

CRACCUUM



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Free to students

NZUSA supporting US foreign policy-Volkerling

The US State Department student leader grants are of limited value to New Zealand student associations and NZUSA should consider withdrawing from local sponsorship of the scheme, according to Auckland Studass Publications Officer, Mike Volkerling.

Volkerling, who spent two and a half months in America on such a grant over the holidays, said this in a report submitted to the recent Executive meeting of NZUSA.

"It is not true," the report says, "to say that this trip is a specialist programme which provides an in-depth study of American student life and institutions. The significant word in the title is not student but leader."

The report quotes the director of the programme, Mr John Esteline, as saying last December, "Basically the programme is an instrument of US foreign policy. We realize that those students coming on the programme will become leaders in their own communities. We would like them to understand our country better, for we know that if we help them to do this they will be able to help us in the future."

15 DAYS

Volkerling says that of the 70 days spent in the States, only 15 were spent in universities.

The rest were spent staying with families, seeing Government departments, guided tours, inspecting newspaper offices and sugar beet factories, and attending a Halloween party and square dancing.

"The the main aspects of American society one is exposed to are those which are seen through the eyes of a series of upper middle class American families, and, at the risk of sounding unnecessarily ideological, the power elite."

He says that of the 15 days spent at universities, ten were spent at Cornell where there is no student government and even the newspaper is run by an outside concern, although staffed mainly by students.

Tours of Berkeley, Stanford and Harvard were conducted by administration employed guides and provided no opportunity to meet students or staff members.

CRITICISM

"Efforts to organize our own trips to local universities during the homestay period were

criticised by the organizers on the grounds that we were intended to be relishing the joys of American family life, instead of pursuing our own interest, which, we were assured, would be subsequently catered for in an official capacity. They never were," says the report.

Volkerling concluded that since the trip did not provide adequate opportunity for gaining any worthwhile insight into the structure and problems of American Universities that the grantee can probably be of more benefit to his local association by remaining at home for the term of his office.

COMPLICITY

Volkerling challenges the basic assumptions of the grant when he says that "there is little evidence to suggest that there is any correlation between those university graduates in New Zealand who do become influential in the community and earlier membership of a students' association executive" and further that present "student leaders" are not necessarily executive members.

He suggests that NZUSA would be justified in liberalising its selection policies but adds that any attempt to adhere more closely to these selection policies can only be seen as increasing NZUSA's complicity in promoting US long term foreign policy interests.



Michael Volkerling

"It is interesting to note that New Zealand and Australian students have been eligible for

this trip only since their governments committed troops to Vietnam," he says.

He considers that there are four alternatives open to NZUSA. It could continue the scheme on its present basis. "This would not appear to be viable because of the problem of executive absenteeism and the limited value of the trip to New Zealand students' associations." It could liberalize the selection policy and publicize the programme to a far greater extent on campus in order to attract a wider range of applicants. "But this would not alter the facts that the trip is of little value and the NZUSA is still supporting US foreign policy aims, despite their dubious efficacy."

CHANGES

It could recommend changes in the established programme in order to bring it more in line with New Zealand needs. "However," says Volkerling, "I tend to think that New Zealand problems in tertiary education are basically local ones which can be solved only by a more detailed knowledge of present conditions and possible future developments. Moreover, knowledge of American universities, which might be helpful when considering local problems, can be acquired probably in a more accurate form, by reading."

Volkerling finishes the report by recommending that NZUSA consider withdrawing from sponsorship of the scheme as it now exists and recommend alternative uses for the finance, either in New Zealand or abroad.

If only we could find it

The pretensions of the Otago University Students' Association caused some amusement at last week's meeting of the Auckland Studass Executive.

"Unless formal written agreements are received by March 15, 1970, from Auckland, Massey, Victoria and Canterbury constituents guaranteeing that their Capping publications or equivalent will not repeat not be sold south of the Waitaki River, then the Otago University Students' Association will withdraw its delegation from Easter Council."

Copies of the telegram were sent to other universities.

Studass President Mike Law commented that Auckland had intended to sell Capping Book south of Hamilton last year but had run out of books.

"GO TO HELL"

Capping Controller Don Henderson said Otago should be told to go to hell or it should be asked to refrain from peddling its publication north of the Wanganui River. Law pointed out that other universities were treating the request with the ridicule it deserved. It was decided to send a polite letter to Otago stating that Auckland would not sell south of the Waitaki.

Earnest Craccum inquiries have failed to reveal the whereabouts of the Waitaki River but it is believed that it lies somewhere north of the Bluff.



SUSPECTED LOCATION OF THE WAITAKI

Law suggested that the telegram should not be taken seriously as he believed it to be merely a piece of internal politicking on the part of Anderson. Otago's President is at present in America.

Muldoon refuted

Muldoon's accusations of irresponsibility on the part of Students' Associations were quickly refuted by Studass President Michael Law after the Minister of Finance had addressed an overflow audience last week.

The Minister had stated that the public image of the universities is not helped by the attitudes and actions taken by Students' Associations from time to time.

He said that the associations tend, perhaps unwittingly, to appear to act irresponsibly although, it was quickly pointed out, the associations were not in themselves entirely irresponsible bodies.

Mr Muldoon's specific attack on the Auckland University Students' Association policy over student exclusion from this university brought a stinging reply from Michael Law.

Law said that the Association's policy on exclusion has been primarily concerned with, and has always emphasised, the number of school children of today who will be unable to secure university places from 1972 onwards.

"Our concern is less for those who fail than for those who will never get a chance at all."

FAILED

"And" said Law "it must be seen that many of the one thousand (mentioned by Muldoon) who have failed to pass the requisite two units in the past two years have been secondary school teachers or others who because of their occupations are unable to maintain sustained studies."

"Although Mr Muldoon was not specific except with regard to

exclusion, Vietnam, and the All Black tour, it seemed to me that he was maintaining that when the SRC or an Association General Meeting adopted a policy with which the Minister or the community at large could not agree, then students were being irresponsible."

It seemed that only a small number in the audience agreed with Muldoon's contentions; which reinforces Mike Law's belief that student policy should reflect what students are actually and honestly thinking rather than what the politicians and the general public would like them to be thinking.

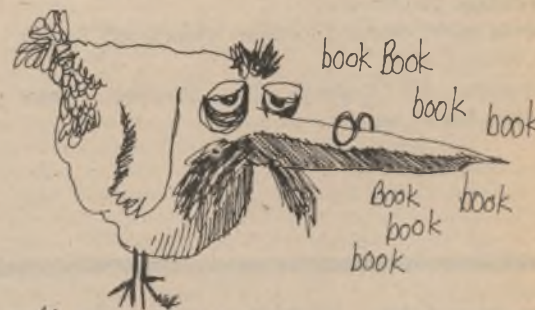
"However" said the president "if Muldoon has a large number of supporters on this issue, then they will have the opportunity to change the Association's constitution and policy at the general meeting on March 24. They will even be able to throw myself and the rest of the executive from office if they want to."



Mr Unimpressive

Alan Kolnik

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A pearl is cast

It makes one sad to see a good man start on the road downhill. While one need not agree that Mr Muldoon is necessarily a good man, at least he used to be comforting to look at, with his facade of competence and assurance.

But the Minister of Finance's recent visit to the University showed that the poor old chap is losing his grip. Gears are slipping in his mind and he shows signs of beginning to wind down like the rusty alarm clock he has imitated all these years whenever he thought that other party looked like conning the people better than he was.

Muldoon had more than 40 minutes to say something intelligent and constructive to a large audience which had fought its way through a scrum straight out of Tom Brown's Schooldays to hear him and which did not interject overmuch during the speech.

Given, then, something approaching a politician's dream audience, instead of exploiting it, he worried about his style. In fact, one begins to suspect that the dear little chap came along without any speech at all, on the assumption that he would be heckled all the time.

It must have been a shock to realize that people were listening attentively and even more of a shock to see that they were not impressed.

For example, who in his right mind would ask even a bear of small brain to believe that a degree was a "ticket" to a job, in other words, to economic efficiency in the Great Muldoon Society?

And who, barring a person either uneducated or senile would start raving about banning the 1000 people who hadn't passed two units in the last two years without first checking to see how many were part-timers or student teachers?

It was said that Mr Muldoon complained after the meeting that he had not been given a chance to say his piece. This complaint is a load of old codswallop. Muldoon came here with nothing to say, possibly because he did not want to upstage the new Minister of Education, Mr Talboys.

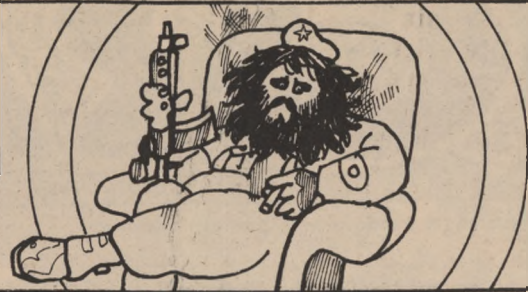
The fact remains however that Muldoon came along, trundled out a few well-worn phrases like the dreary hack he is becoming so rapidly and effectively wasted the time of more people than he is worth.

May we suggest, Mr Muldoon, the next time you decide to come to Auckland, that you bring a few ideas with you or, if this is beyond you, that you follow the example of the Gadarene swine.

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This space provided
for armchair REVOLUTIONARIES



●

Sir,
The choice of films for the Auckland Festival this year demonstrates the extent to which this event is becoming commercialized by the Auckland City Council and monopolized by a certain influential organisation.

Almost all the films live up to their claim to be 'major' releases. But a festival is a time to show much more than 'major' films. It is, or should be, an opportunity to see rare films, remarkable, out of the ordinary screen gems. As the selection now stands, of all the films for this Festival, only one may never be seen again—Godard's Masculin Feminin. It is also the only genuine foreign film. All the other films are available therefore from English or American distributors, and are scheduled to be shown on the commercial circuit. They are not festival films.

Most disappointing of all is the impression one receives that this state of affairs is now accepted Festival policy. It is obviously policy to show one Shakespeare film, the trendier the better—Romeo and Juliet last year had a long Queen St season after the Festival.

Hamlet will probably do the same. Both The Illustrated Man and The Sea Gull carry enough big names—Steiger, Redgrave, Warner—to see them through a successful city run and as for Midnight Cowboy! It's already billed as "starring Dustin Hoffman of The Graduate fame. It will run for months.

The Madwoman of Chailott is scheduled to go on in Queen St within two weeks of the end of the Festival and Oh, What a Lovely War will also be back soon. More big names.

So much for the "First New Zealand and First Auckland Releases". What about this "7 from the 60's" business? Well, business is the word—it's all a big commercial con, baby. Classics!—that word is obviously in the process of re-definition. I'll concede King and Country and Strangelove but that's all and the latter of these two has been around for months—did you see it free at 'varsity last year? Who needs to go to Mission Bay? Morgan has been showing suburban cinemas for several weeks now and Stolen Kisses is

returning for a Sunday night at the Lido. Reflections in a Golden Eye was good but not that good; the same can be said of the rest—Becket a classic!

