Reviews - Films

Mental Notes (2012, New Zealand) Director Jim Marbrook

Reviewed by John Farnsworth

How do we write about mental illness, let alone a documentary about mental illness? In this review, I want to consider Jim Marbrook's (2012) film *Mental Notes* in two particular ways. One is against Foucault's *Psychiatric Power*, because of its description of how individual identity is shaped by disciplinary power. The other is the New Zealand literature on deinstitutionalization. Together, these constitute two ways to situate this documentary and highlight some of the influences around its appearance.

This is not the first local film on mental illness. On the contrary, there have recently been a number of other releases. These range from other documentaries, such as Kathy Dudding's *Asylum Pieces*, to feature films: Rosemary Riddell's *The Insatiable Moon* or even David Blyth's *Wound*. There have also been occasional television documentaries, including Bryan Bruce's *State of Mind*. Yet, *Mental Notes* is quite different to all of these.

To watch the film is, above all, to be confronted by an act of courage. The courage is from the institutional survivors, the individuals, who risk appearing before us no longer as asylum inmates but as citizens. They risk re-stigmatization in doing so: being defined again, publicly, through the shaming identity of mental patient. Instead, in watching, we bear witness to their passage, on behalf of their fellow survivors, from inmate to individual, as they give voice to their experience.

Second, the film extends a public dialogue about mental health. Much of the dialogue has taken place in constrained circumstances, sometimes necessarily so: even the Confidential Forum, which first gave psychiatric patients a voice, has been, by definition, private. Nonetheless, what the film describes and what the Forum reports (*Te Āiotanga*), are of one piece. This is hardly surprising: one of the film's survivors, Anne Helm, has herself been a Forum member.

Together, however, what both film and Forum describe is a similar and devastating picture of the experience of incarceration undergone, literally, by generations. From 1945-1990, between 6,500 and 10,500 individuals were patients in any given decade: one to four percent of the population (*Te Āiotanga* 63). The Forum's catalogue is as an effective summary of their experience and what the film describes:

> overcrowded conditions; unanswered questions arising from a lack of communication between health professionals and patients and family members of patients; occurrences of physical violence and sexual misconduct; inadequate complaints mechanisms; fear and humiliation when held in seclusion; extreme distress caused by the use of electroconvulsive therapy (ECT) and some other treatments no longer in use such as deep sleep therapy; doubts over use of particular medications and treatment regimes, and the possible lasting effects; and lack of support on discharge from institutions (2).

What the film portrays is the physical evidence. These are the hospital wards, now vacant and often derelict, the desolate common rooms and the toilets without doors; the files stamped 'mentally subnormal person', the poignant stills of huddled groups of inmates, some looking fearfully over their shoulders at the camera; the locked iron doors, the eerie re-enactment of lockdown with its clanging doors, the innocently barbarous boxes housing portable ECT machines that were applied from bed to bed in crowded dormitories.

What binds all this together are the accounts we hear on screen. *Mental Notes* presents five survivors who lived through these times: three inmates, a psychiatrist and a Maori nurse. There are others, too, such as Helen Bichan, superintendant at Porirua, or medical historian Warwick Brunton, who has written extensively on local mental institutions ("Histories", "Shadows", "Public inquiries"). With the former residents, particularly, it is the touching grace, the dignity, the irreverence and their eloquent recall which brings this film alive. There is no voiceover, no presenter, apart from an occasional off-camera voice, just their own presence. We travel with them back to their former homes as they recount what life was like in the large institutions we see or hear about: Carrington, Cherry Farm, Kingseat, Lake Alice, Ngawhatu, Tokanui, Oakley, Porirua and others. Some, such as the immense gothic structure at Sunnyside, exist no longer and their buildings and records are inaccessible.

