terms of when the kids are sick. I propose one course, based on what I saw, she on what she felt - I'll see no evidence. Situation like that. Most marked as far as I've seen it."

(Q: Women a mystery?)

"Undoubtedly. Rather funny. Goes back to my interest in the Trappist order, my 'monkish' days. I was fairly self-contained, and then I gradually broke out, partly through the Youth group, partly through where I was boarding. Landlady had a nephew the same age as me, very socially oriented, and her daughter took me on as younger brother, walk me down to buy clothes and so on. Girls in general were a mystery. I had a great deal of trouble figuring out what they were on about. I seemed to have my ideas on them pretty clear - they didn't!

"I went out with a pretty highpowered nurse, very serious, able to talk about fairly deep things like this. Got me so annoyed I got a book on psychology and read it- I would point out the inconsistencies of her thinking. My wife was her best friend, and she got an earful of this chap - how stupid he was, and how he couldn't understand things. We met against this background - rather funny!

"Manifested itself to me most clearly in the fact that female was likely to change her mind for no apparent reason."
One of the main mysteries. I never knew where I was in her estimate. Looking back, that was fairly important. I needed reassurance, and it never came. When it did come, I never knew its worth, so I suspected it. Couldn't explain their emotions - their preferments in way I could click into. Learnt to accept the fact.

(Q: Women more emotional?)

"No. Varies very much with the individual. Wife often says this in a situation where both encounter a third party. My wife gets more hot than I do - but that's only her; I tend to boil later, and when we confront each other we can both be pretty up-in-arms, shouting and so on. I think it's more personal. I wouldn't like to generalise that to the sexes.

(Q: Double standard?)

"Yes - classic illustration, you want to marry a virgin but you've sowed your wild oats. When I was in radio there was always the difficulty to know what was fact and what fiction in a lot of cases. Didn't believe all I heard - if I did, I understood that most men weren't virgins. A lot of men maintain that they don't want to marry a virgin. Timing is interesting here. The philosophy pushed now, ten years after I was in that situation was that it was very undesirable to marry a virgin so I can't really say whether most men want to marry a virgin or not. I wouldn't discuss that out here - perhaps between two of us who were fairly good acquaintances before I did so, in comparison to the radio workshop where it was in the open, major debate on it.

"Some think it's all right to have intercourse so long as you don't get caught. I'm still amazed at the public condemnation about people getting married because they have to - because they're 'caught'. More of course older people than younger. I'm remaining fairly neutral. I'm interested in Playboy which I came across first in the Commission's magazine club. Still a bit of a double standard there - all right for Dad to look at it, but not for son. This isn't established as a double standard, but you could: the anti-abortionists who are not willing to take the consequences of adopted children, things like this.

"Standard of once married having intercourse freely, lack of control once married. Throwing everything to the winds, simply. The male simply wants to satisfy his sexual urges - to hell with the woman. Still inherent among the young.
"That in turn is tied up with fidelity - I'd feel very unhappy if my wife was having it on the side with someone else. To me the checks and balances in society partly stems back to intercourse having a result, and you must be responsible for that result. It's not just a simple matter of intercourse for however long it is. I see it wrapped up more in terms of a relationship than just an act.

"'Playboy' philosophy definitely pushes this other angle. I've often wondered to what extent it's prevalent. Tied up with the associated question - whether it's okay for a man to do it, but not for his wife.

"I couldn't really be friends, a good friend, couldn't really feel at one with a friend who thought that. Move by circular argument here. Quite a few friends of mine are not committed Christians - but they certainly have moral and ethical codes. Sounds bad - like 'one of my friends is a Maori'!

(Q: What is friendship?)

"A sharing of ideas and views and experiences - a love relationship to a certain extent. Obviously it can be more temporary; there's no bond, no permanent bond between you. Doesn't exist on a physical level. Fact that you have a feeling of one, or being at one doesn't sort of involve a union. Obviously you don't live together.

"I think a certain level of interaction is necessary with friends - and it's different for different individuals; I don't mean different friends. I myself enjoy solitude to some degree - my own personal make-up. Back to the single child. Something I've noticed a difference between my friends. People from families I think generally feel uneasy if they're by themselves for too long. One of the things I wanted to marry - I couldn't marry someone who couldn't stand being left on their own. Up till recently I was really thinking I didn't have enough good friends. Certainly need some good friends to share things with, more than one good friend. Find myself that I can talk different things to different friends. Have an aspect you can talk to one friend about that you can't talk to another friend about.

"One of the funniest paradoxes I find about friendship and marriage - I have friends that I have basically arguments with all the time - like Mike and me. Fantastic arguments - yet we're good friends. Thinking back to friendship - other people
comment on it, all my friends have arguments. I have about two levels of friendship: the good, and the acquaintance. Find it hard immediately, if we can agree on certain things, then I know it's a start. Friendships don't develop straight away. Plonked into a new environment, the people you see as potential friends - more than often are not and vice versa. I could be a very poor judge of character. Also I have to establish a more deep level of communication. I hate bonhomie - Charlie or Bruce - I just see red. 'Great stuff' they say, and it means absolutely nothing. I hate someone who's sitting on the fence. I like a friend who takes a stand, who absolutely disagrees - then you know where you are with them.

"I've been thinking of whether you keep good friends - most of mine sort of disappear. Must be something else involved; physical proximity or frequent contact, or something. Say a friend, apart from a very very few, leaves town or goes to a different place of work, you drop contact with them. There are exceptions - friends in the Commission I go and see. One very good friend in the seminary - we keep in touch the whole time. Some friends we always stay in touch with - more often than not, friends of us both, rather than friends of mine. Could be explained by the fact that my wife writes most of the letters. Often wondered if you were placed in a situation where contact was always kept, whether the friendship goes on and on - somehow doubt whether it will. Can think of the landlady's nephew. We struck up an excellent friendship. He went overseas - left me very sad. Felt quite lost for ages afterwards. He's back here now. We may have to build it up again, it's not just there. I think you can definitely outgrow or outchange a friend as well.

Interview Five

(Q: 'Bitch'?)

"In my own thoughts I use it to my wife and others. Spiteful. Somebody pretty unconsidering of your case, won't consider your side of the story. Tries to make it difficult to agree. Wipe the fact that there's any other side to the question. Lets you down in terms of a previous discussion. Turncoat. Sort of discussion where somebody deliberately sets out to do harm to another person. My wife does the same, she uses it of men too. I use 'bugger' or 'bastard' for men - may apply it more to fenceposts than men, when they go crooked! When I really lash out, it's not so much at people. If I talk about
a friend, it can be 'that bloody bugger'. Use it where there's no misunderstanding. It's friendly talk, 'you bugger, you're changing', repartee - only after I feel a certain safeness with people.

"Good woman: first thing that I describe - her motives. Whether she's genuinely got the right motive, she's not all for herself, but for more. Next thing: okay, I agree with Pat Bartlett's motives, but I don't like her. I also like to agree with the methods. Not just that they're similar to mine, the way I approach something - more that I don't dislike them. Either I agree: I would do the same, or it doesn't disturb me. Fairly vague, generalised, and that goes for men too.

"A bad woman is a person whose motives are either completely for herself, or for something: not herself but which I regard as evil. Obvious thing is the devil. I'll have to be more specific than that. To an extent you can call a Communist a good man, people not of my faith, good people, like my parents-in-law. A bad person stands for something that I could not agree with. Even Communism in some forms I agree with. Methods again, that's where I'd have to disagree with them, and they'd be a bad person if they used methods I agree with if their motives are wrong. And they're not willing to consider the other side.

"There's some badness in women particularly that's not in men. This is a gut feeling - they're better at being bad. Usual thing of gossiping. Can follow up their quarry and shoot it more successfully than a man can, and they tend to, once started, not stop till they've shot their quarry. That's the difference; a man may tend to be thinking as he goes along, 'What's the need for this now - I've made the person suffer enough. Is it really achieving anything any more?'. I'm theorizing off the top of my head. An idea in a woman is inside, in comparison to a man who can put an idea outside himself and examine it. Not 100% certain in the absence of anything else.

"Good and bad women - it's very presumptuous of me; I've never analysed this. I don't suppose everyone likes to think they hold the average idea. The average is less interested in motives, more in their methods - more concerned with externalities rather than internalities.

"A bad woman for the average New Zealander would be one of the prostitutes on TV the other night. Hear these girls, they've never considered any other way of life: the money's there.
She seemed to be a normal sort of girl. Soon as the label's tacked on, there's a great temptation to label her bad. Mary Magdalene was apparently a pretty good prostitute - she was also a pretty good saint. Break there between the two, of course!

"I think New Zealand society tends to make moral judgements, from the label you give people. More concerned with outward actions.

(Q: Ideal?)

"Can't say it's much different from a good man and a good woman - they're pretty well the same thing. Motives pretty well non-personal, some emphasis at a certain level - but not wholly for oneself. The methods they use are just and fair for achieving their aims. Implies a lot - my idea of fair, etc.

"Ideal equates with great. More than a good man - more of a fund of ideas, a vision. Edmund Hillary's great. Think he's got vision, he's a leader. He must have leadership qualities, have a vision, able to communicate it, and develop other men, in a general sense - mankind.

"Women - I do distinguish here, between a woman who's a mother and a woman who's not. Interesting. Woman who's not a mother, it's the same as I said for the man. Motherhood adds. All those other things plus this - a great woman, not a good woman. Certain amount of self-sacrifice for her children, and the things of developing the children in all senses, I'm anti just handing them over to nanny, something like this. Back to an undefinable thing. A person has it or hasn't. Some women are mothers, some though they stay with the kids all day long, I wouldn't class as a good mother. In that situation a warmth, love - outward visible love is missing, using the kids more for the mother's own end - as company or reason.

(Q: Much social pressure to limit family?)

"Definitely - two kids is enough. Tremendous, you wouldn't credit it, it's really strong. Lot more in certain socio-economic circles than others.

"I react against conforming to a degree. Said last night to my wife - I wouldn't mind three kids just to snub noses at people who say 'Two'. If you're going to keep zero population, some have to have three children for those who don't, the single people."
"I rebel to a degree. Laugh at myself - because to a degree I certainly do conform! I'd hop in the lift at the Commission with my pack. 'Huh, climbing a mountain'. That made me more and more intent on keeping it. Originally took it for when I was walking, and a briefcase is a damn nuisance. There are pressures of dress at certain times.

"There is pressure to conform even to the extent of what goals you go for first. Priorities. Carpet first or furniture first instead of having children - some to such an extent that they don't have the first child till three years after they're married. Kids jump on furniture so we don't have a livingroom suite. People comment on it. At work I've been attacked virtually because we're spending money on fences rather than a freezer or something like that. Our priorities as far as finances go.

"My wife she's like me, but even more determined to rebel - against how she spends her time as a housewife; she likes unpaid social work, but with the kids, for example, with meals on wheels, that's frowned upon. There are pressures for her to work, put the kids in a creche, rather than struggle on on one income - and we are struggling.

"I don't drink with workmates every Friday, it's almost a ritual. 'Oh, you're drinking with friends - so we're not your friends' they say. Pressure on your leisure time to conform.

"Pressure to conform with kids - for example, a bike at such and such an age.

"Relates back to the fact that I was an only child, because I'm more sensitive to this. Can often pick up signals of what most other people would like me or someone to do before other people.

"Big major battle of life is the pressure to conform to a career. When I was a radio-technician there were pressures to conform, and I left. Certainly it was stronger about different things - not so much pressure from work, but for leisure time. Here you're allowed a bit more diversity. I associated with them to a closer degree outside work hours, if there were parties Didn't take my car round to them to fix - if you didn't take part in carfixing and parties, gee, you were definitely isolated or sent to coventry to a degree. More diversity allowed here. It would however be insufferable to work here and be right-wing.
New Zealanders are both sheep and individualists - as much as New Zealanders allow it. You don't get the characters here in New Zealand, because they're not allowed to be. In Auckland - there's less pressure to conform there - yet there's more striving. I have an uncle in Mission Bay who's very worried because he's one of the very few people there without a boat. I wouldn't live there if you paid me, though I like the old part of Auckland.

"Overseas we're supposed to be individualistic. You're allowed to be if you're successful, only in very narrow confined terms. Could say in fact that 'individualistic' is conforming. Won't go into that. I can't really reconcile to my own satisfaction the two. I could be a lot more sensitive than a lot of other people.

"Take an invention for example - the guy with a water engine - he was bombarded with skepticism and scorn. Whether it happens in other countries, I don't know. Probably more here than over there. New Zealanders in general - we pushed ahead on many things New Zealand holds its own in radio - basically first developed radar, and we excel in many areas, many things that we developed first - the technical side produce it for a couple of years, until bigger countries take it up on an assembly line basis, like dish-washers. We've often been ahead of other people, in electronics particularly - whether that's individualistic is another matter. Maybe more handymen.

"Think possibly it's a function of size to a degree too. I've invented a type of boxing for concrete for fenceposts - set out, planned, built it, because what I wanted wasn't available.

Interview Six

"I was brought up with the idea that I wanted to marry a virgin. Realized I had to play a part in that. I realize that's not a balanced attitude but you know it's one of the things I persisted with. Heavens, what I would have done if faced with an alternative person I knew wasn't - probably would have gone ahead. I'm trying to fight that. Possibly it's a very narrow concept, so I'm trying to expand it a bit - but I still feel a little bit upset if I hear about someone losing their virginity before marriage - a matter of emotional growth towards intending wife, attitudes; maturity and sexual attitudes - not a switch on/switch off context. Sexual relationship must grow along the same lines as emotional maturity, attitudes. Very lucky if these
can coincide. Try to struggle to the stage where they could. I'd like to be able to see virginity first of all as a gradual thing - I don't agree with the concept - I know that the definition is once the hymen's punctured.

"Other thing I'd like to be able to have is what matters is more the fact of whether a person is willing to give themselves to one person, or not; to forgive the past, or not. Practice and theory are slightly different.

(Q: Men and women different sexual understanding?)

"Undoubtedly. I don't know whether I'd put it in those terms - I think the man can have sex with the woman with a sack over his head, sort of attitude. I think for the woman, the sexual act is much more than just a physical act to her. I know very little about nymphomaniacs. Although I've come to the conclusion that women are - can be - satisfied a lot more than I originally thought they could.

(Q: Women telling dirty jokes?)

"I don't mind that. Maureen comes up with some beauties. There are dirty jokes and dirty jokes. I remember at army camp at school, for the first four days everyone trotted out dirty jokes, much as we could remember - go back to school, and away we'd go. Some were revolting. Again, I don't have any sex differentiation there, whether a man or woman tells it doesn't alter my mind; some are really good, some are just too revolting.

"Got to be careful here. Change in attitude here toward women telling dirty jokes. 'Playboy', the cartoons are still my favourite page. Haven't read any recently. Used to have a magazine club at the Commission, I read it there. Tied up with my personality. Not something I'm easily able to discuss. Find I can't remain in the state of mind I would wish to remain in if I read too many Playboys. I find the whole philosophy quite persuasive really. Father Godfrey and I were talking about this last weekend, working out where my major weaknesses lay. One - he divided it up into two. Either physical desires were harder to control (good churchy word), the other was more mentalistic, pride, etc.