Nobody minds a policy of re-runs, especially if they're classics, but most of us could think of seven other films we'd much rather see a second time, or missed the first time. The point is it's easy and cheap for Sir Rob. to re-hash these, and if the Festival film committee objects, he can always threaten to withdraw. You, we, the public must be the ones to act. The Auckland/Adelaide film festival last year was a huge success, deservedly so. Help make this year's farcical Festival film selection the monumental failure it deserves to be—BOYCOTT FESTIVAL FILMS.

Footnote:—The Adolescents has been intentionally excluded from discussion of Festival films. Film fan.

●

Sir,
At the beginning of this year's student hand-book is a welcome from the Vice-Chancellor, representing the governing body of the university. On the next page is a homily from Mike Law representing Studass. Next again is a page of comment from Tim Shadbolt, representing—who? And don't anyone say "the healthiest, most critical, most expressive" etc section of students, because that is entirely a matter of opinion. The fact is that Tim Shadbolt is representing himself and a group of supporters and I resent the allocation of a privileged position in a student hand book to their views. Why not give a prominent place to Catholic Society, for instance, or Labour Club?

It is not that I disagree with everything he says (Mike Law says it better on the previous page, anyhow) but that I strongly disagree with the emphasis given to a particular social or political dogma.

This puts the students' handbook on the ethical level of the Herald or the Peoples Voice—or worse, as students have no choice about paying for a booklet printed with their money.

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Muldoon-Why was he here?

The main themes of educational Muldoonism came through strongly once again when the Minister of Finance addressed some nine hundred students spread through three lecture theatres at Auckland University last week.

In arguing that research in the universities should be more consciously and more closely directed towards the needs and interests of New Zealand, Mr Muldoon was singing a familiar refrain.

But it's probably between the lines of his extempore speech will be found the new aspects of Mr Muldoon's attitudes towards the universities. It is probably significant that the Minister did not take advantage of this opportunity to make a major public statement. It would after all, have appeared to be a deliberate attempt to upstage the real Minister of Education, Mr Talboys, whose first major speech in a university will be at Waikato's graduation ceremony.

There are many reasons why the Minister of Finance was well-advised to restrict his comments largely to clichés and to indulge in minor mud-stirring rather than major controversy. Not the least of these would have been his own rather tenuous position within the National Party at present.

Nobody had to look very hard to find the mud-stirring.

"PRIMARY SCHOOL"

Muldoon described Waikato University, in terms of student numbers, as being like a "medium-sized primary school", a derogatory remark unlikely to gain him too many friends in Hamilton or its environs. And the impression left by that rather glib comment was that he meant it to refer to other aspects of Waikato as well.

The Minister derided the idea of setting up a Centre for Maori Studies at Waikato and also suggested that the mooted School of Management Studies could be more usefully and more profitably located elsewhere than in Hamilton.

And there was the suggestion, admittedly only implicit, that the decision to establish a School of Science at Waikato was the result of some sort of con job on the part of either the University or the Grants Committee.

Yet Muldoon insisted that Waikato University must grow. And the Minister later told a questioner that were the decision to found Waikato to be taken tomorrow, then he would be in favour of it. Which all seems a little paradoxical. How can a fledgling and struggling university grow when it is denied the money it needs, is refused permission to expand into new fields of study, and has hanging over its head the whole time the stigma of a political sop?

CO-RESPONDENT

It seems apparent that the real point of all this was for Muldoon to reinforce his personal opposition to the establishment of a second university in Auckland.

For surely the only way to expand Waikato in Muldoon's terms is for students to be directed there. And if there is insufficient accommodation at Auckland, then it becomes obvious that Auckland students will have to be redirected to Hamilton.

"Waikato", said the Minister, "sits between government and the University Grants Committee—unloved by both the government and the universities." Muldoon made it clear that he has no intention of playing matchmaker: his attitude seems more suited to the role of co-respondent.

One of the strangest facets of the Minister's remarks was his apparent misunderstanding of the position vis-a-vis government of the University Grants Committee. His continued harping that government

never takes action on university matters without the recommendation of the Grants Committee does not take into account the fact that all the money for the Grants Committee comes from government sources.

Muldoon vehemently denied the allegation that Waikato was denied its Maori Studies Centre by the collusion of the Minister of Finance and the National Government. He seemed unable to appreciate that the Grants Committee could hardly have made a positive recommendation without some idea of where the money was coming from.

CLICHES

But it must be admitted that some of Muldoon's clichés were vaguely original. His own attitude to universities he dismissed as "daring to smack a sacred cow on the rump and urging it to get out and produce some milk, or better still, dairy beef".

He warned students to be watchful of spurious glamour (whatever that might mean), he told them they were a valuable public property and that the public was investing in them as New Zealand's future leaders—but he did not announce when the first share issue to raise university finance would be floated.

The "inmates of the universities" were told to peruse, to explore and not to blindly follow; to make good use of their years at university and to make their years as few as possible. All very cliché.

So what was the reaction to all this?

Generally it seems that his audience were left feeling a little flat. They had gone along in their droves all eager to be impressed by—or to rubbish—New Zealand's financial wizard. And they went away with the impression that the great man was just as waffly and a little more prattling than all the other politicians.

Where there was any guts to his comments, then his audience was attentive; where there was rubbish, it came from both sides. In fact, Muldoon seemed to almost completely misjudge his audience. They were not a rally of Young Nats, yet he did receive a few appreciative cheers and claps. Nor were they a bunch of raving radicals; so baiting them was a difficult sport.

And the reaction of the media was no more enthusiastic than that of his audience.

The NZBC gave some coverage, the Herald and the Star both gave the meeting a selective verbatim reporting, the former a little more seriously than the latter.

The Star however, did produce a grudging sub-leader in which it agreed with the Minister's views while at the same time trying hard to appear not to.

Maybe the whole thing was a non-event. If freshers and others had gone to hear Muldoon expecting to receive the definitive version of "Why we are here" (the title of the address) then they were disappointed. The more important question was "Why is Muldoon here?"; and for the moment that needs remain unanswered.

OUT OF MY HEAD



Okinawa, here we come

The average demonstrator must suffer public humiliation, police attacks, false arrests, court frame-ups, blind and prejudiced magistrates, and heavy punishments. In legal jargon, demonstrating is called obstruction (stopping on a footpath) disorderly (waving a flag) or assault (kissing a piglet). The actual reason for your arrest is that you were demonstrating.

Demonstrators have changed the world. All these snotty nosed women who strut smugly up to the polling booth and vote for Holyoake because he's better looking, only have the right to do so because a few radical suffragettes threw themselves under race horses. The British were forced out of India by Gandhi simply using non-violent demonstrations. Even when Nightingale and Schweitzer went off to do their thing, the pillars of... shrieked that they should do something "useful" instead of making 'exhibitionists' of themselves. However, nursing became a worthy profession and Schweitzer a model of Christian morality. We demonstrate because it works. Things will change if you push hard enough.

We should get changes in Parliament—but look at our leaders—Holyoake and Kirk. They walk, talk and look alike, give or take a few pounds. Election lollies are for children and suckers, and whoever you vote for, a politician gets in. As Hillary so aptly pointed out, where are the leaders who are prepared to make a stand on any real issues? We demonstrate to make people aware, for despite the magnificent technology of T.V., radio and press, and the enormous volume of "news", most people know perilously little of the realities of Vietnam. Trivia, superficial reportage, and the continued repetition of conventional myths (Goebbels' theory was that if you repeat lies often enough, people will believe them) have kept New Zealanders in a cocoon of ignorance. For example we're in Vietnam to 'Honour our Treaty obligations', but how many of you could name the nations in SEATO? How many could name just four of its clauses? Another myth is that we have 'a moral obligation' to the Yanks, because they saved us from the Japs. Anyone that thinks that the Yanks joined WWII to save NZ could only have spent the war years serving on an apple orchard in Nelson. If it hadn't been for Pearl Harbour and the threat to America's Pacific interests, NZ would have waited about as long as Britain did for Yankee support. The media keep people ignorant by catering for sensation instead of fact. The Kaitawa sinking, the Wahine disaster, the Kaimai tunnel all produce concern and sympathy on our front page and thousands of man hours are spent on searches because human life is so sacred. Yet the Cabinet will willingly donate cannon fodder to help kill and be killed in Vietnam so we don't jeopardize our trading agreements with the US. Hence when a few men die in a tunnel, it's front page news for weeks and the 25 men killed in Vietnam get a microscopic 1/4 inch of column on the 12th page crammed in between a Woolworth's advert and the Auckland badminton championship results. (unless of course its a medical man.)

Without a doubt, the demonstrators in NZ have succeeded in letting the world know that there are many more people in NZ that oppose the war than actually support it. The Agnew demonstration produced amazing results. TV coverage across Asia, America, and Europe, radio reports every 1/2 hour in New York and LA. We were able—with the help of an explosion, a few bullets, and an over-reactive police force to demonstrate throughout the whole world our opposition to the Vietnam war.

The Clifford demonstration did more than just show to the world our opposition. In his life memoirs, Clifford admits that he came to NZ with the sole purpose of increasing NZ's troop commitment, but, on seeing the demonstration, he was surprised at its size, and at having to sneak into Parliament through a back door. He believed that NZ was really scared of the Reds and this demonstration more than any other, changed his attitude to the war. Holyoake, of course denied that troop commitments 'were even discussed' which meant that either Clifford or Holyoake was lying.

There is another result of demonstrating—you find that people, big important people will lie like hell to protect their position. The newspapers will report a 500 strong demonstration as 200. This is a deliberate lie to make the opposition look small. Police will lie to make the opposition look like criminals. The Security Service will lie to make the opposition look like communists. The P.M. will lie about the legality of Vietnam to make the opposition look wrong. They all tell lies.

Generally the world is sick, and it's up to us to make it better. Everyone can do something—even if it's just painting peace slogans on your neighbour's wall, or writing letters or handing out leaflets—don't let Vietnam become the Serbia or Spain of WWII. Every student, out of sheer animal survival should oppose wars, starvation, 1984., hate, suspicion, prejudice, racism, poverty and all the filth of our society. Help make a better world!

We hear so much about how aggressive the Japanese students seem to be in demonstrations against their ties with America. In NZ we have such quiet little demos about foreign bases. However last year's tame little Omega march would probably have become a little more heated if the South Island of NZ happened to contain over 50 American military bases as Okinawa does.

By Tim Shadbolt

Last week's Out of My Head column was written by Bill Rudman.

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Capping Threat

In an emotional scene, Capping Controller Don Henderson threatened to resign at last week's Executive meeting.

The threat arose out of Exec's discussion of the Capping budget for 1970. Henderson wished to allow \$150 for publicity posters.

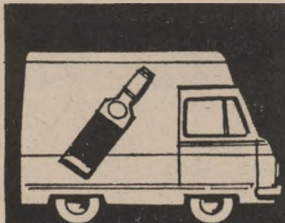
Student Liaison Officer John Coster questioned this amount and it was pointed out that posters for the Barn Dance, Freshers' Prom and Acid Rock had cost only \$14. Henderson and House Committee Chairman Richard Cross retorted that the Capping posters, the production of which is up to Cross, would be of a much higher quality.

Lady Vice President Alison Potter had said that she had been at the Capping committee that had discussed the budget all the time and at no time had she heard the figure of \$150 mentioned for publicity.

