

odds betting); extensive seven-day broadcasting of racing on radio and television; and the profitable expansion into betting on overseas races and on sports, which brought in a wider and younger clientele.

Throughout, the fortunes of the racing industry and the TAB were interdependent. The relationship became increasingly a matter for debate, as racing clubs faced growing difficulties, while the TAB sought to become more entrepreneurial. (To this reader it seems that the TAB's profits inhibited the adaptation of the racing industry to changing times.) At the outset the TAB was widely perceived to be the agent of the racing clubs, yet the bettors and the state also had interests in the statutory organization: should TAB agencies be a social service or commercially driven; where should they be located; and how should the TAB's profits be distributed? Indeed, who 'owned' the TAB? This issue remained unresolved.

Grant's wide-ranging discussion brings a broader perspective to bear than that gained simply from his core sources — the TAB's agendas, minutes, and in-house bulletins. In effect, the book both reflects and modifies the insights of his earlier historical survey of New Zealand gambling and lotteries in *On a Roll* (1994). The first third of this more specialized account comprises five narrative chapters, while the succeeding 20 chapters of varying lengths usefully examine a variety of themes and issues. Here, as in *On a Roll*, there is effective use of cartoons. In this commissioned contemporary history, Grant is generally bland in his judgements of the key actors — except for Jack Elder's 'ultimate dereliction of political responsibility' in abandoning a comprehensive gaming review in 1998.

Where, in *On a Roll*, Grant argued (p.8) that 'the nature of gambling, and the opposition to it, is irrevocably linked with specific social classes, ethnicities, organised religions and gender', various surveys and comments in his second book muddy the picture. While the TAB's race and sports bettors were still more likely to be male than female (though decreasingly so), a profile of those who chiefly patronized the TAB by the end of the twentieth century 'destroyed the long-held and widely believed myth' that they were 'the old, the poor and the non-white' (p.387). This book provides a glimpse of a changing social pattern and gambling activity more complex than a common perception of a working-class male punter placing \$2 for a win and \$3 for a place on Goodtime Sugar, the favourite in the fifth at Westport.

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Voice and Vision: A History of Broadcasting in New Zealand, Volume 2. By Patrick Day. Auckland University Press, Auckland, 2000, xii + 456 pp. NZ price: \$59.95. ISBN 1-86940-233-2.

AS ITS SUBTITLE INDICATES, this book complements *Radio Days* [1994], Day's account of New Zealand broadcasting's early years. As the main title intimates, *Voice and Vision* brings this story up to date, chronicling the growth of a television industry (tapered in between 1959 and 1962) alongside existing radio provision. Some things did not change as broadcasting's range grew. Perceived to be a sovereign route to influencing voters' views and intentions, radio magnetized meddling politicians' attention. Television's qualitatively greater hunger for capital and operating expenses multiplied and encouraged these meddling propensities. Day documents in depressing detail the sorry institutional churning that followed, bequeathing us radio and television structures enjoying (if that is the word) Trotskyite permanent revolutionary administrative upheaval while delivering

astoundingly second-hand programme schedules to the hapless viewer and listener. He proves particularly adept at unravelling the twisted history of commercial and state-owned broadcasting, rooted in radio's earliest days but flowering grossly in ours.

As all this suggests, those who have read *Radio Days* will find little to surprise them in *Voice and Vision*. Once again we find very detailed accounts of events, organized chronologically. Once again Day proves commendably comprehensive, exploring political negotiations, programming issues and technical developments in great detail. The last of these is particularly welcome, given most previous academic discussion of New Zealand broadcasting's obsession with the former two. That he encroaches on so many living people's experience has led to some of his evidence being challenged, but a bit of controversy never hurt anyone. In its own terms, if *Voice and Vision* has a fault then it comes from technical, financial (and, intermittently) administrative caesurae between radio and television. To have brought the radio story up to date then returned to the 1950s to chronicle television's birth and warped upbringing would have introduced redundancy and confusion; but to run the two tales together means that Day requires his readers to get off one horse and mount the other very frequently, and often in mid-stream.

If this book's virtues are familiar from its predecessor, then so are its drawbacks. Once again we have a one-damn-thing-after-another narrative, with little attempt at interpretation. Once again we have an account whose gaze stays firmly within New Zealand's borders. Some comparative discussion — of Australian arrangements, if none other — might have rendered our broadcasting pattern fruitfully bizarre. One example: New Zealand's small population always made advertising-supported television unavoidable, but Day never explains how we come to lack anything approximating Australia's ABC or the USA's PBS.

One final grouse. One of Day's virtues is his democratic enthusiasm for sub-national entities — Maori broadcasting, local radio stations — often overlooked in broad-brush accounts that never leave head office files in Wellington. Sadly, he seems to think that democratic is a synonym for demotic; that to be progressive one must be philistine. From the YA stations to the Concert Programme, attempts to educate, while entertaining, (in his framework, attempts to serve a particular oppressed group — New Zealanders who suspect that there is more to life than Paul Holmes and Richard Prebble), earn an automatically curled lip. He is wrong. If the strongest contrary cases — Walter Benjamin springs to mind — prove meat stronger than he can stomach then he might abstract his mind and think of Karl Marx. One does not need to plot revolution *or* read Homer in the original; one can do both. And we are going to need somebody who can do both if we are to construct a broadcasting system in New Zealand that reflects this country's diversity while not pandering to the lowest common denominator. Or even, Heaven help us, to Murray McCully.

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Spitfire: The New Zealand Story. By Gerard S. Morris. Reed Books, Auckland, 2000. 376 pp. NZ price: \$80.00. ISBN 0-7900-0696-0.

YES, IT IS YET ANOTHER BOOK about that idolized British fighter aircraft. And yes, it is as big and heavy as any tome already decorating your coffee tables. And yes again, there is no way you can take it to bed, spouse or no spouse. But Gerard Morris has produced the first serious study to appear in this country (and one that is most attractively