"I thought pride was my main thing. Just sat down, worked out a list, and he picked up the pattern. More on the physical side that the difficulties lay. I really do get turned on by
Then I start to lose the attitudes I'd like to keep. I can look at it, the occasional Playboy's quite okay. But if I get a steady diet, I'm not so happy.

"My mother, I would say within her scope, talents and opportunities she's been given, is a very holy person. Some people can be a lot closer to God than others, not because they've tried harder, but because of their bent of mind. My mother has an active not reflective mind. Yet she's got an avid memory for dirty jokes and an appetite for them - slightly lower threshold than probably I've got. My wife is just as disgusting as me - we've got about the same threshold.

(Q: Affection in public?)

"I'm hung up there a bit more than a lot of people. When we were courting, could be showing more affection in the street and in public than I would now - had no other place you could go if you went out with a nurse. But I get annoyed with a couple in an ordinary train kissing and carrying on - that's a good general New Zealand word! They could control themselves a little bit. My father has very strong feelings about not showing affection - very much his English stock and you'd get the feeling from seeing him that he has no affection to show - yet really, thinking about it, he has difficulty - very deep affection, and he doesn't know how to show it. I've inherited that from him to a degree. For example, Von and I hug, kiss each other in front of the kids freely, but hardly get really stuck in in a passionate way in front of anybody else. I'm not too worried about that. Lots more change in attitudes to come before I get to that.

"I don't visibly show my annoyance if someone gets stuck into it on the train - though I would if it was the hand up the skirt trick. Could argue whether that was showing affection - wife is complaining that we never hold hands or arms in public. I sincerely believe that it's a matter of practicalities. I don't detect any note of hypocrisy there; I have examined myself. My mother's very affectionate - in terms of my father, and in that way Dad's very tolerant towards Mum. One gets the feeling that he lets her, mightn't necessarily join in in the spirit, sort of thing."
"Play very few actually. Had it rammed down my throat at school. My father coaches the First Fifteen, a tennis player, trained a champion. He's quite a sportsman. Mum plays golf. I tended to shy away from organized sport, even to the extent of getting a ribbing from my friends on that matter. Most of my friends used to play. Played several games of football with the Youth group, we went away on sports tours. One of my favourite photos, a row of heads and boots in a water trough, after the game. Used to be mad on surfing - found that really good, as my excuse when accosted by cricket playing friends, etc. To play a game of ball you have to organize 30 people, in comparison to going by yourself, when you felt like it. Rationalization! It just didn't appeal. I was in the First Fifteen in school.

"Very enjoyable weekend with Mike and Alan, Von and myself - playing Diplomacy for five hours till 2.30 am - still wanted to go on! Very little luck in it after the initial round - if there's any, it's because the opponent forgot an important consequence. Sort of game that I do like. Couple of games of chess, but my wife beats me every time, so I don't like it. Like to get into it. I hate cards - just a waste of time. You haven't learnt anything at the end of it that you wouldn't have learnt if you hadn't done it - in comparison to Diplomacy - you learn a lot from that.

"Very interesting little thing happened with this game. Mike said, 'I've never played it with three people, I don't quite know how to do it'. Alan said, 'There are four of us'. Mike - 'Only three of us'. I said 'What about Von?' 'Oh, is she going to play then?' Hell's bells, he had her all lined up to do the dishes, while we played! Mike just assumed she wouldn't be playing. I was telling Harold it was five and a half hours we played, and he said, 'Womenfolk must have got annoyed!' 'What do you mean, my wife played'. As if he thought it was too intellectual for her to play! My wife is certainly not diplomatic - says what she thinks. Possibly why we worked it out.

(Q: Fate?)

"Had a two hour session with the priest last night - very interesting. There is a funny sort of thing happening, seems to be a spiritual renewal, partly charismatic, much more than that.
I'm reading a book now, written in 1600. Certainly goes back a fair way. Even in there, the whole concept of remaining open to God and choosing His will and not yours. Because to some extent you can't shape absolutely everything that's going to affect you - got to take a certain amount as given. Bit of predetermination there, I think.

"But on the other hand, also got to bear in mind that the situation isn't designed necessarily as God wanted. He's given us free will: none of us follow exactly what he wants. So part is brought about by behaviour, our free will. To that extent, it's not predetermination.

"Tying religious, spiritual life back to my own personality. One of my anxieties, I don't think I'm a practical Christian to the extent I'd like to be. I get worried about it, but I can tie it back to my own predisposition - shaped to a large degree by my family (if you're an environmentalist). An only child can deal with solitude a lot better, personally more amenable to some aspects of spiritual life better than others, so your spirituality tends to develop in those areas. All tied back to the influences you were put under in your past life - all of which were just chance.

"I don't believe in absolute predisposition or determination. I don't believe that absolutely everything is in your control. In this sort of environment, working here, predestination is just laughed at. But I think in the lower socio-economic groups there's an element of it - more directed towards luck.

"Luck to me - toss for snooker, I was always losing it. Very interesting - I'm reading 'Supernature'. There it's hypothesized that you can influence luck to a degree by thinking positively or negatively. Cited an experiment, this series of random tests, turning up a Jack, something like that. People who were taking the tests weren't shown their results - told they were doing well, (they weren't - it was just arbitrary). Those who were told that they were doing well did tend to do well, and vice versa. I'm inclined to give a little credence to it. Good illustration of luck in my own life - promotion in the Public Service. On reflection, no logic in it. I was in the right place at the right time, so I had a fairly rapid rise in my early years of Public Service. Attribute that to most people I talk to as luck - to other people, that God wanted me in that place at that time. Opted out of the Commission ratrace
and I'm stuck here, and any right-thinking person says it's a bad move. This job is not up to my expectations, in any sense. There are more bosses here! And if I just had a secular belief - I'd get a bit afraid about it, worried that I didn't seem to be achieving much, that I was in a backwater, not having much external success. I don't expect any promotion this year. Charlie's a bit biased against me. Bruce just drives me up the wall; what do you do? Doesn't look too hot does it, from that side.

"Compare the whole picture with the side. A resting time of life, gathering my thoughts. Learning to cope with someone I couldn't cope with, someone who also happens to be considered a Christian makes it harder. Also learning to swallow my own pride. Learning to be a bit more accommodating with regard to the situation. From outside, it's bad luck - but it mightn't be bad luck after all.

"I wouldn't liken a visit to a priest to a visit to a psychiatrist. Priests have far more obligation than I think exists on a professional basis. Like Graham Greene, I think they have an obligation to the extent that they may lose their own soul to save yours - more than just a human relation there. There are certainly priests and priests - some I just never bother going to - so I do judge.

Interview Eight

"Big thing, in a boss - I want someone I can identify with, to have the feeling I can get behind them, work with them, help them. This is the first job I haven't had it. Criteria in the end I'd apply - male or female - that they're fairly willing to listen, have a fairly good knowledge, be a fairly progressive sort of thinker and be quite happy, genuine.

"Last night I was relieved I was not going mad - going through with the bosses, they seemed so reasonable. I had three reports in. There were some phrases - hypotheses, and Bruce for the first time ever supported me. Charlie got quite a shock. So he says 'Is it absolutely true?' 'No,' I'd say, 'a probability' so I had to take it out of every one. Bruce in going through the added sentences - the very sentence Charlie said to take out! I tried to be calm. Lots of water has gone under the bridge. Most interested to see the result."
(Q: Retreat?)

"It was a dilemma when I found Bruce was going. Comment on my whole life, my resolving decisions at the moment. What to do? I prayed about it as I was walking along the wharf - if I'm on a retreat, I want to be free of all sorts of difficulties. I wasn't going to bother going when he was there, I'd be far better off to go another time. 'In your hands, Lord' - the thought seemed pretty strong. Halfway home - 'What's so wrong with him being there - will he interfere with you that much? Others at work will think it scandalous if two Christians can't get along with each other - so one pulls out. Are you escaping from things too much, or not?' This thought predominated, so I rang Brother Thomas, who placed us in a different block. I wouldn't bang into him every minute of the day. First couple of talks I kept an eye open on him, as I feared I would. Then he did something I really admire him for - he came forward and introduced himself to me and my friends - must have taken a fair amount of courage - though I don't know.

"Dilemma now is to choose a spiritual director, seek help from my betters - and if I don't, I'll get to stagnate. Where I could take the wrong turning, he up the creek. My whole philosophy at the moment, which I had before the retreat, which put it in a lot more concrete terms, is to keep an openness of mind. Find God because leave the choice of which path is best, ask Him to indicate. Nothing traumatic, just that you can identify one particular series of thoughts more than another.

"Good illustration - another leg of it: I'm living in the present a bit more. Waiting for the train to Porirua, standing at the platform like everyone else and I realize we're all living in the moment that the train is arriving, and it's not here yet. Very few people live in the present, they're all living two minutes ahead - so that two minutes is wasted. Should live more. So I took in the things around me. I'm here, that's it, the situation I'm in, let's deal with it. That's the sort of thing, attitudes which the retreat changed. Pure rather than applied. The applied will, of course, change as a consequence of that change in thought.

"They showed one film, about four times, very symbolic. How much work was really going into food: they were talking about life, that everything has a beginning - and every life ends. The most simple thing you can say. I used to think, in my monkish
days, that if I could only die - that's where happiness was. But life is actually the beginning, for us. I used to long for God, and feel really frustrated, that I would never get there because of my own crass stupidity - I'd never get to know God completely. But if you felt you did, you'd be in real trouble. Life's a journey, with a destination. You won't get completely there till after death. They illustrated that by comparing life to a glass which is flexible, it can hold a little or a lot of water. Our own effort in this life is to make the glass as full as possible; in the next life it's filled up, in Heaven you're completely happy. The only way to expand is by continually having more and more pouring in, and adapting to it. Relationship of love is developed in this life; when you do see God face to face in Heaven, you'll be ready for it. You're not ready for it in this world. The Russian Orthodox pray to see God in this world - but we'd be horrified if we did see Him, not able to take it, it would be a sort of end.

"The whole thing is full of paradoxes. One reason why I have to remain open, I just can't fathom out what's going to happen. My previous approach was abortive, trying to attain perfection through a series of aesthetic techniques, thinking that if you apply the techniques, you get the result. That's quite wrong in this area.

"You can see God in natural things - there's so much beauty in the world, you can be so blind to it, to God crying out through His Creation. Fact is that you need to purify yourself, be completely open on your side.

"One of the main lessons I learnt from the food film was that things must die that we may live. The funny thing is that you have to eat dead things to stay alive. For someone thinking about the whole natural area, this is very disturbing, that most life is lived off dead things. One of the great lessons I've learnt over the past year is to get back into the present, to stop waiting for things to come. They put it nicely in a way that got through to me; when you're young, you wait till you go to school, and then till you go to work, and then till you get married, have kids, then till they go to school - I could see it. You can lose out on the whole of life, just waiting for the next thing, like the two minutes waiting for that train.
"There's a lot of tragedy in life, you can't always hope
for it to be joyful. A lot of hard things in life. The big
lesson in life is if you can see that the suffering is worthwhile,
then it's bearable, if you can think that you're actually achiev-
ing something. The thing that's grating on me to a degree is
working here at the moment, feeling that the whole of life was
passing me by if I stayed here - but I have learnt, changed:
developed since I came here, which I probably wouldn't have been
able to do had I stayed in the same environment."
Excepting the pack which replaces the briefcase of his colleagues, there is little to distinguish Peter from them, outwardly. In the office he is a genial figure, originating or elaborating a series of running jokes, inside meanings which encourage an amiability amongst the ten people who work in his section. Like Mary, his is a comfortable presence, and he is on good terms with a wider range of his fellow workers than most, able to talk family with Maureen, the section secretary, soccer scores to one of the men, photographic equipment with several others, and politics with everyone. That he feels wary of some, cross with others and, at times, apart from them all, is not evident.

Again more than most, he is accustomed to think of himself as different from others, not better (as those discussed as 'Men Alone' conceive themselves), but eyeing things through a different lens. He was often careful to give two answers to a question: his own view, and what he thought was the majority viewpoint. If others make mention of another understanding it is in terms of a category, often polar to their own position. Farmers make mention of citybred ignorance, insurance salesmen scoff at those who remain content to work for another man's wages, parents are dubious about childless marriages. They do not, as Peter does, separate themselves out from 'society' at large. Nor, in a parallel fashion, do they set themselves at a distance from their own situation in order to examine its meaning, as he does. If they do, it is an occurrence, not a habitual process. Even Dennis, the salesman whose somewhat cynical reason for marriage is the incentive it gives his work, does not wonder why it can furnish a reason, (nor is he capable of supplying his own purpose instead).

Peter's regard is not solipsistic, not the fixed list of characteristics 'Men Alone' accept themselves to be. He describes himself as paradoxical, twisting in two opposed directions simultaneously, pride militating against contentment, energetic in marriage as a lifelong sacrament yet attracted to what he terms the Playboy philosophy in which a sexual act refers only to itself, and not to some ongoing relationship. While he enjoys the company of other people, and promotes an easygoing atmosphere in his own section, he can barely abide the 'bonhomie'
of people who fall into association only because they must work together. Like Mary, he looks to others for stimulation. He has a wide range of friends, both single and married, female as well as male, his age and older. In this he differs from the majority, as also in the activities he prefers: with others - discussions (which survive argumentation), games of skill rather than chance, on his own, reading, photography, walking (especially to work), thinking, praying.

Like so many others, he pays off the mortgage on a new house, but it is his wife who scrambles up onto the roof with him, digs over the garden and hears him swear at the crooked fencepost - not the male neighbours others are accustomed to reciprocate with. Indeed, he is horrified at their appearance on the-his-scene. Their eagerness does not spell out for him the success of his home projects, as it does for others, but the failure of their marital relationships, the lack of enjoyment of a wife's company. Like Mary again, he sees no diminishment in a marriage unaccompanied by children, and hopes that his own will become progressively 'less child-oriented'. He speaks of the marriage relationship, not family life; both are important to him, but he is able to distinguish them. For others they become amalgamated. Their children supply a couple a shared context and joint purpose, emphasize certain skills which develop into 'interests': for example, gardening, sewing, committee jousts and co-operation in yet another shared ground.

What most people value in one another is what may be loosely described, as it often is, as 'company'. Working alongside one another, chatting together about matters well-known to both, against a background of similar endeavours. Those who come under the rubric 'conversationalists' seek more than the reflection-affirmation-of amiability. In talking about friendship, Peter stresses intimacy, debate. He even classes it as love.

He admires people bent on an endeavour to better a situation they perceive as unsatisfactory, not necessarily their own, and beyond the unit of family, house, garden and job which occupies the attention of the majority. Of the two men whose appearance in his life he describes as charismatic, Tim's concern is to aid the rehabilitation of prisoners, Patrick's to delineate social circumstances in straight terms so that they may be dealt
with at a fundamental level. Peter describes his own preoccupation with research, his desire to be able to anticipate trouble rather than 'firefight' when it disrupts.