Cross: you were also talking all the time.

Henderson stated that he would take a motion reducing the amount as a motion of no-confidence in himself and he would resign.

When the scene had calmed down, the publicity item was reduced to \$105.



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Rhodesia—a case of Western Fascism

by Henderson Tapela

Talk about Southern Rhodesia as an African version of Vietnam sounds ridiculous. The Vietnamese have defied press censorship. When things happen in earnest, censorship is no barrier to knowing about them. For most of the time little is heard about the Zimbabwe liberation forces. Is there anything happening there?

Whilst in Botswana a few weeks ago I had the 'pleasure' to read Rhodesian papers. It was fascinating to read something that had the feel of home. That letter to the editor which said that "all the Africans I have met like old Smithie", that editorial which praised Rhodesia's remarkable economic growth since U.D.I., and the constant reiteration that 'Rhodesia has never been so much at peace', were all part of the often frustrating texture of Rhodesian mass media.

Ironically, in the centre page of the same paper (Bulawayo Chronicle) there was pictured a sexy girl packing cardboard boxes—"gifts to the men on the Zambezi"—an obvious advertisement to encourage Rhodesian 'citizens' to remember that whilst they enjoyed their Christmas in comfort away on the Zambezi valley a war was being fought. This has been going on since 1966 but Rhodesian mass media has been quiet over it except when the battle raged in such a way as to make it ridiculous not to mention something about it. Reports of such confrontations are merely statistical—so many guerrillas killed and so many security forces (usually one or two) wounded.

Rhodesia has been in a state of emergency since 1965. Until 1969, when the illegal parliament allowed the Minister of Law and Order to declare a state of emergency for a year, the state of emergency was renewed every three months. The Rhodesian Hansard is perhaps the most informative official document on the silent war in Rhodesia since the Minister at these renewals has to tell the illegal parliament why the state of emergency should be extended.

TERRORIST

In 1967 Ian Smith even sent a long report to the British Government on 'terrorist activities' mentioning that Robert Chikere and Oliver Tambo had announced from Lusaka that they had launched a war against the southern minority Governments. Not long after that South African security forces were invited to help patrol the Zambian border. They are still there and reputed to be doing a good job. An African member of the Rhodesian army told of their bravery and how Rhodesian whites chicken-out from the zones of operation. This is why, as compared to Rhodesian



white forces, more South African security men have been killed in the war.

The war has been going on for over four years but has only attracted occasional attention in the Western press. Quite frankly, the war is not Vietnamised yet. But the neglect of it by the Western press is out of proportion with what is happening there, considering that the Western press finds space every so often to say something about the slightest 'deviation' of African states from the path of sacred western democracy.

Except for the reason that I want to contribute in some way to the progress of this war, I am

not here interested in narrating the progress of the war. I am interested in posing the basic questions about this war: Why fight the war at all when the universal tendency is to do away with war entirely? Can this war be won by liberation forces? How? If won what then?

I, basically, am a pacifist. I hate the shedding of blood for superstitiously I have a feeling that the human body is sacred. But rather paradoxically I support and am prepared to fight on the side of the guerrillas in Southern Rhodesia.

The fight there is to establish a principle—a basic principle taken for granted everywhere—that none should be discriminated against on the grounds of race or colour. One might say that this could be talked over. This has been done. Up to 1965 Rhodesian African politicians concentrated on parliamentary methods to obtain legitimate civil rights for the mass of the African people. For firmly demanding these rights (which New Zealanders would consider anybody insane who tried to deprive them of) they have been restricted, detained and imprisoned. In 1965 the settler community declared itself independent of Britain and began

constitutional manoeuvres which guarantee perpetual white supremacy. There are two options for the black man in Rhodesia today—accept perpetual servitude or fight.

WAR

We have chosen the latter. I suppose we had no choice but the latter since a decision to submit could never be considered permanent. Whilst the youth of the world are now thinking of civil rights in a much deeper sense, the youth in Rhodesia are fighting for a basic principle which even the apologists of the Smith regime can't deny. Thus pacifist as I am, I accept this war because it is only when every individual in Rhodesia is allowed to exercise his civil rights that we can have any prospect for continued peace in the country.

Fascists are vocal in saying that we are fighting a lost cause. On the contrary, we believe that the anachronistic Smithites are fossils on the terrain of progressive mankind. Because they have no moral cause to fight, they will finally collapse as did Hitler and as they can see now Nixon and American imperialism in South East Asia. The liberation movements in Southern Africa have a clear conscience. They are fighting a just war. They are inspired with the doctrine of freedom—whereas their opponents are overburdened by their morbid selfishness. The winning of the war is a matter of time. It will be won by the progressive forces. There will be setbacks and the war might drag on for years but not even Smith would think that he will win in the end if he was not blinded by selfishness and shortsightedness.

The white settler community's fear of universal suffrage is based on selfishness. At present the 230,000 whites enjoy all the wealth of the country with the blacks given the left-overs. There are job reservations to ensure that Europeans don't compete with Africans on grounds of merit. Land is alienated so that the European section may exploit, unchallenged, the most fertile parts of the country. The new constitution ensures that national policy makers will always be the European minority.

SOCIALIST

To open opportunities for talent means flooding the labour market, land ownership, and the franchise with the 4,800,000 Africans. Obviously the competition will be great and many Europeans will miss out.

Basically, the European in Southern Rhodesia fears a fair distribution of wealth and that is exactly what the Africans will do when they eventually seize power. Zimbabwe is going to be a Socialist state with nobody



Ian Smith

enjoying an unfair distribution of the wealth of the country. Obviously, a fair distribution of wealth will mean that the inflated high standard of the whites will be lowered in order to bring the starving African above the breadline. Zimbabwe is going to be a state without millionaires as well as a country without the starving. These are our ideals and meanwhile we have to uproot the fascist regime.

How is the war going to Vietnamise to make the socialist approach possible? In a way Vietnamisation has begun. Already, we have foreign troops in the country—South African. The local regime has admitted its inability to handle the situation. South Africa continues to get its arms supply from Western States and no doubt they will get more when the war intensifies. We are getting our arms supply from the socialist states and already it has become an ideological clash—capitalists against socialists.

Very soon South Africans will be bombing our bases in the African states. I am not looking forward to this escalation of the war but that is going to be the logical outcome of an Africa divided into the fascist south and the non-racial north—two ideological concepts which can't co-exist.

When the African war breaks out it is not inconceivable that the ideologically bankrupt and decaying Western States will come to the aid of their fascist friends. Because the Western States represent no-one but the minority capitalist exploiters, their intervention on the side of fascism will, as it has done in the case of Vietnam, intensify the struggle of the progressive forces in the West and lead to the overthrow of the nauseating capitalist system. Thus Lenin's prediction that capitalism will have its death on the bed of imperialism will have been realised.

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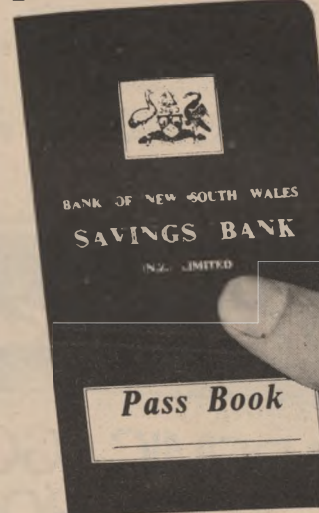
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NZ education "middle class"

"Education in New Zealand is played to middle-aged, middle-class rules", says controversial educationalist, Jack Shallcrass, of Victoria University, Wellington.

Speaking to N.Z.U.S.A. education officers at the annual March seminar, Mr Shallcrass argued that our education system is seen wrongly as a thing apart from everyday existence. There is a need, he continued, to see education as "an inseparable part of the organic process of society".

The system, he urged, needs the sort of people who look for new rules, and who will provoke "the sharp and abrasive conflict" necessary to redefine the place and purposes of education in our society.

The question we must ask is: 'What sort of community are we going to make of ourselves?'. Education policy in this country has been characterized by "too much pragmatic response" from the bureaucrats. What is needed, said Shallcrass, is more participation in decision-making by the "consumers"—the students.

But student participation should not be confined to teaching institutions. By participating more in the community, individual students might alter their sense of purpose: to see life and events in a new perspective, giving themselves "a stake in what they do".

The education officers were congratulated on the participation of students in promoting education as an issue in last year's General Election, by the Labour Party spokesman for education, Phil Amos, M.P.

Commenting on the development of Tertiary education in New Zealand, Mr Amos stressed the need for rapid expansion in the technical field. He felt, however, that a stigma had placed "vocational training" at a disadvantage to "broaden education".

He added that he was not certain that New Zealand could continue to expand the universities at the present rate. There is a need, he feels, for a

broad, liberal education at a "subordinate level institution", which could be fulfilled by something like a "community college".

He described the range of courses offered by the present technical institutions as "parsimonious", and suggested that this stemmed from too great a concern with an out-dated "agrarian approach" to non-academic education.

New Zealand has not given due recognition to the importance of polytechnics in the development of our society, Amos said. The rigidity in structure and attitude in the present polytechnics is not necessary, he concluded.

Other speakers were the former Director-General of Education, and sometime adviser on education to UNESCO, Dr C.E. Beeby, on the subject of "Education and the under-developed nations"; T. Simmonds, secretary, N.Z.E.I. on "Educational pressure groups in New Zealand"; and Lindsay Wright, Education officer for NZUSA on "N.Z.U.S.A. and education research".

Speakers and delegates to the seminar agreed that education pressure groups in 1970 must make the politicians live up to the promises so lavishly bestowed last year. Tactics, therefore, were of prime concern in the wide-ranging discussions, with an emphasis on the involvement of all students.

1970 is UNESCO International Education Year. The success of this requires the participation of the people—you: the students.—Pete Stallworthy.

Flats

Student demand for accommodation is now mainly for flats and houses, says the student lodgings officer, Mrs L.L. Williamson.

"That's the only problem we have at the moment," she said. "Towards the end of enrolment week, we were offered so much board that we now have an excess."

Asked if the students wanting flats and houses did not like boarding, she said, "No, we have used up a terrific amount of board."

She said that it was not yet possible to estimate the number of students who had applied to her office for accommodation but she would be releasing a report at the end of this month with all the relevant figures.

Banquet

The "Baron of Beef" banquet has been postponed to next Wednesday in order, says Soc Rep Jim Stevenson, to provide a fitting finale to Orientation Week.

The banquet is styled on the mediaeval banquets and provides a pound of beef per person, salad and the traditional mead. Prizes for the best costume, which must be worn, will be awarded.

Programme includes the Original Sun Blues Band and the Frank E. Evans Lunchtime Entertainment Band. Readings from bawdy poems, swordfights and other lewd extraneous items are on the programme.

Tickets are in sort supply and are on sale on campus and the Soc Rep's office.

Enrolment rate drops

The rate of increase for student enrolments at Auckland University is dropping rapidly, according to figures recently released by the assistant registrar (academic), Mr R.D. Stark.

All figures apply only up to the end of enrolment week. The rate of increase for this year is 6.5%, a drop of 5.2% from last year and 7.4% from 1968's 13.9%.