Throughout this experience, humanized by the individuals on film, run several threads. One thread documents the routines, regimes, disciplines and ideologies that constructed the asylum experience in the first place. These both precede and outlast the big institutions themselves. This is what Foucault describes as psychiatric power: the relentless struggle by the discipline of psychiatry to impose its will and a 'moral' control over its subjects. Foucault describes this in military terms: the disciplining of the patient to become a docile subject. 'Calm down and be more cooperative', as a former patient comments. In the context of the institution, it produces innumerable bizarre paradoxes that make these disciplinary practices appear as mad as the subjects themselves are supposed to be. Chris Philo, writing on Foucault's book, sums up this as:

> the patient's truths are bludgeoned into submission by the psychiatrist's truths; but the crucial irony is that the psychiatrist has no truths, he is no possessor of true medical knowledge about madness as illness, and in fact his only 'real truth' is that he has worked out a few tactics for cajoling mad people into acting not-mad (157).

All of this took place in the pursuit of compelling good conduct. One of the struggles for patients, then, was, paradoxically, to remain sane in the face of regimes that constituted this

institutional 'reality', whilst still suffering from the psychological distress that first brought them there. It becomes one of the sources of the bleak humour sometimes on display in the film. It also required a resilience that not all patients possessed.

The impact of this struggle, as the survivors describe, was frequently chilling. At Lake Alice, one survivor recalls, 'you started naked in a cell with a Perspex door and it was run on the strictest behaviourist lines.' The door and the behaviourism are symbols of discipline and surveillance, reminders of the anonymous Panopticon that Foucault (2007, 73-74) describes in detail: a regime of surveillance, day or night, by institutional staff over the vulnerable self, incarcerated and controlled by instruction, medication or electric shock in cells or dormitories. This was in contrast to the lone power retained by inmates: the sovereign power of the body (Foucault 177-178). This struggle is captured in miniature in a poem ex-patient and writer, Peter Finlay, reads on film to an audience:

> At one particular night at one a.m., a guard stopped me on my way to the toilet. He insisted I go back to bed, even though I begged him to let me go to the toilet. I considered peeing on the floor. Then I spotted an empty cup, so I peed in that up to the brim. The next morning I took the cup surreptitiously to the toilet, glaring at the guard on the way. I wasn't certain it was the same one, but it felt good to do so [to glare], just in case [crowd laughter].

This is in stark contrast to the origins of the asylum, as David Codyre, an institutional psychiatrist reflects: 'In the early days, the asylums first evolved as a humane alternative … of care for people who 'had been really persecuted and excluded. Hence the word asylum, a safe place of refuge'. His words are juxtaposed with a shot of the detention cells at Seacliff.

Codyre's comments, and those of others in the film, reflect the ongoing ambiguities and paradoxes surrounding institutional care. They are reflected in the care that was genuinely offered by some staff in contrast to the bureaucratic mania of psychiatric systems. Bob Elliot, a mental health nurse at Tokanui recalls the tolerance of its director, Dr Henry Bennett, and the later addition of bicultural services, such as Tokanui's Whai Ora Unit. They are reflected, too, in that some patients genuinely needed asylum and temporary restraint. At times, others needed asylum from the shame of mental illnesses, such as schizophrenia – but not asylum of the kinds they commonly encountered. As Ann Helm says, 'people had a diagnosis'. But, in this context, 'Diagnosis meant end of the line.'

Instead, asylums became dumping grounds, not just for those with illness, but those whose families didn't want or couldn't care for them. In the film, Frances Ruwhiu recalls that 'Social Welfare took the decision when I was 9 to send me to Nagwhatu' in Nelson. She remained in institutional hands for decades.

Further paradoxes arise from the closing of such institutions. Joseph, Kearns and Moon describe the outcomes from 'the purposeful and rapid dismantling of the welfare state' (80) in the 1990s when, as they comment, 'the consequences of deinstitutionalisation for both patients and hospital sites were not fully anticipated and in large measure left to market forces or the voluntary sector' (79). The result, they argue is that 'the principles of deinstitutionalisation became subsumed within the neoliberal logic of restructuring' and

have, subsequently, created real difficulties 'of establishing alternative, community-based residential and treatment facilities' (79). It is a similar picture to that painted by other researchers (Joseph and Kearns, MacKinnon and Coleborne). In some ways, these findings echoes Foucault, who traced how the regimes of psychiatric power began outside the institutions and then persisted beyond them by modifying their apparatuses of power (341-345, 355-360). This differed to the position of the early anti-psychiatry movement, which focused just on the institution, and even his own earlier work (13-14).