These are all projects which end only to set up another, a further task, another purpose, involving a different set of factors. Their nature is thus quite different from the majority concern, whose purpose is steady (the setting up and then embellishment, largely through accumulation, of one's own unit), and whose operation takes place within a relatively stable, limited field of actual people and objects. Asked what is the most important thing in their lives, the usual answer is that it is their family, their job, or the health that enables them to maintain one, the other, or both. Context, purpose, and reason overlap to form a tautologous - thereby meaningful - complex.

For Peter, these three spheres have more autonomy. Looking at other people, looking at himself in order to gain a comprehension, he is at pains to distinguish one from the other. Most people describe femininity and masculinity, for example, in concrete terms, describing what they themselves like and dislike. Perhaps untidy dress, slurred speech, staying out with the boys, living it up instead of staying home with the children. Peter discourses on 'method', 'motive', 'talents' and 'responsibility'. A prostitute wasn't to be discounted because of her occupation; a woman who remained beside her children twenty-four hours a day isn't necessarily a good mother. He is disquieted by abortion and pornography, but one must not assume from his stance that he will agree with campaigns to protect by their legislative banning. Categories, he is saying, cannot be taken for granted; doing the 'right' things is no guarantee that behind them sits the 'right' attitude. He admires the mother of limited resources maintaining cheerfully a family diversely disabled who would like 'to have her tubes tied', not the parish priest who sermon on Mother's Day he tries to block out by reciting the Rosary. His sympathies lie less with those obedient to the law of Church or Civil Service than with those who submit them to their own reflection and may break or ignore them to remain in tune with the institutional spirit they value more. Tim and Patrick, the two charismatic figures in his life, as he pieces together his progress, are both oddities, people who have turned aside from the success, respect and prospects they have earnt themselves in one field to exert their energy in others less
prestigious. Peter finds a parallel of their choice in his own decision to renounce administration for research; an echo of other people's negative assessment of their switch in the dismal outcome of his own.

Or was it? Within the usual framework, yes. However, within Peter's understanding of the world and the way it works, things aren't - necessarily - what they seem. If he can regard his mother telling bawdy jokes in the face of pain as a saint, the constant mother a liability to her children, not their promoter, selfish in her need for their affirmation of her existence as a necessity, then it becomes possible for him to expose his own situation to various lights to catch its 'real' significance. Receptive of 'otherness', he can use it to discern himself; his current presence and possible directions. Others suffering similar setbacks maintain activity and sense of self by drawing in, eyes firmly on the goal ahead. Self-made men like those depicted in 'Men Alone' depart hierarchical structures at such junctures; most will move their attention from job to the house, family and supportive interests, already fundamental to their lives and meaning. It is unlikely in fact that the majority would have made the move which brought Peter into this situation, nor the one which alleviates its disappointments.

That first change, forsaking a promising entry into the administrative echelons for the quieter realm of research, is rare enough to provoke the suspicions of his superiors. Encouraging before, they throw doubt on his abilities as he seeks to depart their sphere. Given Peter's relative perspective on the import of events and the complexity of people, his surprise at confronting the same kind of approach he thought to leave behind him with the administrators steering research may seem ironic. But the principle underlying his perspective is not the cynic's foregone conclusion. As with Mary, the wellspring is a concern to know fully, withholding (negative) judgment until sufficient evidence has been amassed. His only pre-existent judgment is that matters are not known, not understood, and therefore must be explored. It is this openness to otherness rather than any dissatisfaction with his own advancement, a more familiar complaint, that decides him against an administrative career. Unless his entire sense of self was narrowed down to his own 'unit', it is not a decision he would undo. For without knowledge he has found his previous position a pointless irresponsibility, more an exercise of power over others' lives than effect-
ing beneficial changes for them, as he hoped.

That one has the power, that one's colleagues have accepted one as their peer is not reason enough for Peter (as it would for others) to remain a manager of what he perceives to be the affairs of others he knows little about. The 'method' undermines any acceptable 'motive'. A pervasive theme in the constitution of every individual we have discussed in this work has been the sense of autonomy: that certain decisions have been made, expressed in relationships and objects, which could have been made by none other than the person involved. For most people, 'making one's own mind' matters significantly in a limited sphere, that of their own 'unit'. They would not easily understand Mary's horror of those who, failing to 'exercise choice' curtail that of those connected with them - nor Peter's refusal to decide for others, not knowing what they know, not acquainted with their circumstances.

Those described as 'ConversationalisTs' have a reflective surface less uniform than others', encompassing change constellations of different facets and factors. This leads them to extend this sense of autonomy, through which one's presence is confirmed as active, in two directions. First, to other people they encounter; second, to a wider range of matters and their assessment. It may well be also that the very diversity present in their sense of self and continually added to, refreshed, enables them to perceive the world as 'not what it seems' (how it is labelled), and promotes their need to decide, to reconcile differences. I suspect that such a reconciliation is effected through comprehension and its communication rather than through the formulation of policies designed to engender action of, to use the term in its broadest sense, a political nature. Hence Peter's fear that he is, or looks as if he is 'sitting on the fence'. But what is more important to him than its observable outcome, is the actual process of comprehension, the balancing of facets through their connection. His pride takes a blow from his new bosses; the desire to be informed and relate so that others (as well as himself) may inform their actions - make their own decisions - keeps him close behind them.

Mary comes to terms with her new situation as mother by understanding it as a sphere which offers scope for her framework of 'development'. Her peers include the educators and theorists she reads and listens to, as well as the other mothers in her street. Peter has resort to a parallel translation of a largely disagreeable situation.
Unlike her, he cannot make an agreement with another involved party to concentrate on what they both feel to be important. Mary's focus can remain development because her husband is content to help with any remaining housework. His job defined in a hierarchical structure, there is little opportunity for Peter to enact this kind of reconciliation. Treading water becomes acceptable to him because he participates in another context which enables him to find some purpose in it. Things are not as they seem: still waters need not be stagnant.

(Like Mary, he values fruitful activity).

His membership in the Catholic Church does not supply him with a readymade solution, but it does furnish him with a series of analogous paradoxes which engage his attention. He does not escape his work problems so much as gain a distance from which they may be seen to have other possibilities, another use: a value. Reflecting on dead matter sustaining the living, capturing life as a glass which one can strive to fill (no-one else will do it for you, bar God's grace), prayer as a pathway to God which cannot - should not bring Him face to face, deciding to spend two minutes on the railway platform looking around him rather than down the line waiting for the timetabled train he affirms the significance of his own perception of the world: he can - with effort - transform a muddiness, a suburban railway station, into 'the wonderment of God's Creation'. Once more, the world awaits discovery, invites his attention and involvement

What he has changed, over the seven month period in which we met, is not his situation. Short of moving out of the Government Service - farewelling the hopes of research which is vital to his sense of self - there is little he can in fact do. It is in altering his perception of his position that he retains both mirth and purpose. In the Church, in his marriage, and in his recollections of close friendships with the admired likes of Tim and Patrick, he finds himself in a circle of peers who affirm his concerns, his aims, by having effected their own, recognizable in style though different in expression and actuality. His work colleagues who in other circumstances could provide this mutual recognition, outside confirmation, provide instead a negation. But because Peter is able to select another circle of 'peers' outside work, his self-esteem, purpose underlined, is not eroded. He is less vulnerable in this
respect than those described as 'Men Alone', who have only their
work or skill to derive this circle of peers, as necessary to every
member of this society as the sense of autonomy, of self, however
each is constituted in great variegation. It may be that he
is able to make peers out of past, if remembered friendships
because these were more intimate than most, and the similarity
they were based on an 'openness to otherness' rather than the
more restrictive pursuit of unit which supports the amicability
of others. It is in his response to those close to him, those
around him - and those in his way, as all alter that Peter feels
himself active; purposeful: autonomous, and yet a participant in
other concerns, other lives. Part of a whole, yet whole himself.
Chapter 13: THE REFLECTING SELF:

FATHER SINCLAIR
FATHER SINCLAIR - Introduction

Peter mentioned one day that he had been telling Father Sinclair about our interviews, and that he had wondered whether I would be interested in the views of a Catholic priest. I was. At the time he was living in a Marist community formed round a retreat centre, situated in a pleasant suburb. Besides the chapel, dormitories, offices, there were several acres of lawn and paths winding beside a stream which ran through bush, marked off at intervals with the Stations of the Cross, and a six foot statue of Mary. The priests' rooms were in an old brick building at the back, and I found Father Sinclair making notes in his diary. Books on the desk, a year planner already full taking up most of one wall, a statue of Mary, arms out, at the window, posters, including a Snoopy one: 'We all have our own hangups'. A lot of red and orange colours, which he explained as his favourite colours, for their warmth.

At the end of the first interview we joined the rest of the community for lunch, cooked and served by one of the brothers together with two women who come in to make beds, sew, and help. They sat down with the rest of us to make a dozen or so, together with several visiting priests, some of whom had come to take a parish priests' retreat. It was a jovial, kidding atmosphere, with much amusement gained from individuals' known proclivities, the teasing jokes of a group at home in one another's company.
"I was born in '43. My parents are both alive, both Catholic, though their brothers and sisters opted out of the Catholic Church. It's a fairly strong Catholic background, but not an intensely strong one. I was the only one in this family to become a priest, but amongst my second and third cousins there's quite a few priests or religious.

"I was the youngest boy, have two older brothers: one's a surveyor, the other a lawyer, both married with two children each; and a younger sister who's a nurse, married with a child now. I've really lived here all my life bar seven years when I went to the seminary. Went to a very small Catholic primary school, which was mixed, and then went to a single sex boys secondary school, St Xaviers, the Marist brothers school. I was very happy there, it was a really good school with a great spirit. Had a tremendous mixture of backgrounds and cultures, all mixed up together, people high and low. We had a tremendous spirit of fellowship, which was encouraged a lot by the priests there.

"We had no illusions about them, there was friendliness and cheek by jowl living such that we knew them pretty well. Some were kind, or wise; others were jolly. Some were neurotic, some drank too much: we saw all this. The thing that impressed me overall was that they all seemed to accept each other. Certainly there was an atmosphere of great spiritual harmony and peace. As one teacher went and another came into the classroom, they'd stop and have a joke; you'd see them laughing in the corridor.

A very small thing, perhaps, but intensely significant for a person looking for something in life. The only thing that really matters in life is that you're happy, and these men seemed to be, and very much at peace. They were also wanting to do something for young people, not just as people, but also on the spiritual level, to help them be really happy. If I hadn't become a priest, I would certainly have been schoolteaching, it's in my own family, in the blood. The thing that attracted me to the priesthood in the Society of Mary was the fact of the possibilities of teaching. I thought to begin and end my days reading - it didn't eventuate - well, it lasted for three years, and that was it.

"If you're looking for trends - well, here's a fellow who's come from a single-sex school, and an enclosed single sex
environment - I went straight from school to the seminary - and taking on a celibate life. I know now with the experience I've got as a priest that for many priests celibacy is purely a physical statement of fact, that they don't happen to be married. It's not a vow of celibate love, with the emphasis on the love rather than the celibacy. Many priests are good celibates - but there are plenty of celibates in the museum as well. If you look at it as just a physical fact. When you speak of love, for most people they're speaking in terms of the person they're married to, some tie, some human relation with a person of the opposite sex. For many I know it's a frightening thing - celibacy just keeps them away.

"Our constitution has three vows - poverty, chastity and obedience. Obedience has nine articles, poverty twelve, and chastity three: first, why chastity; that's quite clear in itself, needs no explanation. The second is to preserve virtue at all costs, flee all idleness, fortify the body, guard the senses. The third is to flee the company of women, not to talk on a direct level - compared with the confessional box - with any women. Ours is a comparatively recent order - a hundred years since the founder died, and much of this is still fairly prevalent amongst priests. We had no women teachers at the seminary - it was certainly possible to go from one year to another with no relation with people on a human level. I beg your pardon - there were a couple of women, sufficiently aged, and out of reach - that satisfied everyone's grandmother complex, nothing more. Now it's different, there's a lot more women round the place, and the training is broken up with two years university.

"Certainly see that many of us priests would be ill at ease with women, they can't relate to the person. They have a Haha HoHo joking relationship instead. If they'd fallen in love, they wouldn't know what to do. A lot of this comes out in pulpit attitudes.

"If celibacy is regarded as love, there's no problems, but if its simply celibacy, you get an internal dilemma, or a sublimation. People become either autocratic, dominate others, or overpower them with spiritual autocracy. Really very tempting for priests to say 'Do this or go to Hell' - and build themselves up a congregation or church, more so in the past than now."
Obviously, their motives aren't pure, something had to be channelled.

"If I had the option to remain celibate, I still would, I think. It's very important for the priesthood, the very nature of a priest's spiritual role to the people demands that some priests are celibate, if you understand that as celibate love. A certain kind of love, which is non-threatening to people. So often people are threatened by love, so often it simply means sex, and any expression of it is tied up with that. If the world can be exposed to people who are lovers in a non-threatening and creative way, well, really, I think that's a tremendously important gift to the world.

"I would say a good many priests have fairly stereotyped ideas about women, they have a fairly textbook knowledge of women's characters and role, that sort of thing. If I made a blanket statement, however, I would be unfair - when I think of priests as individuals. They haven't the knowledge married people have, not the understanding of women you get as a person you're living intimately with. Don't have to face things like moods, depressions, the highs and lows; just shut the door where the husband has to live with it.

"It's only my personal feeling, but a lot of the liberation thing for women - I'm not sure whether I believe that what they're saying is what they're meaning. What they mean is much deeper than the cry for women to be liberated from the home, the kitchen sink. I don't necessarily think that's really what they're saying. What I think they're saying is 'I wouldn't mind being here as a housewife provided my husband treated me much more as a person', so I would necessarily see a radical change in the family structure - see it more in the attitudes.

"There's the same problem with brothers and priests, doctors and dentists: those doing the dumb, slushy work, the background, so that we work together as a team. The brothers cry for greater independence, and they would express it in certain ways: when they go on retreat they want to do it with the priests - it's rather impractical, that they do - and a good talk to a priest is often not relevant to the life of a brother, so they should have a specialized retreat. What they're really saying is that they want to be equal with priests; I don't
think this is the solution. Cry of the brothers is not so much 'we don't want to do the slushy work' - that's the background - but 'we don't want to be looked down on by priests, we're not their lackeys' but the thing is not so much to change the structure as the attitudes, to have brothers looked on as equals to the priests, with a different function, that's all.

"That's how I see it in the family. I don't know. I just tend to feel from my understanding of the psychology of women - that they have a lot more to offer in the soft virtues than a man does, generally, and for that reason I see their role as very important in the early life of the child. Intimate contact with the family is far more important for the mother than father in that sense. I probably see it as a far greater change in attitude than any structural change.