Mr Stark warned however that 1968 was possibly "the biggest enrolment we have ever had". He said the reason for the heavy drop this year was the University's policy of exclusion of overseas students and the relaxation of restrictions governing extra-mural enrolments.

The roll for this year up to the end of enrolment week stands at 8992, compared with 8448 for 1969 and 7562 for 1968. Mr

Stark said it was estimated, based on previous years' figures, that there would be between 150 and 250 late enrolments, thus raising the final figure to the maximum region of 9242.

The numbers broken down to faculties are: arts 3611 science 1723, commerce 1059, architecture professional 409, architecture intermediate 64, engineering professional 677, engineering intermediate 264, fine

arts 127, law 710, music 72.

Doctorate students number 147 and those doing COP units 365. Allowing for 236 students enrolled in more than one faculty, this leaves the total at 8992.

Mr Stark said the heaviest increases had been in arts "about 388" and commerce "about 94". The engineering intermediate roll was down from last year by about 50. Again this was a case of overseas students being excluded.

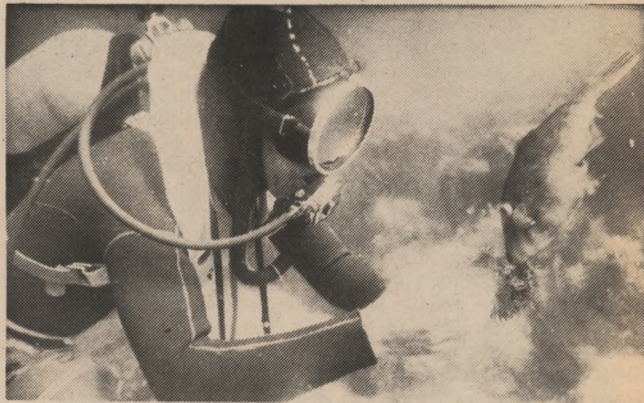
Yoga

A second yoga club has been formed on campus by the President of the Divine Life Society of New Zealand, Mr L. Postlethwaite.

Mr Postlethwaite, a former teacher, formed the society, the Yoga University Divine Society, (YUGSOC) because he felt the present yoga club was not operating as effectively as it might.

He is attempting to have YUGSOC affiliated to Studass. Societies' Rep Jim Stevenson is agreeable because, he said, the two societies can come "to some amicable arrangement". The new society's programme for this year aims at holding classes of physical exercises; developing a new approach to spiritual understanding and the discussion of yogic philosophy; co-operation with the International Yoga Fellowship.

Mr Postlethwaite said over 100 forms had been handed in to him already from students wishing to join the new society.



Underwater club

The Underwater Club is comprised of students from all faculties but has its deepest roots in the natural science faculty. This is probably because a dozen or more of these "hard core" divers are engaged upon active underwater research for their theses. The current trend is however for people from diverse backgrounds to regard skin-diving as a sport without equal for, interest, exhilaration, and hard physical exercise. Novice divers

usually find an introductory discussion-series and training programme useful before their first club trip. This is usually accomplished in the first six to eight weeks of term when there is least pressure from one's academic commitments. There will be a annual general meeting advertised on the club notice board for the 16th of March; when intending members can vote for the 1970 committee.

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The hemp plant *Cannabis sativa*, the source of the drug in its many forms is a common weed growing freely in many climates. There is no way of knowing precisely how extensive the world use may be today but a U.N. survey in 1950 suggested approximately 200 million people principally in Asia and Africa. Since then with the upsurge in use in Western societies a recent estimate of 20 million temporary or permanent users in the U.S.A. alone, gives some idea of the existing situation.

The drug is obtained almost exclusively from the female plant. When the cultivated plant is fully ripe, a sticky, golden yellow resin with a minty fragrance covers its flower clusters and top leaves. The plant's resin contains the active substances. Preparations of the drug come in three grades, identified by Indian names. The cheapest and least potent, called bhang, is derived from the cut tops of uncultivated plants and has a low resin content. Most of the marijuana smoked in the U.S. is of this grade. To the discriminating Hindu bhang is a crude substitute for ganja, a little like the difference between beer and fine Scotch, and its scorned by all but the poorest in India. Ganja is obtained from the flowering tops and leaves of carefully selected cultivated plants, and it has a higher quality and quantity of resin. The third and highest grade of the drug, called charas in India, is made from the resin itself, carefully scraped from the tops of mature plants. Only this version of the drug is properly called hashish; the common supposition that hashish refers to all varieties of cannabis drugs is incorrect. Charas, or hashish, is five to eight times stronger in effect than the most potent marijuana regularly available in the U.S.

It grows best on mountain slopes under cedar trees, and the higher up the mountain it grows, the better it is. It may be linked to the legends of the special food of the 'Immortals' who lived on mountain tops in ancient Greece, India and China.

Cannabis has been in use for thousands of years. The earliest recorded use is found in the Chinese herbal of Emporer Shen Nung, dated 2737 B.C. Records of the Ancient Egyptians and Assyrians also mention it. The first substantial literature on the subject comes from India where it appears as 'Soma' in the Rig-Veda. The Rig-Veda is the chief of the four vedas of ancient Hindu India and consist of hymns and prayers used in worship. These were being sung well before 800 B.C.

It is also mentioned by Homer and Herodotus. Remnants of hemp have been found in a funerary urn from Northern Europe and dated around the fifth century B.C. It appears that the use of hemp for rope and clothing seems to have been a late introduction. Not a single passage is to be found in the writings of the ancient Egyptians or Hebrews which make any allusion to such usage, the first mention of the manufacture of clothes and rope being third century B.C.

The following entries from George Washington's diary show that he personally planted and harvested hemp. As it is known that the potency of the female plants decreases after they have been fertilised by the males, the fact that he regrets having separated the male from the female plants too late (after fertilisation) clearly shows that he was cultivating the plant for both the drug and the fibre.

The origin of the word "assassin" has recently been used in an obscure attempt to prove the dangers of marijuana. It is interesting to read the whole story of the "assassins" which shows that the assassins committed their political murders for political reasons and not because they were high on pot. It appears that young men were successfully brainwashed by the clever use of hashish, beautiful and willing women and other pleasures which could be taken from them. The section following on medical effects would suggest that it was more than likely that the killings were not committed while under the influence of cannabis.

From Alamu the grand master and his disciples made surprise raids capturing other fortresses. They became experts in the art of assassination. Below the grand master stood the grand priors, each in charge of a district. Below these were the ordinary propagandists. The lowest degree of the order comprised the 'fida'is' who stood ready to execute the orders of the grand master.

"Now no man was allowed to enter the Garden save those who he intended to be his **ASHISHIN**. There was a fortress at the garden's entrance and no other way in. He kept at his court a number of the youths of the country from 12 to 20 years of age, such had a taste for soldiering. . . . Then he would introduce them into his garden, some four, or six, or ten at a time, having first made them drink a potion

So when the Old Man would have any prince slain, he would say to such a youth: "Go thou and slay So and So; and when thou returnest my Angels shall bear thee to Paradise. And shouldst thou die, natheless even so will I send my Angels to carry thee back into Paradise" (from "The Book Of Ser Marco Polo, the Venetian, Trans. H. Yule)

Although the Assassins had an extremely good brainwashing system it is unreasonable to indict cannabiz because of the activities of an efficient political organisation.

To quote Professor Grinspoon in the December 1969 issue of Scientific American, "Marijuana is definitely distinguishable from other hallucinogenic drugs. Although it produces some of the same effects, it is far less potent. It does not alter consciousness to nearly so great an extent nor does it lead to increasing tolerance to the drug dosage. Moreover marijuana smokers can usually gauge the effects accurately and thus control the intake of the drug to the amount required to produce the desired degree of euphoria."

Many report that the smoker finally becomes drowsy and goes to sleep. This probably arises because pot is usually smoked at night. There is evidence to show that sleep is not a direct result of marijuana.

The bodily symptoms are usually slight, although in some cases there can be nausea, vomiting or diarrhea, particularly if taken orally.

Normally there is only slight, if any, dilation of the pupils, slight tremors and a mild lack of co-ordination. There is consistently an increase in pulse rate; urination tends to increase in frequency; mouth and throat may feel dry.

Below are some examples of clinical investigations.

- (1) R.S. Morrow (in La Guardia Rept. – Mayor of New York) found that even in large doses Marijuana did not affect performance on tests of the speed of tapping or the quickness of response to simple stimuli. Did not impair hearing acuity, musical ability or ability to judge short time intervals or short distances. Did affect steadiness of hand and reaction time for complex stimuli.
- (2) L.D. Clark, E.N. Nakashima – (University of Utah College of Medicine) used 8 tests of perception, co-ordination and learning. Found 8 performances even at high doses did not affect 6 tests. The other 2 tests did not have complete data.
- (3) A.T. Weil, N.Z. Zinberg, J.M. Nelson – (Boston Univ. School of Medicine)
 - (a) in a neutral setting (i.e. laboratory) persons who are naive to marijuana (i.e. beginners) do not experience a 'high' as described by experienced smokers.
 - (b) Performance of marijuana – naive persons are impaired on simple intellectual and psychomotor tests after smoking.
 - (c) Performance of regular smokers not impaired and sometimes improved.
 - (d) No change in pupil size.
 - (e) No change in blood sugar levels.
 - (f) Effects reach maximum intensity within half hour, diminish within an hour and are completely gone in 3 hours.
- (4) Crancer, Dille, Delay et al. (Univ. of Washington & Motor Vehicles Dept.) This was a study of the effects of marijuana on driving. When subjects were 'high' they accumulated significantly more speedometer errors on the simulator, than when normal, but there was no significant differences in accelerator, brake, signal, steering and in total errors. The same subjects when intoxicated with alcohol accumulated significantly more errors in all tests and in total except for steering errors. Furthermore, impairment in simulated driving performance apparently is not affected by increased dosage of marijuana or with inexperience with the drug.

Shoenfield (1944) considers that marijuana is no more of an aphrodisiac than alcohol and the drug is not used for sexual

The connection of marijuana with narcotics is quite unfounded. "Practically all informed opinion is satisfied that neither tolerance nor dependence develop with the use of Cannabis"—Sir Aubrey Lewis, emeritus Professor of Psychiatry, University of London in evidence for the Wootton Report.

Again to quote Sir Aubrey Lewis—"there is no unequivocal evidence that cannabis can be the major or sufficient cause of any form of psychosis".

This charge however is perhaps the most serious. A number of psychiatrists in Asia and Arab countries talk of a specific "cannabis psychosis". This will be discussed in a separate section. Leaving the "cannabis psychosis" aside there is no real evidence to justify the charge but there is certainly evidence to refute it. Sir R.N. Chopra and Dr I.C. Chopra (1957) produced a well documented study in India.

They found 9 cases of frank insanity in 466 cannabis smokers and 4 cases among 772 cannabis drinkers. The prevalence rate of psychosis among these users is very similar to the prevalence rate obtained in surveys of the TOTAL population in areas of Europe and North America. Hence, we have the paradox that although marijuana may attract unstable people, the prevalence of major mental disorders among cannabis smokers is similar to that of the general population. Thus it seems that cannabis psychosis is very rare indeed, or that it substitutes for other forms of psychosis or even that the drug is protecting its users from ordinary psychosis.