The experience for ex-patients including those featured in the film is, likewise, paradoxical. On the one hand, many of those who were in institutions have, since their closure in the 1990s, been able to resume normal lives with surprising rapidity. describe On the other, Crack, Turner and Heenan detail how many are now scattered and dependent on increasingly contract-based care. This is through DHBs, voluntary service organisations and drop-in centres, or through such therapeutic funding as they can obtain.

At the same time, there are new initiatives to promote public mental health awareness and new practices, for example in mental health nursing (Clendon). There are also public campaigns such as the Mental Health Foundation's *Out of the* Blue or the *Like Minds* campaign fronted by John Kirwan. Yet, this is against the backdrop described by Gleeson, Hay and Law in Dunedin or Kearns and Joseph in Auckland, of the struggle for ex-patients with the scattered, low-rent geography of boarding houses and accommodation. This is the environment faced by those with enduring mental health problems before and certainly since deinstitutionalization.

The bleakest paradox, however, is the routinised abuse in an institutional system intended to offer protection to its patients. 'Abuse' is not a term found in Foucault's book, but this is the experience which led to the Confidential Forum and the documentation of the horrors recounted by ex-patients. In the wider context of social suffering, Arthur Kleinman observes, 'social institutions, such as health-care bureaucracies … developed to respond to suffering can make suffering worse' (1518).

The paradox for the film is that confronting an audience with the full weight of such experience would be unbearable. An audience can be asked to witness, but hardly undergo, trauma. The film can only signify it. Roy Brown does so when, for example, he re-enacts daily lockdown, shouting 'stand back' and, with the camera operator alone in a concrete cell, clanging shut the heavy metal door on us. It produces a genuine frisson for the viewer though nothing of the despair of actual incarceration.

Stylistically, the film's is within the broad tradition of observational cinema. Rick Altman sums up the origins of this tradition in this way:

> Observational filmmakers were not to intrude on the lives of their subjects, not to ask questions, conduct interviews or otherwise direct, stage, or influence the events for the camera; they were to be as flies on the wall. These filmmakers wanted to eliminate overt narrational devices like voice-over in favor of stories that begin *in medias res* and unfold seemingly without a narrator (218).

Later film-makers have modified these techniques (220, Dukes) but many of them are still tactics employed by the director, Jim Marbrook. The film also echoes the tradition of social advocacy documentary where an emphasis on social realism and an avoidance of 'entertaining' the audience go hand in hand (Aufederheide, Godmilow, Miller). , This is the path this film treads though, as I suggest, it is a difficult one in balancing the trauma of patients' stories with overwhelming the audience. The effect, in this case, however, is that of advocacy: of giving voice to those who have had none and revealing the detail of experience which, hitherto, has largely been hidden. We see, for example, one scene whose eloquence comes through the use of few words: Peter Finlay returning to Lake Alice where he was once held under the Mental Health Act, only to be confronted by barbed wire and locked gates that prevent him further access to his former domicile. He looks at the barbed wire and comments: 'Crown of Thorns'.

Let me return to where I began: the issues of courage and bearing witness. Working as a psychotherapist, I sometimes see ex-patients by referral through the Confidential Forum. Each of them has endured experiences very similar to those disclosed in the film. While I bear witness in the privacy of my room to the suffering they have undergone, the film audience bears public witness in a social context to their suffering, and to their institutional abuse. But audiences cannot do this without the courage of ex-patients prepared to risk re-stigmatizing and, in effect, re-abuse by appearing, and speaking, to the camera. Yet, by 'outing' themselves, they claim the right to speak directly to us, a right that was denied by the state and the disciplinary powers that detained them. This is one of the lasting values of this film. It becomes a memory and a testament to which, as viewers, we become witnesses.