"I'm not sure whether I can see for example, a reversal of roles where the father stays home and the mother goes out to work - I'm not sure that that is quite as satisfactory as the other - in terms of the child; maybe also in terms of the person. I don't think that men generally have the constant patience, generally, I know of exceptions. Whether because they're brought up this way, I don't know. I'd like to know what effect it had on the children, on their need for security. Do they feel they know where they belong, and to whom they belong? And I certainly believe that very strongly, it's very strong in me, till a couple of years ago. I lead a very nomadic life - these last six months have been the most rooted in my last five years. When you're never in one place for more than one month - it's very important to know where home is - even though you know you'll only get there six weeks in one year. All the time I was away, I knew where home was; a couple of years ago I had no home, and that had a really deleterious effect on my work. I couldn't concentrate. I was very restless. Made me realise this security thing; that deep down we're only little boys and little girls, we never lose those powerful needs.

(Q: You ever cry?)

"I've cried in recent times - a person died a few weeks ago, who meant a tremendous amount to me - more since she died. Only a young person, 18, in a serious accident, and dying over 15 months. A very beautiful person in every way - I cried. No
regrets about her death - I'd say it was obviously the best thing that could have happened, and because of my belief in Heaven - it's a clear indication that's where she went, I didn't find it difficult to cry. Not in public, not too much. At her funeral I had to say the Mass, very difficult, I almost didn't make it. I've got no real hang-ups about crying - again it's my sense of my position - I think in certain cases where I'm there as a priest, I feel on some occasions like this I'm some security pillar. Whether you like it or not, people tend to look at a priest as a leader - which in this case means that if there's any crying to do, better for it to be done alone in private rather than in public.

(Q: Private includes members of your family?)

"Some of the rest of my family. This particular case, not. My parents wouldn't know everything. They would know the main things. I see them every week for a number of hours. Pretty close to them. My sister lives in Wellington; a brother in England, haven't seen for a few years; the other in Auckland, used to be in England - I didn't see very much of him, don't travel up that way very often. When it comes down to correspondence I don't write to my brothers - I'm pretty poor at writing anyway. We're good friends - there's no tension, or anything between us in any way.

(Q: Strict?)

"No, I didn't think so - for example, I never remember being hit by my father, don't remember any occasion when anyone in the family was. At school - well, it was the cane. If I went out at night, the curfew was 12.30 and that was reasonable and normal in those days; I didn't always keep it. It was a felt strength, but not an imposed one. Very lucky in a way that our family had grown up by the time all the adolescent crises hit the world, so we had no great family hassles.

(Q: Sport?)

"I played rugby very badly, cricket worse. Not naturally a sports person. I play squash now. The world of sport doesn't interest me - not that in fact I don't know that the cricket test is on in Australia and who the All Blacks will play next. It's a convenience for my work as a priest, important not to have things that tie me. For example, no TV programmes to watch. I rarely watch TV, once in a fortnight, watch a
programme. Picked one last night, the thriller, first time I'd seen TV in ages. It's important - if you sat down to watch a serial, just know that it cuts my mobility, just know where that leads - if you're called, you feel put upon, that the night has been bugged up. I don't see that as a good thing. Same thing with sport, if I had to watch every Saturday afternoon, I wouldn't be very effective.

"I enjoyed rugby. I never played it after I left school, where there was nothing else - it was a rugby school, that's all. Bit of mud on the knees. A hard game. Deep down, I know I'm a coward; I don't like to tackle, I prefer to play forward rather than back. I'd be the last one to tackle - let so many tries go through that I had to play in the forwards.

"I play squash with one guy, a training college student. What I like about that is that you're playing with another person; all the sweat's out, and you feel fresh.

(Q: Sport in New Zealand?)

"One of the saddest things about people - most people never realise their potential - physical, intellectual, or emotional - spiritually: that would be what concerns me. So many people go through life just existing, never really live. See that fairly clearly exemplified in the physical set-up, this tremendous setup here. It's a sad thing on the spiritual level, same for the emotional; they never really reach that. Just where I see the value of celibacy - it helps people reach their emotional and spiritual potential there. I don't think we're conscious enough of the need to use the tremendous potential that we've got here in New Zealand.

(Q: Good Christian?)

Given the non-Christian society we're in, I'm not sure whether the move to change the law is as effective as people might think - in that if we do - a minority group, and some squealing or say 'bloody Catholics', let's push it through despite them; or the Christians - whatever it is. I see our use much more as the leaven in the lump. What we've got to do is to affirm and live our conscience - if we really believe in the quality of life, respect for the unborn, and in that way to change minds. Love for life - then we should really look after the old, the sick. Make sure that we're firmly grounded in our attitude to abortion. Contraceptives are just not on for us,
as abortion on demand is not on for us; but not necessarily
that it's not on for New Zealand, that sort of thing. It's
finding out a lot of wishy washy Christians, maybe a lot that
will fall by the wayside - good riddance. Might be fewer
Christians, but they'll be more convinced and that is good if
you understand the distinction between Christian and non-Christian
as that between light and darkness. I don't see that yet.
We're all toward the light, I see that in a sense. It doesn't
really worry me too much if there is moral lacklustre in the ones
who leave. I have a deep down conviction, that we've got to
stand firm on the quality of life, maintain self-integrity, and
without the support of a structure to help me. It's easy to be
chaste when there are no women around and an easy time with
abortion if not allowed it - than for us to ask 'what is my stand
on this?' Distinction between the legal and moral. If it's
legal, that doesn't mean it's moral or compulsory. Divorce is
all right, but not marriage afterwards, though it is legally.
Legality doesn't mean morality. And if abortion is not illegal,
it doesn't worry me at all. It's immoral for me, and I think
we could do a lot more good on that by standing firm on our
convictions. I support the Pope when he proclaims the ideal.
That has to be carefully understood. The difference between
the ideal and the individual real situation is sometimes evident-
many cases where you support the ideal - and in this particular
case the ideal can't be obtained. If you didn't have this ideal,
it would be open slather. My point about contraception is that
it's not as big a thing as self-discipline. To me that's the
important thing, not an area of sexuality, but of self-deception,
self-centredness. In counselling, if this person says 'I want
to go on the pill', okay; I help them to see why; the real
reason, not the phoney reason - and if the real reason is 'Jack
and I want to have sex without worry as often as we can, with
no kids hanging round' - sorry, I don't agree at all. Not
because of the sexual factor, but because of what it's doing to
the two people. Not that this is a ban - there are other forms
of control of birth. I'd certainly want them to look at what
we call the ovulation method. I must confess I don't know it
very well - I don't really think that's my role, my role is a
spiritual role: your relation with God inasmuch as your relation
with other people comes into it. I far prefer to suggest in those
situations, to send you to a doctor who I would have the trust
in as a man who respects Catholic teaching and is also a doctor,
knows the medical, and the moral side as well.

(Q: Love?)

"Well, I would see love as a relationship of people which — it's like trying to describe eating ice cream, very hard to put it into words. Could quite easily take the Greek descriptions, a division into four, I find them really helpful. (A) that as a relationship on the intellectual plane, two friends with similar interests, relationship one of mind on mind — philia; (B) sort of relationship you see in mother to daughter; not sexual love, though that's there, real feeling there, but it also has this other quality; (C) Eros, love, implies a very physical relationship as well as emotional; and then (D), describes agape, love which is human, non-possessive, non-threatening — physical and sexual, maybe, but non-genital. My love for people is not non-sexual, but the sexual thing, my sexual being doesn't happen to be expressed in a genital way. All very confused, all depends on what I meant.

"A relationship with people which is human, built on friendship, leads to an acceptance of the person for his or her own sake — frees, liberates them, allows them to be themselves. Other aspects could come in; sex — important but not vital. Has to be human, physical creates, liberates — all of a hundred things; otherwise it's just for me — something like that. Could probably think of a better definition — that's just off the cuff.

"Two people living together — that to me wouldn't be marriage. Convenient relationship, a roof over our heads and children that happen to be there — would say that was another aspect there. I don't know how to put it — human and physical thing, not the friend thing: I couldn't see marriage as marriage without all of that — why to me the friendship thing is important — if you move into marriage through fascination, and there's no friendship — well, that doesn't work.

(Q: Childless marriage?)

"Yes, can be all right. That would fit into that definition, but I would see a grave stress put on the family-couple, a grave stress in that set-up; looking into the eyes of the beloved only; the rest of the world can go to hell — 'You and me', we'll build a world of our own' — that's not natural. It's the beloved and I looking together in the same
direction, and what forces us to look - the fact that here is the result of our love - this child or these children. Stress would centre round the danger of becoming self-centred in love - I'd say also that the relationship between this husband and wife has nothing to defend the situation like the pressure of family, nothing to help them come alive, like the unpredictability of children, the presentation of grandchildren - all these things certainly help you to come alive - all in those strains.

"Community could be a really cold thing - just the juxtaposition of people; the family makes its own in a supportive thing. Would hope that we have qualities of the family here in this community - here there's ten of us, could just about look upon it as a small family. This particular setup compared with other places - as an institution, a support, it's all of those things. - I see them as much more family than community.

Interview Two

(Q: Last time I came it was a Friday, yet at lunch we had meat - I was surprised)

"That's a good symbol of what renewal in the Church means. Many people who would see the passing of that with great regrets - not realising that by doing so they're condemning themselves out of their own mouths. Before the Vatican Council the Church was looked on by a good number of people as a great monolithic structure with pretty strong walls around it, outside the powers of evil. If you could jump into that Church and stay inside, you were all right. Nothing could go wrong. Outside you could get into all kinds of difficulties; there was no salvation. Inside the Church everything was very clear cut and dried, a person could say, 'what are the rules - if I keep them I'll be saved, nothing can go wrong'. The rules were very clearly spelt out - fish on Fridays; no meat on Fridays, that was bad. Left a great scope for mindlessness - the rule was more important than the reason for it. 'Have to eat fish on Friday' - that wasn't the truth either - just so happened that fish was an alternative.

"The Church was like a mother with a child who says 'Do this! Mother with an adolescent says... 'Make up your own mind.' Child with a cold - 'Don't go outside' - supposing your child was 18 or 19 - the parent doesn't say that. Kid has to think, use common sense, decide for self. Same with no meat on Friday."
Philosophy behind this rule is that Friday is the day we commemorate the death of Christ, the day he suffered. We do some penance on that day to remind us of the suffering Christ. It's the philosophy rather than the rule; 'that's a mortal sin' - that's pre-Vatican. Know that as the Church grows, it's much more not a question of laying down laws but of giving guidelines. The Church still says that Friday is a day you should do some penance - you decide for yourself. That's led to ructions, two camps, the mindless are completely lost - 'What are we going to do, we can't think'; other crowd, the obligations removed, they're not doing anything - proves their own immaturity. In time it will come about - a much more convinced sort of thing. Fairly symbolic of what's happening in a lot of other areas. Like communion in the hand - and all the mindless arguments that came up why people should have it on the tongue or the hand; they may receive, or kneel or something - a gesture of reverence before or after - ended by saying, 'It's over to you' - and people were saying, 'this is terrible, the hand could be dirty'. Well, if a tongue has nicotine on it from smoking - there are rationalizations - that people would no longer reverence the Sacrament because it was on the hand. Also had an attack on the methods in a Pharisaical vein. 'I oppose Communion on the hand - not because I might lose my respect for the Sacrament - I'm afraid that you will.' Terribly judgmental. People were looking for that absolute security rather than the supportive guidelines.

"In New Zealand the senior priests saw the Church as a great monolithic structure - no grays. These were the Commandments - if you broke it anyway, it was a mortal or a venial sin - no question of the personal things that might mitigate guilt - and everything was very cut and dried. Now, it's over to you; we're here to help, to say to you 'We Christians must do penance - decide for yourself what you do'.

(0; Conflict?)

"For some, yes; Humanae Vitae not an infallible statement - the last one was in 1954, then 1885. Popes just don't get up and do it. The teaching of Pope Paul on contraception is very strong and highly authoritative - not infallible; basis behind it then is the Pope, putting before us guidelines. Certainly projecting this thing about sexuality. Intriguing that people don't have so many great complexes about contrasting principles
of justice - the social encyclicals, about the exploitation of the poor, doing nothing about it - why is it that the Humanae Vitae is the only thing given out free to Catholics. He's written two beautiful things since - 'Our Lady' and 'Christian Joy'. The teaching on contraceptives is merely authoritative, the ideal; same with social justice. That as in every other area of conscience, every person measures his action with the ideal. There's quite an excess in attitude to sexuality from celibates - as if that was the only commandment; for example hearing confessions, I get a little old lady who says I'm a bit too old to commit any sins these days - too old for adultery. She's certainly not too old to be bitter, or jealous, or close-minded. But her conscience has never been formed to think along those lines. In prayer and response, they're not actually thinking about those things, but what to think next.

"It's not a question of sexual relations so much as a question of self-deception, self-centredness - for example, I can't quite see the validity of someone saying 'I want to have sexual relations with this girl I'm not married to and I'm no person to take the consequences of my own decision, therefore I'll prevent having to think about the consequences by this means.' That's why I question them. 'What's your real motive?' On the other hand, there are many cases when I'd quite willingly follow the doctor's advice - to go on the pill, or practice some form of birth control; it's individual. The ideal is there, but it doesn't work for this person, so they'll have to practice some form of artificial birth control. Always the idea of the ideal as opposed to the practical need.

"Many priests are much more liberal in private than they are in public. I've asked some priests 'Have you never in your life said to a person - 'perhaps in your situation you might be doing the right thing'?' - and they all have to say, 'oh yes'. Most people when it comes down to the private situation are far different from the public, and I am too. I don't consider that a lack of self-integrity, or hypocrisy - works exactly the same in every other area - like justice. It's a matter of the individual case, that in your situation, this doesn't apply as much as it would to someone else.

"Main difference in the Church then and now - before, the Church was overlaid by activity, and the security that came from that. It's a different type now. People were in danger
of resembling the Pharisees — catch God by the scruff of the neck and force Him to save you. That's not what it's about at all.

(Q: Pope Paul's letter on the Virgin Mary?)

"The role of Mary in the Church is very important. On the human level it's important that we have a woman — all the major religions have a goddess or a woman who's similar. She's not a goddess, certainly not equal to God, Christ. Only a human being, happens to be the mother of Christ and most perfect of all Christian believers — that is what she means to us. She's there as a symbol of the ideal, symbol of what the Christian life is all about: total openness to God, willingness to do always the will of God, and a total openness to the Holy Spirit.

"Priests aren't reacting to it. It's an authoritative document, outspoken: all's not well with Catholic practice, there are deeper issues of Christian worship. Change hysteria of custom, the sentimental piety, the unscriptural and undogmatic excess toward Mary.

"Mary is very important for our Christian living, a token of the spiritual life to Christians. For a person whose attitude to Mary is correct, there's not the slightest danger that it will get in the way of Christ and God. It's like a signpost to Christ. Like the old hurricane lamp, compared to us. The glass is clean, can see inside to the light — see right through her to the light of the world, who's God. When you look you don't notice the glass. We tend to be more the dirty hurricane lamp, smoky, etc, you don't see the light inside. The transparency of Mary is the most important thing.