We recently had the example of the man convicted of the Bassett Road machine-gun murder warning young people about marijuana because it was the cause of his killings.

Again there is no evidence to support this statement and much against it.

An investigation by the District Attorney of New Orleans of 17,000 felonies and 75,000 misdemeanors in New York City between 1932 and 1937 found hardly any correlation between marijuana use and serious crime, and no correlation with murder or sex crimes. This result was confirmed 22 years later in another study of 15,000 confessions in the New York County.

The Medical Council of New York County has stated flatly that there is no evidence to support the allegation. The 1962 report of the President's Ad Hoc Panel of Drug Abuse found similarly as did the La Guardia report of the Mayor of New York.

It is interesting to note that in countries with a long history of marijuana smoking, usually for religious reasons, there is a ban on alcohol—a drug they consider leads to violence and crime.

To quote a local expert, Dr P.P. Savage of Oakley Hospital, who is against the legalisation of marijuana, agreed on a radio debate with me that there is no evidence to show marijuana led to narcotics.

To quote Grinspoon (Scientific American) "The 1937 Federal law that made cannabis illegal led to a rise in price that provided an incentive to pushers of narcotics to handle marijuana also without

increased legal risk. The resulting exposure of users to the potential use of narcotics. However no such relation has been found in several studies, including the La Guardia study and the Presidents Ad Hoc Committee". Figures presented in the recent N.Z. Health Dept report also suggest no correlation.

An interesting point is raised by Beckett (New Society August 1968) in an analysis of 1967 statistics in Britain. Looking at a breakdown of figures by age, the total numbers had risen by 44%, but the proportion of heroin addicts under 20 had fallen from 35% in 1966 to 29% in 1967. How were these 77 young people protected? Beckett suggests; "may it be for instance that cannabis, often assumed to be a staging post to addictive drugs, is in fact filtering off a number who might otherwise have turned directly to them."

Although it is trite, the following statement by Dr J. Goddard, former head of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, shows how illogical the allegation is.

"While it is true that many heroin users have smoked marijuana, it is also true that most heroin users have drunk alcohol or milk."

The corollary to this statement is that if they are not affected then there is not enough study been done.

From the evidence the above statement is not true and there are many studies of long term users. In fact great civilisations and cultures have developed without the necessity of banning marijuana.

In America studies of the effect of chronic users of periods of 7 - 8 years had no effect. The British Government commissioned a report known as the Indian Hemp Drug Commission 1894 consisting of over 3,000 pages.

To quote some sections:

"In regard to physical effects, the Commission have come to the conclusion that the moderate use of hemp drugs is practically attended by no evils at all."

"... the moderate use of the drug (over long periods), produces



injurious effects on the mind."

"... it may be added that the moderate use of the drug is the rule, and that the excessive use is exceptional."

Similar investigations by Chopra find no long term effects.

What of the reports of a "cannabis psychosis" by some psychiatrists in Egypt, Morocco and India? The symptoms have not been adequately described and as Grinspoon writes the symptoms are similar to those of malnutrition and endemic infections. In fact one of the strongest advocates of this "disease" is a Moroccan who states that 5 in 1000 smokers in Morocco suffer from this psychosis. As shown earlier this is much lower than the prevalence of psychosis in a total population in North America or Europe and in fact adequately destroys his case.

Briefly there is no evidence to show that long term use is harmful and much evidence to show that it is not.

MOTIVATION

The motivation of users is dependent on cultural, historical and socio-economic reasons.

In North Africa, the Middle East and Asia three reasons can be distinguished.

Cultural and religious history make it an integral part of society. It is still widely used as a medicine.

To alleviate pain, and suffering. To quote Chopra; "A common practice among labourers is to have a few pulls at a ganja pipe or to drink a glass of bhang towards the evening. This produces a sense of well-being, relieves fatigue, stimulates appetite, and a feeling of mild stimulation, which enables the worker to bear more cheerfully the strain and monotony of the daily routine of life".

There is a 50% consumption in some areas during harvest time, and from Hindu literature:

"The supporting power of bhang has brought many a Hindu family safe through the miseries of famine. To forbid or even seriously to restrict the use of so holy and gracious a herb... would rob the people of solace in discomfort, of cure in sickness, of a guardian whose gracious protection saves them from the attacks of evil influences—So grand a result, so tiny a sin!"

In Western societies however the motivation is quite different. Ten years ago it might have been reasonable to suggest that young people who smoked cannabis were either rejects from society or those who wished to challenge society. Today however, with millions of young people smoking pot in America, and in Britain and New Zealand in large, increasing numbers, the motivation is not as simple for society to understand.

Although probably initially it was a youthful challenge to society is not that today. It would seem to be simply a pleasurable experience—an integral part of a complicated energetic life.

To suggest that it is used by society's rejects as a means of escape is contrary to all sociological and medical evidence.

WINNING

This is the crux of the problem. Why if all the medical and sociological evidence—and there is a substantial amount—show that cannabis is not injurious to the individual or the society, is there such public clamour against legalisation?

Murphy (in Bull. on Narcotics, 1963) writes: "In Anglo-Saxon cultures inaction is looked down on and often feared, whereas per-activity, aided by or independent of alcohol, is considerably tolerated despite the social disturbance produced. It may be that we can ban cannabis simply because people who use it, or would do so, carry little weight in social matters and are relatively easy to control; whereas the alcohol user often carries plenty of weight in social matters and is difficult to control; as the prohibition era showed. It has yet to be shown, however, that one is socially or personally more

disruptive than the other."

Dr Joel Fort, a consultant on drug addiction to the World Health Organisation and former staff member of the U.S. hospital for drug addicts in Lexington, Kentucky has stated bluntly that cannabis is a valuable pleasure-giving drug, probably much safer than alcohol. This view is shared by Guy's Hospital Gazette which states that the problem of marijuana has been "created by an ill-informed society rather than the drug itself." The Lancet (1963), having considered the evidence, called for a discussion of the possibility of repealing the laws prohibiting cannabis.

An Oxford student states, "of course, anyone who rejects the Protestant Ethic or some related set of social obligations, such as Marxism, can be expected to be branded as an escapist for refusing to do someone else's dirty work. But cannabis is a bad escape route, alcohol can blot out reality, but cannabis tends to magnify it. The sort of person who wishes to escape from reality may turn to heroin or they may turn to the Church but they are unlikely to continue to smoke cannabis."

Alexander Trocchi, in his novel Cain's Book, put these words into the mouth of one of his characters;

"It's a nice tangible cause for juvenile delinquency. And it lets most people out because they're alcoholics. There's an available pool of wasted-looking bastards to stand trial as corrupters of their children. It provides the police with something to do, and as junkies and pot heads are relatively easy to apprehend because they have to take so many chances to get hold of their drugs, a heroic police force can make spectacular arrests, lawyers can do a brisk business, judges can make speeches, the big pedlars can make a fortune, the tabloids can sell millions of copies. John Citizen can sit back feeling exonerated and watch evil get its deserts."

And this basically is the reason for the public repression of marijuana. It is partly hopeless ignorance and partly hypocrisy. Unfortunately the public education programmes are usually mis-informed and over-emotional. Examples are the brandishing of Gillies' confession over the Bassett Road murders and Dr Savage of Oakley's statement in the Women's Weekly which said in part "The longer the hair, the more bare the feet, the more pseudo-intellectual, the more readily the victim."

THERAPEUTIC USES:

Another example of the emotional attitude on marijuana is the little research that has been done on its therapeutic and medical uses. When we consider the billions of dollars spent on the development of drugs it seems illogical that so little has been done on a drug that has been used over a large part of the world since ancient times as a therapeutic agent.

One reason is the strict laws governing its use, another is basically the emotional attitude to it.

There is evidence that it could be developed into an extremely useful medical aid.

A valuable study by Allentuck has shown that it is on preliminary tests a useful drug to use in withdrawing narcotic addicts from their dependence on heroin, opium. He found it alleviated or eliminated all usual withdrawal symptoms.

A century ago a French physician reported that he had successfully treated melancholia and other chronic mental illnesses by the use of cannabis. One problem has been the difficulty of standardising a dose for clinical purposes. The development of synthetic chemicals however has helped such studies. Other American and Canadian studies have shown that tetrahydrocannabinol is a useful agent in alleviating withdrawal symptoms.

It is a comment on society that no large-scale follow-up of these findings has been undertaken.

LEGALISED IN N.Z?

One immediate result would be that young people would not be sent to prison for periods of six months as is happening at present.

The cry that our society would decay is emotional and unlikely. Just as New Zealand did not decay after the liberalisation of sexual mores during the fifties, the legalisation of marijuana would not turn us into a nation of potheads.

Would N.Z. readily absorb a basically alien drug such as cannabis into its social and cultural fabric? Conjecturally, it is possible that alcohol has such a stranglehold in New Zealand that cannabis would not have a major effect. One fairly typical, well-balanced New Zealander who experienced pot in Australia said "I would never really get 'stoked' on marijuana. I enjoy my beer too much."

The main stream of N.Z. life is centred largely around the rugby club and the pub. Tradition and custom are on the side of alcohol. The 'Kiwi' with his jug of beer and million dollar investment in the T.A.B. sees pot as an evil foreign drug that is smoked by long-haired students and scruffy unemployed louts!

The large number of other outlets, particularly sporting, available in New Zealand would surely minimise the effect of the legislation of marijuana on New Zealand.

LEGALISATION?

The first reason is that the present system is hypocritical. And it is also harmful. It is wrong that young New Zealanders should be jailed for up to 14 years for growing marijuana. A drug which is patently less harmful socially and personally than alcohol and nicotine can turn a young useful member of our community into a criminal with prison experience. The cure appears more harmful than the cause.

Because of this the bar on marijuana is leading not only to ridicule of indefensible legislation but also to contempt for other legislation.

A second argument often presented is that the present situation leads young people into association with unscrupulous pushers of narcotics. This does not appear to be valid in New Zealand at present. There is some evidence in the U.S.A. that pushers are doctoring marijuana with narcotics so that they can gain a captive market. In India it is well known that professional robbers have doctored hashish with datura to produce temporary madness in their victims.

The final reason is in my mind the most important. By common consent narcotics such as heroin, morphine and hallucinogens such as L.S.D. are injurious for both society and the individuals involved. There is however, an abysmal lack of knowledge among the public. This is unaided by the scare propaganda of the Health Dept and others. If there is to be credibility in their campaign to educate then it will become obvious that the present ban on marijuana is illogical and unreasonable. Unless marijuana is removed from its association with the narcotics and the hallucinogens, the large number of young people who know the facts about pot, will treat the factual information on hard drugs with contempt.

If the students of New Zealand call for the legislation of pot along with their motions on effective control on the use of the dangerous drugs it will not mean that parliament will pass a law. What it will mean is that the public will be forced to discuss the whole drug problem, probably initially in an emotional way but finally in a more reasonable way. Before A.U.S.A. passed a motion in favour of legislation the only public statements on drugs came from ill-informed magistrates and emotional Health Dept and police sources.

During the period between this and when we changed our minds there was an opportunity for a rational public discussion. As soon as we returned to the status quo discussion stopped.