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Te Hono Ki Aotearoa (2012, New Zealand) Director Jan Bieringa.

Reviewed by Jane Ross, University of Otago

When Māori first set sail from mythical Hawaiki during the great migration, not only were they in search of new lands, Māori were also taking themselves out into the world - as a presentation of people and culture. Māori oral history tells us that waka (canoes) were laden with flora, fauna, tools, and taonga (treasures), a transportation of all that was important and necessary for the successful arrival, and indeed long-term survival, at their eventual destination. Now in the millennium, the narrative of resilience and survival continues. A new journey has begun - a presentation of people and culture in the global age. For Toi Māori Aotearoa, a national collective of Māori arts practitioners, the journey once more begins with a single waka.

Directed by Jan Bieringa, *Te Hono Ki Aotearoa* is the documented story of the journey of a traditionally carved waka - a travelling taonga destined for European waters. Following on from the Dutch explorer, Abel Tasman, who sailed to New Zealand more than 360 years ago, another encounter with a Dutch man has formed, what is hoped to be, an ever-lasting link between the two nations. In an unprecedented intercultural exchange, Steven Engelsman, the director of Leiden's Museum Volkenkunde (Ethnology), travelled to New Zealand in 2008 to initiate the delicate commissioning of a waka taua (ceremonial canoe), and then oversee its emotional delivery to the Volkenkunde in 2010, where it will stay on permanent loan from Toi Māori. The waka taua is named *Te Hono Ki Aotearoa* - The Link to New Zealand.

After hosting a very successful exhibition on Māori culture, Engelsman desired a more permanent connection between New Zealand and Holland. Bieringa's documentary begins with Engelsman's arrival in New Zealand and follows the earliest negotiations with the key members of Toi Māori Aotearoa to commission a 'Waka for Europe'. Of particular importance is the relationship that forms between the Museum Director and the Master Carver Hekenukumai (Hector) Busby. As Busby asserts in the film, "The waka is number one in our culture." The desire for the Museum Director to learn and gain knowledge, and to be "allowed in", as he states in the film, to the heart of Māori culture is perceptively documented. Although the delicacy of the exchange is never explicitly stated, Bieringa and her team sensitively capture the immense dedication and indeed the nervousness of all that were involved in the inception, creation, launch, and handover of the waka taua in attempting to avoid any kind of intercultural clash.

Throughout the documentary, audiences are privy to the many conversations and emotive reflections of those involved in the project and the ways in which young and old, Māori and Dutch, embrace and embody the cultural rituals that provide intrinsic meaning to every stage of the project. This also provides for the audience an immersion in kaupapa (principles) waka. There is something deeply philosophical about the implications of this empowering exchange of knowledge and culture. It is the first exchange of its kind – a travelling taonga, a waka taua never to return home but designed specifically to make visible the unique cultural art of Māori for a European audience. Fellow carver and chairman of the Nga Waka Federation, Robert Gabe, reflects on the implications of this:

"Originally the museum wanted to buy a waka and that would have been the end of it. We felt it was better to lend it and build up a relationship with Dutch people – so we'll have a whanaungatangi (relationship) with Holland that's ongoing, that's forever," (Gabel, 2012).

An essential part of this ongoing relationship involved training a group of young Dutch men in kaupapa waka and ceremonial protocols in the lead up to handing over the waka taua. This included bringing a group of the men, representative of those chosen to paddle the waka taua for the inaugural ceremony, to Waitangi as part of the first of the annual Aotearoa/Netherlands kaihoe (paddlers) exchange. In an emotional confession in the film, Koos Wabeke, the young Dutch waka captain acknowledges "It's an absolutely amazing country and this is one of the most beautiful experiences of my life."