"Virgin Mary fairly and responsibly accepted the will of God. Charity and service were the driving force of her actions. Someone who deflects attention to Christ and God. If we by looking can absorb.

"False way is to look at Mary and to hell with anyone else. That's the immature type of love; as love develops it's not me looking in the glass of the beloved but us loving in the same direction.

"Mary is very important for me. Not psychologically, not as a mother-figure — I wasn't deprived of that in youth. I know I'm not looking for a mother-figure as I know people often do. I just find her a very good example of Christian life and also a very powerful person with Christ — given her role in history
as the Mother of the human Christ, she must be pretty powerful really.

"She's a great model for women - not submissive - a challenge to women, to understand their role in history; imitate Mary at Nazareth, not the part of the social structure that no longer exists. This question - women shouldn't work because Our Lady never did, it's just not true. That's not why Mary's great. She saw the true values of receptivity to the will of God and service to others - these are the true values.

(Q: Priests?)

"Probably find as many opinions on this as there are people. Priesthood is like marriage, like a diamond, there are so many facets to it - who you are, the way you look at life, the way you justify priesthood. Basically all agree that a priest is somehow called upon to continue the Christ.

"First point in the explanation of that: Christ's role was to breach a gap between God and man - not only had man separated himself from God through his free will and what we could call sin; it appeared too that God seemed to many people and to many who weren't Christians, remote, beyond reach. The conclusion very often was too much the same - Jaweh was not only unknown, but uncaring; there was manipulation from the top, and you had to conform. Why we had Christ, to solve these two problems, within man, with God, and God-and-man. Why Christ has to be both God and man, have a foot in both camps. Really be a human being, no greater than anyone else; if simply God and didn't share our condition - not so much help as the person who knows exactly your situation; able to see also God's situation; Christ was able to heal this break between God and man; the renewal of man, God's love for him, and to heal the wounds of man's loneliness, emptiness, search for religious meaning in life - to heal his self-centredness, the things that are crippling his heart - all that was accomplished by Christ on Calvary and the Resurrection. Very much like a great atomic bomb - the bomb goes off in a moment of time - the fallout takes time to reach fully every area.

"The work of Christ is very much like a bomb - accomplished like Hiroshima, went off at a given moment of history. Christ died, saved the world. Fallout of that huge bomb of love has to reach everyone. Lot of people don't know the effects of this,
have to reach - even I know I have been corrected, constantly recorrected; something to remind me of that and deepen my conviction of that. Where I see the work of the priest - Christ's already done it; there are people around who need to hear those words again - to experience the love of God, to know it in an experiential way - 'God loves you'.

"Our job is to be an instrument, communicating the healing love of Christ. Do this through our own gift of celibacy - that's not the only one, one of a number. Preaching of the Word and administration of the Sacraments - human forms of putting a person in contact with an experience of that situation. Rituals and that - we all need rituals - like morning tea, we've got to, otherwise we couldn't survive.

"Now - having said that, and without categorizing people too much - there are cultic priests and prophetic - the cultic is there to hear confessions, preach the word, that's it. As long as those things are done, everything's okay. He finds himself very insecure in the prophetic situation - sitting round, talking, discussing, counselling people. 'Fiddle-faddle, forget it, give them the Sacrament'. And that's it. Many are afraid to be seen as they are, very reluctant to get out of their clerical garb - it's good protection. Compared with the prophetic priest, who's really ill at ease in cultic dress. Tends to be much more 'sleeves rolled up, let's get among the people'. Happy medium in between - got to be cultic and prophetic - a man of the people, and also a man of God. It's a tension that most priests go through.

"Only thing I might have in common with a married woman, for example, is that I'm a Catholic; my job is to talk to them about God and their spiritual life. A doctor can talk about medical problems and medicine - my job is to speak of God in ways that they understand. It may be in all kinds of unconventional ways. When I talk to people about God, I'm their friend.

"My specific area is very much what people call the converted, percentage of people who come in the weekend on retreat. I wasn't really attracted to parish work. I really wanted to be a teacher in schools, so I joined Society of Mary. I did teach for three years, very happy. Very disappointed
when I was asked to leave. You're free to voice your opinion, on the other hand it's presumed that the men who are the administrators of this society are not fools, not entirely self-serving. They're tainted as much by impure motives as anyone else. Generally look to the good in this congregation. If they say to me, 'Look, we want you to do this', I've always made a habit of doing it. Main reason is because of my faith. I believe that God works through human beings. Anything I'm asked to do where my initial reaction, 'oh no' - I've said yes. Always worked out for the better - I could have said no, stayed teaching, know what sort of person I'd be - narrow, one school, one type of life. Moved out, and I'm a much better person for it. They sometimes have a better idea of your talents. If you couldn't cope, okay, and it would be fixed. That's where I see the value of the vow of obedience, to listen carefully to the will of God; why we talk it out when we make decisions; great cure for self-deception. Seen this constantly in my own life. We get accustomed to tricking ourselves, and swindling ourselves. The great thing about obedience is that it undermines pride. I have no regrets at all.

(Q: Personal friends?)

"Come from all sorts of areas. My — one person who would be very close to me is another priest. We went through school, seminary together and we're ordained together. A man who's known more of me than anyone else. I have a number of other friends, people who I can talk to; and a number of people that years ago I taught as senior boys; now they're 23, 24, and on the friendship level. A number of friends within the priesthood, people I can talk to very easily. One of the difficulties of this lifestyle; you're in a situation of constant regret, rootless. If I was in a more stable position, I'd have a lot more friends. The friends I have, I would say these people were very close to me.

(Q: Female friends?)

"Both before and now. Generally they're part now of families. One or two who aren't married. Those who married now have a family, sort of thing.

(Q: Occasions to see them?)

"That varies a lot, because of the lifestyle, fact that I'm constantly moving. I'm not particularly good at correspondence.
I write a lot of letters, business. They're usually pretty short notes.

(Q: Belong to clubs?)

"No. I play squash every week; have a great love for music, listen to a lot. Went to see Yehudi Menuhin last night — first time I've been to a concert for several years: because of the life-style. There are certain things which the life-style of a priest tends to cut away. The need to be instantly available means that he's got to be a little more uncommitted to things than he would otherwise; like TV programmes — if someone wants me, maybe it's not important, I might say I wasn't available if I was watching TV.

"Two priests have been All Blacks — not possible now of course, the tremendous training that's going on — this was in the 1920's, 1930's. It would be very rare now. Reason would be the availability that's not possible. In Christchurch there's a rodeo buck rider. Some priests I know play, generally in the small places. In the big cities, the life pattern leaves no time for things like that. I used to play the piano for my amusement — but there are no pianos round half the time. If I was in a country area I would have a lot of time for it, I haven't touched it for a year. Things just happen.

"The great thing about the Catholic Church is that it allows for variety. You can do anything, be anything, for people who really wish to give themselves entirely to the work of Christ.

"Brothers and nuns, for example, are really by vocation supposed to be prophets, an irritant in society, a dramatic witness to a fuller life. A prophet has to be dramatic; taking these three vows of poverty, obedience and chastity, living in a way that shocks people. It's unnatural for people, though natural for us. A prophet, a witness to something beyond the sludge of everyday life. Maybe they'll think, perhaps there's something there after all.

"I think I need a car, nothing more than a Mini — I don't think anyone else does. There are people who say priests shouldn't have a car, but if I was catching buses, it would take me so much longer. It isn't practical. And I use it because I'm a witness, not for my own purposes."
"Very often if I'm in town I don't wear my dogcollar; at other times I'm very sure I must. If people at a social function don't know I'm a priest it's unfair to them. Not to me. Many people are really hurt - this guy has been there, and they've talked and laughed, been quite free and ordinary, and it's hurt them when they find out this fellow is a priest: 'I wouldn't have gone and said the things I did'. People have a right to know what you are, if you claim to be a priest or a religious.

Interview Three

"What I'm mainly specializing in are school retreats, the renewal day for boys and girls in Catholic schools, seventh form. Becoming more difficult - specialized, and more intense. There would be twelve to fifteen of us doing this kind of work in New Zealand. I might finish Tuesday, start again Wednesday night. It's a challenge; rather frightening; and a struggle. Trouble with many young people today, they're so used to being conned that they're afraid this is a big con-trick too. They're basically afraid to look into themselves, so you get the usual defences, cynicism, clowning, all the masks that we put up as well. Which is a challenge. Feedback is usually pretty positive. I've been at it five years now, more intensely in the last few. People who are now at age 22, I'll meet them and they'll say, 'that retreat was tremendously important in my life'. Never admit it at the time. Girls will, 'that's neat', they rave on; boys 'oh yeah'. Girls, women, have a deeper sensitivity to spiritual values than men do.

"Have retreats here for nuns, brothers and priests, and for laypeople. Pretty individual experience; people from 15-92; generally pattern the men's and women's on the boys' and girls' in a more sophisticated form. They have the same fears and things. Women have a deeper ability to respond to spiritual things; it's not just conditioning, something in us men that doesn't easily take to the mystical, compared with women. Girls remember the retreat just as much after five years. Advantage there is that the girls don't see as many men around - as long as there are male priests! Boys, because they're surrounded by priests or brothers, are a bit more sophisticated, they've seen it all for a start."
"Think - because I don't really know, off the top of my head - women are more creative; but many great composers, artists, pianists are men. On the other hand, many great creative men tend to be strongly feminine in their psychology; many poets are homosexual - seems to be a sort of strong feminine sensitivity drive there. Women tend to be more receptive; their physiological setup tends to be receptive.

"I'm more interested in just seeing that's the case, and working from there. Good example. Men tend to go into the Chapel and remain in prayer far less frequently than women. Women sit and just pray much more easily; men are much more ill at ease. Women find it easier to be in a place of prayer like that. Maybe it's part conditioning. Women tend to be a bit more chatty but when women do get the idea of silence there, it's a powerful silence. Ideal if it's achieved - an ideal. Men tend to just go and read, wander round - probably their main form of prayer. Probably also a question of our way of life - a man, everything about his life forces him to be pragmatic, concrete - how much pay, concrete, day to day bread and butter things. Women tend to have time to think more of values because of her role as mother. Not whether Johnny has enough food, but whether Johnny is happy. Man tends to say if he's got enough food, he's happy, let's not worry. Let's just give him food. Quality and values, and that spiritual thing, of course.

(Q: Mixed retreats?)

"Very seldom. Precisely for the reason that the reaction of the two sexes is so different that one tends to overpower the other a bit. All goes back to what you're trying to provide in a retreat - help, a person to renew, reform and review his relationship with God. Make no apologies, it's one time when they can be entirely selfish, to hell with the rest of the world and be alone with God. Whether there's two or fifty-two on the retreat, there's only me and God. If there's that privacy, it follows that the atmosphere is such that a person can be selfish - in an unselfish way; to make him a better person for his family later on. If it's mixed, the sex thing is so strong; people's reaction is different. If I think one
way and you have a totally different reaction there's confusion. No time to think about it. Unless it's something working to a different purpose, like a married couples' retreat. Help these two people to review their personal life, between each other, in the light of God. If the retreat centred round the idea of marriage, we'd have a mixed group.

"I tend to feel that men are more conquerors, and I suppose creative in that sense. Put it this way - I tend to see women very much as an open flower, totally receptive to everything that's poured in, yet giving everything as well. I tend to see men in the sense of climbing Everest - know that because Mount Everest was there, they felt a need to conquer it. Fairly masculine sort of challenge - 'I must do it'. Explains a tremendous amount of sexuality - 'she's there- so it's a challenge to me'. That's why I tend to feel that men in their sexual psychology tend to be much more sexually oriented than women, who are romantically oriented. Someone once said - I don't know how it applies to women, but it certainly applies to most of us as men - that in many youthful relationships, girls may use sex in order to win love, boys tend to talk of love in order to win sex. Truth from my own point of view. To masculine sexuality she's an obstacle to be overcome, it's the orientation of the conqueror, the hunter.

(Q: Importance of virginity before marriage?)

"Don't know whether one can say anything objectively. Depends how important it is, by and for the person. Many people I know, many Christians, have if you like, suffered very much by their loss of virginity. Maybe that's brainwashing, but they feel that they've lost something very important. I'm sure that our sexuality is a sign of what in us is deep and intimate in us. Next to our drive for life, for many men the strongest urge is sexuality, in its broadest sense - love, companionship, strong friendship, extremely strong. I see the sexual expression of that as an epitome of it. So I consider it very important.

"The paradox is I think a strange thing - about many men who have no objection to sleeping round themselves; when it comes to marriage (not always today) almost an insistence that the girl they marry hasn't. Deep down desire not to have a second hand piano. I know it has been expressed; I do think it's important because of what it expresses; and if it's going
to do for the girl, then we've got to presume that it's the same for us.

"If divorced from human - the total human experience, and see it like biting your fingernails perhaps, in that sense it's debased. It's part of a totality, that's the way I see it. Because it's unsatisfactory if this proliferated before you were in a position to totally trust a person. Love is not possible till there is trust, I mean that if I really love you, I know that there is a basis of trust between us. If this sexual expression is the most intimate way of expressing my love, there's a tendency for it to become ugly unless there is total trust. Organization of marriage, you're mine and I'm yours - that's it, you have to work at it. If you haven't said this in a very public way there's always this question of whether there is this trust - and the need in both of us to work at it. Rather than being debased by being separated from the total context, an act in itself. If that's all it is, then it makes all arguments meaningless. I look on it as totality of a human relationship. Very much tied up with name in primitive tabus, and in scriptures. A person won't reveal his name till he knows that he can trust another. Sexuality in that sense I feel is like a primitive's name, it indicates the totality of a person. In giving that name, you can give your totality. Sex is the same. Unless trust is there, it can't be total till a radical commitment in a public way of one person to another has been made.

(Q: Sex education?)

"The mechanics of intercourse, well, that's easy enough; know there's an abysmal ignorance on human relations, psychology. People stand in a group, when they're taught. 'Hell, I don't know' so they won't admit that they're ignorant. That's what's hardest in my work, so many people are afraid to admit their ignorance.

(Q: Abortion?)

"Totally opposed by personal conviction. My point about the whole thing - I reverence life, it's terribly important. I know that if there's anything I can do to make your life better, I want to do it. Not just whether it's life or not, but the quality. All human life is with potential when you reverence it. Nothing to do with faith. I believe in preservation of life because I'm a human being. If doctors can tell me that at this particular moment of conception the potential
for human life is there, or in a DNA molecule, there is without doubt in my mind the potential for a full human adult life, and that to me must be preserved at all costs. There's no difference to my mind between a tiny embryo and a very old person who still has her faculties and is quite happy, I'd no more think of destroying her life than of destroying the embryonic life.