We may initially create some bad public feeling towards students, but I think this is a small price to pay in an attempt to help solve the tragic problem, not only of young people being branded as criminals, but of the drug addict himself.

Craccum's arts



Leon Narby

Three of us drove down to New Plymouth on Friday night in the Morris Minor, filled with sleeping bags, blankets and flashy clothes for the big Sunday opening. New Plymouth is about 20 miles long and two blocks wide, the original ribbon development. The gallery, an old cinema newly converted standing in a clear corner site, exposed all round, has great acres of plain walls that are ripe for some supergraphics treatment instead of the architectural univers bold letters on its now.

On Saturday the place seemed deserted but a Maori assistant let us in and we found where everyone was—about a dozen people helping Leon—crammed into this tiny tearoom at the end of a long narrow corridor having afternoon tea. Leon was in the gallery, and anyway, we wanted to see the show so we went back into the gallery to find him, let him know we had arrived and that, and take in the scene.

Well, the gallery is a pretty huge space, being an old picture theatre. It's about 150 feet long and 30 feet wide and high at the entrance end for the circle, about 40 feet and going down at the screen end to about 20 feet high. The architect has put in 5 levels here, about 1/3 of the ground level only being used for gallery so that it steps up twice and then turns around and back up to the high end. It is completely artificially lit and there are no colours in the decor—everything is just white, greys and black which is quite smooth for a gallery.

We picked our way through some burnished aluminium panels leaning against the walls and these lights started going off and on, different colours and that. We went up the stairs through these strips of black plastic about 15 inches wide hanging down like washing off the wires strung across the stairs well about 18 inches apart and lights were going on and off most of the time. Then we saw Leon on the third level, at the screen end, surrounded by half a dozen men, busy, talking to some audio technicians. They were setting up the final touches contact mikes on the balustrades and the wires that the plastic hung off so that when people were climbing the stairs and touching them, the sounds would be amplified and come out at some other part of the gallery.

We said hi to Leon, and Phil, who's just got back from the U.K. said *How's things* and that sort of stuff but Leon was busy so we moved on and took in the show. On the highest level, the fourth level to be reached, was a suspended sagged black p.v.c. ceiling and on the floor were these fluorescent tubes of blue and red and white propped up diagonally in cube frames. When we walked past them, they suddenly started flicking on and off in patterns and then I saw the electric eyes, hundreds of them, all through the gallery. Ah, now I get it, these switch everything on and off when you walk past. *This is it!* Audience participation *No show without the viewer!* This is *real* modern art!

The fifth level, about six feet down from this one and over the entrance door had many rows of three inch wide plastic, clear chite and mirrored, hanging down and when you walked through the plastic on these white strips of fibre board on the floor, contact switches turned on lights and they did their little thing and when you stepped off, they went out.

Back on the level where Leon was talking, against the screen wall were panels of burnished aluminium, propped up diagonally against each other at about 70 degrees to the horizontal. The walls were covered in aluminium too and in the corners where each pair of propped panels met were more fluorescent tubes. These were activated by—no not an electric eye, but an ultra-sonic eye—wow! *They're worth real money!*

Up near the ceiling, hung off the grey painted I-beams and fitted between the ventilation ducts and light fittings, there was a fluorescent argon and neon zig-zag tube which suddenly buzzed into life when I walked through an electric eye beam.

I could go on and describe the rest of it but its not really worth it except for one space, the best in the show, which was just inside the entrance... but to one side. There are two more electric eyes that work in relay so that only when you *walk* into the space do they

work and then there is a delay of five or six seconds when you're standing in this dim, almost dark, wondering what is going to happen next when suddenly *Blam!!* on *Blam!!* off these white fluorescent tubes in strips along the floor and ceiling on the wall explode with this *amplified* sound and you are in darkness again. *Wow*, what shock—it *really* worked.

Apart from this the show is a real disappointment. Sixteen months of hard work and \$7,000 of gear lent or donated (according to the catalogue) has produced so little. Leon took on too much. The space is too big for him. The show is shambling and incoherent, seeming to lack any real overall planning concept. It just cannot sustain itself. There is too little interaction between each level for the space as a whole to be affected. There was not enough good gutsy useful thing happening to do anything except give me a feeling of non-fulfilment. Leon seems to have become hung up on the perfection of detail: the workmanship of the individual pieces is beautiful. His earlier free-standing neon sculptures are far superior to this show—he is more of a miniaturist and there are few miniaturists who can handle large things.

The whole thing looks too much as though he has been donated this stuff and then thought that he had to use it all somewhere. Of course, the easy stuff to get, like aluminium and plastic is used a lot; far too much. The aluminium, even, doesn't work well. I would have thought that mirror finished aluminium would have worked much better than burnished, breaking up the real space, providing ambiguities, etc. The reflections from the burnished aluminium are too hazy, there's a barrier between the real and reflected,—you know what's *real*.

Staging the show in a real building has its difficulties. No matter how much he tries to dissolve the real building, everytime you walk up a stair or hold on to a bannister or look up at the ceiling with its exposed services, you are brought right back home again. The plastic is not strong enough emotively to do anything except hang the building—it doesn't really define space; even with the sagging ceiling he stops the plastic because the exposed ventilation ducts in the road and *bang*, you're back in reality again.

With the gear he had at his disposal, he would have been much more successful if he had used half the gallery and edited and concentrated the whole thing. It's like the watery double L.P. that would always make the great single L.P.

Another broader implication, but one just as important to Leon is to continue this direction in his work, is the usefulness of the stuff to potential customers. A smaller, better controlled portable show that could have been moved around the country as an exhibition set up at industries fairs or something as well as at galleries, would have made it much easier for Leon to find the support from the big corporations that he needs to survive.

Anyway, we never used the flashy clothes at the big Sunday opening. We called in the next day before setting back for home, twenty minutes to see the show in use. The sounds which were in the sound, if that's the right word, were a disappointment too. Not loud enough, not complex enough, not enough of them. The kids present were getting as much as they could out of the show, running around setting off all the electric eyes, pushing through the plastic, jumping on the false floors to activate the contact switches but man—the gear isn't tough enough for that sort of treatment.

The whole show was too serious, too esoteric, too academic. With that money and that time we could have dismantled the Whitton's tomato sauce electrographic sign in Newmarket and reassembled it in the gallery. Imagine,—that great, bright, multicoloured buzzing *monster*, with, as a centre-piece, a giant baroque Wurlitzer juke-box with some big, heavy electric music in that people could play, lit up with lilac and green lights and blasting out Sympathy for the Devil at 100 decibels—PLEA-EASE ALLOW ME TO INTRA-DUCE MAH-SELF — AH'M A MAN OF WEL-ALTA AN TA-ASTE!!

Man—now that would have been a *real* time!—F. Bruce Cavell



An obvious but extremely perceptive social satire, John Schlesinger's *Midnight Cowboy* is undoubtedly one of the best films to come out of 1969. It is one of those rare films which may shock, delight, offend, even reduce to tears but when it is over it will leave you so stunned that it will take you some time to feel normal again.

Both John Voight and Dustin Hoffman are magnificent. Voight is the 'cowboy' from Big Springs, Texas, a stupid, naive, amiable country boy who considers himself 'one beautiful stud'. The descendant of at least two generations of whores, Joe Buck's life long ambition is to become a successful male hustler. Decked out in his cowboy drag, he travels by bus from Texas to New York through an America where everything from road signs to the exaggerated idiots on the bus, is mocked.

Once in New York, Joe makes it obvious that his sturdy frame is very much for hire. But his first encounter, with an aging call girl who makes HIM pay for their pleasure, is just the beginning. As the film progresses, he is beaten down by religious fanatics, drag queens, sadomasochists and sick kids. But he goes on believing in himself while the audience finds itself wishing he would have some success or find himself a true friend.

Friendship with Ratso, a sick, seedy bootmaker's son who is physically crippled, seems far from likely when the petty chiseler exploits Joe. But it isn't long before Joe, desperate and broke, accepts Ratso's offer to stay with him in a condemned tenement building. Joe experiences platonic friendship in the deepest sense with Ratso. Hoffman, as Ratso inspires pity and love, without sentimentality. He plays the conman superbly, going beyond caricature to make the obvious, superficial things about Ratso (his limp, his cough, his Yiddish accent) less important than the actual character.

As Joe Buck, Voight makes it hard for us to dismiss him as an

ignorant freak. Schlesinger makes us feel for these pathetic victims of the city—people we would normally dismiss—and our involvement is genuine. The scene at the party, an open burlesque on Warhol, with weird characters, loud music and overdone psychedelic colours, particularly touching. As Joe makes his first hit with a New York woman, Ratso has an attack on the stairs and we know he doesn't have much longer to live.

Schlesinger has a brilliant eye for sexual encounters, and *Midnight Cowboy* is his showcase. Perhaps the most successful is Joe's time with Shirley (Brenda Vaccaro) near the end of the film. Not satisfying is the flashback technique used to sketch in the vital stages of Joe's adolescence. Those who read James Leo Herlihy's novel after seeing the film will be able to unfold his past more clearly and get to know the character on more profound terms.

There are numerous well defined minor characters, all of whom are excellent. The most outstanding of these is John McGiver as the pathetic middle-aged homo who is brutalised by Joe in a horrible sadistic scene. There is also a good deal of both sly and open humour which provides much needed relief.

Midnight Cowboy is certain to be one of the most publicised and discussed films of the year. As such it is almost required viewing for anyone at all interested in contemporary cinema. Those who want a more valid reason for laying their money down need only know that Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman give two of the year's most outstanding performances. Both have been nominated for Academy Awards as 'best actor' for their work in this film. It is anyone's guess which of the two will rank higher. But even if neither wins the award both will be long remembered for *Midnight Cowboy*. It is not a faultless film—it is a strikingly vivid one.—W.M.L.



m Ferris/Rode





Mike Tubberty

in Ferris/Roderick Horn/Tony Blackett in Papal Quarters

HADRIAN VII. By PETER LUKE, MERCURY THEATRE February 27 - March 21

The parasite—play is hardly a new phenomenon, there is the grand old English tradition of pillage and let plagiarize, but the new playwrights of London are not the poets that the faggot Elizabethans were; they are, rather, journalists seeking the significant before the original. Not the taking of the tale and concocting the New at this time and this place but the sibylline comment from eccentric ancestors which will inform the present of its dilemmas and the desuetude of its solutions. Such is *HADRIAN VII* at first regard; a *deus misereatur* for the present time but with a redeeming comic vision; Charl. Chaplin as *alazon*, first as private chaplain to the Cardinal-Archbishop of Pimlico, then as Pope Hadrian VII. Peter Luke has a way with his words here which could be compared to Stoppard, not the meaning in silence of the pinteresque but the exuberance of the Anglo-Saxon, the Language itself conjuncted with the folk memory: the mummer, vaudeville, music-hall, Marie Lloyd, Danny La Rue.

The play concerns cult-figure Frederick William Rolfe who was also Baron Corvo, and who exercised his soul at that sweep of the late 19th century when it was the fashion for crazy Decadents to turn from hashish to the Roman Catholic church or, at least, to love in the Greek manner, or celibately. Luke the Journalist bases his premises on Rolfe's novel of the same name and on Symon's *The Quest For Corvo*, delighting in the phantasy but lumbering in the meaningful overtones.