After a long journey, on October 18th, 2010, Toi Māori Aotearoa presented Te Hono Ki Aotearoa to its Dutch guardians in Leiden. "Don't crash it", is the jovial advice given by Toi Māori's Chappy Harrison to Koos Wabeke, as he is about to guide the waka taua through Dutch canals. New Zealand International Film Festival Director, Bill Gosden, made this observation, "The sight of the magnificent waka taua being propelled through European waters is a thing of beauty to stir the heart of any New Zealander. What's so fascinating is Jan's insights into the way it stirs European hearts, too." As a waka for Europe, not only will it be exhibited at the Volkenkunde, but with approval from Toi Māori Aotearoa, the waka taua can be used anywhere in Europe "as a vehicle to promote Māori arts, culture and New Zealand at any future events promoting the country within Europe" explains Robert Gabel.

Te Hono ki Aotearoa is a curiously affecting documentary. Bieringa and her team have achieved an excellent balance of narration and action, conversation and contemplation, and inquiry and learning. *Te Hono Ki Aotearoa* highlights the journey of an exceptional project that could have easily slipped under the national radar, if not for this film's inclusion in the 2012 NZIFF World Cinema Showcase. Surprisingly, Bieringa currently does not have a long-term plan for this documentary. Toi Māori Aotearoa presently have a five-year plan to have a significant presence in Europe. *Te Hono Ki Aotearoa* deserves to have a larger, long-term audience, too.

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Te Hono Ki Aotearoa 2012, film, dir. J Bieringa, New Zealand.

Song of the Kauri (2002) Directed by Mathurin Molgat

Reviewed by Kevin Fisher, University of Otago

The subject of director Mathurin Molgat's *Song of the Kauri* is ostensibly the renowned New Zealand luthier Laurie Williams and his native timber of choice, Kauri. As we learn it is his experimentation with Kauri as a material for building string instruments, most notably guitars, mandolins, and violins, but also ukelele, that makes his products unique and internationally cherished.

However, the film is as deeply polyphonic as the instruments it documents. It is equal parts biography, natural and industrial history, environmental appeal, and lyrical evocation of how the craft of instrument building and art of performance draws an entire worldview and history into constellation. The film's editing is as intricate and complex as the inlays on Williams' guitars and draws multi-levelled connections between the parallel strands it interrelates. The camerawork, often hand-held, is mobile and fluid without ever being jarring and seems to always find the right relation to its subject — likely a product of Molgat's long experience as an action camera operator.

This is a film that overwhelms expectations as well as comparisons—at least contemporary ones. Indeed, *Song* is most reminiscent of the documentaries associated with and inspired by the British Film Unit of the 1930's in its integration of musical structures with that of its editing and general form. Examples that come to mind are Pare Lorentz's *The River* (1938) and Alberto Cavalcanti's *Coal Face* (1935). However, unlike the earlier documentaries to which I've just compared it, the cultural and political logic of *Song* is much more ambivalent

in its relationship to the nation — and could even be accused of coming across as neoliberal at moments in its sentiments. This is another unexpected element of the film, which attempts to navigate a difficult path between the free market exploitation that so diminished the Kauri forests and the protectionist conservation policies that lock up the resource without properly caring for it.

From the beginning, *Song* proceeds along two seemingly incongruous lines of development: a lament of the loss of New Zealand's native forests to over a century of unregulated logging, and a celebration of Williams craft even as it's immediately implicated in the felling of yet another Kauri tree — a process the film documents in careful detail through parallel montages with archival footage comparing logging practices past and present. The initial tension is progressively mitigated through the appeal of scientific authorities who argue that, in the face of a lack of government support for Forestry, regulated logging of Kauri forests for the international market presents the only realistic means of their preservation. As Dr. Euan Mason of the New Zealand School of Forestry points out: "Unfortunately it's a misconception that we can leave our native forests alone and they'll be fine." The reason for this is the introduction of non-native species, which necessitates pest and weed control, which requires financial support that the current government is unable to adequately provide.