"I can see no - very few - cases where abortion in any way is justified. Wrong to bring the case of mental stress, it's not really as evident as people would want to think. Seems to me the most basic reason for saying anything in favour of abortion is that we don't want unwanted babies. I see it very clearly - 'I'm carrying this child. I decide that this child must be destroyed - their life is to go'. In other words, I make the decision on this person's life. I see no difference between that case and 'I see you'll turn into an alcoholic, I'd hate to have the shame and misery, so I'll send you to hospital'. That's it, no difference at all. Or, 'My mother-in-law is driving me mad. I'm in terrible mental stress; no other way - she's slightly neurotic, so she has to be got rid of'. That could easily happen. I'd go to the courts, weigh up the balance between my mother and me, she's had her life. And that's exactly what they say in abortion - 'I'll go insane, this baby hasn't had life, why not stop before started?'. It's making me God - I'm just deciding. Inevitably the practice of euthanasia is coming on, it's all part of the same pattern.

(Q: Been into a public bar?)

"Going tonight, not in my clericals; they're not necessary. If people know, they know - if they don't know, they don't need to be told. Same with films. So many films have scenes where people would say 'What's he doing here?', or 'What did he think of that scene?'. Not necessary to confront people with that sort of thing. When people come here for a talk, it's often easier to go to the pub and have a drink than be here in a formal type context. Lot of priests do - not the old ones, a good many from 34 downwards.

(Q: Women in public bars?)

"No reaction - just don't notice it to be quite honest. Never jarred on me that they're there. Certainly have grave hangups about seeing women publically drunk. I can pick up a man from the gutter - and his vomit, but if I see a woman
who's drunk, it's very difficult. Same thing for language. People swear and carry on, but when I hear women, it jars a little bit - not a little, a lot.

"Hope it's because I have a feeling of respect for women because I think they're - we need them, I need someone and something beautiful to elevate my pragmatic thing; a good book is the same in a sense; and why I must listen to classical music and I must see beautiful people, not just beautiful looking, that's not as important as beauty. Unless it's brought out in myself, I'm slugy. Here is woman's particular role. No reason to doubt the lesson of centuries. Women are invested with something special. That's their special role - to soften our harshness. Bit bad to say harshness - back to this pragmatic thing; our role in history, and psychologically so has to be pragmatic - particularly among people who don't have much opportunity to be sensitive to qualities. If you're dealing in business where it's cut throat, unless there's some reminder as a counter-balance, that gentleness and compassion are important qualities, you tend to become rather hard. Really where I see the role of women; one of the counterbalances.

"Very much turned off by women described as masculine. A masculine woman? For example, someone who doesn't care for herself and beauty. Woman who gives evidence of not having qualities of gentleness, compassion, understanding - not that those are not evident in men, but there's a sort of softness which I like to see in women. Other masculine things, styles of language and humour.

(Q: Feminine man?)

"No, not really. Men maybe can afford and can be much more feminine than they are in fact. In New Zealand we categorize very carefully masculine roles; in sport well there's Catholic rugby and cricket, maybe baseball and boxing. That's it. This guy I met with his School Cert in cooking, sewing - and maths - terrific that his school, a state one, accepts that. I don't see any feminine qualities that a man can't intensify.

"Probably what worries me most is that tendency to unisex. It's much more a woman becoming masculine than a man becoming more feminine, probably because of the male chauvinist thing! (Grin) Man's opinion of himself tends to be such that he's not going to change, so any unisex is from women toward men; no
question of meeting halfway, more toward self interest than increasing man's emotional sensitivity, his desire for qualities, men stay where they are - and women are becoming more insensitive, as men are.

"If the movement toward equality of men and women is simply on wages and opportunity, I'm totally in favour. The cause seems to be promoted by women who I see as fairly unfeminine; what they seem to be saying is 'Let's become exactly like each other'. That's not valid at all.

"For a start, there's a confusion about the meaning of the word. I think a lot of people aren't sure what women are wanting to be liberated from or for. If they thought they should be liberated from male domination, I agree, I don't think anyone should be dominated. I don't think there'll ever be any real liberation from self-centredness. I can be totally free in prison. Same as happiness: no-one can take or give that, it's inside me; no-one else can do it for me.

"Man can divorce himself from a situation, look at it from out there, women tend to look at it from within. Take the example of a school rule - 'Smoking is out' - if you're caught smoking, you're expelled, and all the pupils in the school know this. My son - our son is caught smoking, so the headmaster calls you and I together, 'got to expell him'. Generally the man will see what's logical, it's objective enough, this is the fact, my son or not my son, the way it has to be. Mother tends to say, he's not a bad kid, didn't mean any harm - becomes very subjective. Know when I'm talking to women I'm very careful of examples - they can lead them off into personal experiences, a tangent, whereas men say, 'yes, I can see that'.

"Just the way we are. I've never really bothered to think about that. I tend to say, that's it, accept that that seems to be the fact, and build on it rather than find out why.

(Q: Women and men have different needs?)

"No, I don't think so. Deep down our basic needs are very much the same. The need to live is basic to all - no-one wants to die. Unless they're slightly unbalanced. Need to love and be loved; the need to be important, considered important - that's common to us all. I don't see our goals as basically different. Perhaps the means to the goal is different for men and women - I'm not sure whether the goal is.
"Men tend to see the goal and then they would see the means, and when they see the means, they say 'that's how I will do it', or have to do it. Women see the goal and not so much look at the means and make it their own, but 'how do I feel about it?'

(Q: Need for men and women to be separate?)

"I think that's a particularly New Zealand limitation - 'the boys' complex, that's what's really destructive of life, because men and women find it difficult to understand each other for that reason. Every person needs personal privacy - I do, for me, not just me as a man. This complex about 'the boys', and she goes off with 'the girls' - it's infantile. Only see that in preadolescents, don't see it in little children who've got natural instincts. Not in people who are aware of the opposite sex, as people.

"A person who's mature sees everyone as different or individuals, different sexually but still as people. Because of my growth in maturity, because you're a woman, tend to react in different ways, that's natural: no sense of threat or a potential seducing object for me. This person's different from me as an individual, sexually different, but if I've so arrested my growth that you're a threat because I don't understand, therefore I cut you out of my life, or some area - or I can only think of woman sexually - then, there's something very immature in my development.

"I suppose we're always threatened by what we don't understand. See it in young people and also right the way through. Basically a lack of understanding of psychology and perhaps sensitivity and reaction to things. Henry Higgins - 'Why can't a woman be more like a man!' Attitude that many seem to have. I think that to a lot of people equality means without any difference at all. I think that's totally wrong."
A priest in New Zealand society is noticeably a man removed from 'ordinary' life. In the street, his monochrome clothes separate him out from the majority in their coloured and patterned dress. Most of those have little contact with a Christian church, apart from appreciating its facilities for conducting weddings or funerals with ceremony and decorum; perhaps sending their children to Sunday school for a few years. But in the vicinity of a priest there are certain matters and phrases they avoid - or, in opposition, emphasize. A priest pursues no overt career, owns no house of his own, and, if Catholic, remains unmarried, without family of his own making. Instead of setting up his own unit, expressing his ability and presence through enduring relationships with wife and offspring, their housing transport and possessions, he has chosen to dedicate himself to 'the service of others' and obey the dictates of a hierarchical institution. Yet Father Sinclair is not without a sense of self, and as a counsellor bears further witness to its centrality in the lives of those who come to him.

It was after all a voluntary decision to enter the priesthood, and then to select out which level (brother or priest) and which order (diocesan or mobile) offered most promise. Although the Catholic Church may present a monolithic visage to outsiders, for those who belong or enter there seem to be almost as many possibilities, positions and specializations as there are in the lay world they may be leaving behind. The diversity and demand that each makes his or her own choice (however advised and informed by others) continues to operate. The vow of obedience made by Father Sinclair mitigates the responsibility for the turn of events which may bedevil others who pursue their own autonomy (such as 'Men Alone'). If a man cannot after all carry out the task designated by his superiors it is not his fault. They have misjudged his qualities and potential - as an individual, the prime consideration in their decisions regarding those of lesser rank.

Although a priest appears as a man apart to laypeople, he is not an isolated man. He carries out whatever work is his within a community which may be actual (as Father Sinclair's was at the time of interviewing) yet extend to include those
who have preceded in the laying down of a solid tradition, such as the writers he turns to for example, clarification, and general food for thought. Father Sinclair describes a good marriage as two people looking together in the same direction (to their children), rather than immersed in each other's gaze. Disseminating the word of God and the worth of love makes a similar horizon, or purpose, to weld together the disparate characters, attitudes and talents who have made their home in the Church, often in a complementarity (like the division of labour between priests and brothers) which resembles that utilised by husband and wife. The common purpose, far from swallowing up individuality, promotes the distinctiveness of each person in the partnership, providing an offsetting contrast which is all the more authentic in seeming to derive from outside the persons involved. What inspires Father Sinclair's decision to become a priest is not so much the appeal of abstract arguments or principles as the serene fellowship in which his teachers (members of the order he was to join) make room for one another's personal foibles and differences with a joke rather than a stricture. His peers do not resemble him closely in personality or activity. What brings them together in mutual recognition (or affirmation) is their shared purpose, which could be thought of as endeavouring to extend the tolerance and guidance they have found in it to a wider community - composed, however, of individuals whose circles of peers have other, more concrete bases.

The occasions which bring Father Sinclair in contact with participants in the lay world are those in which they are wondering about, or questioning their own circle of peers or other components of the reflective surface: adolescents about to depart the comparative shelter of school for the decisions of job and partner, adults who have become suspicious, not necessarily deeply, of the affirmation of their own presence this reflection provides. His task is to listen to their queries, complaints, uncertainties, misery, or joy, and provide a different aspect, one which may offer them another prospect.

Father Sinclair did not say, as someone else might, that people sought his hearing and advice (or, rather 'counselling') because it was sensible or helpful. He thinks they come because they could trust his audience, its vantage point of
someone who does not share their involvements. He has no stake in the enterprises which they think of as 'my own', nor in something similar which would be 'his own', if it were along the familiar lines of house, children, career, certain 'interests' or, an intimate relationship sexually expressed. It is very important to him that the vow of celibacy which accompanies those of obedience and poverty be thought of, like them, as a positive commitment rather than a denial. In his words, it becomes 'celibate love', a regard for another which, free from the possessive quality of sexual attraction (as he sees it) could view a person in their own right, and not through the distorting lens of one's own intention(s) toward them. His love is not a limited good: in loving (being open to) one person he does not simultaneously exclude another, nor set up a purpose - such as children and mortgage - which would over time make of a relationship a 'unit of our own'.

As his heart is full but free, so is his time. Activities he enjoys do not become 'interests'. If there is a piano available, he plays it - but not practice; if a television set, he selects carefully, avoiding seatgrippers and serials (which enliven the lives of many others). His only regular date is a weekly game of squash, and that is, if necessary, expendable. The vow of poverty extends past a lack of money or its accumulation into personal possessions to make time also a material which cannot be directed toward his own ends, as an introversion. Rather, it too is available to others, however petty or passing their need for him might be.

Although his work brings him into constant contact or closeness with other people pursuing their own endeavours, it is evident that he is always different, his energy set to another goal which makes no distinction between 'work' and 'leisure' - to its own advantage. Laymen have more often to settle simultaneous demands for attention or time as they shift between the domains of work and family life, and thus may have a lesser sense of coherence than the priest could offer.

There are two major aspects to Father Sinclair's work, or calling; both aimed at bringing people 'to know God in an experiential way' (that is, for and of themselves). His counselling articulates the Word of God, and its touchstone of love (a concern for another which directs self-awareness out, forestalling introversion). He hopes that the manner in
which he conducts his life, and his conversations with others, gives a demonstration of their worth and power. But he does not want people to confuse the cloth with its cut: to assume that his chosen way is the only one in which one can both serve God and bear witness to His Truth. He endeavours to help them find their own path by considering their 'individual practical situation' - in the light of the Church's ideals (and not, to embellish the figure, its shadow).

He attempts to show the people who come to him overlooked possibilities of this situation, to dig through the embedding layer of actual events and relations to a base of their meaning and import. Adultery need not spell death to a marriage; he gives the example of a travelling salesman who succumbs to a one night temptation whilst lonely on the road - a matter for forgiveness (given contrition) rather than the poisoning mistrust he thinks would arise from most wives. Or there might be good grounds for supporting a couple in their use of a contraception. The Church expresses an ideal, not a rule.

However, he has strong words to direct against those who would abort. Or rather, to put in their mouths, as he is wont to do in expanding upon an observation or a conviction: 'I see it very clearly: I'm carrying this child. I decide that this child must be destroyed. Their life is to go'. In other words, I make the decision on this child's life'. It is this indignation that one person should make a heavy decision on another's behalf which also underlies the viewpoint opposed to his, and has made of abortion a particularly bedevilling problem. And because this indignation is the corollary of the pervasive principle that each person makes his or her life and bears responsibility for it 'the abortion question' can have no resolution. Father Sinclair is not greatly disturbed by the prospect of Parliamentary legislation, one way or the other - for much the same reason that he finds the act itself abhorrent.

Perhaps more importantly, what matters to him most is the exercise of conscience, of choice coupled with deliberation. He does not think that more liberal laws with regard to matters such as abortion, homosexuality or divorce would result in a stampede to abort, sleep with members of one's own sex, or set marriage aside. Morality and the law, he maintains, are not to be confused: as with the Church's decrees of what is a goal worth striving for, and a person's actual set of circumstances.
He is as critical of the adherents to his own Church who seek recipes for their own salvation as he is of those who find abortion expedient, terming them 'mindless', and afraid. It is also an insult to God to expect there to be either a guarantee of his presence or a mechanism which will bring the regular practitioner to it. It is - now - less a question of how sins are classified, and their penance reckoned. Eating Fish on Fridays will not up the score if one has little idea that it is not the fish that counts, but the remembrance of Calvary. Saying the Rosary during the celebration of Mass is not two steps at once, but a cancelling out of the one kind of respect with the other. The old lady who jokes in the confessional that she has no sins to confess, 'what could I get up to at my age' forgets the less definable but possibly more corrosive sin (or selfishness) of pride which to Father Sinclair is the particular danger of her age.

He has little time also for those of his colleagues opposed to the Vatican II emphasis on individual reflection and decision who prefer to stick with the familiar forms, summing up their attitude (once again as their expression) 'I oppose Communion on the hand not because I might lose my respect for the Sacrament - I'm afraid that you will'. For Father Sinclair, this is another abrogation of the autonomy of decision obligatory for each individual as a participant in the Church, as well as the larger society. If he found himself making the decisions of those who come to him, he would be shocked: his role is to advise, not resolve; his hope, to inspire their conscience as a habitual practice.