Rolfe himself was converted from schoolteaching the classics to a vocation, as he thought, but despite studies in both Birmingham and Rome he was unacceptable to his superiors, and switched to religious painting and photography. *HADRIAN THE SEVENTH* is the record of his humiliation before Rome developed as hallucination and self-vindication. The limitations in Luke's collation of this material are the exposition of the facts of Rolfe and an awkward naturalistic style. The success of the Mercury's production was in the suppression of these.

Roderick Horn was inspired as Rolfe/Hadrian, the first English pope since Nicholas Breakspare (this is phantasy), with an obsession for the fine old English tradition of personal hygiene and sanitation, above all for fair play and for revenge on those who did stand in the

way of the 'career'. His timing was as near to perfection as the Mercury would dare hope to be, and all the time in that papish get-up! The Artful Dodger in the Vatican and English to the end. It was as though *The Shoes of The Fisherman* had been set in Oxford. Yet his performance was erratic: as Rolfe in those scenes which bracket the phantasy, his staccato delivery was almost unbearable, the words of Luke tossed out with the defiance of a mad bombardier and during this time the door stuck, the set shook, and the stageboards wheezed. Beyond this niggardly trivia, that cataleptic left leg, the business with the cigarettes, and the fine scatology which Luke had written there. And all the while, Horn's business sense was instructive to those about him, a gaggle of a supporting cast that hedged itself between the barely adequate and the bad.

David Weatherley grasped earnestly after intelligence but never seemed quite to find it; his changes of pace or of tone were more usually ineffectual than not and yet, this distance from the action was appropriate at times, the confession scene for one. As Jeremiah Sant, Roy Heyberd was more often ludicrous than comic, his was an attempt to perform rather than to act and even if he did appear to be enjoying himself, his few moments of comedy were designed by Luke, not executed by Heyberd. The shooting of Hadrian by Sant was mistimed, inappropriate buffoonery and shattered the production more than it collapsed the hallucination, that ridiculous capgun belonging to the circus ring rather than to Rolfe's time of self-recognition.

Ian Mune's cartoon Italian Cardinal was a distraction more than a character but was certainly livelier than John Cronin's painfully pompous Dr Courtleigh. His appearance killed the pace, while his minimal acting belied his melodramatic phrasing. Perhaps the problem with these characters was an awkwardness in a production that was at times too self-consciously the Mercury's contribution to the *Festival*, to ART, for the year. If past experience is any indication, we are unlikely to have a play as challenging as this again before the next Festival. That was the pity.

Luke's play is about language, circumstance, the individual phantasy before it is about Catholicism or politics, and it was only an uncertainty about this that at times dulled what is the Mercury's first genuinely 'professional' production.—Alan Brunton.



Emily Frankel

Dance drama at it's best. Miss Frankel would be the greatest exponent of modern dance to hit the shores of New Zealand for many years.

Three pieces were presented and left as an overall picture, a vision of sound and poetry in motion. This is more than virtuosity, it deepens, enriches and adds a further dimension to the exquisitely told picture, without detracting from the sound itself. Truly this is a fusion of the arts, a deeply moving, unforgettable experience of sound and sight.

Miss Frankel's first ballet was entitled *Childs Play*, to the music of Benjamin Britten. A montage of hats, scarves, umbrellas, boxes, chairs and other paraphernalia. The awakening to playtime and the subsequent tantrums of the child, then the sudden reversal to the withdrawn, almost secret dreams and play of the young girl. Each prop appeared to take life and melded into the total movement experience.

Fantasy, the second piece, was when the audience really came to Miss Frankel. A masterly display of reaction to sound and impeccable control were its characteristics. It opened with a series of flowing floor rolls, which at the same time, established the central thread of the dance. I was particularly impressed with the phrase of staccato sounds. The control of body mechanics, the uncontrolled, yet strangely controlled jerks from one extremity of the body to another, were an education to watch. How an injury was not sustained I am still wondering! Laughter, bells, air raid sirens, all broken by the central thread of running water and floor rolls. The intensity of feeling, as the sirens wailed, sent shivers up the spines of most of the audience, and as Miss Frankel left the stage that peculiar silence that one so rarely finds, lingered on. Then the applause. This piece was a text book example of dance composition, and it is a pity that a

choreographer of Miss Frankel's skill could not stay with us to teach, but this, as usual, appears to be impossible.

One would think it hard to cap and then beat the first two ballets, remembering that Emily Frankel is a solo dancer for this tour. Yet, and this is a tribute to her great ability, she more than accomplished it. I must admit that I nearly left on hearing that she was to dance the *Four Seasons* (of Life), to Vivaldi's music of the same name. This theme has been thrashed by every amateur dance drama exponent, and has given me artistic diarrhoea on many an occasion. However, the initial effort to stay was worthwhile. The *Spring of life*, left me cold, though I must acknowledge the extreme technical difficulty and subsequent ease of accomplishment of this sector, again proving that Miss Frankel is a dancer of the highest ability. From that point on the piece moved from strength to strength, through the high jinks of summer. Miss Frankel's ballon and elevation, unusual for the female dancer, enabled her to carry this solo away with considerable elan.

The Autumn of her life was monotonous, though choreographically correct, as it provided the perfect vehicle to Winter and death. The art of stage death, and in particular the dancers' version can tend to be somewhat sickly. Miss Frankel avoided this trap and provided a thoroughly convincing picture of old age and final demise. She ran the full gamut, from the young girl to the grey-faced dying woman, so convincingly—this with no real help from lighting or costumes, to me a hallmark of the true artist.

To sum up, I am happy to say that Miss Frankel is one of the best products of the American dance drama schools that I have seen. It is to be hoped that more people will take the opportunity of viewing her work, and that we will see her early return to New Zealand with more of her excellent ballets.—Patrick Grant

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Seats \$1 - \$2 less student concession

Frankly flirtatious

Who has to make excuses?

jennifer dean



BOUTIQUE

Australian new poets 2

BILL BEARD STATEMENT

it seems fashionable to me to have this obsession with offset printing
(I really cannot articulate this but if you can call ronoeing in any
manner "organic" then offset printing is less "organic") do you no
there is a large publishing co, in london now forsaking paperbak
poetry yooks fr the ronoeed sheets of poetry (info precise info yet to
arrive as to wen & wot / why is obvious = therz money ito be made
out of ehm pf kids & thr poetry kwik on with the groovy poetry
ronoeed sheets bfor anybody else does (trouble is the "kids"—trocchi
logue that i no of must be countless others = have been bringing out
thr broadsheets with thr own poetry & dsine work fr at least a decade
now will be swamped by The Corporations with all thr monopolies)

NIGEL ROBERTS

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STATEMENT

DONALD ALLENS new american poets 1946-1960 was the book we
passed around the dorm . . . so we are possessed of some american
inheritance . . . ginsberg, carlos williams, rechy, mcclure, olson,
burroughs, brautigan, ferlinghetti & so on . . . but thats us & it
doesn't have to be you but read them, for they live in this half of the
century

jcsus / robert graves
is in town / & giving a reading
at the town hall / wednesday
night.

last week
terry & i / went
to speak with a friend / an established poet
the conversation
was literary / our work
carlos williams & graves on yates etc.
institutions & asylums

he has made it / he is settled in his madness
of deciding & saluting the reality of things
the poet at his desk / sharpening his pencils
& checking that the bookcase is in order.

a poet is a man / who camphors his chest
& inhales / the mendicant air
of himself

NIGEL ROBERTS

within the sounds of labourers dropping briks
& in site of political hedlions
a girl sits
elbows on her knees
looking into morning winds
seeing her Relationship
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& not noing wot tdo
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wottami going todo
i dont even know wot i want

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—thru sity parks
along dserted main streets
& thru city watchhouses
ovrflowing with intelligence

—YOU sd copne.4516
coming into the cell
THE BRAINS OF THE CLASS AT STATE SCHOOL
AND LOOK WHERE YOU END UP

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& the ocean
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— the silent
withing the sound of dumping waves
& the fresh smell of horseshit on wet sand
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in plankton
in shells
in vibrations from other shores
and is wide enuff
to accept wot is given
in the sum of humaneffluent/affluence
& the warm tears ofa girl
—so much todo so much todo she sd
my hand on her thigh
lend me yr comb
/in the time of silent gulls
trees creaking
& dropping petals
go spit in the hands of
patronage

winds blow

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retain our present policy.

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Officer,

Capping Book Rejected

Our local body councils have refused permission to sell 1970 Capping Book in their areas and six have refused permission to hold the charity collection.

Three official refusals over sales have been received from Whangarei, Otahuhu and East Coast Bays. No official letter has been received from the Manukau City Council but newspaper reports indicate that permission has been refused.

It was stated in the East Coast Bays that permission would be refused until the "magazine is brought to the satisfaction of the council".

Seven local bodies have given permission to sell the book but four have allowed the charity collection.

Whangarei has not yet replied but it is believed that permission has been granted to sell the book.

The Onehunga Borough Council has requested that the book be submitted to the

Indecent Publications Tribunal and Opatiki and Birkenhead have asked that it be submitted to the council.

Twenty-one local bodies have been written to in connection with the book and the collection. The current position is that the book may be sold in One Tree Hill, Pukekohe, Huntly, Rotorua, Glen Eden, Tokoroa, Morrinsville and Whangarei. No reply has been heard yet from the Auckland City Council.

Students wanting Xerox copies of notes, articles, exam papers, maps, diagrams etc. (up to 15" x 10") can get cheap coin-in-slot service at the two machines in the main library (floor 1, just beyond lending enquiries counter, on the right) or at the engineering library at 5 cents a sheet.

Those who plan to do a lot of copying should call at the bank or the post office first and arrive at the library with a pocketful of 5 cents a sheet.

Although coin-in-slot Xeroxing has been available in overseas academic libraries for some time, this is the first New Zealand installation.

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Appeal

An appeal is being carried out for those below the age of 25 to assist with a church-sponsored programme helping young people with social problems.

The service is known as Youthline, a progeny of the Samaritan Lifeline Telephone Counselling Service. Lifeline has been dramatised as the service for those who want to commit suicide but it deals in many other problems as well.

Youthline has been formed as a result of the discovery that young people were not using the Samaritan Lifeline as much as was hoped and the sponsors, the Inter-Church Counselling Service, hope to provide a separate service staffed by younger people who, it is hoped, will be more aware of young people's problems.

Training for this programme begins in April, the closing date for applications being March 14. Applicants must be between the ages of 18 and 25.

The work to be done involves telephone counselling, face-to-face counselling and other tasks such as secretarial work and transportation.

If you are interested, write to P.O. Box 2454, Auckland 1.

RACING

Doubles diddle

Last Saturday night's trots saw one Craccum columnist make his debut as a tipster. The results confirmed that there is little danger of this writer suffering from the professional arrogance we talked about last issue. With only a win and a third from the four horses named in last issue who started on Saturday night, we grossed a \$9.30 return for an \$8.00 investment (assuming an each way bet of \$1). This magnificent profit covered only admission fee and a race course jug which bears little resemblance in size or temperature to a Kiwi jug.