This argument was apparently also a hard sell to Kaitaki farmer Karamea Davis, who (like many owners of mature stands of Kauri) was at first highly resistant to the thought of allowing his trees to be cut. But it is the beauty of William's violin, cradled in Davis's hands at the end of the film, and constructed from the tree felled on his land that seems to confirm his decision, and compels him to put his forests into a trust. For the reluctance of the film audience, which Mason (and the filmmaker) anticipates: "I'm not sure we're ready for this," it is the film itself that attempts to approximate the force of that tiny fragile instrument balanced appreciatively in Davis's calloused palms. Indeed, Davis as *tangata whenua* personifies cultural stewardship over the national resources of the land.

In making its appeal the film intercuts deftly between different registers of time (to use another musical metaphor): mythical, geological, historical, generational, personal, procedural (felling the tree and crafting the instruments), and performative. Musical performances with William's instruments are woven throughout the film, functioning variously as interludes, demonstrations, soundtrack and dramatic punctuation. A range of musicians from different styles and traditions perform in the film and testify to the acoustic properties of Kauri, including: James Brown, Mark Mazengarb, Eden Roberts, Steve Wildey, Michael Chapdelaine, violist Miranda Adams, and Mäori hip hop star, Tikki Tāne.

Tāne also relates the Māori legend of Tāne Makuta, 'lord of the forest', from whom the Kauri was created and represents an extension of his being. For Tāne, "the acoustic guitar is one of the most important things in my life and it's made from Tāne Mahuta. It's a gift and a taonga from him for me to get to play and get my message across." As author Keith Stuart observes, the spiritual significance of Kauri is also implicated with its use in the great waka (war canoes) that remain an enduring source of mana for Māori.

The film explores how the elastic and water repellent qualities that made Kauri the material choice from waka and string instruments also fuelled its exploitation as a ship building material from the mid-19th Century, a history in which the ancestors of both Stuart and Steve Lane (who fells the tree for Williams) were directly involved. In one characteristic scene, Lane drives steel wedges into the cut he's just made in the tree. A dissolve to one of Williams' guitars being played in superimposition provides an accompanying melody to the rhythm of the blows. At the same time that the guitar seems to aesthetically recuperate this act of violence, the percussive blows also function as a sound bridge to silent archival footage of a lumberjack axing the bark from a giant fallen tree—followed by other footage and photos of the practices and lives of the early loggers of the Kauri. As remnants of a lost "No. 8 wire generation," loggers are presented as a source of nostalgia as well as rebuke. As Lane observes: "they're neither heroes nor villains", and the film invites us to marvel at their resourcefulness while investment guru George Kerr lays the real blame at the feet of the politicians and policymakers who were warned and should have known better. This is where the scientific rhetoric of the film becomes important in making the argument that we're now correctly equipped with the knowledge to properly manage and prosper from this resource to build a sustainable high value export economy.

We're told by Lane that the no. 8 wire generation don't exist anymore, but it's clearly Williams, Davis and Lane himself that are the implied inheritors of this tradition within this optimistic and forward-looking documentary.

Reviews - Books

Scooped: the politics and power of journalism in Aotearoa New Zealand, edited by Martin Hirst, Sean Phelan and Verica Rupar (AUT Media, 2012) 232 pp. $39.99.

Review by Olivier Jutel, University of Otago

Scooped is an important and timely academic intervention aimed at highlighting the critical and existential challenges faced by the field of journalism in light of a rapidly transforming media industry and regulatory environment. The strength of this collection of essays from academics, journalists, journalism educators and journalists-cum-academics is the precise theorization of this change, in the context of the New Zealand public sphere and media industries. Often in the rush to define the precise nature of this transformation clichés abound of *new* self-determining audiences, citizen journalism and the demise of a paternalistic journalism. Political economy approaches to this question of new modes of accumulation and surveillance in the media present a stark analysis of the new as precisely the intensification of the *old*, namely audience commodification and exploitation. Important critical insights notwithstanding, what is missing in such political economy accounts of the media is any sense of what Phelan calls 'media power' (80) available to journalists, or appropriated by those outside the field. The media field does not merely function at the level of superstructure but has the power 'to impose itself on other fields of cultural production' (Hirst, 52). It is in this sense that journalism really matters, not simply as a normative measure of liberal-democracy, but as that which has a near monopoly of symbolic

power to bring communities, the nation and certain common sense notions of neo-liberalism into being.