In order to do so, he translates his thoughts into images and language they are accustomed to: 'I'm their friend - I talk to them in a way they can understand' (and in which they are not affronted by otherness, by difference, but affirmed). It is probably this concern that leads him to put himself in someone's mouth to describe their attitudes. And because he himself does not cleave to any of the specific visible ways in which most others are accustomed to fashioning their sense of self, he is far more able than most to open up conversations with a variety of people, unafrainted by their difference (as others would be). Yet it is just this very flexibility which may render his openness suspect, and his words of advice doubtful, since he himself has never confronted, and never can, the dilemma which may bring a person to him - at least in this particular concrete manifestation. Nor, because he is a priest, is his advice
without framework, for instance, his emphasis on taking the (untampered with) consequences of an action involving other people, and a sense of the rightness of complementarity in human relations: brother different from the priest he works alongside, man from woman, husband from wife, father from mother, the pragmatic and the compassionate. In practising his 'celibate love' he has thought to free his perception from the clouding effects he sees in (sexual) desire, or speculation; but he is not without a filter between him and others, a filter derived from the pursuit of his purpose within the setting which affirms it, and in its well kept tradition offers examples, footprints to follow and horizons to set out for.

In Mary, Father Sinclair finds all three combined. As mother of Christ she has shown 'the true values of receptivity to the Will of God and service to others'. Staying within the home is her guarantee to 'a major place in world history', not, as it has been for so many others, merely a walk-on part. Appearance is not reality, and value not to be read on a literal level. For him, her acceptance of her part in the birth of Christ is an acquiescence born of courage rather than passivity. Similarly, retreats are 'selfish' in their removal of a person from routine obligations and practical cares, but only in order to return him or her to carry those out with a greater consideration. And Father Sinclair works and reflects upon himself, on how he is carrying out his relations with others in the hope that when others look at him, they do not see him, but look through to God.

However, although his sense of self is not supported by objects and relationships of 'his own', and his purpose resides in more abstract matters than most, he is not without it. In order to arrive at a 'reflecting surface' he must scrutinize himself carefully, both as to detail and to avoid 'self-deceit'. His actions - and any changes - are reflected back to him by his fellow priests and brothers, and by, for example, the twenty-two year olds who come up to him to think him for a school retreat five years before, or Peter's anticipation of the one he held for adult men and his gratitude afterwards. Far more than others, it sometimes seems that he is not describing himself at length - because that self (the dialectic between the active and the sense) is first and foremost one found in observing other human beings, finding a common tongue, conversing with
them, mediating between ideal and actual, to found a reality. What is most important to him goes far beyond the health or retention of skills which matter to those who see themselves reflected in work upon their own house, car, job, time spent with family or peers. It is 'happiness and the ability to give and receive love': himself partaking of others in order to return them themselves, more coherently and harmoniously.

Or, as he might bring a retreat address to a close: 'For now we see through a glass, darkly: but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.' (Corinthians 1.13:12)
THE PARTICIPANT STYLE: A Summary

The trio described as 'Conversationalists' bring us to the outline of the third style of being an individual in New Zealand. As with those utilising a separate style, those exercising a participant style have selected work options which do not produce tangible goods; but unlike the former, the outcome of their efforts cannot be pinned down, being pervasive rather than objectlike, as with a sale. The work of the three in this last section essentially refers to others, not as clients, people to be persuaded to part with money or change ideas, but as people to be aided to be 'themselves', free from distress, or to be found out about in their particularity for the abstract end of curiosity. The desire to know, to be informed, so that understanding can be brought to bear on actual events for their amelioration, their change, is crucial. Otherness is perceived not as 'not-me', nor as 'them', not in terms of similarity or antagonism, but as simply 'different'. This difference attracts attention and involvement rather than a turning aside or negative assessment vis-à-vis oneself. The participant style is marked by curiosity and openness charged with considerable intensity.

Intimacy with others is valued, and love a real, continuing experience which can occur beyond the bounds of the complementary unit. In other words, friends can be spoken of as those one loves, as well as one's spouse, parents and children. Intimacy can thus occur without the sharing of a joint or mutual focus, largely because it is struck originally on the basis of differences rather than similarities, differences which attract each party to the other, so making it unlikely that intimacy will occur or last with those adhering to the complementary or autonomous styles.

The participant style stems from, and is simultaneously fueled by, an amalgam of different kinds of involvements, across a range of spheres. Their involvements cannot be reduced to one core, as with the two other styles. Nor is only one kind of involvement stressed, as the autonomous style stresses self-sufficiency, and separateness, and the complementary style
the joint unit. Peter and Mary are both married with children, but they have not objectified that complementarity into a unit. They take part in joint activities arising from their children, such as Playcentre, but they participate also in activities (some overlapping, like Playcentre) which bring people together to discuss and explore abstracts such as belief, development, morality (the Young Christian group; the continuing education classes. They all derive sustenance from reading, from having, as it were, conversations with other people over time and space. The enjoyment of such conversations, in the flesh or through the printed word, is twofold: allowing the encounter of other people, as configurations of particulars, different from others, and the involvement through them, through their words and arguments, and through their comparison at both levels, with abstract matters, abstractions which do not refer directly to the self as autonomous entity or unit member. Those using the participant style are more open to othernesses; the latter can also take them in different directions, away from the somewhat tautologous possibilities attendant on the inner dialogue between active self and sense of self.

This does not mean that those utilising this style are any less self-conscious: simply that what is present on the reflective surface is more varied, and its arrangement more fluid. As well as consolidating or accumulating, like the projects undertaken by those of a more autonomous or complementary cast, their endeavours and interests (of which they have more) change over time and engender new ones. It is this flexibility, this emphasis on openness to otherness (not all othernesses, by any means, but either more than most or more abstractly) which is the heart of the participant style.
PART III

CONCLUSION: REFLECTIVE SURFACES
REFLECTIVE SURFACES

This thesis has grappled with two related and basic issues. It has first of all been concerned with the nature of 'social reality', departing somewhat from the view widely held in the social sciences that it is perforce a common stuff whose ordering terms are shared, to different degrees, by the majority of a given society's members. The idea of order as systematic or 'typified' and common legitimates our concentration on classification of people, events, relationships whether in the realm of 'mythology' or 'commonsense'. So cultures are seen as ordering the world for their members by concentrating on some matters, ignoring others. Human beings as 'members' of a particular society derive meaning - purpose and placement - from this ordering, which sets the terms of their experience and its interpretation. Customary anthropological depictions of social reality describe and analyse a set of interlocking ordering systems.

The drawback to this kind of translation of other worlds, other lives, is that it makes social reality synonymous with common systems of ordering, with the consequence that if social reality is more than this, or otherwise compounded, it will escape our comprehension or be unwittingly falsified. This thesis is an attempt to expand and refresh our understanding of what is social by examining and comparing the lives and understandings of participants in a society with a relative lack of common interlocking ordering systems, at least at any significant level. New Zealand is a Western, industrialized society, and like its fellows, characterized by the apprehension of the person as 'individual'.

1. I would not take the stance that there are no common systems; it is simply that they tell us less than we need to know about what is fundamental in New Zealand life, being largely confined to functional or bounded domains, e.g. traffic lights, greetings, the mores of institutional life.
If we continue to operate on the basis that social reality is shared through system, the centrality of the individual as a social mode of being, a common process, will elude us. We will continue to think of the individual as the contingent aspect of social reality, something we draw material from but which is not our proper focus, which is 'parole' rather than 'langue'.

The second concern of this thesis, then, has been to realign 'Society' and 'the Individual', to show that in the case of New Zealand, as a Western society, they are not antipodes, realms set far apart, logically opposed, but are aspects of one and the same process.

The individuality this thesis explores, then, is not a multitude of idiosyncrasies or subjectivities. Nor has it been investigated as a psychological phenomenon. It is a social category, in the sense that it is part of particular social formations - yet it is not a categoriztion which divides people up in order to place them in relation to one another on the basis of membership of a particular group or dyad. Individuality applies to all the participants in Western societies. To use Dumont's terms, the person, everywhere 'an empirical agent' becomes in these societies 'the normative subject'. The person, rather than a dyad or group becomes the basic unit of morality, the lodestar of experience. This means that each person feels him or herself to be the subject of action and understanding, as well as feeling - paradoxically, through this social process - that he or she is separate from others, and has a world of his or her 'own'.

2. In this passage:

"If in India the individual is replaced as the bearer of value by the universal order, what is it that replaces him as the subject of institutions? ...The normative subject as opposed to the empirical agent is constituted not by a single human person, but by a constellation of persons making up a whole. The simplest form is a pair. At one stroke, this perception solves a few false problems ("ownership of land"), and puts us on the path of understanding (solidarity of father and son in the joint family). While the anthropologist usually speaks of dyadic relationships, we are faced with a dyadic subject, because the relationship is conceived as internal to reality, as its core." (Dumont, 1970b: 141)
How is this possible? It seems to me likely that the dialogue between active self and sense of self is universal. What differs is the content and arrangement of the sense of self, which in turn is related to the kinds of options available in a given social milieu. The options available in industrialized capitalist societies are much wider than they are in peasant or 'primitive' societies. Variety between social members is thus far more likely. Just as important is the basis on which many of these options can be taken up: and this in a Western society refers back to the person as an autonomous entity rather than as group or dyad member or as occupant of a particular categorical or community position. In other words, it is possible for a society to stress the terms of an option as the focus for action, so setting the terms of experience in something other than the physical person, something which is more explicitly shared with other members of the society. The Western stress is, however, on the sense of self, or the dialogue between active self and sense of self, rather than on something as it were outside the person. It thus sets the terms of experience in the particularities of the sense of self, something which does not seem shared with others.

So the commonality which exists between members of a Western society is less a sense of community life or a series of common foci, interlocking sets of persons, than a parallel process of constitution of the sense of self. The person becomes central. It is simultaneously resource and centre of resource, and one could even go so far as to say the focus of resources. The concentration on the person embeds individuality as the prime mode of being in Western societies, in comparison, say, to other modes of being which emphasize relationships of exchange, hierarchy, patronage and the like. So 'the individual' becomes the unit of reference and analysis.

There are two aspects to this unit: the abstract individual embodied in the law, in Christianity and the various humanisms which stem from some of its premises, the structure of bureaucratic organizations and the state; and the realized individual, embodied in different configurations of particulars which seem 'unique' or 'private': 'my own'. This thesis has concentrated on investigating the latter aspect.
In the third chapter of Part One I dealt briefly with the background of the abstract individual and the characteristics of social formations which stress individuality: namely the significance of a monied, expanding economy, the inheritance of a religion, once near universal in the Western world, which is based on personal salvation and a generalised morality, and large and literate populations. I want now to examine in summary some of the implications of these characteristics, namely jobs, education, and the triplet in New Zealand of marriage, family and home; and also some of the contradictions apparent between the abstract individual, the concept of the individual and its actual realizations.

The majority of those we have met in this thesis, who experience the world as 'individuals', gain a living by 'earning' it, by being employed for wages or salary, or, as wife or child, by being affiliated to one who holds down a job; or by deploying personal skills and capital in a business of his or her own (eg farm; takeaway bar). Except in rare cases, jobs are not defined with one particular person in mind. They are defined instead as a set of tasks requiring certain skills or prowess. Only rarely is a job given because of membership in a finite group (unless that membership has been achieved by the person). Usually a job is gained by a person acting as a separate entity and demonstrating his or her capability with regard to the particular matrix of skills or characteristics required. Variation in jobs (another way of saying a complex division of labour) allows persons to specialize, and promotes the fostering of some aspect of self, such as a way with words, animals or machines. Specialization emphasizes a standing back from one's experience, one's self, to assess it, to sight its potential or achievement. It brings attention back to the person, back to the self as some kind of knowable object. It underlines the centrality of the sense of self in the process of individuality. Those whose skills are more 'developed' tend to earn or own more than those whose skills or prowess are not. In either

---

3. This is not to say that jobs are not refused because an applicant is seen to belong to a certain group, particularly those of 'race', sex, age, or political party or religious sect.
case, the person's resources are contained in him or herself, as a separate physical unit. They are not inherent in group or category membership: they are not shared with others, unlike land, animals, plants, crops, special techniques: things outside the person, things which tend to be less abstract than capabilities.

Again, access to the person as his or her own resource is less through category or group membership than through location and education. Schooling in turn is based upon the abstract individual: in New Zealand it is compulsory from the age of five to the age of fifteen, and it is largely a graded development of general skills based on literacy. Training for specific tasks comes on the whole after school-leaving, when 'young adults' are thought ready to decide how best to employ their resource - which parts of themselves to deploy: whether to undertake further formal training at technical institutes and the like, continue an abstract education at university, or train 'on the job'. Of course, not all schools and teachers are equal; and they are less likely to provide opportunity for opening up the person as his or her own resource if they are situated in areas where the options available or visible are limited by a preponderance of unskilled jobs (undeveloped resources, as it were) and lower wages.

Marriage in New Zealand is experienced by at least 90% of the population. It is not arranged by others than the two partners, nor does it stem from relationships between categories and groups: it is not a manifestation of contemporary imbalances in the reciprocal ideal. On the basis of their encounter on a variety of occasions over time, marital partners select each other through the apperception of the other as a particular configuration of characteristics and skills, with reference to their own resources and desires: a selection or matching which is often called 'love'. Love is a grasp of the other's otherness, a holistic appreciation. Though it is certainly

---

4. Subjects taught at school can be thought of as a range of othernesses, some more immediately relevant to a child's everyday life than others - c.f. spelling and history. So the development of the child into a capable adult, an individual, takes place through his or her exposure to othernesses of various kinds, and the experience of responding to them.
not present in many marriages at every or any stage, it is a factor in people's assessments of their marriages and of other people's, something which even the most cynical (witness Dennis) cannot escape. The association of love with marriage implies that it is particularity of the person which provides the basis for such a longterm commitment. This is underlined by the fact that this selection plays very little part in the lives of others, in the sense that it does not affect or determine a sibling's marriage, or foster amicable relations between a father and his siblings in order to ensure necessary prestations.

The longterm nature - or aspiration - of marriage nurtures other longterm projects, which simultaneously mark its presence while affirming the partners' choice of each other and their commitment to one another, which transcends the singularity of both partners. These projects are largely self-referring, that is, to the complementary union. They exist only by virtue of that particular relationship: in a sense their existence is simultaneously their purpose also (and thus they approach the transcendence suggested by Sartre in his discussion of things which are in-themselves rather than for-themselves, seeking purpose). Children and house are enjoyed and loved because they are evidence of 'our own' activity; they have come into being or use solely because of 'our' coming together through particularities, and 'our' use of those as a foundation for a longterm jointness.

Children are not expected to mirror their parents; nor are they seen as a source of labour for a family resource (c.f. peasant societies). Successful rearing of a child is seen in terms of how capable he or she is as an 'individual': someone able to find his or her own job, marriage partner, friends, 'interests', with regard to his or her capabilities and skills. To this end, parents generally value interaction with their children over time, and become involved in the settings in which their children meet others: kindergartens, playcentres, schools, Scouts, basketball teams and the like (thus also meeting up with other parents). They provide their children with different kinds of experience through taking them to a diversity of entertainments, sports, sometimes special lessons in arts or
crafts, and involving them in their own activities such as gardening or cooking. Children are not 'to be seen and not heard', nor to be left with a nanny or in someone else's care day and night. (Playcentres etc and school provide of course some respite!) For some it is the intensity of interaction or attention which is most important; for others it is the amount of time. Either way, children provide a continual encounter with people who are different, unlike fellow adults: an involvement which changes as children grow, the family expands. Children are valued for this very quality of otherness, which was often thought by my informants to militate against a possible selfishness, an intolerance of things done differently from one's own ways and means. Children, seen through this lens of interaction and encounter, are an ideal transcendence of the person as individual, experienced as separate and private. Like love, they are seen to stem from that individuality, that configuration of particulars which make the person distinct and apart, yet they ensure that that configuration derives its meaning from its ongoing constitution through otherness, remains open-ended rather than closing off into introspection.