As we didn't spend much time collecting dividends we were able to watch the 'Welcome Home Cardigan Bay Circus'. First there was a fifteen minute tape made in the U.S. about Cardigan Bay's life. The theme song was Waltzing Matilda. Later a collection of pot-bellied committee men gathered on the dais, there were a few of the usual cliché ridden speeches and then the band and some marching girls did an act on the race track. The whole fiasco was saved only by the appearance of Cardigan Bay himself who paced up and down at a much faster rate than many of Craccum's selections.

However, undeterred we are trying again this week to break the tote. Unfortunately Craccum goes to press before the fields are known, so the following selections are based on nominations only.

In the final of the National Trot we think Stylish Major will win his sixth race in succession. Only a bad draw behind the mobile barrier could reduce his chances in favour of Paulette or Scotleigh. In the Concession, Chief Assault should win.

Of the two year olds, Scottish Warrior seems to have too much stamina to be beaten over eleven furlongs. In the stakes race for three and four year olds Hi Trail looks the best bet. He led for much of his race last week, and held on well for second.

Two races are programmed for loose class pacers. Tartan Lad seems the best prospect for the 2.18 class race. Although he had little show against Lady Iona last start, she was 5 lengths clear of the third horse. In the 2.17 class, Kimchella should win. This mare only lost narrowly last week after running out in the last fifty yards. However she will face strong opposition from Lady Iona and possibly False Lustre.

Both the Yonkers Handicap and the Colwyn Bay Pace are very open. Faye Bingen or Wairimu could win the Yonkers. Bella Command seems to have recaptured his early form and should therefor win the 2.14 mile.

In the open stayers race, James has the best form. Single Trix has not measured up to the form shown in training, but Spare Parts has just graduated to this class and could win off the limit. Last week we nominated Dover Eden as a horse to follow, but she remained standing at the start, showing little interest in the whole scene.

Last week two microscopic doubles demonstrated the need for some new form of longer odds betting. Early in the week the Stylish Major-Kinchella combination returned less than Kimchella's place price. On Saturday at Cromwell the stranger-Pole Star double paid only 75 cents for \$1.

Doubles have been in a sad state since the Government allowed racing clubs to take a higher percentage of the pool. While ostensibly designed to help clubs meet rising costs, this step was just a political gesture designed to shut the clubs up until after the election. All that has been achieved by this move is less money in the punters' pockets and a continuation of the micky mouse administration of racing.

In Britain recently, Lord Wigg hit out at the 'aristocratic amateurs' who administer English racing. New Zealand is much the same. In the country districts, clubs are run by the landed gentry and in the metropolitan areas by retired businessmen who regard their clubs as just another place to drink with the boys. Nowhere in the New Zealand racing government do the professionals—the owners, the trainers, the jockeys (and the punters) get a say in what's going on.

Owners are faced with high costs for training, feeding, transport and nomination fees. Trainers have innumerable expenses and only a few make a reasonable sort of a living. Many jockeys have to go scrub cutting or fencing to supplement their earnings. And the punter? He suffers overcrowded eating facilities, stale pies, lukewarm tea, inadequate seating facilities and slopouse bars. It all adds up to a very sad scene, yet people stay in the industry.

But if racing is to survive in New Zealand, then some people have to be thrown out. First of all the amateur administrators. The Royal Commission should lay down certain administrative procedures that give the professionals a say in the running of the industry. Modern business techniques should be employed to cut costs and overheads so that more money can be channelled back in the form of higher stakes and better public facilities.

Secondly the Commission should have a look at the government department responsible for the overall supervision of racing—Internal Affairs. When this department was called upon to make submissions, it was unable to provide the Commission with answers to simple basic questions seeking background information. Obviously Internal Affairs is at the moment incompetent to supervise racing and thus protect the public interest and the Minister, Mr Seath, seems to be incapable of ensuring his department's up to scratch.

Perhaps the Royal Commission could make some recommendations to the Prime Minister.—Roger Wilde, Mike Law.

RUGBY

Do you enjoy the game or just the after-match function? Either way the Grafton Rugby Football Club welcomes enquiries from all interested players.

The Clubrooms are centrally situated at 2 Edwin Street Mt Eden—a five minute walk from Karangahape Road and Grafton Road.

Hostel Boys especially welcome.

If interested contact.

Club Captain — Len Michel Ph. 687-352

or Senior Coach — Peter Maxwell Ph. 50-695

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Candidates must possess a degree from a recognised Commonwealth University.

Salaries commence at N.Z. \$3,390 a year and thence by eight annual increments of approximately N.Z. \$143 to N.Z. \$4,536 a year, including expatriation pay. On successful completion of a probationary period of 3 years, Inspectors will be placed on the permanent and pensionable establishment and good opportunities exist for promotion to higher ranks in the Force. Approximately 4½ months' leave on full salary with free passages to New Zealand is granted after 3½ years in Hong Kong.

Further details obtainable from the Dominion Liaison Officer, Government House, Wellington.

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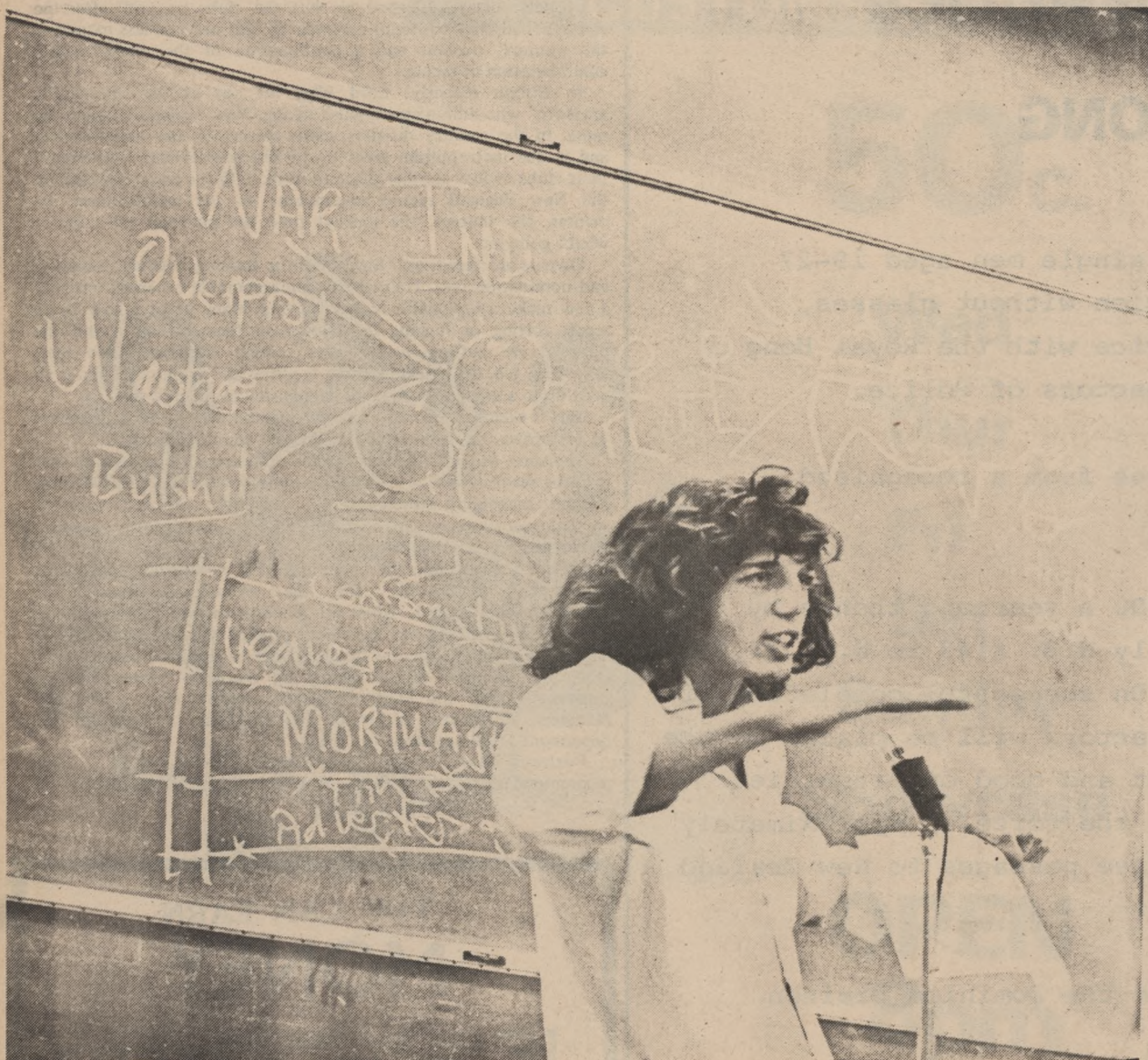


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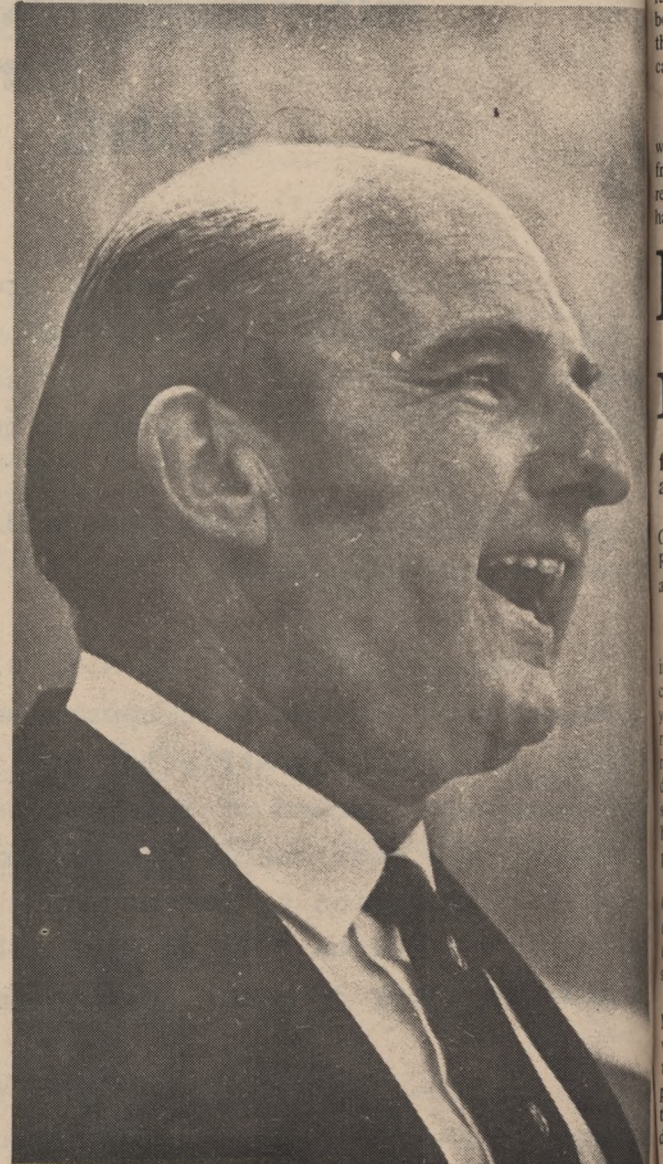


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