The contributions of Phelan & Hirst, who have co-edited this volume along with Verica Rupar, are geared specifically at bridging this gap between political economy of the media and Bourdieu's theory of the field. This move is important in allowing a critical analysis of the modern profession of journalism, while still, in the words of Bourdieu: 'defend[ing] the conditions of production necessary for the progress of the universal, while working to generalize the conditions of access to that universality' (66). The legacy and autonomy of journalism as a modern, rationalist discipline of the Enlightenment is worth defending, however this cannot be reclaimed within contemporary notions professionalism. Any reconceptualization of democracy and the public sphere will require a critical engagement between academics, journalists and the public in the face of a neoliberal foreclosing of the universal. The impetus of this book is aimed specifically at facilitating this engagement and pushing past the 'hackneyed distinctions' (21) between theory and practice in an honest exchange between academia and the field of journalism. In spite of good faith efforts to move beyond the tired antagonism of ivory tower academics versus ultra-empiricist journalists, the reception of the book suggests these tensions between the fields of academia and journalism may well persist for some time[1].

As the editors note, the call for a 'critically-inflected journalism studies' (22) is an uphill struggle particularly given that the 'university is becoming increasingly colonized by the logic of the market…more eager to serve the student customer rather than stimulate the consciousness of the cultural citizen' (22). In this context the training of journalists and media professionals becomes 'prefabricated by industry imperatives' (23) without any critical reflection upon industry practice or the historical and political basis of journalism as a "trade". This critical inadequacy of contemporary journalism education is born out by Ruth Thomas' remarkable study across New Zealand's tertiary journalism schools. Thomas found that an emphasis on 'job skills and gaining a job' left students with an 'incomplete understanding of the pressures of the media industry they were being trained to enter' (162). In a close analysis of stories produced by students, selected from one polytechnic and one university as part of the National Diploma for Journalism, she found a 'tendency to write, in part or in whole, promotional stories, [with] the students seeming unaware of the difference between this and journalism' (160). While one might contend that such inexperience would surely be teased out by the rigors of a real newsroom Nicky Hager offers up the less sanguine reality in recounting that:

> One chief reporter told me he introduced a rule of printing out press releases before assigning them to reporters. At least then, he explained, they could not simply cut and paste directly from the press release. His modest goal was to have rewritten press releases (217).

[1] The *Otago Daily Times'* Dene McKenzie in his review stated that the authors 'analyse the profession to the death…but nothing is better than actually getting your hands dirty' (2012). Phelan and Hirst have also been subject to the anti-theoretical critiques of a self-proclaimed guardian of the profession, Karl du Fresne, who claims that as opposed to journalists, academics inhabit a 'sanctuary…[of] snug, self-reinforcing leftist orthodoxy' (2009).

Hager is exemplary of the attempt to hold journalism to its professed idealism and embodies a theoretically informed praxis, which invariably draws him into conflict with a myriad of powerful interests, not least of which and quite remarkably, his own profession. It is fitting then that Hager pens the final chapter of the volume offering a blueprint for a critically informed journalism which makes 'the PR the news' (219) and devolves some of the functions of investigative journalism to cooperatives of professionals from across various fields.

In attempting to precisely theorize the class location of journalism, in terms of the production of surplus value, Hirst offers a similar notion of struggle from within and outside the profession in reclaiming the field. Drawing on an analysis of the increasingly precarious nature of journalism employment, and the overproduction of university graduates as a 'reserve army of intellectual workers' (52), Hirst writes of a potential for an alliance between journalists struggling for control of their labour 'and those outside the relations of production that historically shaped the journalistic field – the amateur and citizen reporters' (61). While talk of journalism and precarious intellectual workers as the proletariat may seem utopian, and hard to accept within a trade that often defines itself in terms of rugged individualism, such is the radical nature of the present crisis of journalism. Hirst's formulation of a theoretical convergence between Marxist and Bourdieuian theoretical categories is convincing but would benefit from more space and hints at the need to theorize intellectual labour in contemporary capitalism. Rather than opposing the class position of journalists between their role in producing surplus value, while invested in the ideological service of capital, one could follow Hardt and Negri on biopolitical production (2009). The media field's power, in constructing social, public and political life, is precisely what is being colonized by contemporary capitalism and accounts for what Hirst describes, following from Bourdieu, as the ability of the media field to 'impose itself on other fields of cultural production' (52).