The British migrants to New Zealand came in the hopes of 'a better life', an unfettered life. 'Freedom' and 'Equality' could be realized in the new country, the country that was theirs (pushing aside the natives) to form. These ideals were largely, of course, not realized, but they have certainly provided a strong and ongoing critique of government and the unequal distribution of wealth. As elsewhere, the Depression of the nineteen-thirties (not New Zealand’s first) brought into power a political party prepared to incorporate aspects of these ideals into legislation. There are two legacies from this which are peculiar to New Zealand: a stress on full employment; and the right for families to own their own homes.

5. Thus it does not surprise us that people whose love-affairs or marriages 'break up', or whose partner has custody of the children from a former union, often feel lost, the world suddenly without foundation, horizon - even if, as with Joan in this thesis, the spouse has long ago ceased to be so in more than name.
Until recently, unemployment rarely stepped above 5%, and if it approached 1% there were bells of alarm. It was not an indication of an economy in good shape, but of a public policy geared toward keeping unemployment figures low. A job has been a core element in the experience of persons of themselves as individuals, more so for men than for women.

The figure for owner-occupation of dwellings in New Zealand is 70%, noticeably higher than the figure for most other Western countries. The right to own your own home has not meant the expectation of being given a house, but of being able to find mortgage finance, no matter how low or uncertain one's income. Home is equated with house: a unit separate from others, surrounded with its own land, its own possibilities for gardening and landscaping, additions to the house. Most newly-weds aim for a new house: their own, not simply because they live in it while paying for it, but because, like children and marriage itself, it stems from themselves, their choice. The house is built because they have come together and selected it. Though the mortgage may endure twenty years, it supplies a goal for earning, a purpose for job and marriage. It also provides day to day involvement - the house to be kept clean, the garden tended - and has been used to provide a division of labour between the sexes, a means to enact and affirm complementarity. It brings householders into relation with each other, as neighbours (and ratepayers, as such the possible basis of more formal groups), as exchangers of labour and advice. This relationship pivots on each household as a separate but analogous endeavour. It does not exist on the basis of a common goal, such as the organization of a marriage prestation or on the basis of specified hierarchical relationships, such as that between patron and client, trader and producer.

The particulars of these household endeavours are often very alike; and the job one has could equally be filled by another who has developed the same set of skills. This similarity or sense of interchangeability poses something of a paradox for participants in a society founded on individuality. They, and observers, bemoan the 'conformity', having, as it were, swallowed whole the concept of the individual, which is
an idealization as unrealizable as is reciprocity in societies centred on exchange relationships, or an immutable hierarchy in a caste society. Indeed the use of the concept as a yardstick has often prevented the ethnographic exploration of Western societies, or set it up in such a way that the material is prejudged.  

The individuality which became apparent to me during fieldwork and portraitmaking is formed through and in otherness. By its very constitution it cannot be the separate, conscious and autonomous being of the ideal. Persons become individuals through their relationships, their involvements with otherness, phenomena and beings outside the physical person, as they enter into the sense of self, and, as part of that, filters further otherness encountered.  

We expect to be 'free' simply because we do experience through the filter of the sense of self, whose arrangement of particulars does not seem identical with anyone else's in the same social setting (though the elements taken on their own, extracted from the configuration, as they frequently are by critics of 'conformity', are very similar). The lack of identity and the lack of common focus, as a longterm lens for action and guide to action, lead us to think of this sense of self, our understanding and place in the world, as 'my own', and thus to fret at a lack of 'freedom', autonomy.  

Variations of this conundrum emerged often in what people said to me. It was Gavin earnestly talking about driving, an activity dear to his heart, that "If everyone just followed the same rules we could all do what we liked". It was Dennis and Howard subjecting their own actions and relationships to a disciplined confinement, because they did not enjoy "one little bit someone else telling me what to do." It was Barry, the successful organizer of exchanges of labour and tools between householders like himself feeling that this modus vivendi was undercut by his neighbour not joining in. It was

---

For example, the assumptions made by David Ausubel in The Fern and the Tiki and the holier than thou treatment of an informant by Jane and James Ritchie in 'One Ordinary Mother'. Or further afield, Jules Henry's indictment of American society in Culture against Man.
Father Sinclair stating that a woman who wanted an abortion was entering into an immoral decision, because she was taking it upon herself to decide for another.

The abstract individual enjoins a generalized morality, one which says 'Do unto others as you would have done unto yourself', and also states that each person has the same 'rights' as his or her fellows. Each of us is an individual, and the individual is the basic social unit. And yet the realized individual, because of his or her constitution through a diversity of othernesses and the stress on being distinct, is too diverse and too personally oriented to allow the simple application of these moral considerations.

Indeed, the social nature of individuality is well camouflaged by its focus. But it is this very focus, private, subjective or even selfish as it seems, which gives persons in Western societies the commonality which their counterparts in other societies enjoy in participation in othernesses outside (at least seemingly so) the physical person, transcending problems of personal authorship or autonomy. The common for individuals is a 'how', not a 'what'.

In drawing this distinction between Western and non-Western societies, I do not wish to suggest that the former are somehow freer of 'constraints', more 'individual' than members of the latter, who move through life as mere 'ciphers'. Individuality has its own limitations, its own concerns; it is not something which can be 'chosen' but which is high unavoidable, bar through insanity or death, for those born into Western societies. It is simply that its world, its field

7. Abortion has been a hot political issue in New Zealand and other Western societies for the last decade. It remains a thorny problem in these societies because, given the emphasis on individual autonomy, the understanding that no-one has any necessary right to decide the course of another's life (c.f. other societies), no solution is possible. Those who condone abortion are taking the part of the mother: the foetus should not decide her life. Those who condemn it take the part of the foetus. It is evident by the ferocity of the argument and the continued battle that neither side can establish its priority, as of right.
of operation seems more diverse, and its constitution places more emphasis on the inner dialogue between active self and sense of self; hence it is less amenable to the maintenance of a shared reality. There is also only one social category at work: everyone is an 'individual'. Western societies lack the rich maps of different social categories, with different moralities enjoined accordingly, through which members of other societies sight themselves and the world around them, and find both meaningful.

This distinction that I have made is based on the comparison of my material, gathered in an anthropological way in a Western society, with other societies as reported in the ethnographic literature. It may well be that that manner of translation, the transformation of events and experience into institutions, categories, defined relationships, has been too crude; its picture of a bounded social reality too neat. This thesis may in fact be an unintended criticism of prevalent anthropological depictions. After all, the progress of anthropology has been made as much through searching for more lively or 'truer' means of presentation as through the wider casting of the net.

However, differences do exist between Western and non-Western societies which this consideration will not explain away. An expansive industrial economy offers more diversity than other kinds of economy, and by fostering a way of life based upon jobs and consumption, emphasizes the person as source and reference: as individual.

8. Consumption in turn stresses 'choice'. Internal critiques of Western societies are often made on the grounds that choice is not as wide as it should be, or does not exist to the degree it ought. Although choice, or rather selection is one of the prime ways in which we relate to othernesses (whether consumer goods, jobs, marriage partners, schooling), it is indeed not open in the strict, logical sense of the word. Choice is triply constrained: first, with regard to resources, that is, the person as a particular configuration of talents, parentage (so, inheritance of genes, goods and property), gender and dialogues with other people, other things or the otherness of transcendence; second with regard to the range of options available. Third, with regard to the implications of those options taken up, what kinds of actions (including thought) and relations each option promotes, what kind it closes off; and most importantly, the kinds of simultaneous demands which exist between the options which make up a person's configuration, his or her 'own' sense of self.
My hypothesis is that the dialogue between active self and sense of self is a universal occurrence, part of being 'human'. Until comparative work has been carried out elsewhere, as I would dearly like to do, this must remain a speculation, though supported by writers such as Mead, Buber and Sartre. However, I suspect that societies differ with regard to their stock of options, and since these enter into the sense of self, also with regard to the elements and patterning of that reflective surface. If the social process can be envisaged as two overlaid dialogues, one between the active self and sense of self, the other simultaneously between that dialogue and the given stock of options, then the individual mode of being is that which has as it were stripped the process down to a concentration on the inner dialogue (which may be why this dialogue became apparent during work in a Western society).

I found three styles of individuality in New Zealand. These may not be the same or may not occur in the same relative proportions as those to be found in other Western societies, particularly those with a bigger population, larger industrial base and more diversified market than New Zealand's. Considering the greater emphasis on selling, 'marketing', 'public relations' and the like, it would seem, for example, that the autonomous mode might be more predominant in the United States. Comparative research in other Western societies would enable us to discover more about the operation of the inner dialogue in relation to the stock of options, and to chart the relationships of the styles of the individual mode of being. Further research in New Zealand might uncover further styles and make more explicit the relationship between the principles of autonomy, complementarity and participation and the kinds of options which correspond with them — if there is a simple correspondence. It may be possible too to use the inner dialogue and these principles, with others which emerge, to illuminate processes of transformation occurring with industrialization,

9. It may also be possible to work out what influences the development of one style rather than another in a person; though such a question may turn out to provide another chicken-egg conundrum, as with most queries of origin. (Some of the factors involved might be those discussed in footnote 8.)
changing modes of ownership and exchange in non-Western societies, bearing in mind that none of these factors on their own are decisive in the occurrence of individuality as a mode of being, a general process in a given society. The entrance of non-Western societies into 'nations', and into the world market does not herald an inevitable or inescapable development of the individual mode of being, partly because of the asymmetric relations of that market, which do not favour Third World countries, and its gradual tendency to remain static rather than expand.

Among those principles which vivify social life - descent, exchange, patronage, hierarchy etcetera - individuality stands as the odd man out, masking its social nature so effectively that social scientists have failed to see it as a mode of being, and not another synonym for person (on the one hand) or autonomy (on the other). No other mode of being, that is, the terms of experience and its comprehension, has been seen in opposition to society, as individuality has - as 'the individual'; they are not seen as contingent or subjective, as it has; nor are they seen to address themselves to the severing of society, as it has been suspected of doing. Yet in trying to answer the questions What is the reality of European New Zealanders? How is it constituted? it is this very unsocial seeming double dialogue which has provided the key. It is a key which will open previously shut doors only if we let go our understanding of society as community or blueprint: something bounded, something shared, and let ourselves be guided instead by a feel for the social as what is both common and transcendent, no matter where it occurs, and no matter how great the variation, how open-ended the process, how paradoxical the form.
BIBLIOGRAPHY

Alcock, Peter

Allport, Gordon

Althusser, Louis

Ardener, Shirley (ed.)

Ausubel, David

Barthes, Roland

Bateson, Gregory

Becker, Ernst

Benveniste, Emile

Berger, Peter and Hansfried Kellner

Berger, Peter and Thomas Luckmann
Berggren, Douglas

Berndt, C.H.

Beynon, H. and R.M. Blackburn

Bogart, R.W.

Boon, James A.

Bott, Elizabeth

Bourdieu, Pierre

Brasch, Charles (ed)

Brown, Phil (ed)

Bruyn, S.T.

Buber, Martin

Burgin, Victor
Burnham, Jack

Burridge, Kenelm
n.d. Someone, No-one. (forthcoming)

Chapman, Robert

Charbonnier, Georges

Cooper, David E.

Craib, Ian

Dalziel, Raewyn

Dobkin de Rios, Marlene

Douglas, Jack

Douglas, Mary

Dubois, Cora

Dumont, Louis
Duvignaud, Jean

Eaton, Maude

Edgar, Don (ed)

Elders, Fons (ed)

Eliot, T.S.
1943 Four Quartets. London: Faber and Faber.

Evans, T.M.S.

Fabian, Johannes

Fages, J-B

Fernandez, J.W.

Firth, Raymond, Jane Hubert and Anthony Forge

Forster, J. (ed)

Forster, Mary

Foucault, Michel

Funt, David
Gadamer, Hans Georg

Garfinkel, Harold

Geddes, W.R.

Geertz, Clifford

Glucksmann, Miriam

Goffman, Erving

Goody, Jack

Greimas, A.J. (ed)

Grimshaw, Patricia

Gunda, Bela

Habermas, Jurgen
Hall, Leslie

Hallowell, A. Irving

Heller, Joseph

Henry, Jules

Hershman, P.
1974 Hair, Sex and Dirt. Man (NS)9: 274-298.

Hines, G.F. (ed)

Holcroft, Monty
1964 Islands of Innocence. Wellington: Reed.

Houston, Stewart (ed)
1970 Marriage and the Family in New Zealand...or, Eros Marooned. Wellington: Sweet and Maxwell.

Howells, Wood and Young

Jakobson, Roman, and Morris Halle
1956 Fundamentals of Language. 'S Gravenhage: Mouton

Jakobson, Roman
1971 Selected Writings II. The Hague: Mouton.

Jorgensen, Dan

Jones, Barbara
Kehoe, Alice B. 

Kinloch, Patricia 

Kristeva, Julia 

Labov, William and Joshua Waletzky 

Laing, Ronald 

Lakoff, Robin 
1975 Language and Women's Place. Language and Society 2: 45-80.

Lane, Michael (ed) 

Langness, L.L. 

Leach, Edmund 

Leone, Shirley 
Leroy, John

Lévi-Strauss, Claude

Lotman, Juri
1973 Different Cultures, Different Codes. Times Literary Supplement, October 12: 1212-1214.

McCormick, E.C.
1940 Letters and Art in New Zealand. Wellington: Department of Internal Affairs.

McDonagh, Enda

Macksey, R. and Donato (eds)

Malmberg, Bertil

Maranda, Eli and Pierre

Martinet, Andre
Mead, G.H.

Misgeld, Dieter

Mitchell, Juliet

Mulder, J.V.F. and S. Hervey

Murdoch, Iris

Murphy, Robert

Neich, Roger

Ortner, Sherry

Pearson, Bill

Pfeutze, Paul

Pirsig, Robert

Poster, Mark

Pouillon, Jean and Pierre Maranda (eds)
Pouwer, Jan

Ricoeur, Paul

Ritchie, Jane and James
1970 One Ordinary Mother In Family and Marriage in New Zealand; S. Houston, ed. Wellington: Sweet and Maxwell.

Robey, David (ed)

Rosaldo, Michelle and Louise Lamphere (eds)

Rossi, Ino

Sartre, Jean-Paul

de Saussure, Ferdinand

Schneider, David

Schneider, David and Raymond Smith

Schwimmer, Erik

Sebeok, Thomas A.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Publisher</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
Van Baal, J.

Webb and Collette

Wilson, Peter

deWit, G.A.

Young, M. and P. Willmott