While this reviewer certainly enjoyed the minutia of such specialized theoretical debates *Scooped* offers plenty for the uninitiated. Wayne Hope's survey of the historical development of the New Zealand public sphere is an outstanding, authoritative rendering of the evolution of the trade of journalism in this country. Hope advances a historical narrative that traces critical political-cultural moments in the nation's history in a manner that does not belie a rigorous grounding in political economy. The chapter ends with what can presently be described as the 'corporate colonization' (44) of the public sphere and national identity, epitomized in branding campaigns such as *Tourism New Zealand*'s "100% Pure Middle Earth". Peter Thompson carries on his tireless work in defence of public broadcasting in theorizing the amalgam of ministerial interests that have shaped New Zealand's contradictory public broadcast policy. Presently the National government's 'predilection for a market-driven approach to broadcasting' (109) is seen as undermining the *Freeview* platform in the interests of *Sky TV*. Thompson writes of *TVNZ*'s decision to launch a 'Heartland' channel exclusively on *Sky* as the public's 'disenfranchisement from their own televisual history' (110) and that 'these privatisations of public goods would seem to confirm the Habermasian account of refeudalization as the system imperatives colonize the life world' (111). All this, to say nothing of TVNZ's reported decision to appoint Paul Henry to the 7:00 pm *Close-Up* timeslot.

In addition to such political economy accounts of the historical development and present state of the journalism profession in New Zealand, contributors to *Scooped* offer a critical analysis of what often amounts to the cultural imperialism of the profession. Abel, McCreanor & Barnes write of 'generations of hegemonic Pakeha discourse' (65) and the media's continued role as colonizer in precluding Maori narratives of te Tiriti. Donald Matheson outlines the cultural geography of international reporting in the New Zealand media and the retention of a 'neo-colonial axis of reporting' (132). Despite the nation's location in the Asia-Pacific region international reporting retains a focus on 'London, Paris and New York as the centre of global public life' with the rest of the world largely seen as an 'unstable periphery' (130) marked by exotic otherness. Former *Radio New Zealand* Pacific "Issues" correspondent, Richard Pamatatau, offers his personal and professional experiences inside the 'euro-centric news environment' (185). Pacific identity, and a diversity of communities, are trapped between a dichotomy of the 'singing, dancing, cultural being' (188), often the subject of "light news", or a community beset with "issues" to be paternalistically concerned about. What all three accounts point to is an inability within a majority of the profession to critically reflect upon its political basis in relation to neo-liberalism, globalization and imperial power.

While the work of Phelan, Hirst, Thompson and Hope works in unison theoretically some of the potential to build on the insights of other contributors is left underdeveloped by the structure of the book. The volume would perhaps have been better served by being dividing into three components 1) theoretical grounding, 2) academic textual analyses and 3) journalistic contributions. *Scooped* effectively works in this manner and may have proved more accessible to a non-academic audience if this structure was clearly enunciated. The editors are not to be blamed however for the book's mixed reception among the journalistic fraternity. Reviews of *Scooped* have elicited many of the tired clichés of practice versus theory and a journalistic aversion to intellectual introspection. As described by Phelan, retaining a media power which is 'central to the constitution of social reality' (81), is contingent upon the invisibility of this power and the disavowal of contradiction within notions of the profession. While this work may have failed to ameliorate the divide it offers a theoretical roadmap for continued debate and some fine contributions on the present state of journalism and the public sphere in New Zealand.

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